New heartbreak?
EDDIE’S BACK IN DEBBIE’S LIFE

10 ways Jack Kennedy is romantic to Jackie

SCOOP in color
GABLE’S SON
Breck Hair Set Mist

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

Breck Hair Set Mist is a gentle spray that leaves your hair soft and shining, never stiff or sticky. It is good to your hair.

- Use after combing, to hold hair in place
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Breck Hair Set Mist holds your curls softly in place. This fragrant mist helps to bring out the natural beauty of your hair.

New purse size 75¢; 2 oz. 65¢; 5½ oz. $1.25; 8 oz. $1.50; 11 oz. $2.00; Plus tax. Available wherever cosmetics are sold.

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Daydreams come true with Evening in Paris BOURJOIS

It's easier than an Aladdin's lamp! New Evening in Paris spray-mist cologne 2.00. Try it! Just a press of your finger and you're in the mood for daydreams to come true!
Chignon. Great new hair-do look! Of soft, light U.S. Aqua Foam, Platinum, blonde, brunette, brownette. 3.98

Brigitte. New bountiful look! Snowy white "flakes" with contrasting pompon in coordinated colors. Marvelously light on your head. 4.98

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JULY, 1961

First and biggest for fifty years . . . entertainment for young america

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CLARK GABLE Scoop in Color: Gable's Son
DEBBIE REYNOLDS Eddie's Back in Debbie's Life
CONTEST
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MARLON BRANDO Revealed: Brando's Secret Marriage to Movita

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Your August issue will be on sale at your newsstand on July 6th.

Imagine! The curl's still there...even after you trim your hair!

New! Fashion 'Quick' gives you a soft wave that's guaranteed to last through trim after trim—for 4 months!

Fashion 'Quick' waves deeper down from ends to crown—in just 20 minutes! Its unique formula acts to give your hair more body! That's why you can trim a Fashion 'Quick' permanent—and trim it again! There's never been a soft wave before with such a will to mould and hold! And new Fashion 'Quick' is easy to use. There's no shampooing, no mixing the neutralizer. With half the work, in half the time, you've a deep-down wave that lasts for four months—even with a short hair-do! Richard Hudnut guarantees it or your money back! Regular—for normal hair. Gentle—for bleached hair. Super—for hard-to-wave hair. Also, two new Fashion 'Quick' formulas for gray hair and children's hair.

Fashion 'Quick' by Richard Hudnut
First Home Permanent with Pre-Mixed Neutralizer and Built-In Shampoo

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SAVE $1.00
REGULARLY $2.50
NOW $1.50
plus tax

Hurry! Offer Limited
THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY
Paramount, Technicolor (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Debbie Reynolds, Fred Astaire, Lilli Palmer, Tab Hunter.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The ruckus that breaks loose when a playboy shows up at his ex-wife's home for their daughter's wedding.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? Fred as beau of the ball. Says a pal of Debbie's: "He doesn't dance like a father!" ... Lilli's sparkle as the lady who can see through the old charm boy—but still isn't immune.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Romantic comedies are so rare that any entry's welcome. This one's glibby but pleasant: nice people, pretty clothes, dreamy Frisco backgrounds.

THE LAST SUNSET
U-I, Eastman Color (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Kirk Douglas, Rock Hudson, Carol Lynley, Dorothy Malone.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Dangerous cattle drive that throws together a killer, a lawman and two women with a strange secret.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? The natural beauty of Carol's face ... effective photography, like a dust-hazed shot of a horse and rider (Rock) sinking in quicksand.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Carol and a really daring plot twist make this big (and long) movie extra-absorbing, while western fans will feel right at home with Kirk's good-badman and Rock's dependable hero.

LA DOLCE VITA ("The Sweet Life")
Astor, Italian dialogue, English titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Marcello Mastroianni, Yvonne Furneaux, Anita Ekberg, Anouk Aimee.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Sad emptiness of the life in modern Rome seen by a young reporter who has no beliefs or love in him.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? Director Federico ("La Strada") Fellini's wise way with people, in swirling groups or pathetically alone ... fine acting by Mastroianni (usually just a handsome guy).

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The substance justifies the three-hour length; in fact, it ought to be seen more than once to grasp every meaning. Its events may be shocking, but its viewpoint (Fellini's) is healthy.

RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler, Eleanor Parker, Tuesday Weld.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A Peyton Place girl writes a best-seller about her town—she calls her book "Samuel's Castle," but it's obviously "Peyton Place." Anyhow, it certainly hogs the homefolks!

WHAT'S SPECIAL? Lovely autumn and winter scenes (California posing as New England).

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Feeble sequel, relying for its punch on moments when people talk about climaxes in the original movie. If Mary Astor didn't keep thinking up nasty schemes, there'd be no new plot.

THE FABULOUS WORLD OF JULES VERNE
Embassy, Mysti-Motion (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Louis Locke, Jane Zale, Ernest Revere, Marvin Hall.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A 19th Century villain's plan to rule the world, foiled by captives on his island base.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? Delicate artistry of the process. It mixes animated drawings and live action; designs, costumes and props to suggest the steel-engraved pictures in early editions of Verne books.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A delightful surprise! It has touches of poetry and (like "Journey to the Center of the Earth") lots of dead-pan fun with Victorian melodrama.
MASTER OF THE WORLD
A-1, MagnaColor (Family)

who's in it? Vincent Price, Charles Bronson, Mary Webster, Henry Hull.
what's it about? Another mad (maybe) genius from the pages of Verne. This one sails a 19th Century airship; wants to use his terrible powers to abolish war.
what's special? Action thrills (mostly played straight here) . . . more of the wonderfully fancy gadgets that Verne imagined—amazingly close to present fact.
what's the verdict? A kids-of-all-ages kind of yarn. We couldn't help wishing, these nervous days, that Vincent had been real—and the good guys had let him alone.

GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN
Columbia; Eastman Color (Family)

what's it about? A cute young girl who leaves her boyfriend to go to Hawaii with her parents—and then finds a new boyfriend, a TV star!
what's special? The colorful scenery . . . Michael Callan's dancing . . . the comedy of "the older folks" . . . the sparkle of new star, Deborah Walley.
what's the verdict? Though nothing special, it's amusing if you like situation comedies. And it's good to see everyone live happily ever after for a change.

TWO WOMEN
Embassy; Italian dialogue, English titles (Adult)

what's it about? The appalling impact of war on a strong, vital Italian woman and her gentle thirteen-year-old daughter.
what's special? Director Vittorio de Sica's honesty and compassion, getting the best from Sophia, Jean Paul (we didn't even recognize the "Breathless" star), young Eleanora and the least bit player.
what's the verdict? Italy takes the honors this month! Complementing "La Dolce Vita," De Sica's film is beautifully simple, decisive in its tribute to human spirit.

ALL HANDS ON DECK
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Family)

who's in it? Pat Boone, Buddy Hackett, Barbara Eden, Dennis O'Keefe.
what's it about? An easy-going Navy ship and a young officer's romance are nearly disrupted by a Chickasaw Indian sailor.
what's special? A Pat Boone leading lady gets thoroughly kissed for once! . . . ex-action hero O'Keefe's neat switch to character man (as the unhappy skipper).
what's the verdict? Another in the endless series of good-natured service comedies. It leans pretty hard on Pat's agreeable personality and song style and on Buddy's exuberant clowning.

THE BIG SHOW
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Family)

who's in it? Esther Williams, Nehemiah Persoff, Cliff Robertson, David Nelson.
what's it about? A German circus owned by a fanatical showman who tries to run his own children's lives, too.
what's special? Good acts—including wild animals we'll bet you've never seen perform before . . . sweet romance between GI Nelson and circus gal Carol Christensen.
what's the verdict? Reasonably entertaining, but the story's just "House of Strangers" and "Broken Lance" remade in a third location: New York, the old West, now Europe. Outer-space version in '66?

THE CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF
C-1, Eastman Color (Adult)

who's in it? Clifford Evans, Oliver Reed, Catherine Feller, Yvonne Romain.
what's it about? Case history of an orphan who grows up fighting against the weird ailment called lycanthropy.
what's special? Unusually sympathetic angle on the monster (nice kid, except that his eyeteeth start lengthening every so often) . . . genuinely creepy atmosphere.
what's the verdict? Those English are trying to scare us silly! Like their new versions of the "Dracula" and "Mummy" stories, this one is dead-serious and mighty gruesome. The color accent's red.

(Please turn the page)
Today you can't buy a finer deodorant at any price!

White Nights
UMPO; Italian dialogue, English titles (Adult)
WHO'S IN IT? Maria Schell, Marcello Mastroianni, Jean Marais.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Wistful friendship of a footloose young man and a naive girl who's waiting for her sweetheart's return.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The shabby lonesomeness of night-time streets in an Italian city... the handsome features of Marcello and Maria, reflecting bewildered emotion.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Carefully made drama that takes its own good time building up a misty romantic mood. It's based on a minor Dostoevsky story, but hardly a typical one.

The Warrior Empress
Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color (Adult)
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Fight against tyranny in ancient Greece; the rebel leader's love for a proud priestess.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Glorious seascapes, galloping horses, lavish sets... quaint props of antique warfare... the girls' generously revealed figures.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? At least, this is a decorative bit of foolishness, happily ignoring history. We don't get the title; there's not a single female warrior or empress in sight!

The Bridge
AAA; German dialogue, English titles (Adult)
WHO'S IN IT? Volker Lechtenbrink, Cordula Trantow, Fritz Wepper, Michael Hinz.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? True incident from the last days of World War II. German boys in their mid-teens are rushed from the school room into the army and disaster.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The young players' utter sincerity—you come to know each one as if he'd sat next to you in the classroom... director Bernhard Wicki's powerful blending of newsreel realism and intimacy.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Heartbreaking and infuriating. An indictment of war that rises above its particular time.

Five Golden Hours
Columbia (Adult)
WHO'S IN IT? Ernie Kovacs, Cyd Charisse, George Sanders, Dennis Price.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A genial Italian who makes a nice sideline of consoling wealthy widows—till one of them outs marts him.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Beautiful Cyd, extra alluring in black... chuckles George and Ernie get out of an unlikely locale—a luxurious sanitarium where they're both playing crazy (for a purpose).
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Clever idea, good cast, but not too many laughs. Sharpened up and speeded up, it might have been a comfortable little comedy hit.

Yet this jumbo "use tested" stick costs only 29c!
Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET; what a beautiful difference it makes! Any gal who's ever used a razor knows there's trouble with razor stubble; bristly, coarse hair-ends that feel ugly, look worse. Gentle, smoothing NEET actually beauty-creams the hair away; goes down deep where no razor can reach! No wonder it takes so much longer for new hair to come in. So next time, for the smoothest, nicest looking legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!
Ann Margaret and Diana Trask.—End.

For the last year my mother and I have been arguing about whether Joanne Woodward played in “Written on the Wind.” I say Lauren Bacall was in it, but my mother thinks it is Joanne.

AMANDA BURNSIDE
Layetteville, Texas

The film starred Rock Hudson, Bob Stack, Dorothy Malone and Lauren Bacall.—End.

MOVIE QUIZ

Could you please tell me who played in “Ox Bow Incident”?  
Ginger Harren  
Phoenix, Ariz.

Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews starred in this 1943 film.—End.

I’ve been wondering—a while ago on TV, I saw “Death of a Salesman,” starring Frederic March, Mildred Dunnock and Cameron Mitchell. I would like to know who played the role of the other son and any other information you can give me about him.

P.S. Your magazine is the best!  
BARBARA HANES  
Ottawa, Ontario

BEAUTY BAR

Let me tell you how much I enjoyed the article on Vacationing in Hollywood. It was wonderful. Please have more stories like it.

PATSY HAGAN  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Thank you for such an exciting story about Hollywood. Do write more on what type of clothes I might take for an August trip, how many dresses, etc. You can bet that I plan on a new haircut, too.

ROSE MARIE STRAHER  
Lemay, Mo.

Loved your story. . . . Am planning a trip to California and would like to know the following:

1. Are fur trimmed cashmere sweaters adequate wraps for evening wear?

   Yes, indeed. Sweaters (trimmed or untrimmed) make lovely “throw-ons” and can be worn with almost everything.

2. Does Max Factor give lessons in makeup?

   Yes, you can have a beauty analysis and lesson in one of their salons.

3. Are pastel linen sheath dresses correct for daytime or evening wear?

   Patricia Cloud  
   Houston, Tex.

Linen sheaths are ideal for day or evening wear. Your pastel shades would be fine for afternoon and your darker shades appropriate for evening.—End.

(Please turn the page)
JIMMY DARREN and DEBORAH WALLEY agree—

There's no tan like a Coppertone suntan

DEBORAH: "Coppertone gives me a beautiful tan, and without worrying about sunburn. It keeps my skin so soft and smooth, too. There's just nothing like it!"

JIMMY: "Coppertone's the most, all right! Gives the deepest, richest, longest lasting tan I ever had."

Fastest possible suntan with maximum sunburn protection! That's what you get with Coppertone. That's why it's America's favorite... by far!

Tests under the Florida sun proved it! Conducted by eminent skin specialists, they showed Coppertone gives faster tanning with maximum protection than any other leading product. A smooth, deep, natural tan... better-looking, longer-lasting!

And Coppertone contains no drying alcohol—no dye or coloring agents. It's really rich in lanolin and other emollients that keep it on your skin longer, protecting you better after swimming! Coppertone actually conditions your skin. So get the best tan you possibly can... with Coppertone!

AMERICA'S MOST COMPLETE LINE OF SUNTAN PRODUCTS
Choose the form you like best:
LOTION: favorite for "balanced" tanning and sunburn protection.
OIL: for those who want deepest tan and need less protection.
CREAM: for maximum "stay-on" during swimming or exercise.
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SHADE: gives extra sunscreen protection for children, blondes, redheads—all people with sensitive skins.
NOSKOTE: for nose, extra exposed spots.

Save—always buy larger size

Don't be a Paleface!
LIKE YOUR LIPSTICK RICH AND CLINGING? GET S’LIPSTICK IN THE “SHEER LANOLIN” FORMULA

For siren lips that like their lipstick rich and clinging, there's Cutex Sheer Lanolin formula in the striped S'lipstick case. Designed on a revolutionary new principle, S'lipstick looks like a jeweler's costly original...works like a charm...costs a purse pampering 49¢ plus tax.

No twisting, no push-up...slip down the metal shield and it's ready to use.
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Danielle Bonnier, 16
Aeroport de Bordeaux
Merignac-Grande, France

THREE SISTERS:

Eliza Lao, 20
Teresa Lao, 19
Anita Lao, 17

1176 Third Floor
Padre Algue Street
Tondo, Manila, Philippines

Velline Tsao, 19
20 Lane 11, Chung Shan Road, North
Section 2, Taipei, Taiwan (Formosa)
China

Teresa Shelton, 11
1708 Dianne Street
Decatur, Alabama

Carolyn Cruzan, 19
417 N. Ninth Street
Columbia, Missouri

Kathy Simon, 12
8019 E. Knox
Spokane 6, Washington

Gail Sherman, 15
2136 Mendon Dr.
San Pedro, California

Ricky Wong
57 Sempali
Raub, Pahang, Malaya

Frankie Tan
60 Sempali
Raub, Pahang, Malaya

Vera Cordahi, 16
16 Rue Sadek El Derini
Rouchdi, Ramleh,
Alexandria, Egypt

CALLING ALL FANS

The following fan clubs are looking for new members. If you’re interested, just write to the address given below:

New Address of The Only Official James Garner Fan Club: Pat Persico, Pres., 58 Kenmore Avenue, Newark 6, N.J.

Randy Paige Fan Club: Linda Roth, Pres., 707 Rainbow Drive, Louisville, Ohio

Dick Clark: Charlotte Lato, Pres., 207 Westport Avenue, Norwalk, Conn.

Jerry Lewis: Joyce Zeifman, Vice-Pres., 90-27 149th St., Jamaica 35, N.Y.

Johnny Mathis: Lois Aube, Pres., 740 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Maine

Bobby Rydell: Marie Fabucci, P.O. Box 125, Toughkenamon, Pa.

Dodie Stevens: Joan Seiler, Route 3, Montevideo, Minn.

Everly Brothers: Dolores Adamczyk, Pres., 4310 Central Avenue, Sea Isle City, N.J.

(Please turn the page)
Just be a blonde and see—a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair. Doors open for blondes. Traffic stops for blondes. Men adore you, do more for you, life is tops for blondes! So switch to bewitch. With gentle, new Ultra-Blue* Lady Clairol it's so easy. Takes only minutes. Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—soft, silkier to touch, altogether beautiful! 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 lovely advantage! Try new Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol, you'll love it! Of course, original Whipped Creme and Instant Whip* Lady Clairol are also available.

*T.M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Also available in Canada
PLEASE TELL US
My girlfriends and I are completely bewitched by Van Williams and Lee Patterson. Please, please give us some information about them.

G. Hawkins
Beaumont, Texas

PHOTOPLAY gladly obliges—as our gift to you, turn to page 42. Van Williams was spotted by Liz Taylor’s late husband, Mike Todd, at a chance meeting in Hawaii. He was so impressed with his looks, he suggested Van should try for a screen career. Van went to Hollywood and studied diligently with speech and drama coaches. After appearing in a minor television role he was given a contract. Statistics: Born on a ranch near Fort Worth, Texas. Swims, ropes and rides. Quite athletic! Tall—6′ 2″ with dark brown hair, blue eyes. He married Vicki Richards on December 31, 1959.

Lee Patterson studied designing at a college in Ontario, Canada. He traveled to England and was a set designer for the British Broadcasting Company. He soon became interested in acting and eventually found himself performing on the London stage and in films. Statistics: 6′ 2″, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Birthday: March 31, 1929.—Eo.

LAURELS FOR STAN
My parents and I are grateful that Stan Laurel was not overlooked at the recent Academy Award presentations. Can you tell us what he is doing now, and if his old films are being shown?

Laurie Anderson
Cambridge, Mass.

You can check your local TV stations, for many of the famous Laurel & Hardy films can be seen daily. We asked our good friend Chuck McCann, who has a Laurel & Hardy TV show on Station WPIX, New York, and who was responsible for starting the drive to secure this special award for Mr. Laurel, to tell us some news of this beloved clown. Stan Laurel is living quietly and happily with his wife, Eda, in Santa Monica, California, overlooking the Pacific.—Eo.

Write to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret that we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB’S: There’s a call for me (someone yells). I get off my stool and go to the phone extension. It’s in the cosmetic department. Surrounded by perfume, soap and feminine things, I take it. Romantic call? No, Gardner McKay calling. What does he want? He wants to know if Pat Boone is in Schwab’s yet. I look around, behind the magazines and over to the shoe polish counter (he might be buying white for his bucks). “No, I haven’t seen him,” I tell Gardner. “Well if he gets there, hold him,” says Gardner. “Tell him I’m on my way. Almost there.”

Gardner hangs up. I go back to my menu. This is the kind of work I do all day! I sit around watching for stars. I wonder somehow, how will I be able to hold Pat Boone—he’s as swift as lightning—usually hangs in and out the door before I can yell out at him.

Fortunately, Gardner arrives before Pat. So does Rafer Johnson. So does Dolores Michaels. I learn from Gardner that he, Rafer and Pat Boone are three-fifths of the 20th Century-Fox basketball team. I look up at Gardner and think how can they lose... he’s 6’3”. I don’t ask him how tall he is. It makes me feel shorter.

“WHAT ARE YOU UP TO HERE?” I ask. “We meet here,” he tells me, “so we can all go in one car to the gym.”

I wonder what Dolores Michaels plays? But I don’t ask that either. She must be the forward and the guys her guard! But Gardner is a mind reader. “What’s Dolores Michaels doing?” he asks me. “It’s too puzzling for me,” I admit.

I’m told she’s one of the rooters from the studio. She loves basketball—not Gardner.

Pat Boone arrives wearing white sneakers with his casual outfit, and everybody takes off but me. I have to work. As they shove out the door, I begin to understand why Pat plays basketball. Why? It gives him an excuse for wearing his whites! Another thought occurs to me: Did you notice, nobody ever calls him anything but Pat Boone—not Pat, not Boone or Mr. Boone or anything else. It’s always Pat Boone—well, it’s a good name for the cheerleaders to shout.

After they left, in walked Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee. She looks good in pink I decided. And I also decided that marriage has changed her—but not Bobby, Sandy’s no longer the teenager, no longer Tammy. She’s more attractive now. She looks and talks like a mature woman—that is, when she talks. She never was a big talker.

During late afternoon (I was running out of things to order by now) a group of fellows—we quietly term them “the uncastables”—gather near the magazine rack in the Schwabadero. A shady looking bunch—I often think that if Eliot Ness (Robert Stack) walked in to buy a postage stamp, these fellows would break the track record making for the nearest exit.

Ruta Lee stops by for a chat—and to buy some necessities—new lipstick, perfume!

Schwab’s is a great place to stop for coffee or a snack after a party or première—Tony and Janet do. The only trouble with this habit, Sidney says, is “Everything on the menu looks so good, but everything’s so full of calories!”
But I do guarantee you this: At any hour you can rub elbows (if this is your delight) with at least one actor from “The Untouchables.” And when you least expect it, you can see a former “Maverick” (James Garner), a former bounty hunter (Steve McQueen) and a current “Checkmate,” Doug McClure.

**WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED?** I was. Doug was shopping for his girl, Barbara Luna. “She told me to pick up a lipstick for her, but I can’t remember if this is the right shade,” he blurted out the minute he realized I’d seen him. Then he blushed like crazy, but who’s he trying to kid? I wouldn’t be surprised if the next time he bought a lipstick for her, she was his wife.

I’m perfectly willing to accept Diane Varsi’s simple explanation that she doesn’t like Hollywood and doesn’t want to be a movie star. It’s as simple as that, until she decides otherwise.

“Hi,” a voice said from behind me when I stepped outside for a glimpse at the sunshine. I turned around—it was Ruta Lee. Ruta’s pretty face appears on TV as much as anyone’s, even though she’s not in a series. Next time you’re watching a program and the heroine looks familiar, notice the credits as they crawl by. You’ll spot the name—Ruta Lee.

She’s refused several offers to play the lead in a series. “I want to feel free. I don’t want to be married to any job.”

I don’t believe Sal Mineo or Tony Curtis when they tell me that if they hadn’t become actors, they would have been wild juvenile delinquents. And next time they stop in, I’ll tell them so!

Practically every celebrity in Beverly Hills lives in a house which belonged to a former celebrity. Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin really out-did themselves—they have President Kennedy’s ex-house! The other night the TV show, “Silents, Please,” showed Ernie Kovacs sitting in the den of his house introducing the feature—Lon Chaney in “The Phantom of the Opera.” And the Kovacs’ house formerly belonged to the great Chaney. That’s what I call doing a job thoroughly!

Just as I was gathering my notes together at the end of the day, Rock Hudson came in, and a cosmetic girl left what she was doing to rush over and ask him for his autograph. Hudson pleasantly obliged. Then he asked her for a blank check, wrote it out and asked if she would cash it for him. The cosmetic girl looked Rock Hudson straight in the eyes and asked, “Have you any identification with you, sir?” With that, I left! That’s Hollywood For You.

—SIDNEY SKOLSKY
CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

ALL HANDS ON DECK—20th. Directed by Norman Taurog; L.t. Donald, Pat Boone; Gar- field, Buddy Hackett; L.t. Com. O'Gara; Denis O'Keefe; Sally Hobson, Barbara Steele; Rusk, Warren Berlinger; Cmndr. Blistle, Gale Gordon; L.t. Schuyler, Judy McCrea.

BIG SHOW—THE—20th. Directed by James B. Clark; L.t. Leo Williams; Chief Eric- card, Cllf Robertson; Bruno Everard, Nehemiah Persoff; Bruno Everard, Robert Vaughn; Car- lotta Martinez, Margia Dean; Eric Selden, David Nelson; Gorda Everard, Carl Christensen; Fred- rich Everard, Fanco Andrei; Hans Everard, Kurt Pecher.

BRIDGE, THE—A.A. Directed by Bernhard Wieli; Klaus Hager, Volker Lechtenbrink; Fabian Cardo, Jacki Albert, Fritz Wepfer; Walter Forst, Michael Hinza; Jurgen Bacher, Frank Gluckhuth; Karl Herber, Karl Michael Balter; Sigi Bernhard, Gunther Hoff- man; Hans Scholllen, Volker Bohlen; Stern, Wolfgang Stumpf; Cpl. Heimann, Gunter Pfitz- mann.

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF, THE—U.I. Directed by Terence Fisher; Don Alfredo, Chlo- le Le, Michael Travers; Scruggs, Yvonne Romain; Christina, Catherine Keller; Marquez, Anny Duperey; Davis, Hira Talfrey; Bignar, Richard Worthwood.

DOLCE VITA, LA—Astor. Directed by Feder- ico Fellini; Marcello Rubini, Marcello Mastro- ianni; Maddalena, Anna Maria Ricci; Prostitute, Adriana Moneta; Ermanno Vitalo; Farnoux, Salsola, Anita Ekberg; Robert, Lex Barker; Stro, Alain Delon’s father, Renato Nitchi; Fanny, Magali Noet; Nadia, Nadia Gray; Matilde, Arlette, Sermas; Riccardo, Riccardo Garrone.

FABULOUS WORLD OF JULES VERNE, THE—Embassy. Directed by Carl Zeman; Prof. Rocke, Ernest Revere; Simon Hart, Lon Locket; Artiga, Marvin Hall; Jana, Jane Zahn.

FIVE GOLDEN HOURS—Columbia. Directed by Mario Zampi; Aldo, Ernste Kowac; Baroness Sandza, Cyril Chartier; Mr. Bing, George Sandza-Verne; March, Don Verne; Valapat, Karl Price; Rosella, Olga Massani; Beatrice, Avie Landone; Father Superior, Finlay Currie.

GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN—Columbia. Di- rected by Paul Weinberg, James Darren; Eddie Hopper, Michael Callan; Gidget, Deborah Walley; Russ Lawrence, Carl Reiner; Mitzi Stewart, Peggy Cass; Monte Stewart, Eddie Foy Jr.; Dorothy Lawrence, Jeff Donnell; Abby Stewart, Vicki Trickett; Judge Hamilton, Joky Baker.

LAST SUNSET, THE—U.I. Directed by Rob- ert Aldrich; Dana Stirling, Rock Hudson; Barbara Hale, Richard Long, Ben Douglas; Billy Breshe- eridge, Dorothy Malone; John Breckridge, Joseph Cotten; Miyu Breckridge; Carol Lyn- ley; Frank Hobbs, Neville Brand, Milton Wing, Regis Toomey; Julee Borden, Rad Fulton; Cuthberton, Ada, John Ireland; Ed Hobbs, Jack Elam; Bowman, John Shay.

MASTER OF THE WORLD—A.I. Directed by William Witney; Robor, Vincent Price; Stro, Charles Bronson; President Henry Hall, Dorothy Mary Webster; Philip, David Frankham.

PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY, THE—Paramount. Directed by George Seaton; Peggy Pauley, Fred Astaire, Jessica, Debbie Reynolds; Katherine, Lilli Palmer; Roger, Tab Hunter; James, Gary Merrill; MacKenzie Savage, Charles Ruggles; Toy, Harold Fong.

RETURN TO PELYTON PLACE—20th. Di- rected by Jose Ferrer; Allison MacKenzie, Carol Lynley; Left, Jackar; Jeff Charron; Connie, Eleanor Parker; Robert, Carter, May Astor; Mike Razi, Robert Sterling; Rauffa, Luciana Paluzzi; Beatrice, Andrea, Larr, John Ireland; Stelma Cross, Tuesday Wald.

TWO WOMEN—Embassy. Directed by Vittorio De Sica; Cestra, Sophia Loren; Michele, Jean Paul; Beldam, Maria Doria; Brenna, Eleanor Brown; Giv- ren, Raff Vallone.


WHITE NIGHTS—UMPO. Directed by Lu- chino Visconti; Maria Schell; Marie, Marcello Mastroianni; The Lodger, Jean Marais; The Prostitute, Clara Calamai.

For fuller reviews see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 4. (A—ADULT FAMILY).

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR, THE— Buena Vista: Happy, whimsical Disneyland comedy by Frederic March as an impractical prof, who keeps forgetting to marry Daisy Olson while he's inventing "flubber." (F) June

ALL IN A NIGHT’S WORK—Paramount: Technicolor-in-fun fable that puts a virtu- osic office girl (Shirley MacLaine) and her playboy boss (Dean Martin) through double-meaning paces. (A) May

ANGEL BABY—A.A.: True love and prudence, true faith and regained miracles among Southern revivalists like young George Hamilton and Salome Jens. It's interesting, though no "El- gantry." (A) March

CRY FOR HAPPy—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: A slightly naught, fairly fun- ny service yarn puts Glenn Ford and Donald O’Connor into Navy uniform to goof off and chase gelas in Japan. (A) April

EXODUS—U.A.; Super-Panavision 70, Techni- color: Stirring saga of patriotism, with Paul Newman as the Israel hero, Eva Marie Saint as the American heroine, Sal Mineo and Jim Ha- worth as unforgettable teenagers who escape the Nazis. (A) February

GONE WITH THE WIND—M-G-M; Techni- color: New a now generation can see this all-time champ, revived for the Civil War Cen- tennial. Vivien Leigh and the late Clark Gable, in his most famous role, are still matchless as brave Southerners. (F) April

HOODLUM PRIEST, THE—U.A.: Fact-based and earnestly well-made, this remains a cop- and-robbbers thriller. As a snug ex-bon man, our priest finds his number given in an unpre- cedented role. (A) May

KING AND I, THE—20th; Grandeur 70, De Luxe Color: A new wide-screen process gives us an even better look at Yul Brynner’s Oscar- winner—and Deborah Kerr. Exquisite musical (though Thailanders say it twists their histo- ry). (F) September 56

MISTY—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Pleasing, shot-on-the-spot version of a book high in kids’ favor, with David Ladd and Pam Smith as Virginia orphans training a wild pony from Chincoteague Island. (F) June

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE DALMATIANS— Buena Vista; Technicolor: Charming Disney cartoon dances through London and country- side scenes; while two Dalmatians save their puppies from evil dog-nappers. (F) March

POSS FROM HELL—U.I, Eastman Color: Unpretentious, entertaining horse opera. On a hunt for outlaw, lawman Audie Murphy be- lieves deputies like tenderfoot John Saxon are just a nuisance. (F) June

QUESTION 7—de Rochemont: Quietly real- istic story of a preacher (Michael Gw Malk) and his teen-aged son (Christian de Bresson) facing East German tyranny. (F) May

RAISIN IN THE SUN, A—Columbia: Fine though stagy closeup of a hardworking Negro family in Chicago. As wife of rebellious Sidney Poitier, Ruby Dee supplies a lot of the film’s great vitality. (A) May

ROMANOFF AND JULIET—U.I, Techni- color: Oscar-winner Peter Ustinov tosses off a gay satire, as a president defending his tiny country (and Sandra Dee’s romance with John Gavin) against the Cold War. (F) June

SANCTUARY—20th; CinemaScope: Lee Rem- ick tries to make sense of a Southern flirt who's as mixed up as the movie. Yves Montand decor- ates the summer scenes; Odetta improves the inspirational stuff. (A) April

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORN- ING—Continues entertainingly honest look at the American Dream. Sal Mineo and Jim Ha- worth as unforgettable teenagers who escape the Nazis. (A) June

SECRET PARTNER, THE—M-G-M: Neatly plotted British mystery, slickly acted by Stew- art Granger as head suspect in the robbery of an office safe. The solution is a smashing sur- prise. (F) June

SECRET WAYS, THE—U.I: Routine spy thrller provides no surprises but plenty of confusion while cynical adventurer Richard Widmark sneaks into Hungary to look for an anti-Red leader. (A) June

SHADOWS—Lion International: Survey of problems confronting young Negroes in New York is visually fascinating, dramatically un- even. Players (led by Lelia Goldine) made up the lines as they went along! (A) May

SINS OF RACHEL CADE, THE—Warners; Technicolor: Angie Dickinson is warmly sym- pathetic as a medical missionary in a drama of Africa. Timely, thoughtful, in spite of soap- opera, jungle-epic echoes. (A) May


TWO LOVES—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metro- color: Shirley MacLaine’s fine as a New Zea- land teacher whose spinster life is invaded by Lawrence Harvey and Jack Hawkins. Well- rounded, grownup in outlook. (A) June

YOUNG SAVAGES, THE—U.I: True back- grounds dominate an over-colored story of a New York street-gang killing. Burt Lancaster is the prosecutor who seeks justice and finds understand- ing. His co-star is Shelley Winters. (A) June
A. New eye appeal: Pressed Powder Eye Shadow in its own little mirrored vanity, complete with foam applicator. In five gossamer soft shades, by Aziza, $1.75.*

B. DuBarry introduces a trio of “Parfait Pastel” lipsticks, a tasty treat for summer lips: nectared Creme of Apricots, Roses or Lilacs, each shade, $1.00*

C. From Pond’s, a new delicacy: “Luminous Angel,” a transparent film of Angel Touch Face Powder to spin a silken web over a complexion. 25¢* to $1.00*

D. Summer cooler: the bright and zestful fragrance of “Christmas in July,” in a new Spray Cologne to frostily refresh at a touch. By Monico, $1.50*

E. For sun-timers, two protective sun preparations: Coppertone Suntan Lotion for the easy-to-tan, Coppertone Shade for the fair and delicate. $1.25* and $1.50*

*plus tax

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ODO-RO-NO
Leading deodorant in world fashion capitals
FROM HOLLYWOOD BY CAL YORK  •  Here's the real low-down on the Elvis Presley-Nancy Sharp split. She wanted him to fire his entourage, the dozen or so sidekicks who act, work and live with Mr. Presley. Indirectly, he told Nancy she was through. And isn't Nancy Sharp thirty-years-old instead of twenty-five, the age she claims to friends? • It must have seemed like "meanwhile back at the ranch" to Liz Taylor when she accompanied Eddie Fisher to Las Vegas for his stand at the Desert Inn. We hear the two leased the same ranch in which Miss Taylor held forth while Eddie was getting his divorce from Debbie Reynolds. • Trouble again in the Roger Moore marriage. She's in London and he's in Rome. It appears the problem stems over Roger's interest toward a married actress. • Is the reason Debbie Reynolds is avoiding the commissary at Twentieth because she's afraid that Eddie Fisher may pop in now that his offices have been established on the lot? • Another Connie Stevens-Gary Clarke situation. Paula Prentiss and Dick Benjamin want to wed, but he won't (like Gary) until he's financially set. • Troy Donahue and Lili Kardell kept the neighbors awake with their latest row. Troy and Lili (both hot-tempered) kissed and made up the next day. • Connie Stevens is finally going Hollywood. She's selling her modest North Hollywood home and moving to an exclusive celebrity area in the hills. • One reason George Hamilton was anxious to go to Europe, friends say, was to cool his romance with Susan Kohner. She hears bells. He doesn't. • Frank Sinatra and Desi Arnaz are friends again. • Isn't Joan Staley coming between Glenn Ford and Hope Lange? • The marital battles of Mara Corday and Dick Long are getting to be a habit. • Dodie Stevens went on a hunger strike. Her father made her give her return from blonde to its natural brunette state. She put up such a fuss (wouldn't eat, wouldn't go to school) that she's now a blonde again. • Isn't the honeymoon over for Sammy Davis Jr., and May Britt? She left for Sweden in April. Some say to stay. • Yves Montand overwhelmed Marilyn Monroe, charmed Lee Remick, but ran up against a horns' nest in Shirley MacLaine. She made it clear from the start of "My Geisha" that things were going to be different. And they were. • Tuesday Weld and her mother have had it. Tuesday is moving into her own place when she turns 18 in August. • What well-known movie and television star is toying with a real scandal by his attentions towards a certain young actress? The situation would make big headlines. The actor not only is married, but the actress is only 16-years-old. • Tony Young has a good reason for not wanting to talk about his ex-wife and daughter. He admits he acted like a real heel. • Dorothy Provine was asked to sing at the Academy Awards. She agreed, then stood the Academy up at the very last minute.
The talk was that Marilyn had proposed to Joe, but he was afraid to try again. MM says no to this rumor. "We're just good friends," she says, but keeps seeing him.

Ex-Queen Soraya and Hugh O'Brian have been making headlines for months, but they deny marriage rumors. The latest is they went to Virginia to be secretly wed. But who knows? Soraya herself once tearfully confessed that she would always love the Shah.
David Nelson and June Blair:

No two people ever started life further apart...

This marriage wasn’t made in heaven, but the HONEYMOON was!

The first notes of “Here Comes the Bride” breathe through the Church of the Hills at Forest Lawn. At the rear, a tiny plumed bird in a gilded cage chirps happily, competing against the grander music. At the far end of the aisle, David Nelson waits for his bride. Rick, his brother and best man, waits with him. And she appears—a vision walking. On both sides of the center aisle, traditionally the bride’s side and the groom’s side, heads turn and there is a soft gasp. “She’s beautiful!” they whisper, and she is—this June Blair, with skin as porcelain-toned as her bridal gown, and blue-gray eyes radiant with unshed tears of joy. For this is her wedding day. And nobody in the church knows it, but today—May 20th—she is really Cinderella, but truly! All her lonely years were lived for this day... when she will marry the prince of her dreams. On the arm of her dear friend and drama coach, Blair Cutting, she comes slowly down the aisle to David’s side, and for one long moment their eyes meet. Then arm in arm they walk up three steps to the altar, where seven tapers flicker on either side. Behind the pastor the day’s last sunrays glow through the holy cross in the stained glass windows. In so much beauty they bow their heads and hear the pastor recite the lovely ritual that will make them one in the eyes of God... And the bride thinks, with a catch at her heart, “If my mother were alive she’d have seen in the papers that this is my wedding day—and she would be here. I know she would come.”... Just behind her, in the front row, sit David’s parents, Harriet and Ozzie Nelson—loving and happy and proud. And up here at the altar, Rick is beside him. His family, close and warm. But it’s all right—it’s wonderful—it’s perfect—because (Continued on page 91)
SARA HAMILTON COVERS HOLLYWOOD:

★ Liz and Eddie—a triumph
★ Sandra Dee—in the background?
★ Yves Montand—watch out!

The Alan Ladds entertain Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bartell.

Sara played cupid for Dolores! Joyce Bartell is welcomed to Hollywood.
Good Times

Sue and Alan Ladd gave the party of the month for Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Bartell of Madison, Wisconsin, and what a fun party it turned out to be. Mr. Bartell recently purchased the Macfadden chain of magazines, including PHOTOPLAY, so, of course, Sue and Alan's friends were on hand to greet the visitors. I hardly recognized Carolyn Jones who goes from blonde to brunette at the drop of a hat. Carolyn, who was a brunette for the evening, looked fetching in a snug white dress. Across the dinner table I informed Rory Calhoun that he grows handsomer with the years. Like Cary Grant and good wine, Rory improves with age. Rory's charming wife Lita, wearing a new "Gone With the Wind" hairstyle, was cute as a bug's ear.

My dinner partner Glenn Ford come without Hope Lange, who had been working all day. Glenn tells me some of the scenes between him and Hope in "A Pocketful of Miracles" are hysterically funny. I really believe it's a funny romance with Glenn and Hope and that's where it ends. Believe it or not the Donald O'Connors and the Ladds, who live in Hollywood, met on the boat returning from Europe. Of course Donald and his wife were at the party. In fact, Donald's fancy stepping with young and attractive Joyce Bortell was the highlight of the evening. I noticed Mr. Bortell was off in a corner learning about Hollywood from Bill Bendix, Dennis O'Keefe and director Delmer Daves—who should know. What really impressed the honored guests was the wonderful Ladd family itself—Sue, Alan, and their handsome children, Carol Lee, Laddie Jr., Alana, and David. But then everyone loves the Ladds.

(Evyn turn the page)
As Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis walked onto the stage Oscar night, Bob Hope called them "Hollywood's Happiest Couple." Yet on both sides were whispers, "That's not the way I heard it." Wonder what they meant? As the beautiful Gina Lollobrigida mode her solo presentation, I couldn't help but wonder again of the rumors that Gino's husband, Miklos Skofic, prefers to remain in Rome. Gino denies it, of course... Jack Cassidy, who regards his wife Shirley Jones as a little girl rather than an actress, should be deeply impressed with Shirley's Oscar. Wouldn't you think? The proudest, happiest wife in the entire auditorium was Jean Simmons whose husband Richard Brooks accepted his Oscar for the screenplay of "Elmer Gantry." Jean and Richard will have another prize in their household very soon. Jean hopes for a boy. Bets were taken all over town that Sandra Dee would not appear with Bobby Darin as a presenting couple. Bobby keeps Sandro so completely in the background these days, no one dreamed he'd relent in this instance. It's a mystery, this Sandro-Bobby deal. No one can figure it out. When Madlyn Rhue covered the cheek of her escort Vic Damone at the Oscar Ball, it suddenly occurred to me how much Madlyn resembles Pier Angeli's sister Muriel Pavan who loved Vic so dearly before he married Pier... Gardner McKay, without a date, came over to my table for a chat, and somehow I feel Gardner is quite fed up with this "Ollie alone" bit. So watch for news on this situation... I must say Sal Mineo looked glum over losing the Oscar to Peter Ustinov. Sal told me his friends in New York had bet several thousand dollars that he'd win for "Evadus," and even a chic and smiling Tuesday Weld on his arm failed to lift his spirits... The night was an outstanding example of the Biblical demand "Rise and Shine" among Hollywood's brightest stars. Those who rose to shine before the TV cameras were the beauties who glittered and shone in bangles and beads, in sequins and paillettes. Shirley Jones' theatrical costume of billowing gold net sprinkled with hundreds of gold paillettes and topped by a short jacket of solid gold paillettes was the hit of the show. Designer Don Loper took bows in all directions, while across the sea, Dior, whose charming understated gown, worn by Liz Taylor, received not so much as a pleasant nod. Liz's long white faille skirt, with its pole postal top and climaxed by a dramatic red rose of the waistline, was the height of elegance. And yet on camero it becomes just another frock. Again the glitter of Polly Bergen's beaded sheath and Janet Leigh's lavender satin, olive with bugle beads, outshone the simple yet so chic Givenchy gown of Audrey Hepburn. The short pink bouffant net gown worn by Sandra Dee emphasized her extreme plumpness to TV viewers yet looked chic to the audience. The purple chiffon Grecian droop of Kitty Carlisle's frock, the Lollobrigida pole green lace emphasized with a bright red rose of the waist were gowns of elegance and charm. But alas only the dramatically highlighted frocks were the ones that shone through the TV cameras. One thing practically every star had in common—long skirted frocks—the two exceptions, teenagers Sondra Dee and Annette. As for the men—Hollywood drooled over the suvivity, the perfection of Danny Kaye's dress clothes. If a vote were taken right now as to the best-dressed in Hollywood, Danny Kaye would win hands down.

Hollywood fashions: Annette, with Sean Flynn, wears a bateau neckline. So does Liz. Shirley Jones is breathtaking in her long gown of gold net sprinkled all over with gold paillettes. Connie Stevens, with Gary Clarke, carries a stole. And Mrs. Jimmy Stewart, as always, is elegant.
My Personal Opinions

If Jack Lemmon’s former wife Cynthia hadn’t up and suddenly married Cliff Robertson—a marriage that ended in divorce—she’d be remarried to Jack right now. In fact, I feel Jack is so lost without Cynthia and his son Chris, they may still get together. Jock needs her. She needs him. Chris needs them both. So let’s see what happens. . . From what I hear Clu Gulager is studying to be a character. A sort of poor man’s Steve McQueen. His clowning on the set and rugged individualism are wearing on the nerves. So calm down, “Clu Pooh.” We like you as you is, boy. . . Anthony George, the quiet one, the calm one, the less forceful one of the “Checkmate” series, eventually makes the deepest impression. You should read some of the fan mail I receive about George. Dear me, . . . It’s my personal opinion Yves Montand will think twice before making up to American girls. While Yves trembled in Jopon for fear Marilyn Monroe would follow him to his “My Geisha” location, his wife Simone Signoret gave him the cold, silent treatment in Paris. Now Yves can’t wait to get home to Simone. If he has a home, that is. . . Listening to Yul Brynner I somehow feel all his fire and force and sex appeal has disappeared, leaving him just another pleasant man—with no hair. Maybe all Yul needs is a smash picture to bring him back into focus. I hope he finds one. I miss that other Yul.

Of all the stars who attended the Awards, John Wayne got the most cheers.

Mickey and Carlyn Callan, the first picture of new daughter Dawn Rachelle.

Maximilian Schell, here with Judy Garland, is a “special European.”

Ginger—time out from helping stepson Mike be an actor.

Where’s the “other Yul”?

Irene Dunne and Maureen O’Sullivan—they’re still charmers in anyone’s book.

Liz and Eddie

Everything’s coming up roses for Liz and Eddie offer their long dark journey into public disapproval. I think Liz’s almost fatal illness softened the public’s heart, and her own new attitude toward people has done the rest. The defiance she once seemed to have has been replaced with gratitude. Just to be alive, to enjoy the sun, the air—and her loyal friends—seems wonderful to Liz. I feel her devotion to her children, her graciousness at the Academy Awards, her reunion with her parents and her constant faith in Eddie has won her new respect. With Eddie’s successful singing engagement in Las Vegas, his TV spectacles in the offing and the opening of his new offices as Liz’s personal manager, it looks as if the Fishers have at last emerged into the sunlight.

Our June Bride

How about the engagement of June Blair and David Nelson without a whisper of their romance reaching the papers? From what I gather the Nelson family thinks it’s wonderful. I remember when both Gary and Lindsay Crosby were wooing June, a stiletto then at 20th Century Fox. Lindsay was real smitten then, David became even more so when June played his date in their TV series. I asked Ricky how he liked the brother-in-law idea. He liked it fine, he said. In fact Ricky turned over the property he and David bought together so that Dave could build a honeymoon house for his bride. But it has a guest room for Ricky. These brothers are closer than cheese and apple pie, you know.

(Please turn the page)
Around Town

Sir Alec Guinness was the social lion of the recent Jules Stein party; a mild and attractive lion, of course, whose only roar is sheer talent. Roz Russell was telling me on the "A Majority of One" set that Sir Alec is easy and natural in his work "but," said Roz with a roll of the eyes, "he knows what's going on every minute." I guess Roz means it takes a pro to cope with this bundle from Britain. . . . Many times on his various sets I've glimpsed Rock Hudson's mother in her Andy dressing room and it's wonderful how these two have remained so close. So when Rock won Europe's Bambi Award, as "Favorite International Star," I wasn't surprised that he sent his mother to West Germany to pick it up. Nice, eh???? The way Nancy Kwan used to sneak away from her "Flower Drum Song" chores to visit with Maximilian Schell on his "Judgment at Nuremberg" set all but drove producer Ross Hunter out of his Chinese mind. Was Ross ever glad when the "Nuremberg" cast took off for scenes in Europe! But this Schell lad, along with Horst Buchholz, are special Europeans according to my mailbox corner. The fans date on them. This I know. . . . When Pat and Pete Lawford become parents for the fourth time in June, President Kennedy can add one more niece or nephew to his list. The Lawfords have three children at present. Peter's mother, Lady Lawford, is still in England amusing the reading public with her fascinating memoirs.

Mailbox Corner

Sharon Clay of Canada confesses she's driven her friends and family mad with raves over George Nader. Well, Sharan has plenty of company. The gals all adore handsome George. . . . Yes, Robert Bryan, I've met Alice Faye and she's very much. She lives in Palm Springs and as Mrs. Phil Harris is very happy. . . . And up pops another Andy Williams fan and Carol Tullgren of Virginia. This Andy is a dandy, isn't he???? For a photograph of Doug McClure, Jennifer Warner should pen a note to Don Riber at 7185 Sunset Blvd., in Hollywood. . . . I agree with Gay Beary that TV's Wayde Preston is quite a guy. Perhaps we can do a story on him one day soon. . . . Sharan McKibben hopes Eddie Fisher makes a comeback, and it looks as if Sharon may get her wish. Others feel the same about Eddie these days. . . . Frances Hopkins is right about the loyalty of Elvis Presley's fans. I'm one of them myself these days, and I should know. Margaret Owens of Utica is a Ken Scott fan and Patsy Hagan of Chattanooga likes Clu Gulager, George Maharis and Paula Prettis. Patsy has good taste, hasn't she?

Gardner has plenty of fans, but what about romance?

Gene Shacove with Sherry Jackson. Tab Hunter and best girl Vicki Trickett.

Back when Liz was a child star, she appeared in a Greer Garson movie.
At the Parties

The Everly Brothers had a ball at Tab Hunter's birthday party. Wonder whether Don knew then that his wife was suing for divorce? Of course, Tab's best girl Vicki Trickey was there to greet Kerwin Mathias and Bob Mathias. Tuesday Weld spent most of the evening chatting with Chad Everett and the Jim Francisca's. I noticed the romance between Dolores Hart and John Saxon, that began at my PHOTOPLAY party, was very much on. These two really seem serious, Tab didn't say how old he was and the candles on the cake told even less. But with his youthful bounce things, and it matter? As usual, Debbie Reynolds was the whole show at the Thalient party, with Deb and Carleton Carpenter putting on a dance routine that was riotous. Dorothy Provine was right at home in the Roaring Twenties theme and even wore a costume from her "Roaring Twenties" TV show. She seemed to be having a wonderful time despite rumors her brief romance with Frank Sinatra has cooled.

Marlon's Hideaway

Marlon Brando built himself a house in Tahiti and went native while "Mutiny on the Bounty" was shooting. Marlon plans to spend part of each year in his South Sea hideaway rewriting all his scripts as usual. If it's true the estranged father of a young star is terrorizing his daughter, it explains many things, and it couldn't be stranger. Since Alexis Smith cut her hair boy fashion, their friends refer to Alexis and her husband Craig Stevens as Peter Pan and Peter Gunn. Pier Angelli's statement that Jimmy Dean was the only man she ever loved was on eyebrow lifter. I remember how put out Pier's mother was when offbeat Jimmy, in his leather jacket, showed up at the house. I do know Troy Donahue's fiancée Lili Kardell was a special friend of Jimmy's, and I do know Jimmy took Pier's marriage to Vic Damone rather hard. But whether Pier loved Jimmy Dean all that much or whether Jimmy returned that love, I don't know, and I don't believe anyone ever got close enough to Jimmy to find out. Had two callers, Lee Patterson of "Surf Side 6," and Diane McBain, but on different days. Canadian-born Lee, who lived and worked in London for seven years, is one of the most vital people I've ever met; a bachelor, too, girls. And, of course, Diane is a beauty and what's more proves a knockout actress in "Parnish."


Chitchat

As I chatted over the phone with my friend Kay Gable, I noticed the shading in her voice, gay and light one moment and heavy with sorrow and loneliness the next—the voice of a woman determined to carry on for her children's sake. "You know Po loved you," she told me, and my heart swelled with tenderness. PHOTOPLAY was the only fan magazine he'd buy. He'd sit down of on evening to read your column and call over to me, 'Listen to this.' Then he'd read the item and add, 'I like that woman.' The last time Po and I saw you, we talked about it later. 'Sora thinks right,' he said. 'It shows somehow.' What could I say to such a wonderful compliment? Sora tells me she plans to remain in the roiling Encino ranch house that had been Clark's home for many years. Her two older children, Bunker and Joannie Spreckels enjoy riding the horses Clark gave them, and Kay herself finds comfort in being near the things that were dear to Clark, too. Kay feels Clark would want his son to grow up in the place that had been dear to him most of his Hollywood life. I must say I agree with Kay and admire her strength and courage. Jimmy Stewart has been a friend through the years, and I know something of his sincerity and loyalty. So naturally I understood the emotion behind his touching tribute to Gary Cooper as he accepted "Big Coop's" special award. In truth, I don't believe there's a soul in all moviedom who doesn't love and respect Gary Cooper. . . . For the miss who has changed the most in the past year, I award the Golden Palm to lovely Annette. In a short white chiffon dress, her brown hair piled atop her head, Annette is a chic chic. Obviously Annette is a young lady who listens and absorbs. More power to her. Well, that's all for this month—Sora.
Each of them was Trapped in the Quicksand of Desire...

The men, bound in a bitter brotherhood of hate...
The women, locked in a strange rivalry of love!

ROCK HUDSON
KIRK DOUGLAS

THE LAST SUNSET

in Eastman COLOR

CO-STARRING

DOROTHY MALONE

JOSEPH COTTEN · CAROL LYNLEY · NEVILLE BRAND

Screenplay by DALTON TRUMBO · Directed by ROBERT ALDRICH · Music by ERNEST GOLD · Produced by EUGENE FRENKE & EDWARD LEWIS

A Brynaprod, S.A. Production · A Universal-International Release
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT JUNE 18TH?
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT JUNE 18TH?.. continued

answer:
all year long
he's a father...
but one long day
he's a hero

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY!

Laury is the littlest Boone of all. Pat's other Father's Day boons are Lindy (on the other knee), Debby and Cherry—and Mom Shirley.

Any day Tracy and Stewart Granger are together is Father's Day.

Caroline Kennedy knows Daddy's very busy, so she invented daughter-breaks.
children to their famous fathers?

Gary Lewis admits Jerry's right, it isn't funny to charge your Father's Day gift to your father.

Bob Stack's Elizabeth knows, when a little girl's tired, it's hero Daddy to the rescue every time.

Alan Ladd advises David, "Don't fight it, son. Mom says drink—and we both drink!"

Chuck Heston's Fray wonders why fathers get you water all day, but at 4 A.M. it's Mom.

Man-to-man, Josh and Mike London agree—father knows best for at least one day of the year.

Father's Day is when Jim Mitchum lends Dad's ear back to him.

And Nick Adams' Allison wraps up the whole idea of Father's Day in one little word: "Da."
Kay Gable gives Photoplay an EXCLUSIVE FIRST COLOR PORTRAIT OF HER AND CLARK'S NEW BABY

The phone rang and a voice said, "This is 'Laryngitis Gable.' It's Kay. I've talked so much I'm hoarse." If you knew Kay Gable, you knew that the little try at a joke was pure bravery. All along she has tried to be her down-to-earth, wonderfully good-humored self. The loss and the grief she keeps where it won't show, not to burden anyone. Now she talked serenely of how good it was to see her and Clark's dark-haired baby (Please turn the page)
son in his cheerful yellow and white nursery.

I had already seen the delightful first pictures of the baby and his nursery that Kay had given PhotoPlay as an exclusive. But when Kay commented that John Clark is like a “little king” in his big canopied crib, the word made a sudden image so sharp it hurt. That had been Hollywood’s — the (Continued on page 80)

Mother-son furniture: a child size knee-hole desk stands side by side with Kay’s writing table. On the little one, a flower vase is inscribed “John Clark Gable.” On the big one is Bunker’s picture.

The high canopied crib into which Kay lovingly tucks her baby is guarded by a funny little French poodle that’s really a play table in disguise. The curly covering will protect Johnny from bumps.
WHAT'S A MAN LOOKING FOR?
HOW TO SHAPE UP FOR HIM THIS SUMMER

100 LITTLE WAYS
ARE YOU IN SHAPE?
PINCH YOURSELF
AND FIND OUT

Need to shape up? Or down? To test yourself, pinch. Stretch your arm out straight and pinch under upper arm. If you can pinch easily, uh-uh. Now pinch on outside of thigh, where bathing suit stops. More than an inch is too much. Under-pincbing is as bad as over, so exercise to build up or shape down. Use "Under 100" calorie chart if you're over, the other if under.
to get in **SHAPE**

count on yourself

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>UNDER 100</th>
<th>OVER 100</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 large marshmallow</td>
<td>cream cheese &amp; jelly sandwich</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 slice sponge cake</td>
<td>half-cup mashed potatoes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 stalks of asparagus</td>
<td>jello and whipped cream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 glass skim milk</td>
<td>peanut butter sandwich</td>
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<tr>
<td>slice of bologna</td>
<td>1 small steak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 raw carrot</td>
<td>half-cup lima beans</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 slices crisp bacon</td>
<td>roll and butter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plain coffee, tea</td>
<td>4 oz. herring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 stalks of celery</td>
<td>small glass pineapple juice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>corn-on-the-cob (unbuttered)</td>
<td>3 pancakes, syrup &amp; butter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cucumber</td>
<td>half-cup peas</td>
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<tr>
<td>one egg, boiled</td>
<td>1 cup of cocoa</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 large gumdrop</td>
<td>1 cup of white milk</td>
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<tr>
<td>1/2 cup crabmeat</td>
<td>1/4 cup of cranberry sauce</td>
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<tr>
<td>one-half grapefruit</td>
<td>half-cup of corn</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 slice bread &amp; jelly</td>
<td>scrambled eggs (2) &amp; ham</td>
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<tr>
<td>5 green olives</td>
<td>small slice of cheese pizza</td>
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<tr>
<td>7 oysters</td>
<td>2 scoops peach ice cream</td>
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<td>1 baked apple</td>
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<tr>
<td>15 large radishes</td>
<td>1 large slice of watermelon</td>
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<tr>
<td>one-half cantaloupe</td>
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<tr>
<td>one orange</td>
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<tr>
<td>6 shrimp</td>
<td>1 serving chili con carne</td>
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<td>small glass tomato juice</td>
<td>1 chocolate brownie</td>
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<td>English muffin, buttered</td>
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<td>1 piece peanut brittle</td>
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<td>1 stick chewing gum</td>
<td>2 cups popcorn</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 green grape</td>
<td>1 glass of eggnog</td>
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<td>2 crackers &amp; peanut butter</td>
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<td>cup of consomme</td>
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<td>chocolate malted milk</td>
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<td>1 small scoop sherbet</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 fried chicken leg</td>
<td>1 piece apple pie</td>
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<td>butterscotch sundaes</td>
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<td>1 jelly doughnut</td>
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<td>1 glass ginger ale</td>
<td>1 Frankfurter and roll</td>
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<td>strawberry shortcake</td>
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<td>10 pecan nuts</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon sugar</td>
<td>1 cup of buttered rice</td>
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<tr>
<td>small hamburger, no bun</td>
<td>vanilla ice cream soda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 tablespoon catsup</td>
<td>1 chocolate eclair</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 veal chop</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 life-saver</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>5 clams</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 banana</td>
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<tr>
<td>half-cup strawberries</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>1 pat of butter</td>
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WHAT'S A MAN LOOKING FOR?  CHARM? HOW
DO YOU RATE IN HIS BOOK?

ROCK HUDSON said it: "Aggressive-type dames don't appeal to me."

PETER LAWFORD said it: "A woman who comes on boom-boom-boom, like gangbusters, is not charming."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN said it: "Her diamond bracelets never need cleaning."

MORT SAHL said it: "A really groovy chick knows herself in capital letters."
ANDY WILLIAMS: 5'8", blue eyes, brown hair, easy smile—and single.

JACK LEMMON: dark hair, hazel eyes, 5'11", and amusing; divorced, but dating.

VAN WILLIAMS: real big Texan, 6'2" and 175 pounds, but he's hitched.

GEORGE PEPPARD: handsome 6-footer has blue eyes, wife, family.

BOB HORTON: ruddy hair, nearly 6'1", and newly wed, third time.

WHO'S WHO ON OUR PANEL OF EXPERTS
CLUGULAGER: calm, blue-eyed, 5’11”, has wife and son Johnny.

HORST BUCHHOLZ: fun and romantic both, wavy black hair, 5’11”—but taken!

EARL HOLLIMAN: 6-foot hazel-eyed bachelor, but what a hobby—history!

when you’ve got **CHARM** you’ve got everything

Someone said it—and whoever it was, we bet it was a man: “Charm, if you think you got it, you don’t.” While beauty is skin deep, charm—according to the attractive men on these pages—has to be deep. Beauty is on the outside they insist; charm comes from within. A charming woman doesn’t have to be pretty; in fact, she can be much less than perfect. Her charm is honest because she knows she’ll be loved more if she’s not perfect (and doesn’t insist that he be!). Charm has nothing to do with youth, for it seems to improve with age. To be charming, a woman must know her good points; recognize

(Continued on page 89)

MARTY MILNER: 6’1”, blond, has green eyes—also wife and daughter.

NEIL SEDAKA: young, 5’9”, brown hair, eyes. Heart-free, starts shy.
Eddie's back in Debbie's life. One day in April, calls. Both were office handles only on a confidential basis and caters to those who use them. A series of coincidences was: both Debbie and the other person both had children's play area small enough to hold a Beverly Hills. Both would buy it for themselves in a telephone call, and Harry Karl, who had just returned, was just one of those strange occurrences.

WILL SHE BE HURT AGAIN?
a Beverly Hills real estate office received two telephone calls from prospective buyers in the entertainment world. The exclusive listings (no home less than $50,000) on a continuing to celebrities, so that in itself wasn’t unusual. But this time both parties insisted on plenty of floor space, a playroom, and four bedrooms. Both said that a large fenced yard for a tractor was a prerequisite. Both were looking for a secluded section in Hollywood, so claimed money was no object; if they liked a home, they were willing to pay regardless of the price tag... Ironically, the realtor found the situation ticklish and somewhat embarrassing. The first call came from a business representative of Debbie Reynolds, and the second, scarcely an hour later, was from a couple to Hollywood, Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher. This is coincidences that have always seemed to happen in the west...
tribute
to a great guy

"And Coop," Jimmy Stewart said slowly, "I want you to know . . . that with this goes all the warm friendship—and the affection—and—" The famous voice cracked and broke. The vast audience in the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium sat motionless in stunned silence. Across the country, in millions of private homes (Continued on page 83)
I'm here!...I'm here!...I'm here!
It was a chilly morning when the El Al plane on which Jill Haworth flew from London arrived (4:00 A.M.) at New York’s Idlewild Airport. Jill flew in with her mother, a handsome platinum-grey-haired woman with lilting spirits, and her father, an engineer whose job it is to test motor cars which go into England from abroad, to begin weeks of personal appearances with Sal Mineo as part of their work for the film “Exodus.” What worried Jill most was—on this her first trip to the United States, “would they like me here?” Sal promised her in the three days they had “he’d help her grow up” and make sure she was as American-like as anybody here. This is the adventures of Jill as shot by well-known photographer Gene Cook and as reported by him.

As Jill stepped out of the plane, she called to her mother: “I think that’s Sal!” (Her broad English A makes his name come out almost as “Sol.”) She was right. For there, at the foot of the airport stairway, with a big two-dozen bunch of white roses in his hand, stood Sal. Jill, nearly bursting with delight, ran into Sal’s arms and seemed to devour his face with her eager young look. In all their months in Israel they had not only played their roles together, right up to the sad final moment of the film, but they had enjoyed each other’s company after working hours. So much so that Jill now is almost an expert on the Bronx. Sal told her all about his own early childhood there, his playmates, his days at school, about the open-air shopping markets. It is now Jill’s principal ambition when she has a few days free, “to see the Bronx.” And to the amazement of interviewers all over the United States when they ask Jill, “What are your impressions of the United States,” the first reply they get is: “I don’t really feel I’ve seen it yet, but I do want to see the Bronx!” (Please turn the page)
"When you walk into the theater for the premiere, you'll be just a girl named Jill. When you walk out, you'll be a star," Sal predicts.

I'm scared...
what if they don't like me?

The day after that sleepy morning of her arrival, Sal took Jill for a shopping spree. In the long limousine provided for them, Jill flustered and looked adoringly at Sal as he showed her the skyscrapers. Along with Sir Alec Guinness and Sir Laurence Olivier, Sal was her other favorite actor. For months, before she had met him, Jill had clipped pictures and news stories of him. When, out of the blue, she won the role of Karen opposite him, "it was nearly too much." She says, "I didn't sleep for days." As they rode together now, down Fifth Avenue, she still had that unbelieving look. What if the directors at her acting school in London hadn't sent her to see Mr. Preminger? They hadn't really thought she was the best, but included her almost as an afterthought. "I'm lucky," she smiled to Sal as she clutched her new white roses and sneezed. Then: "I think I'm allergic to roses." (Please turn the page)
Neither knew how to waltz, and during their lesson they got to giggling at their clumsiness. Jill fell, laughing hard, into the chair. Between TV interviews, they'd nervously try out the steps, sometimes in the waiting room. Sal kept saying, "It's one-two, slide! Isn't that it?"

how does it feel
to have a dream come true?

Jill is definitely not allergic to Sal, who obviously walks a tightrope between brotherly camaraderie and real affection. Often, unconsciously, their hands slip together as they make their rounds. At such time, Jill gets a look which is not fifteen, but is womanly and glowing. At the ball, when they made their entrance together, a woman watching sighed, "Don't they look lovely together?" They sat side by side, Jill winced at the quantity of food served and only nervously picked until she was introduced with Sal. Jill said, "I am so glad to be here with you . . . in America . . ." and from the sound of the applause she must have known that America was happy too. —The End
...That's what he said. The secretary heard it from the script girl who got it straight from a newspaperman who saw it on the set with his own eyes. Bobby Darin had done it again! Only this time he'd gone too far—Sandra was red-faced and in tears, the camera crew furious and producer Ross Hunter about to climb walls. Maybe they could have forgiven Bobby if this was the only time he'd stepped out of line, but he'd been in trouble from the very second he'd begun hanging around the set of "Tammy, Tell Me True." He'd coached his bride on exactly how she should play every scene—mouthing every line, going through every gesture. When the director put his foot down and insisted he wanted it done his way,
Bobby blew up. He shouted that they were all wrong, he knew what was best for Sandy. That was the pattern, day after day, until the afternoon he got in everybody's hair so badly that an assistant director shouted at him, "Get out!" Bobby screamed back, "I'll see my wife anytime I want."... That's the tale all Hollywood believed by evening, that's the story we checked out, and that's the story Ross Hunter himself assured us was wholly untrue. Yet it persists. It's the type of thing people believe about Bobby. Since Sandy eloped with him it's been six months of picking up a paper and finding another jab. But they can take this, because you readers came through so warmly for Sandy. (Please turn the page.)
YOU CAN WIN
SANDRA'S BRIDE DOLL

Sandra wants to thank you! She wants to give you a gift. She'd been worried: Did you fans feel she had married too hastily, not wisely? She asked you in PHOTOPLAY and you answered, "We're with you, Sandy, we want you to be happy." She's grateful to all, but since she can't give everybody a gift, to you who now write her the best letter on what marriage means to you, she'll give a treasure. It's a bride doll given to her in Italy, a copy of herself in U-I's "Romanoff and Juliet." Mail your note with this coupon to Sandra Dee Doll Contest, Post Office Box 3587, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

Dear Sandra:
My name is ____________________________
I live at ______________________________
I am (married, engaged, single) and am (age)
Here is my letter on:  
"What Marriage Means to Me."
Jacqueline Bouvier knew from the moment she met Jack Kennedy that her life would be different. It was in 1951, at a dinner party at the home of Charles Bartlett, who was Washington correspondent for the Chattanooga Times and an old friend. Jackie was just back from a year of studying art at the Sorbonne in Paris and had just finished more studies at George Washington University. As Mr. Bartlett had noticed, she was no longer the round little girl who used to live next door. She was more exotic now, and she had become gayer and livelier. Jack Kennedy, the young Congressman from Massachusetts was handsome, rich and extremely eligible. "It was more than just meeting someone," she admitted later. "It started the wheels turning."

She knew immediately that this man would be a disturbing influence in her life and she felt, too, a moment of fear. With a flash of intuition, she thought she saw heartbreak ahead. Then she looked again at Jack Kennedy. As someone else described him at that time: "Kennedy appears to be a walking fountain of youth. He is six feet tall, lean, of hard physique and has the innocently respectful face of an altar boy at High Mass. He is 'Nature Boy' with an Ivy League polish, but his exterior nonchalance conceals a terrific will to win." Jackie looked again and she felt that if there were heartbreak ahead, the pain would be worth it.

What she had sensed in that quick moment was that here was a man who didn't want to marry. And she was right; he confessed it to her later. But that was later. That warm June night, they parted on the brick sidewalk outside the Bartlett house and they didn't see each other again for seven months.

Even after that, it wasn't the usual courtship. For one thing, there wasn't time. Jackie was busily working for the Washington Times-Herald as an inquiring photographer. Her salary: $42.50 a week. Jack was running for the Senate against Henry Cabot Lodge and was spending most of his time campaigning in Massachusetts.

"He'd call me from some oyster bar up there," she says, "with a great clinking of coins, to ask me out to the movies the following Wednesday in Washington." But in that clink of dimes and quarters (Please turn the page)
JACKIE
in the telephone slot, there was a marvelous, breathless urgency. He was busy, he was doing great things, with a promise of even greater things. And in the midst of this excitement, he had remembered her.

Jack won his race. Who would have doubted it? Certainly not the girl at the other end of those phone calls. He returned to Washington in triumph, more eligible than ever. And now there was more time. For the next six months, Jack Kennedy courted her with the same energy and ardor that had won him that other campaign. The courtship whirled them in and out of Georgetown dinner parties, Washington art theaters and movie houses, south to Palm Beach and north to Cape Cod. In June of 1953 Jack won his campaign. The engagement was announced.

It was then that Jack confessed that she had been right to be afraid. He told her that he had indeed been a man who didn’t want to get married. But that same night, when he met her, he had decided that he would marry her. He hadn’t wanted marriage for a while; he had wanted to wait. But when he was ready, he had decided she would be the one. When he told her, she retorted: “How big of you.”

Three months later they were married—on September 12, 1953—at St. Mary’s Church in Newport, Rhode Island. (Continued on page 81)
ONLY
THE SUN
TANS
FOR REAL...

TANFASTIC
SPEEDS UP
THE SUN!

NEW
TANFASTIC
THE WORLD'S
FASTEST
REAL
SUNTAN
LOTION

...AND THIS
SUMMER'S
SENSATION,
TANFASTIC IR-9
WITH
INSECT
REPELLENT!

NOW CREAMY WHITE, STAINLESS

FREE 16-PAGE BOOKLET ON SAFE SUNTANNING AND SUMMER SKIN CARE, "THE SKIN GAME: HOW TO PLAY IT IN AND OUT OF THE SUN." WRITE ROLLEY CO., RENO, NEVADA.
look
who's in the mood
for love

france nuyen
rod taylor
The marriage rumors get hotter and hotter. And for many reasons. Lazing around a pool, the sun warm on their bodies, they kissed openly. When they looked up to see that a camera had caught them at it, they were startled, but not embarrassed. Both are too honest for that. Instead, they invited the photographer to stay for dinner and he couldn’t help noticing how at-home France was in Rod’s kitchen.... Other people were

(Continued on page 76)
If Jantzen be the food of love, play on in a Legal Bikini.

This is the new bare but not overbaring swimsuit
destined to set the underwater kisses record for 1961.

Sweet cotton gingham embroidered with roses. 15.95

just wear a smile
In the eyes of the world, Dinah Shore's marriage to George Montgomery looked as solid as American Tel and Tel. The Downtown Business Men's Association of Los Angeles even named them "Hollywood's Ideal Couple." And the title stuck—until recently. One day, only shortly after their seventeenth wedding anniversary, Dinah and George were face to face with a crisis. A (Continued on page 78)
Pan-stik gives you creamy coverage for flawless beauty

You're perfectly beautiful...from the moment you stroke on this remarkable make-up. Pan-Stik covers so flatteringly, blends completely, brings a smooth flawless glow to your face. And Pan-Stik persuades your skin to dewy softness with hidden precious oils that lock moisture in. Extra attraction: the exclusive swivel-up case for easier use. $1.75 by MAX FACTOR

*PAN-STIK (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR CREAM-TYPE MAKE-UP • ©1961, MAX FACTOR & CO.
Brando's secret marriage to Movita

Marlon Brando says, “I will neither confirm or deny it.” But two of the women in his life have said, each in her way, that it is true. His ex-wife Anna Kashfi (pic 2) said, “Marlon called me and asked for help. He told me that he had secretly married Movita in Mexico and they had a nine-month-old boy. He told me that he and Movita soon were going to get a divorce, but that the baby would spend part of the time here. He asked me if I would allow the baby to become acquainted with our son, Christian Devi.” Now friends wonder what all this will mean to Anna and Marlon’s bitter court fights over his visitation rights to their son... Meanwhile Rita Moreno (pic 3), the girl to whom Brando always comes back—between romances with France Nuyen (pic 4) and his other loves—swallowed an overdose of sleeping pills and collapsed on Brando’s front steps. She will not confirm that it was because she’d learned about Movita nor that this was her second suicide try. (During “West Side Story,” people reported that Rita had a bandaged wrist.) Marlon could not be reached, but it is reported that, when the news first trickled out of Mexico, he paid off a judge there to cover his marriage tracks. This is unconfirmed, but it is known that Brando first met Movita years ago, when he was in Mexico filming “Viva Zapata,” and last summer, when she was in Hollywood, they took up where they’d left off. Result: Headlines.—Cal York
You'd never dream the things that can happen to a girl—even if she's not a 32-year-old midget
The halo of fluffy brown hair frames a round baby face with big innocent brown eyes and rosebud mouth. She stands four-feet-eleven and sits at considerably less. Stashed in one corner of a big easy chair, with her legs tucked under a billowing skirt and crinolines, she looks like a little doll. You want to pick her up and cuddle her. She looks up at you with a trusting smile and you want to protect her fiercely.

Then she opens the rosebud mouth. The voice comes out ten sizes bigger than the body.

“What was the scariest thing ever happened to me?” she echoes the question, “Well now, ah cain’t think right offhand—oh yes, oh yes—that time in the barn. it was mighty scary...”

She was four years old then and the Tarpley family (her full name is Brenda Lee Tarpley) lived in Atlanta, Georgia. The barn stood on their land and it was so old that her father Ruben claimed it sheltered Reb soldiers in the Civil War. He also said, “You kids had better keep out of that tottering heap if you know what’s good for you.”

Brenda was a bright child who understood early the meaning of the word “authority.” It was something you disobeyed. She led her two-year-older sister Linda and a bunch of playmates into the forbidden territory. Later her father found out and this time he tried explaining. “You young ones are flirting with death,” he said. “If you get in trouble I can’t come in after you. I’m a big man and if I set foot in there those rotten timbers’ll just cave in.”

Now that she understood, Brenda did it again. The kids were snooping around in the barn’s gloom one day, just about able to see each other, when they heard a sound. Not the scamper of little disturbed creatures. This was a terrible sound—a low, ghostly moan that rose in a wail till the children huddled in terror.

Then they saw it—the horrible thing moving mysteriously in the barn’s murky depths! Ghostly, ghastly—five terrible outstretched white fingers attached to nothing!

“The Hand!” Brenda shrieked, and streaked out of there with the others on her heels. She ran and didn’t dare look back. If that thing could leave the TV screen from her pet horror show. “The Hand,” and come to haunt her in the barn for being naughty, it could chase her now. She made a screeching beeline for the house and never went near the barn again.

In time Brenda learned that The Hand had been her father’s, white-gloved and pointed through a hole in the side of the barn. The eerie wail was his, too. “But I learned my lesson,” Brenda recalls soberly. What did she learn?

“I learned there’s no such thing as ghosts—now nothin’ scares me.”

And that’s just what scares her manager-guardian, Dub Albritten. He knows there isn’t an awful lot of girl in a sub-size-five dress, but what there is is pure pluck and reckless daring—and this gives him silver hairs among the reddish-gold. He also knows that Brenda’s father, to whom she was very close, died tragically in a construction accident when she was a little girl of seven. It seems to have left her with a rather mature and (Please turn the page)
objective attitude toward death . . . but with it a shrug and an "everybody's got to go some time" feeling that gives her relaxed nerves while older heads are being lost . . . In a plane she falls asleep soon as her safety belt is fastened. Winging to a date in Texas she slept all through the early stages of engine trouble and the growing tension aboard. When the sickening lurching finally woke her, she embarrassed poor Dub no end. Over the praying and even weeping of fellow passengers you could hear the voice of this pint-sized pixie. "Hey Dub," she asked calmly, but loud. "we gonna crash?"

The kid had spunk

Fortunately, they didn't. . . . The half-inch scar on Brenda's face dates much further back—to age three. It slants at an intriguing angle from her right eyebrow to her nose, a souvenir of early childhood impetuosity. Romping in the kitchen with her sister made both of them thirsty, whereupon Brenda challenged Linda, "Race you to the sink." She was little and fat but she got there first, made a flying leap for the faucet and missed . . . cracked her head on the spigot of a gas can next to the sink and was rushed to the doctor for seven stitches. Her mother, Grace Tarpley, remembers that they didn't put the toddler to sleep, but she didn't cry. Just held tight to her hand and kept asking, "Is he fru yet? Is he fru yet?"

The next year Linda, who was all of six, took her little sister to school and entered her in a talent contest. Brenda sang "Slow Poke" and won a box of peppermint sticks. She liked peppermint so much that she decided to become a singer. She grew up with perfect pitch, able to hear a tune once and pick it up, and she never learned to read music. Her father lived to see her on TV in small shows—he stayed home every Saturday to mind the baby brother Randall while Mom took Brenda to the TV studio . . . and he died convinced she was going to be somebody.

When Dub took over the reins of her career she was a veteran performer of eleven who'd held more mikes than dolls in her hands, and who never got stage fright. And he was a mild-mannered, soft-spoken guy with old-fashioned ideas about little girls.

A crazy character

That first summer of their togetherness he was sitting outside their cabana in Daytona Beach, Florida, when he saw some crazy character buzzing around the sand on a motorcycle. He called inside to Grace Tarpley, "Come on out and look at that durn fool down there. Is he mad? He's gonna skid off that thing and scrape the hide off hisself."

The sand was flying out from under the wheels and a dozen times the cycle was about to tip over. Dub muttered, "I swear that idiot's gonna kill himself."

The idiot zigzagged crazily up the beach, screeched up to them, spattering sand right and left, and somehow got off on two feet. But they were such tiny feet. Brenda's, of course. She was grimy and sweaty and grinning like there was no tomorrow. Dub was so scared he bawled her out but good.

Try anything once

Brenda stood giving them her innocent look. When he was all through raging, she said, "But Dub, what's all the shouting? I only wanted to try it once."

Trying anything once—that's big with Brenda. There was the time in Porto Allegro, Brazil, when the fans got out of hand for a change. They were jammed sardine-tight at front and rear doors. The police couldn't clear a path. As a last resort they made a flying wedge and carried Brenda hand-to-hand over their heads to the waiting car.

No sooner were they in than hysterically screaming fans swarmed over the car, fists pummelled the closed windows. The car rocked dangerously. White-faced, Dub leaned over to the front seat where the interpreter and the driver scrunched under the dashboard, fumbling with wires. "What are you doing?" he shouted.

The interpreter gestured towards the driver. "He says must fix siren (Continued on page 91)
IS LOVE REALLY BETTER THE SECOND TIME AROUND?
Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger—a

When Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger married in 1951, they said it was forever. And they believed it. But sometime after their first wedding anniversary, the stars in Jane’s eyes began to dim. Freddie wasn’t so exciting anymore. Had she made a mistake? Had he changed? Or, perhaps, had she changed? What had happened to the romance she felt in her heart when they were first married?

Two years later, they were divorced. Their friends insisted that they would be miserable apart, that they needed each other to be happy. But it seemed that Jane and Freddie felt otherwise, at least at the time, and they remained apart. Then the years, lonely years, began to pass. Something seemed to be happening, something their friends couldn’t explain. But they seemed to sense that the spark between Jane and Freddie was slowly rekindling. Some went so far as to predict that Jane would be Mrs. Karger again.

And then this year, ten years after they said their first “I do’s” and seven years after were divorced. Jane and Freddie were married by a priest in a quiet ceremony at Newport Beach, California.

The remarriage made headlines in the Hollywood papers, but the story behind the headlines could be the story of any woman who thinks the moonlight and roses have gone out of her love, who, in her restlessness, feels cheated.

On their first anniversary, Freddie had taken Jane to Dave Chasen’s restaurant. It seemed so perfect then, as if their happiness would be endless. And then there was the night they had suddenly gotten the crazy urge to recapture their youth and had driven to the beach and walked along the shore into early morning.

Those had been fun days. Then, suddenly, as in so many marriages, the little things that can go wrong began to mount up. Freddie stayed late at the studio to rehearse the band—always, it seemed, after Jane had spent a long day preparing a special dish for him. He had explained to her that it was part of his job, and that he wanted a perfection from his musicians that could be achieved only through hours of hard work.

“I know, Freddie,” she used to say, “but . . .”

And, after a while, the “but’s” had come more often than kisses and the making up, and, before they knew it, the haggling had gone too far. One day they found themselves shouting at each other, saying they wished they’d never met. They didn’t mean what they said, of course, but cruel, hurtful words, even when spoken in the heat of an argument, can never be taken back. And the next time they fought, it was worse. The words became a little stronger, and Jane found herself saying that she could live very well without him. When he stepped out the front door, bags in hand, she realized how sorry she was, but it was too late.

As a friend put it, “Jane realized her mistake, but she was too proud to call Freddie up and admit it.”

She seemed to live in a state of shock. Some of her good friends, well-intentioned, tried to arrange dates for her with eligible men in town. But it wasn’t the same. It wasn’t Freddie.

She told one of her friends at the time:

“I realize that a lot of marriage is less exciting than what’s portrayed in the movies, but somehow you never believe yours will be hum-drum.”

But, Freddie had gone, and she had tried to make the best of her life. There were good friends like
love story that's stranger than fiction

Cesar Romero to take her to the premieres that she had to attend. And, though the moments with her friends were enjoyable, there was still a terrible void—the absence of love. And love to Jane was all-important.

She began going to Good Shepherd Church to pray that her lonely life would once again be filled with love. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't seem to find the happiness she wanted so desperately.

Twice before, Jane had thought she'd found love and security, but both times she had been wrong. Her first marriage was to Myron Futterman, a New Orleans dress manufacturer. When they married, she was still a bit player, and for a time the marriage seemed to give her the happiness and satisfaction that she needed. But, less than a year after they married, they were divorced.

Not long afterward, she met Ronald Reagan. He was young, handsome and dashing, and all Hollywood was delighted with their story-book romance. Everything went well in the marriage until Ronald left to spend four years in the Air Force. Not only were they separated, but during the time he was away, Jane's career picked up tremendously and she became a star. But when Ronald returned, he found that his career was taking a turn for the worst. The marriage which their friends predicted would last forever, began to waver. And, after eight years and two children, they parted.

But now, even with three divorces behind her, Jane still hoped that she could fill the void in her life.

Freddie, too, was unhappy. He began to get restless, and he told a friend, Buddy Bregman, about his problem:

“I miss her, but... well, I just can’t call her up and ask her to forget about my walking out.”

“Why not?” asked Buddy.


As the days passed, he kept remembering what they had had, and what they still might have, if they could only get together and try to keep their romance alive, rather than find the flaws in each other that all humans possess. This gave him the impetus and the courage to find the right moment to call Jane and ask her to be his guest at Starlight on the Roof. He hoped they might be able to recapture what had actually never left them—a love for each other, and for each other alone.

The first time he called, Jane had been out shopping. And when she returned to see the message saying, “Freddie called. He’ll call again,” she knew how much she had needed to hear from him.

The next day the call came early in the afternoon. His voice was so calm at first, what he said almost sounded rehearsed.

“Jane... I’m opening tonight at the Starlight on the Roof.”

“I know,” she heard herself answer nervously.

The pause on his end of the phone was almost too much for her to bear. She touched at the ends of a loose strand of her brown hair to calm herself.

“I’d like you to be there,” he said.

She tried to remember how many times they had gone to openings together during the days of their marriage. How many times had they danced to the tunes of a dozen bands? How many times had he kissed her (Continued on page 38)
IN THE MOOD

Continued from page 63

notice things too. Rod and France are seen everywhere together. They have dinner at Le Petit Jean, La Scala or the Captain's Table, their heads close together, whispering softly. They seem to have a lot to say to each other and France wears a small secret smile these days. Other times they go horseback riding or they like to explore the beach above Malibu. They drive to Palm Springs to swim. "I'm teaching her," Rod said. "France likes to be taught." Wherever people spot them, it seems obvious this is a happy romance. Rod makes her laugh a great deal, as Marlon Brando never seemed to do when he was France's steady date.

But if there's a change in France, there's an even greater one in Rod. Five years ago, he was a lonely guy in a strange town. He still remembers the Christmas Eve when he staked in the shop windows of Beverly Hills like a little lost boy. His family and friends had all been left behind in Australia and he was taking a gamble on a new life in the United States. He'd met only a few people and had made no friends yet.

He moaned about, until he recalled what George Stevens had told him while they were on location with "Giant" (one of Rod's first small parts was as Liz Taylor's fiancé).

"Hollywood's nothing to be frightened of," George Stevens said. "Don't take these people—any people—at face value.

The magic words

The words proved magic. They transformed Rod into one of the happiest bachelors in town, with hundreds of friends. At least half of them are feminine. But he doesn't feel and his heart went out to France when they met because, "I understood her feeling about a new country and a new people," he said. "I'd been suspicious, too, and this girl had every reason... She'd been through a heart-breaking experience in losing "The World of Suzie Wong"; now she was back trying
way to the house he wants but hasn't had time to find. He has the Jaguar, the clothes, the friends, the girls—and maybe the girl. All that's lacking is marriage, and his married friends are constantly trying to play Cupid.

But Rod is still a bit leary of marriage. Anyone with talent, he says, is in a constant inner turmoil, and in the younger stages of that turmoil, they're impossible to live with. He works—or as he says, goes it—at a terrific clip. He's dissatisfied with everything he does, and feels it could always be better. Until he's more "cemented" in the business, there really isn't adequate time for marriage. He scarcely has time for skin-diving or surfing, for hunting or swimming or tennis.

But behind this reluctance are scars that still linger from his first marriage. He was twenty-one at the time, and still a novice to the acting game in Australia. She was a beautiful girl, the first Mrs. Taylor, and a top model. The rock they foundered on was the clash of their separate careers—and the lack of maturity to deal with such a problem.

"Marriage," Rod says, "takes complete cooperation at all times, and when you get two egos each fighting an outside war, there's bound to be trouble. Someone has to give. If you go back to the basis of human society, the woman's place is in the home. However clever she is, it's the man who originally had to go out hunting the meat. A career woman can be a dream if she'll put her personal life first, but this isn't always so easy to do." However, he feels that Oriental girls—like France—do this naturally.

"There's no reason two careers couldn't work in a marriage if you really work at cooperating. The important thing in marriage is maturity. Youth, unfortunately, is the enemy of marriage. This wasn't true perhaps in the olden days, but today there is so much excitement in living, so many new tensions, that you have to first be very sure of yourself."

France believes in him

Youth was the enemy of his marriage, and Rod hasn't forgotten it. He's a sensitive guy afraid of getting hurt. But one thing is certain: France, who has been deeply hurt herself, will handle Rod's heart gently if he'll give her the chance. She's no more a person who settles for surface values than he is. She has the Continental woman's ability to be a man's friend and the Oriental woman's understanding. She can sit in a room and share a silence, she'll spend a happy evening cueing him on a script, a happy Saturday being taught to swim. She believes in his talent, and when they sail into the bustle and limelight of a premiere, both of them essentially nervous, essentially shy, are reinforced and at peace—because they're together.

This is a man with a dynamic potential. He values himself as a man and as an actor, and he's not going to stop until he gets to the top. And one of these days, he's going to forget the old wounds and be ready for love. He's certainly in the mood.

—Jane Ardmore

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Be sure to see Rod in "Hong Kong," on ABC-TV, Wednesdays at 7:30 P.M. EDT.
crisis that began in a city ironically labeled as the center of intrigue, romance and danger.

It was nearly one o’clock as George Montgomery headed for the dining room of Hong Kong’s busiest hotel. The room was crowded and his arms were weighed down with photographs. Fortunately he had a reservation and was seated while he waited for his luncheon date—the luscious Israeli actress, Ziva Rodann.

While waiting, George thumbed through the stack of pictures he had brought. His eye caught the stills of a love scene between him and Ziva in “Samar.” The picture he was also producing and directing. The shots were good—sharp and very realistic.

When Ziva parted the bamboo drapes and stepped into the room her radiance, her low-cut dress, her alluring figure attracted the eye of every man in the room. As she sat talking to George and smiling, two elderly Chinese became so absorbed that their chopsticks missed the mark. A bowl of rice spilled on their table.

George ordered an American lunch—steak sandwiches—and then they huddled over the pictures.

Suddenly there was a great commotion at the door. A loud voice blared, “There—is there she is?” A man, his face burning with anger, pushed by the maître de and strod furiously toward the engrossed couple.

“So this is what has been going on!” he hollered. Everything came to a standstill in the room. All eyes focused on what was now a trio—Ziva and George—and Prince Raimondo Orsini. The superwealthy Italian playboy, once the love of former Queen Soraya of Iran, had become infatuated with Ziva in Rome. He dated her nightly, showered her with flowers and expensive presents. He had flown to Hong Kong only to see her. And where did he find her, he demanded in fury. Not at the place where she was supposed to meet him, but here—with another man!

Ziva tried to explain—she thought the plane was later—that afternoon. Orsini wouldn’t listen. George tried to get in a word. It was useless—the tirade poured out in Italian and broken English.

A duel!

Suddenly the Prince looked at George with fiery eyes and said so loudly that everyone in the room heard, “I challenge you to a duel. Pistols will be the weapon. You will hear from me later.” He stormed off. Ziva stood dumbfounded, then quickly followed him. George was left alone to the stares of the silent patrons. He broke the silence by asking for the check. As if at a signal, the voices changed again. This time about the American and the beautiful woman who, from all appearances, had been caught in a clandestine meeting by either her husband or her fiancé. Just like in the movies.

George quickly paid the check and left. Outside in the hotel lobby stood Ziva and the Prince. This time he wasn’t yelling and she wasn’t flinching. She spotted George and motioned for him to come over. George frowned. It was silly but if, after all, he had to fight a duel over a young and beautiful woman—what would Dinah think?

“Mr. Montgomery,” he heard the Prince say. Then there was a pause, and surprised, George thought he saw a look of embarrassment on Orsini’s face. “I want to apologize,” Orsini began again. “Ziva has explained everything. Please—have dinner with us.”

Almost reluctantly, George accepted the apology. He had been very angry and embarrassed. But there wasn’t time to hold a grudge. He had a picture to make.

The episode went by the boards.

Who was the girl who had caused it all to explode in the first place? Besides a stunning figure, she had an interesting background. She was born in Haifa, where her father taught mathematics at the University, and she had served the required stint in the Israeli Army. She had married and divorced an Israeli government official. Visiting the United States a few years ago for the Wine Industry of Israel, she was dining with a friend in Danny’s Hideaway in New York when producer Sam Spiegel spotted her. The result was a contract at U-I and a small role.

Talk of the bachelor set

It wasn’t long before the sultry actress was the talk of the eligible bachelor set in Hollywood. Among others on her list of admirers, at times, was Cary Grant. Their rendezvous in small, out-of-the-way restaurants led many to believe she might be the next Mrs. Cary Grant, if or when he divorced his estranged wife, Betsy Drake. Mac Kim, the one-time best beau of Kim Novak, also found Ziva fascinating. She freely admits a woman should be exciting to men. (“That’s what she’s for.”) Her idiosyncrasies—like champagne and oranges for breakfast—her nonconformity, made her the talk of many other females in the movie capital. Her revealing dresses in “Samar” had eyes popping.

Once, while running through shallow water for a scene, she tripped and fell. She submerged and then quickly emerged. When she regained her footing there was something missing. Even hardened crew members turned away, their faces flushed. Ziva had lost the top of her bathing suit. It must have snagged on a rock and been ripped off.

Yet this didn’t faze her. She calmly stooped down. In one quick motion she located the garment and clutched it against her, until a wardrobe woman could hastily repair the snap. Then she announced to the embarrassed faces that she was ready to go back to work.

This was Ziva, who for weeks had been working together closely with George. And then—the incident of the duel.

True, it was soon forgotten in Hong Kong—but not in Hollywood. One report was that, whatever George said, Ziva’s relationship with him was more than just business. Another report said that the Prince actually encountered George and Ziva in the middle of a love scene, as he made an entrance to the set.

Hollywood buzzed with the rumors. Had George fallen in love? Was Ziva in love with a married man? And, most of all they wondered: What did Dinah think? What would she do about it?

Photoplay talked to one of the players who had been on that overseas location. “I never actually saw anything that would indicate an affair,” the actor, who preferred to remain unidentified, told us. “But it wouldn’t surprise me. Ziva represents sex with a capital S.”

Ziva Rodann and George Montgomery returned to Hollywood a few days apart.

What really happened

“All of these rumors are ridiculous,” Ziva insisted, on her first day back. “This is what really happened. Raimondo tends to be very jealous. He was furious when I didn’t meet him at the airport. He thought I had stood him up for another date. He was burning with anger. He challenged George to a duel, but later he apologized instead.”

She also said, “My relationship with George Montgomery was strictly on a business basis. He’s a married man—and happily married to Dinah Shore.”

One of George Montgomery’s friends agreed. “George and Dinah occasionally have misunderstandings like any married couple,” the friend said, “but they are too much in love to lose away their marriage just because of rumors. I think Dinah would trust George even if he were shipwrecked on a desert island with the most beautiful woman in the world.”

Dinah was in Palm Springs with the two children when George returned. He immediately joined her. Neither would discuss the rumors publicly. Neither thought it was necessary, their representative said.

Yet we learned later from another source that Dinah was concerned. She had heard the rumors, of course. And Ziva Rodann certainly would be a temptation to almost any man. Besides, any woman would wonder, at a time like this, about her man and her marriage. If the duel had gone ahead, if a pistol shot had been fired, innocent or guilty, the scandal would have rocked Dinah’s world. There was another case in Hollywood years ago, when an angry husband fired a bullet at a man he thought was having an affair with his actress-wife. They’re still talking about it.
But it must have been extra hard for Dinah to know that everyone was asking, "How safe is Dinah’s marriage?" Because in December they will have their eighteenth anniversary, and there had never been so much as a whisper, before. In fact, they’ve been famous as one of Hollywood’s happiest couples. And you would have to know her life before George came into it to understand how much it means to Dinah to have and to keep his love.

When they were married, on December 5, 1943, some know-it-alls gave them six weeks to last. Some others said no, on their way back from the honeymoon on George’s sister’s Montana ranch, they’ll stop in Reno and get the divorce. They wondered aloud how she’d ever gotten him away from Hedy Lamarr, to whom he was rumored engaged. They couldn’t see a lasting union between a big, handsome, successful bachelor for whom beautiful girls fell hard, and a girl like Dinah with talent but absolutely no glamour.

George gave her glamour

Dinah freely admits that George put all the glamour into her and her life—and all the security. She had been a skinny, lonely little girl who limped until her teens from polio in her babyhood. She had a strong-willed mother and a brilliant older sister to overshadow her. And until her family earned respect and position in the small Tennessee town where they came to live, she was the subject of cruel anti-Semitism of other children. Her answer to all of this was to work and struggle until buck-toothed little Fanny Shore became Dinah Shore.

Even then, until she met George at the Stage Door Canteen, her life had been without romance and love. She said of herself later, "I had to be loved, I had to win everybody’s affection." And George said, "What attracted me to Dinah was the same quality I saw in my mother. She was so generous."

The marriage thrived. Missy was born in 1948 and Jody was adopted six years later. Both Montgomerys prospered careerwise, but Dinah got the bigger share of fame and name. Though she would never let Jody go by without driving home for dinner with her family before going back to the studio, they still had to share her with a week-and-a-half work week.

"My biggest fear," she has confessed, "is that with my work I’m taking something away from George and the children." Add to that the travels and separations, and you can see where the fear can carry over.

No one will ever know what Dinah thinks of it. She has always gone by what her mother taught her. "You don’t wash your linen in public" and "A girl’s reputation is like a white satin dress."

No one knows for sure what went on between Dinah and George when, finally, he came home from Hong Kong. They seemed to resume their life together as if nothing had happened. Yet something had happened. A question had been raised: How safe is Dinah’s marriage? Maybe asked unfairly—but still asked.

—TODD ROWLAND

Dinah’s on "The Chevy Show," Sundays, NBC-TV, at 9 P.M. EDT and George is in "Samar" and "The Steel Claw," Warners.

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Kay said none of this. She spoke with pleasure of the beautiful baby, and described the loveliness with which he is surrounded. And the joy her two older children, Bunker and Joannie, take in their new little brother.

Bunker's framed picture is in the nursery. It stands on a writing table where Kay sits, in the charming yellow and white basket chair, when she holds the baby.

The room is all sunny color, right down to the zoo-full of stuffed animals all over the place. A huge elephant, all kinds and shapes of bunnies and dogs, sit on chests, are tucked into bed, peer out from corners. A very comic-looking French poodle on the floor guards the crib, but when you look close—it's really a play table. The soft covering is so a little boy won't hurt himself against it when he begins crawling into things. And he certainly can't feel alone with so many woolly friends around. Even the rug is a white bearskin.

The crib, with its high canopy ruffled in yellow and white, carries two precautions. On one post there is a big toy clock with a tag tied right to the hour hand. "Shh-h-h," it warns, "Baby's asleep." And one of the pillows warns: "Please do not kiss me.

White drapes and gayly flowered window shades repeat the color scheme. The room is very large and holds much furniture. Besides all the baby's pieces there is a yellow upholstered day bed where an adult can sleep. And one adorable mother-child bit is a very small knee-hole desk to match Kay's writing table—the table with Bunker's picture on it.

Bunker, eleven, and Joannie, nine—Kay's children by her marriage to Adolph Spreckels—are half-brother and half-sister to John Clark Gable, but they don't think in halves. He is their baby brother, and every night there's a hassel between them to hold him first. Kay laughed as she told how they keep count. Joannie usually complaining that Bunker had him longer.

There are times when the big brother acts more like a father. Especially the day when this baby came into the world by Caesarean section. No one who heard how Bunker haunted the hospital waiting room could feel anything but a catch at the heart. Expectant fathers paced up and down, down and up—and among them an eleven-year-old boy. The only man in the family for his mother to lean on now.

The christening robe

Then there was the incident of the christening dress. Kay told me about it on the phone. The christening was to take place in about six weeks, she said, with her close friend Mrs. Carl Leigh as godmother, and Kay's brother Vince Williams as godfather. The christening robe had been designed and made by Don Loper.

"The kids and I took it out of its tissue paper folds, and it's lovely," Kay said, "but Bunker was furious. 'My brother isn't going to wear a dress,' he stormed. 'And a bonnet. If Pa knew, he'd be furious.'"

He knew what Pa would like and what he'd scorn. They'd be close to Pa, they'd been his children, too. He loved them dearly—doted on them, in fact. He planned surprises for them, helped them with their homework. Kay once told me of the time Clark and Bunker were both supposed to be in bed with colds. She discovered her husband, not in bed, but with Bunker. They were going over his multiplication tables together. By the time the boy got well they were up to the tens.

Clark wanted the children with him whenever it could be. When he was going to Europe to make "It Happened in Naples" with Sophia Loren, he told me of his plans to take along Kay and the children and a nurse.

"You know Kay has this bump heart," he said, "and I can't get her to slow down or take it easy. Hell, she goes right on as if nothing happened."

There was a glow of pride about him as he spoke of Kay, but I remembered well his stricken look during the time she suffered her heart attack. It seemed the end of the world for him, and I think it may have been if she hadn't recovered.

But, blessedly, she did. She went along with Clark to "The Misfits" location and she literally lived for him. Whatever he wanted, she did with a willing heart. She devoted her life to him cheerfully and loved every minute of it. And everybody on the set loved her. When Marilyn Monroe learned Kay was pregnant, she sent over the maternity clothes she herself had worn for the baby she'd expected, hoped for—and lost.

"Hey girl," Kay later phoned her, "these things had to be let out quite a bit, you know." (Now Kay said that she thought Marilyn would like to have a picture of Clark's son. And one of the first to be sent out went to Marilyn.)

Far left is a baby picture of Clark Gable. Next to it is his son, John Clark. There's a definite resemblance, everyone agrees. "If only Clark could have seen him," says Kay.

The crisis of her life

The humor and the fortitude for which they all admired Kay—she was to need in the worst crisis of her life.

"I was with Clark—in his hospital room—seconds after his heart stopped," she said during our phone conversation. "I put my hand to his ear and it was warm. I kept it there to hold on to the warmth and life of him. But the warmth faded and death took over. Clark was gone from me. I kept saying, 'I love you, Pa. I love you.' But the Clark I loved had slipped away from me."

"Many times during the dreadful period that followed I came close to a breakdown. I knew I could never have gone on if I hadn't been carrying his child. I knew I had paced him enough and it kept me going. Each time I felt like giving in to despair, I'd remember my responsibility to Pa and keep going."

There was a second silence.

"And now," she said simply, "I'm blessed. I have three wonderful children and the memory of a wonderful man." She went on then like every new mother since time began.

"The baby's the image of Clark, isn't he?" she asked. "A real carbon copy. And so smart.

Maternal pride all but sang over the wires.

"I know he's smart," I told her, "I can see it in the bright little face."

"Oh, sure," she laughed, "I told a friend I'm sure John Clark will be up next week answering his fan mail. It pours in by the hundreds. By the way, a columnist insists she's going to call him Clark, and that's that. I told her to be my guest, it's fine with me."

Kay herself calls him John, as Clark wanted it. He had felt that Clark Jr. would be a burdensome name to carry.

"That dark little head . . ."

She was so cheerful, this Kay on the telephone. She said, "That dark little head in his bed—it's really something to see."

And then suddenly, like a cry torn from the heart, it came.

"Oh, Sara, if only Pa could have seen him for just one hour! For just five minutes!"

I don't know how to comfort her. You can't tell Kay Gable to be brave—she is! I said, "Kay, Johnny's a legacy. He's a legacy to you, and to everyone who knew and loved his father—and everyone who was crazy for him on the screen all those years. Just—take care of our baby for us, Kay."

The cry went out of her voice. She said quietly, "You're right. He belongs to everyone who loved Clark. Say a little prayer for the baby, won't you?"

I don't think she meant that just for me. I think she was asking everybody who'd loved Clark Gable to say a prayer for the baby he had loved but never got to see. So I took it on myself to answer for everybody. I think it was a safe promise to make.

"We will, Kay—we all will."

It was silent on the wire for a moment. But then she said one more thing.

"And, Sara—say a prayer for Pa."

—SARA HAMILTON

Clark's last picture was U A's "The Misfits."
And that was the beginning. On a bright, sparkling autumn day, Jackie stood at the back of the church and heard the music start. She heard, too, the rustling of seven hundred guests as they turned for their first look at the bride. She was wearing a taffeta white gown with a portrait neckline and a bouffant skirt. It was a creamy white to go with the lace veil, now faintly yellowed, that had been her grandmother's. Her something borrowed was a lace handkerchief from her mother; the something blue was a garter; the something new, a diamond bracelet from Jack. She started down the aisle to meet Jack and his best man, his brother Bobby. Some of the guests noticed that she clung rather tightly to the arm of her stepfather, Hugh Auchincloss.

"This marriage will take a lot of working out," she had said. Perhaps, at that moment, she was remembering this.

She had much to learn

She thought she knew Jack Kennedy. But like so many brides, she found she had much to learn about the man she'd married. He was not romantic in the usual sense. When he was courting her, along with the candy and flowers, he had brought her books on politics and American history—and it was obvious these were the important gifts.

She remembered that her mother had once told her to judge a man by his correspondence. At her wedding, she told her guests about this. When, with a mischievous look at Jack, she held up a card postmarked Bermuda. On one side was a scarlet hibiscus blossom; on the other were scrawled the words: "Wish you were here. Cheers, Jack." Jackie said, "This is my entire correspondence from Jack."

But if there was no packet of love letters to tie up with ribbon and sachet, there was something else.

A year before her wedding, Jackie had spent a weekend in Acapulco with her parents. She saw a house there, a charming pink house built on levels against a rosy-tan cliff right over the blue sea. It was a perfect house for a honeymoon and Jackie thought that's where she would like to spend her summers.

And on her wedding day, after she had tossed the bridal bouquet to the waiting girls and then changed into a gray suit, it was to that pink house by the sea that Jack Kennedy brought her.

In the clinking of coins in the phone slot, when he used to call her from Massachusetts, Jackie had heard the promise of excitement. Now that promise began to come true. Jack's life was a hectic one and Jackie, finding her place in it, decided that she enjoyed it. They were always going someplace—to make a speech, to a political rally, to Europe. Between trips, they lived in rented houses or in houses that belonged to their parents.

"You don't really long for a home of your own," Jackie said, "unless you have children."

They were happy. But there were rough spots, too.

There was the dinner Jackie had planned so carefully. As a senator's wife, she had drawn up a list of rules, even for informal dinners: "Good food and attractive surroundings. Guests who are interested in what another has to say. A round table so conversation can be general. Lighting not too bright. A feeling of spontaneity."

Jack walked out

But that night, what happened was too spontaneous. The conversation was dominated by Jackie's interests—"things of the spirit," Jack said, "art, literature and the like." Jack grew restless. He would have preferred a political argument, a heated one if possible. And finally, in the middle of the conversation, Jack pushed his chair back, stood up from the table and walked out.

To Jackie, it must have come as a shock. "I can't picture disagreeing," she said. "He always seems so right." So, together, they began to make the little adjustments that come in every marriage. Jack liked politics and American history; Jackie liked art. Jack preferred steaks and roasts with potatoes or noodles; Jackie liked French food. Jack felt comfortable in open shirts and a sports jacket; Jackie loved dressing up. Jack enjoyed sailing, golf, water-skiing and touch football; Jackie was more the indoor type. Eventually, they learned to live and like, as well as love.

"I learned about American history with Jack's help," she said, "and he became a fastidious dresser with a little of my encouragement."

Yet these were only the small things. There were big adjustments to make, too. The strong bond between them helped.

"We both have inquiring minds," she said, "that's the reason we chose each other. I have always felt so alive with him."

It helped, too, to know that; "Jack would do anything I asked him to."

Jackie felt that her own family was "very close," even though, through divorces and remarriages, she had a full sister, a step-sister, a half-sister, two step-brothers and a half-brother, "The fact that we cling together is a tribute to my mother," she said.

But even her own family ties could not have prepared her for the togetherness of the Kennedys. They were wonderful—or in their family word for anyone wonderful, they were "fantastic"—and they were warmly welcoming. She loved them all individually, adored her father-in-law. And Bobby, she said, was "the most fantastic Kennedy next after Jack. He is the one I would put my hand in the fire for." She has taught Caroline pride in her name and heritage, sometimes even sternly. When the child weeps over a small hurt, Jackie tells her, "Kennedys don't cry." And it was Jackie herself who urged that they move into the "Kennedy Compound" at Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, for summer vacations, so Caroline could grow up close to her cousins.

But in time she admitted that Kennedys en masse were overwhelmingly too much of a good thing. She and Jack would take the little walk to his folks' place evening after evening. The huge dining table would be spread with its impeccable cloth and set with treasured silver—while around it sat never less and usually more than a dozen hotly arguing Kennedys. Not
personal arguments—just opinionated battles over politics, sports or whatever excited them, Jackie rebelled, finally. “Once a week is great,” she said. “Not every night.” And after breaking her ankle at their favorite game, touch football, she stayed out of those family scrimmages, too.

The “spite fence”

During Jack’s campaign for the presidency, Jackie put up a fence around their vacation home to keep out the hordes of reporters, photographers and curious people. But gossip called it a “spite fence” and said it was put up to keep out Kennedys, too.

Yet Jackie found that the Kennedys think all the better of her when she stands on her own rights. On Jack’s sailboat, the Ventura, they would often cruise all together along the Massachusetts coast, lazily content in the hot sun blazing down on the water. But come lunchtime and the in-laws would picnic on peanut butter sandwichwiches and Cokes, sprawled in the bow, while in the stern Jackie passed unusual French delicacies to her husband and guests. And nobody thought anything of it. “They seem proud of the things I do differently,” she said. “The very things you think would alienate them bring you closer to them.”

Her marriage was a pendulum swing from extreme to extreme—from the clan’s too-togetherness to too much aloveness from the one she wanted most to be with. When she married Jack, she thought she knew what she was getting into. But the separations were worse than she’d dreamed. And for the first four years, while he raced all over the country, she was alone whenever she could not go with him. She had no child to protect him and heart. When Jack was away she kept busy enough with her books and painting, so that she was at least content—but never happy without him.

Perhaps the closest time in their early marriage was the frightening eight months during which his old back injury nearly cost him his life. He’d been hurt playing wild college football—to keep up with his adored older brother Joe, who was killed in the war. Jack’s own heroic rescue of his PT-boat crew during the war made the old injury even worse. During chronic bouts of terrible pain he must have been haunted by the thought that he could end up crippled like his sister Rosemary, a spinal meningitis victim who now lives in a Wisconsin nursing home. Finally, in 1954, he decided to risk a dangerous spinal operation. Jackie watched as they wheeled her husband away on a stretcher to the operating room. She waited, pale and anxious, until the doctor finally emerged. He told her the operation had failed. And Jack was so near death that the rest of the family was called to his bedside. With stricken eyes, she watched as a priest came, too, to administer the last rites to her husband. But Jack doggedly pulled through, for a second operation that did work.

During the long convalescence, his bride of a year lived for one thing—to cheer him. Reading to him, running contests to see who could memorize the most poetry—that was the least of it. She poked in old bookstores for odd books to rouse his interest, she found crazy presents to make him laugh. But one particularly grumpy evening she stayed outside the room door while she sent in a visitor who announced, “I’m your new night nurse.” It was Grace Kelly!

In Palm Beach, still bed-ridden, Jack used his time writing what turned out to be a best seller and Pulitzer prize winner, Profiles in Courage.” But without Jackie it couldn’t have happened. She helped with the research. She sat long hours by his bed with a pad of ruled yellow paper, taking notes, or writing down whole chapters in longhand. The preface pays tribute to “my wife Jacqueline whose help . . . I cannot ever adequately acknowledge.”

She did more than that for him—she taught him to paint. She gave him her materials and brushes and he sloshed away in bed. He had turned out some promising pictures before his mother finally balked at the splattered bedclothes. She made him hold off until he could sit on a chair in the bathroom—it was more washable!

Husband and wife both learned from the pain and companionship of those eight months. Jackie came out of it more of a woman—more tender, more understanding. She said of him, “He was so brave—always.” And he came to understand her ups and downs—they’ve remained part of her charge for him. They can always make each other laugh, and he can never “get mad for more than a minute”, whatever they think he is too busy before marriage to think about a woman’s mind or emotions now admired both in his wife. It helped, in the next few troubled years. For in 1955, the girl who so longed to have children suffered a miscarriage. And in 1956 he lost—by a hair—the nomination for Vice President. He took his defeat in Los Angeles just as the convention was held, and she took it by the radio at home, because she was again expecting a child. But, a month prematurely, the baby was born by emergency Caesarean section—dead.

That third year of their marriage was the bitterest, and Jackie almost did not survive it. There were people who thought the marriage itself would not survive it. Sometimes before their third wedding anniversary, the young Kennedys sat down together and frankly talked out their marriage problems. Out of the searching reappraisal came a new growth in accepting each other’s personal preferences, tastes and ways. Also, judging from Jackie’s reaction later, they arrived at a deeper understanding of the husband-and-wife role.

When Caroline was born, the day after Thanksgiving, 1957, Jackie’s happiness was so great that she used to fight off falling asleep. She would lie in bed willing herself to stay awake so she could savor every last blissful moment of each day with a husband and baby to love.

A home of their own

To add bliss, when Caroline was three weeks old, they moved at last into a home of their own style in a dreamhouse in Georgetown, outside of Washington, D. C. More often than not, the man of the house was away, covering the country on speaking tours. And even when he was home, Jackie said, “Weekends when most people are relaxing, Jack works hardest.” But when he could, he enjoyed the soothing drawing room with its chairs covered in pale green and the offbeat touch of pink-gilt cups and saucers used as cigarette containers and ash trays . . . Caroline’s gold-bellied coral baby rattle for an ornament. The house was full of pictures and books and flowers. And regularly, out of the kitchen, went Jack’s daily lunch to his Capitol office—made for him with her, lunch for two meals that his wife believed in for a growing senator who used up a lot of energy. A hot plate, just like baby Caroline’s, kept the food warm on the trip over. Jack was so intrigued, he stopped snatching a sandwich or candy bar for lunch. Soon he was asking for three or four or more hot plates, for guests who admired Jackie’s “catering.”

After the bliss of finally achieving motherhood, the new arrival, Caroline, was super-bliss. But once again she was torn two ways. She was doing everything a wife possibly could to help her husband win the biggest campaign of them all. Yet all the while she was deathly afraid of what this over-exertion could do to the baby expected at Christmas. It would be her third Caesarean. After the election, only those close to her knew the fear in which she rode beside him in the victory parade. It was the peak moment of his career—maybe even of his life!—and her strength was
nearly spent. A few weeks later John Kennedy Jr. came into the world prematurely. Only a matter of minutes—and luck and a good doctor—saved him.

The hazards of life that the young couple pulled through. How did they come out of it—the young woman who was once considered to have more intellect than tenderness, and the husband to have more power-drive than insight into her needs? Jackie's own words reveal the change. When they were engaged, she said, "I think Jack is up to anything ... he gives others confidence — with him I think I could do anything." Now she sounds like millions of happy wives: "I'm an old-fashioned wife ... keeping a house is a joy to me. One of my greatest pleasures is to see that everyone else is happy in it."

They need each other

Much of the happiness lies in needing each other. His job may have to come first, like so many men's. And she keeps up a busy outer and inner life of children, home, books, painting. But everyone close to them says they would be lost without each other. Whenever she was in one of a room, his eyes follow her. If she is gone too long he asks restlessly, "Where's Jackie?" ... And of her need for him, and the children's need, she says, "Even if he is President, we must have some time with him."

But, of course, even though Jack now understands her needs, there is still no such thing as enough time for them together. A big part of her life must still be lived on her own.

Nevertheless, Jackie can now say of marriage, "It's easier for the wife to make the husband happy. His career is half his life, so if the wife does the minimal things, he will be content. But if the wife is happy, full credit should be given to the husband." Jackie is happy. And one reason is this: that busy as her husband is, he notices her—knows everything about her. The night of the inaugural ball she put on the gown that an entire nation would be eager to see on TV. Every detail of her costume had been carefully planned, designed to be perfect for the occasion—exquisite yet simple. But at the last minute he felt that she would be even more beautiful wearing a necklace with this gown. He put on the necklace.

He had paid her the compliment of really seeing her, and she had returned the compliment of accepting his taste and his decision.

Books, records, a necklace, a diamond bracelet, a call from a pay-booth station, a battered old postcard, a tie when she knew he had it on his mind, a wall when he'd rather read, a book dedicated to her—but probably the greatest gift Jack has given Jackie lies in this, which she so candidly admitted: "Happiness is not where you think you find it. I'm determined not to worry. So many people poison every day worrying about the next. I've learned a lot from Jack."

JULIA CORBIN

TRIBUTE

Continued from page 47

people sat wide-eyed. Jimmy went on.

"I am very—honored to accept this award for Gary Cooper. I'm only sorry that he—isn't here tonight to accept it in person. But I know that he is sitting be-side his television set tonight." His eyes lifted suddenly. In the vast auditorium everyone knew that he had forgotten them, forgotten the cameras. Now Stewart was looking past them, speaking to one man alone. "So, Coop, I'll get this to you right away, and, Coop, I want you to know this—that with this goes all the warm friendship—and the affection—and ... " For a moment he could not go on. Then he raised his voice. These were stumbling a little, finished his sentence, "—and the admiration—and the deep—the deep respect of all of us. We're very proud of you Coop—all of us are—tremendously proud."

Then, holding his friend's Oscar in his hand, he turned and went swiftly off the stage. The applause broke in wave after wave, washing across the footlights, thundering through the auditorium. It poured across the room—rushed—threw—they into their hearts. It flooded through a television set turned on in a Beverly Hills home where a tall, gaunt man, painfully propped up on pillows, heard it—and turned his face away for a moment.

Gary Cooper was sick—sicker than any-one but he, his family, his doctor and a few close friends knew. Now, he realized, everyone would guess. And he knew that if they asked him directly what was wrong, he would use the word they so carefully avoided.

"Yes, I have cancer," he would say. He'd been telling the truth for so long, he couldn't stop now.

Why me?

Gary Cooper, lying back against the pillows with his eyes half shut, could not keep his mind focused on the television screen. Something was troubling him. A question. He had been asking it for many, many years. Now, seeing Jimmy Stewart's tear-filled eyes and hearing the sound of love from the audience in Santa Monica, the question returned to haunt him again.

"Why me?" Gary Cooper wondered.

"Why do they care about me?"

Restlessly, he turned his head from side to side, wondering. He was not likely to find the answer. No one in Hollywood was likely to give it to him.

But there was an answer. It was spelled out in the very tissue of his life. It had made him a legend in his own time.

The roots of the legend, of course, lay in his childhood.

He was called Frank Cooper then. To his mother, who came of English stock, a childhood in Helena, Montana, meant that here he lived with the horses, learned to ride, and rope a steed and little else. She decided he'd better off in England. When Frank was nine, she shipped him off to the Dunstable Grammar School in Bedfordshire.

When he returned, several years later, he had changed. His Montana drawl had been tightened into clipped British speech. His clothes had an English schoolboy cut. His manners had improved. His teachers,
bewildered by the curriculum he had studied abroad, dropped him back a grade into a younger class.

Within two days he was the butt of a hundred practical jokes. Boys, who a few years before had been his friends, teased and tormented him. It was a bewildering experience, but he didn't have time to puzzle it out. He was too busy fighting his way to and from school every day. After a while the boys began to respect his fists, and life became easier.

Now that he had won the right to speak and think, as he liked, he began to ask himself questions. Who was he? Did he really want to be an English schoolboy? His answer was to let his speech soften again and learn to ride and rope and shoot. He would be what he had been born—a Western youngster.

In his early teens, Frank Cooper suddenly grew tall. He was sixteen when America went to war in 1917. He was big enough—if not exactly old enough—to quit school and help on his father's cattle ranch during the manpower shortage. He jumped at the chance. It came as a shock to discover that getting up at five A.M. wasn't the fun he thought it would be. Or patching range fences at forty below. But for two years he grit his teeth and hung on, till it was okay to quit and go back to school. And he wondered if the years in England had spoiled him after all. If he wasn't going to be a rancher, what would he do with his life? Who was he?

A future in art?

Now when he was already three years older than anyone in his class, he was in an automobile accident. He emerged with a badly broken hip, another leave of absence from school, and time on his hands. Propped up in a chair, unable to use his legs, he remembered a childhood hobby, called for a drawing board and pencil and began to sketch. He produced some amusing cartoons, and a few recognizable caricatures. Some of the caricatures were political; he sent them off to a local newspaper. They were printed. Frank Cooper decided happily that he had found his vocation at last—he would be an artist. Soon as he was back on his feet he set out to complete his high school education so he could enter Grinnell College in Iowa as an Art Major.

He liked Grinnell. But at the end of three years, business took his family to California. Frank joined them there for the summer. A look at the bustling community growing up around the movie industry in Los Angeles gave him an idea. He decided to quit Grinnell, get a job as a commercial artist and save enough money to go to a really good art school in Chicago. Full of confidence, he set out to get his job.

He got one, too. And got fired. Surprised, he went looking for another. The same thing happened. And a third time, and a fourth.

He learned that he was good enough to get a job as an artist—but not good enough to hold it. Seeing his work with new eyes, he came to understand that it would have to be better, and this time he would look for a job as a commercial artist in Los Angeles. And he got the job.

For the third time in his life, the bewildered young man took stock of himself. This time almost in despair. He was twenty-five, he couldn't go on living off his parents. He'd do anything to earn his way.

He ran into an old Montana acquaintance who told him that if a man could sit a horse in crowd scenes, there was money to be earned at the film studios. And if he could fall off a horse effectively without killing himself or the horse, the money was even better. There were worse ways to make a living. He forced Chicago and art school out of his mind and went after a movie career.

A career is born

Sam Goldwyn, producing a picture called "The Winning of Barbara Worth," found, at the last minute, that he was stuck for an actor to play a shy young cowboy, doomed to die. He looked around the lot and found a tall young stunt rider with an appealing, not-exactly-handsome face, and an interesting rolling walk. He offered Frank (now known as Gary) Cooper the role. Nervously, Gary accepted. He took all the screen for once, he lay down to die.

And a career was born.

Paramount saw him and signed him for $125 a week. He had "arrived."

Now when he went to the studio in the morning, guards nodded pleasantly, executives smiled. He was given sophisticated roles, in which he wore tuxedos, drank cocktails, made love to beautiful women. Clara Bow, the "It" girl, became a close friend and used her influence to get him better parts. He became known as the "It" boy. He wore his tuxedo and drank cocktails off-screen as well as on. He dated beautiful women, too, one of them the tempestuous, glamorous star, Lupe Velez. Their two names made the gossip columns regularly. Gary's billing got more important. People told him he was on his way.

Yet whenever the pace slackened, he found himself troubled again. On his way to where?

Talking pictures came in with a very audible bang. Gary's studio hunted for a vehicle on which to try him in this new medium.

They found it in a book called "The Virginian."

The picture was a Western. Its hero was not sophisticated. He was tall and lean and mostly silent. When he spoke, he chose his words carefully. Insulted in a saloon, he did not shoot the place up or shoot off his mouth. He merely said, "When you say that, smile."

Today the phrase is trite with overuse. Then, The Virginian was new—one very different, very special.

To everyone's surprise, the characterization swept the country like a clean, fresh wind—blowing many good things away. Gary Cooper's way. Suddenly he found himself famous. Talked about, written about—in a new way. People—strangers, fans, acquaintances—began to revere him, bringing problems to him, write him saying that he had influenced their lives. They wrote that it was good to know a man like Gary Cooper really existed. He told himself they were simply confusing him with a part he'd played. But he couldn't help noticing that off-screen too, he had changed. He still went to night clubs, wore tuxedos, romanced lovely Lupe. But now it was impossible for him to believe he was enjoying it. The papers speculated openly on when he and Lupe would marry; he knew in his heart they never would. He began to go home earlier from parties, sometimes he didn't go to them at all. He began to see fewer people and talk to them less. He felt more and more strongly that his stunning career was nothing but a fluke, a fake. He was no actor, never would be. Then he would remember The Virginian. That one portrayal—of that quiet, strong man—had been real and honest. Why?

In search of peace

Between overwork and puzzlement, his health broke down. On impulse he went to Africa with friends who owned a home there. And there, with a gun in his hand, with the dark jungle around him, in the company of men surviving a dangerous life, he found the man he wanted to be—and believed he could become.

What he found was a man who was quiet, strong and gentle; who felt right when he was alone or with someone he loved; who spoke only when he had something to say; who slept best after a hard day's work; who knew fear and overcame it.

He learned why he had given a true and real performance in "The Virginian."

It was because inside himself, in every way that counted, he was The Virginian.

And having once learned that, having found himself after so many false starts, he vowed that he would never get lost again.

He came home to Hollywood full of determination. He met a woman who offered immediate attraction and excitement—a steady love and a life to be built together. This time he did not hesitate. He and Rocky Balfe were married, and
they bought a ranch on which to live. He intended only to build a way of life that would be true to himself and those who loved him.

But out of it sprang—inexorably—the legend. For in his determination not to violate his integrity, Gary Cooper did things few of his Hollywood stars had done. When work made the San Fernando Valley ranch impractical, he sold it, built an unpretentious home, and later one even less showy. There was no longer room in his life for what looked smart but didn’t function.

When his daughter Maria was born, he refused to have her left with nurses and servants when he was called away from home. For a long time, together, he said. Unglamorous or inconvenient, wherever he went, his family accompanied him. He gave up night life entirely. When he worked, he worked hard. When he was free, he took his wife East to Long Island for visits with her folks, or went to Idaho for the hunting season with Ernest Hemingway, another strong and quiet man. When there were only days off instead of weeks, he and his “two girls”—he always called Rocky and Maria that—went swimming and skin-diving near home.

When publicity people, reporters and columnists did succeed in reaching him, he did something even more extraordinary. He told them the truth. Did he like his current picture? He was just as likely to say “no” as “yes.” Interviews with Gary Cooper were never very long. But they were never dull.

A legend grows

Simultaneously, his on-screen legend grew. He turned down showy roles other actors fought for, he chose instead to play quiet and simple men. Sergeant York, who loathed killing on religious grounds yet served his God and country on the battlefields of World War I. Lou Gehrig, the baseball player who fought against an incurable disease—and lost. The tragic young soldier of “A Farewell to Arms,” forced to choose between his duty and his love. Not one of them a conventional hero. They were instead troubled men trying to find their way through a difficult world. When they succeeded, it was not through luck or a gimmick, but by painfully toiling with their problems until they solved them. When they failed, it was with sorrow and without abash. When they died, it was with dignity. He won an Oscar for his portrayal of Sergeant York and another for his role in “High Noon.”

They were the men in whom Gary Cooper could believe. They were the men on whom he modeled the man he was making of himself.

His own greatest trial came while he was making a movie called “The Fountainhead.” Patricia Neal, a young New York actress, was his co-star. She, too, was a cut different from most Hollywood stars. She was pale and blonde, with a husky voice and intense eyes—very attractive. For the first time since his marriage, Gary was linked to another woman.

With every bit of the strength he had built up over the years, he fought against what was happening to him. When the picture was finished, he took Rocky on a second honeymoon. When they returned to Hollywood, Pat was still there. It was impossible for them not to meet, for the spark between them not to flare again.

What was said, what was thought, what anguish was suffered during his last meeting with Pat, no one knew or would ever know. But Pat left Hollywood, and Gary took his wife and daughter on a long, quiet trip. When he returned, he was smiling again.

Before then, he had fought the studio, fought luxury, fought every corrupting influence that had come between him and his image of a man. Now he had fought and beaten the most dangerous enemy of all—himself. Years later, when, under different stresses, he and Rocky separated for several months, he didn’t indulge himself in the sort of fling that many older, long-married Hollywood men have had. He spent his time alone, thinking, working through his troubles—a man accustomed to silence. When he had thought long enough, he went home to his wife and daughter, and took with him a weapon against whatever troubles the future might hold. His wife and daughter were Catholics. He was not. He determined to convert, so that they could worship and believe together and their home be immeasurably strengthened.

Just the truth

Reporters asked about his conversion. Coop told them flatly that he was no saint, nor about to become one. Being a Catholic, he said, would simply help him be a little less of a bum.

And later, when he reported to a hospital for his second operation in two months, he told the truth again. “Minor surgery,” the newspapermen who loved him, reported tactfully to the world.


Now he was ill again. The cancer had spread, tearing through his body.

As the doctors applied their cobalt radiation treatments, all Hollywood prayed and wept.

For Gary Cooper had given Hollywood something that few others could. He gave it self-respect.

He had centered his life around his work and had made his work a fine and honorable endeavor. He had created a public image of himself—and refused to betray it in private.

“We’re very proud of you, Coop,” Jimmy Stewart had whispered. “All of us are—tremendously proud.”

Proud that you lived among us, worked among us.

Proud that you are our product, our soul grown tall and straight.

Proud that you have made us, as no one else ever did, proud of ourselves.

That is the heart and core of the legend, the answer to the questions Gary Cooper asked. If he never knew that answer himself, if he is unable to give himself enough credit, it does not matter much.

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—Charlotte Dinter

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Eddie’s Back
Continued from page 45

Lives of Debbie and Eddie. Many more are destined to happen in the future. Their lives are bound together by two common bonds: Carrie Frances, with the sparkling eyes and lovable personality of her mother, and her little brother Todd Emanuel, who looks so much like the Daddy who went away when he was only a year old.

Now his Daddy is back, and all the evidence is that it’s for keeps. Within a few days of the odd coincidence of the two calls to the same real estate office, the Fishers found the home they needed for themselves and Liz’ trio of young ones. (The Fishers purchased the ranch-looking at homes.) And Eddie is availing himself of his legal right to see his children. Even if Debbie was inclined to keep him away from Carrie and Todd—she couldn’t. The visitation rights were granted him by the court under the terms of the divorce.

Many of her friends are afraid that now Debbie will find herself giving in to her hard-won tranquility just when she could relax and enjoy it. They feel certain that with Eddie and Liz back in Hollywood, nothing will ever again be the same for Debbie and the children.

Even Debbie’s most ardent critics commend her on the way she is bringing up two well-mannered, beautiful youngsters. After Eddie vanished from her life, she buckled down to a man-and-woman’s size job of rearing them alone while handling a full-time career as a movie star. Everyone knows you don’t raise good children just by money or success. They give her credit for doing it with a mother’s loving care and a father’s sense of responsibility. They feel that in the dual role of mother and father she has done a beautiful job.

Eddie in a different world

Until recently, Eddie Fisher appeared to be very remote from his duties as a father. His life was in a different world—the world of Elizabeth Taylor and her children—and in distant parts of the globe a good part of the time. It is true that he has always remembered their birthdays with expensive toys and cards. He has telephoned from all parts of the world to ask about their health. (It was always a maid who gave him the answers, not Debbie.) He even called from London during Liz’ life-and-death struggle with pneumonia, because Todd was very ill with a viral infection and Eddie wanted to keep in touch. But no one close to Debbie ever forgot another occasion, some time back, when Todd was so critically ill that a frantic Debbie tried desperately to find Eddie—and couldn’t. By the time he was located by phone, vacationing far away with Liz and the children, the worst of Todd’s crisis was over.

To Debbie, her children’s father must have seemed one more step removed from them when he adopted Liza, his wife’s three-year-old daughter by the late Mike Todd. And again when he expressed the hope that Liz would present him with a son or daughter of their own some day. But on the rare occasions when the Fishers did pop back into Hollywood, and then only for a few days at a time, Eddie, arranged to see Carrie and Todd, though Debbie always absent herself. And last summer the inevitable happened in the commissary at Twentieth-Century-Fox Studios. Eddie and Liz accidentally ran into Debbie. The meeting proved cordial, though chilly. It was the first time Eddie had seen Debbie since he asked her for permission to obtain a Las Vegas divorce decree, so he wouldn’t have to wait a year to marry again. It was the first time Debbie had asked him to help comfort her, following the tragic crash of a private plane that took Mike Todd’s life.

This was the last time these three saw each other. It was apparent that, in the future, arrangements would be made to avoid another encounter like that. Last winter, between bouts of illness and just pneumonia, attack. Eddie brought Liz from London to California for some sun and rest, and again he saw his children. But he managed to do so at a time when the Fishers was away from home. Then they went back to London, where Liz escaped death by a hair. And Eddie was telling reporters, "No more of this distant life. I need a home where there is always sun." The makers of "Cleopatra" went along on that decree—the picture would not be made in England after all. And what this meant to Debbie was that the London home the Fishers had searched for would never materialize. They would never settle there, any more than they would settle on the big, beautiful estate they had bought earlier in Purchase, N.Y., and later resold. They would live only where the sun shone twelve months a year.

"Sun" meant California?

If Debbie sensed, with apprehension, that "sun" meant California, reason also told her that it is also warm and dry in other places: Nevada; or Arizona—or Spain. But then came a day loaded with fate and omens. On March 28, desert winds lashed angrily through San Gorgonio Pass and into the tranquil, plush atmosphere of Palm Springs. The sudden gusts of eye-stinging sand and dust sent the Harry Karls, along with other Hollywood notables, scurrying indoors. Such swift winds aren’t unusual in the high desert, but they are in Palm Springs which is nestled against the protective base of Mt. San Jacinto. There was something ominous about it. Perhaps Debbie felt it; Others did.

In Los Angeles only three hours away by car, the sky was blue. The sun shone brightly. A light sea breeze touched the trunks as a crowd gathered at Gate 10. A police officer carefully checked over credentials of reporters and photographers before allowing them through the gate and onto the concourse. Minutes passed. The tension mounted. Now there were hundreds of people jammed together, talking excitedly. "They’re here!" someone shouted. "There’s the plane."

A giant Trans World Airlines super jet jiggled to rest on the runway. Minutes later it taxied directly in front of Gate 10. Cheers went up from the crowd. The photographers quickly, frantically raised their cameras to get the first pictures of Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher re-
turning to a city that a year before had castigated them in so many ways.

It was a different city now. There were no jeers, only cheers. The crowds surged forward for a closer look. Police had to form a cordon to keep the fans from mobbing Liz, Eddie, pale and gaunt from sleepless nights of praying death away from her, carefully surveyed the greeting party as though he were looking for someone. If he had expected Todd and Carrie to be on hand, he probably was highly disappointed. They were in Palm Springs with their mother.

“I think Debbie planned it that way,” one friend of Eddie's commented. “I think she wanted them out of town when he arrived. Maybe she felt he would call the house right away or dash over to see the children.”

One report was that he did call the Karl household later that day after he and Liz checked into their bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, only to be informed that the children would be in the desert for a couple of weeks.

No “ulterior motive”

In all fairness to Debbie, one of her friends claimed that she had no ulterior motive in taking the children to Palm Springs. She and Harry had been building a playroom onto their desert home and they wanted to supervise the work themselves. And the children would enjoy a couple of weeks in the healthy sun, so the story goes. It was only a coincidence that they were out of town when their father arrived.

“After all,” the friend said vehemently, “why should Eddie suddenly care about his children? He certainly didn’t when he left Debbie the way he did. Why the sudden concern?”

One theory is that Eddie's “sudden concern” for his children could stem from the shock of Liz's brush with death. He came so close to losing a loved one that he could well have realized his responsibility to other loved ones. The friends who hold this view pooh pooh the “sunshine” reason for coming back, just as they brush aside Eddie's other reason: “We want to live in California again.” They point out that had it not been for the fact that Hollywood is home to Liz and she comes home at the peak of such popularity that many friends will be torn between the two of them. Even those who were disloyal to Liz at first may now flock to her side.

A bitter pill

Another bitter pill for Debbie to swallow can well prove to be the open display of affection for which Liz and Eddie are famous. A chauffeur who took them sightseeing in London last fall told how they behave in public, like teenagers just falling in love. "So busy kissing in the back seat they hardly saw any sights. And Eddie himself, for all his high demands for their privacy, has made such frank statements to reporters as: "Elizabeth gives more love than any human being I've ever known in my whole life. Gives more and takes more. And that is love, and loving."

To read that your former husband says of your successor, "When she loves, she loves better than any woman in the world," is one thing. To be in the presence of such love is something else again. And to avoid it—and them—is also a defeat of sorts. Any woman who has ever been jilted knows this.

And how, ask Debbie's friends, can she avoid them? People are taking particular care to spare everybody embarrassing complications by not inviting the Fishers and Liz to the arrival of the current performers. And they avoid each other at Twentieth Century-Fox? The same week that Debbie checked into the hotel to film "Star of the West," Liz and Eddie opened offices there. And it is at Fox that Liz will be filming the interiors for "Cloepatra."

Even walking into a Beverly Hills department store, or a beauty parlor, or a supermarket, says Debbie's friends, could be a jolt and an embarrassment. And they intimate that this is the reason the Karls didn't buy a house in April when the Fishers did. In fact, it might even explain why Debbie and Harry suddenly dropped the idea of building their "dream house" on the lot they bought last November, before the wedding. The last, back of the Beverly Hills Hotel, had been cleared of an older structure and work was to start on the new home when they suddenly changed their minds. It would take too long, was Debbie's explanation. Now friends are wondering if even then, on a lunch, she decided not to take a chance on building in an area where Liz and Eddie might some day be neighbors.

If so, her lunch came true. And now, the winner, for "Butterfield 8."

"She has suffered enough," one Academy Award-winning actress told Photoplay. "Voted for her. She deserves to win.”

Eddie, too, is in a favorable light. He announced he planned to resume his singing career. He accepted a lucrative offer (reportedly $25,000 a week) to go to the Desert Inn in Las Vegas in May. And he announced plans to do a television spectacular.

Whatever they had to go through for it, the Fishers' star is on the rise again in the eyes of the whole world.

But what of Debbie? Her friends feel that she deserves a break too. They say she may be too level-headed to let the new development smash her happiness, but it could be eaten away bit by irritating bit. For one thing, she'll have to face the fact that Hollywood is home to Liz, and she comes home at the peak of such popularity that many friends will be torn between the two of them. Even those who were disloyal to Liz at first may now flock to her side.

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The report goes, Eddie sends a car and a maid for Carrie and Todd, and they are hustled away to a rendezvous with their father. Debbie can do nothing to upset these visits, and so far has shown no signs of trying to. But everyone feels that she no longer has a chance of getting him to consent to their adoption by Harry Karl. If Eddie had settled down with Liz and her children thousands of miles away in New York or London, it might have been a different story.

If Debbie and Harry wanted to go to court to sue for Harry to adopt the children, they would probably lose. They need Eddie's permission. Yet there are those who say that the best thing Eddie could do for his children would be to give them up to Harry. Everybody knows Harry adores the children. He's a grandfather—his daughter Judy has a child—and has children from his marriage, or rather marriages, to Marie McDonald, but he's a real father and a good one to Carrie and Todd. Still, Eddie will probably never let him have them legally, any more than Mike Wilding would let Eddie have his two boys legally.

**Children the real losers**

There are those who feel the children are the real losers in this kind of situation. They live with one Daddy and visit another. Who do they know to whom they belong? Liz and Eddie must have explained it all to the Wilding boys when Eddie adopted Liz but not them—that softly to the tune of “Autumn Leaves”?

“I . . . I’d like to go, Freddie.”

He said he would arrange for a ringside table, and perhaps . . .

“Perhaps we can . . . get together for a bite after the show?”

She knew what her answer would be long before the words came to her lips. She knew now, as she heard his voice, that she had been wrong during their marriage. In their years together, she had learned she'd been wrong in thinking that it would always be a honeymoon and that a man's moods did not belong in her picture of wedded bliss. Freddie was a creative music arranger and pianist, and he was entitled to an occasional mood. So is any man.

“I'll be there, Freddie,” she whispered into the phone.

“Thanks, Jane,” was all he answered.

And that night as she came in, with the eyes of a thousand strangers upon her, she herself saw only one man, the man who began to play “All the Things You Are.”

As the cheers echoed through the songs that followed, Jane listened, knowing at last that the errors and mistakes and small arguments in a marriage were a part of living, and that nothing, not even her heart—had she let it come between them—was not even the Oscar she had won for “Johnny Belinda” could be more precious than love.

They danced, and Freddie thought of Jack's-at-the-Beach, where they had first come to know each other over quiet dinners during their courtship. And he thought how nice it would be to go there again.

And later, as the music of his own special night came to a close and the applause had long since stopped, he came to her, and said, very quietly, “You look lovely, Jane.”

She smiled at Freddie's compliment, and they turned to look at each other for a long moment. Then he took her slim little hand in his, and their evening began.

They talked many things of their first days, of what each was doing now, and most of all, what each intended to do in the future. The soft lights, the good wine, the soft whisper of the world food—it all added up to their evening. Then, all too soon, they were driving back to Jane's house. Freddie stopped the car in front of the driveway.


Maybe we both made a mistake before, Freddie.”

He looked at her, his Jane, the girl he'd spent so many happy hours with, and the soft look in her eyes gave him the courage to ask her the question he'd had on his mind all evening.

“I'd like to see you for dinner again. Tomorrow. How about it, Jane?”

Then one day Freddie said to a friend: “I'd like to remarry Jane. Do you think she might say yes?”

The friend said it simply, but to the point: “Ask her.”

He asked, and she did say yes. And that was how it happened, how Jane and Freddie got their second chance at happiness seven years later. No wonder they both feel they're lucky. —Adam Mitchell
CHARM

Continued from page 43

her faults and in both cases intend to do something about them. She must be curious about life; she must participate, then offer, give and extend and not be afraid, sometimes, of being hurt. A charming woman is more loving than loved; she is more giving than given. And above all she is, more than anything else (and she knows it), a woman. A woman, whose duty is to bring out the best in man. When she does this, she is charming. Since one man's charm can be another's despair, for the rest of the article we'll let the men talk. Van Williams, toweeling off after a dunking on the "Surfside 6" set, answered quickly, when we asked him about charm, as if he'd already given the matter a lot of thought. "The most charming thing a girl can have is an adaptable personality," he said. "There are so many different situations that can form in one relationship with a girl, not only involving you and the girl but other individuals, as well. Any girl who can meet and make the most of any situation is above and beyond the so-called glamorous girl." Nei Sedaka, caught at a break in a recording session, sipped coffee—black—from a paper container, as he told us: "Ice belongs in a Coke, but not in a girl's personality. Lots of these girls have the appeal of a mannequin in a store window—not alive. The missing secret ingredient in their make-up is the idea of the most charming thing a girl can do is to really listen when a guy speaks to her. There is nothing, but nothing, that makes a guy feel better than to believe the girl is listening to him like he's the most important—and only—guy in the world." Marty Milner, his voice crackling over a long-distance connection from one of his "Route 66" locations, said: "It depends on the girl. If she's blonde, I'd like her with blue eyes. If she's brunette, I'd also like her with blue eyes." Then, more seriously, he added, "I like girls who generally have chic-suave sophisticated looks and still possess good, friendly, easygoing social qualities."

"Be yourself!"

Andy Williams, relaxed and not wearing one of his hats, grinned shyly from a couch in his night-club dressing room as he told us: "The only thing that works, charm mostly consists of being one's self. I always find that I'm attracted to a woman who lets her inner-self show in her personality, and has none of the affected qualities that are phony. I think, too often, young women attempt to take on the personality of someone they admire, and this results in a made-up personality. They lose their charm and become a conglomeration of what they want to be and what they really are. Charm is being delightful and fresh and being an individual. It is appearing pleasant whether at a party or in a dark theater. It is not being cluttered with falseness. Rod Taylor paused while feeding the inner man at the commissary, between takes of "Hong Kong," and considered our questions, "The most charming thing about girls," he said, "to me, anyway, is that

they are girls. This is interesting. You look at a girl you're potentially interested in and it dawns: This is a person who at some time or another may be sharing half of a man's life. But if you see that she works too hard at being a girl—if she isn't interested in anything outside of herself—then the charm begins to go, and she's only a girl." Horst Buchholz had only a minute for us as he hurried planeward for Berlin to make "One, Two, Three," his next picture after "Fanny." So when we asked what quality most endeared a woman to him, he answered in exactly one word: "Sincerity."

Bob Mitchum, sleepy-eyed, was another one-word man, "Proximity," he said. Grant Williams chatted with us on the set of his latest movie, "The Couch," "Charm," he said, "is a combination of good grooming, good manners, a sincere interest in other people, a sense of love for the beauty in creation, a curious mind and a sense of humor."

True beauty

Mark Goddard relaxed his keen-eyed look that goes with "The Detectives" but not with a dapper Studio 5400 picture, and said, "Great warmth," he said, "is the true beauty of womanhood. It's a radiant feeling that others can share, and it stems from a beautiful soul. And warmth itself comes from a number of things. Part of it is not being afraid to share it, part is being understanding—and even a way of listening attentively. If a woman has this warmth personality, it attracts and allure everyone, whether she's beautiful or not. If she hasn't, what good is all her beauty and sex appeal?"

Lee Patterson, on location in Miami for "Surfside 6," stopped off the houseboat into ten foot of charm talk with our interviewer, "I'll put it this way," he said, "A woman should let a man make a gesture and light her cigarette—and not hand him the matches. If she's out on a date and shows a little consideration for his wallet—that's being gracious, too. To me graciousness is the first requirement. The rest of it, the beautiful figure and lovely face—are the least of it."

Gardin McKay was just leaving the set of "Adventures in Paradise" when we caught up with him. He gladly stopped to answer our questions, and seemed to have some definite ideas on the subject of charm. "A charming woman is one who lives up to the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein's song 'I Enjoy Being A Girl.' To be truly charming, a woman must be aware that she's a woman and enjoy being feminine and domestic and all the other wonderful things that make her what she is."

Richard Beyer ate a quick lunch on the set of "Bachelor Flat" and thought about our questions. After a minute or two, he said, "A girl who has the ability to make a man think that she considers him the most interesting of all men is charming. She is the most winning and gentle—this is what differentiates woman from man. A girl should make a man want to hold her close."

A smattering of brains

Our next stop was the set of "Rawhide" to see Eric Fleming and Clint Eastwood. The rehearsal had run overtime. Eric was
late for a previous appointment, so his answer was brief, but right to the point: "Brains, no woman can be charming without at least a smattering of brains." Clint told us, "A girl who makes a man feel like a man, who puts him at his best behavior and brings out all the chivalry in him is charming. She's a ultra-feminine creature who enchant a man. Aside from this, she should have a sense of humor. Men instinctively lean toward a woman who can be volatile and amusing, even if she isn't beautiful, in preference to a beauty who's a cold fish." Tony Eisley was watching Connie Stevens run through a song on the set of their "Hawaiian Eye" series, and it seemed to the perfect case to ask him about charming women! "A charming woman," he told us, "has a sense of humor and the ability to accept a man for what he is without trying to change him. A charming woman's best asset is her ability to make a man realize he is a man. She is truly interested in his viewpoints and desires." Last stop was "77 Sunset Strip" to see Edd Byrnes and Roger Smith. We got caught in a traffic jam, and had kept them waiting so long they were just about ready to go home for dinner. But they stopped to give us their "quickie" answers. "What makes a woman charming?" thought Edd out loud. "Class. to put it in one word." Roger's reply was "Warmth."

**Mystery Flips Men**

When we asked our panel to try to pin charm down to just one trait, that's when we really got our proof that one man's charm is another's despair.

**Van Williams:** Femininity. Any girl without any sort of a vegetable in her book, I don't necessarily mean feminine in appearance, but a girl who is sure of her womanhood and doesn't have to prove to anyone that she's a woman.

Neil Sedaka: "One thing that all girls have in common that really flips all men is mystery. If there is one fellow who says he can honestly figure out what makes a girl tick, it's all my friends: either a liar or a confused boy."

Andy Williams: "Sex appeal. Every woman has it whether she realizes it or not. Some know how to channel it properly: others abuse it: others don't know what to do with it: and, unfortunately, many make no effort to make men aware of it."

**Mark Milner:** "Femininity—in a proper amount—is the most appealing thing."

Lee Patterson: "Just being a woman, bless her for it! I think that's the one universal trait that appeals to all men—her womanliness."

**Gardner McKay:** "A sense of humor is what I look for."

Richard Beymer: "Sex appeal in its broadest sense is the one ingredient women must have to be charming, to be appealing."

Eric Fleming: "Wit!"

Clint Eastwood: "Intelligence. You can overlook a ton of faults if the woman can contribute her share to a conversation or situation. A woman who has everything but brains is a dumb bunny no matter how gorgeous she may be."

Tony Eisley: "A happy outlook on life." Edd Byrnes: "The fact that she's a female!"

Roger Smith: "Femininity."

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As a final question, we asked the men on our panel to name the most charming woman they know.

**Van Williams:** "Vicki, my wife, happens to be the most charming I know or have ever known. She has an adaptable personality plus femininity, and all the other attributes such as good looks, sex appeal, etc. You don't hardly find that combination no more."

**Marty Milner:** "My mother!"

**Grant Williams:** "The most charming girl I know is an eighteen-year-old who has a wisdom far beyond her years. Her charm and her real beauty comes from a big heart for her fellow man."

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**The Complete Woman**

Andy Williams: "Marlene Dietrich. She is the complete woman. She can talk about the arts and baseball without flinching. She disproves the theory that age can show on a woman. She is vital and vigorous. She is an exquisite fashion plate, but not a clothes horse. She is aware of every situation she is in. She respects a man and makes him feel he is with a woman. Not many gals can do that."

Neil Sedaka: "The girl who gets my vote isn't old enough to vote yet. She is an old-fashioned girl who remembers things like grace, warmth and poise. Although she isn't a beautiful gal, when she walks into a room, she outshines the beauties."

Mark Goddard: "My wife Marcia is the most charming I ever met. She is thoughtful and considerate. It was these traits that attracted me to her when we first met. I kept remembering her charming concern and thoughtfulness, not only toward me, but to others. She is the greatest charm a woman can possess."

Rod Taylor: "Ingrid Bergman is the most charming woman I have met or seen. She carries her beauty and her femininity unconsciously."

Lee Patterson: "My mother, because she's proof that good grooming isn't the business of constantly pulling out the mirror in public."

Gardner McKay: "Brigitte Bardot."

Richard Beymer: "Jennifer Jones is the most charming woman—except for my mother—I've ever known. I'm captivated by her talent, spirit and beauty."

Eric Fleming: "Edith Piaf. She has a tremendously gracious charm which, after five minutes, you feel you are with the most charming woman in the world."

Clint Eastwood: "My wife Maggie is the most charming woman I know. She has looks, she's intelligent, she's adaptable, she's understanding and she has the patience of Job. And, most important, I'm the number one guy to her."

Tony Eisley: "A charming woman I know had, and still has, such belief in my future that she overlooked my faults and gave me a real belief in myself. Charm, to me, means my wife Indie."

Roger Smith: "My wife Vici."

Edd Byrnes: "A girl I saw one beautiful morning while driving to the studio. I was so entranced by her classic beauty that I still search for her face in a crowd."

Edd's was my last interview for the day. Afterwards, I packed away my pencil, put a clip on my notebook and went home to a quiet supper alone! I wanted to concentrate. On what? On whether I could be charming! —Ruth Britten
BRENDA LEE

Continued from page 72

before can go. Siren scare off crowds."

"For Pete's sake, tell him to forget the
damn siren and get us out of here," Dub
cried desperately.

Just then the siren clicked on with a
long, piercing shriek. Bodies quickly melt-
ed from the windshield, at least. The car
crawled at a snail's pace through the still
chaotic crowd. The driver muttered fierce
curses. The interpreter peered wild-eyed at
the sea of humanity that barred their way.

Dub gripped the front seat so hard his
knuckles were white. He didn't dare look
back to see how many people had been
brushed. He shuddered as another hand
slammed against the window. If the glass
should shatter . . .

Brenda tensely clutched the top of the
front seat too. A little brown creased her
forehead. She licked her lips uneasily. She
didn't look at the crowds, only stared in-
tently at the grim-faced interpreter who was
frantically pumping the siren.

Poor kid, Dub thought, she must be
frightened out of her mind.

"Dub?" Brenda whispered uncertainly.

"Easy, honey."

"But Dub . . ."

"It's gonna be all right, kid."

"But Dub, please, please—will you ask
the man can I come up front and
try working the siren?"

Just so, through the years, Brenda has
worked her way up from trying tree-climb-
ing and no-hands-bike-riding to water-ski-
ing, tightrope walking and motorcycle
drag-racing. When she limped back from
her first drag race with a three-inch gash
on her thigh, the pain didn't bother her so
much as what her mother would say if she
found out. ("Dub, promise you won't tell.
She'd kill me if she knew.") And if the
wound left a scar, how could she explain it?
It did and she did—by fibbing.

"I tol'es a l'il grey lie," Brenda admits
sheepishly, "I said I smashed into the edge
of our new coffee table. I wonder if Mom
really believed me, though . . ."

Chances are Mrs. Tarpley didn't. But
she probably knows that you can't reform
a little rebel with a tongue-lashing. She
knows that at sixteen Brenda still has to
"try" things to find out what makes them
tick . . . and sets her size-three feet down
stubbornly as she insists, "I can take care of
myself!"

So Dub chain-smokes and has trouble
sleeping. But Brenda has nerves of silk
over steel. Nothing fazes her. Nothing
throws her—right up to the moment when
she was slapped a crucial question.

"Is it true, Brenda, what a French maga-
azine wrote—that you're not a teenager.
you're really a thirty-two-year-old midge-
et?"

Then did she blow up!

"Say, listen," she said, "I don't mind that
midget part so much—but thirty-two? My
gosh, do you realize a rumor like that
could lose a girl all her boyfriends?"

This is Brenda Lee.

—ROSE PERLBERG

Brenda Lee records on the Decca label.

HONEYMOON

(Continued from page 20)

Cinderella's story has a happy ending,
always . . . but new, happy beginning.
And for June it was no different than
for any Cinderella. The beginning was
rough.

Her father was someone she didn't
remember at all. Her mother she mem-
bered as crying bitterly the few times she
saw her. At age four she was put in an
orphanage. From then on her life was a
jumble—in and out of orphanages and
foster homes—running away and being
brought back—and then into court because
she was miserable with the woman who
had become her legal guardian in this
grab-bag of an existence.

When there was a court fight—her real
mother would reappear, weeping helpless-
ly. Until, one sensitive woman judge, see-
ing before her a terrified youngster,
angrily threatened to settle the whole
argument of custody by putting June in
El Retiro House for Girls. She didn't
belong in a place like El Retiro, she'd done
no wrong, but if there were no other way.
. . . That ended the legal disputes. She
was left a ward of the court, in peace—
and loneliness.

At fourteen a kinder influence came into
June's life. She met a Lutheran minister,
Pastor Candow. He guided and en-
couraged her, found her a foster home
where there was love and understanding.

Later she moved in with another Los
Angeles family, the Belknap's, who also
befriended her.

At sixteen and a beauty, June went out
on her own into the competitive scramble
of movie extra hits, modeling and maga-
azine covers, where Warner Brothers dis-
covered her. They sent her to a drama
school run by Blair Cutting, and he set her
on the path to movie contracts and TV.

They met by chance

At eighteen she met David Nelson. By
sheer chance. For never were there two
people from worlds further apart. One
thing, though, they had in common: Fame
and fortune hadn't spoiled David any more
than hard knocks had spoiled June.

It was the city hall, by which they met was
a party at David Hedison's house one spring
night in 1959. It was chancy because
David Nelson wasn't much for parties.
But this night he and his date, Veneta
Stevenson, decided to go for a little while.

All of Hollywood's younger set was in
the jam-packed crowd. Veneta literally
bumped into a young actress with whom she
immediately agreed, just as a friend
agreed with each other. Veneta said, "Dave, I'd
like you to meet June Blair," David smiled,
said "Hi" to June and shook hands
with her date, Lindsay Crosby.

That was all. But when the party was
over, Lindsay invited some people, includ-
ing David and Veneta, to come on to his
house for more food and talk.

Lindsay's car led the way—through
Beverly Hills, down the Sunset Strip, and

The facts about strengthening brittle nails

Can polish strengthen nails? Any good
polish can strengthen your nails. In fact,
Cutex contains special plasticizers for
that purpose. But if you have problem
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veloped Strong Nail, a heavy-duty full-
strength nail strengther, not diluted by
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tough layer over the nails to reinforce
them against cracking, splitting and
breaking. Yet Strong Nail is easily re-
moved with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.
Wear Strong Nail alone or under any of
the 33 fashion-rich Cutex polish colors.

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the nail you can see is actually dead tissue.
The live nail grows under the cuticle, and
that is where you should start to correct
brittle nails. Cutex Nail-Flex is a medi-
cated cream especially formulated to help
encourage the growth of long, strong
beautiful nails. But remember, new
growth takes time and Nail-Flex should
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period of weeks before you expect results.

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Name

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City State
on to a dinily lit, winding road. Some-
where David took a wrong turn. He never
did get to Lindsay's, and never saw June
again—not for the next year.

But he thought of her often. He'd pick
up the paper and there she was, at a
splashy premiere or a glittering party.
He'd sure like to see her—but her kind
of socializing wasn't his. "And that pretty
girl," he told himself, "isn't likely to dig
a Saturday night at the neighborhood
movie. Better if you don't run into her.
my boy, you're not the type." But he still
didn't forget her.

A whole spring later, Dave and Rick
were at the studio taping an "Ozzie and
Harriet" adventure called, "His Brother's
Girl." The script said Dave was a girl
in Act One, but by the end of Act Two
she'd end up in David's arms, where
she wanted to be all along.

The girl walked on the set—a copper-
haired beauty. She was June Blair!

**His golden opportunity**

Now Dave had the golden opportunity
he'd dreamed of all year. And what did
he do with it? He and June said "Hello"
and then talked from the script only.
There was so much he wanted to tell her,
but he was too shy. He needed time to
speak his piece—and he had to leave for
Hawaii with the Flying Viennes and their
trapeze act . . . then a stint with the Air
Force . . . then a year of more trapeze
shows . . . and by October, back for
other Nelson adventure, "David Hires a
Secretary." The secretary was June.

David watched her walk into his life
again. He promised himself: This time
I won't waste my chances. He found a
moment alone with her, somewhere behind
the big cameras. He asked for a date.
She said sorry, she was busy. He asked
another time, and she said no. Again,
and she said never on work nights.

Then he, Ricky, June and another girl
flew on location to film TV commercials.
High in the sky, away from the lights
and cameras, David and June really talked
for the first time. They've been at it ever
since. They'll plan dinner and a show and
end up seeing no show, only talking, till
near dawn. He discovered that the "glam-
out" dating which so seemed was all
duty stuff and terrified her. All she'd ever
wanted was simple fun. Like this.

He found her more than beautiful, she
was the third W—warm, witty, wonder-
ful. She was everything he wanted in a
girl—in a wife. And soon as he knew this,
he had to go to Germany to do a movie,
"The Big Show." He was torn, he didn't
want to go now, but he had signed the
contract.

**He promised to write**

He left early in November, saying only
that he'd write. But he wasn't good at put-
ting his feelings on paper, he was more of
a postcard correspondent. . . . He re-
turned at Christmas, bringing June a
beautiful coat from Germany. They
saw the New Year in together, and at
the sun's first rays he told her, "I think
I'm in love with you." He said "think"
not to frighten her—a girl who was al-
ready in love with him.

One night in March they sat close on a
sofa in a friend's home, lost to anyone
Suddenly, like a hurricane, his
words whirled around her. "June, I'm so
impatient . . . I want everything to hap-
pen right now . . . I want things to go
well with my career . . . with the show. I
need a new truck for the trapeze gear . . .
I love you, I want to be a success . . .
I want a home and children. . . ."

She was confused. She wasn't sure if he wanted her to marry
him or buy him a new truck.

Next day, he told her they'd have to move fast if they were to be together
when he left for Alaska with his circus
show. But he didn't propose! And he still
hadn't, next evening as they sat in her
apartment, walking around and on
about their plans, and she listened—until
she could take no more.

"Why," she implored, "are you discuss-
ing our future when you haven't even asked
me yet?"

"Well, what do you think I was doing
yesterday at lunch?"

"You were telling me," she said, almost
shyly. "But you didn't ask me."

He stared at her. Then he got it.

"Okay," he said. "I'm asking you now,
June, will you marry me?"

With a glad little cry, she flew into
his arms. He had proposed!

They waited four days for the right
moment to tell the Nelsons—who promptly
lent their Laguna beach home for a week's
honeymoon for Dave and June. They
set the date. May 20th. Dave gave
June a round diamond in an old-fashioned
gold setting. It was a replica of the one
Ozzie had given Harriet in their day, and
June loved it.

**Gift from the Nelsons**

The Nelsons' gift was a building plot
in Hollywood Hills. June and David will
put a ranch house on it, and until then rent
a house for a year. But first they'll hone-
ymoon—from Alaska to Dave's two-week
stint in the Air Force Reserve, to the east
for more circus shows. Their traveling
in a three-ton truck that hauls the trapeze
gear. Dave had an addition built on to it
for sleeping quarters and a kitchen. Good-
bye to June's "glamour" and goodbye to
aloneness—forever. She had love now, and her prince, and his
family to be her family. And friends she'd
had all along, this she knows, today of all
days. The minister who makes them man
and wife—he is her old Pastor Canaday.

. . . The matron of honor is Penny
Belsnap Cooley, who'd been like a sister
since the days when June lived in the home.
And on the "bride's side" sits another
sister, Joyce Belknap. . . . And here is
her maid of honor, Doris Crewz, who'd
been her best pal since second grade. . . .
And Blair Cutting, her old teacher, has
given her in marriage like a father.

The music swells into the recessional
and the young couple walk out smiling,
past the rows of beaming faces. And as
they go, you can almost hear a fairy
godmother's voice above the soaring
notes.

"Cinderella—goodbye!"

—MARCIA BORIE

Dave's in "The Adventures of Ozzie and
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WHAT'S WITH JANET AND TONY?

Inside:

G BEAUTY BOOK

Rick Clark:

HARTBREAK LOVE STORY OF THE YEAR

From Hollywood:

WHY MEN LIKE WOMEN IN THE SUMMER

TUESDAY WELD
Just be a blonde and see—a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair. Doors open for blondes. Traffic stops for blondes. Men adore you, do more for you, life is tops for blondes! So switch to bewitch. With gentle, new Ultra-Blue® Lady Clairol it's so easy. Takes only minutes. Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—soft, silkier to touch, altogether beautiful! 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 lovely advantage! Try new Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol, you'll love it! Of course, original Whipped Creme and Instant Whip® Lady Clairol are also available.

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Your September issue will be on sale at your newsstand on August 3rd
WHAT WAS THE TRUTH ABOUT Ada?

...The stories the headlines carried?
...The names her husband called her?
...The tape recording a lot of people wanted to hear?

From sharecropper's shack to Governor's Mansion, Ada climbed the ladder of success!
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB'S: The talk is continuous. It sounds as if you've tuned in the radio low, to a talk program with plenty of static. I notice Tony Curtis, needing a haircut, at the magazine rack (we natives call it "The Reading Room") at the Schwabadero. Said Tony: "Newcomers ask me 'How can I get started?' Truthfully, I can't answer them. Everybody's story is different. There is no set of rules. Becoming a star is not an exact science. There's no textbook. I was fortunate when I started. Then the major studios were powerful. The major studios searched for new faces, placed them under contract and groomed them. I don't think I could be discovered today. Who'd take the time and spend the money to develop me?"

I didn't try to answer this question directly. I said something about performers through the years adjusting to a changing theatrical world. I mentioned Tuesday Weld and Elvis and Nancy Kwan, three examples of people who made it without being groomed by a studio. As a great philosopher once said (perhaps for this very paragraph): "Everything changes but change itself."

Hours later I recalled that Tony Curtis, studio-bred, is one of the most active and successful independent producers in the business!

Gardner McKay's dog, as all his fans (I mean Gardner's) know, is named Pussycat. It's a smart dog, sometimes smarter than Gardner, because Pussycat knows there's a health ordinance forbidding animals in places where food is served. Whenever Gardner tries to take Pussycat into the dining room at Schwab's, the dog refuses to enter.

What's more, Pussycat has a contract for the "Adventures in Paradise" series, receiving $150 a week.

I don't know about you, but I do know about me. I've had it with those trick credit titles which suddenly flash on in various sections of the screen. Following them is similar to following the ball in a tennis match, only more so. I'm worn out, weary before the movie actually begins.

I happened to be in a projection room with Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee and a few other couples for a small running of John Cassavetes' "Shadow." I entered the projection room shortly after the film had started, but I knew Bobby was present from the way he was laughing it up in all the right places. After the picture, I was proved correct: There was Bobby, wearing one of those jazzy straw hats with a many-colored hat band, which was as loud as his "I want everyone to know I appreciate it" laugh. Bobby and I discussed the movie. Sandra kept quiet. After about ten minutes, Sandra interrupted to say: "Bobby, I want to go home. I'm tired." It took Bobby a second to catch on—it's the first time he's about to be a father! Bobby was then working in Cassavetes' "Too Late Blues," and Sandra stayed on the set every afternoon, all afternoon. It's more tiring staying on the set, especially an entire afternoon, than working in the picture. I asked Sandra why she stayed on the set every afternoon, and she replied honestly (although it did sound like a line from a "Tammy" script): "Because I want to be near Bobby."

Sandra is welcome to this answer from Denise Minnelli. (Please turn the page)
Imagine! The curl's still there...even after you trim your hair!

New! Fashion 'Quick' gives you a soft wave that's guaranteed to last through trim after trim—for 4 months!

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SUSAN had pre-directing. large Screenplay those always lift. often dinner."

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LARA LANOY G TO
LOVE LOSE LOVE

Billy Wilder was driving down one of Hollywood’s numerous canyons in the direction of Sunset Boulevard in the twilight hour. I didn’t say “Twilight Zone,” although Rod Serling might like this tale for television. It had been a most unusual day for Hollywood: It had rained and was still raining hard. Through the clear space made by his windshield wiper, director-writer-producer Wilder noticed Nicky Blair standing under a large tree, grateful for the little shelter provided from the hard rain. Nicky Blair is a prominent character in our town’s cast of characters. A good-looking young man, who cooks a great dish of spaghetti, who knows every new starlet minutes after she steps off the plane or bus, who has mainly important actors for friends, Nicky has played bits in movies too numerous to mention. You’ve seen him often, although you don’t know him by name or photo. Well, Wilder spots Nicky in the rain and asks if he can give him a lift. “No,” replies Nicky. “I’m standing here because a friend (important actor) is in my house and I can’t return until he leaves.” Nicky gave Billy an all-knowing wink and Wilder continued on his journey and to tell L.A.L. DIamond that he had a beautiful idea for a movie which you and Oscar know as “The Apartment.”

I guess of all the people who have won Oscar through the years, none resembles him as much as Alec Guinness.

Here’s one for the books—in those dubbed foreign movies, I often hear Sophia Loren speaking better English than she does in her latest English-speaking movie!

Steve McQueen handed in a prescription and told Bernie, the pharmacist, to have it delivered to his house. “What’s the number?” asked Bernie. McQueen replied, “I never give out my address; not to anyone.” “How am I going to deliver it to your house, if I don’t know the address?” asked Bernie, puzzled. “Easy,” replied Steve McQueen, as he started to leave. “You’ve got a delivery boy who knows my house even though he doesn’t know the number.” That’s Hollywood For You.
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Light and Bright
by RICHARD HUDNUT
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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

When watching the old films on TV, I often see pictures starring George Brent. Whatever happened to him?

G. CRANDON
Houston, Texas

Mr. Brent, a veteran of more than 100 films, does make a few rare appearances on TV drama shows. However, the majority of his days are spent in breeding thoroughbred race horses in California.—Ed.

Is Gene Raymond still married to Jeanette McDonald, and what is he doing these days? We keep looking forward to seeing Jeanette in the movies again.

G. MAGGIERI
Minneapolis, Minn.

Yes, Mr. Raymond, at 52-years-old, is still the handsome figure he has always been. He is quite active as a Colonel in the Air Force Reserve and is planning to appear in a West Coast stage production. Jeanette is busy these days working on her autobiography.—Ed.

HE'S A DILLY!

After seeing Bradford Dillman in the movies, I would love to join one of his fan clubs if there are any. Please tell me something about him.

ALICE KNOPF
Lawrence, L.I.

Brad was born in San Francisco, schooled at Yale University and served as a Marine before he decided to crash the theatre. He won acclaim on Broadway, and Hollywood soon beckoned. He married Frieda Harding in 1955.—Ed.

WHO'S RIGHT?

I have been arguing with my sister about who Sal Mineo took to the Academy Awards. I say it was Tuesday Weld and she says it was Jill Haworth. Could you please clear this up for us. We hope PHOTOPLAY will have another story on him real soon, and thanks for the story in the July issue.

C. CHINIER
Manitoba, Canada

Tuesday Weld was the lucky girl.—Ed.

... I read your magazine every month and I feel I should know better than my husband, who claims Frank Sinatra is forty-eight years old. I say he is forty-four.

MRS. HELEN WOJTYCKI
Richmond, Calif.

Frankie was born in Hoboken, N. J. on December 12, 1917. That will teach your husband to read PHOTOPLAY!—Ed.

GINGER PEACHY!

I can't help but marvel at how wonderful Ginger Rogers always looks. She sure has found the Fountain of Youth! How old is she? And how many husbands has she had?

LINDA GARTY
Anchorage, Alaska

Ginger is fifty years old. Recently wed her fifth husband, William Marshall. We, too, would like to know her secret of eternal youth. She's a great tennis fan, perhaps that's the answer.—Ed.

BOUQUET TO ANGIE

I just saw Angie Dickinson in "The Sins of Rachel Cade," and her performance was something to rave about. How about some information on her?

MRS. MARTHA L.
Honolulu, Hawaii

Angie was born in North Dakota. While attending college in California, she won a beauty contest and from that point on her career blossomed. Her biggest break came when she was cast as a dance hall girl in "Rio Bravo." She is said to have the shapeliest legs in Hollywood and recently won the Golden Garter Award joining Marlene Dietrich, who won the First Golden Garter twenty-five years ago.—Ed.

(Please turn the page)
PHOTOPLAY

will STOP with this issue

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<th>Rosy Skin</th>
<th>Olive Skin</th>
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<td>Ivory</td>
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<td>Oranges-Yellows</td>
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<td>Natural</td>
<td>Honey</td>
<td>Blushing</td>
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This summer—reach for the sun with orange! Candy Orange—cool, pure and ripe—a love-match with blue, fashion’s sun madness with pink. Brandy Orange—a glowing, lick-your-lips color that is part sun, part fun—all sheer intoxication with pale pastels. Candy Orange and Brandy Orange—new all-glow No Shine lipsticks, each 1.00. Both matched to your fingertips in Iridescent Nail Satin, each .95

no Shine lipsticks by MAX FACTOR
HOLLYWOOD LONDON PARIS
BEAUTY BAR

I'm planning on buying a new bathing suit this season, but I'm a little on the heavy side, especially around the hips. What type suit would be best for me?

Mary Kincaide
Dallas, Texas

Why not try getting a suit that has an overskirt that will conceal the bulge. Dark shades will slim you down, and, of course, be sure it is a one piece garment.—Ed.

DREAMBOAT

Our sorority thinks Dion is the greatest. Let everybody else rave about Fabian, Rydell and Elvis—we'll take him. Why not some information on our dreamboat?

Gladys Knight
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Dion is 20 years old—has a birthday on July 18th. Hobbies: photography, swimming, guitar and painting. Born and bred in New York, Dion was once part of the singing group "The Belmonts." His latest recording is "Kissin' Game"—a gasser.

—Ed.

TALENT SEARCH

Everyone keeps discouraging me when I mention my desire to be a film star. No matter what they say, I am still going to try. I hope that you will be able to give me a few hints on just how I could start my career going. Thanks so much.

Clare Petta
Los Angeles, Calif.

We admire your determination. If you feel you have the talent for a film career and are well aware of the struggle it often takes to succeed, then you should try by all means. Warner Brothers in conjunction with the Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corporation is conducting a talent search. You can film your own screen test by renting one of the new miracle Fairchild cameras at your local store, and then have your family or friends help you make your do-it-yourself screen test. Get full details at your local camera store. And good luck to you!—Ed.

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret that we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.

Kate says:

HOLLYWOOD FASHION IS

Basic Comfort

And the younger Hollywood sets' pet undergarments are light weight and supple, with a strong line on slimness. I have pictured two examples here.

Above: "Suddenly Slim" by Olga will make a figure look 5 pounds slimmer or one fashion size smaller the moment it is slipped on. $12.95. Bra is Wireless Secret Hug. By Olga, $5.95.

Right: For those who need only extra slimming for shorts, slacks and sheaths in this hosiery-weight underwater underwear with girdle-like control, "Magic Lady," $4.95. The bra, $2.95. Both by Exquisite Form.
PERIODIC PAIN
Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take Midol with a glass of water... that's all. Midol tablets bring faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—they relieve cramps, ease headache and chase the "blues.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" FREE! Frank, revealing 24-page booklet explaining menstruation. Write Box 280, New York 16, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper.)

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE
Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn, Gia Scala, James Darren.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Commando-style raid on a Nazi-held Greek island, to destroy big guns that threaten British ships.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Fine job by Niven, who's not so light-hearted as usual, but just as skillful on the serious side... austere, impressive (and real) landscapes of Greece... thundering ripsnorter of a climax.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Well-made war-adventure yarn, with plenty of suspense and surprise and a good mixed bag of characters, all acted in vigorous style.

THE PARENT TRAP
Buena Vista, Technicolor (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara, Brian Keith, Charles Ruggles.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Twin sisters scheme to reunite their long-divorced parents, who each got custody of one baby—"as if we were guest towels, His and Hers!"
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Tomboy Hayley wrecking curlytop Hayley's dignity at a camp dance... recognition scene that had us sniffling instead of chuckling.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It's a nice family comedy, but it'd be a trifle flat without Hayley's salt-and-pepper personality to perk it up. Here's the most talented teenager on film!

TAMMY, TELL ME TRUE
U-I, Eastman Color (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Sandra Dee, John Gavin, Beulah Bondi, Virginia Grey.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A backwoods gal rides her shantyboat to college; finds a new love; shows older folks how to be happy.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Sandra's hilarious first impression of civilization's mightiest achievement—the TV commercial!... charming teamwork between the rock and the rocker sets (Sandra and Miss Bondi).
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Light and tasty as a bowl of generously buttered popcorn. Sandra's as handy with country-style sentiment as Debbie (the first Tammy).

(Please turn the page)
Teaching the co-eds that a 'cool' head can't beat a warm heart...

Proving to a calculating heiress that the Golden Rule is more precious than gold...

Giving a shy, young professor some lessons in Romance!

That lovable Mississippi Riverboat gal in heart-warming NEW adventures!
TRAVEL LIGHT

take Tampax along!

Tampax is absolutely featherweight! It’s made of pure surgical cotton, protected by a satin-smooth applicator. It’s the daintiest, nicest protection you can use.

Sitting or standing, walking or running, you never feel it. Tampax® also prevents odor. Its ease of disposability is a special blessing when you’re away from home.

Tampax absorbs internally and is fully protective no matter how active you are. That’s why you can bathe or swim wearing Tampax. And you feel so relaxed, so sure of yourself, with no telltale outlines to embarrass you.

Buy Tampax in packages of 10 or 40 wherever such products are sold. Your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super or Junior).

* Dress by Robert Sloane

PARRISH
Warner, Technicolor (Adult)

who’s in it? Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert, Karl Malden, Connie Stevens.

what’s it about? An attractive mother and son gamble with love and business among Connecticut tobacco-growers.

what’s special? Youthful good looks of Troy and all his girls. (Sharon Hugueny is the most refreshing.) ... plentiful local color on a background new to movies.

what’s the verdict? If you like lots of plot and hard-breathing emotional crises, here’s your dish. If you’re eager to learn all about tobacco-farming, here are the technical details—at too much length for us.

THE LAST TIME I SAW ARCHIE
U.A. (Family)

who’s in it? Robert Mitchum, Jack Webb, Martha Hyer, France Nuyen.

what’s it about? A sharp operator and his pal make out handsomely at a state-side post during World War II.

what’s special? Mitchum’s debonair performance as the outrageous Archie ... France Nuyen’s slimmed-down beauty ... Don Knotts as a nervous, wildly unmililary officer.

what’s the verdict? Well, it rambles along talking its fool head off, but by fits and starts it’s really funny. Webb’s acting is better than his directing.

(Please turn the page)
Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET, what a beautiful difference it makes! Any gal who’s ever used a razor knows there’s trouble with razor stubble; bristly, coarse hair-ends that feel ugly, look worse. Gentle, smoothing NEET actually beauty-creams the hair away; goes down deep where no razor can reach! No wonder it takes so much longer for new hair to come in. So next time, for the smoothest, nicest looking legs in town, why not try NEET—you’ll never want to shave again!
So natural... 
even HE can’t tell!

Nestle Hair Color
COLOR-BRIGHTENS YOUR HAIR 
SO EASILY - IN ONLY MINUTES
Nestle Colorinse enhances your natural hair shade with color-highlights and sheen. Quickly rinses in... stays color-true till your next shampoo! Lifts drab blonde hair to sunny splendor. Gives mousey brown hair dramatic beauty. Glorifies faded red with fiery sparkle. Transforms dull black hair to beautiful brilliance. 12 glorious shades. 35¢
NESTLE COLORINSE

Nestle Colorint gives rich, lustrous, all-over color that lasts through 3 shampoos. Stronger than a rinse but not a permanent dye! Lanolin enriched. Nestle Colorint intensifies your own hair shade OR adds exciting NEW color. It’s world-famous for blending-in gray, streaked and faded hair. 10 lovely shades. 35¢
NESTLE COLORINT

MAN IN THE MOON
Trans-Lux (Family)
WHO’S IN IT? Kenneth Moore, Shirley Anne Field, Charles Gray, Michael Hordern.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Spoof on the space-training program (British), with a stripper to take the astronaut’s mind off his work.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? Authentic gadgets, from rocket sled to rocket—all used strictly for laughs... Kenneth’s good-natured comedy as an abnormally healthy spaceman.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Timely and amusing, a pleasant antidote to the simple-minded thrillers and solemn documentaries about space flight. But its gags are obvious, and its story runs out of wind.

RING OF FIRE
M-G-M, Metrocolor (Family)
WHO’S IN IT? David Janssen, Joyce Taylor, Frank Gorshin, James Johnson.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Duel between a law officer and three delinquents in the Northwest woods, ending in a forest fire.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? The spectacular, convincing fire. Here’s where moviemakers Andrew and Virginia Stone pour on the suspense, scene by scene. (Remember “The Last Voyage” and “Julie”? Same writing-directing-producing team.)
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Routine cops-and-robbers stuff that takes too long getting around to the meat of its story.

WILD IN THE COUNTRY
20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Adult)
WHO’S IN IT? Elvis Presley, Tuesday Weld, Hope Lange, Millie Perkins.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? A hard-luck Southern kid and three girls who love him.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? All the gorgeous, lingering closeups of Elvis in glorious color (even if they are stranded in the middle of a wide, empty screen)... five well-assorted songs (even if they don’t fit comfortably into the story)... Tuesday’s sleepy, sleazy, sexy look.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Pretty silly—and pretty rough on poor Elvis, playing the male version of a soap-opera heroine.

BLAST OF SILENCE
U-I (Adult)
WHO’S IN IT? Allen Baron, Molly McCarthy, Larry Tucker, Peter Chume.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? A professional killer’s last job, hampered by his love for a girl outside the rackets crowd.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? Casual, low-key realism in every department. Allen Baron’s three-way job as director, writer and star gives the picture solid unity.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Respectable effort to do something honest with familiar material. But the spoken narration, both fancy and too-too tough, doesn’t fit in with the movie’s unpretentious air.
BLAST OF SILENCE—U-I. Directed by Allen Baran; Frank Bouse, Allen Baran; Lorraine, Molly McCarthy; Big Rolph, Larry Tucker; Troiano, Peter Clune; Petsy, Danny, Mehan; Trolley's Girl, Milda Memonas; Nightclub Singer, Dean Sheldon; Contact Man, Charles Cravan; Sailor, Bill DeVito; Belknap, Erich Kollmar; Building Superintendent, Ruth Kauer; Lottie's Boyfriend, Don Saroyan.

GUNS OF NAVARONE, THE.—Columbia. Directed by J. Lee Thompson; Mullory, Gregory Peck; Miller, David Niven; Androo, Anthony Quinn; Brown, Stanley Baker; Frashka, Anthony Quayle, Maria, Irene Papas; Ann, Gia Scala; Pappadimos, James Darren; Jensen, James Robertson Justice; Barnaby, Richard Harris; John, Bryan Forbes; Baker, Allan Cuthbertson; Weave, Michael Trubshawe; Grogan, Percy Herbert; Sealer, George Mikle; Muscel, Walter Gotell; Nicholas, Tutte Lemkow; Commandant, Albert Lieven; Group Captain, Norman Wooland; Bride, Cleo Scouloudi; Patrol-boat Captain, Nicholas Papakonstantinou.

LAST TIME I SAW ARCHIE, THE.—U.A. Directed by Jack Webb; Archie Hall, Robert Mitchum; Bill Bowers, Jack Webb; Peggy Kramp, Martha Hyer; Cindy, France Nuyen; Pet, Russell Drezel, Joe Flynn; Pet, Billy Simpson, James Lyon; Pet, Frank Ostrone, Del Moore; Pet, Sam Beauchamp, Louis Nye; Col, Martin, Richard Arlen; Cope, Little, Don Knotts; Major, Syl, Stanley Erhelen; Robert Strauss; Sat, Malcolm Greenberg, Harvey Lembeck; Lolo, Claudia Barrett; Depline, Theona Bryant, Corale, Elaine Davis; Patsy Ruth, Marilyn Bartos; Carpen, James Mitchum, Bantender, Gene McCarthy; Lt. Ogleswyer, John Nolan.

ON THE DOUBLE.—Paramount. Directed by Melville Shavelson; PFC Ernie Williams, Danny Kaye; Gen. Sir Lawrence Mackenzie-Smith, Danny Kaye; Lady Marnoret Mackenzie-Smith, Diana Wynser; Col, Somerset, Wilfrid Hyde-White; Lady Vinton, Margaret Rutherford; Sat, Bridge Stanhope, Diana Dors; Capt Patterson, Alan Cuthbertson; Corp, Joseph Frazer, Jesse White; Col, Rock Houston, Gregory Walcott; Syl, Colin Traversham, Terrence De Marney; Oberkommandant, Rudolph Anders; Gen, Carleton Browne-Wyilliam, Rex Evans; Blenkinsitter, Edgar Barrier, Gee, Zhukov, Ben Aster.

PARENT TRAP, THE.—Buena Vista. Directed by David Swift; Sharon McKendrick, Hayley Mills; Susan Evers, Hayley Mills; Margaret McKendrick, Maureen O'Hara; Mitch Evers, Brian Keith; Victoria Robinson, Joanna Barnes; Charles McKendrick, Charles Bazely; Verona, Una Merrell; Rev, Dr. Mesby, Leo G. Carroll; Louise McKendrick, Cathleen Nesbitt; Miss Inch, Ruth McDermott; Becky, Graham Benson; Edna Robinson, Linda Watkins; Chief Eaglewood, Frank DeVol.

PARRISH.—Warners. Directed by Delmer Davis; Patrick McLeon, Troy Donahue, Ellen McLean, Claudette Colbert; Judge Roley, Karl Malden; Sally Post, Dean Jagger; Lucy, Connie Stevens; Mrs, Paul, Ruth St. Denis; Roley, Sharon Hugueny; Tootie Hovone, Duh Taylor; Edgar Ristie, Hampton Fancher.

RING OF FIRE.—M-G-M. Directed by Andrew L. Stone; Sgt, Steve Walsh, David Jason, Bobbi Adams, Joyce Taylor; Frank Henderson, Frank Gorshin; Deputy Piggie, Joel Marston; Rev Anderson, James Johnson; Ron Merton; Deputy, Marshall Kent; Mr. Hobart, Doodles Weaver.

TAMMY, TELL ME TRUE.—U-I. Directed by Harry Keller; Tammy, Sandra Dee; Jim Freeman, John Gavin; Miss Jeffs, Virginia Grey; Capt, Joe, Cecil Kellaway; Miss, Coll, Brodak Bondi; Buford Woody, Charles Drake; Suzanne Roth, Julia Mende; Judge Carrey, Edgar Buchanan; Rev, Thomas and Martin; Missf, Lourdes; Henry Corden; Della, Juanita Moore.

TRUTH, THE.—Kingsley International. Directed by Henri-Georges Clouzet; Dominique, Brigitte Bardot; Guerin, Charles Vanel; Euvier, Paul Meurisse; Gilbert, Sami Frey; Annie, Marie-Jose Nat; President of the Court, Louis Seigner; Da, Andre Oumansky, Michel, Jean Lou Reynold.

WILD IN THE COUNTRY.—20th. Directed by Philip Dunne; Glenn, Elvis Presley; Irene, Hope Lange, Noreen, Tuesday Weld; Betty Lee, Millie Perkins; Davis, Ralfer Johnson; Phil Moly, John Ireland; Cliff, Gary Lockwood; Uncle Rolfe, William Mines; Dr. Underwood, Raymond Greenleaf; Monica George, Christina Crawford; Flute, Robin Raymond; Prof, Lawson, Alan Napier.

CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

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double circle of protection

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Adjuta-Roll has all the refinements a woman really values. Its cool, aqua lotion is gentle, safe, effective. Protects you against odor, your clothes against perspiration—double protection many deodorants can't promise. The adjustable collar lets you control the flow—and isn't thick, sticky or wasteful. The larger applicator gives better coverage. And the leak-proof lock lets you carry it safely in suitcase or purse. Everything about Adjuta-Roll is special. Try it. You'll like it. Odo-ro-no available also in cream, stick and spray.

NORTHAM WARREN DIV., NEW YORK

ADJUSTA-ROLL
by ODO-RO-NO
Leading deodorant in world fashion capitals
FROM HOLLYWOOD BY CAL YORK  •  What Debbie Reynolds wants more than anything in the world is to present Harry Karl with an heir. And she could even make him a Christmas present of one. Usually the picture of health, a pale looking Debbie suffered from nausea in the A.M. hours last May while filming “Star in the West.” She contracted the same ailment on two previous occasions in her life. Both times she was pregnant and the illness is commonly known as morning sickness. • The estranged Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers isn’t too lonely, she’s dating Bob Dix, the ex-husband of actress Janet Lake. Some even believe it was Mr. Dix who caused the split. • Most unexpected split of the year was in May when Mickey Callan and Corlyn Chapman announced they had separated. The announcement came on the day their daughter, Dawn, became two months old. Hard to believe, but behind the breakup, according to one of Mickey’s friends, is another woman. An actress Mickey met while making “Gidget Goes Hawaiian.” Corlyn hopes they can work things out, but the future of Mr. and Mrs. Callan doesn’t look bright. • Edd Byrnes proposed to Asa Maynor again. She said no again, but not so convincingly this time. • Isn’t the marriage of Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker on thin ground again? It appears more of a business arrangement than a marital affair. Perhaps Shirley, on her recent trip to Tokyo to film “My Geisha,” discovered why Steve spends so much time there. • Dean Martin’s 19-year-old son, Craig, called off his marriage to Hungarian-born Maria Boder. He met Maria while stationed with the U. S. Army in Germany, and Dean doesn’t hide the fact that he helped talk the boy out of matrimony. • What’s with Marilyn Monroe? She’s no longer the uncommunicative Marilyn. She not only talks, she’s cooperative to the press. • David Janssen read it in the papers that his sister Teri Janssen was marrying Stan Bilchik. His sister forgot to tell him. • Lillian Roth muffed her final chance for a comeback. The “I’ll Cry Tomorrow” authoress couldn’t help it—her troubles caught up with her, and her opening night showed it. • Why doesn’t Bobby Darin wise up? He thought he was being cute in telling everyone that he and Sandy Dee were going to Hawaii when actually they had planned to go to Palm Springs for their second honeymoon. • Isn’t Warner Bros. dropping Dick Long as a regular in “77 Sunset Strip”? Dick has recovered from a heart attack and is able to work, but the studio is tired of reading about his marital battles with Mara Corday. • How much longer can Keely Smith and Louis Prima keep their marriage from exploding into the headlines? • What’s this between Elvis Presley and Joan Blackman? The lingering kiss he planted on her lips for a scene in “Blue Hawaii” looked like the real thing. And Joan’s current beau, Hampton Fancher III, wasn’t any too happy about it, either. Since his discharge from the service, Elvis has been lucky at bringing in the loot. Yet unlucky at love. He isn’t even speaking to past flames Tuesday Weld, Juliet Prowse and Nancy Sharpe. • If there is trouble between Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, they’re keeping it a family secret. The two appeared as a couple of love birds at the annual SHARE party at the Moulin Rouge. Same party: Frank Sinatra and his ex-wife, Nancy. They have been seen together quite a bit recently, and one source claims that the impossible could happen. It would be the impossible if they remarried. • Andy Williams’ gal, Claudine Longet, is awaiting his proposal and she won’t say no. Andy, didn’t you give Claudine (she’s one of the leggy show girls in Las Vegas) a hint that a proposal is forthcoming? • Don’t invite Steve McQueen and Bobby Darin to the same party. There’s certainly no love between them as a result of their script battle on “Hell Is For Heroes.” Each tried to make the others’ role smaller. • Haven’t Roger Smith and Vicki dated the stork
again? If it’s true, it’s the first bit of good news from the Smith family in quite awhile. This was their jinx year. Roger’s most recent accident: He fell down a flight of steps while looking at the home Liz Taylor and Mike Todd lived in prior to Mike’s death. Roger was interested in buying the place, but I guess he changed his mind when he twisted his ankle in the tumble. Anyway, the Smiths bought another home in the valley. The injuries to the Smiths in the last year read like a medical dictionary. • Jeff Chandler’s brush with death brought him and his ex-wife Marjorie closer than they have been since their divorce in 1959. Marge was the first one called to the hospital when Chandler suffered a post-operative hemorrhage following surgery for a slipped spinal disc. She was the last to leave. Don’t be too surprised if they pick up where they left off. • Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher decided against staying in a ranch home while in Las Vegas for Eddie’s engagement at the Desert Inn. Main reason: They were warned in advance of another plot to kidnap Liz’ three children, and authorities advised them to stay in a guarded suite at the hotel. Since a reported attempt to kidnap the children last year in London, Liz lives in constant fear that something will happen to them. She has issued orders that the three children are never to be left alone—even for a minute. • Too bad about the Dick Clarks. After all the trouble they survived together—the Congressional Hearings, little Dickie’s eye trouble—and nine years of marriage, they’ve called it quits. • Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy found the best way to squelch those rift rumors—Shirley’s expecting. • Jo Morrow lost her contract with Columbia Pictures—she gained too much weight. • Lola Albright, leading lady on TV’s “Peter Gunn” series, married pianist William Chadney—ten minutes after Mr. Chadney’s divorce from his first wife became final! • Joan Benny, the twice-divorced daughter of Jack Benny, looks like she may be getting ready for a third try—with Mark Damon. • Is it true that the friendship of Melina Mercouri and Jules Dassin (“Never On Sunday”) goes deeper than the roles they played on the screen? • Sophia Loren’s husband is reminding her that their annulment is only to keep them out of jail in Rome.

• After all the talk about Vivien Leigh and John Merrivale, her Hollywood friends are saying that she’ll never marry him. • A fiery foreign actress said of one of our biggest actors: “He’s great and he’s half crazy. But to work with—impossible.” I wonder who she meant? • Nancy Kwan is calling Maximilian Schell “Max.” He’s going to Hong Kong, and he’ll be Nancy’s house-guest while he’s in town sightseeing—and meeting her father? • Hope Lange and Don Murray only recently signed the papers which made their year-long separation official. Now I wonder how long they’ll wait before getting their divorce. • One of Frank Sinatra’s friends said of his romance with Dorothy Provine: “For the first time since Ava, Frankie has found true love.” But the last I heard, things weren’t going too well. • Actress Leslie Parrish divorced Rick Marlow because he wouldn’t let her work. • PUZZLER OF THE MONTH: What producer-actor can’t resist giving beauty contest winners minor roles in his pictures and then playing Romeo to them off-screen? If his wife ever finds out, there’ll be some mighty hot testimony in a divorce court, and the bad publicity won’t do his career any good.
The fans love to see Fred MacMurray, June Haver.

Lucky Shelley Winters is one of Jack’s party guests.
Sharon Weds Bob Evans

The happy voice of Bob Evans all but song over the telephone wires. "I'm marrying Sharon Huguely in my own garden, Soro. The trees are beautiful there. It makes a perfect setting for the ceremony." "What's the bride wearing?" I asked. "White, I think. And she'll be beautiful." The "white, I think" turned out to be a lovely short white satin dress with a small cap-like halo and a short veil. The ceremony, which took place at eleven A.M., was performed by Rabbi Sunderling of the Orthodox Jewish faith. Sharon, who has one Jewish parent, will convert to his faith, Bob told me. "Sharon is the only girl I've met out here who has all the lovely qualities I admire. She'll make a perfect hostess in my new home," Bob said. Personally, I think Bob has been searching for that "perfect hostess" for some time. Only a few weeks before he met Sharon, Bob was madly pursuing Diane McBain, and reports had Bob considerably upset when Diane refused his proposals. His meeting with Sharon was one of those things that seem to happen only in movies. Bob first glimpsed Sharon an on advertising poster for the movie "Parrish," and promptly called a friend of Warners' studio for her telephone number. His next move was to invite Sharon, with her mother as chaperon, to have lunch at "The Other Goose," a restaurant close to the studio. It was love at first sight, I'm told, and from that meeting Bob moved fast. A few weeks later their engagement was announced. The wedding, with Bob almost twice the age of his 17-year-old bride, was a small one. Both families plus fifty guests were present. Sharon's maid of honor was Leticia Roman, and Bob's brother was best man. At the last minute, director Mervyn Le Roy told Sharon he could spare her for a few days from scenes in "Majority at One," so she and Bob were able to take a week's honeymoon in Hawaii. On the plane to Hawaii, she wore a white linen sheath skirt with a black top on and a tiny black hat and looked quite chic. Now that they're back, they'll divide their time between Bob's rented home in Beverly Hills and his residence in New York. (Please turn the page)
A Baby for Sandy

Good for Sandra Dee! I hear the bride has finally taken a stand, and things are now going much better. It began when Bobby failed to attend the preview of "Tammy, Tell Me True" with her, and she went on her own, sitting inconspicuously in the rear of the theater. After the show, producer Ross Hunter and studio friends spotted Sandy, and carried her off to Brown's Ice Cream Parlor for a soda and a look at the rave preview cards. But first she telephoned Bobby. "Come home," was his ultimatum. Sandy balked. "I'm staying," she said, and a few minutes later returned to her friends, her brown eyes twinkling. "Bobby invited you all to the house for coffee," she said. "I think the raves on the preview cards did something for Sandra," Ross told me later. "It gave her new confidence in herself. It rekindled her interest in her career." Personally, I think that one brief moment of independent action did more for Sandy than all the preview cards in the world. Sandy, in fact, is so eager to resume her career after the birth of her baby, she persuaded producer Ross Hunter to postpone "In the Wrong Rain" until after her baby arrives.
Dick Clark—Another Tough Break

They can stand me up before a firing squad before I'll get involved again in those moth-eaten Kim Novak-Dick Quine marriage rumors. If it's publicity they want on their movie "Notorious Lady," fine. I'll go along with it. But Kim's simperings of "maybe it will happen and maybe it won't" after four long years of it, is just too much. . . . The news Diane Varsi seeks peace in her marriage to Michael Paul Hausman is fine with me. Peace it is, sister. I always did think the hullabaloo about Diane deserting Hollywood was so much malarky. . . . A year or two ago Dick Clark was the teen-age idol of show biz. And then came Dick's summons to a Congressional Committee probing payola on TV, and skies darkened. With the news of his impending divorce from his wife Barbara, they've grown positively black. Let's hope things brighten up for Dick very soon. . . . Hayley Mills! That's the miss famous writer Adela Rogers St. John chooses to play herself as a child in the biographical movie of her noted father Earl Rogers, the best criminal lawyer in the West in his day. . . . Ann Sothern is stunned at the legal action involving support for her mother brought by Ann's own sister.

What a Lover!

I wouldn't have Laurence Harvey for a beau for all the tea in China. At a recent party, and for no reason at all, Harvey calmly pushed the beautiful, dignified Joan Cohn into her swimming pool, Dior gown and all. And all Joan said was, "Darling, is my mascara running?" I'd have chased that Lithuanian-Englishman around the block with a club, had it been me. A few days later at a fashion show Joan sponsored, Harvey acted as moderator with such remarks as, "It's a nice gown if you have a horse's neck." No one knew which way to look. What's the matter with this man, anyhow? Doesn't he like the new lavender Rolls Royce Joan recently gave him, or what?

Col. Parker—Watch Out!

The lad who has changed the most in the past few years is Elvis Presley. El's army stint proved a definite dividing line between the guitar-strumming, floor-rolling Elvis of old and the mature Presley of today. So, I can well believe the story that El is beginning to fret over Col. Parker's circus-like antics. For instance, at a party given Lana Turner and Bob Hope by M-G-M executives, the Colonel moved in for no reason whatsoever and passed around pictures of Elvis in "Wild in the Country" and Elvis in "Flaming Star" with accompanying tracts and pamphlets. "This sort of thing is beginning to embarrass Elvis," a producer from 20th Century-Fox told me, "He really doesn't need it, you know." Maybe someone should speak to the Colonel, eh???? By the time you read this Stella Stevens could be Mrs. Mert Shapiro or in jail at Memphis, Tenn. The romance between Stella and Mr. Shapiro, a theater owner in Philadelphia, has been quietly going on for months, and Stella is carefully weighing her decision to marry now or later. The possible jail term stems from the kidnapping of her young son Andy from her Beverly Hills home by her ex-husband from Memphis. It's a sad story, indeed, with the little boy's heart filled with doubt and despair over his mother's love. "I'm beginning to believe the only way I can get justice," Stella told me over a cup of tea, "is to accept a jail term for contempt of court in order to let the truth come out."


Above: Frankie drops a hint to Sara that there might be a "special" girl in his life. Left: Elvis stops in Memphis for a quick hello and goodbye to the folks.
inside stuff

continued

Diane McBain—what’s she peeking at?

Edd’s been made full-fledged sleuth, but is he getting bored?

“Sunset Strip”
—Getting Bored?

The luncheon Edd Byrnes gave in Warners’ private dining room was a riot. No sooner had we been seated (I was Edd’s only woman guest) than in trailed the entire “77 Sunset Strip” cast: Efrem Zimbalist, Roger Smith, Louis Quinn and Edd, all sporting black mourning bands on their sleeves, followed by Jacqueline Beer in black hot and veil. The cast was supposed to be celebrating the completion of their third year on TV, but if you ask me, they were in mourning over having to do their fourth. I really mean it. For instance, while the banter and barbs flew among Edd, studio boss Bill Orr and his assistant Hugh Benson, Roger sat frozen-faced and Efrem seemed utterly bored. I think these boys have had it—Edd included, despite the fact that he’s been promoted to full-fledged sleuth with his own office. The “Checkmate” lads, Doug McClure, Tony George and Sebastion Cabot, are up in arms over a possible fourth member for next season, Robert Culp. But the original three have problems as it is, with friction between Tony and Doug, so why get more people into the act???? Five women stars, Loretta Young, Ann Sothern, Barbara Stanwyck, June Allyson and Dinah Shore leave the air this season with the rootin’, tootin’ cowboy series taking a full hour’s time opiece. I, for one, am against it. Are you with me?

It looked like bliss, then the Callans announced a divorce.

Explosion!

Bobby Darin’s $100,000 car blew up in his face when public reaction set in. The avalanche of red-hot mail from readers, outraged at the vulgar display, all but swamped Paramount Studios. So, very quietly, the car, which never did belong to Bobby, was returned to its owner with the hope the whole thing would blow over. . . . With that proverbial fine line between love and hate, I’m beginning to wonder which it is with Anna Kashfi and Marlon Brando. If they really loathe each other why did he invite Anna and Chris to visit him in Tahiti? Some even say Marlon invented that marriage story to Movita in order to rile Anna. And others say Marlon longs to return to Anna and his son Chris.
Liz and Eddie—Stone of Discord

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher were quietly resting in their Las Vegas bungalow before Eddie's opening night at the Desert Inn when the phone rong. "Oh, no," come the pitiful cry from Liz when told that a New York gossip columnist had announced her forthcoming divorce in banner headlines. The article stated Liz had found someone new who looked exactly like Mike Todd and Eddie was out. The tragic result on Liz, who's still recovering from a near brush with death, was another attack of fever that has left her frail and won. Now why, I rise up to ask, must this thing of life go on? Why the persecution of two people who have carried their heads high through so much criticism? Only a few evenings before, Eddie had given Liz a beautiful second anniversary dinner at Au Petit Jean. His gift to Liz was lovely diamond earrings, and hers to Eddie, a special watch. A week or two before that, the two dined at Holiday House along the coast and fell so in love with the place, they decided to stay on for a day or so, just the two of them. So will you tell me, in the face of this constant devotion, why anyone would choose to throw this stone of discord? Liz has really been through enough without this.

Love—or What?

That steady twosome, Glenn Ford and Hope Lange, finished a day of romancing for their movie "A Pocketful of Miracles," and that evening Hope showed up at the theater with her long-time admirer Stephen Boyd, and Glenn dined with Marilyn Maxwell who only the evening before had dined with her steady beau Rock Hudson. You figure it out. It's enough to drive a body batty. And take that romance between Elvis Presley and Nancy Sharpes. These two were in the final stages of "it was just one of those things," when up pops Richard Beymer to woo Nancy at lunch time and dinner time with long telephone calls in between. Who knows where it will end? And just when everyone was sure Soraya would say "yes" to Hugh O'Brian, the beauteous one goes dancing and romancing with handsome Peter Duchin in New York, and where are we? Or, more important, where is Hugh?

Party News

Nancy Sinatra Jr. and Tommy Sands, in their neat Western outfits, were the most attractive young couple at the Shore party where everyone from the Jimmy Stewarts to the John Waynes showed up in cowboy rags. Nancy Sinatra Sr. told me later that Nancy Jr. had bought her a fetching Western outfit as a surprise gift, and must say these two looked more like sisters than mother and daughter. Janet Leigh, Barbara Rush and Mrs. Dean Martin, along with Dean, Tony Curtis, Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr., put on a show that rivaled any Broadway revue. The girls rehearsed for months, and the result was a smashing success. I watched De Sie and Harry make their entrance in neat Western garbs, but to my surprise their reception from fans was noticeably mild. I think even Debbie seemed a mite taken aback.

(Please turn the page)
The wedding party looks radiant—but we’re not sure what Rick’s expression means!

**Good News**

If I were a happy young bride, I’d hate like fury to have my husband swing by his knees from a mile-high trapeze. Yet lovely June Blair beams nightly at bridegroom David Nelson who flies with the greatest of ease through “The Flying Viennas” act. June and David are honeymooning in Alaska where the troupe is performing, but Hollywood still remembers what a lovely picture June made in her white Chantilly lace wedding dress. And they still laugh at the memory of Rick’s face, Dave’s best man, when he all but stepped on June’s chapel train! It was a lovely wedding reception at the home of Ozzie and Harriet, who seem very fond of their new daughter-in-law... For twenty-four hours Hollywood held its breath and said a prayer for Jeff Chandler, who hovered between life and death after a spinal disc operation. While endless transfusions were given to counteract a ruptured artery, his estranged wife Marjorie patiently sat by his side. Friends hope that Jeff and Marjorie may go on side by side for the sake of their two lovely daughters. ... With little or no fanfare Lana Turner quietly settled a $20,000 suit brought against her and daughter Cheryl by the son of the late Johnny Stompanato. Let’s hope that now Lana and Cheryl will be left in peace. ... Well, that’s all for this month—Sara.

June is beautiful in her wedding gown—and proud Dave certainly seems to think so, too!

June and Dave leave the reception at Dave’s home and begin their honeymoon. Where are they going? Alaska! Well, it is off the beaten path, and Dave’s performing there with his trapeze act. What an understanding wife June Blair Nelson is!
HEART-THROB colors by CUTEX®

Cutex is playing Cupid... with the gayest array of harmonizing lipstick and polish shades ever to spark a Summer romance. Light, bright, fashion-fresh colors made for sun and fun. And with each lively polish shade get a matching heart pin to wear on your sleeve! Have gleaming new fingertips, tempting new lips, with long-lasting Pearl Polish and Sheer Lanolin Lipstick by Cutex in all the Heart-Throb hues.

And remember, if you have brittle, breaking fingernails, Cutex Nail Polish strengthens as it beautifies.

Bright...bewitching...

WEAR YOUR HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE! MATCHING "HEART-THROB PIN" FREE WITH POLISH
now...Sears Kenmore washers automatically dispense Sta-Puf® rinse to soften all your fabrics

All your fabrics get expert care with these Kenmore washers, and Sta-Puf Fabric Softener. Each Kenmore has special cycles to pamper everything from woolens to lingerie. And Sta-Puf is dispensed automatically for softer, fluffier washables. Towels fluff up almost half again as thick. Diapers lose their harsh scratchiness that chafes and irritates. Corduroys dry so wrinkle-free they need little or no ironing. Get a Kenmore and Sta-Puf.

FREE! See a demonstration of these Kenmore Washers today at your Sears Retail Store or Catalog Sales Office. Get a sample bottle of Sta-Puf Rinse, free!


1080 Washer-Dryer Combination. Does the work of two, takes the space of one. Big ten-lb. capacity washer that also dries. Eliminates handling of wet clothes.
The stranger-than-fiction story of the stars in "GONE WITH THE WIND" and how fate broke its promises to them.......

PHOTOPLAY
August 1961
On December 14, 1939, a terribly shy girl—a girl who had been in love and knew that this first love was about at an end—arrived alone in Atlanta, Georgia, for what seemed the most momentous event of her life, the world premiere of “Gone With the Wind.” Twenty-one years later, a grown woman with a husband, two children and, she hoped, some poise—she arrived in Atlanta for another premiere of “Gone With the Wind” and a rendezvous with her own past. “Events in Atlanta were to duplicate exactly the events of December, 1939, and standing in our living room in Paris the night before I left, I faced the prospect with absolute terror. ‘It’s the night of the ball I’m afraid of,’ I cried. ‘I don’t know that I can face the night of the ball.’ My husband, Pierre Galante, suggested perhaps he’d better come with me. But this was something I had to do alone. If I was going to understand all that had happened, if I was going to (Continued on page 36)
Clark Gable and Leslie Howard (Rhett Butler and Ashley Wilkes): They were so different from each other, yet tragedy was waiting for both.

Olivia, like the Melanie she played, lost out in love. Thomas Mitchell, too, who was Scarlett's father never guessed life could copy a movie role.

Hattie McDaniel (Mammy) was famous for her big smile to the end.

For Ann Rutherford and Evelyn Keyes (Carreen and Suellen O'Hara) love didn't run a smooth course either.

Scarlett said, "I'll think about it tomorrow." In life tomorrow came—but unhappily.
A good-looking rangy Texan, he came to Hollywood two years ago with a swagger that was perfectly natural. Life had always gone his way—up until that fatal moment. Then the boy

(Continued on page 89)
WAITING FOR BABY:

The most intimate look yet at how

“Remember when?” She smiled, leaned across the table and he, turning slowly, looked at her — squarely, surely, proudly. They are celebrating their sixth-month wedding anniversary, the Bobby Darins. For any young married couple, an important one. For Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee, perhaps their most important. It’s a lifetime since Portofino, Italy; these past six months were a lifetime
Sandy and Bobby live together—

that matured them—both of them.... He remembers the moonlight; she, the happiness and the bright sunlight. “He’ll be the real, absolute boss of the family,” she had said before she met him. And is this one of the reasons she fell in love with Bobby? She wanted her husband to be seven or eight years older than she was. She was eighteen; Bobby was twenty-four when they met. He’ll bring
Once in a rare while there is something that makes a bridge between two people—even across ten years and a world of living. This is the story of such a bridge. This woman and this girl share something that makes them more alike than perhaps any other two people in Hollywood. There is something between them that makes them close as sisters.

Looking back, it seems to have started eighteen years ago when the girl was an infant and the woman had reached the age of ten. By then, the pattern of the woman’s life was set. She sat at the dinner table—straight, elbows off the table, remembering what her mother had taught her. Her mother was talking about their plans. Her father and brother seemed strangely out of it. As her mother talked, she tried to catch her brother’s eye, to make a signal the way they used to. But it didn’t work: he just kept looking down at his plate. He had other friends now: she had lost him. She looked back at her mother and tried to concentrate on what she was saying. Her mother’s eyes were shining, just like that first day when they’d all come to Hollywood. It was a dream, her mother said, a dream come true. She told her about the time when she’d been an actress, before she married. It was a dream, she said, to be here in Hollywood and to have such a beautiful daughter. The daughter looked at her father, but he seemed far away. Again, her mother’s voice claimed (Please turn the page)
The young girl had some snaps and one lovely memory of her father. Her older brother and sister resented her. Her mother said she was “different.” She just wanted to grow up—fast.

The woman was the most beautiful child anyone ever saw. Her older brother went his own way; her mother stayed at her side. She grew up fast, too. At 18, she was married—and divorced.

For the other, the young girl growing up a continent away in New York, there was no father to turn to, even for silence. He had died when she was three years old. The girl hardly remembered him, except for one moment that she would take out and hug to herself when the world felt too cold. It was of a rainy night, when her father had come into the house dripping wet. She’d watched him take off his hat and coat and then the tall man had squatted down and held out his arms to her. That was what she remembered, the way he’d held his arms out to her. Now he was gone. An oilcloth covered the kitchen table and she made tracks along it with her fork. They’d finished eating and the dishes had been pushed away (Continued on page 93)
Photoplay Editor
Evelyn Pain
Interviews
Hollywood
Hair Stylist
Gene Shacove...
If you were in Hollywood and wanted a hair styling, chances are you’d be sent right over to Gene Shacove’s. Why? Partly because he’s a favorite with Hollywood’s young set; partly because of his own personality. He’s young, enthusiastic, opinionated and, more important, great at knowing what style looks right on you. Pictures on his wall show the stars he’s created hairdos for—from Liz Taylor, to Marlene Dietrich, to Janet Leigh. He has two salons: one decorated like the roaring 20’s, the other in Victorian antiques. My favorite’s the Victorian, where you see me having my hair done in these pictures. But anyway, choose the shop as you like it. Either way, don’t be surprised to find a movie star sitting next to you under the dryer. “What’s going to be the style for fall?” I asked Gene as he tugged and pulled at my hair to get it to fall the right length. “Short and fluttery,” he predicted. “But style isn’t important. I personally like hair to look natural, feminine. I don’t feel it has to be in high style, just well-groomed, simple. The shine is really the thing that makes hair beautiful. A good hairdo is a simple one because simplicity is beauty.” How can a woman choose the right style for herself? I asked, thinking of PHOTOPLAY readers. “This is how,” Gene answered. “Look at a magazine, pick out a face shaped like your own and experiment. Just remember, gone is the slicked back, pulled back frizzed tight-curl look. And don’t do anything half-way. You’ll never get the full beauty if you change little by little.” “Once a girl’s found a style,” I asked, “what can she do about it at home?” For what Gene told me about hairdos, turn the page.

20 MOST-ASKED QUESTIONS ABOUT YOUR HAIR
1. A good hairdo is based on the shape of your face, the texture of your hair (fine or coarse); your profession and the occasion.
2. A proper cut makes hair easy to manage. Cut before shampooing. On cutting: For short hair, hold hair three inches from scalp, all over as the rays of the sun. Cut in inch-wide sections. For long hair, shoulder length, hold straight down and cut blunt with scissors. Hair grows about half an inch a month, a little faster in summer. 3. Brush hair briskly before shampooing. A good natural bristle brush is best at spreading natural oils along hair shaft.
4. Once-a-week shampoos are standard, but there’s no such thing as washing your hair too often. Be sure to wash hair immediately after swimming in chlorinated water. Chlorine can be drying.
5. Dry hair right away with dryer or squeeze and blot dry with a turkish towel.
6. Brushing your hair will not make dry hair drier but will make oily hair appear oilier.
7. Over-active oil glands in the scalp cause oily hair. Best treatment: frequent shampooing with detergent shampoos, or one formulated for oily hair.
8. For baby-fine hair, thank the new sprays and body permanents.
9. Blondes have the finest textured hair; redheads the coarsest. Blame heredity.
10. Texture has nothing to do with shine. It’s the one hundred
strokes a night, frequent shampooing and a good diet that puts the gleam in your hair—and in his eyes. 11. Teasing adds height and width to a hairdo. To tease, hold hair up in the air from scalp (see picture opposite) and, from tips, push with comb towards scalp. Smooth top strands, then spray. To un-tease, slowly comb hair, beginning with ends, a little at a time. 12. Use spray lightly to firm hair with a soft naturalness—that’s a must for any style this summer. And if you have problem hair—flyaway, too fine, bleached, etc.—there are now special sprays designed for you. 13. For a quick set, pincurl hair, spray and let dry. 14. The sun will dry out your hair; wear a white scarf to deflect its rays. Or buy one of the kookie straw hats to wear at the beach. 15. Wearing your hair too tightly, as in a ponytail, can cause bald spots due to the constant tension. So be sure your knot or ponytail feels comfortable. If you wear a ponytail, make certain to undo it at night and sleep with your hair loose—or in curlers if you prefer a curly ponytail. 16. Changing hair color can perk up your mood, just follow the directions carefully. 17. For longer results, set your hair with beer or a wave lotion suggested by your hairdresser. This gives your hair the body it needs. 18. Suggestion: Use rollers, medium sized for long hair; smaller for short hair. Don’t try to get too much hair on a roller. Pin-curls are good for wisps or a guiche. Also, to hold a guiche in place, try scotch tape while you sleep, or dab a bit of colorless nail polish or glue (believe it or not) on the tip of your guiche to hold it in place during the day. 19. For a professional brushout, take long strokes away from the face to where height is needed. Tease slightly for height, mostly on top. Any good hairdresser will tell you (Please turn the page)
that the brushout is as important—or more important—than the setting. In fact, have you ever noticed what a long time a good hairdresser will take for his brushouts? Usually it’s much longer than the time he took for the set. 20. How to tell a good hairdresser? “If he’s opinionated and knows what he wants to do.” (Editor’s note: This might be the definition of Gene Shacove.) Have confidence in your hairdresser’s ability to style your hair, but don’t be afraid to speak up!

Believe it or not, Evelyn’s top-knot is all her own. The secret behind it is first setting with large rollers—all turned under—and then brushing and teasing.

Kim Novak’s new hairdo—her first new one in years—is a soft frame for her face. Rollers go across for a side-swept look, pin-curls for shorter hair at the nape.

Sharon Hugueny’s long bob is a classic style that’s brought up-to-date with soft fullness. Use large rollers at front and sides of head, medium ones at the back.
WHAT ARE YOU LIKE?

We'd like to know whether you are Miss ☐ or Mrs. ☐ or engaged ☐ and tell us, won't you, if you are a housewife ☐ student ☐ working girl ☐. If you work, what do you do:_________. Your age:_____. Your interests:_________.

YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL!

Will you check the questions you'd like to read more about:
☐ Weight:
  ☐ Overweight
  ☐ Underweight
☐ Exercises:
  ☐ Hips
  ☐ Waist
  ☐ Arms
  ☐ Legs
  ☐ Bust
  ☐ Chin & neck
☐ Diet
☐ Posture
☐ Hair:
  ☐ Setting
  ☐ Styling
  ☐ Dandruff
  ☐ Coloring
  ☐ Dry or oily hair
☐ Makeup:
  ☐ How to use it
  ☐ How to choose it
  ☐ When to wear it
☐ Eyes:
  ☐ Makeup
  ☐ Shape
  ☐ Glasses
☐ Eyebrows:
  ☐ Plucking
  ☐ Shaping
☐ Lips:
  ☐ Shaping
  ☐ Lipstick makeup
  ☐ Clapping
☐ Skin:
  ☐ Oily
  ☐ Dry
  ☐ Blemishes
  ☐ Freckles
  ☐ Cleansing
  ☐ Foundation types
☐ Hands:
☐ Nails:
☐ Wrinkles:
  ☐ Forehead
  ☐ Eyes
  ☐ Mouth
  ☐ Neck
☐ Excess Hair:
  ☐ Face
  ☐ Legs
☐ Clothes:
  ☐ Best colors for you to wear
  ☐ The way to use accessories
  ☐ How to buy a coordinated wardrobe
  ☐ What's in fashion now
  ☐ Dressing right for the occasion
  ☐ How to fit your figure type
  ☐ How to take care of your clothes
☐ How to make old clothes look new
☐ What men like in fashion
☐ More on sewing
☐ What to wear when
☐ Travel information
☐ Personality:
  ☐ Shyness
  ☐ What to talk about
  ☐ Make and meeting new friends
☐ Dating advice
Biggest beauty problem:
Biggest fashion problem:
Biggest personality fault:
Are you interested in specific tips from movie stars?

Here's all you have to do.
Just fill out the ballot on this page and mail it immediately to PHOTOPLAY Beauty Ballot, P.O. Box 2676, Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y. If yours is among the first hundred answers received—as a token of thanks—you'll receive an autographed photo of your favorite star.

If mine is one of the first 100 answers, I'D LIKE AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO OF:

Name
Address
City  .  .  .  .  .  .  Zone  .  .  .  .  State

[Drawing of an arrow pointing upwards]
after the way we've loved can it really be goodbye?
Filing divorce papers on my husband, Jimmie Rodgers, was the hardest and most heartbreaking decision of my life. How could it have possibly been easy—when so much love and understanding has gone into our marriage? Now, a few weeks later, I think that Jimmie and I are closer than we've ever been. Perhaps fate has it destined that we should go through this nightmare in order to discover each other again. Maybe, before our divorce becomes final (in ten months), we'll once more capture the serene, harmonious way of life we had together when we were first married . . . the kind of life that we both still want so desperately . . . the kind of element in the home we want for our beautiful one-year-old daughter, Michele. “We can’t live together and we can’t live without each other”—an old adage—but it so simply reveals the fears and tensions that have bottled up inside Jimmie and me. During the past months we have been mentally and physically exhausted. The pressures of Jimmie’s profession, our long separations and my illness have drained every ounce of our energies. The situation has reached proportions where Jimmie and I can no longer communicate with each other without our meetings turning to tears or tempers. Certainly this is no atmosphere for our Michele. She has reached the age where she is aware of everything about her, and it is not our intention, or desire, to bring her up surrounded by unhappiness or discord. Now that we are separated, Jimmie and I are trying to face up to our failures, as well as our successes, in an adult and analytical manner. Perhaps this objective outlook plus the stark, bare reality of divorce will help us to once more appreciate each other. Possibly our marriage was filled with so much love that we began to take each other for granted. Basically, Jimmie and I are small (Continued on page 94)
... Janet, don't
Their first castle was a tiny apartment with turrets full of dreams and a moat that miraculously left the rest of the world outside. It was warm and cozy and bursting with love. The big dream castle came later, shining and white and spacious enough for a lifetime of living and loving. And of course the trick in marriage is to keep the house intact—whether it's the dream one with the turrets or the real one with a kitchen. . . . But it doesn't always work. Sometimes the castle crumbles anyway. Not that I ever thought it could happen to Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis. Anyone who saw them, as I did on their wedding day, remembers how in love (Please turn the page)
they were. It was a bright day—June 4th, 1951. It seemed to these young people that it was the brightest day they’d ever known. Janet woke early that morning at the first hint of sun coming through the hotel window in New York. . . . Tony confided to me later, “I thought daylight would never come. I’d feel chilly, I’d get up and close the window. In five minutes I’d get up and open it because it got so hot I was sweating. So what’s the matter with you, I asked myself, you the first fellow ever got married? I was afraid I might never get to marry my wonderful girl.” But when morning came, Tony was even more nervous. He showered and shaved, put on his best suit, and (Continued on page 80)
There were hard times. But then, being together was enough.

Right: You were waiting for Jamie, and you didn’t know tragedy was ahead, too. Below: After ten years, can you fail Tony now?

There were moments when you were so close, when you thought there’d never be another quarrel. Then Kelly came and you felt blessed. You felt that now you’d be happy.
It was at the moment when the harshest of life’s realities, the death of a loved one, was upon her that Maria Cooper recalled the wondrous visit that her father had bestowed upon her and her mother. The visit with Pope Pius XII in the Vatican.

The haunting smile of the late Pontiff floated gently to her and the soft touch of his ever gentle hand upon hers came back so clearly to her. It was in that moment of greatness, standing still in the shadow of the holiest living presence, that her life as well as her beloved father’s had changed.

Now, two years later, she brought back the memory to help her as she sat in the high-ceilinged room with the legend who was her father, and with her mother and Dr. Rex Kennamer. The doctor, tight-lipped, had fought within himself to come forth with the miracle of life as he had done for other Hollywood lights, among them Liz Taylor. Now he could only look beyond a miracle and hope the pain was easing for the gentle soul of Gary Cooper.

Veronica “Rocky” Cooper, dressed simply as Coop always liked her to look—and as she liked to look to please him—tried to stem the tears that were welling in her eyes. And, sitting close by, never once taking her gaze from the thin figure who had so long loved her, Maria’s soft eyes were red-rimmed with tears.

“He’s resting comfortably now,” Doctor Rex said.

In a short while Reverend Daniel Sullivan of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills—where Coop had first been given religious instruction, and where Veronica and Maria had sat so proudly on that April 25th just two short years ago when the big fellow had converted to Catholicism—came into the room to administer the last sacraments of the church.

Maria watched closely and listened clearly to the soft voice that chanted the ancient Latin phrases over the silent figure. She had heard the soft voice of Reverend Sullivan many times before in the Sunday sermons at the Church of the Good Shepherd. She recalled her First Communion and the fine white dress she wore. And she recalled how proudly her adored father had looked upon his little girl.

How many early mornings had she risen and (Continued on page 79)
The Dick Clarks
HEARTBREAK
LOVE STORY
OF THE YEAR
The marriage of Barbara and Dick Clark had survived scandal, hard luck, harsh disappointments. They'd been through illness and financial setbacks together—three troubled years in a row. And then, a month short of their tenth wedding anniversary, they made a terse joint announcement—their marriage was about to end. But no one knew the reason!...

Columnists insinuated that the trouble had been brewing since the payola scandals, but friends try to insist that it just isn't true.

Syndicated columnist Earl Wilson reported "Mrs. Dick Clark has already selected her next mate....He's a local Philadelphia businessman." And when Dick is asked for his answer to the questions, he simply says "No comment." But his friends say they have never seen him in such despair. The divorce has come to him (Continued on page 83)
this is how it all began...
but you’ll have to see how it ended to believe it
Fabe and Frankie

continued

Fabian always wanted a pool of his own, and that's how the whole thing started . . . and here's the story from start to finish as reported by our writer, George Jaffe: Fabe gave up the idea of a pool of his own (swimming's his favorite recreation) because the Pennsylvania Court (he was a working minor and ward of the court) didn't think it was necessary. Then Bob Marcucci, his manager, read one night about a do-it-yourself pool that just came out. "It can be assembled by a group of amateurs," Bob pointed out. "How many amateurs?" asked Fabe. He noticed Bob didn't answer. It was buddy Frankie Avalon who came over one day with a solution. "I've got an idea. Maybe our fans would help us." Frankie and Fabe decided to ask them. To find out what happened, turn the page.

Swinging a girl worker over the ditch they'd dug, Frankie and Fabe threatened to drop her in to see how deep it was.
Bending a rubber hose, Frankie pleaded exhaustion and kidded: "Readers will think it's a metal pipe!"

Pushing the girls into the pool was started by Fabe's 11-year-old brother.

(Above) Frankie shows the Twist, and Fabe, later, the jitterbug with a young fan. (Right) Hot dogs from the pit. The pool in background is in the center of a communal backyard encircled by five newly built homes occupied by Fabian and his family, his manager Bob Marcucci and three of Bob's relatives. "It's our Italian Beverly Hills," joked Fabian.
Fabe and Frankie

continued

Work on the pool took two whole weeks. Fans came from all over, including Virginia. One sidewalk watcher, a young mother with a baby, insisted, “You think Fabian, with his kind of money, would break down and hire professional working-men.” She couldn’t believe he got only $15 a week allowance. While the pool was being finished, Frankie kept disappearing, only to be found dozing on a lounge chair. When Fabe kidded him, Frankie shot back, “So what, man. I’m older than you!” At the finished pool they posed for these pictures. “Remember, man, I may have goofed off, but my fans, too, helped to build this pool.” Fabe: “And to your fans—not you—I give thanks.”
Watching the others, Frankie and Fabe sit this swim out. Later, Fabe’s brother, Tommy, pulled him into the pool with his best slacks on. Music was piped to the pool and patio for dancing through Fabe’s new hi-fi system. “As long as they don’t play my records,” Fabe insisted, “it’s great!” “He’s joking,” kidded Frankie. “He wants to be coaxed.” And that remark was all it took to start the kids coaxing.
The odds are against Hugh O'Brian — Wyatt Earp, movie star, ex-small town boy — ever marrying Princess Soraya, international beauty, ex-wife of the Shah of Iran. That's the feeling of those who should know. But if those in the know really know, like society columnist Cholly

(Continued on page 91)
O'BRIAN AND SORAYA?
what's the secret everybody
Fashion is fun, so do it fun and everybody here is having fun in their back-to-school fashions from Sears, age 7; Angela Carwright, age 8; Gil Smith, age 6; Merry Martin, age 11. Our big girls are Joanie.
QUIZ: the fashion secrets you should know

- Little boys are in fashion with knees that show. [TRUE/FALSE]
- Little girls will wear boots with their leotards. [TRUE/FALSE]
- A skirt that pleats puts a schoolgirl in fashion. [TRUE/FALSE]
- Waists move downward on dresses that flare out. [TRUE/FALSE]
- Overblouses—gently fitted—make a fall look. [TRUE/FALSE]
- Jewelry’s more important—gets bigger, bolder. [TRUE/FALSE]
- Colorful, bold fabrics can be worn anywhere. [TRUE/FALSE]
- Femininity will be found in whirly underthings. [TRUE/FALSE]
- Small details are news—side pleats with pockets. [TRUE/FALSE]
By sewing with Simplicity, you're saving for a rainy day.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT OAKWOOD SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
TURN TO PAGE 79 FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AND QUIZ ANSWERS.
In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. In the summer he ardently carries out his thoughts. Why? Why do men like women in the summer? We found out—from the men themselves.

When we asked Anthony George, he went into a rhapsody that would have floored his “Checkmate” pals.

“Ah, summer, sweet summer, when the heavy coats, the bulky galoshes and the fur-bearing hats come off, and the woman herself comes to life,” he sighed. “What lovelier sight is there than a pretty doll with a swinging figure in a pair of tight shorts and a halter? It’s things like that, that make life worthwhile.”

why MENS like WOMEN in the summer-

Tony’s keen eye appraised a smartly turned ankle passing by.

“Now there’s something you lose when a girl’s all wrapped up in ski clothes,” he said. “That’s what I’ve got against winter—the hidden delights. In summer you can get closer to a gal. You think nothing of putting your arm around her waist and running into the ocean spray with her. And she clings to you as close as her bathing suit will allow.”

For more on summer’s obvious advantages, we hustled over to meet Dion and got a young fellow’s slant on why girls are at their best in summer. Largely because he digs picnics. And girls. And especially girls who know how to pack a good picnic basket.

Dion brushed in a few master strokes for this wonder-girl: she talks softly—she may even purr. She doesn’t worry—or worry him—if the beach breezes blow her hairdo. And she doesn’t wear a bikini. Summer is wonderful enough without bikinis.

“Leave a little to a guy’s imagination,” he says. “A one-piece swim suit is accent enough to the right curves and twice as provocative as a ‘look-at-me-now’ bikini.”

Summer clothes ring the bell with Dion, anyway. “I like a woman to dress on the sporty side,” he says. “You know, tweeds, a nice cashmere sweater. And an occasional oddball dress, like a burlap with wild colors, just to remind me she’s the experimenting kind.”

To Mike Dante—who has dated such lovelies as Lana Turner, Debbie Reynolds and Cathy Crosby—summer is a time when a girl just naturally has built-in glamour without half trying. Because it’s perfume time, under-the-moon romance time, quiet-little-date time.

“What better way is there for a lady to excite a man’s senses than to dab a whiff of perfume behind her pretty ears?” he asks. “And in summer she goes light on the makeup, letting Mother Nature carry the ball. This is a time for the right shade of pink or soft red that makes a girl’s lips as feminine as Cleopatra’s. She can forget those garish orange or purple shades that make her look like she’s from outer space.” (Please turn the page)
Having made up his summer dream girl, Mike fancifully dresses her. "In summer a girl can look elegant in a simple gown with maybe a strand of pearls. I like to see white or Nile green on a woman. They're the first colors I see across the dance floor."

His other summer-date delights: a girl on the tennis court in a pair of snow white shorts; or on the golf course; or in the swimming pool; or across a candlelit table in a romantic bistro. Like Jack's-at-the-Beach in Santa Monica, or LePavillon when in New York.

The moon gets blamed for a lot, but she also gets credit for turning the simplest date into a delight. George Maharis wants to know what a fifty-dollar night club date has over a moonlight ride in his beloved Corvette, with maybe a hamburger and malt after. George recalls all too well the days when he didn't have subway carfare, so he likes a girl who's a little on the practical side date-wise. Practical—but not unromantic.

"Just the thought of lying in the soft green grass, or walking in the privacy of a summer forest with a girl of your choice," he says, "is enough to tickle any man's fancy. With the sun overhead during the day, and the full moon out at night, who could ask for anything more?"

Well, George does like a little hand-holding, and he thinks a girl's hands tell a whole story. "If they're not smooth as silk," he says, "if she lets them get red and chapped, then she just doesn't care whether guys ever hold hands with her or not."

Bobby Rydell goes along with George Maharis and Dion on what makes a wonderful summer's date. Summer! And a girl. If you also throw in a barbecue, you've got it all made with Bobby—because he's still crazy for hot dogs. His favorite girl type is a lot less spicy, though. He likes a warm, sweet and rather quiet kind of girl—he's a shy boy himself. He digs a girl who can share a laugh but still not feel she has to be clever every time she says a word. Noisy girls are fine for his ego—he doesn't mind how much they scream and carry on if he's on stage—that is, if he's on stage and they're not. But not on a date—and please not under a summer sky!

Believe it or not, there was a time when a six-foot handsome blond guy like Doug McClure didn't know what moonlight, soft summer breezes and all the rest of the romance bit was for. He actually avoided girls—summer, winter, spring and fall. By his own admission he was "suspicious of a warm smile, arms around me too tight . . . hair too soft and fragrant . . . kisses that were suddenly generous."

But the boy grew up—and what happened? He became a surfing enthusiast—one of the most addicted type of summer sportster there is. He was so surf-happy that he would have worked for free in "Gidget" if he had to, because by his book it was all surf and no work . . . Result: What he liked best about a girl in summer was her ability to paddle out to sea on a board and ride it in.

But the boy grew older—though not too old for romance—and now he knows that under a starry sky, music sounds more musical with a girl to listen beside you. Or just a long summer drive . . . or a movie . . . or a play is great. And, of course, it's the girl that makes it great.

Now it's all very well to tell what these boys like about girls in the summer, but they're a special kind of guy in a special kind of field that's loaded with glamour dolls. Me, I'm just a regular Joe who gets to meet more of the regular Janes than they do.

But when summer comes around, and the hibernating women come out to the beach—well, then all men are alike. The wandering eye wanders—to pick out a prospect to spend the sun and full moon time with.

And then it's every man for himself!

Charles Miron
ALAN SHEPARD:
AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE HERO

A LOVE STORY FOR OUR TIMES
why Shep's wife let him choose death

★ The tidy little house in Virginia Beach, Virginia, was as still as a church. A hush fell across the living room. On a table was set a Moroccan leather frame with the smiling face of a man set to face death in just three short minutes. The only sound at all was the whirring of the television set. The tall, trim woman rose and faced her two close friends, Mrs. John Matthews, her daughter Jean Matthews, and her loving parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Brewer, of Kennett Square, Pa★ Louise Shepard had spent many a happy day in their home town with them.

But, today was not the day for light banter and small talk. Today was the day in which Louise Shepard's whole life and the future of her two daughters was at stake. For it was the day Shep was to risk his life to conquer space for the United States★

Louise brushed a speck of dust from her simple chocolate-brown linen dress and looked down at her low-heeled brown and white spectator pumps to hide the mask of fear that had come across her usually sparkling face★

"I hope he calls right after the test," she said.

"He will★ If he can," came the reply.

Louise recalled the far away schoolboy-schoolgirl romance that she and Alan had shared. Now it all seemed a million years away as Alan was being strapped into the missile to become America's first death-defying astronaut.

"How about going on a bicycle ride?" he had asked; and Louise, thinking it over for little more than a moment, had said yes★

How simple the bicycle rides had seemed, how easy-going. And how much fun had come from cycling across the lush green countryside. They had raced each other, and usually Alan won, since coming in first had always seemed important to him★ Now, as the television plainly showed her, and as the transistor radio she held to her ear told her, the man she loved, the man who had raced her across the countryside, was ready to face the biggest moment of his life. He was the man who had gently and patiently taught her to play golf, the game he loved, just so they could be together more often★ Now that man, the one and only man in her life, was flying into the face of death—and she had not stopped him, had not said no to his mission in the sky★

It was now 10:31, and the trouble on a pressure gauge in the rocket had been cleared up, a little item that could mean instant death for him if it went astray★ Louise looked down at the portrait of Alan and remembered how he had come to her during his days at Annapolis as a young midshipman and told her:

"I'm going to win a spot on the rowing team over all those big guys."

She had been proud when he had won his place as an oarsman on the top-notch middle crew★ And she had been even more proud and radiant the night he took her to the Navy letterman's ball where the varsity men and their dates danced all night to the romantic strains of a silky-smooth band★

She remembered how clearly the ranks of Navy men had proudly paid homage to the inspirational leadership of their boy Shep★

And how long ago had it been that he'd come to her so anxious in his desire to get his flyer's wings that he'd told her:

"I can't wait. I'm going to a civilian flight school to get my license in my spare time."

And, sure enough, he had done just as he had said, showing the same fierce dedication to a task that she had always seen in him★ And then one day just as he was about to graduate from the Naval Academy he came by to see her and said: "Louise, let's get married."

She never hesitated. And in the years that followed happily she had no cause to ever regret the quick "yes" she had given him★ With the birth of Laura in 1948 their happiness had seemed to double, and with the birth of little Juliana four years later, the joy that floated through their home was boundless★

Louise looked at her watch and saw that it was 10:32.

The flight of the century was just one minute away. Her parents tried hard to relax her with a word or two★ She could feel the knots inside her stomach as the television showed the "cherry picker" being removed, so that the only possible escape route for Shep lay with the capsule that had to be yanked off the rocket by the emergency escape tower★ If that failed . . .

The radio continued to tell the tale★
“There are fifty seconds left until the flight is launched. Forty-five . . . forty . . .”

The seconds dragged like hours and the memories floated back to Louise in a surge. There was the night Alan had returned home, kissed her lightly at the door and seemed to have something vital on his mind. He broke the news slowly, after the children had been put to bed.

“Honey, I know we’ve got a nice, comfortable life now, and the kids are growing up real swell and . . .” He spoke glowingly of the goodness of their life, but Louise could see that in his eyes there was a question left unanswered. At last he got to the point.

She listened with a fear gnawing at her. But Alan, trying as best he could to break the news gently, said: “I’ve got my orders for Project Mercury.

“I want to know what you think.”

She knew that as an astronaut he would be risking his life. And she knew Alan too well to think that he would take the mission lightly. He would put his heart and soul, and maybe sacrifice his life for the project that would mean so much to his country.

“Why are you bothering to ask me? You know you’ll do it anyway,” came the terse reply.

She had meant her answer to come easy, but in the tense moment it had come out a bit sharp, a bit hasty. Still, Alan sensed that it was Louise’s way of giving her approval to the job at which he so desperately had to do well.

“Thanks, Louise. I’ll make it okay.”

In the days that followed they discussed it many times. And in the end Louise was the bellwether, the backbone. She kept a calm feeling about the house and tried to relax Alan during his free time. It was touch-and-go day-to-day as to whether he would be the first man America successfully launched into space or . . . buried as its first space-man fatality.

“I had to let him do it,” Louise found herself saying twenty seconds before the flight was scheduled to take off.

“It meant so much to everything and everyone around us.”

The everything and the everyone was a way of life, the American way, that was being pushed around by the success of the Russian space doings—pushed around in the eyes of the people all over the world. She wasn’t a professional patriot, one of those women who preach and rave about democracy and its protection, then refuse to contribute when the time of doing, not speaking arrives.

“There are ten seconds left . . . nine . . .”

She had said her prayers at the Christian Science church she and Alan attended. And now all she could do was wait to see whether her decision to let him undertake the missile flight would prove to be the greatest moment in both their lives or . . . their last important moment together.

She remembered Alan saying clearly to her: “Without being too Navy blue and gold, I’m trying because it’s a chance to serve the country and because it’s a great personal challenge. I know it can be done.” And by the way he said it she knew in his heart he believed it, but in hers there remained the fear that a woman alone can know only when her man leaves her and may never return.

“I want to do it, Louise, it’s important for it to be done.”

And so she sat, the mother of two children who might never see their father again, but the mother of two children who went to the school of their choice, said what they wished to say, and read whatever they wished to read, thanks to the great heroes of the American past. Heroes like the man who sat in the missile capsule that was launching a new era in American history: Alan Shepard, born Nov. 18, 1923, in East Derry, New Hampshire, the son of an Army colonel, a 1944 graduate of Annapolis, the man who served bravely on a destroyer in World War II, the man Louise Shepard loved.

“Don’t worry, honey, I’ve faced danger before,” he had told her. “I’ve had engine flameouts at high altitude. I’ve had canopies blown off suddenly. And I’ve had to land on carriers in the black of night. So, you see, there’s no point in worrying anyhow, it just messes you up.”

And she had told him she wouldn’t worry, but the smile she showed him was a mask for the sharp dagger of fear and anxiety that stabbed at her every day, every night.

“One second . . .” came the word.

The little house in Virginia Beach was stiller than death. Then . . . a roar sounded. The missile lifted, and . . . the balance of life or death hung in the clouds. Louise had seen her decision to let Alan fly come to pass.

Then, like a miracle, it was over, and a helicopter was pulling Alan from the choppy seas. Lt. Wayne Koons, pilot of the helicopter, had answered the call: “Roger. Come after me.” He had gently glided down to scoop Shep from the Bahama seas and was putting him on the back for a job well done. A job Louise Shepard knew had to be done, even if death had been its only result.

—Adam Mitchell
The wedding

Remember? Instead they were married by a Newark, New Jersey, magistrate at four A.M. They weren't confused. It was simple. They were in love. They left behind a wake of clustering, bewildered friends. What happened, they asked? What about two-thirty Friday—the reception?

Who cared about a reception? They were to be together. And they boarded the California-bound jet airliner at Idlewild Airport, five hours after their marriage, sure of one thing: This was the loveliest way to be in love.

"Why did you do it this way?" reporters yelled. Wrapping her mink coat around her, Sandra simply said: "We wanted to get it over with." How could she explain she simply wanted to marry Bobby right away?

And Bobby explained further: "The time doesn't make any difference, does it?"

Then he laughed. "We'll have a five-day honeymoon before the work starts again."

"Will she still work?" reporters asked.

Sandra had patted the Yorkshire terrier tucked in her purse, and nodded, yes, she would continue with her career.

"Sandra has a picture to do and I'll be back in Camden for two weeks. We'll stay in my house that I rented in Holly-wood."

They boarded the United Air Lines jet. And then they were alone. She reached for his hand, and he held and felt him slowly, safely, securely fall asleep. She knew it was all true. There was a wedding band on her left hand, third finger, . . .

Six months ago, and sometimes it seemed no more real, no less hectic than it had been then, and sometimes it seemed as though it was always the same, as always. She was just a girl, now. How did she live now? What was their life now that the honeymoon was over? Their fans want to know. This is the way it is:

How they live

What kind of an apartment do Bobby and Sandra have—or is it a house? They live in a furnished house in Bel-Air on Stone Canyon Road secluded from view by shrubbery and trees. (See below)

The front entrance is so difficult to locate, one usually finds oneself entering through the service porch. The architecture is semi-modern, a large picture window in the living room overlooks the pool; the couches are low and white, the coffee table modern. The bedroom has twin beds, no headboards, and is approached through a dressing room with built-in dressing table, mirror and cupboards on one side. It is not a large house, but impressive. There is no doubt that sometime they will want to build a house of their own, especially now that they're starting their family.

What kind of a home does Sandra want?

"I want a very substantial home," she says. "I like modern, but not the grotesque modern. I want my home to have a warm feeling. When you walk in, you'll know people live there, and it's not just a show place. I want it to be filled with blues, silvers, orchids and a dash of pink. I had an apartment in New York like that. I just loved it. I want to live in the hills, and I want a pool—not because it is fashionable, but because I love to swim."

Can Sandra cook?

Yes, she can. In fact, she cooked an entire luncheon for me before her marriage—from salad to dessert. She can cook and sometimes does. But they have a cook now and it is no longer necessary. Remember, their lives are full and busy. She spends all her time with Bobby when he's working or at the studio when she is.

Does Sandra ask Bobby's opinion on what dress to wear? For instance, the dress she wore to the Academy Awards?

I personally don't know Bobby's preferences in clothes. But I would doubt that Sandra, like any other wife, wouldn't be anxious to please Bobby. She has excellent taste, and if there have been any changes, it might be that she wears a little more sophisticated evening dresses now.

What time does Sandra get up in the morning?

She's an early riser. While Bobby was making "Too Late Blues" she got up every morning with Bobby and drove him to the studio where she remained most of the
day. When Sandra is working, Bobby will often drive her to her early studio appointments. They stick closely together, even when they work, probably because there are so many times when they must, because of work, be separated. When Bobby is working night clubs, Sandra is up with him very, very late. Then they sleep late the next day. Remember, these are show business people and their schedules are as different from the average young couple as day is from night.

Do they expect to have a family right away?

Yes. Though they had been denying the baby rumors for some time, they finally announced the good news. Their first baby will be born in December. Does Sandra plan to travel with Bobby?

Sandra has always gone with Bobby, whenever it was possible. But, of course, that will change now that she's going to be a mother.

Do they enjoy going to clubs? Who are their close friends?

They seldom go to clubs, but did attend Paul Anka's debut at the Coconut Grove. The close friends they seem to have are Bobby's brothers. Sandra is always a loner and never entertained young people her own age or was entertained by them. When she has a free hour, she spends it with someone at Universal studios.

What is Sandra's relationship with Bobby's family?

Sandra has always enjoyed a very pleasant relationship with Bobby's family, who are warm and friendly and gay. Some of them are constantly visiting in their home. Bobby's brother-in-law, Carmine, is one of his managers.

What small presents has Bobby given Sandra?

Bobby likes to surprise Sandra with sweaters, bags, pieces of jewelry and little things—like slipping notes into her robe pocket or putting slips of paper in the refrigerator that say "I miss you," or something else as thoughtful. He knows, too, that she loves flowers, particularly yellow roses. Bobby is most thoughtful this way.

Do they go to the movies? If so, what kind of films do they prefer?

They are usually too busy to go to movies. I understand they have a small movie projector in their home. Sandra always liked a variety of pictures.

Do they share their hobbies together? What do they enjoy doing?

The hobby that Bobby is caught up with is buying big-name suits. Both Sandra's and Bobby's sole hobby used to be buying clothes. Their Palm Springs house, which they just bought, is a common hobby, although I feel Sandra does not much enjoy desert living. But, in any case, their main interest now is preparing for the baby. Is Bobby careless around the house?

No, he's very neat.

Has Sandra changed now that she's married? About neatness?

Sandra, who used to bemoan her untidiness, now claims Bobby has taught her to pick up her belongings and put them away!

What foods does Bobby like?

Bobby enjoys any kind of food—from hot dogs to hamburgers, and especially Italian dishes.

What does Sandra—or does she—prefer for breakfast and dinner?

The cook prepares breakfast—and dinner. I might add, Sandra often makes coffee and sandwiches when they have late drop-ins.

What part does religion play in Sandra's life?

Sandra has said, and I still believe it is true: "I'm religious, but to myself. For instance, I'll never go to bed without saying my prayers. I couldn't sleep. But I don't go to church every Sunday. I think it's because the Russian Orthodox Church services are so long—four hours."

How does Sandra feel about life?

She says, "I want to have fun each day I live. I'm terrible that way, but I want to get the most out of everything and not rush. It's very hard for me to take disappointments. This is something I have to overcome."

This is how she felt before her marriage, and, if anything, she probably has grown in maturity now and is more willing to accept things.

Does Sandra have a routine?

She'll have to now! But she once said: "I hate routine. That's why I like the movie business so much. You never know when you're going to be the next day. I like going into makeup, but I get bored having my hair done and sitting under the drier. I hate to study lines. I really don't study them—they can't sit still that long. I read the script over and over until I feel like the girl in the part. As far as preparing the lines, I just read them once over before I go on."

Sandra once said in an interview, "I don't want my husband to be in the entertainment world. Do you think she still feels that way?

I'm sure she doesn't. She takes great pride in Bobby's career.

Sandra also once said, "I want a good marriage and good healthy children. When I have this, I think I'll be completely happy. When I get married, I think I'd like to give up my career. I'd love to do both, but I don't think it's possible."

Obviously, Sandra has put marriage and motherhood ahead of her career. However, she eventually wants to continue acting.

Has Bobby's career suffered, like say, Eddie Fisher's did after he married Liz Taylor?

I'm sure it hasn't. Bobby's a talent and more, much more, than a teen-age idol. In New York, at the Copacabana, he got rave reviews. "No doubt of it, Bobby knows how to handle a night-club audience. He exudes confidence and authority under the kliegs," the reviewers said. "He has an easy, relaxed approach. The Bronx boy in a hurry belted out about two dozen tunes in a 65-minute session, then walked offstage with a houseful . . . in the palm of his hand." I don't think there is any fear for Bobby in this regard. Then there is the new independent movie company, Sandar Productions, that he's set up. No, I think Bobby's going to be around as long as Crosby.

And now, on their anniversary, let us wish both Bobby and Sandra a happy six-month wedding celebration and best wishes on the birth of their eagerly-awaited baby.

Julia Corbin

Sandra is in "Romanoff and Juliet," "Come September" and "Tammy, Tell Me True" all for 21st Century, and Bobby's also in "Come September" and in Paramount's "Too Late Blues."
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MARIA COOPER

Continued from page 53

given thanks to God for protecting her through the long night! And how many sun-shaded mornings had she spent on her knees in front of the altar where the Virgin Mary stood, and thanked her Maker for granting her two such loving parents. Now, the cord was to be severed and she could no longer lean on the strong shoulder of the man who had so determinedly protected her from the harsh and unrelenting realities of life. Who then was she to call upon in her hour of dark despair, and who would answer her simple phrase: "I love my father. And I like to be with him?"

The girl who had turned into a woman looked long and painfully at the living ghost of a handsome figure who had told her so many times that September 15th, 1937, was the happiest day of his life, the day of her birth. Now, the echoing sound of a clock that seemed a million miles away, told her that the precious minutes were short for the legend who lay so still. But for her a whole lifetime of minutes lay before her.

On a dresser sat a portrait sketch of Coop that Maria proudly recalled doing. She thought of the many friendly hours spent at the Chouinard Art Institute. She even heard once again the faint praise the immortal Picasso, their long-time friend, had given her on one of their family visits to his chateau-studio on the Riviera.

"You are good, Maria. Someday, who knows, you may be one of the great ones."

And how wide had big Coop’s smile grown to the praise she had received from the master. But that was long before the specter of death came into their lives. Now the thought of idly sketching countryside, and pale portraits left her unmoved.

The Latin words to the dying slowly pounded in her brain as the emptiness of the onrushing years stared her down. And that was when she sought help by bringing back the memory of that never-to-be-forgotten visit to the Pope.

It was shortly after that visit that Coop had begun to accompany Maria to Sunday services.

"Dad, would you like to become a Catholic?" she had asked, and his answer, firm and true, was more than the overlaid "yup," and less than the full-blown paeans others might embark on. How good the life had become for father and daughter—close before but closer now. And how sparkling her eyes had been the day he said; "I have a wonderful daughter whom I think the nicest young girl I ever met."

She had answered in her heart, "And I love you more than anyone in the whole wide world."

But now as the shadows of a half-world closed about her and the pitiless stench of a harsh death permeated her tender nostrils, she knew that her life she had led was trailing in the wake of another life.

The smile of the man who had been born Eugenio Pacelli—and had risen to become Pope Pius XII—and the lanky shadow of the Montana cowboy born a Cooper, both flickered before her eyes. There was a way of life open to her, and it had lingered briefly in her thoughts for a sleepless night and through many a waking day. She recalled in her drives past the Bel-Air landscapes and on over the Brentwood Hills the safely tucked-away little convent of St. Mary’s.

How peaceful it had all seemed, and how eternal the life had looked among the black veiled figures.

"A good life"

"It’s a good clean life, Maria," had been the comment of the figure beside her. She knew in her heart that it was a life gifted to few and attained by even fewer. How many times had she heard the drawl of the proud man who had so gloriously spoken of: "My girl’s faith."

And as Reverend Sullivan finished the incantations that signal the end of one life and the beginning of another in God’s Eternal Kingdom, Maria knew that for her a new life was being born.

Had the figures of St. Mary’s been merely a dream to her, or could she follow in their timeless footsteps?

She looked at her mother, now so pale and drawn, and wondered what sorrows and regrets, what tender memories lay tucked deep in the heart and mind of the woman so often called "Rocky, my Rocky" by the legend who was her husband. Doctor Rex had left and now Reverend Ford rose and bid them peace through the long night. Rocky looked at Maria, and Maria looked at Rocky. In both their hearts lay the unanswered question: "What will we do without him?"

Shadows of a long night

Maria, who had so long leaned on the giant of a man she was blessed to call father, and Rocky, who had felt the tender caresses and the soft words of the gentle hulk of a man who would whisper his words of love no more, stared into the growing shadows of a long night—longer than any they would ever know.

The Sundays will come and the Sundays will go. Prayers will be spoken, heeded, and some forgotten. But along the Hollywood trail the whisper is that Maria, the daughter of a man who was bigger than life in the span of life allotted to him, will enter a convent to be one of the many a "Mother," in the mold of the Saints—Mary, Joan and Bernadette—a role to be envied and well worn. —CHARLES MIRON

FASHION SECRETS YOU SHOULD KNOW

To make your own fashion dreams come true,

Simplicity Patterns for all the clothes you saw on pages 64 and 65

are available at your favorite stores everywhere.

Below, the pattern numbers to ask for and the fabric information:


2. Simplicity 3991, View II; Junior and Misses’ size 9-16, 65¢. Crestwood—Style 7000—4009, Color 120, 54”.


4. Simplicity 3632, View I; Junior and Misses’ size 11-18, 65¢. Crestwood—Style 6196—4018, Color 02, 52/58°.


7. Simplicity 4011, Skirt and Overblouse; Sub-teen size 8-14s, 50¢. Amity Fabric Contino-Cito Conantio, Color 165, 36”.

8. Simplicity 4032, View II; Junior and Misses’ size 11-18, 65¢. Crestwood—Style 6191—4023, Color 02, 52/58°.

ACCESSORIES: The accessories shown on pages 64 to 67 are:

SHOES BY CAPEZIO.

CANVAS BAGS BY PARK LANE.

JEWELRY BY RICHIE LEE.

GLOVES BY WEAR-RIGHT.

Answers to quiz: You should have checked “True” to all the questions. How did you do?
though his shoes were already gleaming, he rubbed them to an extra glow. He was all ready to start for Greenwich, Connecticut, where the ceremony was to take place. But he looked at his watch and it was still hours too early.

He ordered some orange juice from room service and drank it in one gulp. Several times he walked to the telephone, but each time he paused with his hand on the receiver and shook his head. Janet might not be awake yet. Finally, he could stand it no longer. His hand trembled as he removed the receiver and asked for Miss Leigh. Miss Leigh! In a few hours she’d be Mrs. Tony Curtis—well, she’d really be Mrs. Bernie Schwartz, but the world would know her by her new name for his new career. Tony Curtis.

“Good morning, Mrs. Schwartz,” he said into the mouthpiece, trying to be calm. “It’s that man again.”

A bright laugh crackled through the instrument, and at the sound Tony almost dropped the telephone. His voice shook as he tried to speak.

“It’s just a little wedding, darling,” said the voice at the other end. “Braze up. It’s only for the rest of our lives.”

The rest of our lives. Many times since that moment Janet has tried to find just the right words to calm his fears and bolster his confidence. That day he wasn’t confident of anything except his love for this girl. He was Bernie Schwartz from the Bronx, the little kid who wasn’t so smart in grammar school. How had it happened, that suddenly he was a movie actor; that he was soon to marry a girl like Janet?

It was not to be a movie-type wedding. They wanted only old, comfortable friends—Paul Stone, Tommy Farrell, (Glenda Farrell’s son) Mack David the song writer, Joe Abeles the photographer and John Springer the press agent.

The bride wore blue

Janet was wearing an adorably attractive, pastel blue cotton with an overskirt caught

up in draped folds at the back. Tiny pastel plaid pleats, inserted down the back, fanned out gracefully as she whirled and turned. There was an underskirt of the same plaid, and a matching collar. She wore a white straw cap on her soft blond curls and white shoes and gloves.

A few pleats came loose and the housekeeper brought needle and thread to the suite reserved for the bride. Somebody started to sew. Somebody else said, “Oh, no! It’s unlucky to sew a dress while it’s on,” so Janet, taking no chances, whisked out of it.

“Hurry,” she said, looking out the window. “The judge just drove up. I don’t want to be late for my own wedding. That would be bad luck.” But it was Jerry Lewis and his wife Patti who held it up. They were to be best man and matron of honor, but they phoned from New York to say they were detained.

“It won’t be legal without us,” Jerry said, “but go on with the wedding. We’ll see you later.” Soon after, he phoned that they could make it after all if they’d just hold off a while.

While they waited, a waiter served champagne on the terrace. Janet and Tony posed for pictures and the judge settled calmly on a comfortable chaise. One of the women whispered to Janet that her slip was showing and “it’s bad luck on a wedding day.” Janet pooh-poohed the idea, but she rushed back to the suite anyway and tucked it up. Tony said his new shoes hurt, but not too much. Janet looked at her nose in a small mirror and said, laughing, “It shines. Everything shines!”

Finally, the Lewises arrived, and the wedding began. One side of a large room had been arranged for the ceremony with a dais surrounded by flowers and palms. The other half was set for the wedding breakfast. The guests now filed in and the strains of “Here Comes the Bride” were heard.

Suddenly the chatter stopped, there was a reverent silence in the room. Janet’s eyes were misty as she murmured her vows, and once she put the handkerchief to her face to catch a tear. Her lips moved silently, and I think she was praying. Tony gulped, and his voice was low and husky as he said his “I do’s.” When the judge said: “I now pronounce you man and wife,” Tony took Janet tenderly in his arms and their lips touched. Then the men lined up to kiss the bride. Jerry Lewis, who had looked like a very serious small boy all during the ceremony, rushed to be first, bending Janet back in a movie-hero kiss. Then he picked her up and waltzed her around.

Now everybody sat at the long flower-laden table centered by a huge threeteried white cake that looked like a castle. Jerry announced that he couldn’t bring his wedding present, he was too weak to carry it. To show how weak, he fell back into his chair. The famous TV set would be delivered to the tiny apartment Tony and Janet had rented in Hollywood.

By midafternoon the three limousines headed for New York. As they approached the Bronx, Tony’s old neighborhood, he said: “I bet my aunt is sitting on the stoop. Let’s drive by and say hello.” Sure enough, she was there. She locked up, let out a surprised “Bernie!” Then, noticing the line of black limousines, her face clouded. She asked: “Who died?”

Tony explained that he was just beginning to live. They drove on to the Waldorf-Astoria where they’d reserved a suite. Tony carried his bride over the threshold. To free her from the crowd around them for the reception. Later, a man from a nearby suite knocked and asked if he could join whatever was being celebrated. He said he was from out of town and lonely. He was immediately invited to share the fun.

Period of adjustment

I visited the newlyweds for dinner shortly after they had moved into their first home—a one-bedroom apartment with a handkerchief-size kitchen. In the small living room, the huge TV set from Jerry Lewis took up most of the space, and the buffet supper the rest.

It was a simple meal, spaghetti with an excellent meat sauce, a salad, ice cream and apple pie, but Tony and Janet were so grateful—everything was so festive, that you’d never have guessed they were on a budget. Afterwards, the other guests and I gathered around them for singing and games.

Tony had recently begun to paint, and several of his latest efforts were on the walls. To Janet they were Old Masters. There wasn’t much room for painting in that small apartment, and Janet, always tidy, had to keep picking up brushes and paints and cramping them in the bedroom closet.

They hadn’t lived in this small Eden long before the serpent of discord slid in. Perhaps, as we all hoped, it was merely a period of adjustment, a time most young married people go through. Left to themselves, they might have proceeded along normal lines, taking their adjustments in stride. But theirs was no ordinary life. They were in the public eye; they were news. The gossipmongers were ready for the slightest sign of discord.

There were small troubles. First, Janet is very neat, while Tony just doesn’t pick up his clothes. They did have tiffs over this, but you couldn’t call them fights. Once Janet decided to let him take care of his own clothes, and Tony showed up at the studio with unmatched socks. When somebody noticed it, Tony grinned and said: “Yeah, and I have another pair at
home just like them—ask Janet.”

The real trouble started with the separations, early in their married life. When Janet had to go on location, Tony felt lost and resentful. No sooner were they together to take up their lives again than Tony had to leave. Distance may make the heart grow fonder, but it can also invite jealousy. If Tony telephoned home and Janet were out, he’d have vague doubts. Where was she?

Actually she’d be at the studio, discussing the next day’s scenes or having a costume fitting. But Tony’s phone calls were frequent and long. He wanted to know every little thing she was doing. And long-distance communications aren’t enough for two people in love. They needed to be together in their own home, getting to know each other, learning to live in harmony. It was important to the maturity of their marriage.

**Warm hearts, hot tempers**

It is no secret that Tony had feelings of inferiority even though his career was beginning to show promise. Janet was already an established star. Both have hot tempers along with their loving dispositions, so they fight, get over it, and often forget what it was about. So naturally there’d be items in the newspapers one day about their ideal marriage, and the next day rumors of trouble.

“He’s cranky when he first gets up and says things without even knowing he’s saying them,” Janet said. “A little later he'll ask why I'm acting peevish.”

And Tony claimed, “Janet doesn’t know how to relax. To her leisure means emptying ash trays, cleaning out the desk and bureau drawers,” Small matters, but in time the tales of their frequent fights grew in intensity.

They moved to larger quarters, and in 1956 their first daughter, Kelly, was born. For a while everything seemed serene in the Curtis household. Then rumors of discord resumed.

Rosemary Clooney, a good friend, recalled some of their “fights.” She said: “Janet shows anything that bothers her, no matter where she is or who is around—and there are always those nosey ears. Like every married couple, they have their tiffs, but Janet lets off steam immediately.”

One evening at a night club in Hollywood, Janet and Tony were deep in controversy when a girl came up to their table and asked for Tony’s autograph. He scribbled his name, smiled pleasantly at the girl, and that was that. Janet wasn’t at all concerned—it was all in the day’s work—but she probably resented the interruption, for she seemed disturbed afterward. The next day it was broadcast all over town: the Big Fight over some girl Tony was interested in. And he didn’t even know the girl! This sort of thing makes him furious. He says, “My hair stands on end when I see a headline: ‘Who is the other woman in Tony’s life?’ Then I read on and find out. It’s my own daughter!”

Yet there have been reports about conferences with lawyers. Is there truth in the gossip? With all this smoke—is there fire?

It is true that Tony went for psychiatric help for problems stemming out of his poor-boy background and painful younger years and began to know himself better. And that Janet, more confident and outgoing, tried to build him up by putting her marriage first and career second—now that they can well afford it. She says she has never regretted this decision. But the fights go on. “Maybe a flare-up once a week,” Janet admits. “That’s an average. Maybe none for two weeks, and then maybe two a week. But after the first flash of letting off steam, we’re both usually ready to settle it and get it over with—because it’s not fun any more.”

One day shortly before Jamie was born, I called on Janet and Tony when they were in New York for a premiere. Tony was placidly sprawled on a couch downstairs in the duplex hotel suite reading a book. Janet was upstairs having her hair done. I found her browsing with plans for the new baby and yellow-and-white decorations she wanted for the nursery. The hairdresser completed the pin-up job. all the rollers were tightly in place. A few minutes later, Tony came upstairs. Looking at his wife, he said, “Even with those things on her head she’s still the loveliest woman I’ve ever seen.” Janet said she’d rather be lovely than beautiful, but Tony was quick to insist she was both. It was hard to believe there could be any trouble in the marriage.

**1958—a tragic year**

But 1958 was a tragic year for them. Tony’s father died a week before the new baby was due. Janet has said she willed the baby not be born on the funeral day.

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For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 12. (−ADULT− FAMILY)

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—THE—Buena Vista: Happy, whimsical Disney comedy with Fred MacMurray as an impractical professor, who keeps forgetting to marry Nancy Olson while he’s inventing “rubber.” (F) June

ANGEL BABY—A.A.: True love and prudery, true faith and rigged miracles among Southern revivalists like young George Hamilton and Salome Jens. It’s interesting, though no “Elmer Gantry.” (A) March

BIG SHOW—THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Unusual animal acts and European circus atmosphere brighten the tired story of a family tyrant (Nehemiah Persoff). David Nelson’s a love-struck GL. (F) July

BRIDGE—THE—A.A.: Heartbreaking, infuriating—and true—incident from the last days of World War II. German boys in their mid-teens are rushed from the schoolroom into the army and disaster. (A) July

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF, THE—U-I: Eastman Color: Grim and gruesome British chiller gives the case history of an orphan boy who grows up fighting the weird ailment called lycanthropy. (A) July

DOLCE VITA, LA (“The Sweet Life”)—Complex, meaningful Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, shows the sad emptiness of the life in modern Rome seen by a young reporter (Marcello Mastroianni). (F) July

EXODUS—U.A.: Super-Panavision 70, Technicolor. Stirring saga of patriotism, with Paul Newman as the Israeli hero, Eva Marie Saint as the American heroine, Sal Mineo and Jill Haworth as unforgettable teenagers who escape the Nazis. (A) February

FABULOUS WORLD OF JULES VERNE, THE—Embassy, Mysti-Mation: A delightful surprise! In an imaginative new process, it has dead-pan fun with a 19th Century villain’s schemes on a remote island base. (F) July

FIVE GOLDEN HOURS—Columbia: Clever idea, good cast, but too rambling and fuzzy to deliver many laughs. Ernie Kovacs is a genial Italian profanity-cursing rich widows like Cyr Charris. (A) July

GIDGET GOES HAWAIIAN—Columbia, Eastman Color: More seaside romance for the popular heroine, Amusing enough, thanks to Deborah Walley’s sparkle, Michael Callan’s dancing, the older folks’ clowning and the beautiful scenery. (F) July

GONE WITH THE WIND—M-G-M: Technicolor: Now a new generation can see this all-time champ, revived for the Civil War Centennial. Vivien Leigh and the late Clark Gable, in his most famous role, are still matchless as brave Southerners. (F) April

LASHI, THE—U.I.: Eastman Color: Big, effective western about a cattle drive that throws together a killer (Kirk Douglas), a lawman (Rock Hudson) and two women (Carol Lynley, Dorothy Malone). Joseph Cotten co-stars. (A) July

MASTER OF THE WORLD—A-I, MagnaColor. Lively, kids-of-all-ages kind of yarn, with wild Jules Verne gadgets like a 19th Century airship. Skipper Vincent Price wants to abolish war—by force. (F) July

MISTY—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Please, shot-on-the-spot version of a book high in kids’ favor, with David Ladd and Pam Smith as Virginia orphans training a wild pony from Chinroque Island. (F) June

ONE-EYED JACKS—Paramount, VistaVision, Technicolor: Savage yet beautiful seashore western. New director Brando takes too long telling us about bandit Brando’s revenge on ex-sp Karl Malden. (A) June

PEPE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Wonderful Cantinflas offers fun in jumbo bloopers with Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones, loads of “guest” stars sharing the wistful Mexican’s Hollywood adventure. (F) March

PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Gabby, pleasant romantic comedy, Fred Astaire and Lilli Palmer contribute charm; Debbie Reynolds and Tab Hunter do the young-love bit. (F) July

POSE FROM HELL—U.I., Eastman Color: Unpretentious, entertaining horse opera. On a hunt for outlaws, lawman Audie Murphy believes deputies like tenderfoot John Saxon are just a nuisance. (F) June

RAISING IN THE SUN—A—Columbia: Fine though stacey closeup of a hardworking Negro family in Chicago. As wife of rebellious Sidney Poitier, Ruby Dee supplies a lot of the film’s great vitality. (A) May

RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Carol Lynley’s novel about her town bogs the family, and Mary Astor keeps thinking up nasty schemes and that’s all. Feeble sequel. (A) July

SHADOWS— Lion International: Survey of problems confronting young Negroes in New York is visually fascinating, dramatically un-even. Players (led by Lelia Goldoni) made up the lines as they went along! (A) May


TWO LOVES—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Shirley MacLaine’s fine as a New Zealand teacher whose spinster life is invaded by Laurence Harvey and Jack Hawkins. Well-rounded, grownup in outlook. (A) June

TWO WOMEN—Embassy: Vittorio de Sica’s direction gets the very best from Sophia Loren, Jean Paul Belmondo and young Eleanor Brown, as he shows the impact of war on an Italian woman and her daughter. (A) July

YOUNG SAVAGES, THE—U.A.: True backgrounds dominate an over-colored story of a New York street-gang killing. Burt Lancaster is the prosecutor who seeks justice and finds understanding. His co-star is Shelley Winters. (F) June

because she knew how much Tony needed her. He was now invisible for a widowed mother and a younger brother. And Janet needed him, too. Soon after their second daughter, Jamie, was born, she had to have an operation. It was a winter that left them staggering.

They were wise enough to take what they called a "second honeymoon" in Florida. There they lay in the sun and recaptured some of the old carefree spirit. But soon after they returned to Hollywood, trouble hit again. Tony severed a tendon in his heel and had to undergo surgery. Again Janet knew that he needed her, and she held his hand in the hospital room.

Janet remembers the year as "... a gas year. The only good thing I can say for it is that, after seven years of marriage, we got our first dining room furniture."

Not along after, they got considerably more. Two years ago they bought their castle high above the Hollywood Hills. It is really a New Orleans-type house—big, white and expensive, said to cost $250,000. Janet noted that it was the kind enjoys her duties as a "housewife." While they asked advice of a decorator, much of the rest is their own. Janet is pleased to show a visitor her blue bedroom. (Blue is her favorite color, and she was married in blue.) The blue silk walls have touches of white, and there is a rug, couch, and a desk of white. Some of the fine pieces of china form which the collection on the shelves are gifts from Tony. Janet says, "Tony is a shopping hound. He says he’s going to play golf, and then he returns home with all kinds of presents for me. Once he bought me a hat, and it is one of the greatest I’ve ever owned. He owns antique shops to find unusual pieces of china. He doesn’t stick to any annual social occasions such as birthdays and anniversaries. Any day is ‘present’ day. One of my favorite blouses is a gift from him. I treasure it as much as I do those expensive diamond earrings he gave me for Mother’s Day."

“My life is full now. I keep my house, I play tennis, I’m interested in certain charities. I love to dance."

Janet still likes to display Tony’s paintings even though fine works by famous artists also hang on their living room walls. Her favorite Tonies are the very ones they had in their first little castle.

Recently, a man flying over their property in a helicopter reported that he saw Janet and Tony and their two daughters splashing around in their swimming pool “like a quartet of happy dolphins.” There’s no doubt that fame and fortune have come to them since that happy day in Connecticut ten years ago.

But those of us who saw it all begin that day know that along with the riches there had to be a growth of that warm and wonderful love. Because marble heroes and foot-deep rugs don’t make a castle that endures—the foundation must be love.

Their castle hasn’t crumbled. The fight rumors may rumble on and off, but the castle stands—sturdy enough to take any kind of storm.

—DOROTHY DAY

as a shock. He puts on a brave front, accepts people's condolences . . . and drifts off by himself.

But take a look at the last few years...

In November, 1959, Dick Clark's name made front-page news when the Orin Harris Committee began their probes into "payola." But it was four months before Dick was invited to appear before the committee. From November to March the Clarks' last frames of private life were cruelly exposed to the outside world. They lived in a fishbowl. They had to cope with insulting accusations, wild rumors, insinuations. Dick would come away from the office, from a plague of phone calls from press, lawyers, network V.P.'s . . . to the quiet of his calm home. Feeling deserted and beaten, he came gratefully to the one thing left of his crumbling empire—his family. He told friends that if he didn't have Barbara beside him, and Dickie to fight for, he couldn't have taken it all.

Until he had his chance to prove he was guilty of nothing except being a good business man, he had to stand with his hand tied behind him. He knew he had to keep silent until his appearance before the Committee—for the sake of his network, his family, his fans . . . It was hard for him and terrible for Barbara—but she understood. She tried to ignore the whispers in the grocer's, "Is her husband guilty?" and the sidewalk looks. She tried to adjust, tried to help Dick even more. She quietly bought him a new suit, nothing must be changed! He must have something secure . . . his home. In all the mad hubbub, Barbara Clark didn't lose her head. Pictures of them in public showed something special—a look . . . a quick glance at one another . . . a belonging together. He couldn't be beaten down . . . he had Barbara.

Home, a door to close

When the hearings were over, they returned to their apartment in Philadelphia and tried to piece together his career and their lives. The apartment was cozy, but overcrowded. Barbara Clark, in her new dream house lay in the corner, neglected all these months. But they were home, they had a door to close to the outside world again.

Later Dick told the press, "I never did take payola. I did nothing illegal and I did nothing immoral. There were times during this whole mess that I wanted to quit and give up the shows and retire to a chicken farm. Whenever he said this to Barbara she would walk to his side, take his arm in hers, smile and say quietly, "I'm with you." She gave him a quiet strength, and he needed her encouragement so badly.

They had come a long way together...

Both Dick and his wife, the former Bar-
bara Mallery, were from Mount Vernon, New York. After high school he went to Syracuse University's radio and television school, and she to a teachers' college in Maryland, where her family had moved. They were in love, but they knew their...
parents were right—they must wait until they graduated before they married. But every weekend Dick piled into his broken-down jalopy and drove to Maryland! The car was forever breaking down... it had no windshield wipers, no heater, but no cold weather or snowstorms could stop him. Barbara’s parents, afraid there might be a fatal accident if he kept up this driving marathon, finally let her transfer to a college closer to Dick’s. They were married immediately after graduation—on June 28, 1953.

The rest is storybook history. They struggled like most young couples just starting out. He worked at small radio stations, nights mostly, and she taught school during the day. In 1956 the host of WFIL’s “American Bandstand” left, and Dick got the job. He and Barbara moved into an apartment in Drexel Hill, a suburb of Philadelphia. On January 9, 1957, Dickie—Richard August Clark—was born. Everything seemed to open up then. Dick’s career skyrocketed... he became busier and busier... but he always had time for his family. He often said, “If there comes a time in my career when my business interferes with my family life, I’ll give up the business.”

To the daily TV shows and the weekly Saturday night show, he added a third network show, “World of Talent.” His popularity grew, he was without a doubt the king of the teens, everything was going his way. Until the Payola Investigations!

Even today, fourteen months after his trial-by-fire in Washington, Dick still thinks of the investigations as a bad dream that’s all over. “I was treated decently by Mr. Harris,” he says, “and I was exonerated.” But he didn’t enjoy talking about the hearings and neither did Barbara. It was done... over... now there was the future to worry about.

Nothing was the same

But it was never to be the same. Even as the wife of a teen idol and star, she’d been able to stay in the background when she wanted to. She had her home and her child. Now their privacy was invaded. Countless visitors popped up at her door each day, and she was gracious to them. She seldom lost her temper. But they went too far! One group of fans kept hiding behind the house or fence when she and Dickie came into the yard. After a day or two of pretending they just weren’t there, she decided enough was enough. She turned on the lawn sprinkler system. She never told Dick how many she “took care of,” but from the look of the lawn it must have been a mob.

Other things changed. A month after the investigations, Dick’s TV show “World of Talent” went off the air—just as their dream house, the house they had in Wallingford, Pa., was completed. For all the setbacks, they decided to move into it and enjoy it. It was a simple house. “We have never lived ostentatiously, and never intend to,” they both say. Barbara decorated it in warm, gay colors. There was a tiny stream in the back of the house for Dickie to play in and school a block or two away. There were trees... quiet... it was so badly needed.

That same month Dick’s popular Saturday night program “The Dick Clark Show” went off the air. To get his mind off Lady Luck’s disappearance, Dick decided to write a novel. Barbara thought it would be good for him to try to detach himself and pour everything out on paper. When asked about the book, before publication he described it in words that proved uncannily prophetic.

“It’s the story of a young man in the music business,” he said. “Of his overnight success and the complications that come with it, in both business and private life.” He notes that while the main character will be fictitious, most of the drama will be factual—based on the experience of himself and others. “If you’re lucky enough to go up in show business,” he continues, “you know you must go back sometimes too. There are always reversals, very few stay successful. All performers know this, and it is their great fear. The thing is not to be afraid. And you must also have something to hold onto.

It’s home that counts

“What that something is, you find out pretty fast when you do have a reversal. Just yesterday, I was talking to a per-

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former who'd been on the road forty-five weeks that year. His wife couldn't adjust, she didn't like show business. Result: divorce. And that divorce hurt him more than any business reversal, because it's what's at home that holds you up when things get rough. Maybe his wife wasn't told what would be ahead of them—maybe they never sat down to talk about it."

Another time he said, "It's the domestic problems that are the most common hazards in our business. I've experienced a few myself and I've seen a lot more, and I try to figure what I see around me. Some problems you almost have to second-guess."

Someone asked, "Were there any times that you had to second-guess?"

"Strange . . . but there were," he said. "I never realized that Bobbie could envy my way of life—but she did. Here I'd call her and tell her I had to stay in New York for a sponsor meeting or something dull like that. I'd forget that she was back on the cooking range, tied down with a child. To her my life seemed thrilling."

When he realized how she felt, he began inviting her to various sponsor and agency meetings; to rehearsals and personal appearances. Barbara soon saw that it wasn't dull and routine. She saw the tension of contract meetings, all the waiting and arranging. "Now I've got to fly to Cali-

Two blows in one week

But again, Lady Luck turned her back on the Clarks. Within one week there were two hard-to-take events. Dickie underwent eye surgery. And the following statement was made public:

"It is with deep regret that we confirm the report of our impending divorce. We have consulted our attorneys and the divorce papers will be filed in the near future," Dick evaded reporters and visited his son daily. He knew that only time could tell if the operation succeeded. His two anxieties became unbearable burdens. But he continued with his work and never shared his woes with anyone. Some friends suspect that Dick knew his wife wanted a divorce several months before the announcement, and he was hoping to save his marriage. They say he fought without success.

There were many speculations made about why a marriage that survived so much should fail. But the questions go un-

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GONE WITH THE WIND
Continued from page 30

truly understand myself, I had to be alone, living the present and reliving the past. But I remembered acutely what had happened the night of the first ball and wondered what on earth might happen this time.

Olivia de Havilland closes her eyes remembering . . . That first night in Atlanta, at the mammoth "Gone With the Wind" Ball at the Municipal Auditorium, there were 5,200 people who were all coming in full period costume. In her gown of pink tulle, every ruffle edged in black lace, she paced her hotel room waiting for a phone call from the lobby. She had dined with Mr. Selznick, with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier—those two so beautifully in love. Now she paced. Nine-thirty. Ten. She phoned Vivien's suite. No answer. She phoned the lobby. The "Gone With the Wind" people were gone with the wind—an hour ago, the hotel manager said.

"But I've got to get there, too!" cried naive Olivia, on the verge of tears. "I'm expected, too."

She'd never gone anywhere alone in her life. She was so socially insecure that most of the time when she was invited to parties, she ended up calling her host to say she was ill—which through apprehension, was unremittingly true. "But one thing an artist dreams of is being remembered, and all through the making of this picture, all of us felt that we would be. And I certainly didn't want to miss this night."

"What did I do? I phoned the chief of police, he escorted me in a Black Maria and somehow we managed to get through the thousands of people still waiting outside in the chance of buying tickets. As I hurried in, the lights were down, Mayor William B. Hartsfield—who is still mayor of Atlanta, isn't that extraordinary?—was on the stage and in his expansive, charming way was introving: 'And now, I want to introduce that lovely symbol of Southern womanhood, Miss Olivia de Havilland!'"

"The spotlight swung to the box where the stars were seated—there stood my empty chair! I didn't know what to do and I can't tell you how panicky I was to be forgotten on this night of all nights.

She wasn't left out

"'Here I am!' I yelled, running as fast as I could. The spotlight found me and just then a Southern gentleman picked me up and held me aloft so that Larry Olivier could reach down and get me. Pink tulle ruffles and all, he hoisted me over the balcony rail to my place. Next day's headlines read: Melanie Steals the Show. Heaven knows I wasn't trying to steal the show, I was just trying not to be left out of it!"

This year she determined to dress early and pray against possible disaster. She entered the Biltmore ballroom wearing a pale green lace gown designed by Dior, her hair cut short, looking nothing at all like the long-ago demure Olivia, she thought. But instantly she was overwhelmed by a wave of Dixie rebels and officers in the uniform of the Confederate Army, all pleading for dances. "Miss Melanie, please." "Miss Melanie, may I express my admiration, ma'am?"

"I felt almost like that long-ago Olivia, who had just begun to live," she says. "It's a strange experience, believe me, to be living the present, yet somehow simultaneously in the past, when all that lay ahead was still unguessed."

Olivia had realized this when first she stepped from her plane to be greeted by Mayor Hartsfield, riding with him in an open car through the streets of Atlanta where 10,000 people thronged Peachtree Street, cheering, throwing confetti just as before . . . the car turning at Five Point, just as before . . . David O. Selznick in the car behind, just as before . . . and next day visiting the Cyclorama where, spread out all about you in the most intricate and exact miniature reproduction, is the Battle of Atlanta, just as before.

Vivien and Olivia met, after all these years, at the Cyclorama. They had known each other very well, but once the picture and its festivities ended, their busy careers became even busier. When Vivien and Laurence Olivier went back to England, the war years cut them off. Olivia married and is now living in France. Their lives have taken such different turns—that meeting was a moving moment. Olivia went up to Vivien, they kissed and found themselves amid a flood of memories.

A lovely romance—then

They were both thinking the same thing, of Vivien twenty-two years ago, how in love she and Larry were. "And everyone was in love with them," Olivia says. "Everyone wished just such joy for themselves. I know I did. Theirs was the kind of brave, beautiful romance you knew could never be destroyed." They had met in England two years before and worked in a picture together. Larry was already a well-known actor. Vivien was a very pretty newcomer. By the time that picture was finished, they were completely in love and divorce suits were instigated by Vivien's husband, lawyer Herbert Leigh Holman, and by Laurence's wife, actress Jill Esmond. When he came to America to make "Wuthering Heights," Vivien followed, to see him, and yearning, also, for a chance at Scarlett O'Hara. In Atlanta, 1939, they were still living an early chapter of their love . . . In Atlanta, 1961, that book had just recently been ended. After twenty-one years of marriage, the Oliviers had been divorced so that Laurence might marry Joan Plowright. It added an extra poignance to the ending of "Gone With the Wind" when Scarlett screams after Rhett
Butler, “What’s to become of me?” And he says curtly, “I don’t give a damn.”

Later that night Vivien and Olivia were watching the Battle of Atlanta, only half-hearing the commentary, when Vivien, pale as a ghost, leaned against the para- pet. Olivia took her hand, and found Vivien was shaking terribly.

“Are you all right, Vivien?”

“I’m tired. And it’s so strange. Olivia, I don’t remember this. I just don’t remember.”

At the ball that night, Vivien wore a dress of white faille beautifully embroi- dered in green, reminiscent of the white, green-sprigged muslin she’d worn in the first scene in the picture. She wore a wig, too, combed as Scarlett’s hair after she became Mrs. Rhett Butler. She seemed almost the same Scarlett..., almost. The next night, they walked into the same theater. Leslie’s Crews, through the same portico representing Ashley Wilkes’ “Twelve Oaks.” The square outside the theater was crammed with people, exactly as it once had been.

But Vivien and Olivia shivered slightly. You can’t bring back the past, Clark Gable was not there, nor Leslie Howard. Margaret Mitchell who wrote the famous novel had been killed by a drunk driver in 1949 and Hattie McDaniel and Ona Mun- son are dead. So are Ward Bond and Harry Davenport, and Sidney Howard who wrote the screenplay and directors Victor Fleming and Sam Wood. And Laura Hope Crews who played Aunt Pitty-Pat.

All dead. Yet up there on the screen they each live vividly as ever. “We all be- lieved in this picture,” Olivia says. “These were real people with weaknesses and strength, with happiness and unhappiness and ten- derness and cruelty. Margaret Mitchell held a mirror to life. I’ll think about that tomorrow” became a national catch line.”

Clark refused to cry

“Clark had an intense respect for his role. His most diffcult scene was the one where he has to cry after Scarlett lost the baby. Clark fought like a tiger against that scene, he hated the idea of a man weeping, felt it unmanly, and he wouldn’t react in this way himself. Once he surren- dered, he played the scene brilliantly. I sat in the theater in Atlanta, the Loew’s,剧场，and wept deeply—five pieces of tissue. The scene was more brilliant than I’d remembered—and I remembered so vividly the agony he went through.”

Olivia had never met Clark before they started working. Leslie Howard she had worked with before, and knew him as an ephemeral person—unique, curious and a polished artist. A man mysterious in life and in death, for he disappeared in 1943 in an air crash off the coast of Portugal.

Because of his early death, Leslie Howard was perhaps the least affected by the picture’s success. He certainly affected everyone else’s life. Clark not only played Rhett to the hilt on the screen, he played it in his rest of his life, and why not? It was the role that made him “King.” And Vivien moved up as the most important fem- inine name of the year.

“Everyone’s career zoomed,” Olivia says. “Mine certainly did. So did Thomas Mitchell’s, and Hattie McDaniel’s, Ona
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Munson's, Jane Darwell's. Ann Rutherford became active in the "Andy Hardy" series as Polly Benedict. And if you want to hear the strange way in which lives can cross—Ann is now married to Bill Dozier and is stepmother to my twelve-year-old niece, Deborah, (my sister Joan Fontaine's daughter)."

"There were unforgettable scenes," Olivia says. "One for example where I go upstairs with Hattie McDaniel when all has gone wrong between Scarlett and Rhett after the tragedy of their child. Hattie, incidentally, had to be taught a thick Georgian accent. She came from Kansas. In this scene she was so moved, so simple and so sincere, she almost broke my heart. That scene probably won Hattie her Oscar and that almost broke my heart too—at least at the time. Hattie was entitled to that award, and it was much more important for her to win it. I realized that later. But on Academy Awards night, I found I couldn't stay at the table another minute. I had to be alone; so I wandered out to the kitchen at the Ambassador Hotel and cried.

Olivia met Jimmy Stewart

"Viewing the picture today," she continues, "you see so much more than you did then. When I first saw it I knew very little about life. But this picture changed mine in many ways—Jimmy Stewart was just around the corner."

After the twenty-four hours of fabulous festivities in Atlanta in 1939, "Gone With the Wind" was then premiered in New York. The big question was, who could Olivia de Havilland bring the New York opening? Her agent made some arrangements and her escort turned out to be Jimmy Stewart—whom she had never met in her life. When she stepped off the plane at LaGuardia Field, "there he was—droll, charming, adorable, and shyly waiting." He had promoted a very handsome limousine and they sped away into Manhattan.

"Jimmy Stewart was one of the delightful things that happened to me," Olivia remembers. "He showed me New York, he taught me to eat my first oysters, ordered my first Old-Fashioned, took me to 21' for the first time, took me to see Vera Zorina in 'I Married an Angel' and everything he said I thought witty, and everything I said he thought dull. En route west, when I was stranded at Kansas City, I phoned him from the Muhlback Hotel, and when I told him that, he was hilarious. He thought it was spelled Muleback. We were both back in Hollywood in time for New Year's Eve, and Jimmy wanted to take me to Jack and Ann Warner's party. I wanted to go, too, but I was running a temperature of 101 and I couldn't—which was just as well as I'd had a long-standing date with my old beau. At eleven o'clock that night, this old beau phoned to say he was taking me—to Jack and Ann Warner's party. When I pleaded a fever he just said, 'Get dressed, Livvy, you're going, I'll be right over.' He was, too, and I went, and danced with both gentlemen until 6 A.M. I came home completely cured."

Olivia was in love with Jimmy. For a year they saw each other daily and she'd have adored to marry him—she sort of expected to, only he never asked her. She kept waiting. They kept dating. "I couldn't stand the suspense," Olivia says, and now she can laugh saying it. But then she suffered. "I thought, 'If I don't make him happy enough to want to ask me, what's the use? There's nothing to do but remodel my life.'"

Until he reads it here, I don't believe Jimmy Stewart ever knew why Olivia de Havilland broke with him. At the time he probably hurt. But so was she. And very young. "Gone With the Wind" was the beginning of growing up.

Life goes on

In the twenty-two years since, she has married twice, borne two children (Benjamin, 11, Giselle, 4), and found deep personal happiness. This is what matters. True, "Gone With the Wind" has grossed $54,000,000. True it has pulled 120,000,000 people through the turnstiles of theaters. True it is the one motion picture that seems destined to live forever. But life goes on. Tara, built in 1937 on Selznick's old Pathe lot in Culver City, was taken down plank by plank two years ago and sent to Atlanta. One of these days it will be set up fifteen miles outside the city limits. Desilu needed space on the studio lot, and Atlanta needed a tourist attraction. That's life—it goes on—sometimes fulfilling the hopes it held out to the young and starry-eyed—and sometimes breaking its promises to them.

The End
discovered that there is such a thing as too much good luck.

Van, the remarkably handsome son of a rich father, had his first automobile, a jeep, when he was in the eighth grade, and his family had sufficient prestige to get him out of resulting scrapes.

For an extra measure of good luck, he was a football scholarship player, the school was planning to admit college with no trouble, and he played varsity football while taking a stiff, pre-medical course.

 Fortune’s darling

When he came to Hollywood, he was still fortune’s darling. He had been in Hawaii on a football scholarship and there, while he was teaching ski diving at a resort hotel, he had met the late Mike Todd.

Todd, as represented by his talent, was the embodiment of the encouragement of the great producer who young Williams tackled a movie career.

“I’ll try acting,” Van said pleasantly a couple of years ago, looking appraisingly over the Warner Brothers spread, “but if I don’t like it, I’ll become a rancher. I grew up on a ranch, and someday I’d like to go back to one.”

He was charming, untroubled, and relatively unacquainted with real life. He hadn’t discovered then that there is such a thing as too much good luck. And he hadn’t learned that Vicki, the girl he was courting, wasn’t sure that she wanted to marry him.

They had set their wedding date, and it was only three weeks away when Vicki broke the news to him.

She’d been sitting on Malibu Beach watching Van surf. Vicki is an expert swimmer, he’s a fast driver and while he was racing shoreward on a wave, he was powerfully masculine, compellingly attractive.

Vicki, watching him, had weighed her painful decision.

“I love him,” she thought, “and I’ll miss him all my life if I don’t marry him. But, if I do marry him . . . will he break my heart? I can’t stand a broken heart again.”

Van came out of the water grinning and pushing wet hair back out of his eyes, and flopped down on a blanket beside his bride-to-be.

Vicki didn’t wait for the small talk to begin.

“Yeah,” she said quickly, before she could change her mind, “I want to call off the wedding.”

He was leaning on his elbow and sat up abruptly.

“Oh? I don’t understand. You’re telling me?”

“No,” Vicki said sadly, “I’m not joking. I’ve been married to one man who had a great deal of charm—a very great deal—but who had no understanding.

Nothing but fun

“Van, this may sound crazy, but I don’t want a life like that. Really, I don’t want everything to go right all the time. In life, it almost never does, anyway, and you’ve never been up against big trouble. I don’t know how it would affect you.

“If I marry again, I want a few problems, because good marriages grow and strengthen through problems. A couple with nothing to work toward and nothing to surmount soon has—nothing.”

Van was silent. He wanted to reassure her, yet he knew that she was right in a way. He had to admit to himself that he didn’t have any problems nor any definite goal. As a child, his goals had been established for him. He’d never felt the necessity to slay a dragon, because no dragons had come his way.

“But Vicki,” he finally said, lamely, “I love you. Isn’t that enough?”

Vicki shook her head. Van was furious with disappointment. Joltingly, he realized that he wasn’t destined to get his way just for the wanting.

“I had a hard time convincing Vicki that we should marry,” he said recently during a lunch break in “Surfside Six” renewed for the second season.

“I had the chance of a happy marriage, and she didn’t want to risk another one. She had to be convinced that I wasn’t serious about wanting a home and a family more than a constant good time.”

The wedding was cancelled three times, because the bride (and once the groom) got cold feet. Vicki expressed so many doubts that Van finally developed them, too.

At last, however, with the wedding date set again—for March—they drove to Texas to spend Christmas with his parents.

“On the way back from Texas,” Van recalls, “we decided that we had waited too long. I told Vicki, I know we’ll be married eventually, so let’s not waste any more time.”

They called Vicki’s mother and asked her to fly to meet them, but she persuaded them to come back to Los Angeles for the ceremony.

Van and Vicki wanted to be married in the Wayfarers’ Chapel, the all-glass church on Palos Verdes Peninsula.

“The preacher,” Van said, “told us that the church was booked with weddings for weeks, but that he’d call if an opening developed. A couple of nights later, he telephoned and said we could be married the next morning at 9 o’clock. What a rush! And he only had three days for a honeymoon.”

Van’s marriage came a few months after he went to work at Warners, but only after he married did he begin to develop as an actor. He began to sample the emotions that an actor must portray.

“I’ve been as pleased most of my life,” Van frankly, “and I don’t think that I’ve been selfish, particularly; it’s just that I’ve gotten my own way.”

That’s been changing, however, in the past two years.

Van’s great-grandfather was a major in the Confederate Army and a pioneer of Texas. His grandfather was mayor of Ft. Worth, was president of the board of trustees of Texas Christian University (which Van attended), inaugurated the famous Southwest Exposition and Stock Show, and was a director of the biggest bank in town.

Van’s father carried on the family tra-
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He didn't follow rules
"I'm definitely not one to follow rules set up by somebody else," Van says, "but, as I look back at things, I see I was pushed into everything I ever did—until I came to California.

"My father was a fine athlete, and by the time I was two years old, he was sure I'd be a football player. I was, I was on the high school All-American team, and I played all the way through college, at TCU and at the University of Hawaii.

"My mother was active socially, and she guided me at social life. She was very strictly reared in the South's tradition of being a lady, and she has rigid ideas about right and wrong.

"Nevertheless, I was pretty wild. Nobody ever forced me to do anything I didn't want to do."

The sending of Van got underway when he met Vicki. When he found that he couldn't do as he pleased, that he couldn't marry her at first proposal, he was brought up painfully short like a spirited range horse on a slippery halter.

After the wedding, he confronted another problem.

Nina, Vicki's two-year-old daughter by her marriage to Jeff Richards, didn't like her new stepfather very much, and neither Van's charm nor his presents could change her.

Nina, who scarcely knew her real father, had never called Jeff Richards "Daddy," and Van, hoping to fill the role of father completely, wanted badly to earn the title.

"Come here, Nina," he'd say, coming home from the studio with a new doll or a carton of ice cream. "I have something for you. Don't you want to see it?"

Nina would eye the gift and the giver doubtfully.

"Honey," Van would coax, "come on, and I'll put the ice cream in a sauce for you. It's chocolate."

Nina, hanging back, would shake her head.

"Mamma'll do it," she would say.

And Van would give up, temporarily defeated by the suspicions of a two-year-old.

"Darling, she's as hard to convince as you were," Van said to Vicki one day. "It's funny, too. I used to think most girls liked me—but you and Nina—I've sure had trouble selling myself to you."

"Don't worry, Van," Vicki said, not very convincingly. "She'll be calling you Daddy one of these days."

But as days went by, Van did worry. He knew that, because he knew Vicki was unhappy about his failure to win her daughter's love.

Finally—the right approach
"I tried spoiling Nina," Van says, "and that didn't work. Then, one day, acting on intuition, I did the right thing."

"We were at the beach and somebody gave Nina something. Vicki told her to say 'Thank you' and she wouldn't. It didn't start out as a big problem, but it developed into one. Pretty soon, Nina was saying, 'I won't to her mother."

"When I heard that, without really thinking, I grabbed her and spanked her. Nina was not going to talk back to Vicki.

"I thought she'd really hate me then, but it had just the opposite effect."

The spanking over, Van righted his small, still-shy face, and, with his handkerchief, wiped her eyes.

"Nina," he said, "I didn't want to hurt you but I want you to be a good girl because I love you. Now, would you like me to take you into the water?"

Nina sniffed and studied Van. She slipped a hand into his.

"Yes, Daddy," she said.

Meanwhile, though Van's domestic difficulties were smoothing, he was meeting disappointments at the studio. When he went into ill-fated "Bourbon Street Beat," he had understood that his part would be built gradually into a lead. Nothing happened. His part didn't grow, and rumors began to circulate that the show wouldn't be renewed the next season.

When Van heard the news, his reaction surprised him. He had thought he didn't really care whether he became an actor, but, with the slow demise of "Bourbon Street," he made a startling discovery.

He hated it.

He went into "SurfSide 6" resolved to improve his craft as an actor and aware that good roles aren't as easy to win as football games.

"I finally got a chance to prove myself through an accident," he says. "Lee Patterson fell ill one night out of town just before he was to play the leading part in a 'SurfSide' episode. He sent a telegram saying he wouldn't be at work the next day and then went to bed."

"The telegram didn't arrive. Nobody knew where Lee was. In desperation, the director called me and asked whether I thought I could play the role which had been tailored to him.

Van, still not a shrinking sort, said that he thought he could. He did so well that varied leads have followed in steady procession.

Van's first national magazine interview gave his publicist grey hair, he was so uninhibited. He's still completely frank, but he's more the artist of his past than he used to be and is more conservative.

"I remember after that first interview," he laughs. "I was warned to think before I spoke. But I still say what I believe."

However, his changing philosophy is illustrated when he says:

"I wouldn't want Nina to go out with boys as wild as I was when I was growing up. Child-rearing theories alternate with each generation. My mother was very strictly brought up, and I did as I wanted. I hope I won't be too strict with Nina, but a girl who is allowed too much freedom is a lousy wife."
MARRIAGE?

Continued from page 62

Knickerbocker, there's no doubt that Hugh has asked Soraya to marry him. As Cholly has said: "What the green-eyed ex-wife of the Shah of Iran has said to the proposal is not known, but we understand that Soraya's mother is dead-set against it.

Hugh must consider the fact that he is not saying. When he returned to the United States, after breaking his leg while skiing at Kitzbuhel, Austria, with the Princess, he made a point of not dating or seeing any of his former girlfriends. Was he hoping that Soraya might reconsider?

In the meantime a Milan magazine, Gente, reported that the lonely Princess, who had been forced into divorce in 1958 because she bore the Shah no children, was trying to heal her heart in Kitzbuhel. "After," as the magazine phrased it, "a broken American romance."

There could be no doubt—that romance was with Hugh. The report went on to say Soraya was forced to return to Europe from America when her father phoned her. The phone call was caused by her romance with Hugh. Her father, who is Ambassador of Iran in Bonn, Germany, abruptly recalled his daughter to Europe. The recall, the magazine said, was not a direct initiative from the Ambassador but a personal order of the Shah, who had remarried and just made world headlines by becoming for the first time a father of a son.

Whatever happened then, no one knows. But one thing was certain: Soraya came back to Hugh. Three months later, they slipped into Washington together and went into seclusion as house guests of Brigadier General and Mrs. Joseph Battley.

"Is it a marriage?" people asked. The rumors had reported them on their way to Virginia for a quiet wedding. There was neither confirmation nor denial. Then General Battley was said to tell friends he didn't believe there was anything in the marriage rumor. They were merely visiting, with other weekend guests, he explained.

The Princess agreed. There was to be no wedding. Friends blamed it on her mother. Others said it was the Shah's decision. Soraya said nothing. The most she would admit was, "Perhaps there will be an announcement in the spring . . ."

Meanwhile Hugh waited, and said little. In the last interview he gave me, he wouldn't talk about Soraya by name. He would discuss his marital plans only in this way:

**European vs. American women**

**Question:** Do European women have anything over Americans?

**Answer:** It seems to me they give more thought to a man. I guess that's because they've had a few thousand years to cultivate their approach and attitude toward men—and other assorted, interesting ruins!

**Question:** Can a plump girl look beautiful to you?

**Answer:** I'm afraid not. Attractive, maybe, but not beautiful, because there's something very immediately pleasing about beauty. A girdled-up tree isn't as pretty as a young oak or birch, but as you look at it, it becomes interesting. Beauty is immediate; it takes no time at all to know you've witnessed it. I suppose a woman has to think of herself as beautiful because as she thinks, so will she appear. Now, I suppose it's true that you think of face more than figure when you think of beauty, but when a woman is plump—anywhere—she's distorted. And to my mind distortion is unbeautiful. Beauty is perfect harmony.

**Question:** Would you rather your girl wore a comfortable dress or a stunning one?

**Answer:** There's no reason in the world why a stunning dress can't also be a comfortable one. As a matter of fact, if it's not comfortable, it can't be stunning.

**Question:** When you call a girl a "flirt," is it a compliment or an insult?

**Answer:** Well, let's say it's not always an insult. (Hugh laughed.)

**Question:** Who is the most interesting woman you've ever known?

**Answer:** My mother. Maybe it's because I've never known another woman so well. She was a fantastic person . . . just what I think God expected a woman to be—sincere, unselfish, loving, companionable and a rock of security to all of us. She was creative within the bounds of herself and her family—that was her world—but she also had a searching mind, and encouraged thought and activity. She had a quiet way about her . . . easygoing . . . soothing. When I became aware at school that some of the other kids went to several different churches, she actually encouraged me to accompany other families to their places of worship. I'll never forget that. It was the beginning of an enormous new understanding for me.

**Question:** What woman outside of show business have you always wanted to meet?

**Answer:** I find Eleanor Roosevelt terribly interesting. I find Nancy Sinatra beautiful in the same way Ingrid Bergman is—from the inside. That's the kind of woman I'm looking for.

But lately, there has been a change in the way: 

**Vicki lost the baby she and Van wanted so badly. He had especially wanted a son. He doesn't talk much about the disappointment and grief except to say, "Of course, we were worried."**

"But," he adds, "the baby might not have been normal if it had lived, the doctor told me, so I guess, in a way, we were lucky."

The luck of Van Williams had taken an ironic turn.

Van and Vicki expect another baby in October and Van says, "It had better be a boy. After that, I'd like another girl."

The boy who seemed to have had everything except ambition and maturity has developed into a man who knows that nobody gets everything just for the asking.

When Van came to Hollywood he was almost too lucky for his own good. Now he's learned about love and grief and responsibility. This means he's learned about life.

—NANCY ANDERSON

Be sure to see Van on "Surf Side 6" every Monday at 8:30 P.M. EDT on ABC-TV.
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Can you cure brittle nails? The part of the nail you can see is actually dead tissue. The live nail grows under the cuticle, and that is where you should start to correct brittle nails. Cutex Nail-Flex is a medicated cream especially formulated to help encourage the growth of long, strong beautiful nails. But remember, new growth takes time and Nail-Flex should be rubbed into the cuticle faithfully for a period of weeks before you expect results.

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Hugh. Quieter, more serious. The old Hugh was flip, gay. He used to laugh and say how he loved women because "I just dig pretty girls. I want very much to have a family and raise children. I've been looking forward to it for a long time. But until I find somebody I want to spend the rest of my life with, I'm not going to get stuck."

Today, he still avoids mention of Soraya and will give a straight "No comment" to all queries. Why? Because he probably knows better than anyone the problems and differences that can keep his love for Soraya from culminating in a happy ending.

The man lives simply

The differences outnumber the similarities. Hugh has always lived quietly, his needs are modest, as he readily admitted. Once he said that his biggest investment was a car, a Thunderbird, although he would have loved a $6,000 Mercedes Benz. But he stuck to a good, standard American make. He was content to sun next to the pool and watch the accidental death of his own longtime canine pal, "Lady," No mansions for him, he said. "Should I spend a hundred thousand just to keep up a front?" Instead, he rented a pleasant apartment on the less fashionable side of Sunset Boulevard. "It costs half as much and is just as close to the pool as gigs."

A bedroom, living room, kitchen. Not extravagant. And he admitted, it cost one hundred and forty-five dollars. Not that it wasn't pleasant clean, modern with period pieces, white fireplace, floral covered chairs, a few stray pillows. And for his vacation—an inexpensive motel at Lake George.

His father's family were a nice family background. Compared with the international set Soraya is accustomed to, Hugh is as American as apple pie and a hot dog.

His dad was a sales executive with the Armstrong Cork Company, and they moved around a lot. Hugh was born in Rochester, New York, and grew up in three states—New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois. His family moved down and he went to New Trier High in Winnetka, Illinois. He had attended the University of Cincinnati, his father's old college, when he was interrupted and he went into the Marines. At eighteen he was one of the youngest drill instructors in Marine history.

After the war, he planned to study law at Yale University, but one night a sick friend asked him to fill in for him in a play he was doing. Hugh did,s liked it so much he started to study acting instead of law. He grabbed at every role he could get and at any job to keep himself going. Once he sold hardcover from an office to office. When he'd get an order, he'd invite his customer to the theater to see him act. It wasn't easy, but he worked hard. He was determined to become an actor. He did, he went to Hollywood—and there he met Soraya.

Soraya had lived in many places, too—in impressive white stone embassies with so many rooms the house ever bothered to count. She attended the best schools and never went anywhere unchaperoned. Home was a sprawling white estate in Iran. Her mother was a beautiful German countess, her father an ambassador, one of the Shah's most trusted men. Soraya was a pretty girl, but shy, quiet. Until fame came, the fame of being the Queen of Iran.

Her fabulous homes

Her homes then were the many palaces of the King; his yacht; expensive suites on the Riviera, at Davos, Sun Valley, Paris. Rode with her beloved Shah. She had fabulous parties, magnificent gowns, harem girls of the staffs of the love of a King and his entire country. A big difference from life in Winnetka, Illinois.

She met Hugh in Hollywood. He took her dancing, night-clubbing, to Las Vegas. He knew all the best places. People stared when they saw him and asked for his autograph. He was at home there. It was his world. But in Munich, there stands a castle. Soraya bought it after her divorce. It is her home. It is the symbol of the differences between their backgrounds.

There is a difference in religions, too. Hugh has said, "My parents were Jews. God-loving people. My father was strict, my mother more liberal, but both were active in church. I was baptized as a child, and I went to church as far back as I can remember. My mother had wonderful illustrated books about the Bible, and she used to read to my kid brother Don and myself. We were brought up not so much with a Bible in the hand as with the Bible in our hearts. I learned early in life that there was a great deal more to faith than learning the Ten Commandments. One learned the importance of faith itself, that if one had as much faith as is measured by the grain of a mustard seed, all things would be possible. "I have never lost the habit of going to church that had been instilled in me by my family. About ten years ago, I started going to the Presbyterian Church in Hollywood. I am very grateful for my faith. It has given me an anchor, a sense of security."

These must be Hugh's thoughts now as he talks. But perhaps, even more important than these differences, is the Shah of Iran who, it is emphasized, must pass on his ex-wife's future husband. The Shah is now married to a beautiful young woman who produced for him the long-awaited son and is pregnant again, but he has not yet released his hold on Soraya's life.

In the end, the greatest odds against Hugh may not be the differences between him and Soraya, but the bond she has with the Shah of Iran. For perhaps, in the end, what Hugh must do to win is to fight love. . . the love the Shah once had, may still have, for Soraya, the woman Hugh now loves.

—RUTH BRITTEN
ANOTHER WOMAN’S SHADOW

Continued from page 38

to one side, but they were all still sitting there, and her mother, her older brother and sister. Her mother was reading aloud from a script and the little girl tried to concentrate. She couldn’t read yet, so tomorrow she’d have to know the words by heart for her first television show. Her brother was whispering something to her sister and, when she looked at him, as if for help, he smiled. Anybody knew he wouldn’t help. Her mother started to read the words over from the beginning. Her brother looked annoyed. She knew he didn’t like her, because she got all the attention. He didn’t understand. She was different, her mother had told them all that. Mother said she knew it from the minute she was born. That’s why she made her a model, just like she used to be herself. And now she was going to be an actress too. She looked at her brother and sister but they were whispering together again, as if she weren’t alive. She turned back to her mother and began concentrating hard on the words. She was glad she was going to be an actress. She hated being a model.

The woman was twelve now. She sat on a canvas chair with her name on it, and when she looked up, she saw the cameras and the lights and her mother frowning at her. Obliquely, she went back to her lesson. Then, after a couple of minutes, she leaned across to Lea and whispered something. The teacher nodded and, quickly, the girl walked toward the exit. Her mother, talking to some men in the corner of the set, smiled at her. The girl turned a corridor, found a door marked “Ladies,” and went in. She leaned against the closed door and, shutting her eyes tight, she smiled. In the dark, behind her eyes, she could see the dream beginning.

The girl sat all alone, five flights above the stage in a bare dressing room. There was nothing to do. She couldn’t read, because in another couple of minutes, she and some boy had to run down the stairs and yell a few words from offstage. She closed her eyes and tried to see the dark-haired woman she called “Nutt.” The woman had first come to her when she was sick, and she wasn’t sure if she was a dream or a reality. She had a beard on her forehead and she wore a sari. She was so serene and worldly, in a way, too. She was sure her head was made up of another life. She could almost see her, but suddenly the daydream shattered. The boy broke into the room, “Hey, c’mon,” he shouted. “Let’s go.”

The woman was thirteen and she didn’t know why but she felt miserable. She did what she always did when she felt really happy. She went to bed and, for days, she stayed there. They let her have her pets—her cats and dogs and one of her chipmunks—in the room with her. Her mother brought food up to her room, the things she liked best to tempt her appetite. She offered one of the little cakes to her dog but he sniffed it and turned his head away. She ate it herself instead and then, beginning to feel a little better, she scooped up the dog and held him close to her. She had always loved animals, even before that first dog that had made her want the part in the movie so much. The animals were the only things around her who couldn’t tell her where to go or what to do.

The girl was unhappy, too. She stood in front of the camera and frowned. She didn’t have any animals; there wasn’t enough money for that. Instead, she had a tattered beanbag she called Jacob, and she’d promised herself that when she grew up she’d buy the biggest dog she could find. Something golden. It turned out she had a birdie that flew around the room, but the trick didn’t work. She wouldn’t smile. Finally, throwing up his arms, the photographer sent his assistant out of the studio. When he came back, he was carrying a gorgeous ice-cream sundae. The girl smiled. Happily, at least. She didn’t eat much. In fact, that soon she didn’t have to model—at least for a little while. She was too fat.

The woman was fifteen now. She walked through the studio commissary in a middy blouse and jumper, her chimpank Nibbles cuddled at her throat. She had written a book, seventy-seven pages, called “Nibbles and Me.” Now it was used in the commissary; they were used to seeing her there. But the next day, everything was different. She walked in with a swinging full skirt, a wide belt pulled tight around her waist and a low-cut peasant blouse. She was well-developed for her age. The men in the room noticed that she bounced a little as she walked. They noticed, too, that she had a special look in her eye, a look that a man had to take as a personal challenge. She could feel their eyes on her every step of the way as she crossed the commissary. She liked the sensation. Later, the studio wardrobe mistress measured her and announced she was 37½-20-36. After that, she wore grown-up clothes every day and she walked through the commissary every day, too. Sometimes several times a day. Suddenly, everyone was looking at her as if she were a woman. It confused her, but she decided she liked it.

The girl had blossomed so fast that nobody would believe she was only eleven years old. She told them she was fifteen. She forced herself to say it calmly. Then she waited, watching their faces. She wanted to belong to this group, a little-theater group made up of older kids. She wanted to find someone, at last, who would really notice and want her. She was sure she was really her model’s make-up girl. She piled her hair on top of her head and squeezed into a tight skirt and high heels. She didn’t feel like fifteen, but she didn’t feel like eleven either. After a moment, she saw the faces were smiling. They believed her and they invited her in. One of the boys offered her a cigarette. Without a moment’s hesitation she took it. They told what her life had been, what her life would be, what her life would be like, and she took it. She leaned over, aware that the boy’s eyes were on her body, to accept a light.

The woman was eighteen. Eight months before, in a magnificent white gown, she

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The girl will be eighteen on August 27th. Her mother no longer goes to the studio with her and she is now allowed to sit alone with a man in the studio company. But her mother still buys all her clothes and her lipstick. And she boasts that her daughter tells her everything. When she comes home too late, her mother objects loudly—to her and, sometimes, to her date, too. They live together in a house that’s divided into two apartments, one for her and a separate one for her mother. But to get to the girl’s apartment, or to leave it, you have to pass through the mother’s. On August 27th, the girl says she’ll leave her mother. She’s moving out.

There is more to this story. More strange parallels. They say that, for the woman, the first man who really mattered in her life was a famous actor who was old enough to be her father. For the girl, it happened the same way.

Each has wanted to be free, to do as she pleased. And each in turn has made newspaper headlines for it and been condemned. Each has a special quality about her, as if destiny had marked her out. Some day, like the woman, the young girl will be a great star.

It’s true, they don’t look alike, these two. Their names are never linked together. No one ever speaks of them in the same breath. It is only when, by chance, you read about Tuesday Weil and suddenly you feel you’ve read this story before. Or one like it. And then you think of Elizabeth Taylor and you know the young girl lives in the woman’s shadow. In a strange way, they share the same past. And the future—will that be the same, too?

—MILT JOHNSON

Tuesday is in “Wild in the Country” and “Return to Peyton Place,” both for 20th.

CUT IT REALITY BE GOODBYE?

Continued from page 47

town people. Though we’re a show-business couple, we prefer living away from the hustle and bustle of night clubs, premiers, midnight parties and publicity appearances. This is the reason we selected a home in Granada Hills—a thinly populated suburb of Los Angeles which is a good thirty miles from the socially accepted Beverly Hills.

When your job is entertaining the public, however, it’s impossible to retreat entirely. We never planned to be hermits—but neither did we plan on the pranks and continuous attempts to snoop Jimmie’s admirers. Perhaps we should have installed a electric gate and intercom system—but it’s hard to turn your back on the people who have been responsible for the house you live in. Without these admirers, Jim wouldn’t have an occupation. Without an occupation, our troubles would undoubtedly be worse than they are.

This fan adulation is a minor irritation—but it’s one of the many little things that have built up a stockpile of tensions—the little straws that broke the camel’s back.

From extreme to extreme

We have been either constantly surrounded by other people or been constantly alone.

When Jimmie travels it is necessary and important for him to be surrounded by managers, members of the press, fans and others connected with his work. At no time have we had any objections to these people; it’s just that we have had so little time to enjoy each other. By the time we find a day or two all our own, we are entirely sapped of our senses to the point of falling asleep on each other’s shoulder or sitting at each other over some silly incident. It’s a bit backwards that many times he’s had to awaken his pride and joy. Michele, at three A.M. just to sing her a melody or take a glance at her.

This is just one of the many problems that face us when we travel together. When I don’t travel with Jimmie, things are even harder for us. It’s very difficult for Jimmie to try sleeping in a strange hotel. several thousand miles away, wondering how things are at home. It’s just as bad for me, wondering how he is and what he is doing. Will I wake him if I call? Will I interrupt an important business meeting or press conference? The telephone becomes a very impersonal means of telling a person you love him, miss him and need him—especially when you want to be with him so very badly.

I don’t mean to sound bitter, but marriage counselors have been of no benefit to us whatsoever. I think perhaps they have only confused us—even though we have listened to their advice in good faith because it was given in sincerity. They suggested a number of remedies... Such as our hiring a full-time nurse for Michele and myself traveling with Jimmie. This would not only be expensive, but would not permit us the parental right and obligation of bringing up our own child. We brought her into this world to live a normal, happy life with the attention and affection of loving parents. She is the foremost reason why we are trying so hard to save our marriage.

Jimmie was advised to give up show business. This, too, is impossible. Jimmie is a man dedicated to his musical knowledge and talents. Would it be better for him to go back to his teen-age life in the paper mills of Camas, Washington? Of course not. Besides his family, music is the only thing that Jimmie loves and loves. Unfortunately, it is an occupation that takes a great deal of time.

Give up our home?

Another consultant suggested that we sell our home and move into a small apartment, to relieve me of the extra responsibilities of mother-father when Jim is away. How do you leave a home that has been such an important part of your life—a house that you struggled to buy, prayed to own and worked to maintain? Surely you don’t take your daughter from this warm, spacious home to bring her up in an ultra-modern apartment withpush buttons and cramped quarters. Particularly when she has already been given a huge backyard, four playful puppies for pets and as much privacy as the fans will allow. Our Granada Hills home is not pretentious, but it is a comfortable and healthy place to raise a little girl.

Over a period of a year Jimmie and I learned from these counselors that no one else can solve our problems for us—even when they mean well.

We are both deeply grateful to the friends and fans who have sent letters. But in all honesty, I think we can work things out better if we are left alone. If we are left to ourselves to sit and meditate, maybe then we can work out a sensible attitude towards this terrible situation, which we find ourselves involved. We need and want understanding, but not pity. No hate has gone into our divorce—only love.

Sometimes we don’t appreciate the good until its gone. Then when we have it again—well, then we love it even more than we did before. Jimmie and I don’t want to destroy what we have had—and we want to preserve what is left for us.

Not proud of divorce

Divorce is a heartbreaking affair and we aren’t proud to be caught in it. But it is not reserved to celebrities. The only difference is that no one is interested in why Tom Johnson, the local plumber, failed to make a go of his marriage.

The only slightly amusing aspect of our state of affairs is that many columnists keep up insistent questioning and snooping about Jimmie. Don’t they ever hear of a divorce without a mystery man or woman to form a triangle? The third person involved in our troubles is our baby daughter. The “heavy” in the situation is the weakness of two people. At the moment neither of us can entirely face up to the reality of the situation because we don’t have the strength. The combination of mental and physical weariness is making both of us old before our time.

We are seeking maturity coupled with joy and laughter. We pray that we will find it before our divorce becomes final...

—as told to NANCY STREEBECK

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Incredible as it may seem, we want you—as a loyal reader of PHOTOPLAY—to take a look at the other movie magazines on the newsstands. We don't care which ones—Movie Life, Movie Screen, Modern Screen, Silver Screen, Motion Picture. It doesn't really matter. And, we might add, we're not out of our minds. There's a method to our madness.

We are convinced that when you actually compare PHOTOPLAY with its competition, you will happily join us in a crusade to tell your friends (we mean the ones who aren't hip!) why PHOTOPLAY is America's first and finest movie magazine. We would like you to rediscover why in this, our 50th year, we are the largest entertainment magazine published in the entire world—with more stories, more pages, more scoops, more gossip, and more pictures. Do this, won't you? You will be dramatically and delightfully reminded why PHOTOPLAY is first with true fans, first in the hearts of Hollywood.

We are proud of our lifetime of experience, experience that has given us the insights necessary to capture the world of stars—the glamour, the excitement, the glory and . . . even the tragedy. Frankly, we don't think your friends should be asked to take your word for it—or ours. Let them go to their favorite newsstand and see for themselves.

Yes, we're tooting our horn—which may not be modest—but since when is a Golden Anniversary a time for modesty? We want everyone to know that, with this very issue, we are starting to celebrate our next 50 years! We want your friends to be our friends—to share with us all the surprises we have in store for you in the coming months.
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WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Thanks—but no thanks—for your exercise article. I tried pinching myself as you suggest; now will you advise as to what shade of makeup I could use to cover the bruises? Also, I have slammed myself on the floor as your figures illustrated, and the result: I've got the thinnest floor you ever did see. True, I have lost a little weight, but now I need a chiropractor.

Helen Jamison Newark, N. J.

Eddie may be back in Debbie's life as your story says, but must she return to mine as well? I'm sure many of your readers have the same complaint, and, although I'm mad about your book, let's have more stories on some other stars.

Eleanor Feldman Boston, Mass.

Dear Photoplay:

. . . . . . . . . . to me Liz is an actress, mother, and wife—all rolled into one. Newspapers and magazines have treated this wonderful person like dirt.

A Liz Fan
Denton, Texas

I'm sick and tired of people criticizing Bobby Darin. I think everyone is very unfair to him. He's a boy who's come up the hard way, and so why don't people give him a chance?

Barbara Cohen
Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE LOVED GARY

As an all-time fan of Gary Cooper, I have to tell you how thoroughly I enjoyed and wept over your article on him. Where oh where is Hollywood going to get another like him?

Sophie Miller
Sharon, Pa.

Could you please tell me if Gary Cooper was ever married to Sandra Shaw? In all the stories about him since his death, you never read about her, only his wife.

Mrs. Frank C. Gridley
Schenectady, N.Y.

PAMELA & LYDIA BURTON
Scarsdale, N. Y.

Richard Burton starred in the film. By the way, any relation to you girls?

Danny Kaye—Eo.

THE FIRST LADY

Your story on Jackie Kennedy was a welcome relief. I loved the pictures of her and the inside story of their romance. Let's have more. I'd rather read about Jackie than Liz any day!

Suzanne Collier
Elgin, Ill.

At first I was surprised that Photoplay would write about our First Lady, but after reading the story I think even Mrs. Kennedy would be pleased. I hope there will be more of the same, because I've started a scrapbook on Jackie.

Jill Adler
Glens Falls, N. Y.

Please—turn the page—

George is very much the bachelor. And if either of you plan to write to him—good luck!—Eo.

. . . . . We disagree on the star of "Look Back in Anger." I say it was Richard Burton and my sister says it was Laurence Olivier.

Pamela & Lydia Burton
Scarsdale, N. Y.

Richard Burton starred in the film. By the way, any relation to you girls?—Eo.

Was it Danny Kaye or Danny Thomas who accepted the award for Stan Laurel at the Academy Award presentations?

Mrs. Edith Wies
McGuffey, Ohio

Barbara Cohen
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sandra Shaw and Mrs. Cooper are one and the same. Sandra Shaw was the film name she used as a starlet. Today her friends refer to her as Rocky. She and Coop were married in 1933.—Eo.

PLEASE TELL US

Will you please settle an argument between my girlfriend and me? She insists George Nader is a bachelor, and I say he is married. Who is correct?

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Rock Hudson  Gina Lollobrigida
Sandra Dee  Bobby Darin
Walter Slezak

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**GO OUT TO A MOVIE**

by JANET GRAVES

**COME SEPTEMBER**
U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor (Adult)
Producer, Robert Arthur; Director, Robert Mulligan

**who's in it?** Rock Hudson, Sandra Dee, Gina Lollobrigida, Bobby Darin.

**what's it about?** Romantic romps around an Italian villa with an American tycoon, an Italian beauty and a crowd of teenage tourists from the U.S. Too much traffic! Delicious, delightful comedy in luxurious Riviera settings. Just watch Rock (back in his "Pillow Talk" mood) as a wolf who suddenly finds himself turning chaperone for Sandra and Bobby! It's a sly two-generation double play, lightly sexy but really quite proper.

**FANNY**
Warner, Technicolor (Adult)
Producer-Director, Joshua Logan

**who's in it?** Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Horst Buchholz.

**what's it about?** Two young lovers of the Marseilles waterfront—and the old man who gives their baby his name.

**what's the verdict?** Richly satisfying entertainment, as earthy as the genuine locales. Leslie and Horst are as wistful and passionate as you could ask, but they can't take the spotlight from Chevalier and Boyer—charm boys once, top character men now. (No songs; the music from the Broadway show becomes a graceful score.)

**BY LOVE POSSESSED**
U.A., De Luxe Color (Adult)
Producer, Walter Mirisch; Director, John Sturges

**who's in it?** Lana Turner, Efrem Zimbalist Jr., George Hamilton, Susan Kohner.

**what's it about?** A small-town lawyer's well-ordered life is shattered by illicit love, his partner's embezzlements, his son's arrest on a rape charge.

**what's the verdict?** Making a movie of the complicated best-seller was a tough job, but it's been turned out handsomely with glamorous stars like Lana and Efrem and good actors like Jason Robards Jr. and Thomas Mitchell. And all the characters are clearly explained in dialogue.

**LOVE IN A GOLDFISH BOWL**
Paramount, Panavision, Technicolor (Family)
Producers, Martin Jurow and Richard Shepherd; Director, Jack Sher

**who's in it?** Tommy Sands, Fabian, Toby Michaels, Jan Sterling, Edward Andrews.

**what's it about?** Boy-girl escapade! A flight from a swank boarding school to a hideaway vacation in a beach cottage.

**what's the verdict?** Breezy atmosphere, slaphappy slapstick and bright songs provide fun, with a pert new heroine and two dreamy guys. A few tips, though . . . Tommy, cut off that blond hair. Fabe, cut out the emoting. Young fans, don't let the incredible plot give you ideas!

**TWO RODE TOGETHER**
Columbia, Eastman Color (Family)
Producer, Stan Shpetner; Director, John Ford

**who's in it?** James Stewart, Richard Widmark, Shirley Jones, Linda Cristal.

**what's it about?** A money-minded marshal and an honest cavalryman team up to try rescuing whites long held by Indians.

**what's the verdict?** At times, this is as solid a western as you'd expect from its director and male stars, and the photography is splendid. Other times, the picture rambles, getting too talky (though funny), poking fun at TV westerns one minute and going deadly serious the next. Two rode in too many directions!

(Please turn the page)
THE BIG GAMBLE
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Family)
Producer, Darryl F. Zanuck; Director, Richard Fleischer

WHO'S IN IT? Stephen Boyd, Juliette Greco, David Wayne, Gregory Ratoff.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Two Irishmen and a Frenchwoman on a dangerous-junket into Africa to set up a trucking business.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Here's a genuine "sleeper," an unpretentious but steadily exciting adventure yarn, with people you can believe in and like—especially David, as a clerkish little guy who’s pretty tough after all. Exotic scenery, too.

THIEF OF BAGDAD
M-G-M; CinemaScope, Eastman Color (Family)
Producer, Bruno Balati; Director, Arthur Lubin

WHO'S IN IT? Steve Reeves, Georgia Moll, George Chamarat, Arturo Dominici.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A Robin Hood of ancient Persia, defying black magic and using white magic to save his beloved princess.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Muscle-man Reeves may be no Doug Fairbanks (silent movies' original Thief), but he's a jovial hero in a lively, light-hearted fairy tale. Some of the camera tricks are good and creepy, but there's no gore or gruesomeness; even the bad guys are spared. Take the small fry.

ADA
M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor (Adult)
Producer, Lawrence Weingarten; Director, Daniel Mann

WHO'S IN IT? Susan Hayward, Dean Martin, Wilfrid Hyde White, Ralph Meeker.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A politician's career is helped by his wife's shrewdness and courage—and hurt by her sordid past.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? If you've been longing for a juicy old-fashioned "woman's picture," here it is. Susan can tell 'em off in great style, and Dean's agreeable as the mere male in the case. Details of political shenanigans are realistic, but the story as a whole...? Doubtful.

GOODBYE AGAIN
U.A. (Adult)
Producer-Director, Anatole Litvak

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Love affair between a young American law student and a mature Parisienne whose older lover is faithless.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? High-class talent is generally wasted on this dreary talk-fest. Ingrid's distraught; Tony's distracted; Yves seems to wonder what all the fuss is about. As for us, we think this sort of thing is best left to French movie-makers. But at least it has lots of heavy romancing and luscious Dior clothes.

THE LADIES' MAN
Paramount; Technicolor (Family)
Producer-Director, Jerry Lewis

WHO'S IN IT? Jerry Lewis, Pat Stanley, Helen Traubel, Buddy Lester.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A girl-shy boy goes to work as handyman in a Hollywood residence club for girls (all knockouts).
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It'll take a stubbornly loyal Lewis fan to follow Jerry on this wild trip. It even swerves into fantasy. Mostly, it's hard to tell what he's trying to do—too many jobs, we'd guess. Pat's a sweet waif-type new girl, though stuck with the typical Lewis stuff. But Buddy's clowning clicks.

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Family)
Producer-Director, Irwin Allen

WHO'S IN IT? Walter Pidgeon, Frankie Avalon, Joan Fontaine, Barbara Eden.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Desperate mission for a nuclear sub: to fight a freak of nature that threatens to burn up the earth.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Science-fiction that's madly fictitious, all right—though your kid brother may sneer at its "scientific" angles. Oh well, park your brains at home and you may enjoy it. Frankie has little to do; Peter Lorre has a few wry lines to supply much-needed humor.
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Rock and Marilyn Maxwell have been slow in announcing plans for marriage, but maybe Troy’s plans will hurry them.

A reliable source gave Photoplay an exclusive scoop: Twentieth Century-Fox is refusing to advance Liz Taylor any more money until her role in "Cleopatra" has been recorded on film. The studio had signed her for one million dollars and given her a substantial advance, but that was prior to all the delays in getting the epic under way. So now they’re taking no chances, and they’ve informed her agents: "No work, no pay." And Liz undoubtedly could use some of the money now. The Eddie Fishers’ bank account has been hit hard in the wake of her costly illness and all those daily expenses that produce bills, bills, bills. The way we hear it, the reason Eddie and Liz didn’t buy a home in Hollywood last spring—they couldn’t. Eddie never raised the down payment on the $400,000 estate Liz had her heart set on. Even the $25,000 per week Eddie collected for singing at a Las Vegas engagement wasn’t enough to swing the deal—not with daily expenses like $450 a day for their stay at Vegas.

There’s a real storm (hurricane size) brewing between Ty Hardin and his ex.

Sean Flynn, here with Patrice Wymore, says he introduced Beverly Aadland to his father. Beverly recently married an LA draftsman.
Andra Martin. Ty is threatening to haul Andra into court in an attempt to take the custody of their twins away from her—unless, that is, she lets him visit the children more often. The actor claims he could really make things blistering for Andra in a court of law. Only a few months ago, Ty carried the biggest torch in town for his lost love, and now he wants nothing to do with her, except, of course, to see their children are properly reared. So he says.

Didn't Brad Dillman blow his top when his wife got the notion she wanted to become an actress? Apparently he couldn't talk her out of it, and he ended up packing his bags and moving out of the house—leaving her with her decision and their two young children. It must have torn his heart out to leave home. Brad was always very close to his wife and family. At the mere mention of children, he would pull out his billfold and show off snapshots of his kids.

I took a quick trip to San Francisco to check out a rumor that the Kingston Trio split because their wives are at odds. The wives, Photoplay discovered, have never been close, yet they have never feuded—mainly, I suppose, because they hardly know each other. What really happened amazed even the spouses. The boys themselves got into a policy dispute. Dave Guard (the trio's leader) decided to "educate" the others. Apparently he was tired of singing folk songs and wanted to do bigger things that would require reading music—for a change. But the other two would have none of it. So Mr. Guard is pulling out bodily and trying to take the trio's name (that has grossed millions) with him. Don't be surprised if, in 1962, there

(Please turn the page)
Andy Williams chats with Dick Clark and Connie Francis—and what they're saying might answer recent rumors.

All Lauren Bacall and Jason Robards Jr. wanted to do was get married—and, after quite a struggle, they did.

How do you fight rumors of a breakup? Dinah Shore and George Montgomery took a cozy vacation in New York.

The latest word is Frankie Avalon and Leticia Roman. Who knows what'll happen, but they do make a cute pair.

are two Kingston Trios, as Guard's indicated he plans to find some other boys.

Richard Beymer could be flirting with trouble—his latest heart throb is a certain French actress deeply entangled in divorce proceedings with her hubby.

The inside details of Cheryl Crane's latest tussle with the law is more tragic than shocking. The troubled teenager was arrested again—this time in the apartment of her grandmother. Cheryl and the two girls with her had been drinking. I understand Lana Turner had to be put under a physician's care when informed of her daughter's latest escapade. But now that Cheryl has decided to seek psychiatric help, things may be looking better—for everyone.

Certainly the elopement of Molly Bee and John Kipp will go down as the most unexpected marriage of the year. Only last winter Molly was engaged to marry Sandy Kevin (he's Peter Brown's stand-in). Then she fell for a teenage rock 'n' roll idol in Australia, and on June 11th she called her mother from Las Vegas to announce that she was marrying Kipp, a television cameraman.

Kipp is in his mid-thirties (Molly is 22). He first saw his future wife ten years ago when he focused his television camera on a shy, pigtailed little girl singing on Cliffie Stone's "Hometown Jamboree." It wasn't until four years ago, however, when he noted Molly Bee had grown up, that he asked her for a date.

 Didn't Eddie Fisher want to keep Todd and Carrie for a month each this summer so they could get acquainted with their stepmother? And didn't Debbie Reynolds refuse his request?

If Marilyn Monroe thought Yves Montand was avoiding her while he was in town working on "My Geisha," she had good reason. He not only refused to see Marilyn, but made sure there wouldn't be any accidental meetings, either. He checked into the Bel-Air Hotel, knowing Marilyn had a suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

You have to hand it to the Mike Landon. When a doctor informed Dodie Landons she couldn't have any more children (she has a thirteen-year-
old son by a previous marriage), the two decided to adopt not one, but three children within three years. A year ago Josh became their son, last May a new baby, Jason, joined the household, and next spring they'll adopt the third.

Could it be that a certain actress is fully aware of the fact that her millionaire husband is seeing other women and is just waiting for the day she can make him pay for it—via a big settlement?

Doesn't Lance Reventlow want Jill St. John to get off the acting kick?

Debbie Reynolds isn't denying those pregnant rumors so vehemently now. She even has her close friends guessing if she and Harry Karl are expecting. Are you, Debbie? I wonder if that has anything to do with the fact that she's decided to make only one film a year now. She had been doing four or five. Or is it Karl's millions?

Once very good friends, Tony Curtis and Gina Lollobrigida are really at odds these days. Tony didn't report on the set for the first day of "Lady L" in June, and Gina was furious. She stood around for hours awaiting his arrival. The reason Tony didn't show: The final rewrite of the script reduced Tony's role almost to that of an errand boy.

Strange are the ways of love. Ask Cary Grant. He and Betsy Drake aren't even officially reconciled, but they appear happier together now than when they were Mr. and Mrs. And their favorite haunt is London where they plan to spend Christmas together.

Hollywood has its fingers crossed for Sharon Huguery. There's already a rumor circulating that the seventeen-year-old actress and Bob Evans are having qualms regarding their marriage.

The columnists had a field day when up popped Marilyn Monroe as Frank Sinatra's date—twice, once unofficially at Tony and Janet Curtis' tenth anniversary party and once officially at the Sands hotel in Las Vegas. Frank even tossed a private party for Marilyn following the last show, during which she sat at his table and appeared awestruck. Everyone was so busy trying to make a serious romantic item out of the episodes that the other scoop behind their meetings was overlooked. Frank, who always has a keen eye open for business, arranged the dates to offer Marilyn a fantastic deal to co-star with him in a film for his own company.

Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner sounded off at each other in front of a crowd of celebrities one night—their first public battle. And a few days later; they announced a "trial separation."

June Allyson, here with her children, struggled bravely to regain her voice.

Pat Boone was just a little startled when Shirley and his friends surprised him with a big birthday cake!

Rosanno Brazzi gallantly shares one string of spaghetti with his wife. We heard she lost a lot of weight—and this looks like an easy way to stay on that diet!

Cheryl Crane was dating Max Baer Jr. before she "went away to think things over." Maybe he can help where Lana has failed.
what Jack Kennedy
Life-threatening illnesses have a way of forging new dimensions in a person's character.

Our thirty-fourth President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, knows this full well, for he is a man who has looked into the face of Death. Indeed, few Presidents in our nation's history have ever entered the White House by the same torturous route that he has followed, a route paved with pain and discomfort and, at times, deep and crippling agony.

Since childhood, Jack Kennedy has had to fight some of Death's most powerful allies—such as scarlet fever, acute appendicitis, yellow jaundice, malaria, kidney trouble, adrenal insufficiency and a ruptured disc in the lower lumbar area. Through all these ordeals, which might have driven other courageous men to sedentary and pampered lives, Jack has withstood the punishing assault with silence—heroic silence that goes beyond the call of bravery.

Sometimes the silence is so deafening that even his own wife, the beautiful Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, is left to grope in the dark, unaware of what is troubling her husband.

A classic illustration of this was seen only a few weeks ago when the President went to Europe for talks with Prime Minister Macmillan in London and President (Please turn the page)
what Jack Kennedy is hiding from Jackie

continued

de Gaulle in Paris and Premier Khrushchev in Vienna.

After the round of conferences, the President returned to Washington while Mrs. Kennedy, who had accompanied her husband on his triumphal visits to the European capitals, went on by herself to a ten-day vacation in Greece—a vacation he encouraged her to take. Jackie agreed to the vacation for one reason, and one reason only: She did not know her husband was suffering a sharp and continuous pain in his lower back.

The fateful day

The back pain was not a recent occurrence, but one that came unexpectedly at the outset of the 24-day trip abroad. It happened May 16th, while the President was turning a spadeful of earth for the planting of a red oak at the Government House in Ottawa, Canada.

In his usual, typically vigorous way, the President gripped a silver shovel and dug into the turf with a remarkable show of energy. But he did not stop, as most dignitaries would have done, after turning up the first or second spadeful of dirt. Instead, Jack Kennedy plowed up the soil, three, four, five—seven times all told.

“He looked,” said an admiring who had watched the episode, “as if he wanted to complete the whole tree-planting ceremony by himself.”

While shoveling, the President felt a stab of pain. Instantaneously it telegraphed to him the unmistakable warning that he was in physical trouble—again.

It was his back—that same back which had brought him to the very brink of death in 1954 during unsuccessful surgery, when a lumbar spine fusion was attempted. This involved inserting a small metal plate into the spine to correct a ruptured disc condition, but it didn’t take, and the President, who was then Senator from Massachusetts, contracted an infection—staphylococcus.

During that dark, cloudy, winter day, the President was administering the sacraments of the Roman Catholic Church.

By some miracle, Jack held on to the flickering spark of life more tenaciously than he had ever held on to anything before—and he survived.

In the light of this background, one may well ask why the President should have gone to the extreme of shoveling seven scoops of soil from the ground when the usual one or two would have done?

Was it an accidental burst of enthusiasm, or was it some other driving force which prompted him to exceed the normal calling of diplomatic protocol?

Psychologists might see in this particular vignette, and also in the President’s continued participation in the family’s bone-jarring touch football games, a clear-cut indication that Mr. Kennedy is trying to “hide” his health hardships behind a “facade” of vigorous and unrestrained activity. Such a judgment would not be true.

An intimate friend of the President puts it this way: “Jack has never hidden his medical history from anyone, least of all himself. What he is hiding—perhaps the word is transcending—is his full knowledge of pain, and what it can be and what it can do. He hides it from his wife; he hides it from himself. He hides it in the sense that he rises above it. He hides it in the sense that pain tempers his will, makes him stronger in his determination to live the full life, gives him the empathy to cope with suffering in others.

“It is true that the President’s back troubles, which date back to a college football injury in ’37, have been recurrent. They have plagued him with various degrees of disability periodically since those days. But as a man of determination and ambition, Jack has always been willing to expend all the energy necessary for personal and political accomplishment.

“From what I know of Jack, it is evident to me that he is the kind of person, President or no, who would never burden anyone—not his wife, not his family, not his closest friends—with a thing like pain. It is all part of the pattern of his boundless strength as a man, of his belief, along with Hemingway, that courage is grace under pressure.”

A bedrock of courage

Jack Kennedy did not just happen to come by this bedrock of courage; it was hammered into him at an early age by his father, Joseph P. Kennedy, the multi-millionaire former U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain. The elder Mr. Kennedy had been a first baseman at Harvard and a good all-around athlete. While his children were growing up, Mr. Kennedy taught them—all nine youngsters—to play tennis and interested them in such other sports as swimming, sailing and touch football.

He instilled in his children a fierce competitive spirit, taught them to excel in any undertaking, and offered them incentives to reach their goals.

The competitive spirit came easily to Jack, who built up an intense rivalry with his eldest brother, Joe Jr. At times the
trials between Jack and Joe erupted into fistfights or wrestling bouts, and while the future President was not as husky as his bigger brother, he always gave a good account of himself. Joe went on to star as a swimmer and football player at Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut, and then at Harvard, and Jack tried gallantly to emulate him.

At the Canterbury School in Milford, Connecticut, Jack was the threshold of making his own mark in football and baseball when he came down with an attack of acute appendicitis. This was his first major encounter with pain. Before he entered Harvard, he twice suffered the ravages of a jaundice attack, but once in college he put behind him all misgivings he might have about his health and plunged headlong into a full program of freshman sports. His efforts won him numerals in football, swimming, and golf.

He tried too hard

But Jack Kennedy aspired to be a varsity gridder like his older brother, and in his fervor and firmness to make good, he played with a reckless abandon which led one day to the injury that would be the scourge of his existence in the months and years to come. He suffered a ruptured disc in the lower lumbar area of his back.

Yet, with the incredible energy and drive that made teammates and fellow undergraduates marvel, Mr. Kennedy let his back injury serve merely as a brief rest stop on his resolute journey towards the goals he set for himself. He took the injury and the pain and discomfort that went with it uncomplainingly, bearing it all in silence.

Then came World War II. His brother Joe was killed in action. Jack enlisted in the Navy and served as a lieutenant aboard a torpedo boat. Never did he demonstrate his courage more magnificently than that day in 1943 when a Japanese destroyer, the Amagi, rammed his ship and split his PT boat in half near the Solomon Islands, killing two of the thirteen men aboard.

Summoning all his stamina and will at his command, Lt. Kennedy clung to the half of the boat that remained afloat, then swam out and towed the severely injured crewmen back to the floating wreckage. Then, when the battered hulk turned over finally and sank, Lt. Kennedy and his men swam ashore.

One severely burned crewman, although afloat in his life jacket, could not swim. Jack took it upon himself to tow the dying sailor to shore—a feat that lasted for five incredible and agonizing hours.

Lt. Kennedy was a hero, but the encounter took its toll. He reinjured his back; he contracted malaria (which continued to plague him with recurrent attacks for seven years before he was finally cured).

But this was not the end.

The terrible demands he had made on his body during the Pacific rescue apparently were a contributing factor in the development of an adrenal insufficiency, which was not diagnosed until some years later.

In 1944, after months of suffering from his new back injury, which was further complicated by sciatica, young Kennedy underwent a lumbar disc operation in the Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts. The surgery was imperative, for with his sciatic nerve—the largest in the body—affected, the pain once confined to his back was now extending down his legs, throwing the muscles into spasm.

Although some relief came from this operation, Jack continued to feel pain, an intermittent, annoying discomfort, complicated by the fact that one of his legs is shorter than the other. This condition caused continued uneven strain on the spinal muscles, causing a "see-saw" back. It virtually nullified whatever relief might have come as a result of the surgery.

By 1954, Jack Kennedy was so severely hobbed by pains in his back that he was forced to walk on crutches. His weight slipped to a dangerous 140 pounds, and his resistance dropped to an alarming low point. The strain and exertion of three successful Congressional campaigns and a fourth which won him his seat in the U.S. Senate were too much. A crisis had come.

Doctors agreed an operation on his back was imperative. But his weakened condition made surgery a calculated risk. The physicians were spared from making a decision themselves. Jack made it for them. He wanted them to operate.

Accompanied by his bride of a year, Mr. Kennedy, walking with the aid of crutches, entered New York City's Hospital for Special Surgery in October of 1954. The operation—the lumbar spine fusion mentioned earlier—was performed, was unsuccessful, was followed by the staph infection, and his near-death.

With his will to live, Mr. Kennedy rallied from the brink of death and was discharged from the hospital in December, even though the incision had not healed.

He left the hospital in a stretcher bound for Florida. When he failed to show improvement, he was brought back to New York the following February for surgery again. This time the operation was a success. The incision healed rapidly and in a short time he was able to walk out of the hospital. But he continued to suffer pain and still had to rely on crutches.

At last—relief

The following April, his surgeon referred him to a physician who employed a novocaine injection treatment developed by Rene Leriche, the French neurosurgeon. The drug deadened the pain, and it worked so effectively that he has continued to receive the injections intermittently since then.

Some additional relief for his back was provided by inserting a quarter-inch lift in the heel of his left shoe, to correct the short-leg condition that was placing considerable and continual strain on his back muscles. A small brace, similar to a corset, was also prescribed, and this gave him further relief.

Mr. Kennedy now was able to go on with his political career in high gear, barrel through the 1960 Presidential election campaign in better physical form than probably most of (Continued on page 72)
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB'S: I sit here, and I look at actors and actresses—who else?—and I can’t help thinking about them. What I’m thinking today is what a peculiar blind spot most of them have when it comes to the one thing they all need: publicity. They can have 20/20 vision in those beautiful eyes, and still not see the difference between publicity and “invasion of privacy.”

Take Marlon Brando. My relationship with Marlon has always been informative and pleasant. But when Marlon gets the idea his privacy is being invaded, first thing he says is, “Sidney, I’ll talk about anything but my private life.” And at once I know what it means: He has seen the newspapers, too. There are stories about him all over the front page. And this is what he won’t talk about—what everybody’s talking about.

Most of the time what comes out about Marlon is not favorable to him. Because instead of trying to present his side, he tries to soft-pedal the news. So when hot stories spilled out of his turbulent marriage to Anna Kashfi, it was Anna who spilled.

The stories might have been fairer to Marlon if he’d called a press conference and frankly said his piece. But he wouldn’t. Because at times like this Marlon actually believes a movie star has suddenly reverted to a private citizen. He sees himself as a man who has not made his fame and fortune in the strong glare of the spotlight. He claims his right to privacy “like anybody else.”

But he’s Marlon Brando the actor, not “anybody else.” Loretta Young is Loretta Young the actress.

On her way to fame, Shelley Winters never minded saying what was on her mind. Later, life made her more cautious.

Tuesday Weld started as the columnist’s delight, saying and doing kookie things that made Hollywood sit up and notice her.
Fame does many things to many people. It made Bing Crosby quiet and reserved. It brought Doris Day out of her shell. It made Tony Curtis tell how his visits to an analyst improved his acting.

When Liz received her Oscar this year it meant that Hollywood and the world had forgiven her. Same thing when Ingrid Bergman was awarded her Oscar for "Anastasia." It appears that the Academy Awards provide this unwritten function of forgiveness. And it is done in public, on TV, with fifty million people watching. But on this night, no performer wants privacy. They don't even dress for it.

One of the best interpretations of "right to privacy" was expounded by Thomas C. Ackerman Jr., San Diego attorney. He wrote: "In its broadest sense, privacy is a right to be left alone. It is the right of every man to live his life as he pleases, in seclusion if he so desires, free from unsolicited publicity, subject, however, to the rights of others.

"But," he added, "it is not a right measured by the standards of the supersensitive, but by the ordinary citizens, and there can be complications.

"For instance, a person who has once been a public figure can never completely withdraw from the public gaze. Years after he has faded from the scene, the public is still entitled to hear again about his past exploits and, within the limits of common decency, to find out what has become of him."

This is where the trouble starts and ends: to establish the limits of common decency. To me it's a matter of taste. A writer has to have good taste.

But so does the actor.
“WE NEVER THOUGHT IT COULD HAPPEN TO US…”

Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner have tasted the bitterest drink of all—marriage-on-the-rocks. Here is the tragic story of their hangover.

Robert Wagner looked haggard and beat. And he was. He had just lost a marriage.

And in a room in another part of town, Natalie Wood Wagner stared quietly out of a window at a world that was out of focus. She had lost a husband.

A few hours before, Bob had announced that he and Natalie had separated. “It is a trial separation,” he said. “We have no immediate plans for divorce. Nat and I both hope that the problems that have estranged us can be worked out satisfactorily.”

It wasn’t easy for Bob and Nat to tell the world that they had just drunk the unhappiest drink of all—marriage-on-the-rocks. It wasn’t easy because they had no one else to blame; they had run their marriage on their own terms. Not too long ago, Bob announced that: “No one is going to make a circus out of our marriage. We’ve seen too many Hollywood marriages go that route.”

What has happened to a marriage which the principals once vowed would never go “that route”?

What Nat and Bob did not anticipate was the effect the complicated circumstances of their careers would have on their marriage.

Shortly after their marriage they made many public statements that the demands of their careers would not separate them. And, at first, they didn’t.

They said they would not appear in a movie together. But they did. (It was “All the Fine Young Cannibals” and did very poorly at the box office.)

They said they would use Bob’s yacht as a home and occupy only a small house in town. They stuck to that promise for a while and then changed their minds. More about that later.

All in all the Wagner-Wood doctrine, as stated, worked out well.

But what Bob and Natalie did not foresee was the restlessness of their own personalities. For some reason, they simply assumed that the adjustments that plague every new marriage were not worth worrying about for them.

It is here that those close to Bob and Nat feel that they may have made the first serious mistake.

Natalie was twenty, Bob (Please turn the page)
was twenty-eight, when they married. They had met about a year before the wedding and dated with increasing frequency.

"It was amazing," says one of Natalie's girl friends. "They both had grown up in Hollywood. They knew of each other, had met briefly a couple of times, but neither affected the other.

**Nat chose Bob**

"Then one day, after meeting and talking with Bob at a party, Nat came home and told her mother, 'I've decided, Bob is the man I want to marry.'

"It was amazing because, from the age of sixteen, Natalie had dated some of the most dangerous men in Hollywood; bachelors proud of their female conquests. Sinatra is a good example.

"And yet Nat chose Bob. Bob had dated plenty, but he was not a wolf. He enjoyed parties, premieres, the attention of his fans, the glamour, the excitement of the town he knew so well. He was not a loner. He had a large circle of friends. He was well-liked by the older set and was steady in his ways. He had a good business head and, though he was a fine and successful actor, he looked forward to the years ahead when he would become a producer-director, a field which he thought was more rewarding than acting.

"It was incredible then, that Nat, always attracted by the most daring men of Hollywood, could cast her lot with Bob."

Natalie admitted that she had been spoiled for most of her life, that she defined even trivial attempts which she felt might dissipate her independence. An actress since she was four, Nat played the actress in her personal life to the hilt.

She could not stand dullness. For nearly all her teens, Natalie's mother, Mrs. Maria Gurdin, stepped in to relieve her daughter of menial, time-consuming tasks. Simple chores—cleaning her room, making the bed, going to the store, shopping, except for clothes, and making excuses—all this was something Natalie thought "Mother did better."

Even after her marriage, Natalie left the hiring of the Wagners' maid to her mother. A few weeks later, Nat fired the woman because she was not pleased with her work.

And Natalie, who cherished her outspokenness with white hot fervor, began to impose much of her personality on Bob.

Once, after accepting an invitation to a large Hollywood party, Natalie got a look at the guest list. She decided that she would not have a good time in the company of those expected to attend.

"Bob," she said, "call the hostess and tell her we're not coming."

"Why not?" asked her puzzled husband.

"I just don't like one of the girls who I know will be there," Nat answered.

"Shall I tell her that?" exclaimed Bob, who was accustomed to making the best of almost any situation.

"It's the truth, isn't it?" Nat responded firmly.

Bob made the call.

Such differences, however, were expected to happen in the lives of newlyweds. Hollywood shrugged them off and had to admit that trivial disagreements were characteristic between lovers during the first couple of years.

But during the third year the insiders began to notice Bob and Nat with more than passing interest. (Contrary to many printed reports the Wagners' separation was not a surprise to Hollywood.)

Early this year, the third year, Nat and Bob announced that they were going to build a "really beautiful home."

"We are going to remodel a house entirely," Bob told friends. "When we get through we will have what we hope to be one of the most beautiful homes in Southern California."

The work began.

It was to be a sensational home, even for Hollywood.

The bedroom, the only room finished, was fantastic. The walls are in plush and gilt. The furnishings are in ornate and authentic Louis XIV. Great smoked mirrors and drapes of antique velvet in rust and bitter green complete the appointments.

A six-hundred-square-foot dressing room that dwarfed the pint-sized Natalie was next. Then came a sunken Roman bathing fountain complete with delicately cast bronze swans spouting water from their bills.

Even more fabulous plans were in the works for the other rooms of the house, but it is not now certain whether they'll ever be furnished. And for little more than the two rooms, the Wagners spent $30,000!

**Beginning of the end**

In looking back, the announcement about the house seemed no more than another sudden fancy the couple had taken. Yet some say that it was the beginning of events that led to Bob and Natalie's eventual separation.

For a "big and beautiful home" was exactly contrary to the Wagners' "honeymoon" statement, that neither he nor Natalie wanted a big house.

Suddenly they were building one.

Even more serious were the rumors, now, about Natalie.

Despite their honest attempts to never be apart, there were many occasions when the miles did come (Continued on page 84)
WHAT LIZ KNOWS ABOUT LOVE
THAT OTHER WOMEN DON'T
WHAT LIZ KNOWS ABOUT LOVE

She is a woman in every sense of the word... In every way, she is a woman... She can be a baby... She can be a mother... She can be a lover... She can be anything.

(Continued on page 67)
A girl's best enemy is usually another girl. Take this feud's

Connie: "I'm from Brooklyn—and we were brought up to deal with your kind."

The feud between Connie Stevens and Dorothy Provine had kept the town buzzing for weeks now. At private parties, on studio lots, over miniature tables at the coffee houses along Sunset Strip, Hollywood's young set listened to the stories—and repeated them. In fact, the only people who weren't talking about the feud were Connie and Dorothy themselves. They wouldn't talk to friends about it; they wouldn't talk to reporters. And the quieter they kept, the louder the rumors got. Finally, the girls knew they had to talk to someone. They gave the story to Photoplay.

We met with the girls separately—the word was definitely out not to invite them to the same party... or interview. We found out from Connie, and then from Dorothy, what was rumor and what was fact. Here is what we learned, the real story behind the feud between two blonde bombshells.

Rumor: One afternoon on the "Hawaiian Eye" set, Connie was ready to mouth the words to one of her recordings, for a scene in the TV series. She took her place behind a microphone and waited for her cue from the director. The clack-board indicated "action" and the sound-man dropped the needle on the disc he had prepared for the segment. But somewhere, somehow, there had been a slip-up. Instead of her own voice, Connie heard Dorothy Provine's blasting forth over the loudspeaker with a song from her show, "The Roaring 20's." Connie stormed off the stage, her hands on her hips, and hissed: "I don't lip-synch to Dorothy Provine's playbacks!"

Fact: Connie insists the incident never occurred. However, she does admit that she herself has heard the story repeated several times around the studio. She says she assumed that Dorothy, for some reason of her own, had released such an item to the press.

Rumor: After she'd heard the story about the
switched records so many times, Connie decided to deal with Dorothy. She waited until she spotted Dorothy in the studio commissary one lunch-time, but she didn’t so much as acknowledge her presence until every table at the commissary was completely full. Then, in front of everyone, Connie, her hands on her hips again, marched over to where Dorothy was sitting. She tapped her lightly on the shoulder. “Young lady,” she said, in a voice so loud that no one could help but hear her, “I heard about that ridiculous story you made up. Let me just tell you that I’m from Brooklyn—and we girls from Brooklyn were brought up to deal with your kind.” Connie paused, as if to let the words sink in. Then she warned, “Just keep this in mind.” With that, she walked away, and left everyone in the room to stare—and wonder.

FACT: Connie and Dorothy have never been friends. As Dorothy explains: “It’s like an insurance company with many employees. You’re girlfriends with some and you aren’t girlfriends with others. You select your friends because you work in the same vicinity or you have something in common with them. Connie and I don’t film in the same area nor do we associate with the same group of people at the studio or away from the studio.”

Connie insists that, though she believed Dorothy might be responsible for circulating the original story, she decided to overlook it. She denies approaching Dorothy in the commissary.

RUMOR: Connie doesn’t ever visit “The Roaring 20’s” set and Dorothy never visits “Hawaiian Eye.”
FACT: True. They work across the lot from each other and claim they’re too busy to be friends or to go visiting during a working day.

RUMOR: Dorothy is upset over the magazine coverage being given to Connie. She feels that she is being neglected by the studio and, therefore, by the public. She gets furious whenever she sees magazine articles about Connie, and once remarked to a friend: “I wonder just how Connie manages to get her face in every magazine in town?” (Continued on page 34)
I dig my brother's wife and why shouldn't I? She's everything a guy could hope for! My only problem is:

why doesn't she have a sister?
All through the ceremony, I kept thinking—I could be in David’s shoes.” Rick Nelson has always identified with his older brother, but perhaps never so much as when he stood up for him as best man in the Church of the Hills at Forest Lawn. “I kept thinking here he is right next to me,” Rick said, “and I could have been at the other side.”

It was weeks now since that day, but the awful lonely feeling that had started then was still bothering Rick. David and his bride, June Blair, were off on their honeymoon. Rick’s mother and father were vacationing in Laguna. Even his new roommate, Charley Britt, had left town to visit his parents down in South Carolina.

“I imagine there are a lot of advantages to getting married,” Rick admitted wistfully. “Like when you come home, you always have your wife there—somebody who’s with you the rest of your life—to help you, to care about you. I think David’s very lucky to have that. I sure do.”

Rick’s brown-and-white basset hound, Howard, poked through the obstacle course of tape recorders, microphones, hi-fi, guitars, music sheets and records in the Nelson bungalow at the General Service Studios in Hollywood, and finally scrunched next to Rick. Howard looked sadder than ever, (Continued on page 38)
What lies ahead for Sandy and Bobby’s baby? Is it dangerous to be born to famous parents—or doesn’t it matter? Here are the pros and cons

“I was just floored when I realized I was pregnant,” Sandra Dee said. “It was the most incredible shock I ever endured.” Sandy’s press agent and friend, Betty Mitchell, interrupted. “Oh, Sandra, I don’t think that’s a good thing to say.” • Mrs. Bobby Darin’s huge brown eyes grew even larger. She was talking about her coming baby for the first time, and it was obvious she was going to talk about it in her own way. • “But that’s true!” she said. “I think most girls at eighteen, if they are honest, will say they are shocked when soon after marriage they find they’re going to be mothers. • There I was, married six months. I’d had chicken pox, so I was walking around like a mummy anyway, and then I found this out. It was just awful! To make it worse, it was Bobby who told me. • How that happened is that I’d taken a test, but I just didn’t believe anything could have happened. We were down in Palm Springs, and what I didn’t know was that the doctor had told Bobby to phone back later. So we’d come up to Hollywood, and we were sitting in one of the Strip places having dinner—Bobby, my mother and I. Bobby excused (Continued on page 82)

by Ruth Waterbury
"I want to love someone. There's a hole in my life that I didn't dig and I know I had better do something about it." If a person can be summed up in a sentence, Richard Beymer has summed up himself with these words. In his twenty-two years, he has experienced fear, despair, joy, anger.

(Please turn the page)
will love...

Dick Beymer looks for the girl of his dreams in each girl he dates. That day on the beach, he was sure it was Tuesday Weld.
The next day he thought it was Diane McBain. But then he wasn't so sure. Was it really Diane, or was there something about the beach—the sunshine, the warm sand—that made him think it was love?

and pain. "Not long ago," he says, "I suddenly discovered that now that I was a movie actor and of age, I was on a floating party list. I was invited to every swinging soiree in town. After attending two of them I learned that not snapping my fingers to the beat was considered very uncooperative. The young people who made up the parties appeared to be conventions of panic-stricken ring-a-dingers who didn't know where their next laugh was coming from.

"And the girls? They were all starlets and they all asked the same question: 'Did you see me on TV the other night?'

"I don't want to seem square about this, but these routines bore me. I'm an actor so I am concerned with acting.

"But off-camera I'm a human being. I want to love someone."

This interest he has in the woman he will some day love and marry has been a serious concern since Dick was fourteen, a time when most boys his age were preoccupied with high school football and elementary algebra. But studies for Dick were a snap. Love was not.

"I'm interested in reality," he says. "And love is reality. The more I know about it the more I realize how little I know about it."

Oddly enough, though, Dick rejected his first love. It was the kind of love that many teenage boys reject, but it had a remarkable aftermath—one which not even the bright young Beymer could have predicted.

He remembers. It was in Italy eight years ago. Dick, quite unexpectedly, had been selected to play an (Continued on page 85)
Sharon Hugueny and Bob Evans had known each other barely six weeks when they married. She had just turned seventeen, and he was past thirty—nearly twice Sharon's age.
What makes a girl that young marry a man that old? "I love him more than anything in the world," says Sharon. She is so very beautiful these days, this very polite young highbrow, this lovely innocent.

What makes a man of the world—smooth, sophisticated, a self-made millionaire—marry an unsophisticated child? "I never even thought of marriage until I fell in love with Sharon’s picture, and then with Sharon herself," Bob says today.

Warner Bros., who have Sharon under contract, were struck speechless when she told them she was becoming Mrs. Bob Evans. "He’s too old for you," they said. "You’re too young for him,"

"That’s not what my folks say," Sharon told them, grinning. She didn’t care what Warner’s thought, and she let them know it. If Bob quit Hollywood, as is highly possible, she’d quit Hollywood, too. And if he stays, she’ll stay. Meanwhile, she’s a bit on the war path already—protecting their private life, protecting their (Continued on page 79)
The large, plush night club in the swank Las Vegas hotel was so quiet that some said you could almost hear the tears streaming down Marilyn Monroe's full, red cheeks. Between the quick silences, nearly a thousand persons were listening to Frank Sinatra sing "The Second Time Around." And there was not the slightest doubt in anyone's mind to whom the lyric was dedicated.

Sinatra was singing to Marilyn. With his eyes and his voice and his heart.

Even Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher, seated at the table with Marilyn, reflected the tension in the room on their faces. And minutes later the news wires were humming with Hollywood's newest—and most controversial—romance.

"Frank Sinatra and Marilyn Monroe? Incredible!" laugh the skeptics.

"It's another Sinatra fling," they say. "He's after fresh kicks with a sex symbol."

"It's a thing," say the insiders. "This time Frank Sinatra has found a woman who needs him. And that's all he's been waiting for."

Which is it? How much love does Marilyn have for Frank? And he for her?

Considering what has happened between them so far,
it might be reasonable to state that Marilyn Monroe has more love in her heart for Frank Sinatra than any other man in her life. And the cause of this new love of Marilyn for Frank is so unusual that even the blase citizens of surprise-weary Hollywood will be shocked when they read what it is.

Not long ago, shortly after her separation from husband number three, Arthur Miller, one remarkable and surprising fact about Marilyn was noted for the first time: "Marilyn Monroe cannot understand natural love."

To Marilyn Monroe, sex and love are as far apart as the Poles. To Marilyn Monroe love can exist without sex. And if this is so, does it follow that she also believes sex can exist without love? And why such an unusual view from a woman who personifies 20th-Century sex?

It is not generally remembered by the public that, at the age of eight, Marilyn was raped by a sex pervert. And, although that horrible moment occurred twenty-seven years ago, those close to Marilyn say that she cannot, and may never, erase the nightmare of the assault from her mind.

Presumably, to Marilyn, no thought of love with a man could enter her mind without being accompanied by the memory of the most hysterical (Continued on page 81)
The story broke in the afternoon papers. At 2:05 P.M., in Bloomfield, New Jersey, Mr. George Franconero, father of Connie Francis, handed the newspaper, underlined in red, to his wife.

Mrs. Franconero looked, blinked, stared.

At exactly 2:10, the poolside phone at the lush Miami resort hotel rang sharply. An attendant picked it up, glanced over at a tanned, shapely brunette stretched out in turquoise bathing suit and orange beach chair. “She's here,” he said.

At 2:11 the attendant tapped the brunette on the arm.

“Miss Francis.”

She lay motionless, stifled a yawn, stretched out a lazy arm for the receiver.

“Hello, Mama?” The voice was warm, sleepy.

“Mama, you're crying.” She frowned slightly.

“Read it again, Mama.” The dark brown eyes flew open under
fancy green-tinted sunglasses.  
“What?” She sat up with a jolt.
“What, Mama?
“What?”

At 2:15 the Connie Francis office in New York was burning up the lines to the Dick Clark office in Philadelphia. Each denied inside knowledge of the story prior to publication. Each beat its breast indignantly, threw up its press releases in despair, privately cast suspicious glances at the other.

At 3:10, someone called the Photoplay offices and told us what was happening. We sent out a reporter immediately to track down the facts.

The case boiled down to this.
Rumor: Connie Francis and Dick Clark were secretly in love and were getting married.

The story caught Dick firmly in the middle of a divorce suit and Connie on a Florida trip.

It was one of those crazy rumors—crazy enough to be true. (Continued on page 87)
They had started with such high hopes. Who'd expect a marriage like theirs—with love and a new baby—to fail?
The mother, an attractive young woman in a plain blue housedress, came to the side of the crib and stood looking down at her baby. Her face was tender, and yet sad.

"Dawn Rachel," she said softly. And then, as if she wanted to hear the sound again, she repeated, "Dawn Rachel." She tucked the tiny feet under the pink blanket and said, "Go to sleep, Dawn Rachel."

The small, innocent pixie-face seemed to smile. And impulsively her mother's slim hands lifted her out of bed and held her close.

She knew she ought to let the baby sleep, but it was so lonely. There were just the two of them now—Corlyn Callan and the baby. The father, Mickey Callan, was gone from the house—for good. Only a few weeks after Dawn was born, Corlyn and Mickey had separated and were planning a divorce.

Why? They had been so happy—about everything, (Continued on page 70)
THE NUTTIEST DATE I EVER HAD

It started innocently enough. The phone rang and it was Will Hutchins. "Let's go someplace quiet," he said, "where we can talk and get to know each other." To Connie Stevens, it sounded great. She envisioned a quiet Malibu restaurant where dinner would stretch to moonlight dancing. But a girl never knows what a boy has on his mind. What Connie learned is: It's best to suspect the worst!

Since it was a first date, Connie was ready early. So, naturally, Will was late. Connie sat down on her front steps—wondering if she'd been stood up!

"I'll change my dress," Connie offered. "No, hold everything," Will said. "Be right back." In a flash, he was—with a scooter. "It's perfect with your dress."

When Will saw her bouffant dress, his face fell. He pushed hard, but he knew the dress'd never fit in his sports car.
Downhill, Connie rode. Uphill, she walked—which was an improvement. She was right—Will had dinner in mind. Only she never dreamed she'd end up carrying it!

"It was a gag," Will said. "I heard you can take a joke. Friends? Let's shake." But Con was too shook up.
THE SLOW DEATH OF A MAN'S HEART

Black turned to grey. . . . Grey became white. . . . He was in a small room. Must be a hospital room. . . . Suzan's room? No. Suzan was dead. Long time ago. This was his room. He was sick now. And suddenly the pain hit him. Waves of pain. Coming in at him from the walls. Piercing his heart. Stealing his breath (Continued on page 72)
With sadness
and with affection,
we print
this story of
JEFF CHANDLER —
a searching,
lonely man who died
too young and
learned the
meaning of love
too late

Jeff's favorite snapshot was this one, roughhousing with his girls, Jamie and (in his lap) Dana. They were so dear to a man who at heart held to a solid tradition of family.
Jeff Chandler opened his eyes in those final moments of his life and looked to the corner where Marge, his ex-wife, was sitting. His handsome face was haggard from five weeks of terrible suffering—from three operations which he had endured since May thirteenth. Now it was the seventeenth of June, and his huge, long body was a gaunt skeleton under the bedclothes. In those weeks he had been given nearly seventy-five pints of blood, but his face was gray—ashen.

He seemed only vaguely aware that his mother, Mrs. Ann Shevelow, and his dad, Philip Grossel, were there. He looked only at Marge, who had been beside him all these desperate weeks. Marge, his wife. His ex-wife—but his only wife. Mother of his two daughters. And the woman he had never wanted to hurt, because he was so fond of her and respected her with all his heart. Only he could not love her any more. A pity.

His eyes met hers and he smiled at her with tenderness. Then he sighed very softly and closed them again—and it was all over. At forty-two.

Later that evening, a distinguished surgeon paced up and down his consulting room.

“Because Jeff Chandler died before his time,” the surgeon told me, “and in a small, out-of-the-city hospital, there may be implications that he did not have (Continued on page 76)
When you read this story, you'll understand why Troy got so carried away.
Over the years, we at PHOTOPLAY have become accustomed to hearing wild tales about actors and actresses. Most of them we take with a grain of salt. But this one—well, it was hard to believe. But who can argue with pictures—even such improbable pictures?

And how did it all start? According to our investigators, it happened exactly like this:

Scene: the ΑΕΦ House at New York University . . . The president speaks: "Sisters, Troy Donahue is coming to town, and we want him. I hereby order the pledees to bring him here—even if you have to kidnap him. Judy Goldberg will lead the assault." Or words to that effect. A few hours later, an innocent, unsuspecting Troy was (Please turn the page)
greeted at Idlewild Airport by eight cute girls, all of them eyeing him adoringly. “May we have your autograph, Troy?” Judy asked prettily. She held out paper and pen—with one hand. The other was behind her back so he wouldn’t see what was dangling from her wrist—a pair of handcuffs! As Troy obligingly wrote his name, something went CLICK—and Judy had him hooked! He fought gamely (?) but he was one against many. They had him—by the head and by the feet. Not until he promised, “I’ll go peacefully,” did they put him down to walk.

But they couldn’t spring him. Judy had left the key with the sorority president at school. So they all drove to Washington Square—slowly. They were in no hurry to end their secret mission. Secret? Someone had spilled! A mob was waiting on campus. “We want Troy,” they yelled and they nearly got him—in pieces.

Once inside, the president coyly remembered that another sister had the key—and she was in class—and class was in another building. By then Troy was resigned to his fate. In fact, when the Warner people came to save him, he had to be dragged away to Radio City so he could publicize “Par-rish.” Which is exactly what we’ve helped him do.
“NOBODY CAN TAKE TROY AWAY FROM ME”
“Nobody can take Troy away from me,” says Lili Kardell. “Not an actress or a sorority girl or anyone else. We’re as much in love as ever.”

The beautiful young Swedish actress, who had recently captured one of the town’s most eligible bachelors, tossed her blond hair with an air of defiance. Her mouth became a thin red line in her sun-bronzed face. “We’re very happy and we don’t care what these fools say. It’s none of their business, and just because we want to get married when we want to get married, they shouldn’t say that we broke up.”

Lili had heard the rumors and the innuendos—the incessant, mocking chorus. She knew—and so did he—what they were saying: “Troy Donahue and Lili Kardell? Are you kidding? Those two marry? It will never happen. Their engagement is just publicity. Wait and see.”

Her answer? PHOTOPLAY gave her the chance to tell her side of the story.

“Of course it makes us both quite mad, but we’re not going to get married just because of the critics or skeptics in this town. We’re not going to get married because of that—because of them! We’ll take our time, and we’ll get married when we feel like it.

“Sometimes the gossip hurts, but we try not to take it too seriously. This is the sort of thing that always goes on in Hollywood, and you can’t stop it. What can we do—knock our heads against the wall?

“There are people who are trying to break us up, this I know. They don’t want to see Troy married. They want to have him available so they can use him or be with him whenever they want to. And of course they don’t want us to stay together. We’re both aware of that—but we laugh at it.

“After all, what do they know about what’s really between us? How could anyone know? What Troy and I have nobody can take away. I know he loves me; and I love him very, very much. He’s a wonderful, (Continued on page 78)
Sexed up. Rich. Spoiled. A self-centered brat. That's Diane in her first major role in "Par-tich," a hugely successful soap-opera with lathers and lathers of emotion. In her next opus, "Claudelle Ing-lish," Diane will strut the role of a promiscuous Georgia farm girl. In "SurfSide 6," she is Daphne DeWitt Dutton, a torrid cutie with a talent for falling in and out of love. . . . Diane McBain herself is something else again. A girl of innate breeding, provocative, curvaceous, blue-eyed and blonde, she is one hundred and twenty pounds of intense allure, a refreshing throwback to an earlier era when Hollywood was glamour and glamour was Hollywood. To meet the new queen, you have only to turn the page.

PINUP #2

Cut out and save—for every month there'll be a pinup of the new star you've voted tops.
A girl should have a little flash.

It’s what a girl doesn’t know that gets her in trouble.
Diane McBain: "GIRLS SAY I'M FAST—BUT NICE BOYS LIKE IT!"

Not long ago at a private party given by a Hollywood writer, Diane McBain, six other girls and their dates were having a ball. The hi-fi was going full-blast, there was a small, but very loud, dice game going on in a corner of the room, and a recently engaged couple were cuddling on the patio.

Three of the girls finally wound up huddled in the kitchen.

"I'll never bring my date to another party if that one's going to be around," said the first girl. "Why she hasn't spoken a word to me all evening."

"She (Continued on page 66)"
You are Eve...

the eternal woman, with a hundred faces to beguile and fascinate.
Which face do you wear this hour, Eve? Remember, your eyes hold the secret of your mood! Look into your mirror ... are those the deepening, gleaming eyes of your Siren face? Will a raised brow announce the haughty Queen? Or will those silky lashes turn shyly down, inviting tenderness? Your eyes speak for you, Eve ... so make the most of their subtle beauty ... always! ... with Maybelline.

For exquisitely expressive brows, Maybelline Self-Sharpener Eyebrow Pencil ... for eyes that deepen and glow, Maybelline Iridescent Eye Shadow ... a touch of scintillation with Maybelline Fluid Eye Liner ... then lashes transformed, curled, colored and separated with the exciting Maybelline achievement, Magic Mascara with self-contained Spiral Brush.

Let Maybelline, the most prized eye cosmetics in the world, reveal all the hidden beauty of your eyes.

Maybelline
devoted exclusively to eye beauty
every Eve
hasn’t spoken to me either,” said the second girl, “but I’ll tell you one thing. She sure has spoken to every man here. I’ll bet her phone is going to be jammed up tomorrow.”

“Well,” said the third girl, “let’s face it. Maybe she’s got something we haven’t got.”

The other two girls gave her an icy stare and went back to their dates.

The trio didn’t know it, but they hadn’t said a word about Diane McBain that she hadn’t already heard about herself. It wasn’t the first time that the beautiful, blond, blue-eyed, twenty-year-old Diane had been lightlyfried in a Hollywood “cat” session. Mention Diane’s name in the presence of a movietown actress these days and you’re liable to notice a definite chill in the atmosphere.

But mention her name in the presence of any young male and the reaction’s completely different. Then you’ll hear something like: “Boy, what I wouldn’t give for a date with her!”

The truth is that Diane is delighting the men and shocking the girls!

Was that girl at the party on the right track? Does Diane have something the other girls don’t have? The best way to answer that question was to see and hear for ourselves.

We found Diane taking a break between scenes in an episode of TV’s “Surfside 6.”

When we told her that she had so many young actresses worried, she laughed.

“I don’t see why they have to be concerned about me,” she said. “I can date only one man at a time.”

That wasn’t answering the question. She thought about it for a moment. Then, with a smile, she said, “This may sum up my philosophy toward the opposite sex and my own better than anything.

“Girls expect too much”

“I think the mistakes many girls make is that they expect too much from their dates.”

“My attitude is not to be eternally concerned with what a man can do for me, but what can I do for him? I’m human. I do think of myself. I can’t help it. But there are times, especially if men are around, when the smartest thing a girl can do is to forget herself, and this is the part that shocks people—I say that a girl can even forget that she is a lady.”

“Lee Patterson told me a story recently that proves my point.”

“When he was in England, he was invited to a very swank party in Lon-

don. Two of the guests were Princess Margaret and her husband, Tony Armstrong-Jones.

“Now you can imagine that there wasn’t much the Princess could do that wasn’t noticed by everyone.”

“After the dinner, the Princess, seated next to her Tony, took out a cigarette. She held it in her hand for a moment, then looked at her husband. It happened that Tony was busily engaged in a conversation with a lady on his left.

“The Princess didn’t say a word. She just took a lighter from her purse and lit her own cigarette.

“Now I’ve seen how girls act at parties right here in Hollywood—if their dates aren’t ready with a lighter the instant they’re ready to smoke, these girls take on long looks of wounded dignity as though they’ve been insulted beyond repair.

“A girl or a woman shouldn’t have to notify people that she is a lady. If she looks and acts like a lady, she’ll be treated like one.

“But the woman who demands to be treated like a lady is a pest.”

What about Diane’s reputation for dating what other girls call “goers” and “swingers,” the new words for wolf-type bachelors.

Again a large smile from Diane.

“I was thinking about that the other day,” she said. “I’ll let you in on a secret. Most of the swingers are frauds. They’re counterfeit demons. Some of them are actually afraid to be alone with a girl. Their reputations boomerang on them. They’re afraid to be alone with a girl because they know they’re expected to be fresh and shocking in private, but they don’t know how!”

Date with a “swinger”

Diane described one date she’d had with a so-called “swinger” just a few weeks before.

The first thing her date wanted to know was which of the parties she had lined up did she want to attend.

“It really doesn’t matter, Don,” Diane said, “As a matter of fact, if you don’t mind I’d rather go someplace nice and quiet and have dinner and take a drive.”

“You mean you don’t want to go to a real swining party?” asked the surprised Don.

Diane shook her head and smiled slyly. “Uh-uh. If you want the truth, I’d rather be alone with you.”

Now Don was really confused and somewhat at a loss. It was plain that he expected Diane to be eager to attend a party where there were people, where Don could put on his “wolf” act. After all, wasn’t that the reputation he had?

To suddenly discover that Diane seemed eager to test his reputation—alone—was something she hadn’t anticipated.

They had dinner. Diane couldn’t have been more enticing. If ever a man had the promise of a wonderful evening alone with a beautiful girl, Don had it.

After dinner Diane suggested a drive along the coast of Malibu. It was a warm, wonderful evening.

A few miles later Diane said, “I know a great place to park, next road to the right.”

Don, a little confused, said, “Do you mean you’ve parked there with other guys?”

“Oh,” gulped Don.

A great lover?

“Well,” concluded Diane, “I discovered I was paired with the most frightened young boy in Hollywood. If only the girls who thought he was such a great lover could have seen him then. Well, maybe it’s just as well. Don, that’s not his name, of course, still enjoys his reputation. But he doesn’t ask me for dates.

The next afternoon one of my girlfriend’s called. She was so excited.

“How was your date with Don? Tell me about it.”

“There’s nothing to tell,” I said.

‘He’s nothing.”

‘But Jan and Doris and Laura all said he was hard to handle.’

‘They’re dreaming or they’re just plain lying,’ I told her.

‘I don’t believe it,’ my girlfriend insisted.

“And that,” Diane continued, “is exactly what happens. The girls think these men are such wild lovers. The truth is they don’t know what to do with a girl when they get her.

‘The real Don Juans are the quiet ones. They have no reputations. At parties they’re perfect gentlemen. Soft-spoken, attentive, and well-mannered. Show me a quiet man and I’ll show you a man that girls really have to worry about when they’re alone with him.”

Diane lit a cigarette. “I could go out with a dozen men like that and not one of my girlfriends would ever say a word. But let me date a ‘goer’ and they say I’m fast. Still I don’t mind. Nice boys seem to like it. So it all works out in my favor.

“Of many girls avoid one simple fact. That love and sex must be learned and understood. I have no intention of being ignorant about either. Today a girl should know as much as she can possibly learn, as soon as she can. It’s what a girl doesn’t know that always gets her in trouble or breaks her heart.

“And because they haven’t learned, girls are either afraid of men or on the defensive with them. They spend all their time learning how to act with men in public. Suddenly they’re alone with a man and they wonder where all the rules went. They cry, become frightened and panic because they’re not ready to date.

“It’s my opinion that the simpering young things who once beeguiled men with coquettish smiles and fluttering eyelashes are right where they belong—in old novels and old movies. As I said earlier, I’m always more concerned with the man. A girl should forget about herself once she’s in the company of her date. I’m not discounting the need for dressing well, good grooming, and the normal attention a
girl gives herself. That's just got to be.

"Here's another side of the problem.

"I know so many girls who distrust men in general, and yet they are always looking for a man who is different from all the rest. That's nonsense.

"In the first place, men are all different. I never met two men exactly the same and I've never met a man I didn't like, even if I had to look for a reason. I wish I could say the same for girls.

"Some girls are always ruined or devastated after they make a hard and obvious play for a man and fail to attract him at all. You should have some of the carryings on I've heard from girls who cry for a week just because a man has ignored them. Why torture yourself? Men don't do it. I think it's the one quality that seems to make them superior to women. Men are good losers."

I wondered out loud if it mightn't be true that Diane's gleaming blond hair, the envy of many girls and women, didn't have something to do with the fact that she got along with men so well.

Diane shrugged. "Look at it this way," she said. "I was born with natural blond hair. If I was a brunette maybe I'd dye it. A girl doesn't have to suffer with the wrong color hair and be restless, never satisfied..."

"I'll say this, hair-coloring—or something to attract men—is important. A girl should have a little flash, but without overdoing it. One bright feather in the plumage never harmed the bird."

As Diane talked, two well-known Hollywood stars stopped by. One was Wanger, a large smile under a pair of eyes that were beginning to bulge. The other was also looking at Diane, but his glance was casual, almost disinterested.

We bid Diane a hasty "so long" and walked away as the two men came up.

The man with the big eyes gave her a fast, "Hi'ya, Diane, you look delicious, honey!"

The quiet one gave her a slow look, smiled a little and took her hand. He ran his eyes over her figure and, barely audible, he could be heard going 'Her figure is a dangerous thing.'"

At the doorway, we looked back and saw that Diane had a worried expression on her pretty face.

We could even imagine what she was thinking.

She was wondering very hard about that..."

"Humm..."

He looked like such a "nice" guy. —MILT JOHNSON

Diane's in "Parrish" and in "Claudelle English" for Warner Bros. and on "Surfside 6," on ABC-TV, Mon., at 8:30 P.M. EDT.

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LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 28

that will make her man happy... She is simply the most exciting... I can't explain it."

Eddie Fisher breaks off; he can't describe the woman he married.

Walter Wanger, producer, tried in another, briefer way, "Elizabeth Taylor is Cleopatra," he said. He said it stubbornly. Wanger will wait, no matter how many millions of dollars it costs, until Liz plays that role. She is worth every one of those dollars for she can't be replaced. And Wanger is right. Liz Taylor is Cleopatra—and maybe more. She is the fulfillment, the woman Cleopatra might have grown to be if she hadn't taken an asp to her breast. What makes these two alike—the goddess of the Nile and the child of Hollywood—is that each seems to know all there is to know about love... and to have been born knowing it.

More than Cleopatra

Of course, that's an illusion. Liz had to learn about love and she had to start her lessons at the same age as any other girl. The difference is that she learned more. She learned more, in fact, than Cleopatra ever dreamed of.

Cleopatra was a temptress. And, at Cleopatra's age, so was Liz. She wore her dresses low-cut, she pulled her belts tight, she swung her hips. It was devastating. When she walked into a room, she assaulted every one of a man's senses. There was perfume dabbed behind the ears and in the crook of the elbows. There were big hoop earrings and bracelets that tingled. There were wide child's eyes and a body that was already a woman's. By the time she had reached womanhood, she had attracted every man in the room. She was a temptress and this was her role—to attract and arouse men by her beauty.

She didn't know then where this role would lead her. She tested it on strange men in a studio commissary and she knew only that it seemed to work. She didn't date in movies—she wanted to be a movie star and, besides, many men were afraid of her. She seemed too much to handle. When she did date, it was like a huntress choosing her quarry. She would pick her man—When Liz announced to the world that she was marrying Mike Wilding, he couldn't have been more surprised. Then she boldly divorced the full force of her self to bear. She would operate with flat-tery; she would give him warmth and sympathy to make him feel confident. And by her clothes, her makeup, her perfume, she would tempt him.

A mother, watching this sort of performance, might be dismayed. Yet Liz had learned all this at home—which is where every girl first learns about love. She watches her parents, she observes what love is between them, she learns to feel what it can be for her.

What Liz took away from her own home was the idea that woman is the pursuer and man the pursued. It seemed that if a woman could be unresponsive, she just had to be attractive enough to force a response. It seemed that if he was passive, she just had to be tempting enough to arouse him.

Liz was tempting enough: she could go after any man she wanted and be sure she could land him. She set her sights on Mr. Big.

Her first kiss

She gave her first kiss to handsome young Marshall Thompson. She flirted briefly with Roddy McDowall, Peter Lawford, Vic Damone.

And then one day there was Glenn Davis—the Army football star. He was her first important romance. He gave her his gold All-American football. But then, when she was sixteen, he went away to the war in Korea.

While he was away, she met William D. Pawley Jr. He was twenty-eight, handsome, social, rich. They became engaged but, after a while, this too was broken off. "Frankly," Pawley says today, "I spent two years trying to get over it. To me, Elizabeth was... Well, what do you say? I haven't married anyone else..."

Liz, however, did marry. First the millionaire, Nicky Hilton, then the movie star, Michael Wilding. And from these marriages, she learned an important lesson: Mr. Big is not always Mr. Right.

The marriage to Hilton was over quickly; they bored each other. The marriage to Wilding lasted five years, and, though it ended in divorce, they were not bad years.

They ended because of a dream. "I have a wonderful, handsome husband and two lovely children," Liz might tell herself, "I have more than enough money and I have brains and beauty."

"But somehow," she had to add, "I am not happy.""

There was a strange dissatisfaction, a nagging doubt that love should be more than this, that after these first years of marriage, the heart should not have stopped being wildly.

There was a dream of a perfect love. It was all America's dream and, on the screen, Liz was its heroine. She wanted to live the dream in real life, too. She remembered a song she'd heard: "Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue." She divorced Mike Wilding. Somewhere, she believed, is a man to make the dream come true.

But oddly enough, it wasn't a man who made the dream come true; it was herself. She had married twice to try to fill a need, and she knew now that this wouldn't work again. The need, the emptiness, was in herself; nobody else could fill her. "I had a child's mind in a woman's body," she said. In the agony of her second failure in marriage, the mind began to grow up, too. She began to know that between a man and a woman, the only needs they could have were those they had in common—the need to understand each other, the need to fulfill each other in all ways, mind and body.

Liz Taylor began to be a woman. She no longer wanted a passive man whom she had to arouse. Now she wanted—she needed—a man who would arouse her and who would share with her a driving, vital interest in the big, exciting world outside herself. She was ready for real love now; she was ready to dare to fall in love with someone who was as much of a man as Mike Todd. (Continued on page 69)
First Picture of Liz as Cleopatra

There have been so many delays and disasters in the filming of the movie, "Cleopatra," you might almost think that a terrible jinx had been put on the picture—perhaps by Cleopatra herself. Up to now, Liz Taylor has made only one appearance in makeup and costume as the Egyptian queen, and Photoplay's photographer was on the scene to take this exclusive photograph of that first appearance in a role that may be her greatest ever.

Looking at this portrait, you can see for yourself why producer Walter Wanger insists, "Liz is Cleopatra." In the long black head-dress, her eye outlined and darkened with the mascara that was invented in Cleopatra's Egypt, Liz Taylor is a truly startling reincarnation of the queen of love.
A kind of love-making

It was a wild, tumultuous love. "Even our fights," she said, "were a kind of love-making." That's how it is when the dream of love takes flesh. Todd was a rugged, aggressive man who had fought his own way to the top and there was nothing he wouldn't dare to do. He wasn't awed by Elizabeth Taylor. Sure in his own manhood, he could take her beauty, her talent, her success and accept and enjoy them. There was no question who was boss in his house.

Yet he could be tender, and he brought forth a response from her that was truly feminine for the first time in her life. He could be sophisticated, and he opened the world wide to her. He could adore her, and all he asked was that she be herself. In short, he made a woman out of her.

They had only a year together, but it was enough. Liz would never again go back to being less than a woman. She had seen what love could be and she would never again settle for less.

Mike had taught her to be herself, and to like herself. He had taught her to do as she pleased, even if it wasn't pleasing to others. He had taught her to take what she wanted. She wanted Eddie Fisher—and she took him.

If it had been anyone but Liz Taylor, there would never have been such indignation, such an outcry. The scandal broke because it was Liz.

Partly, it was the way she behaved. She refused to hide in corners; she refused to compromise. She was still following that dream, and she refused to be discouraged about it. If she was in love, she had to be honest about it, even if it made her guilty in the public eye.

The scandal crashed about her head. In the commotion, people forgot that a husband cannot be "stolen" like a purse. They forgot, too, what they were really angry about.

Temper flared so hotly because it was Liz Taylor who was involved. Of all of Hollywood's glamour girls, Liz was the most disturbing. She represented a threat to other women, simply because she was so real and so much of a woman herself. Here was a woman in three dimensions; here was someone unique. She couldn't be pinned down and labeled. She wasn't a calendar girl; she wasn't a temptress any more; she certainly wasn't the girl next door. She wasn't any kind of label; she was something much more than that.

She couldn't be imitated. You could copy a hairdo or a style of dress or a giggling walk and become like a Brigitte Bardot or an Audrey Hepburn or a Marilyn Monroe. And because you could copy her and be like her, you didn't have to feel a strong envy or resentment. But Liz Taylor had no simple trademark. You would never see her imitated on a nightclub floor; it couldn't be done. She was a whole woman—beautiful, talented, changeable, complex. And this was the threat. You couldn't label and dismiss her; you couldn't copy and compete with her. She was a real woman so secure in being a woman that she made others feel inadequate. She was struggling; she was dangerous; she was infuriating.

New Medicated "Ice"
Cleans Oil-Clogged Pores
Gives Close-Up Skin Beauty

Helps stop chief cause of blackheads, enlarging pores, breaking out—without costly treatments. Look for results in 15 days—or even less.

Now the greatest of all skin problems—oil-choked pores—may be controlled with Ice-O-Derm® the new pharmaceutical ice. Blackheads form when oil piles up and hardens in pores—pores are stretched, enlarged. Bacteria may enter and cause infection—"flare ups"—pimples.

Blackheads defy plain soap and ordinary cleansing creams. But Ice-O-Derm helps dissolve blackheads. It gets down into pores to clear out hardened masses—then a special astringent helps tighten pores.

Ice-O-Derm's invisible medication stays on skin to keep dirt out—holds natural moisture in. What's more, its stimulating action improves skin circulation for a healthier, younger look. Start your Ice-O-Derm complexion course today.

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Ice-O-Derm's invisible shield holds in moisture—protects skin from sun, winds and drying effects of steam heat. Result: Softer, milder skin.

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Ice-O-Derm's invisible shield helps prevent breaking out—special astrin
tgent tightens enlarged pores. Result: Clearer, smoother skin.

3RD FIVE DAYS
Continuous "Ice" treatments stimulate circulation and increase natural re
sistance to infection. See how skin's improving. Result: Fresher, hue
t-looking skin.

$1.00

All for love

Liz rode out that storm. She had dared all for love and, in Eddie Fisher, she had found a man who would take the dare along with her. Eddie, too, would risk everything to follow the dream of a perfect love.

In a quieter way, Eddie is a man much like Todd. He takes over and is in command of his own house. To the public, Liz may appear to be the more successful of the two, but at home this makes no difference. Liz had learned to love the man and not the public image. And Eddie is secure enough in his own manhood to accept her success and be pleased about it. He is enough of a man even to accept the great love she shared with Todd and not be jealous of her memories of him.

If Todd made Liz a woman, Eddie keeps her a woman. He is perhaps even more secure in himself than Todd was. Todd had to make the big splash and take the big gamble. He had to live on a tightrope. Eddie doesn't have to do this. He is a more stable husband and so he gives Liz something that Todd never did—he gives her a deep inner peace. With Eddie there is calm and contentment. Love starts with a wildly beating heart, but Liz has learned that if the love is good to start with, this is what it grows to.

What does Liz know about love that other women don't?
She knows that love is ecstasy—and suffering.
She knows that love is adoring—and resenting.
She knows that love is doing—and not just a state of being in.
She knows that love is losing yourself in another person—and still not losing
yourself to yourself.
She knows that love gives—and that this is the only way it gets.
What other women have to learn from Liz is that the pursuit of happiness is a struggle. In the glow and ecstasy of
the honeymoon, a woman may feel that she is holding happiness tight in her arms. But little by little, as the years
pass, happiness can slip away. In the day, when Mickey had told her it day, when Mickey had told her it
couldn't fade. The excitement of the first encounter is gone. A man may look for it again in a new encounter with a new woman; a woman may search for a substitute in her home and children. Each has their own way of giving up. What Liz knows is
that you must never give up, that the pursuit of happiness is a hard race that you never win but that you must always
keep running. She knows that she must be all the things Eddie said of her; she must be a mother for her children, and a mistress to her husband.
What Liz knows about love is simply that she must be a whole and complete woman—someone who is worth loving.
—FLORA RAND

Liz is in “Butterfield 8” for M-G-M.

MICKEY
CALLAN

Continued from page 47
including the upsizing in his career.
The romance between Corlyn and Mickey started in Las Vegas. Some friends feel that, ironically enough, it hit one of
its worst trouble spots there, too. But that was later. At the time, Corlyn was a young and radiant showgirl on the Strip, and Mickey had come to Vegas on a fun trip. They fell in love at first sight. They became so inseparable that she gave up her job and moved to Hollywood to be near him. She seemed to feel that a marriage proposal was in the air. But months passed—and he didn't ask her.
"Corlyn was heartbroken," one of her friends recalls now. "She was so in love with Mickey, she ached for him to ask her
—and he didn't."
But one of Mickey’s friends tells his side of it. "Mickey confided in me that he was in no position to take on marriage
yet. He had just been signed to a contract and was making just enough to live on himself."
Maybe Corlyn got tired of waiting. That’s what her friends say. They say she gave Mickey an ultimatum—marriage or
else, and he took the "else." They stopped dating, and Corlyn went back to Vegas.
That was when Vic Damone first came into her life. He was singing at the Flamingo Hotel that fall of 1959, and his dressing room had a big red star on it. Maybe Corlyn was impressed, maybe she wanted to be married and punish Mickey. On
that point her friends aren’t decided. But habits of the Flamingo became accustomed to the presence of this pretty girl in Vic’s dressing room until time for him to go on. He’d embrace her and walk on to the stage, and she’d go out front to a
reserved table. There she sat with her eyes on him worshipfully—while he sang to her.
The curious, including the press, tried to pin the two down to a wedding date. It didn’t seem a matter of if, but when. But
Vic was elusive, pleading so many commitments that he didn’t know. And Corlyn only smiled and said nothing. Vic’s press agent implied they’d be married in Bermuda when he opened there later in the
month. But Vic went to Bermuda and Corlyn didn’t follow. And the rumors be-
gan making the rounds—that Vic always led a girl on to expect marriage and then dropped her.

The truth came out
Whatever it was that happened—Corlyn began seeing Mickey Callan again. That spring of 1960 Mickey had to go on loca-
tion for a picture and told his studio that he’d like to take Corlyn along. When eye-
brows went up, he blurted out a truth known only to a few very close friends:
that he and Corlyn were already man and wife. They’d been married in Vegas a month before, on March 5, so secretly that even their parents didn’t know. Nor his studio. For the study of Roman ele-
momony he had reported to work on “Pepe,” rehearsing his dance numbers that turned out one of the picture’s big hits.
The Mickey Callans had four very happy months decorating their apartment, and Corlyn took great pride in her new job as a housewife. Her cooking wasn’t much yet, but she was learning, and they could laugh at a burned roast—they were in love.
They had a wonderful, if belated, honeymoon. Mickey signed to do a picture abroad, “Mysterious Island”—but only on condition that his wife could go along. When the filming was over, the Callans stayed on. They toured Italy, Spain and London and enjoyed it to the hilt.
One July morning Corlyn woke feeling so ill she was sure it was an attack of virus. When she felt no better the next day, Mickey insisted she see the doctor, who told her she was pregnant.
They’d had only four months of marriage, but Mickey insisted he was ecstatic over the news. And all that summer and fall he truly was the ideally attentive hus-
bond. He made Corlyn get plenty of rest, and if she even looked at something heavy he sprang to lift it before she could. He begged off from the premiers and par-
ties and refused to spend any time alone and hurried home so she wouldn’t be alone.
November and December saw Mickey’s career skyrocket. Columbia gave him a starring role in “Gidget Goes Hawaiian” and everything was great—until early in the new year. All January and February the Callans were clearly under tension, but almost everybody attributed it to her difficult pregnancy. She was sick most of the time. And if they were already bicker-
ing in the privacy of their home, while keeping up a smiling front in public, their intimate friends weren’t saying.
The first outward sign of trouble came on the set of “Gidget.” Mickey, who was usually pleasant to work with, reported to make-up and greeted nobody. Between scenes he wanted no part of the usual chitchat and the relaxing cups of hot cof-
fee. The director, Paul Wenkos, noticed—
sos did everybody else. “Mickey sure has a chip on his shoulder today,” someone com-
mented, “He seems about ready to blow his top.”
After lunch he did! Wenkos gave him a direction and Mickey answered sharply, "I don’t think I should play the scene that way.” There was dead silence on Sound-
stage 15.
Then Wenkos shouted, “I don’t have to take this from a bunch of amateurs”—and Mickey shouted back. Then he walked off the set. Next day he and Wenkos apologi-
ed to each other.
Then something else happened. The “Gidget” cast flew to Hawaii for weeks of location shooting, and Corlyn couldn’t go along. She was feeling nauseated most of the time and the doctor advised Mickey not to take her.
This was their first separation since they were married—and they hadn’t been married so very long. In Hawaii, Mickey was so edgy that everybody commented on it.
And one person made a prediction: “If you ask me, as soon as that baby is born, Mickey and Corlyn will break up.” It seemed an odd forecast when Mickey had made such a point of wanting his wife along, if she’d been well enough.
March, their first anniversary month, should have been joyous but it wasn’t. Corlyn could hardly leave the house. On the big day itself—March 5—she was too sick to celebrate by dining in a restaurant. They had tried going out just a few days before, and gotten the scare of their lives.
At Mickey remembers it, they’d been invited to the first screening of “Gidget Goes Hawaiian.” He thought they shouldn’t go, that Corlyn wasn’t up to it, but she insisted.
"The room was crowded with studio executives,” he recalls, "The lights went out and the projectionist rolled the film. Corlyn assured me she was fine. It turned out to be a failure." Mickey went to work. I panicked and yelled to put on the lights. The lights went on and the picture stopped. Once we got Corlyn out of the room she perked up and said she was feeling fine again. I didn’t take any chances. I took her home and called the doctor. It turned out to be a false alarm—but what a scare!"

"It’s a girl!"

It was no false alarm on the fourteenth of March when Mickey rushed Corlyn to
Dull Hair is Radiant after a Marchand Rinse

Are you a blonde, brownette, brunette or redhead? Whatever your natural hair color, it is more colorful—and aglow with highlights—after a quick Marchand Rinse! Special shades blend in early gray strands. Others correct yellowing in white hair. 12 lovely shades, made with Gov't-approved colors that wash out easily. Keep your hair colorfully radiant, always, with a Marchand Rinse after each shampoo.

At your drug or variety store.
8 Rinses 39c, 3 Rinses 15c

The facts about strengthening brittle nails

Can polish strengthen nails? Any good polish can strengthen your nails. In fact, Cutex contains special plasticizers for that purpose. But if you have problem nails that break at the last touch, you need something more. Based on 50 years' experience in nail care, Cutex has developed Strong Nail, a heavy-duty full-strength nail strengthener, not diluted by color additives. Strong Nail forms a tough layer over the nails to reinforce them against cracking, splitting and breaking. Yet Strong Nail is easily removed with Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Wear Strong Nail alone or under any of the 33 fashion-right Cutex polish colors.

Can you cure brittle nails? The part of the nail you can see is actually dead tissue. The live nail grows under the cuticle, and that is where you should start to correct brittle nails. Cutex Nail-Flex is a medicated cream especially formulated to help encourage the growth of long, strong beautiful nails. But remember, new growth takes time and Nail-Flex should be rubbed into the cuticle faithfully for a period of weeks before you expect results. Cutex® Strong Nail and Nail-Flex are each only 59c plus tax.

Did he forgive?

There is one clue that only very intimate friends of the Callans talk about. They wonder: Is it possible that Mickey never forgave Corlyn for romancing Vic Damone? Can it be that he was never sure which was the rebound romance—the one with Vic or the one with him? Did she go to Vic because she'd broken off with Mickey, or did she marry Mickey because she'd been jilted by Vic? Who knows? And they wonder if not knowing was what pained on Mickey's mind until he began blowing up over everything.

Whatever the reason, two weeks after they separated, Corlyn confided to girl-friends that she longed to have Mickey back. She admitted she had phoned him while he was on a public appearance tour for "Gidget," and told him she missed him terribly—and the baby did too.

Then she waited for the tour to end—for reconciliation. "We still have our problems to work out," she said, "but we will. I love Mickey and I want him back."

She seemed so hopeful. But Mickey's friends thought differently. "The marriage is over," they said. "Mickey and Corlyn will be happier apart—only she doesn't know it yet."

The tour ended. Mickey came back to Hollywood—but not to Corlyn. Now at last she will have to find out: How are you happier without your husband? Just you and your baby—how are you happier?

—Dean Gauthcy
Continued from page 21

his traveling aides, and win the election.

After he was elected, Mr. Kennedy's great vibrancy never once diminished. While inwardly, the occasional shoots of pain from his back continued to jab him and cause him to experience discomfort, President Kennedy never once let on that he was so hurt. Although the stories about his back were circulating freely. The appointment of Dr. Janet Travell as White House physician was a clue to Mr. Kennedy's special medical needs. Dr. Travell had been the specialist in New York to whom the President had gone for treatments for a number of years before he moved into the White House.

The rocking chair, which received nationwide publicity and started a rush to the stores by eager buyers who wanted to emulate the President, was another clue to his condition. Mr. Kennedy's back was still a problem, and he had to have the comfort and relaxation of a rocker to take the strain off his back after hours of tiring work.

Then came the trip to Canada and the shoveling episode. But the President—looked up to for his vigor, his youth, his rugged capacity for fantastically long working hours—would not let down a nation that was counting on him. He fought the pain; he tried to transcend it. He said nothing at the time to either his wife or his physician. He kept his pain to himself. After the visit to Canada, there was a brief role in Washington before the Kennedys embarked on their European trip. And still the President maintained his silence. On the weekend before leaving for Europe, he went to his father's home on Cape Cod, hoping the rest would do the trick. It didn't!

It was there, too, while alone, that he pondered the old pair of crutches he had discarded six years previously, to help him move about the house with greater ease. So great was the pain. And still he said nothing.

On May 31, he and Mrs. Kennedy flew to Europe and plunged into their whirlwind tour. The pace was grueling, with long hours at the office, difficult audiences of notables, ponderous dinners, and meetings to which he could not escape. Without proper rest, the President's back pain worsened.

When they reached London on June 5, Jack confided to his wife that his back had been giving him a touch of trouble—but he didn't say any more than that. He did not indicate how much it hurt. Mrs. Kennedy was in the dark about the nature of her husband's trouble.

It wasn't until June 8, when Mr. Kennedy had returned to Washington and his wife had gone out to Greece on her vacation, that the White House announced the President was using crutches. Dr. Travell explained immediately that Mr. Kennedy's ailment was minor, but she did call in two back specialists for consultation.

The injury was diagnosed as a lumbar sacral strain. Dr. Travell had been in two of Mr. Kennedy's previous back troubles. The new injury was between the fifth, or lowest, lumbar vertebra and the sacrum, which is just above the coccyx and is the lowest bone of the spine, connected with the pelvis.

Dr. Travell prescribed hot moist packs, more of the pain-relieving medicine Mr. Kennedy had been taking, and some what controversial treatment involving ultrasonic radiation. The doctor accompanied the President to Palm Beach, where he could swim in a heated pool as an additional therapy measure and get complete rest.

People had looked at Jack Kennedy as a symbol of unflagging youth and vigor. Now they were startled by the news that a simple gesture like shoveling a few spadesful of dirt could injure him.

The nation was suddenly reminded that Jack is no different from any other man. President Kennedy could fall victim to accidental injury that could suddenly incapacitate him.

Everywhere the nation and its people began saying, "Slower, Jack...Take it easy, Jack...We need you.

And at the White House, needing Jack more and loving him far, far more deeply than even the nation he serves so gallantly, was Jackie Kennedy—back from Greece and seeing her husband once more, though temporarily, on crutches.

But Jack Kennedy remains calm in the face of everything. He doesn't complain. He tries rest to listen to the voice of pain, nor does he try to help others to heed it either. So Jackie Kennedy must watch and wonder, never quite sure if the aches are still there, or if they are gone, or how severe they might be.

For John Fitzgerald Kennedy is a man who shares his joys and glories with his wife, and who loves the people and the land that he loves, but who lives with his own personal troubles in lonely silence.

—George Carpozi Jr.

Continued from page 52

and pressing him down—down. . . He was helpless against it.

"Nurse!" His voice was a gasp.

The silent figure in white bent over Dick Long, pushed back his sleeve, jabbed a needle into his arm. He winced, then fell limp as the soothing drug spread through his body. Dimly he saw the nurse sit down again next to the bed.

Moments passed. The pain wasn't so bad now. It was there, but he could stand it. . .

And then he remembered. Remembered everything. And, remembering, he almost wished for the pain again. . . .

He'd been brought here to Valley Doctors Hospital as a cardiac case—one, two, three nights ago, he wasn't sure anymore. Time had blurred for him. He did know the kind of heart attack he'd had—a coronary thrombosis, the doctor called it.

(How honest they were with cardiac cases! Told you the truth almost immediately, so you could "assist in your own cure." It had been so different with Suzan. She hadn't told about the cancer for months—until she'd taken the Army doctor and demanded to know. And then, even when she knew, she was allowed to hope. For her doctors had known that hope is the last real refuge of the hopeless. . .)

Coronary thrombosis. A clot in a major artery leading to the heart. A clot that blocks off the life-nourishing blood supply from a portion of the heart, and causes that segment to die. Death for a portion of your heart.

"That was a new one," Dick thought, and abstractly rubbed the dark stubble on his cheek. "A part of my heart died quickly the other night. And all along my trouble has been a slow death—the slow death of the heart's little arteries. It killed with aging, existing slowly. . . . killed by life and what it does to a man."

And suddenly, as he lay flat on his back in the neat little room, poised between life and death, Dick Long had to ask himself—at the risk of self-pity: "Why does Fate have it in for me? Why all this misery for me? Won't I ever get a break?"

All his adult life he'd been interested in philosophy. Over and over again, he'd pondered the great questions: Why are we here? By whom? Where are we going? And above all—what does it all mean?

"Don't think so much!" Suzan had laughed, when he'd get into one of his serious moods. "Let's play gin rummy."

Suzan. Lovely, West Section. He would never forget their very first meeting. It was the summer of 1953. He'd returned from South Pacific service in the Far East, and was back at Universal-International trying to pick up the pieces of a promising movie career that had been fragmented by the Korean War. He was twenty-five—young by any normal standard, but a bit senior to be starting out again as a young romantic lead. And the parts he was getting wouldn't exactly set the world on fire. He'd been brooding uneasily, wondering if his next option would be picked up, when he walked into the noisy U-I commissary for lunch one day. A friend called him over to his table.

"Dick, I'd like you to meet Suzan Boll," he said, introducing a lovely dark-haired girl with huge brown eyes who was seated there. "Suzan says she has a complaint against you."

She was on crutches.

"Yes!" Suzan laughed. "You've almost knocked me down a couple of times on the back lot—with your nose buried in a script."

Dick laughingly apologized. Then he noticed a pair of crutches leaning on an empty chair next to Suzan. "Break a leg at Arrowhead?" he asked.

His friend shot an offering look at Dick, but Suzan smiled. "I tripped over an actor during a take—we were jockeying to get
The beginning of love

That was the first of many dates for Suzan and Dick, and soon they realized they were in love. Suzan felt a little better, and the dangerous operation was put off. Dick went to Canada on location for a picture, "Saskatchewan," and Suzan, crutches and all, flew to visit him. She came back to Stateside as his fiancée. He loved her and worried about her—and forgot to brood over his own problems.

November 28, 1953, was a day Dick would never forget as long as he lived. Suzan was hobbling around the kitchen of her Tolowa Lake apartment, making lunch for him, when he heard a thud and a crash. He rushed in—she lay on the floor, the crutches sprawled nearby. For the first time he saw fear on her face. "Dick, it's broken!"

Suzan began to cry—with a helpless despair that shocked and startled him. "I..."
should have watched her more closely. I should have protected her—I failed her," he thought guiltily. "I took strength from her, instead of giving her mine—and this is the result." He felt a coldness in the room —and it seemed to him to be the invisible presence of the killer, Fate.

"Don't let her die," he prayed to God.

A month later, Dick was in Suzan's room at the Orchard Grove Sanitarium. Her leg had failed to heal properly, and that evening the doctor had given her a tragically simple choice: "The leg comes off, or you're going to die. You'll have to decide by morning."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Dick asked her.

"No," Suzan said, smoothing the cover absenty, a frown clouding her face. "No," and then, being Suzan, she smiled. "All I want to do right now is—play gin rummy."

A fearful decision

They played. Next morning she calmly instructed the doctor to operate.

A few nights before the scheduled amputation, she told Dick: "I don't expect you to marry me if my leg is taken off."

"Are you kidding?" he said furiously. And then he found the strength to talk her way— to kid tragedy. "I'm marrying you for you, not for a leg that's too fat anyway."

She said nothing more about it, but the grateful relief in her eyes told him enough. That night he felt more like a real man than he'd ever felt before.

So the leg came off, and Suzan recovered quickly. As soon as the wound had healed sufficiently, she began to practice walking on an artificial leg. And on April 11, 1954, she walked down the aisle of a Sunset Boulevard church to marry the man she loved. Photographers and reporters came from all over to record that brave trip to the altar.

What they didn't know, and Suzan didn't know—and only Dick knew because the doctors had told him—was that his bride couldn't be saved. A year—two at the most—and death was inevitable.

They settled down to married life in a small apartment in the San Fernando Valley, and he tried to make the most of each precious day. They appeared together on TV in a play especially written for them—a play about a paralyzed girl who finally regains the use of her legs. They even planned a night club act. Universal promised a picture for her soon.

The year and a half Dick was married to Suzan was the happiest and the most painful time of his life. It was a great love they shared—but as he looked on helplessly, the cancer resumed its relentless spread through Suzan's body. This time there was no stopping it. But he and the doctors kept the news from her as long as they could.

Suzan was happy, and seemed well, all during the making of her last picture, "Chief Crazy Horse," with Victor Mature. But not many months later she began to weaken visibly as cancer attacked her lungs. In the summer of 1955 she had to be told the truth and she entered the City of Hope Hospital in Duarte, California, to wage the last great battle of her life.

Dick spent every possible minute at her side. As news of her valiant struggle spread across the nation and cards and letters and phone calls from well-wishers flooded the hospital, he thought sadly how mortal illness had made Suzan a far greater celebrity than had any of her movies.

Home—for a while

As it became evident—even to Suzan—that nothing more could be done for her, she begged to be taken home. Dick talked to the doctors, and they agreed. He rented a small house in Beverly Hills so Suzan could be in her own home, if only for a little while. With that, Dick went Kay Webber, a nurse who'd cared for Suzan's needs since the amputation of her leg.

A bed had been prepared for Suzan facing a great bay window which overlooked a lovely yard and a swimming pool. She looked down at the pool whose cool waters would never touch her wasted body, and she made a joke. "It's so little it looks like a foot-bath," she said.

There was no sickroom atmosphere. Kay wore slacks instead of a uniform because Suzan wanted it that way. She had visitors and she hollered for root beer—for them and for herself.

And then, "I wish I had this time together—but it was only for a little more than a week. Then she was too critically ill, she had to be taken to North Hollywood Hospital. She died on the afternoon of August 5, 1955—uncomplaining to the last.

Now he lay in a hospital room himself. Remembering. And staring vaguely at a great blank eye which stared back at him.

Then his eyes focussed better and he saw it was the screen of a TV, set into the wall above the foot of his bed.

Strange, he never liked to watch TV, even though it was television which had supported him lately—and his second wife Mara and their three children: the two boys and a daughter, three years old and seven months old, respectively, and little Valerie, who was two.

He'd married Mara Corday, another promising motion picture actress, a year and a half after Suzan's death. But somehow there had been trouble for them almost from the start. A seemingly endless series of quarrels, which had marred the past three and a half years, as if Fate were again determined to prevent Dick from enjoying permanent happiness.

But the quarrels weren't all of it...

Their daughter Valerie, a lovely bright-eyed child, was suffering from an enlarged heart. She would never be able to lead a completely normal life unless, perhaps, an operation were tried later on, or some miraculous improvement took place. The thought of Valerie's condition preyed on Dick's mind and perhaps added to the feeling of hopelessness that sparked so many of his quarrels with Mara.

Finally, things came to a head on a warm spring evening. Dick had been co-starring on "77 Sunset Strip" after the failure of his "Bourbon Street Beat" TV series. One night after work, he and Mara went with friends to the Smoke House, a restaurant across the street from the Warner Brothers Studio in Burbank. That night tried to blot out his troubles with liquor, until he realized he'd had too much and had better go home. Mara refused. She couldn't leave their friends yet. Dick left alone. But back in their small house in Toluca Lake, her refusal to come with him grew in his mind into some kind of betrayal. By the time she walked in the door he

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was so furious that he lunged for her. She fought him off, and soon the police were there. Dick was taken to the North Hollywood Police Station and Mara had him jailed for battery. Then she told him she was filing for divorce.

Later she decided not to press charges, and Dick was let out on bail after a few hours behind bars. Ashamed and alone, he spent the next few days at various friends' houses. The newspapers had printed the story of his arrest, and his humiliation was complete. There seemed little more that Fate could do to him now. It had taken away two wives, his child was sick, and finally he had lost the one thing left to him: his self-respect.

But Fate had one more blow for him. When the thundering pain of his heart attack struck, Dick felt life itself deserting him at last.

Why fight to live?

He almost didn't care. For although Mara had visited him in the hospital, and he felt she still loved him, she hadn't spoken of withdrawing her divorce action.

His life wasn't worth the fight. He was helpless. Susan had been helpless, too—but he just hadn't realized until now, when he himself lay ill. And yet—and yet... some magic difference had given her a hope that would not die, even as her frail body wasted away. What was it? God alone knew... Then—not shatteringly, but very gradually in this helpless despair, this dark night of his soul—it was as if his heart at last opened to the full and radiant meaning of something Susan had said long ago. Just before she was wheeled into the operating room to have her leg amputated:

"I'm ready, Doctor... and I trust in my God."

That was all. One sentence. But it told what life should really be: a readiness for anything that Fate might offer, and a trust in one's God.

Now, at this moment, Dick Long knew why Susan had been born... and suffered... and died. At last there seemed some reason to it. It was to show the world how brave men and women should live. For the first time he could truly believe the words the minister had spoken over her casket, as she lay peacefully in her white wedding dress in the church where they'd been married.

"Here was a good soldier," the minister had said, "who shames us if we are ever aghast at pain or sorrow for ourselves. Susan Ball taught us what it was to wear a body like a loose garment—it never constricted her soul nor strangled her spirit."

Remembering, Dick Long was at peace—for the first time in years. Silently he thanked Susan for what she had taught him... and many like himself, who were "aghast at pain or sorrow." And he prayed that he had learned his lesson of bravery and love in time to save his marriage to Mara.

"Thank you, my darling," he said, praying that his words would reach Susan, "somewhere out of time. "Thank you for all of us..."

And his heart began its slow healing.

—JAMES GREGORY

Be sure to see Dick on "77 Sunset Strip" Fridays, ABC-TV, 9:00-10:00 P.M. EDT.

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the very best care. But I know the doctors who were on his case. And I know that everything which the most expert and modern of medical care can do for a patient, was done for Chandler.

However, less than two weeks after Jeff’s death, a petition was signed by 150 actors, asking for an investigation of the circumstances surrounding Jeff Chandler’s death. The Screen Actors’ Guild said they would give the petition “most serious consideration.”

“J ust without being mystic about it,” the surgeon continued, “every doctor can almost see in the patient whether he has the will to live or the wish to die. It is very strange—but if I didn’t know Jeff Chandler as a vital man with a strong will to live, I would almost think he wasn’t fighting for it.”

“He had come into the small Culver City hospital for surgery for a slipped spinal disc. He had sustained this in April out in the Philippines, where he was shooting his last picture, ‘Merrill’s Marauders.’

“Ordinarily, this is a relatively simple operation. Ordinarily, there is no complication. But immediately after it, Chandler began hemorrhaging. In seven and a half hours of emergency operation over and above the original spinal operation, he was given a spectacular amount of blood—fifty-five pints.

“We have discovered a new medical treatment within the last two years. Where an artery has ruptured, causing a hemorrhage, we can now insert a plastic artery which will be quickly absorbed by the body, and get the blood back into its normal flow. This is what happens in most cases. Yet Jeff Chandler, an ordinarily healthy man, still in the prime of life, would start to heal, then have a relapse, start to heal and then relapse until the end came. It was almost as if he wasn’t fighting back.

“The surgeon paused, “This was a hard man to know,” he said. And then asked, “Did many people know him well?”

“The answer to that is yes and no. Many women knew him very well. Particularly Esther Williams, Joan Crawford was supposed to have had a mad crush on him, though she got her nowhere.

“He had a lot of friends. His agent, Meyer Mishkin, was always his confidant—and he was Marge’s friend and confidant, too. Meyer was at the hospital daily, those last few weeks, openly praying for Marge and Jeff to be reconciled.

“Rock Hudson was fond of Jeff. So was Tony Curtis. And both for good reasons. Yet basically Jeff was a lonely, unhappy man because he was too honest and too sentimental, too hard-thinking and too romantic. And always he had a crushing sense of guilt about Marjorie Hoshelle, who never got over her adoration for him from the day they met in a small stock company Jeff organized. This was in 1941, but they did not marry until 1946, because Jeff enlisted in the war the day after Pearl Harbor. And he stayed in the Army, mostly on the Aleutians, for four tough years.

“Almost all women adored Jeff on sight. That was one of the troubles. When he made “Broken Arrow,” his first really big picture, which brought him an Academy nomination, every female on the Twentieth lot used to hang from the windows as he passed by.

“At U-I, where he made thirty-six pictures, he had only to open his dressing room door, and the women fell in. But Jeff was not only a married man and a father of two small daughters, he was raised in the ancient Jewish tradition of a solid family life, of monogamous love. There was a conflict here. His mother and father had been divorced, which troubled Jeff. Marge’s parents, too, had been divorced, and he was bothered by that, too. But he did love Marge very much—at the beginning, when both were getting started in radio and early TV.

“Marge was usually his leading woman—she was his love—she was his wife. When they came to Hollywood in 1948, he was proudly boastful about making his first down payment on a simple Valley house with a nursery big enough for Jamie, just born. When Dana, his other girl, was born four years later, he raced six thousand, eight hundred miles from Rome. No place, he said, to be at Marge’s bedside in time. Yet even then he and Marge had been separated once, and within another year, they were to be separated again. By 1956, they were to have left one another and come together again more than half a dozen times, only to make it final in 1957. This was just after the Esther Williams’ rendition broke.

“He was six feet four by the time he was fifteen, and he was beginning to go gray when he was eighteen. In Hollywood they nicknamed him “Big Gray.” His face, he always said, was “like a dog’s,” making him look sad. But because he did look so sad, and his prematurely gray hair made him look so old, he was always getting dignified roles on screen. Off screen, he tried to keep in shape and act younger than his thirty years. He hung around Jerry Lewis, memorized Jerry’s jokes—and it really killed him when he repeated them and nobody ever laughed.

“With actors not much younger than he, like Rock and Tony, he acted like their father.

“Jeff was a big, big click in his first picture, “The Sword in the Desert,” an even bigger one as Cochise in “Broken Arrow.” Certainly he never again got a shot at the Academy Oscar, as he did with Cochise. Yet in his complicated way, he hated being reminded of that role, hated anybody implying he could play only Indians. He never seemed to get enough perspective on the whole thing to realize that his performance in “Broken Arrow” had been so powerful there was no forgetting it, like Gable’s Rhett Butler in “Gone With the Wind.”

“Jeff, who so much wanted to be a clown, would just get sore about Cochise. Yet when he was making “Iron Man,” which was just after “Broken Arrow,” said, when he and everybody else thought he was going to be the biggest thing on screen, he deliberately went out of his way to play one whole scene with his back to the camera. This was to help out a new boy in “Iron Man.” That boy was Rock Hudson.

Continued from page 45

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9-61
A woman still in love

At first, for many months, Jeff called every day. He either talked on the phone or called in person to see Jamie and Dana. When he left the phone or called or talked to Marge, every day. I asked him once what he thought that did to a woman still in love with him. He just stared at me. He knew that Marge had testified in court that she had said, "If I make you so unhappy in this marriage, why don't you get it over with?" He knew she had said that, rather than be home with him, she'd stay in his office. And when he was home, he had nothing to say to her.

This Jeff confirmed to me, and yet the guilt was there. Marge had given up her career to become the perfect wife and mother, "I wish she hadn't," Jeff said. "I loved it when she was acting. I liked our having our profession in common."

He said, "If I had known when I married what I know now, I would not have married Marge. It may hurt her to hear me say that, but it is true." Yet when all the stories buzzed about him and Esther, he'd ask you not to print them. He didn't "want to hurt Marge." He stopped going to see his daughters then, or even phoning them daily. He thought he disturbed them.
He was obviously restless. He bought a home out in Apple Valley, which is a hundred miles from Hollywood and where film people never go. He never went there either. He began going in for wonderfully tailored clothes, and got the Best Dressed Award. He began buying big sportsy cars. It was, in fact, a terrific Italian car he had imported for himself that finally smashed the Williams idyl. Esther is a fun girl but sometimes the fun goes hollow—and suddenly, one night in that terrific car, it was all over. Or that’s what Jeff said. But perhaps he was thinking of Marge bringing up their daughters, doing all the worthy things like sending out CARE packages and working for the Red Cross and going to PTA meetings. And still loving him. He knew that. He knew there was no other man ever in her life. And by contrast. Esther consoled herself in less than no time with Fernando Lamas, who has done his own share of love-partner changing, too.

Jeff tried to let work totally absorb him. He planned his own independent production. Besides himself, he cast that young beauty, Dolores Hart, in it, and John Saxon. Still, it was a flop. For the first time since he came to Hollywood, he was free of a contract. He went into “Return to Peyton Place,” a good picture and a good role, but not great, either. He bought more clothes and more cars—and there were always girls.

Just before he went to the Philippines for “Merrill’s Marauders,” I met him in a very arty Beverly Hills group who were interested in producing an opera. Except for myself, a lone reporter, the room was entirely filled with very rich, very idle women. Among them was a movie-star’s wife who had just gotten her divorce that morning.

Jeff came in. He had agreed to do some announcements to help the ladies in their cultural activity. He was the only man present. He came over to me and whispered, “What are we two doing here?” Before I could even try to answer, the movie star’s so very recently ex-wife came over and introduced herself to Jeff. She was very tall and beautiful and she moved around in her very tight dress so that Jeff would notice that. When the meeting broke up, she begged him to take her over to the Beverly Hills Hotel. Her car, it seemed, had broken down and she did so hate to call a taxi.

Behind her back, Jeff shook his head at me. His face was both amused and bitter. It was all just too, too easy.

These are some of the things I remembered when the doctor asked me if people knew Jeff Chandler well. I told him some of them. I didn’t tell him everything about Jeff and Joan Crawford. And I didn’t name a lot of the other girls, either.

“The doctor listened, though, and he said. “We never know when a person can use their neuroses to help them get the result they most deeply want. We will never really know about Jeff Chandler.”

I don’t know. I do know that I knew Jeff as well as any member of the press did, and better than most. Sometimes we dined together and talked long about personal things—polities, cars, books. I know that he was a sensitive, bewildered man who couldn’t get away from that face or that hair of his and who, somehow, never seemed to quite get his feet on the path toward the inner goal he wanted.

I hope he has now.—Ruth Waterbury

The last two pictures Jeff made before his death are 20th’s “Return To Peyton Place,” Warners’ “Merrill’s Marauders,”

I’ll be over there for about three weeks. And who knows? Rome is so romantic.

“But whenever we decide to get married, it’ll be wonderful. The date doesn’t matter. We don’t have to rush into anything.

“And when we do get married, we might start off living in the home Troy has now. But, eventually, we want to buy a modern home around Beverly Hills or West Los Angeles—and we want a dog! We both love dogs! And as for any other additions—children—well, that’s up to nature. Except that we’d like to wait a little while because I think a couple should have some time alone before they start their family so they can get to know each other better. It would be nice to wait a couple of years before having children.

“There’s such a wonderful feeling between us now. Troy isn’t matter-of-fact or blasé. He’s very, very beautifully romantic. He’s very affectionate, very tender and very warm. And this I love in a man. We’ll be walking down the street, and he’ll kiss me. And he kisses me when I’m cooking—all the time. He sweeps me up from the food and kisses me. The food may be burning, but it makes no difference. I love to cook for him. I love it.

“We usually have dinner alone at his place, or sometimes we’ll have some people over for dinner, and I really enjoy it. We don’t go out too often. I get very

wonderful person, and I just know that he’ll make a wonderful husband. And, of course, I’ll do the best I possibly can to be a good wife for him, to make him happy—and it’s more than that, too, because it makes him happy to make him happy.

“To be perfectly frank, we intend to get married when we feel the time is right, because of Troy’s working schedule. We certainly don’t want to get married when he has to go back to work the very next morning.

“As we don’t really want to elope. We want to get married in a church—close to our friends, close to those we love.

“There was one rumor going around that Troy and I were planning a sneak wedding in Chicago. But that’s ridiculous.

“We’ll most likely get married when Troy goes to Rome to do ‘Lovers Must Learn’ or maybe when he returns. But
bored going out to restaurants every night and running around. Troy doesn’t go for it either. We’d rather stay home and read. It sounds kind of dull, like we’ve been married ten years, but it’s a good feeling. And we have a dart game in the house, so we can play a good game of darts. And we watch some TV. Also, Troy’s working. He has to get up early, so he has to go to bed early.

“We have dinner with his family a lot—with Dee Dee, his mother, and his sister Eve. Eve’s sixteen, and she’s a very bright young lady—she’s a doll. And his mother is very young and charming. I like them tremendously. Troy’s grandmother is Swedish. She was born and raised there. So Troy’s half Swedish, and my parents are kind of happy that I’m marryin’ someone that’s half Swedish, anyway.

“I miss my parents very much. I haven’t seen them in six years. Troy talked to them for—it must have been a hour-long-distance in Sweden. He can say a few things in Swedish. I wrote down some lines like ‘How are you? I hope we’ll meet soon,’ and things like that. He used these lines on the telephone with my parents.

“He’s teaching me skiing. I went to most of the football games last season, and I have never been too interested in football because I didn’t understand it too well. But now I love it. We love baseball, both of us, and this year we got season passes. And I got Troy to take up golf; He took a few less- sons, and he was hooked! There are a lot of very nice people at the country club where I belong—people you can have a lot of fun with. I have a lot of friends that are golfers, and I introduced Troy to most of them. They’re mostly married couples, and they don’t have neuroses that some people in show business have. There are other things in life besides show business, and Troy and I want to enjoy them.

“I was married before for a little over a year. I know I learned a lot from my former marriage, and grew up a lot. I was very happy when I got married, and I was very much in love. But, unfortunately, it didn’t work out. But, in a way, I’m glad it didn’t work out. I’m a fatalist, and I think it was a case of what happens, happens. I’m very surprised that I’m still married. I tried very hard to make my marriage work. I was thinking of a reconciliation, but something stopped me. If I’d gone through with it, I wouldn’t be engaged to Troy now. And if I hadn’t been married before, then I wouldn’t have been prepared for marriage again like I am now. I think I’m much more understanding because of it.

“Peter and I weren’t compatible as Troy and I are. We did love each other, and I still have a certain love for him because he’s a fine person. But if you’re not compatible, you might as well dissolve a marriage while you’re still young and can find happiness with somebody else.

“I know the girls are always after Troy, but I never feel threatened. When Troy cares for somebody, he doesn’t look elsewhere. He doesn’t have to. He’s content. And I’m confident. No, nobody can take Troy from me.”

—JULIA CORBIN

Troy can be seen in “Parrish” and “Susie Slade for Warner Bros. And in “Surf Side 6,” on ABC-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT.

SHARON HUGUENY

Continued from page 41

love. And as for her folks, she knows she has them in a corner if they start saying she’s too young to marry. Her father didn’t lack three weeks of being seventeen when she married, and her dad had just turned eighteen. Now, nineteen years later, they certainly prove a fine case for young love. Their first child, Sharon, is in the movies and their eleven-year-old son is the smartest boy in his class. Yet parents—being parents—would still have to be convinced that what worked for them would work for their child, too. Even though they had married young, they had both been young. But, in Sharon’s case, it was different—Bob was so much older. And any parent might have been taken aback by Bob’s aggressive courtship.

The same aggression that had turned dark, handsome Mr. Evans into a million- aire at thirty turned him into an ardent and persistent lover the moment he began to date Sharon—shy, unspoiled, unsophis- ticated Sharon. What parent wouldn’t wonder, “Is my daughter being swept off her feet? Is this just an infatuation? Can you be sure when things happen so fast?”

But whatever the Huguenys may have thought, nothing could have stopped Bob. Besides, he had the air of such beautiful a Cypid as could ever be found, a girl name read./

And it was true. The marriage was, in fact, a marriage. When Troy cares for somebody, she doesn’t look elsewhere. He doesn’t have to. He’s content. And I’m confident. No, nobody can take Troy from me.”

—JULIA CORBIN

Troy can be seen in “Parrish” and “Susie Slade for Warner Bros. And in “Surf Side 6,” on ABC-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EDT.

SHARON HUGUENY

Continued from page 41
He's an angel and so attractive.

After that, the Sharon-Leticia telephone calls were one long love bulletin. Leticia gave Sharon advice—a peculiar blend of realism and romanticism that is Italian.

It was lucky that Sharon did have such a confidant, because, in the beginning, her parents were wildly frightened. They saw their protected darling being caught up by Bob's fast, thoughtless, colorful and rich courtship. After all, the Huguenys are just quiet people who had never been exposed to such an exotic world. Sharon's mother finally did bring up the fact that her daughter was merely seventeen to Bob's thirty-one.

And it was Bob himself who brought up another factor: religion. They'd had only two dates, and suddenly he was discussing marriage. But before they made any other decision, he wanted one point cleared up. They must be married in his faith, Judaism. Sharon agreed to this, and said she would convert. She has one Jewish parent, but how surprised both parents must have been when this seventeen-year-old who was just learning about life came home—after three days—and talked not only of marriage, but of changing her religion.

Bob next proposed, in his decisive, business-like way, that his father and mother come out to meet Sharon and her parents. He wasn't wasting a minute! They discussed with Mr. Hugueny, who is a production plant head, all the details of his fabulous sportswear firm, Evan-Picone. He told Sharon's father, too, that he had been offered a top position in the business end of Twentieth Century-Fox. He was considering it, he said, but he was also considering going on with his acting.

He'd already told Sharon what few people knew about him: That he'd been stage-struck, as a kid, and had acted professionally from the time he was eleven until he was fourteen. But what makes Sharon proudest of her husband is the fact that he didn't come from a wealthy family. In fact, he'd been very poor as a child, and it was he who had made them all rich! And, perhaps to reassure her, he told her that his brother Charles was mar
d to a very young girl—happily married.

He also told her he had truly been in love with her before he ever met her. There

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instant in her life—that one awful moment. It is one of the reasons Marilyn has never been able to publicly admire powerful, male physiques. To her, the Herculean figure suggests brute force, and she dreads the thought of it. And it is for this reason that Marilyn finds it impossible to tolerate the fusion of love and sex. Sex, for Marilyn, recalls a tragedy. Love, pure and platonic, suggests a dream she has apparently yet to realize.

There are further complications in her friendship for Sinatra. But they are complications which, when understood, may make it clear that Frank and Marilyn are more in love than they themselves realize.

Frank has something to prove

One of the main factors to understand is Frank himself. What makes him the way he is today? Frank kids about his skinniness and his lean physique. But underneath the humor, he has always believed that the world, unfortunately, often judges the measure of a man by his height, aggressiveness and the size of his muscles. People rarely see manliness in a small, slight man.

As a boy, Sinatra wore long curls and Little Lord Fauntleroy suits. He was taunted and beaten mercilessly by other kids. And since childhood, he has been engaged in a continuing and heartbreaking struggle to show the world that it is not muscle, but heart, that makes the man.

So, in the meeting of Frank and Marilyn, there are overtones of personal discoveries in each other—little things, but the things that give meaning to a relationship. Marilyn, who wants and needs a man who will respect her fears and enhance her hopes, finds in Frank a man who yearns to prove that physical bigness is not at all a requisite for attracting one of the most beautiful women in the world.

How much of it is a thing? How much of it is a thing?

Some time ago Marilyn Monroe, during one of her short and infrequent visits to Hollywood, gave us more than a hint of what is deep in her heart.

As usual she was late for the interview. But she knew, of course, that she would be forgiven. She came down the stairs of her home dressed in a stark, black, string-strapped gown that emphasized her gorgeous figure and the beautiful movements of her body. She walked over to a plushly upholstered sofa and sat down.

We discussed the usual subjects—her career, her new pictures and her recent travels. And then, without plan, the conversation touched on men and the kind of man that might possibly make a woman like Marilyn happy.

We cannot say for certain, but it seemed that at the mention of "the man" there came to Marilyn's eyes a suggestion of hope that had not been there before.

"I could never answer that question before," Marilyn said. "Everyone always asked me what kind of a man is, for me, ideal. Well, maybe now I do have an answer. An answer I never realized before.

"The only man I can love."

"Let's say that the only man I can ever hope to love is the man who feels honestly and completely that I am the only woman in the world for him. If I could find such a man I think my search would be over." She smiled gently and threw her arm up on the back of the sofa. "And so would I." Her smile grew broader and happier.

Is Frank Sinatra that man?

Again fact and opinion become so intermingled, it is difficult to untangle one from the other. One aspect of Frank's personality, recently exposed, may help.

"The only real and completely dedicated thing I've ever wanted to do in my life is to make someone happy," Frank told us. "I want to know and see and understand and help the beauty of a woman's heart—not her body."

No more honest view of sex and love has ever been spoken by Sinatra. But Frank wants another kind of happiness, too. It is slightly less personal, but it's one of the most forceful drives in his life. Sinatra wants to have fun. He wants to laugh and kick over the traces and jump for joy. He wants to be with people who will receive strength and delight from fun. He wants to live, intensely and uncompromisingly, the rich full life.

In recent weeks he has dated Marilyn. How much of a "thing" it has become with them is anybody's educated guess. What part of the friendship is a "thing" is more apparent.

Frank and Marilyn have good times together. He has brought new laughter to her lips. He has revealed new joys to her eyes. He has carried new hopes to her heart.

In return, Marilyn has, in her own way, let Frank know that she—the world's most provocative symbol of sex—can admire and respect, perhaps even love, a man who has never yet pushed the scales beyond 140 pounds.

There are, however, broader and more binding reasons for this new and glamorous twosome.

Sinatra explains it himself: "I think about it a lot, that I never had any brothers and sisters. I missed them when I was a kid; in a way, I miss them now. And you know that wonderful closeness families
SANDRA AND BOBBY

Continued from page 35

himself to go to the phone. I paid no attention to this, except that two minutes later he comes back yelling, "I'm going to be a father! You're pregnant! I'm going to be a father!" And that's how I found out. Along with everybody else in that room, I was simply speechless, but Bobby was on Cloud 12 and going higher while I got lower and lower.

"I had to get used to the idea. Having a baby isn't like buying a dress. If you get one you don't like, you can't give it back. I was accustomed to think of a thing as a whole, but I felt. What was going to happen to me. What I'd do.

"I didn't even think of my career—just me, me, me. For four whole days. I don't know if I didn't grow up enough to be a mother, or what. I do know that when we married, even if the certificate did say seventeen, I was really about eleven, emotionally. So there I was six months later, with people around me being overjoyed, and I was just out to lunch.

"It was like the first week we were married, that first week in a house without my mother. I had a housekeeper to run the house, but I had to run the housekeeper. I had to plan meals. I had a husband, so I couldn't run out at six o'clock in the evening to go see my friends. Once I actually started to do that, Bobby said, 'Where are you going?' I said 'I'm going out to see my girl friend.' I couldn't understand why he minded. I'd done that all my life—done as I pleased. But there I was married, and there was someone else I had to think of first.

"Only that first week, didn't. All I could think of that first week was did I do wrong? I missed my mother. I missed my friends. I missed not being taken care of and babied. Bobby babied me but he wouldn't pick up after me. I had to pick up my own things. Fortunately at the end of that first week, Bobby had to go to Vegas about a night out. And then I found out. Oh, I missed him so. At the end of three days, there I was in Vegas. I didn't want any of the things I thought I'd been missing. I just wanted Bobby.

"That's when I knew I'd really become a wife, or at least was starting to be one. And it was like that with being pregnant.

It took me four days to come out of my shock. Then it hit me. I was going to have Bobby's baby! Before I knew it, I was sailing up to join Bobby on his cloud up there. And out shopping for clothes for my baby.

Sandra paused for a long breath. She's the easiest girl there ever was to interview, not only because she answers questions before you ask them, but because of her complete honesty. She wants a baby and says so.

"If it's a girl, it's going to be sent back," she said. "I've picked out bo's clothes and boy's toys. I wanted him to be called Robert but his father talked me out of that fast. He pointed out that our Robert would be 'little Bobby' in contrast to 'big Bobby.' So I gave that up.

"Now I think he will be Jeffrey. Where that comes in is that when you have a lot of friends, as we have, if you name your child after one of your dear friends and hurt another. Then you start with family names and a relative gets insulted. So we don't know a single Jeffrey, but Jeffrey-something-Darin makes a nice name.

An Eton suit for baby

"I've already been shopping for him. I've bought him dozens of shoes. Of course, I came to a little later and realized Jeffrey couldn't wear such shoes till about two years from now. Then I bought him an Eton suit. That was really the end.

"The saleslady said to me, 'How old is the child?' I said 'About four months.' Fortunately, she didn't recognize me. She said, 'The child is a boy, isn't he?' I said, 'I don't know.'

"That's when it struck her—something was very wrong. It's my baby and I don't know whether it is a boy or girl or its age. She began to laugh and told me that what I wanted was a layette. Well, I didn't want a layette. Who wants to look at diapers? So besides the Eton suit I bought pajamas. About twelve dozen pairs of blue and green pajamas, with one lonely little pair of pink ones—just in case.

"When Bobby came home and saw that Eton suit, he flipped.

"Then he got firm with me. He said, 'My kid is going to wear dungarees and play in the mud.' I said, 'Well, maybe your son will do that, but my son is going to dress up occasionally.'

"I thought that was a good time to change the subject. I'm really beginning to get a little bit of tact with my husband. So I brought up the subject of college.

"I don't know what you call it, but Bobby is so—well—balanced. He thinks everything through. I said I wanted Jeffrey to go to Black Foxe, the military school, for one year. Bobby said we'd have to discuss that with our son. He says we will discuss everything with our son. He will know why he is being disciplined, why he's being indulged.

"Well, I know that anything Bobby says he'll do, he'll do. Besides, because of the way I was brought up, I'll be pretty stern, too, I think. I love my mother more than anybody in this world, except Bobby. She and I will always be friends—but I am not going to be friends with my baby. I want to be his mother. You can't be a pal, really. You're nineteen or twenty years older. Oh, I'll spoil my baby a little—that's part of love. But I won't have a brat. And I won't bring him around the studio and get him spoiled in a half hour, as I could easily with Ross Hunter and the make-up people around. God forbid that I let all that overindulgence happen to him.

"Bobby and I argue about one thing. He wants our children to use the family name, Cassotto, to go to school under that name. But I say that's impossible. I say to him, 'You're Bobby Darin. I'm Sandra Dee. I'm having our baby, but even the doctor calls me Miss Dee. So if we send Jeffrey Cassotto to school, everybody will say it's his father's Bobby Darin and his mother is Sandra Dee. It's nothing for us to go on this, and I must see him. And I won't let him go on the other children in school. But he's got to know who he is, who Bobby is, and who I am. And if he becomes five times as important as we ever can, then that's fine.

"Besides, no matter what kind of a mother I turn out to be, my baby will have the greatest grandmother ever. John Casavettes' wife goes to the same baby doctor I do, and we talk about how our mothers are carrying on. My mother is positively having a second childhood as well as a second child, she's so excited."

"The patience of a saint"

"Right now we are trying to find a house with a nursery. Bobby merely wants a great big house, in Bel Air or Beverly Hills, with about two acres of land around it—right in the middle of town, you understand. No real estate agent has heard of such a place within miles, but Bobby will find it just the same. He has the patience of a saint. He found our honeymoon house for us, he hired the housekeeper. Now— we need a much bigger house and we ought to have it within the next two months, and I am completely sure we will.

"I don't know how Bobby puts up with me right now, but he does. If he turns the
dookknob wrong, I cry. If he looks at me and says, 'I don’t like that dress' I get hysterical. I can be sitting in a room being perfectly happy and then all of a sudden something hits me and the tears start coming. I never was like this before. My emotions are all topsy turvy. But Bobby puts up with me and he has morning sickness.

"Don’t laugh—he does. And I don’t. The doctor gave me pills against it and told Bobby how to rub my back when I got an attack of it. So I take the pills and wind up rubbing Bobby’s back.

"Then there is my poor doctor. I called him up so much the first week we engaged him that he said, ‘Boy, you’d hear my voice, he’d say, ‘Hang up.’ I couldn’t help laughing with her. She was delightful. Everything wise, every word and inflection, bespoke her innocence. "Sandra," I said, "have you and Bobby looked at the more serious side? I mean have you considered the dangers that can fall upon a celebrity’s child? You read the papers. I don’t have to spell out the case histories of Cheryl Crane and Fredric March’s son, Tony. Or Edward G. Robinson Jr. Or Bob Burns’ daughter."

"Let’s face it," I continued, "the child of a celebrity faces many dangers. For example, there’s the pitfall of leading a double-life. One moment Mommy and Daddy are in the studio, the next moment there are paparazzi.”

The next moment the child is blinded when they turn into glittering stars, watched over by the whole world. Ordinary kids don’t have to share their parents with the world; ordinary parents don’t lead changing lives, one day playing a cowboy and the next day a doctor, one day a nun and the next day a girl of the streets.

"Look," I said, "at the problem of aloneness. A celebrity’s child can be the loneliest kid in the world if his parents are so busy being famous that they haven’t enough time for family living and loving. And what about the notoriety that goes with fame? And the gossip?"

"Is there anything crueler than to hear or overhear one’s parents talked about? Or anything more vicious than to be compared unfavorably with one’s own mother or father?"

Sandy sat back for a moment, in deep thought. That is an outstanding characteristic of this teenager. She can think, and with great clarity. Her voice was serious.

"I think every set of parents thinks that their child is different," she said, "I read about these delinquent children and I think their parents are just unfortunate. But I can’t think that way myself."

"I have to think that my baby is out of my home and my heart and that it has to become the kind of an adult I want it to be. It just can't turn out badly.

"I don’t like it that people imply it’s just Hollywood people who have maladjusted children. They are all over—in Chicago, New York, Paris, wherever. Most of them here, like most children everywhere, turn out well. Think of the Hollywood families of five or six children, all wonderful, like the Burt Lancasters, or the Gregory Pecks, or the Pat O’Briens, or the Chuck Connors. And the Ladds, the Neslons, the Hopes, Gale Storm and Lee Bonnell—their children are great. No—nothing to it. Just a thing—Dean and Ann-Margaret’s daughter, who gave up luxury to dedicate her life to serving the sick in an Oriental slum.

"I saw a picture. ‘The Young Savages’ and I loved it—and I don’t usually like this kind. But it was so honest. I looked at those fifteen-year-old boys in it and my imagination began to run away. I thought, ‘My baby boy must not grow up this way.’ Then I realized that Bobby came from this kind of background and look at him! Tony Curtis came from this kind of background and look what he’s done with his life. So you just can’t let yourself think in these defeatist terms."

Sandy paused again, still thinking deeply. "But you can’t let yourself spoil your own baby," she said, "and you can’t let other people do either. Right now, wherever Bobby and I go, people are extra nice to us. They’re a little more nice. We like it. We also know why they are so extra nice. But if you take a child into such a flattery atmosphere they don’t understand it. They think they are very special."

"Where we go, baby goes"

"One thing Bobby and I won’t do is leave our baby alone with servants. Wherever we go, he’ll go. Whatever we do, he’ll do. He’ll be our son, not some lonely little thing wandering around a big house.

"I thought I was completely happy before I met Bobby, but now my happiness is so very deep. I am so conscious of everything now, like my good fortune in marrying this man, the most honest person I’ve ever met. And now to be pregnant is just a miracle.

"And the timing! I have three pictures ready to come out, that will take a year. The baby will be here in another six months, and that will give me a whole year to talk about these delinquent children and I think their parents are just unfortunate. But I can’t think that way myself."

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**Photographers’ Credits**

Cover portrait of Liz Taylor by Gillmor; Liz and Eddie color by Bobbie; Connie Stevens and Dorothy Provine by bills; Lilies by David Nelsens by Globe; Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin by Leo Fuchs; Dick Beymer and Tuesday Weld color by Kabring; Dick Beymer and Diane McBain by Globe; Sharon Hugueny and Bob Evans by Peter Bosch; Dick Clark by Globe; Mickey Collen and wife by Roger Marshutz; Connie Stevens and Will Hutchins by Roger Marshutz; Troy Donohue by Gigli; Troy Donohue and Lili Kordell by Frank Bez; Diane McBain color and black and white by Frank Bez; Jack and Jackie Kennedy by Wide World; Jackie Kennedy by U.P.I.; Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner by Topix.

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**STEVE AND PROVINE**

Continued from page 31

FACT: Connie and Dorothy present two completely different images to TV viewers. Connie, who is younger, has her largest bookings among the teenagers.

Dorothy has less of a teenage following. She appeals especially to remiscing middle-aged couples who watch “The Roaring 20’s.” She says she is content with the job the studio press staff is doing.

Neither girl will admit she feels she is in direct competition with the other. Says Connie: “The only similarity I see is that we are both blond and both receive our fan mail at the same address.”

**“Dorothy fired a rival”**

RUMOR: Dorothy Provine had a secretary fired at Warners when she found out the young lady was dating a boyfriend of hers. Connie Stevens tried to get the job back for the secretary just for spite.

FACT: It was a lady in the publicity department, and she did get fired. Dotty was involved in the event.

The young publicist was dating a Latin actor by the name of Manuel Rojos. While touring the lot one day, he noticed Dorothy and invited her to dinner. Dotty, knowing he was dating the lady in publicity, politely declined his invitation.

But later, Dotty was told it was only a business arrangement between them, so when Manuel asked again, she accepted.

When Miss Publicity found out, she burst onto Dorothy’s set. Screaming at the top of her lungs, she carried on in a very unladylike way, and the next day she was fired.

“I might fight for a man on my own terms if I thought he was worth it,” Dorothy admitted, “but I’d never go to the extremes of having a woman fired.”

Connie denies that she tried to get the woman’s job back for her. She claims she knew nothing of the episode until it had been over several weeks.

FACT: Connie and Dorothy deliberately avoid dating the same available bachelors about town.

FACT: They have seldom dated the same fellows. Among the things they don’t agree on are men.

**FACT: That’s true.**

RUMOR: Hollywood party-givers never invite the girls to the same parties.

FACT: Usually so. As mentioned before, they don’t run around in the same social circles. But each girl insists she would not avoid a party because the other was attending.

**Connie is jealous**

RUMOR: Connie is jealous because Dorothy didn’t work as hard as she did to become a star.

FACT: Connie has worked like a Trojan for everything she’s gotten. And though stardom did come to Connie at an earlier age than to Dorothy, Connie to this day worries about her abilities as an actress. Because of this, many people expect her to have her eye out jealously on any other talent that steps onto the Warner lot.

Many people—perhaps Connie among them—aren’t aware that Dorothy Provine spent a lot of time trying to push her way into summer stock and other acting jobs before she got her first big break in Hollywood. Although Dorothy took the college route, while Connie took to practical application right after high school, the fact is both worked very hard to get what they have.

**RUMOR:** Dorothy and Connie never speak, and go out of their way to avoid each other.

FACT: It’s true, Connie and Dorothy feel strange and uneasy in the presence of each other. Perhaps this is because they’re both in the commissary at the same time, for instance, their eyes have met and then they have both turned away without speaking. Connie and Dorothy have come to realize that a girl’s best enemy usually is another girl. No one knows for sure now who is to blame for the start of this feud. Perhaps neither of them were at fault in the beginning. But the rumors and the tension have grown, and the girls are caught right in the middle. They don’t know quite what to think—when they see each other, the atmosphere is strained, their looks guarded. They’re too embarrassed to speak to each other—and perhaps too afraid. The talk’s out in Hollywood now, and whether they like it or not—this feud is now for real. And that’s why PhotoPlay has reported it. Perhaps bringing the whole thing out in the open will help clear the air. Their friends are hoping that the girls can shake hands and come out smiling—instead of fighting.

—JAY RICHARDS

Connie is in “Parthias” and “Susan Slade” for Warners and “Hawaiian Eye,” ABC-TV, Wed., 9 P.M. EDT. And you can see Dorothy in “The Roaring 20’s,” every Saturday, on ABC-TV, at 7:30 P.M. EDT.

**NAT AND BOB**

Continued from page 26

between them—just long enough for whisperers to start: “…it certainly didn’t take her much time. Bob was out of town for two days and I saw her with… Doesn’t Bob realize how she hates to be alone? …Well, maybe he is her leading man in a movie she’s making, but when I saw them there were no cameras around… I understand he’s one of Bob’s best friends.”

Inevitably the grapevine was swarming with reports about Natalie. Most prominently mentioned were Warren Beaty, Natalie’s co-star in “Splendor in the Grass,” Frank Sinatra and a married TV actor.

Were Natalie’s meetings with these men clandestine trysts made without Bob’s knowledge?

To say that they were would be cruel. Unfair and untrue. But Hollywood has never, and will never, take kindly to married stars who allow the public the opportunities for gossip. Though Natalie’s friendships were completely innocent, the rumors were at one time so rampant that columnists brazenly implied that she was “seeing” other men.

Is this what has rocked the Wood-Wagner marriage? Is their separation so serious that the breach can never be spanned? Is Natalie’s conduct too controversial for Bob?

The answer depends on what happens next.

Natalie is young in years, but mature in feminine conduct. She will continue to behave as best suits her personality. She will not be interfered with. She will not be advised. And, though she is mature, she is subject to the incorrigible enthusiasm of youth.

Robert Wagner is older, not nearly as successful as his wife and, therefore, perhaps wiser. He prefers to play it cool, to live quietly, to work hard and, with Natalie, to concentrate almost exclusively on building the marriage and the careers.

Perhaps an exchange of wisdom would help. Natalie might live a life of lesser intensities, Bob to pay less attention to the rumors. On this basis there is a good chance that the reconciliation will last.

But the veterans of such marriages say that what would best profit Natalie and Bob is for them to take a new, long, lean, hard look at love and what they can expect of it.

Love grants opportunities only. The fact that two people are in love rarely, if ever, indicates easy happiness.

Many insiders believe that Bob and Natalie expected too much from their marriage too soon. They hoped for immediate joy, instant togetherness, on-the-spot serenity and presto possessiveness.

There is no such magic in real life. It exists only in dreams.

And the pitiful example of Bob and Natalie’s hope is the expensive home that was to be a status-symbol of their love. But the “little palace of luxury” they planned is empty, a half-finished monument to a love that faltered.

It would be even more appropriate if Natalie and Bob considered this statement made by an actress just a couple of years ago.

“IT is the separation of interest that hurts most two-career marriages,” said the actress. “A couple must agree on a goal and work together for it. That goes for little as well as big things. You can’t buy a big house and expect to live in it and you’ll end up nervous because of the money you owe.”

Why is it startling advice for the Wagners?

Because Natalie was that actress!

—SALLY BOSWELL

important role in the movie "Indiscretion of an American Wife." He was suddenly transported from the familiar sights and sounds of the United States to the strange—but exciting—newness of ancient Italy. Dick soon became involved in a remarkably sensitive rapport with the Italians. He filled his mind, his thoughts, his senses in the earthy joys and warmth and understanding of the people. He was overwhelmed by the classic wonders of Rome, but found an even deeper feeling for the Italian countryside.

One afternoon, while he was resting between takes, Dick noticed a shy, smiling Italian girl of fourteen who was standing in the circle of onlookers around the cameras. She regarded him, he remembers, with "large and wonderful dark eyes." Her hair, the color of "red-hot iron" ung lovely about her shoulders. She didn't move, but stood quietly, letting the gentle Italian breezes brush her body. At first, Dick gave her no more than a customary admiring glance. But each time he returned to his chair between takes, he noticed that she had moved closer.

"I was only thirteen," says Dick, "but I imagined that, since I was in the company of so many sophisticated adults, I was far beyond any need to pay attention to a fourteen-year-old girl."

The beginning of love

The next morning, however, Dick noticed that the girl was there again. And before he was even aware of her, she was standing close to Dick, so that he could talk to her.

"Do you live around here?" Dick asked.

"Yes," the girl shook her head, but didn't speak.

"Do you live in Rome?" he asked.

The girl nodded.

"What are you doing here?" he prodded.

"I am learning," the girl said in English.

"You speak English, too?"

"I understand very well, but I do not speak it so good."

"What are you learning?"

"I am learning," the girl looked around at the cameras and the technicians and the actors and actresses, "I am learning—"

--This all.

Dick almost laughed out loud. Imagine, he thought, a girl like this expecting to learn acting just by standing around a movie location.

"What do you know about acting?" he asked.

The girl hung her head as though she was not going to answer. Finally, she looked up at Dick and said, "I know nothing. I know only that you are laughing at me. I can tell."

"She had a figure like..."

"I'll confess," Dick says, "my eyes bulged at all that beauty coming toward me. She had a figure like... Man, need I say more?"

The girl stared at him with a sly smile. Dick saw then that it was Luciana Paluzzi, Italy's sexy import whom many experts regard as one of the most beautifully shaped women from Europe.

"Hello," Dick said.

"I am Lucy," she said. "Don't you know who I am? I am the girl of long ago, and I am still very much hurt that you never said goodbye." Dick almost collapsed with surprise.

"We had coffee," says Dick, "and reminisced. But I'm still dazed by what nature did to my girl. If I had ever known..."

"The reason this incident stays with me and comes to mind so often," says Dick, "is because it's such a perfect example— perfect example of what a man can miss if he becomes so self-centered that he ignores what's happening in the minds and hearts of those around him."

"Looking back, of course, the answer seems simple. Look for love and you'll find it. But I'm not thirteen any longer. We get complicated as we grow older."

"What would have satisfied me when I was sixteen does not much at twenty-two."

"When I was sixteen, for example, I fell in love. It was just impossible for me to go five minutes in my life without thinking about her."

Continued from page 38

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about this girl, but nothing happened.

"We dated. We had a lot of laughs. We enjoyed the same things. I was convinced that she was the only girl in the world who could ever make me happy. But at sixteen there is one thing you don't know.

When you decide there is only one girl who can make you happy, you're also selecting the only girl who can make you unhappy.

"On my sixteenth birthday I made up my mind I was old enough to ask her to marry me. I didn't know how to do it. I bought an engagement ring with a few dollars I had saved up, and that night, when I was close to her, walking down the street, I dropped the ring in her coat pocket. She caught me. She took out the package and opened it. Instead of being surprised, thrilled, excited—instead of throwing her arms around me as I expected her to, she said, 'What a silly thing to do.'

"I had just dropped my heart in her pocket, and she thought it was silly.

Dick shook his head and smiled. "You know, she was right. It was a pretty ridiculous way to tell a girl you loved her.

"But I didn't see that that way then. I was hurt. My ego had been squashed. I never felt the same about her again. A boy in love doesn't like to be laughed at, especially by the girl he loves.

"I loved and lost"

"There were other girls, of course. I loved and lost or I thought I loved and thought I lost. Who knows what really happened?

"The point is that I could never find the feeling of permanency in any of the girls that attracted me. I suppose it was the same quality that was, for them, missing in me.

"I'm twenty-two now. I ought to have some small idea of what I want in the girl I'm looking for.

"It's odd, but I know a mountain in Italy that would delight her. There's a small road along the ocean at Malibu and the view from it would take her breath away. There's a painting of mine. No one likes it, but she would. I know all the restaurants we'd eat at. I have all the music she'd like to hear. I have all the hopes she'd want to share with me.

Dick looked at me. "Sounds corny, doesn't it?"

"I said I didn't think so, as long as he meant what he said."

"Oh, I mean it all right," he replied.

"But love takes such a beating in this country, it's almost a joke to speak of it seriously.

"I think Europeans really do know more about it than we do. They have two simple rules about love. They never make fun of it and they never deny it, even if they haven't sought it."

Did he mean American girls make light of love?

"No," he said, "that's the trouble. They don't make anything of it. They seem to like to wear it, like a new dress. And it must be in fashion.

One year it's the style to fall in love with muscle men, the next it's older men, the next it's intellectuals.

"The one thing American girls do is put veins over their hearts. They never let you get them in focus.

"There's one girl I dated, and with her I never knew if what she said was from her heart or the best lines from her last movie. I just can't fuss around with a girl who wants to play games.

"Another girl I dated a while back. In front of a group of people she glowed—charm, personality, bright, clever dialogue. But alone with a man she was frightened. Out went the glow, and her heart was as dark as the inside of an ice box—and just as chilly.

"At first I thought it was me, that I simply didn't know how to act with her. But the more I watched, the more I realized that she was driven by a compulsion to be the center of attention. Then I understood that she was so busy taking she had never learned how to give."

Where is his love?

But if Dick is searching so honestly and delving so deep for love, and he can have his pick of so many girls ... why hasn't he found a woman who pleases him? It is interesting to learn what he says about it—and what his dates say about him!

His first and most highly publicized romance was with Tuesday Weld.

"But as much as I like Tuesday," Dick said when it was over, "we discovered that we could find no promise of permanency in our relationship. She had things to do with her life. So did I. They were things which would have eventually sent us off in different directions. There was no future for either of us in that."

Tuesday's summation, in its brevity, emphasized their differences.

"We just didn't dig it together," she said.

Sherry Jackson and Diane McBain, two popular and beautiful young actresses, actually shared dates with Dick. Sherry, however, knew there wasn't a great enough "difference in our ages."

"I think I want to fall in love with a man a lot older than I am," she said, "anyhow, that's the way it is with me now."

Diane's reasons were simpler, but straight to the point. "I just don't want to fall in love that hard," she said, "because I just don't want to get married. And Dick is the kind of young man a girl falls in love with.

Later Dick seemed very serious with Madlyn Rhue. They were seen everywhere together, and the fact that she had tempted Dick to go out so often as her date seemed proof that he was indeed in love. In fact, they were rumored to be unofficially engaged.

What finally happened between them wasn't known. But after a two-month romance, they broke up. Neither Dick nor Madlyn will comment.

One ex-girlfriend of Dick's thinks she has the answer to his problem.

"Dick knows positively that he is going to do everything in his power to make some woman a very, very successful husband," she says.

"He knows he will love intensely—he will make any sacrifice—he will give himself completely to the woman he loves. He knows that under those circumstances he will be helpless. That's why he's being so very, very careful. Because if he makes a mistake, that woman could tear him apart, perhaps even ruin his life."

"I don't think it works with me, but I'll tell you one thing: Being too damn
Something more than a lover

"Not true," says Dick. "Sure, I like my career. Why be an actor if you don't? Every man I've ever met has had a personal ambition that is separate from his love life. In a broad sense, this ambition is necessary. A man has got to be something more than just a lover to the woman of his choice. He should provide her with some basis for having pride in him.

"In some respects," he admitted. "I may not be completely ready to fall in love. I imagine problems that don't exist. Sometimes the most awful fears in a man's life are only in his mind, but I try to be careful and not let imaginary fears affect my life.

"The one danger I have to watch out for is that I might fall in love just because I'm so damned eager to do it. The trouble is you want to love someone. You're full of hope and happiness that's just screaming to be shared with someone. You have a wild, restless thing in your heart that's begging to be let loose. Comes a pretty face in the moonlight some night and you let it go. You think you're in love, just because you can't stand being alone any more."

"They say a man must wait and be patient and he will eventually find the right girl. That may be so, and I'm trying. But I'm not sure I'm going to last that long."

"Why not?"

"Because," said Dick, "the suspense is killing me."

—Terry Hall

See Dick in "Bachelor Flat," for 20th.

That afternoon we got our first lead.

"See, here's how it was," said a close friend of Connie's. "Dick went to Connie's house a couple of months ago to make a tape for 'Bandstand.' He stayed and had dinner. Her parents were there the whole time."

We checked the story with a friend of Dick's. "Sure," he said. "Dick's been to Connie's house a lot of times. Once he went with a sound engineer to tape the show. The other night his wife Bobbie was with him. They stayed for dinner. They had spaghetti with meat balls and cheese. How's that for an alibi?"

We called Dick's press agent back.

"This thing is getting out of hand," he admitted. "I'll talk to Dick tonight. Tomorrow morning I'll have a signed statement. A statement from Dick."

"Okay," we said, and eagerly awaited the call.

But the following morning, a somewhat older, wiser press agent contacted our office.

"I don't have a statement," he said bravely. "Dick gave me a statement from Connie to read instead. It's from the Philadelphia Daily News. Here's what it says: Dick and I have never been alone long enough to have a Coke. How's that?"

"Terrible," we muttered.

"Oh," he sighed.

That afternoon we grilled a new witness, an intimate of Dick's.

"Look," he said. "Dick is a very clean-shaven man who he's gone 'show biz.' So he's getting a divorce. Does that make him show-biz? A story like this can hurt him. Why should he get himself into a position like that? Some of these guys can do anything. It all depends on the image. But not Dick. So why should he start the story, a very popular story?"

"But what if it's true?"

"Well, it's not. And, even if it is, Dick wouldn't start it... I don't think..."

"Oh," we said, trying not to sound confused. But at this point, the facts seemed more muddled than ever. We tried Connie's office again.

"There's no basis for the rumor," they said. "It's stupid to try to defend one's self. Dick and Connie have been great

DICK AND CONNIE

Continued from page 51

Both suspects had one thing in common—the record business. Other than that, they appeared outwardly ill-suited to each other.

Dick, slightly tarnished teenage idol of "American Bandstand" fame, displays surface youth—shiny-faced and naive. Actually, he is quite sophisticated.

Connie, outwardly sophisticated, is quite naive at twenty-two.

Testimony from witness number one came from Connie's faithful secretary.

"Connie's not talking," she said. "She doesn't want any story. Her parents are very upset. After all, how does it make her look... with Dick getting a divorce and everything?"

Witness number two was Dick's press agent.

"No comment"

"Listen," he said. His tone sounded sincere—almost too sincere. "Dick says it's too silly to talk about. In fact, that's his comment."

The following morning, the story blossomed out. Inquiries flooded Miami.

A few hours later, Dick's press agent was forced to issue the following statement:

"This is a phase of Dick Clark's career that is extremely delicate. We feel that publications are going to go ahead and do the thing anyway, no matter what we say, even though most of the stories are untrue. Dick has been talking to his attorneys. They've advised him not to get involved in the stories. He can't deny them because it just makes it worse. Therefore, it's best if Dick is not quoted on anything. As far as his personal life is concerned—that's his business."
The moment had come, obviously, to confront Connie and Dick in person:
We found Connie at home, chichi dressed in black tapered slacks and a
shocking-pink, bateau-neck blouse. She passed the living room casually while
talking, then flung herself into a fuzzy, white chair.

Connie's side of the story

"What's between Dick and me? It's too stupid," she said.
Her mother worked in with a platter of cold fried chicken. Connie picked up a
piece and munched nonchalantly.
"Do you admit you told a newspaper reporter you and Dick never 'so much
as had a cup of coffee together'?"
"Yess..." she said slowly.
"Do you also admit that Dick visited your home at least twice recently?"
"Yes..."
"Do you drink coffee with your dinner?"
"Oh..." she blushed. "For goodness sake. That!
"I can explain," she said. "The item
was printed in one column and half-a
dozens others picked it up." She reached
for a frosted glass of iced tea.
"Of course they ran reports that Dick
came to my home. He did. But he came on
business both times, and once his wife
was with him.
"My family likes Dick very much," she
continued. "and he always make me appear
on 'Bandstand' whenever I had a hit record.
We shot her a quizzical glance.
"Wait," she said. "Don't you see—all
these times I don't think Dick and I were
alone enough to have a coke together.
"Think?" we pressed mercilessly. "Don't
you know?"
"I..." she began.
"Hrm," we cut in, closing our notebook.
We realized it was time to call Dick
in Philadelphia.

Connie answered it all pretty well in
a statement to the Philadelphia Daily
News," he began.
"Never mind that. What's your answer?"
"It's ridiculous," came the reply.
"For God's sake. Groundless. Too stupid to
comment on."
"Does that still mean 'no comment'?"
"That's right."
A week later Connie Francis stepped
onto the stage at Sciolla's night club
Philadelphia. We were in the audience.
"Ladies and gentlemen," she said,
'you've always been very nice to me in
this town and I feel I owe you an
explanation.
"Those rumors about Dick Clark and
me—they're not true. When I decide to
get married you'll all know about it—and
you're all invited!"
The audience of seven hundred Connie
Francis fans applauded vigorously.
We felt very relieved as Connie launched
into a full-throated rendition of "Where
the Boys Are." The mysterious case seemed
shut with a slam. Just another silly rumor
—we guessed.
It was just at that moment that Dick's
press agent leaned over and said out of
the side of his mouth:
"Tell me: do I tell you. Nothing to it.
Of course, they'll probably elope to
morning and make me a liar."
Then a friend of Connie's whispered,
"Remember the old saw... "Where there's
smoke there's fire."
We thought that over for a moment.
Then we decided to forget it—forget the
whole thing. We still weren't sure if the
rumors were true or not, but we felt pretty
confident that Dick and Connie wouldn't
elope. Connie wouldn't do that. After all,
hadn't she invited us to the wedding?
—Jane Stanford

Dick is on "American Bandstand," Mon-
Fri., ABC-TV, 4 P.M. EDT and in U.A.'s
"The Young Doctors." Connie is cur-
cently in "Where the Boys Are," M.G.M.

The first clue

"I guess that's when I first noticed their romance was serious," Rick said.
"That was a little bit of a clue. It was out of character, more or less, for David. He
hadn't spent a lot of time with one girl since his high school days, and actually
I never thought much about his getting married. It was a shock in a way—but a
pleasant shock."
It was then that Rick had started walking
around with Charley Britt, young de-
defensive corner back of the L.A. Rams foot-
tball team and sometimes an actor on the
"Ozzie and Harriet" TV show. Having
Charley for a buddy eased the transition somewhat, because, when David moved out,
Charley moved in to take his place.
"I miss David," Rick said earnestly.
"We used to do a lot of things together.

We confided in each other. We used to
double date a lot, go to the beach quite
a bit, go to movies and different places.
We were awfully close, so naturally
it seems a little strange not having him
around quite as much. However, Charley
and I also both like the same things, so this has helped fill the gap.
Besides, David doesn't live far away, so
I still see him quite a bit."
Rick smiled wryly, remembering his own
surprise at David's decision the night
several months earlier, when they had
been sitting in the living room of their
Hollywood hilltop home and David had
broken the news.
"He let me know in a roundabout way," Rick said. "He said he wondered what
Mom and Dad would think about it, and
what would happen as far as the show
was concerned if he were to marry June.
I just said it was really up to him whether
he wanted to do it or not and that I was
sure Mom and Dad would feel the same
way, but he already knew that. I wasn't
telling him something new. He probably
just wanted to hear me say it."

David's decision set Rick to thinking
about the day when he, too, would get
married. But Rick realized that David's

Continued from page 33

as if in sympathy with his master.
"The idea of being married and having
someone to come home to is appealing," Rick
doodled. "I guess everybody thinks about
that. I'm sure David's getting mar-
ried has caused me to think about it
a little more. It's so close to home.
Before he met June, David wasn't really
happy," Rick remembered. "Oh, he was content
in what he was doing, but as far
as girls and going out, he really wasn't
very happy. He didn't really enjoy going
to parties and all that. He used to get
depressed and not really care about things
too much, but it seems like he's really
taking an interest in things now. So mar-
riage has helped him out a lot. His whole
outlook has changed. He's happier now
than I've seen him in an awful long time."
Rick's own vague sense of loneliness
seemed to persist, even though he had
long since accustomed to the absence of his
brother. He had gotten used to seeing little
or nothing of David for months—ever
since David started dating June to the
exclusion of all other girls.

Rick NELSON

RICK
new happiness lay not just in being married, but in being married to the right girl, in being married to someone like June.

"I dig my brother's wife," Rick smiled in approval. "I'm very fond of her. June's a great girl. She极具 nice manner.

Girls like her don't come along very often. That's sure for I think David did real well. Then with a grin, he added. "So did June. And my folks—they’re very fond of her, too.

"I sure envy Dave"

"I sure envy Dave marrying a girl like June." Rick went on. "I just hope I can do as well as that."

Rick liked everything about June—not only the way she looked, not only the way she was with David, but the way she was with Ozzie and Harriet, the way she spoke the way she handled herself, generally, her whole attitude toward life.

"When I marry," Rick said, "I'd sure like to marry a girl with the same qualities. June's pleasant. She's got a good sense of humor. She's comfortable to be with. She's fun to talk with. She really knows what you're talking about. She's got a real good outlook on everything. She's a very human being. She really is. I have a very strong feeling for her. She's part of the family.

Rick was anything but his usually quiet self as he ticked off June's virtues. "She's not egocentric," Rick noted appreciatively. "She's not absorbed in herself. She's not an exhibitionist. She's actually pretty quiet at first if you don't know her. She's real soft-spoken, and I like that.

"A lot of times I'd have a date at my parents' house and I'd feel uneasy," Rick recalled. "You know—you'd be worried about what the girl would do and all that, because you'd be anxious for her to make a good impression. But with June it was a question of June accepting my folks and my folks accepting June at the same time. It seemed to work out a lot to tell me about marriage. I guess he's trail blazing there too. I've never really been close to getting married, but David's wedding made it real to me.

"I imagined the way I felt that day was the same feeling I'd have when I got married myself. It's hard to explain—only that it's a big moment. It made me a little more nervous, actually. I knew that the next time David would be the best man and I'd be taking the plunge."

Looking at June standing there before the minister, noticing how radiant and beautiful she was, Rick murmured a silent wish that when it was his turn to be the groom, the bride would be like June.

Marriage, from then on was a remote possibility, but a likelihood Rick found himself taking seriously for the first time, to his own strange uneasiness. He felt almost a surge of relief that it was David and not he who had taken leave of bachelordom.

"As far as seeing about weddings and all that, I'm glad he was the first one to get married," Rick laughed. "Getting out the invitations, making all those preparations sure was hectic. I'm glad that was David's headache. They were running around like there was no tomorrow. It kind of takes all wedding appeal to me. I think I'd rather have my wedding right in the house."

Rick himself may not have been fully aware of how his attitude toward marriage has changed since David bravely set the example. In his own mind the question now was not if he'd ever wed, but how.

The only one left

"It seems like so many of my friends have gotten married," Rick shook his head. "David had a bachelor party before the wedding, and it seemed like it was everybody else's last fling. Joe Byrne is getting married. Skip Young just got married. It seems like it's just one right after another. I'm going to be the only one left around. It makes me think about it a little more, of course," he agreed, not too enthusiastically, "It kind of makes you feel like your number is coming up. You just never know, I might meet a girl next week. I'm probably more ripe than ever before. It almost makes you feel as if maybe you have no choice but to get married in self-defense.

"I don't know," he said, supplying words to the guarded expression on his face. "I think about it and then I sort of get a trapped feeling—a door closing. Getting married is really the big step of your life. It's a long time. It's your whole life! I just feel there are more things I'd like to do before I take on anything like that.

"Before I get married, I'd like to try bullfighting a little bit. I'd like to go to Mexico or Spain and get in the ring with a bull. I want to race, too. It seems like I've been just about everywhere, but there are still a lot of things I want to do without having to answer to anyone. Once you're married, you have that responsibility of a wife and family.

"I guess nothing really matters if you're in love, or if you think you're in love," Rick admitted. "But I don't feel restless and unhappy the way David did before he met June. I'm pretty happy right now. I'm not in the same boat David was. I'll enjoy going to parties and going out with different girls. To me it's not a bore yet. When it becomes a bore, I guess I'll know I'm in danger.

"There are a lot of girls I haven't met yet that maybe I would like to meet," he said. "You know, when you walk down the street, you see a girl who really looks good, and you think she's the best-looking girl you've ever seen. Then you go about two more blocks and there's another one. It seems there'll always be a prettier one, so I don't know how I'm going to pick out a wife. That's sure a problem."

But since David's marriage to June Blair, the problem is easier to solve. At least Rick now knows the kind of girl he's looking for. Somewhere on the place, she's waiting for him—and she's an awful lot like June.

—BILL TUSHER

Rick and Dave are in "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet," ABC-TV, Wed., 8:30 P.M. EDT. Dave's in "The Big Show," 20th...
WHAT CHANCE DOES THIS MARRIAGE HAVE?

For the answer, read this exclusive report on Venetia Stevenson and Don Everly—complete on this page

Venetia Stevenson and Don Everly

Venetia Stevenson is twenty-two. She is blond, lovely, a sometimes actress who has been called by Hollywood's top photographers, "the most beautiful girl in the world."

If the reports are true, she will soon become the second Mrs. Don Everly. At this writing, however, neither Venetia nor Don will discuss it. But their silence hasn't stopped Hollywood from asking, "What chance does this marriage have?"

Venetia's refusal to talk about her love for Don is not difficult to understand. She firmly believes that her first marriage, to Russ Tamblyn, was ruined by too much publicity. . . . And Don's reluctance to speak of his love for Venetia is equally simple. "It would be pointless for me to say anything at a time like this," Everly contends. "There is a long road in life between what a man hopes for and what he eventually gets. I know my fans are interested, particularly in this side of my personal life. But for me to reveal any plans we have would be ungentlemanly and maybe even a little presumptuous." . . . Oddly enough, it is this cryptic withdrawal from discussion that is the reason Hollywood wonders.

Ironically, Venetia married Russ on St. Valentine's Day, lived with him a year, and then divorced him on April Fool's Day. . . . Don's marriage to his Sue began with a story-book elopement from Nashville, Tenn., to Ringo, Ga., because the latter-state allowed weddings for boys under twenty-one. Don and Sue were happy for nearly four years. And then the clouds gathered. The separations caused by Don's success became so frequent that Sue found them unbearable. A few precious hours together, and then departing planes or trains or buses would tear him from her arms. The very dreams they'd envisioned as sweethearts—Don's singing success—was now breaking them up.

In the beginning, Sue tried going on his personal appearance tours, but it was worse—she waited in hotel rooms instead of home where at least she had friends. And Don suffered as much in his own way. As the man of the house he soon realized he must face a simple fact—no marriage, no love, can live or grow if the principals are not together.

There were other distractions that gnawed at the marriage and the hearts of the couple: On his tours, Don was inevitably thrown in the company of beautiful show girls, and with female fans—many ambitious toward more than just his autograph. Sue tried to understand. She knew nothing of show business. She tried only to appreciate the fact that her handsome, sensitive husband was fighting loneliness as hard as she was. In the end she realized that it wasn't fair to either, to try and sustain a union that was not much more than a marriage in name only.

Sue filed for divorce. The announcement surprised no one. But the next announcement was a surprise to everyone! "Singer Don Everly," went the item, "recently separated from his first wife, plans to marry Venetia Stevenson."

Besides being beautiful, Venetia is a sophisticate. She was raised in the theater, the daughter of well known show business parents. Her father, George Stevenson, is a movie director. Her mother is the popular British actress, Anna Lee. Venetia attended the best schools, tried an acting career, married and divorced Russ, went steady with Tab Hunter, and later developed a serious interest in the riding and breeding of horses. It was once reported that she and Barry Coe would marry. She dated Tony Perkins and such unattached luminaries as Elvis Presley. . . . She is close to her father, but "I don't see my mother at all. We haven't been close for a long time."

If Venetia is now planning marriage to Don, why should she, a girl who once pointed out that "Nobody else has lived quite the way I have lived," feel that she can find happiness with a Nashville rock 'n' roll? . . . And how can Don, raised amidst the special and highly provincial customs, prejudices and traditions of the American South, imagine that he will be happy married to the sophisticated Venetia Stevenson?

Some clues to the answer may be found in what Venetia said recently while discussing marriage. "I know it's been said many times," she commented, "but I'm convinced that a woman can never be satisfied being just the woman in the life of the man she loves. I want to help. I want to be important to my husband. I want to know that I can give him the kind of encouragement he needs, not the petty compliments so many wives give their husbands because they really don't understand what their men are all about. I want to share his problems. I want to love him forever."

Is Venetia the kind of woman Don wants? Or is there still so much "boy from the country" left in him that he is more affected by Venetia's physical beauty than her intellect?

"It's the one thing that bothers me," says a close acquaintance of Don's. "In Sue he had a wife who was content to be his wife. In Venetia he may discover he has married a girl who has more ambition for him than he wants. I don't think Don yearns to be a sensation. He'd like to be popular, to be sought after, to be welcomed in show business. What he wants most in a wife is a woman who will be by his side or a woman who will wait patiently for his return; a woman who will understand that there are things a man must do without a woman, and respect him for all that."

"Whether Don wants a wife who will participate in his career is something I don't think Everly has thought much about. Perhaps it would be a good idea if he did—now!"

Despite the rumors and printed reports that Don and Venetia would marry soon, neither of them have nodded a "Yes." They are "good friends" and see a lot of each other.

There were even reports at this writing that Sue was seriously considering taking another try as Don's wife.

Can Don and Venetia find happiness together? . . . Insiders say she's ready to travel wherever he goes . . . that she has made up her mind to be with her husband, "by his side if and when he needs me."

One of Hollywood's favorite pastimes has always been to discuss whether a marriage has a chance.

But deep down in the heart it knows better . . . It knows that no marriage is ever based on chance. . . . It lives on love.

The End

Don Everly and his brother Phil record for Warners Records.
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Sal Mineo, Academy Award nominee, may currently be seen in Otto Preminger's "Exodus."

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WHY JACQUELINE KENNEDY?

We fully expect that there will be those who, on seeing Jacqueline Kennedy on the cover of Photoplay, will shake their heads in righteous shock. They will ooh and aah and carry on as though the world is coming to an end. We can just hear the members of Hollywood’s groan-and-gripe brigade popping off with, “Isn’t it just terrible to what lengths some editors will go!”

Lengths? What lengths? Photoplay has always, in its fifty years of publishing, been proud of its reputation for tastefulness and beauty. For our part, we cannot understand how we could have ignored Jackie Kennedy, a woman who is, today, the symbol of tastefulness and beauty. Even more, she is America’s newest star.

Let’s not stick to stereotypes. Stardom is not limited to Hollywood. Just a few short years ago, Tennessee (and the world of rock ‘n’ roll) produced the most revolutionary star in decades: Elvis Presley. We must recognize that, if the old Hollywood star system is dead, stardom is not. The quality of stardom transcends professions, countries, races and creeds.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a star; Harry Truman is not. Generals Eisenhower and de Gaulle are stars; General Maxwell Taylor and Admiral Radford are not. On the stage, Helen Hayes and Mary Martin are stars; Steven Hill and Edward Mulhare are not. Grace Kelly and Greta Garbo, both retired, are still stars; Jo Van Fleet and Julie Harris, who are not retired and who are brilliant actresses, will never be movie stars.

Stardom has a light of its own. It is the light of individuals who—in their very bodies and souls—have the radiance of everybody else’s dreams.

In this sense, Jacqueline Kennedy is the complete star.

Whatever she does is news; whatever she is—is news. Wherever she goes, crowds go with her, not because she exudes beauty, glamour, excitement—but because she is beauty, glamour, excitement. As our cover story points out: “Like a movie queen, whatever she wears is copied. Like a movie queen, her every word on child upbringing is discussed and analyzed. And like a movie queen, she lives in a goldfish bowl.”

We are proud of Jackie Kennedy. We think she has added a new dimension to stardom. We think, in the classic words of Harry Golden, she could happen “only in America.”
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DEAR EDITOR:

Read your “Why Men Like Women in the Summer” article. Personally “I Like Men in the Winter.” Why? I don’t have to worry about them flexing their muscles and making time with all the female beach-bums!

DISCREDITED
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

My cousin and I are having an argument about Troy Donahue. Does he dye his hair and put it up?

SHERYN CIRILLA
New Orleans, La.

Up where? Troy is a true-blonde, and his locks are the envy of all the gals. Naturally wavy! -Ed.

Every time I read about another Hollywood marriage breaking up I can’t help but wonder, along with my friends, what happens to these people who apparently have everything but happiness. Your story on Tony and Janet is a good example. They seemed to be much happier when they were struggling.

ALICE WHITMER
Toronto, Canada

WHO SAYS?

Say what you will, but it seems the only stars who are having a ball these days are Sinatra and his friends. It’s a welcome relief to hear about people who can laugh and enjoy themselves. I’m sick-sick-sick of pampered stars and their problems, so hail to the “clan.”

GRACE CENARRA
Biloxi, Miss.

It seems to me that Sandra Dee, Annette Funicello and Connie Stevens will never have the glamour and excitement of the Crawfords, Stanwycks and Davises of yesteryear. The old films on TV prove it all the time. Even my youngsters, who never heard of some of the old time “greats,” fall under their spell when they see them on TV.

LOIS KALBER
Flushing, N.Y.

Who played the young girl in “Parent Trap”? She is simply wonderful.

WALTER CUNNINGHAM
Ridgewood, N. J.

Hayley Mills is the talented youngster. She is the daughter of the famed English star, John Mills. By the way, did you realize that Hayley played both parts?

I think Juliette Prowse is a fabulous dancer. Can you tell me more about her?

BERTHA FARMER
Indianapolis, Ind.

Juliette was born in Bombay, India, and raised in Johannesburg, Africa. She is of English-French extraction. Studied ballet, and danced her way throughout Europe.

Anthony Quinn seems to grow as an actor with each and every picture he is in. For a change Hollywood seems to be recognizing talent! Is he married?

LOIS ANDREWS
Kansas City, Mo.

Very much so, and the proud father of four children, three girls and one boy. Married to Katherine DeMille, daughter of the late C. B. DeMille.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

... Seeing your pictures of “Gone With the Wind” sure brought back memories of one of Hollywood’s greatest films.

MARY KLINE
Oshkosh, Wis.

PHOTOPLAY was delighted to hear from the many GWTW fans. The response was tremendous and we thank all of you for letting us know how you felt about it.

CALLING ALL FANS

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FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB’S:

Now I don’t have the answers to this one. But I sure have a lot of questions.

It seems a few weeks ago, give or take a century. Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher were rushed to Moscow by our government to be our good-will ambassadors at their Film Festival. And my first question is: Did this really happen? It’s weird. It still doesn’t seem real.

It started because Liz and Eddie attended a performance of the Russian dancing troupe, the famous Moiseyev Ballet, at the Shrine Auditorium in L.A. They were thrilled—and who wasn’t? What I mean is, those people can dance.

So Liz and Eddie, to show their appreciation, decided to give them a party. It didn’t have anything to do with politics, just people. They felt that the Russian dancers should see a slice of America, or at least a slice of Hollywoodiana (which is slightly different, to say the least). It would be a slice often denied to these extraordinary dancers, because hosts in other cities gave (Please turn the page)
I dreamed I had a stylish carriage in my *maidenform* bra

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their parties in the local Romanoff's or Chasen's. Liz and Eddie gave their party at P.J.'s.

P.J.'s is where the celebrities—and those working hard to be celebrities—meet. It's where the swingers swing. This is the place Liz and Eddie thought would be different for the Russian dancers. So Liz and Eddie took over P.J.'s from eleven at night to five in the morning for one thousand dollars. And here's the kicker: admittance by invitation only. The regulars, who had made P.J.'s popular and a sightseeing spot, couldn't get in.

You must have read about it because it made the local front pages. Lawrence ("Dillinger") Tierney discovered himself in P.J.'s long after Liz and Eddie's party had started. The theory is that Tierney must have fallen asleep in some remote corner or room in P.J.'s. He didn't know from Liz and Eddie and the Russian dancers. Hearing the sound of music, talk, laughter, glasses, he approached the party, glass in hand for a refill. He was told it was a private party, by invitation only. Tierney smiled, and peacefully left P.J.'s, escorted by security guards. Outside, probably refreshed by the nippy air, Tierney changed his mind. He must have believed he was playing Dillinger again. In character and not liking the sight of uniforms, he started swinging. Laurence Tierney, alias John Dillinger, was disturbed for disturbing the peace. It's from this hunk of strange behavior that the men in Washington, D.C. read about Liz and Eddie's party for the Russian dancers.

So our government sent Liz and Eddie on a good-will mission to Moscow without any particular instructions; perhaps with the casual bon voyage—be yourself and set a good example.

And so our hero and heroine find themselves in Moscow with no one to direct them, not even a director.

Liz, asked by the press if she hoped to see Khrushchev, ad libbed: "What for?"

Eddie, being told about the Lenin-Stalin tomb in Red Square, inquired, "Where's Trotsky?"

On returning, Liz was asked if she thought the trip accomplished anything. Liz answered that any kind of communication is good.

And now my second question is: "Liz, are you sure about that? Any kind?"

A new version of the old propaganda game—sometimes they call it communication—is being used by the Russians. Liz Taylor had it worked on her, but wasn't aware of it. Neither are many of our men in Washington who deal in propaganda.

Russia sent over the Soviet Moiseyev Ballet troupe. This consisted of the best dancers in all Russia. They exhibited their finest in an art form which expressed their country. There was no talk onstage, so no problem in understanding.

Our audiences understood these dancers, admired them, and were influenced by them. They made the American audiences feel closer to the Russian people. Everyone, regardless of his politics, had to admire the country capable of producing such talent. The dancers have done a tremendous job of communication for Russia.

I don't mean we have to follow Russia's example to the toe, and send dancers to Russia, South America and behind the iron curtain countries.

What I do mean is giving autographs is not enough. And neither is displaying beauty and bosoms. I'll tell you why: almost every country in the world thinks of the United States as the land of movie stars, luxuries and fashions. I hate to use this Madison Avenue word, but that's the image they have of us. The government doesn't have to send you, Liz, to prove it.

But the government can use you, Liz, and other movie stars, to sell another image with values desperately needed in this year of desperation.

Our country touched on it in the Edward R. Murrow documentary with Danny Kaye; felt the taste of it with the touring company of "Porgy and Bess," and in the travels of Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong; and wherever Marion Anderson sang.

All this was accomplished without organization and united determination. I'd like to see Hollywood and its various talents used properly and with direction. I believe President Kennedy's Peace Corps plan could supply that direction. After all, why couldn't some of the talented people in Hollywood—actors, directors, set designers—volunteer under the Peace Corps to help other countries set up theaters and movie companies of their own? Why couldn't some of the stars who spend all their time overseas to dodge the income tax—and this doesn't mean you, Liz and Eddie—do something for the country that made them rich enough to have an income tax problem in the first place? Why couldn't they get together to put on shows that would show something of America's greatness?

Anyway, Liz and Eddie, am I getting through to you? Is this the right kind of communication?
THE DEVIL'S EYE

Jism, Producer-Director, Ingmar Bergman, Swedish Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)


what's it about? Special mission for three visitors from hell, Target: a pastor's peaceful household in Sweden.

what's the verdict? With this modern morality play, Ingmar Bergman strikes a note between his early comedy and later mysticism. How much luck would Don Juan have with a young girl of today? That duel is one of the dialogues (frankly theater-style) that toy with love and sex, evil and three kinds of virtue.

THE YOUNG DOCTORS

U.A.; Producers, Stuart Miller, Lawrence Turman; Director, Phil Karlson (Adult)

who's in it? Fredric March, Ben Gazzara, Ina Balin, Dick Clark, Eddie Albert.

what's it about? Conflict on a hospital staff, with the lives of a young woman and a baby at stake.

what's the verdict? Most of the angles from the best-loved doctor stories crop up here—except that the chief locale has been changed from Surgery to Lab. Details seem authentic, and the acting is earnest. You'll like Ben as the newcomer, Ina as his sweetheart, Dick as a father-to-be. But veteran March can't be beat.

THE HONEYMOON MACHINE

M-G-M: CinemaScope, Metrocolor; Producer, Lawrence Weingarten, Director, Richard Thorpe (Family)

who's in it? Steve McQueen, Jim Hutton, Paula Prentiss, Brigid Bazlen.

what's it about? U.S. Navy scalawags bet that their ship's electronic brain can outsmart a Venice roulette wheel.

what's the verdict? Jet-speed comedy, with so many gags that laughs drown out lines. Steve's as good at brash clowning as he is at action, and Brigid's sweetly sexy. It's an encore hit for a "Where the Boys Are" team: Jim as a scientist, Paula as an heiress who believes the nonsense about girls who wear glasses.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI

20th, CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Producer, Plato A. Skouras, Director, Michael Curtiz (Family)


what's it about? The rich young man of 13th Century Italy who found his way to God through poverty and humility.

what's the verdict? The story of St. Francis is done reverently; both Bradford and Dolores (as the girl who became St. Clare) put true spiritual force into their performances. And yet the picture never manages to capture the atmosphere of medieval times. The score is uninspired, with those angel-choir effects.

BRIDGE TO THE SUN

M-G-M, Producer, Jacques Bar; Director, Eutene Perrot (Family)


what's it about? Real-life love story of a Japanese diplomat and his American wife, who chose to go with him to his country after Pearl Harbor.

what's the verdict? It happened yesterday (1930-1945), but it's as timely as this evening's TV newscast—and as frightening and as hopeful. Shigeta's fine in a part that sums up the whole idea of the movie; slowly, we come to understand and love this "foreigner."

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- Charles Lamb
- Captain Kidd

= KIDD

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THE MARK
Continental; Producer, Raymond Stross; Director, Guy Green (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Stuart Whitman, Maria Schell, Rod Steiger, Donald Wolfit.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A psychiatrist's fight to rehabilitate a parolee who was jailed for a crime against a child.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Distasteful as the subject sounds, this is an honest, serious film, made with skill and entirely without sensationalism. Whitman does a remarkable job, looking deep inside a mind that is struggling toward health, and Steiger's is about the most convincing and likable portrait of a head-shrinker ever seen.

BLOOD AND ROSES
Paramount; Technirama, Technicolor; Producer, Raymond Eger; Director, Roger Vadim (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Mel Ferrer, Annette Vadim, Elsa Martinelli.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Sinister pedigree of a noble household in present-day Italy. Cousin Carmilla is quite a dish—but isn't her behavior a little odd?
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Lushly imaginative variation on the Dracula theme, with a vampire who looks like Brigitte Bardot! (Annette's the BB double, who married BB's ex.) The whole picture is both shivery and lovely to look at, filmed in history-haunted countryside near Rome.

ALAKAZAM THE GREAT
American International; Magscope, Pathé Color; Producers, Hiroshi Okawa, Lou Russo (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Cartoon characters, with voices of Frankie Avalon, Dodie Stevens.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A conceited monkey wins a throne with magic tricks, but has to face many dangers to preserve it.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? This fairy tale is at its best when it's most Japanese, in far-out whimsey or fast action, with monsters that may give sensitive kiddies nightmares. But the artists goof when they copy Disney and go cute. Frankie and Dodie get the worst of that; comic voices (also American) are luckier.

SCREAM OF FEAR
Columbia; Producer, Jimmy Sangster; Director, Seth Holt (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Susan Strasberg, Ronald Lewis, Ann Todd, Christopher Lee.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Murder plot against a crippled heiress. Or are parties unknown just trying to drive the girl crazy?
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Pretty neat suspense yarn. It doesn't fool around much with subtle character drawing, but all the players in it are adroit and attractive. (Ex-Dracula Lee has a good French accent.) Maybe you'll think you have the puzzle completely solved. But hold on—a second surprise is coming up!

THE GREAT WAR
U.C.A.; CinemaScope; Producer, Dino De Laurentis; Director, Mario Monicelli; Italian Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Vittorio Gassman, Silvana Mangano, Alberto Sordi, Romolo Valli.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? World War I experiences of two rogues drafted into the hard-pushed Italian Army.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The sturdiest sequences focus on scavenging, goofing-off and girl-chasing that have gone on in every army, from the Trojan War to date, and the Gassman-Sordi team is mighty slick. But the movie is long and shapeless, and its intentions aren't clear.

SECRETS OF WOMEN
Janus; Producer-Director, Ingmar Bergman; Swedish Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Vacationing wives exchange confidences, introducing three vignettes of love—as a teenager listens. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Here's a delayed import from Ingmar Bergman's early period, when he apparently took life and love more lightly. Except for some wistful moments of Bohemian romance, the tone is mostly humorous. The episode about a night spent in a stalled elevator is one continuous chuckle, a pleasure to watch.
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS
Actor; Producer-Director, Luchino Visconti; Italian Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)


What's it about? Tragedy that tears a country family apart after its move to the big city to seek a better living.

What's the verdict? This long, painstaking film reminded us of a Theodore Dreiser novel translated into Italian. It builds up impressive power as it lumbers from one disaster to the next. Except for Alain, who looks too delicately handsome, the cast carries out the picture's aim of relentless realism.

STRANGERS
Carrier; Producer-Director, Rick Carrier (Adult)


What's it about? Ordeal of a Puerto Rican family trapped in a New York slum.

What's the verdict? New movie-maker Carrier, manning his own camera, gets some beautiful shots of ugly places and events; many individual scenes hit hard. You'll want to see more of Gentile, who's likely to shape up into a decisive young actor. But Carrier's lack of experience shows in his screenplay; he piles on the misery with too much enthusiasm. Delmar's funny bits seem out of place.

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Light and Bright
by RICHARD HUDNUT
© 1961 Richard Hudnut
Take a last look at blond, sexy, exuberant Jayne Mansfield (top). The new Jayne (left) has brown locks, sedate clothes and a burning desire to be dramatic star. Mickey is all for the switch.

Don't be surprised if Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell marry again. Apparently, Glenn's decided the Hollywood social scene isn't his cup of tea. Or is it just a bit of dodging all those lovelies who were chasing him? Funny, isn't it, that the minute Hope Lange got around to divorcing Don Murray, Glenn's dates with her stopped and he began giving his ex-wife the ring, flowers, and telegrams. So far, Elle's untouched by it all, but I think she'll weaken because their son, Peter, is all for a reconciliation.

Juliet Prowse and Eddie Goldstone announced their engagement at P.J.'s. I understand Frank Sinatra gave them his blessing. The reason Frankie was so gallant is because he's got a new crush on Anne Helm. Apparently, Anne is probably the sexiest actress in town. Her seminude bathing beauty in "Dancer in the Dark" would make Brigitte Bardot green with envy.

An astrologer around town is predicting Elvis is in love. He followed his heart and began growing his ex-wife, the truth. He sends her flowers (five dozen at a time) and telegrams. So far, Elle's untouched by it all, but I think she'll weaken because their son, Peter, is all for a reconciliation.
in Photoplay...

personal and political problems can be worked out, ex-queen Praya will become Mrs. O'Brien.

In filing for divorce, his wife claimed Jules Dassin sees Melina Mercouri—even on Sunday.
Although rumor says so, it's highly improbable that "another man" broke up the Natalie Wood-Bob Wagner marriage. She's still in love with Bob, but knows it takes more than love to make a marriage. Friends say R.J. has always taken Natalie for granted, and never wanted to accept the responsibility as head of the household. I also hear another reason for the split was that Natalie put her foot down and told Bob he had to choose between her and his newfound friends (Frankie and his clan). Bob's been toting a torch but finally got Nat to sit down and talk things over. I sincerely doubt that they'll reconcile.

Here's a shocker! I've heard rumblings that all is not well in the Charlton Heston-Lydia Clarke household. Friends hope they'll work out their troubles. So do I.

Don't be too surprised if Ed Byrnes and Asa Maynor don't merge as announced. The whole thing smacks of publicity. Asa was completely baffled by Kookie's announcement and phoned him to say her answer was still no. But then, she's a lady, and ladies do change their minds.

Put on your thinking cap—here's a puzzle. Rod Cameron married his former mother-in-law Dorothy Alves-Lico. That now makes his ex-wife, Angelo Alves-Lico, his stepdaughter. And doesn't it also make Rod her and Angela's child's grandfather? Confusing, isn't it? But here's the kicker! Commenting on the marriage, Angelo said, "I know they'll be very happy. Rod always needed someone to mother him."

Hollywood had a good laugh when Joan Tyler filed a paternity suit against 63-year-old George Jessel. But George isn't laughing. Joan says she can prove Jessel is the father, but is willing to let bygones be bygones if he marries her. Well, where does that leave actress Marjorie May, the gal Jessel's proposed to? Just asking?

So for Bob Evans and Sharon Huguely deny it—but they can't much longer! Sharon's expecting in the spring. June Blair and David Nelson have also dated the star.

Could be that Tray Donahue is getting a case of cold feet. He and Lili Kardell keep postponing their marriage. First it was supposed to be in July—now it's been pushed up to February. I'll be surprised if they ever do get hitched!

Marge Chandler is still unable to talk about Jeff without breaking down in tears. I think they would have re-married if he had lived. Marge wants to try to reactivate her singing career.
Colleen Rodgers keeps saying she and Jimmie have not reconciled, but he's moved back into the house, and when he left for an eight-week Australian tour, Colleen drove him to the airport.

Lucille Ball and Gary Morton are closer than ever and Desi Arnaz, who still longs for a reconciliation, isn't one bit happy about Gary's loving his Lucy. The warm affection folks have for Lucille hasn't kept some gossips from pointing out that she's "older" than her new beau. All I can say is that if these feline females spent as much time worrying about themselves as they do about Lucy's age, they'd probably look as young and pretty as she does.

Bob Conrad wanted to buy Bob and Nat Wagner's house, but when he heard the price was $175,000, he said no thanks. Smart guy!

Speaking of money, Connie Stevens was a noughty girl. Gary Clarke told her not to, but she took $1,000 to Los Vegas with her and lost it all at the gambling tables. Apparently Connie isn't waiting around till Gary has enough money to marry her. She's got more guys than any girl in town—and handsome ones like John Gabriel, Ralph Taeger and Tony Travis. Meanwhile, it looks as if Gary's finally given up on Connie. He's now doting Sherry Jackson.

We hear Mickey and Corlly Callan's problems aren't all solved. Their latest battle was over her wanting to go to Europe with him while he made "Bon Voyage." P.S. She went!

Also, hear Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield aren't really as lovey-dovey as folks think. But they have a "workable" solution. When she returns to town, he leaves!

Eyebrows popped to the ceiling when Debbie and Harry Karl strolled into the hospital benefit honoring Liz. Many wondered why the Karls attended. The reason was that they were scheduled to hand over a healthy donation to the hospital fund months before the charity boys decided to make it a night honoring Liz Taylor. Poor Debbie—if she hadn't gone, tongues would have wagged. She went, and they wagged anyway. I am glad she did go. She's worked long and hard for the hospital and deserved some of the glory that went to Liz.

The spotlight's on Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell again. Her ex-husband, Jerry Davis, announced Marilyn and Rock would marry this year. Marilyn countered with, "He would like me to get married so he can stop sending me alimony." But I wonder if Davis isn't right. When Rock was in South America for "Spiral Road," he let Marilyn have his Cadillac and she didn't give any other guys a ride in it.

Keely Smith and Bob Fuller don't seem to care who knows about their romance. They were very coy at Ye Little Club one night, and they did a repeat performance at P.J.'s the following night. Maybe it's for real and maybe it isn't but a sober-faced Keely told me she planned to marry Fuller in December. There's only one hitch—Keely hasn't divorced Louis Prima yet.

Elizabeth Taylor still isn't a well woman and her pals are mighty worried. She has lost more weight and looked pale and weak when she returned from Russia. She and Eddie Fisher are on a great social kick and you don't have to be a doctor to see she isn't getting enough rest. So (Please turn the page)
the secret of Suzanne...

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continued

slow down Liz—and forget about the parties! "Cleopatra" is enough activity for one girl!
And here's some more information on that now-famous same-dress incident starring Liz and Gina Lollobrigida. I hear that though both girls didn't appear outwardly disturbed at Dial's duplication, they were seething inside. Liz raised such a hullabaloo with the Paris designer they returned her money—and more to boot. Gina quietly put her gown in mothballs and made a mental note to take her dress-buying business elsewhere.

This is a big year for twins! Roger Smith tells us he and Vicki Shaw are expecting a pair in December. And Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy are also expecting twins. "They'll be born by Caesarean," Shirl says, "and I can pick the day. I could select December 25, but I'm dead set against having a baby on Christmas. The poor things would have to combine birthdays with Santa Claus and that's not fair." Shirl may not have the date set, but she's picked the names Erin and Patrick.

Scooping around: Tommy Sands may have to undergo surgery to correct his throat problem. Doctors have made him cancel all engagements for the next four months... Isn't all that wardog about George Hamilton being wealthy just a publicity's dream? And haven't he and Susan Kohner really called it quits?... Kenny Miller is dating Bobby Darin's ex, Jo-Ann Campbell... Aren't those trips Claudine Longet took to be with Andy Williams the reason she was fired from the Tropicana's chorus line? And isn't Andy, who was once so-eager to fly to France to meet her parents, now finding more and more reasons why he can't go?... Debra Paget and Budd Boetticher have had it... Diane Jergens still hasn't picked up the final divorce papers from Peter Brown... Talk of London is the romance between Peggy Lee and Jimmy Van Huesen... Sal Mineo has decided Jill Haworth is too young for him. He's now dating actresses his own age.

Mort Sahl had a ball during his trip to London. And wasn't he the real reason for the Warren Beatty-Joan Collins split-up? Or did Joan get tired of being dangled? At any rate, Mort and Joan seem alternate bounces.

Looks like Bobby Darin is in the doghouse at U-I. The studio is fit to be tied because Bobby mode Sandra Dee cancel a tour for "Tammy, Tell Me True." I hear the studio had the trip all planned, reservations all made, etc., etc when Sandy phoned to say she was staying home with her husband.

It's just a matter of time before Judy Garland and Sid Luft announce what everyone knows—the marriage is over. She rented a place next to...
President Kennedy's in Hyannis Port, Massachu-
setts, while Sid remained in Hollywood. When
she was hospitalized for a kidney infection, Sid
didn't fly East to be with her.

Lana Turner and Fred May flew to Hartford,
Connecticut to be with Cheryl Crane on her
eighteenth birthday. It wasn't much of a celebra-
tion, the doctors in the mental clinic wouldn't
let them see Cheryl for more than a few moments.
Now that Cheryl is no longer a minor in the eyes
of the law, she'll have to stand trial as an adult
should she be unlucky enough to fit herself in
any more trouble. Sorry to report, too, that an-
other star's offspring has had trouble. Rhonda
Fleming's young son got mixed up with the
wrong people, and is now on probation. Rhondo
has other troubles, too. When she returned from
the East without husband Lang Jeffries, separa-
tion rumors started all over again.

The Marilyn Monroe-Joe DiMaggio togeth-
eriness bit continues—in and out of hospitals. Bets
are high on a second merger but both MM and
Joe say they're just "good friends." Hmm, that's
what they said before they were wed the first time.

Everyone hopes the rumors about Patti and
Jerry Lewis are false. One report said they
didn't speak to each other the whole time Jerry
was making "Errand Boy."

It's been hospital month in Hollywood. Sammy
Davis was rushed in for tests, Tuesday Weld
underwent a tonsillectomy and Joanie Sommers
was bedded down with stomach ulcers. Luckily
they all had a speedy recovery.

All those cynics who insisted the Hugh
O'Brian-Soraya romance was just for press
space must be mightily ashamed. They really ore
in love and want to marry—but it isn't that easy
when you're an ex-queen. Many important peo-
ple, including the Shah of Iran, are reportedly
against the merger. Soraya doesn't want to hurt
any one or jeopardize her father's position in the
Iranian government. It's a tough decision for a
girl to make. We hope true love conquers all
and that the ex-queen becomes Mrs. Hugh
O'Brian of Hollywood, U.S.A.

The inside: Diana Dors and hubby Dickie
Dawson are having troubles . . . Wouldn't Ann-
Margret love it if Gardner McKay forgot all
about Dolores Hawkins? . . . Is Anna
Kashfi's sudden interest in baseball all
because of a guy named Leo Durocher? . . . The feud
between Barbara Luna and Doug McClure's
ex-wife Foy has ended. Now they even go to the
same hair stylist . . . Barrie Chase and Gunnar
Helstrom could tie the knot any moment . . .
John Wayne didn't make any friends while film-
ing "Comancheros." Big Duke was so on edge
(wife problems, maybe?) that he chewed out a
publicist in four-letter language in front of a
group of visitors, including children. A formal
protest was made to the publicist guild and
Duke had to apologize . . . Marlon Brando's
antics in Tahiti got him in hot water again. I
hear he came down with a tropical disease as a
result of high living. . . . Janis Page and Ray
Gilbert will merge as soon as his divorce is final
in 1962 . . . Elvis Presley gave Colonel Parker
a boost for his birthday. The Colonel christened
the croft Gladys in honor of Elvis' mom . . .
Tuesday Weld wants a three-month vacation.
For a honeymoon with Gary Lockwood??? . . .
Luana Patten really meant it when she said she
was giving up her career . . . Aren't Doris Day
and Cary Grant fussin' and feudin' on the
"Touch of Mink" set? And isn't the reason all
those "suggestions" made by Grant's pal, pho-
tographer Milton Greene?

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I know the taste of love, says Tuesday Weld...

...I've finally

Tuesday Weld is teetering on the brink of marriage.

The irrepressible, unpredictable Tu Tu is in a dizzy spin over muscular six-foot Gary Lockwood. He's a soft-talking but no-nonsense twenty-four-year-old, a former UCLA football star who got kicked out of college for a locker room fist fight which sent an offending teammate to the hospital.

"It's his manliness!" Tuesday says when she tries to pinpoint what she likes most about the strapping, brown-eyed, brown-haired erstwhile campus hell raiser who induced her, without a whimper of protest, to forsake all other boy friends—including Elvis Presley!

Tuesday hasn't come right out and said that she will marry Gary—but she has come awfully close. When she broke her silence on the romance to give me an exclusive interview, she repeatedly, almost coyly, dangled the possibility of wedlock. She didn't even rule out the chance that she might celebrate turning eighteen by marrying Gary. She deliberately left that door wide open by saying teasingly, "One never knows."

Tuesday, the non-committal, never was more committal. I pointed out that it was well known she and Gary weren't dating others.

"And that's rare!" she agreed with alacrity. "But I wouldn't say going steady," she added quickly, "because I don't like to call it going steady. Going steady is too much of a meaningless thing. People go steady whether they like each other or not. I'd rather say that we're in love! If you're going steady, you get someone's ring. If you get someone's love, that means a lot more."

It was the first time Tuesday ever said right out she was in love with anyone.

"It wasn't love at first sight," she said, almost blushing. "We fell in love gradually." They met making "Wild in the Country," where he had a minor role and she held hands, between takes with Elvis Presley. Gary was dating someone else in the cast—Joan Crawford's daughter, Christina.

Anyway, nobody'd have picked him for Tuesday. He's not hip, flip or flashy. True, he's nice-looking, but not the type to send a teenager head over heels. One executive at 20th described him as "nice but plain."

Tuesday began by warming to Gary's smile—then gradually she flipped completely. By the time they were playing the Marilyn Monroe and Don Murray roles in the pilot film of "Bus Stop," their lovemaking curled the asbestos. But they pretended this was pure acting talent, not love. They were keeping their romance under wraps.

When they dated—in offbeat places where Tuesday mightn't be recognized—Gary wouldn't even say her name out loud—in case anybody might overhear. It killed him. He loves the sound of "Tuesday." And they both love the beach, so they'd get their sand and sun—and privacy—at the oceanside homes of Gary's friends from his UCLA days. They hid out at Malibu or Venice, at Playa Del Rey or Portuguese Bend—and at his mother's summer place in Lido.

"That way you can always run up and get a cold Coke out of the ice box," Gary explains, "and there aren't a lot of people to bother you."

No curious onlookers to ogle when he held Tuesday in his arms, when he chased her into the surf, dunked her, and they came up laughing breathlessly and dissolved their laughter into an even more breathless kiss.

All these exciting months of love's discovery, Hollywood had no idea that Tuesday and Gary had a four month head start on their romance. When she went into "Bachelor Flat" with her old boy friend, Richard Beymer, they played some hair-raising smooching scenes on the windy sands of Santa Monica beach. People began asking, would this new proximity rekindle the old flame? The rumors made a fine6 screenscreen for Tuesday and Gary. Until someone asked Dick right out—were he and Tuesday dating again?

"Gee no," he said in surprise. "I thought everybody knew she goes steady with Gary Lockwood."

If that wasn't clue enough, Gary took to dropping in on the set, late afternoons. . . And one day Tuesday played a difficult emotional scene with Dick, which didn't go well on the first take. But the next time, she was so on fire that everyone applauded. When Gary heard about it, he beamed.

"Well," he said happily. "I spent all Sunday rehearsing it with her." Came the end-of-picture staff party, (Please turn the page)
met my master!
...I’ve finally met my master!

and Gary was the only outsider present. He and Tuesday shared a table with director Frank Tashlin and English actor Terry Thomas. But the two men found it so hard to get in on the conversation that they finally gave up and joined other people. The lovebirds sat on, unaware it wasn’t a party for two.

After a while you begin to catch on—they’re in love.

To Tuesday, Gary was like no other boy she had known—and she had known some. He was a take-charge guy without a chip on his shoulder. The taming of Tuesday Weld was a fairly painless process. She found herself catering to him without realizing it—and not resenting it when she did realize it. She spurned other dates—not because he asked, but because she preferred to be with him. She welcomed the novelty of a man who stood on his own feet, instead of falling at her.

“It’s kind of hard to describe,” Tuesday told me, trying to locate the core of his manliness. “It has nothing to do with his big football muscles. You respect him for himself. A lot of guys will let you have too much latitude, let you have a lot of string. Let’s say that Gary’s string is very taut. He won’t stand for any nonsense.”

He’s not the type to beg

Like that time at the beach when Gary got moody, and Tuesday got mad and zoomed off.

“You just want to walk away like that?” Gary asked evenly. There was no answer. Tuesday kept walking.

Gary was not one to beg—or to crawl. If he had, she probably would not have come back.

“I let her go, figuring she knows the way I think,” Gary recalls. “Later she came back and we talked. But we seldom have those differences. Sure we have minds of our own, we’re both independent as hell. And I have a temper that flares up at the drop of a hat. But we don’t play that game of testing to see who’s stronger. We both know it doesn’t work. And she understands me, she accepts me as I am.”

And he doesn’t try to change her. He likes her as she is—complex, unpredictable, mercurial and zany. And under it all—vulnerable.

When it’s Tuesday’s turn to have her moods, Gary doesn’t crawl off in a corner somewhere and wish he were dead. Tuesday made this discovery one afternoon at a friend’s beach house in Malibu. She became depressed and sulky and withdrawn. But Gary wasn’t scared off.

“I know you feel bad—and there’s nothing I can do,” he said, tilting her chin toward him under the gentle pressure of his cupped hand. “But either you’re going to sit here and mope, and we’ll have a terrible time, or you’re going to smile and forget it.”

Behind his grin was a tone that said he meant business. Tuesday studied him quizzically, petulance beginning to desert her.

“Life’s too short to have a terrible time,” Gary said pointedly.

She held him in her gaze for a long moment, turning it over in her mind. Then she bent down, sprayed a handful of sand at him, burst out laughing and cried, “Bet I beat you to the water!”

“That’s kind of our motto—life’s too short to have a terrible time,” Gary explains. “Anytime one of us gets down—boom, the other says it. Then we laugh, and that’s it.”

Nothing like this before!

If nothing like Gary ever happened to Tuesday before, it’s no less true of him. He dazedly admits she’s the only girl he’s known in the last five years whom he wanted to see again after three dates.

“I’m a floater,” he admits. “I can be attached for a couple of weeks and—boom! a girl does something wrong, she complains about my profane language or something, and we’ve had it!” He added, with amazement, “I never had a rapport with a woman like I have now with Tuesday.”

Could it be because she revels in his manliness, while the others felt threatened by it?

Whatever it is—Tuesday has fallen purring captive. She has become hopelessly enthralled by Gary’s masterful refusal to be upstaged by her. He is neither bothered nor dazzled by her overpowering public image. His people—particularly his old college buddies—have become her people. That’s an old social custom and she thrives on it.

“We don’t go where I think someone will be so happy to see Tuesday,” Gary says frankly. “I want them to be happy to see me. They open up to her because she’s with me. It works—she’s become friends with two or three couples—my buddies and their wives—and every three, four weeks we’ll all do something together.”
If this adds up to Gary being the bossy type, it equates equally to Tuesday being, of all things, the type that likes to be bossed. At least as long as it's Gary who's doing the bossing.

"We get along so well," he says contentedly. "We laugh and giggle over silly things that seem ludicrous to others. We'll be sitting with some people, talking, and she'll look over and say, 'Ding, ding,' and I'll make a face and go, 'Ahh, ahh!' and they look and say 'What's going on?'"

What's going on is chemistry. Tuesday and Gary fracture each other in mysterious and kooky languages known only to two previously untamed young lovers.

They won't allow pretense to rear its stuffy head. The first time Tuesday danced with Gary was when friends came over to his house and someone turned on the hi-fi.

They glided, cheek-to-cheek, around the room, and Gary said, "I don't dance very well."

"You're right," Tuesday agreed.

Months later he took her to the opening of his uncle's restaurant, the Doric Inn, in San Fernando Valley. Gary was in a particularly gay mood that night. A bunch of the guests adjourned to his one-bedroom house in Hollywood, and they celebrated until two in the morning. That night he felt like dancing, and he was very light and graceful on his feet.

Out of a blue sky, as if there had been no time lapse, Tuesday said, "You're wrong. You dance very well."

**Romance in the open**

Now that their romance is out in the open, they're often seen riding in Tuesday's silver Thunderbird. The top is down, and Wolf, her majestic white German shepherd dog, stands guard in the back seat. Gary is at the wheel. Tuesday, wearing sun glasses, her hair gathered up in a lavender babushka, turns attentively to hear his every word... Or she goes to visit him on the set of "Follow the Sun," the much ballyhooed new TV series in which he shares top billing with Barry Coe when it bows this fall over ABC. The obscure newcomer for whom Tuesday flipped has become one of 20th's hottest new prospects for stardom—all thanks to the campus fight that stumbled him into acting.

"I didn't start the fight," Gary says simply, "but I wouldn't back down before the disciplinary council, because I thought I was right. Well, they held that no student should hurt another enough to send him to the hospital for a couple of weeks—whatever the provocation."

And so John Yurosek—son of a former onion farmer who now operates a successful motel and restaurant—went job hunting. His brawn got him on as a movie stunt man. While he was doubling for Tony Perkins in basketball sequences of "Tall Story," Joshua Logan took a liking to him and gave him a part, Basketball player, Russian. Logan also gave him the use of his middle name—Lockwood. From then on he's moved up and up. But long before that, Tuesday fell in love with the boy, not the credits.

I've seen Tuesday go through all her romances since she was a fourteen-year-old femme fatale in the making. There is something different about her feeling for Gary Lockwood. She passed up an opportunity for a long overdue vacation so she could be with him. When he had to go to Honolulu for background shooting on the "Sun" series, she drove him to the airport. They held long conversations on the overseas phone. And when his plane touched down, ten days later, they ran towards each other, threw their arms around each other, smothered one another with kisses—and picked up the conversation right where they left off on the last phone call.

Tuesday's attractive widowed mother—the wise, watchful and sometimes nervously permissive Jo Aileen Weld—concedes that what Tuesday feels for Gary she has never felt for any other boy.

Or as she puts it—"Sure it's the real thing. It is every time."

Asked whether this wasn't different, she said smiling, "Oh I think everyone is different. Or it wouldn't be interesting."

But with Gary wasn't it very different?

"Well," she hedged, smiling, "Tuesday has already known quite a variety of boys. That's the way to do it—so many girls go steady with one boy for years, and then break off, and where are they? They haven't learned a thing. They've only stunted their experience.

"Of course," she added approvingly, "that can't be said about Tuesday. And there is such a thing as falling in love eventually. Then the various people you've known throughout life can only help you."

Did Mrs. Weld's remarks presage a marriage in the offing? In this instance she is being even more cagey than her cagey daughter. For Tuesday has admitted openly that she is in love with Gary. And has agreed that love like theirs could lead to matrimony.

Or as she murmurs, with a tantalizing smile, "Who knows?"

—**TODD ROWLAND**

Tuesday is in "Bachelor Flat" for 20th. Gary's in "Follow the Sun," ABC-TV, Sundays, 7:30 P.M. EDT.
Look deep into your own heart... then see if you can condemn this woman's love!

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To the world, Jackie Kennedy is you should know about her fears as a
No matter which definitions of the word “star” you choose, they all fit Jacqueline Kennedy and Jacqueline Kennedy fits each and every one of them.

On July 2nd, the Associated Press sent the following paragraph to newspapers all across the country: “For the first time in memory, the nation’s top feminine star is not from Hollywood, nor is she an actress. She is, of course, Jacqueline Kennedy. . . . The chic First Lady has supplanted Elizabeth Taylor, Marilyn Monroe and other movie queens as the idol of young girls."

In the most complete sense of the word, in every way that the dictionary defines it, Jacqueline Kennedy is a star. She radiates beauty, glamour and excitement. She is admired, adored and imitated. Wherever you look, you can see her influence as a wife, as a mother, as First Lady, as a setter of styles and a leader in fashion, as an international beauty. Jacqueline Kennedy’s unique problem, in truth—and the source of many of her fears as America’s newest star—is the fact that (Please turn the page)
Wherever she goes, Jackie attracts crowds. Like a star, whatever she wears is copied. Like a star, whatever she says—on child upbringing or politics—is discussed and analyzed. And like a star, she lives in a goldfish bowl.

There is one definition of a star that doesn't appear in any dictionary. It goes something like this: "Star—a person whose private life is always public, whose every word and action may be publicized and criticized."

This definition fits Jacqueline Kennedy, too.

Walter Winchell, describing a party in his column, reported: "The big topic was Jackie Kennedy's publicity... 'I'll bet,' said an actress, 'she'd appreciate a little privacy.'... 'That's what you have to give up,' answered an editor, 'when you have everything else.'"

What few people realize is what criticism and lack of privacy has done to Jackie and the unique perspective it has given her.

**Criticism and lack of privacy**—"I can see Jackie Kennedy now," snorts a Republican matron, "right alongside Martha Washington—in a Capri sweater and toreador pants."

**Criticism and lack of privacy**—When the First Lady's daughter, three-year-old Caroline, uses her backyard jungle gym and playground (on the site where President Eisenhower's putting green once was) for the first time, eager photographers slip through the fence or focus telescopic lenses from outside and record the event for a still more eager public.

**Criticism and lack of privacy**—When Jacqueline Kennedy is giving birth to John Fitzgerald Jr., a cameraman waits in the hall for her to come out of the delivery room. His flash bulb goes off and Jacqueline gasps, "Oh, no! No! No!"

"A person whose private life is always public, whose every word and action is publicized and criticized"—a description of Jacqueline Kennedy. (Continued on page 72)
But Sandy, What will You do if it's a girl?

The trouble with Sandy is that she absolutely refuses to (Please turn the page)
Think Pink Contest
P.O. Box 2814, Grand Central Station
New York 17, N. Y.

I've been thinking pink. I think that, if it's a girl, Sandy should name her baby

My name is: ___________________________ Age: __________
My address is: ___________________________
Andy says, "it's going to be Jeffrey." Then she adds, "If it's a girl, it's going to be sent back."
Dear Tony: There's something you ought to know right from the beginning of this letter. You are being stared at. You are being talked about. You have only to open your eyes to know exactly what we mean. For weeks we at PHOTO-PLAY closed our eyes and turned a deaf ear to the “reliable reports” and the buzzing of the Hollywood grapevine about “the Curtis-Leigh situation.” Week after week we were sent reports: “Tony's acting strangely . . . Check the Curtis marriage . . . Keep your eye on Tony and Janet because I just heard that . . .” To all of these reports, we had the same answer: “Ridiculous!” But we can’t give that answer any more.

We must now examine very carefully — and we suggest, Tony, that you examine right along with us—the way the world is staring at you and why it is staring at you. We think we know why — and that is the real purpose of this letter — to tell you why. It is also our purpose to express with all our hearts the wish that you and Janet are as happy today — even happier — than you were the first year of your marriage. It won't be easy to do this, but we're terribly fond of you and Janet — and Kelly and Jamie, too — so easy or not, we’re going to try.

The first report that makes our job difficult is that you recently said you “no longer care” what your fans think. You’ve got to be kidding, Tony! It wasn’t too many years ago that, while discussing your remarkable climb to stardom, you said, “They made me — those wonderful, enthusiastic strangers — millions of them — they made me when I didn’t think I could make it myself.” And then you added, (Continued on page 92)
Amid the splendor of the Czar's palace, Eddie—remembering the danger—was at Liz' elbow.
In Manhattan or Moscow, in London or Los Angeles, Eddie is always close at Liz' side. These exclusive pictures, taken during their recent trip to Moscow, show exactly how close.

why Eddie doesn't dare leave Liz alone...

"I have had more than a passing acquaintance with death. Too close. Close enough to know what death is like—and that is far too close." One thousand people fixed their eyes on the beautiful woman at the microphone. One thousand people—among them Robert Kennedy, Frank Sinatra, Harry Karl and Debbie Reynolds...There were tears in almost everyone's eyes.

"Dying, as I remember it, is many things—but most of all (Continued on page 86)"
Photoplay Scoop! First Photos of May Britt, Sammy Davis and their daughter

Tracey Hillevi Davis

Now we present the story of the year
The woman stared into the thin darkness of a false dawn and closed her teeth on a groan. A long moment, wrapped in pain, finally ended and ease returned to the woman. Clenched fists and feet relaxed, and the hard sinews in her neck softened into the flawless column of a white throat.

Her name was Maybritt Wilkens Davis (to moviegoers: May Britt), and her first child was supposed to be due in a month. It was a child unlike other children, for millions of people would be watching it from the day it entered the world.

Maybritt's had been a difficult pregnancy, complicated by many factors. On her wedding day she (Continued on page 84)
A jury said Gardner was "Not Guilty," but he had to wait for one girl's verdict before he could really be free.

"The trial was hell," Gardner McKay said softly. "A very quiet hell. I lost a lot of sleep over it. The thought of something I was ashamed of being known to the whole world sickened me. It was quite an ordeal."

Gardner was twenty-eight years old when the ordeal came, but shame and pain have aged him far beyond those years. He wears his new maturity well, but the price he had to pay for it was unnaturally high.

Even after a jury of eleven women and one man delivered the verdict of "Not Guilty," delivered the verdict that in their opinion he had not fathered eighteen-month-old Gabrielle Frantz, daughter of Mrs. Patrice (Continued on page 93)
Sometimes love is a hit on the head—

Sitting in the cramped living room of his tiny six-flight-walk-up apartment in the heart of Manhattan’s Hell’s Kitchen, George Maharis looked up and said, “I don’t want to live like this forever. I want a real home—a wife and a family.” He grinned. “Kids flip me.” The grin faded. “But I don’t know if it’s possible for me to marry. I never learned to make a good relationship with anyone—I guess you might say I never learned to love. Like everyone (Continued on page 81)
sometimes it's soft words and caresses--

sometimes it's something to run from--

Dates with gorgeous girls like Jeannie Blake are fun, but love continues to elude George.
"mother, if you
I'll run away...

Rita Hayworth and Gary Merrill are burning with love. What everyone in Hollywood is asking is: Can Rita's daughter put out the fire?

In Beverly Hills, California, there is a supermart called McDaniels. And as befits that deluxe community of Beverly Hills, McDaniels is a very, very deluxe market. And the ladies are very, very deluxe as they shop there.

One late summer afternoon a very beautiful woman, accompanied by an outstandingly handsome man, whirled into McDaniels, barefooted and wearing a shirt and blue jeans rolled up to her lovely knees. Among the elegantly-groomed shoppers, she stood out like a four-alarm fire. Her escort was just as conspicuous. He was dressed exactly as the girl: shirt, jeans rolled to his not-so-lovely knees, no shoes or socks. He, too, was sorely in need of a comb. A shave and a little more sobriety would have helped his appearance, too.

If their presence bothered the other shoppers, the other shoppers didn't bother them. They were very, very happy. The girl stretched out her lovely arms and called out so everyone could hear her. "Oh, it's so wonderful to be out seeing people again. It's so wonderful to be free."

The girl was Rita Hayworth. The boy was Gary Merrill. And unless all the signs are completely false, Mr. Merrill is slated to be Rita's sixth husband.

The fascinating Mr. Merrill was a beatnik when he became Bette Davis' fourth husband more than eleven years ago. The word beatnik wasn't in use then—but Gary was one just the same. He is a Bohemian, an intellectual, a creative man who never wanted to dress up to play the social game. He was and is a man who cares very little about money. He was and is an excellent actor.

If beatnik is the word for Gary, then sweetness is the word for Rita. Sweetness and the most feminine nature. When these two met, something had to happen—and it did. And to understand why it "had" to be, you have to understand Rita's love life.

Rita's first husband was a promotor named Ed Judson. What he promoted best was, of course, Rita. She was still in her teens when she married him and, at that point, the only men she had known were her father and her brothers. She was an unknown dancer when Judson discovered and married her. She was a star when they were divorced a few years later.
Her second husband was Orson Welles, then a Hollywood-styled and self-styled genius. Orson was brilliant; Rita was inarticulate. Orson was worldly; Rita knew only one world—the private, closed world of backstage.

Rita had a daughter by Orson, a lovely little baby named Rebecca Welles. That was seventeen years ago. And, astonishingly enough, this tall, intelligent, thoughtful child is now the greatest obstacle in her mother’s new romance. If Rebecca can, she will break up her mother’s relationship with Gary Merrill. And Hollywood wonders if she can. It’s an interesting situation and we’ll get back to it shortly.

After Orson, whip in such men as Glenn Ford, Tyrone Power, Tony Martin, Vic Mature, Howard Hughes and Steve Crane. Yes, they all figured in Rita’s love life—but they never rated husband status. And remember, too, that in those years, those years of World War II, Rita was the absolute top glamour girl. You could call her the most beautiful woman in the world and not be challenged. She was the box office queen with such films as “Gilda” and “Cover Girl.” Her gorgeous face and figure adorned walls wherever our soldiers were.

But being a perfect pinup queen was not as important to Rita as being a perfect mother to Rebecca. She took the child wherever she went. And when she went to Europe in 1948, she took four-year-old Rebecca with her. Remember that year—1948—for that was the year Rita met Aly Khan—one-quarter Persian, one-quarter Iranian, one-half Italian and all charmer. Since Aly’s father was then the Aga Khan, living god to the Moslem sect, Aly was also very, very rich. Grace Kelly, on becoming Princess Grace of Monaco, was as poor as a church mouse compared to Rita’s becoming Princess Aly Khan.

And become Princess Aly Khan she did—in May, 1949, in a tiny French town on the Riviera. Their wedding was something out of a storybook. Oriental potentates, European royalty, great painters, great writers, great stars came to her wedding and danced against the background of her husband’s million-dollar chateau. One could say, without reservation, that Rita Hayworth, born Margarita Cansino, had married well.

Every newspaper in the world covered the wedding. And, when, at the very end of the next December, Rita and Aly’s baby was born, that, too, made headlines around the world.

Little Princess Yasmin was the first girl in the Khan line for many generations. Her grandfather, the Aga, adored her. Her father, Aly, was infatuated with her. Her half-brother by her father’s former marriage beamed on her. Even (Continued on page 79)
what’s going on
here?

What are all those people doing down on their hands and knees? Playing charades? If it's just charades, then why do Jimmy and Evy Darren look so unhappy? You'll never guess the answer, for though the situation looks funny, it isn't. It represents the first crisis in the Darrens' two years of married life.

These photos were taken at Bellport, Long Island, a quiet community about sixty miles from New York City. The girls and boys on their hands and knees are, like Jimmy, members of the cast and crew of the Gateway Playhouse, a summer theater in Bellport sponsored by Columbia.

The Darrens' three-week stay there, while Jimmy starred in "Under the Yum Yum Tree" with Debbie Walley and Nancy Kovack, was to be filled with sun and fun. With only one performance of the play each night, the Darrens had all day to be together. "It will almost be a second honeymoon," laughed Evy. Almost, but not quite, for disaster struck. To find out what everyone is frantically doing here—just turn the page.
Evy Darren crossed and recrossed her slim, tanned legs, ducked her blond head to hide a guilty yawn and tried once more to watch her husband up on the stage with Debbie Walley, Nancy Kovack and the director.

Here it was, just the second day of rehearsals in the big barn at Bellport, Long Island, and Evy already knew everybody's lines by heart. Her eyes rested on Jimmy's handsome face, then inched past the row of front seats, up, up to the round clock on the wall. Twenty-six minutes to eleven. The voices buzzed on, the room blurred, and the next thing Evy knew, she was tip-toeing out the rear door of the theater.

Outside, the sky was black. No stars, she thought. Not even one single little star to wish on . . . It's so dark out here!

The lawn, an expanse of high, overgrown grass, disappeared into dark shadow. Thick clumps of old trees hid the other buildings clustered around Bellport's summer theater colony. Evy stood still and breathed deeply the moist night breeze salted with sea air. Hmm, she thought, it's going to rain.

She sighed and stepped down into the cool, dark grass. She thought of her son, Christian, and how he was probably sound asleep at Jimmy's mother's house miles away in New (Continued on page 95)
wedding ring is gone!

This afternoon I showed it to some kids in the cafeteria...

I swear it was on my finger when Debbie took that wild bannister slide...

Let's look again. I just know it's here! It has to be...
why don't you sound like mommy any more?
It was 10:25 a.m. Within a matter of minutes June Allyson would know if she would ever speak again. She got out of the cab, followed by her secretary Maggie Sandstrom, and looked up at the swirling fog that was beginning to shroud the San Francisco skyline.

She had always loved the fog, just as she’d always loved San Francisco. In the past, the city had always meant good times, fine food and a sense of exhilaration. But on this day, the city and fog seemed to hold a growing sense of terror that was overwhelming.

She must control herself . . . she must. She took a deep breath. Breathing, at least, was one thing she could now do well. No longer did she have to endure the feeling that air was being squeezed from her lungs. Surgery had changed all that.

As Maggie paid the driver, June slowly turned and looked up at the gray front of the medical building. It was no different from any other in the cubist pattern of San Francisco structures, but it held a very special meaning for June. Her hand found Maggie’s and squeezed it tightly.

“Don’t be frightened,” Maggie said, as she led her into the building. “You’ve waited a long time for this day to come, June . . . a very long time.”

They entered the elevator, and the two elderly ladies who were also passengers nudged each other.

“You’re June Allyson, aren’t you?” said one.

June smiled and nodded and Maggie said, “She is sorry, but she can’t speak.” (Continued on page 69)
Lee Patterson. A new name. A new star. A strange guy. Legends—incredible legends—collect around him. Even his myths have myths. Not since Yul Brynner has an actor worked so hard to wrap mystery around himself like a magician's cloak. Watch!

**Myth 1:** He's at a night club with a girl. A stranger tries to move in on his date. Lee edges the fellow out. “See here, old buddy, do you mind? This lovely lady's my wife.” Result: The word is out—Lee is married.

**Myth 2:** It's another day, another girl. He's taken her and six London youngsters on a charity outing—he's a do-gooder at heart. . . . A friend runs into them. “Isn't it amazing?” Lee asks the friend. “Half the children look like me, and half like my wife.” Result: Lee is married and has six kids!

**Myth 3:** He's at a party—brooding darkly into his glass. “And then,” he confides, “there was a hideous moment . . .” “Ah, poor Patterson,” (Continued on page 76)
In this strange story of Gary Cooper's friendship with Ernest Hemingway is

A LESSON EVERY WOMAN MUST LEARN!
This is a story—in its way a love story—that many women will find hard to understand—at first.

Yet there are some women who will understand it immediately—a woman in Ketchum, Idaho, for instance, whose husband called her “Miss Mary.” And another woman in Hollywood, California, whose husband called her “Rocky.” And a few others here and there—to them this account of the friendship and love between two men will seem simple and beautiful.

But if you are one of those to whom this story will seem confusing, think about it a little. And once you do, maybe you’ll have a better understanding of the man in your own life. Maybe you’ll understand why his friendships with other men mean so much to him—so much that he’ll leave you home sometimes by yourself, to go talk man-talk . . . or play poker . . . or bowl . . . or hunt and fish. A woman wouldn’t do that, you say—she’ll only step out with the girls when she can’t be with her husband. Then why . . . ?

This story answers that question.

This story answers the riddle of Gary Cooper and Ernest Hemingway, two rebels who fought all their lives against being what writer Richard Starnes once called “today’s mama-ridden, wife-dominated, togetherness-cursed males.” Their friendship blossomed late in life, indeed just in the last couple of years. But their lives and careers paralleled each other so closely as to be almost unbelievable.

“Papa” Hemingway was at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, being treated for high blood pressure and “incipient diabetes”—the same illnesses which drove his father to commit suicide by shooting himself—when he learned that Gary Cooper was dying of cancer. Hemingway immediately put through a long-distance call to Hollywood and tried to cheer up his friend and hunting companion.

They talked about old times. Of how they’d first met in the fall of 1940 and had gone hunting in Sun Valley, Idaho, for ducks and pheasants. And of how, as soon as both were feeling better, they’d have to “get away from it all”—doctors and wives and work—to “get our butts wet” again. They’d already postponed one hunting trip because of Coop’s illness, but like two schoolboys wanting to play hooky, they made new plans.

Their conversation sputtered to an end. Neither was much for telephones. Too mechanical, too artificial. A man could really talk to another man only out in the woods or by a trout stream. Hemingway promised to try to visit his friend soon and was about to hang up. But Coop had one thing more to say.

His slow drawling voice came clearly over the wire, understated, unsentimental, in (Please turn the page)
words that Hemingway himself might have written.

"Papa," he said, "I bet I beat you to the barn."

It was his way of telling his friend he knew he was dying. It was his way of saying good-bye to him.

In May of this year Gary Cooper, 60, died of cancer. Hemingway was too ill to attend the funeral, although he was an honorary pallbearer.

Less than two months later, 62-year-old "Papa," despondent and depressed by Coop’s death, shot and killed himself.

When Gary’s wife, Rocky, heard that Hemingway had died, she said, with tears in her eyes, "They’re both in the barn now."

Even more striking than the similarities about the deaths of Ernest Hemingway and Gary Cooper, are the facts about their lives. Both set courage and loyalty to friends at the very top of their personal codes—higher, perhaps, than love for women.

Both Coop and Papa rebelled against their parents’ notions of what they should do and what they should be. And their rebellions started pretty early.

Coop (born Frank James Cooper) was the son of Charles Henry Cooper, an associate justice of the Montana State Supreme Court. When he was nine, his mom and dad decided that their two boys’ crude Montana manners needed some English polishing. So he and his older brother Arthur were shipped off to Dunstable, a public school in Bedfordshire, England—much against Gary’s wishes.

At Dunstable, Gary stood out from his "gentlemanly" classmates like a pig in a poke. He just couldn’t get the hang of Latin verbs—and didn’t want to. He hated his fancy school clothes—blue jeans and an old shirt were more to his liking. When a newsboy teased and taunted him about his "spiffy duds," that did it! He punched the other kid in the nose.

The headmaster at Dunstable acted promptly. He requested that Mr. and Mrs. Cooper “remove their sons from the premises,” which they immediately did. Nevertheless, their three-year stay at the school made a lasting impression. They say the students at Dunstable School still use "Howdy, pardner" as their standard form of greeting.

Ernest Hemingway’s mother also tried to force him into a mold for which he wasn’t suited. She had ambitions to be a singer, and used to invite friends and neighbors into their 30-foot square music room to hear her perform. Dutifully the neighbors and friends came.

When her son Ernest was very young, she forced a cello upon him and made him practice and play. “My mother kept me out of school one whole year to study music and counterpoint,” Hemingway recalled later. “She thought I had ability, but I was absolutely without talent. We played chamber music—someone came in to play the violin, my sister played the viola, our mother the piano."

Every so often he ran away from home—leaving his cello behind—to work at odd jobs. This was his way of winning freedom, however temporary it was, from Grace Hemingway’s apron strings. When he did learn a better way, he learned it from his father.

Dr. Clarence Edmond Hemingway was senior obstetrician at the Oak Park Hospital, in Illinois—a man of stature—yet he still had the need to flee his wife’s world of "Do this" and "Don’t do that.” Periodically, he and the boy ran away together, to the world of woods and streams, to hunt and fish in Northern Michigan’s magnificent wilds.

In 1928, the elder Hemingway could run no longer. Suffering from diabetes and (Continued on page 89)
STRIKE
with fashion!

Want to bowl your man over? Then turn the page....

Anna Maria Alberghetti
If your game is love, the only way to play is to win. It might mean missing an occasional strike—to lose gracefully to his ego. It definitely means looking like a winner at all times. Here, Anna Maria Alberghetti shows you how to bowl him over. **Above:** She looks like a queen pin in a Kelly green sweater and pleated skirt. The sweater, in orlon, is $8.98; the skirt, 100% wool, is $12.98. Both by Pandora. **Left:** She catches his eye in a whirling seamless herringbone skirt of 100% wool. The skirt, $15.95; the dyed-to-match fleece sweater, $13.95. Both by Pendleton. **Right:** She toes the mark in a sleeveless, salt-and-pepper, 100% wool tweed dress with a “split” easy-action skirt. $30 by Jantzen. (Note the dyed-to-match bowling shoes.)

To strike with beauty, Anna Maria gives her porcelain complexion a glow with Contempora powder-and-foundation makeup in warm rachel. Her lipstick, Berry Bon Bon. Both by Revlon.

For more winning points, turn to page 90.
I would have wanted so much to have a family of my own,” Elvis Presley said. “A wife, kids—so my mother could have been a grandma.”

He spoke the words unconsciously—as though his mother’s death, just three years ago August 14th, had somehow lessened his chances of having such a family.

“She used to tease me,” he said, his voice warm with loving memory. “She’d ask me, ‘Elvis, when are you going to get married and make me a grandmother?’ And I would tease back—tell her that I would do all this for her when I found myself the right girl—a girl as nice as she was.

“Yes, we teased about it. But it would’ve made my mother the happiest woman on earth if she could have lived to see me settled down. She used to worry about me all the time—worry when I was away from home, was I eating proper and getting enough rest. She wanted to see I got the right girl, so she could be sure I was well taken care of.”

Elvis was away from home now as he talked—on location in Florida for “What a Wonderful Life.” If you didn’t know him, you’d think the title described his own life. We sat in an air-conditioned limousine during a break in the shooting, and outside, the merciless sun seared the dusty crew. But if Elvis was grateful for the comforts of his life—and he is—he was also too deeply involved in personal memories to pay much attention.

“My whole life has changed,” he said. (Please turn the page)
if only mom had lived to see my child

continued

"Nothing seems the same. If she were alive, I know things would be different. But with her gone—well, I just feel like throwing myself more and more into my work. Still I'm lonely.

"She was an angel," he continued. "I loved her more than anything in this world. I'm grateful that she at least lived to see me make something of myself—but I miss her terribly . . . I miss her every minute of every hour of every day . . ." And then he told how his search for "the right girl" had been profoundly influenced by all his mother had taught him of right and wrong—of God and religion and a sense of ethics. Since little-boyhood, she'd taught him.

"I believe that with God's help I will find the right girl," he said, "and that with God's help, and the things my parents have taught me, I will know when she comes along. As for what type of girl I'm looking for . . . well, when reporters used to ask me that question, I used to say: 'I'm not looking.'

"Now I'd like to settle down—I think I'm about ready for a family. But it has to be right. When you're raised in a home where marriage is beautiful, like it was between my mother and daddy, then a guy thinks long and thinks hard before he asks a girl to marry him.

"When my mother was alive, I used to get criticized a lot for inviting girls to visit me at my home. But honestly, that was the only way. To me a romance has to be a sacred, private thing, and the only place I could have that privacy was in my own home. My mother always enjoyed me having house guests. She felt good, sharing in my friends and good times. Now . . . well, now that she isn't here, I still hold an image of what Mom would have wanted for me: a girl who would love me and make a home for me, and be a good wife to me and a good mother to our children."

As Elvis spoke, I found myself thinking of the girls he's dated in the past year: Juliet Prowse, Tuesday Weld, Joan Blackman, Anita Wood, and of course Nancy Sharp. He'd met Nancy's folks in St. Louis at Christmas time, when things looked fairly serious between them. But he hadn't asked her to Graceland. The person he'd have wanted her to meet, the person whose opinion he would have cherished, was no longer there. Perhaps the fact that he no longer had a mother whose approval he could obtain had affected his romance with Nancy. Soon afterwards she was dating Dick Beymer, and Elvis was seeing Joan Blackman and then others. Would he ever meet a girl, perhaps on another picture, who would make him feel that his mother would have approved if she were here to know her? (Continued on page 88)
There are three wonderful sides to the VELVET GLOVE story! The outside is all beauty. Luxurious nylon stretch lace...lovely as lingerie! The inside is all comfort. A soft caress of absorbent stretch nylon...gently cooling and soothing. The third side? It's hidden, but it's all control! Discreetly unseen, between the inside and the outside, is pure, live perforated Latex. It works wonders...slimming, trimming and controlling your figure as no other girdle can! ♥ Lovable's VELVET GLOVE is truly Latex made lovely! And it's even lovelier in colors: White, Pink, Blue, Beige. Only $6.95. Also brief, girdle, long-leg and hi-waist styles, $5 to $6.95 Matching bra companion to "Velvet Glove": Foam-contoured cups with glamorous stretch-lace overlay, $2
Pan-stik gives you creamy coverage for flawless beauty

You're perfectly beautiful...from the moment you stroke on this remarkable make-up. Pan-Stik covers so flatteringly, blends completely, brings a smooth flawless glow to your face. And Pan-Stik persuades your skin to dewy softness with hidden precious oils that lock moisture in. Extra attraction: the exclusive swivel-up case for easier use. $1.75 by MAX FACTOR

*Pan-stik (trademark) means Max Factor cream-type make-up • ©1961, Max Factor & Co.
The two women raised their eyebrows and looked at each other curiously. June closed her eyes and sighed. It had been like this only six weeks, but those six weeks of absolute silence had seemed an eternity. Why... why... when she had waited so long for this first visit to Dr. Moses, was she experiencing this growing fear?

They had told her she would speak again. A tracheotomy was a fairly common operation. Herfs had been more difficult than average because of a gigantic growth in her throat—a growth that had threatened a quick death through blockage of air to the lungs. It had been there, unsuspected, for a long time. So long a time that for years she had been speaking only with throat muscles. Her vocal cords, they told her, were weak from disuse, and she would have to learn to speak all over again. But they had assured her that Dr. Moses, the specialist in San Francisco, would be quite able to help her learn to talk properly. Dr. Moses, one of the very few voice therapists in the world, had done marvelous things for people who had had voice boxes removed, for those whose vocal cords were paralyzed.

June’s case wasn’t nearly that serious, of course. She knew that, but somehow there was always the lurking doubt that her doctor hadn’t told her everything. The suspicion had eaten away at her during those weeks of enforced silence, and now she was dreading the first attempt at speech. If they hadn’t told her everything, it was quite possible she would not be able to utter anything but uncontrolled sounds. She remembered a beggar who had once approached her, a sign around his neck proclaiming he was a deaf mute. She could hear, as though it were yesterday, the low gurgle of sounds that came from his throat, and she shivered.

June is no stranger to pain or courage. There was the back injury as a child, when a tree had fallen on her. She spent long months in the hospital, and for years after, she was tortured with a steel back brace. She had had pneumonia three times, an appendectomy, and then the two operations to remove the polyps from her throat.

Why was she so frightened?

Yes, life had brought her more than her share of physical pain, and she tried now to reason with herself about this first visit to Dr. Moses. Why was she so frightened? It was so unlike her. Of course, it was possible that the whole thing had come too soon after her divorce from Dick Powell. That in itself was enough for any woman to go through, but two operations on top of an emotional strain might have been too much for her. It hadn’t been pleasant, being told that she had been near immediate death all those months. Her surgeon had said that any exertion, even climbing stairs, could have closed the tiny gap left in her throat for air passage. The emotional upset of the divorce could have brought on asphyxiation. And then, of course, there was the nagging fear that she had cancer.

Surgery, of course, couldn’t be delayed. The operation hadn’t been too bad, even though they’d had to make a slit in her throat to allow breathing during the operation. The second had been much worse—more than three hours on the table, and afterward, the swelling and the bleeding that hindered recovery. She had to lie in bed for endless hours without moving because of the danger of hemorrhage. She supervised the house, communicated with the children by means of written notes. She wrote so much, her hand ached so, that the pain sometimes kept her awake. But the hardest part of all was remembering not to try to speak, particularly when the children needed comforting or comforting.

During those weeks of silence, her constant companion was her dog, Mr. Bumpley. Because she showed only high spirits to the human beings in the household, she found solace with Mr. Bumpley, who shared her burden of being unable to speak. She realized fully what the term dumb animal means, and often during the night the dog’s black and white fur was damp with June’s tears.

Visitors were not allowed because the doctor had discovered June tired easily and her emotional strain was heightened by company. So she had spent the time in solitude and, against her will, had brooded about the divorce and the troubles.
that had led to it. As a result, her throat was slow in healing, and the surgeon told her she could not go to San Francisco to work with Dr. Moses until she had healed completely.

"Be patient," she was advised. How could she be patient? She was so anxious to know how she would sound. And yet, this anxiety hindered the healing. It had been a vicious circle.

Finally, just yesterday, Monday afternoon, her surgeon had said he was satisfied with her progress, she could leave for San Francisco immediately. Within hours, she and Maggie checked into the Fairmount Hotel. After a sleepless night, she was finally here, finally in Dr. Moses' office—and she was terrified.

Suddenly, a nurse was saying, "Miss Allyson? Come this way, please."

"Now," thought June. "Now! I must pull myself together."

Dr. Moses rose from his desk chair as she entered and came toward her with outstretched hands. He was tall, gray-haired and smiling. "Good morning, Miss Allyson," he said, with a distinct foreign accent. "I am going to fix it so you will no longer talk like a boy."

Had she been relaxed, had this meeting been under any other circumstances, she would have laughed heartily at his remark. But this particular morning, she could only manage a very weak smile.

"First," he said, "I will look at your throat. He placed her in a chair, adjusted the mirror on his forehead, and asked her to open her mouth.

Terror swept over her. Suppose Dr. Moses should look in her throat and not like what he saw? Her surgeon had said the operation was successful, but just supposing this doctor didn't agree—supposing he said she would never speak again.

She tried without success to open her mouth—it was as if her jaws were frozen. Her eyes clouded and she shook her head miserably.

**A traumatic experience**

"Come now," said Dr. Moses. "Please open the mouth."

She couldn't. Nor could she open it during the afternoon appointment, nor on her visit the following morning, Dr. Moses realized it was a traumatic experience for her, and he switched tactics. During those first three appointments he talked to her gently, showed her books and pictures of throat anatomy and patiently explained to her how simple it was going to be. She must, he said, first determine her natural tone, and from there they would begin.

"You will see," he smiled. "You will speak like a girl when I am finished."

He used diathermy, wrapping her throat in a cloth and asking her to hold a small machine in her lap. It was a process designed to relax her from top to toe.

By Wednesday afternoon the tiredness, the discouragement had died. She opened her mouth, Dr. Moses peered down her throat and then smiled.

"You are beautifully clean. It is a splendid surgery. Now, I want you to put your finger along the side of your nose, like so, I want you to hum. Feel the vibration? I will put my finger on the other side of your nose, like this, so that I can feel it, too. Now, I want you to hum high up and then go down the scale. . . There! Right there. That is your natural tone. This is the tone in which you will learn to speak. Never speak until you feel that particular vibration, then you will know you are right."

June looked at him, her eyes wide with wonder. Was speech really so complicated as this? Babies just talk, and that was that. It was all so very simple. But this, this was going to take control. Perhaps this was where the final patience would be required.

"Now," said the doctor, his finger on a key of the organ he uses to determine pitch. "You will make, in this tone, a noise like a cow. I want you to say moo."

June formed the word with her lips, but no sound would come.

"I can't," she said, and her heart sounded with surprise at the sound of her voice, the first sound in all those weeks. "Aha!" said Dr. Moses, grinning, "You see, you can speak. But please say what I want you to say. The other sounds will strengthen your vocal cords."

She went back to the hotel with a list of sounds to practice several times a day, always being careful to use the tone designated by the doctor.

It was so strange, and so wonderful to be making sounds again. Maggie teased her that never again would the household have the peace it had known, that soon she'd be bellowing through the house until cups and saucers shook on the shelves.

**It didn't sound like her**

But June's feeling of terror did not go away. She was making sounds, true, but they were not her sounds, it was not her voice. Things came out much higher than they used to. Richard Powell had always said her voice was her fortune. But she didn't care whether she got the old Allyson back again, all she wanted, all she prayed for was the ability to speak. Yet these sounds frightened her. It was so strange to speak and sound as if someone else were talking. It was the same shock you would experience if you looked into a mirror and saw someone else's face.

The doctor realized her concern, and the next day suggested she sing something. "Sing to me. "How can I sing if I can barely talk?"

Dr. Moses looked at her out of his wide brown eyes. "Try. You will see. Sing lyrics that have the 'oo' sound."

She chose "Do You Love Me?" The result was one of the unforgettable experiences of her life. The song came out, clear and strong—and soprano. She sang notes she had never been able to reach before. In fact, after a full ten days of work with Dr. Moses, she could hit high C.

June's speaking voice was high-pitched, too—high-pitched, weak and wobbly. She wanted to phone the children in Beverly Hills and assure them she was doing well. But she knew if she spoke to them in this funny voice they would worry. So Maggie, a devoted housewife who announced that June would sing to them, Pam and Rick got on the phone, shrieking with excitement. Frank, June's devoted houseman, got on another extension. She sang "Over The Rainbow," and in Beverly Hills three faces took on a look of disbelief. They couldn't believe it was June. Maggie had to get back on the phone and assure them the voice here.

The work with Dr. Moses continued, two sessions a day. June wrote highly amusing letters to friends, telling them she wasn't able to talk very well, but she could sing the socks off "The Barber of Seville." She wrote: "I'm doing fine. Doctor told me he has never seen a more bewitching throat operation—and then he said I had to change in which register to a medium register. Well sir, I accomplished that all right, except we have created a monster! Now I can hit high C! And now the poor doctor's problem is to get me out of high C down to medium register—where I refuse to go! I've never been up here before and I find it fascinating!"

Her cheerful notes fooled her friends, but not Maggie, who would hear June trying to warm up her voice with exercises. The sounds would come weakly at first—"Ma-moo-may-MAGGIE!!" Nor did she fool Dick Powell, who flew up for a visit with her. At dinner with her ex-husband, she tried, with gay banter, to relieve his worry. She told him how the hotel staff had been told she couldn't speak, and how on the third day, one woman had asked her a question. The woman, suddenly remembering June's predicament, hastily added, "I'm so sorry, I

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In front of the children

But her voice was extremely weak, especially when she was tense. Dick realized that June had a long row to hoe. She needed patience and work, work and patience.

After ten days in San Francisco, June was told she could return home for the weekend. Now she must speak in front of the children—she could postpone it no longer. How would they react? What would they think? Would she seem a stranger to them?

She turned the key in the brass door-knob and the wide white door of her home swung inward. Within seconds, her two children came tumbling through the house to greet her. They fell against her, jockeying for position, and she buried her face in their hair, still postponing the moment they would hear her voice. Then Pam and Ricky stood back and demanded she speak.

She took a deep breath and said, "Hello, darlings." It came out terribly high, almost squeaking. She could do better, but this was an emotional moment, and whenever she was tense there was trouble with the voice. She hated the sound, and looked to them for reaction. They stood riveted, their eyes wide with astonishment. Pam struggled to hide her surprise, but Ricky had no such feminine artifice.

"Why don't you sound like Mommy any more?" he said. Pam jabbed him in the ribs, but it was too late.

June fought back the gathering tears. This would not do; it simply would not do. She managed a smile and beckoned to the couch where she pulled them down, one on each side of her.

Fighting for control, she breathed deeply. "I am . . . I am going to say a great deal to you now. My voice is not like it was, and I know it sounds strange to you. But no matter how I sound—and if you think it sounds funny so do I, so you may laugh at me whenever you want—but no matter how I sound, I'm still your mother and I love you very much and I always will. And if . . . if you think it's important that I speak the way I used to, then some day I will. I promise you that."

Pam put her arms around June and kissed her on the cheek, and Ricky gave her a quick hug. "C'mon, Mom, I'll show you my new model car."

It had been difficult, but it was over. It was over, and they were accepting her. As the weekend passed they became fascinated by her exercises and would sit and listen, their lips silently mouthing the sounds along with her. Ricky would say, "Now I'll be a cow."

Then June and Maggie went back to San Francisco for another week, and during that time June's voice strengthened and settled considerably.

At the end of the week, the doctor told her she could now speak as much and as often as she wished, but that she must do the exercises religiously, several times a day. She was to go home and relax, eat properly and gain some weight. He would want to see her in another month or so to make certain she was working on the proper tone.

Back home, June did as she had been told, and as the weeks went by, she discovered with delight that she could now telephone friends and be recognized without announcing herself. The singing voice was still high, and June regaled the household with her fine soprano. Frank became convinced she would "one day be a great singer."

The last thing to sink into medium register was the "soprano laugh." This had been a source of amazement to everyone, including June. It began with a schoolgirl giggle and took off into the heights. Every time it happened, June had a momentary urge to look around the room to find out who was laughing. Others were concerned about her laugh, but she wasn't. It was so wonderful just to be able to laugh!

A few days ago, June was in her bedroom, running through her exercises for what must have been the thousandth time. They were an idiotic collection of sounds, and she was so self-conscious about doing them that she tried to do them when no one else was around. She was in the second string of moos when Ricky wandered into the bedroom. He looked at her with all the disgust a young boy can muster, clapped his hands over his ears and muttered, "Good grief! Not again!"

June's laughter thundered through the house and carried straight into the kitchen where Frank was peeling carrots. He began to whistle happily. Miss Allyson was her old self again.

—JANE WILKIE

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Continued from page 32

America's newest, most glamorous star.

This is not a description that Jacqueline Bouvier ever dreamed would fit her. It's true that she knew from the first minute she met Jack Kennedy—a tall, handsome, slightly underweight, slightly disheveled young Congressman from Massachusetts—that her world had turned over, that nothing would ever be the same for her again. Yet she could not have guessed then how different it would be.

And if she had guessed, what then? Part of the quality that has attracted so many people to Jacqueline, part of the reason they admire her and want to be like her, is they sense in the glimpses they have had of her that, whatever she thought was ahead, she would somehow have found the strength and the courage to follow her heart.

She married Jack within a year after

their meeting and, like every wife, she began immediately to make the many adjustments to her husband's way of life. They were different in their interests, in their family backgrounds, in so many ways. And in one important way they were very alike—they both wanted very much to complete their marriage, to have a child.

Yet this was not easy for Jacqueline. Her first pregnancy, welcomed with such happiness by both of them, ended in a miscarriage. The following year—the year Jack failed by a whisker to win the nomination for Vice President at the Democratic convention—she lost another child. The stress and strain of the campaign had been too much for Jacqueline, and, after an emergency Caesarean, the baby was born dead. And she herself almost died.

Now Jacqueline Kennedy lived under constant fear. Would she ever be able to bear Jack a child?

He changes their roles

In 1957 she was pregnant again. Jack, remembering her cheering presence, her funny little gifts, her tender, loving care all through the harrowing ordeal of his spinal operation, now reversed their roles. He brought her idiotic presents; he did all he could to keep her cheerful and make her forget her fears about the coming birth. He wouldn't let her take a single step that wasn't absolutely necessary; he was always at her side.

The day after Thanksgiving, at 8:15 A.M., Jacqueline Kennedy gave birth to a seven-pound, two-ounce baby girl.

The baby was normal and healthy, and she herself was feeling fine. She tried to stay awake all night—just not to miss one second of happiness. She simply hadn't realized that any one woman could have as much love in her heart as she felt for Jack and for their baby daughter Caroline.

But in 1960, as she awaited the birth of their second child, fear returned to haunt Jacqueline Kennedy—and with good reason. Jack was in the thick of another campaign, this time for the Presidency of the United States, and she just couldn't sit on the sidelines and be carefully pregnant.

Jack was jumping here and flying there like a grasshopper in a thunder storm. Even when her husband came home, she hardly saw him, so that she complained, "Sometimes when he is at home, he's so wrapped up in his work that I might as well be in Alaska." But when he headed for New York City and a giant ticker tape parade, she insisted on going with him. Jack told her "No," her doctors told her "No." But how can mere men keep a

Any woman might copy this—the way Jackie's "look" changes along with her life. Easiest way to change: your hairdo. As a bride, Jackie's was long and youthful; as Jack's sailing companion, it was casual; as First Lady, it goes elegantly up, chicly down—here's sophistication.
woman from doing something she's made up her mind to do? Especially when she said, "If he lost, I'd never forgive myself for not being there to help."

When the open car on the back of which they were perched reached the financial district in lower Manhattan, it seemed to Jacqueline Kennedy that a million people burst through police lines and swarmed out to greet them. Hands shook her hand, hands slapped her on the back, hands waved wildly in front of her eyes. From the expression on her husband's face she knew this was the greatest moment in his life. As for herself, she was terrified. In those frightening minutes she must have clung for reassurance to the basic premise on which she'd built her entire marriage: "A wife's happiness comes in what will make her husband happy."

"Can you save the baby?"

A few weeks later, while Jack was away, she started having labor pains and was rushed to the hospital. In the ambulance she was gripped by fear. The baby was coming a month ahead of time. Would everything be all right or would...? To the waiting doctor she asked only, "Can you save the baby?"

The doctor did save the baby. Luck, a matter of minutes, and superb medical skill brought John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr. into the world alive and kicking. Skill, luck, and Jacqueline Kennedy's courage. As her nine-and-a-half-pound baby was held up for her to see, squalling and squealing his own first campaign speech, she smiled and thanked God. She was already conscious when the attendants wheeled her out of the delivery room and down the hall. That was when the incident occurred that so shook her—when a photographer popped out of a closet and a flash bulb exploded in her face. "Oh, no! No! No!" she gasped weakly. Secret Service men grabbed the camera and destroyed the film.

But the damage had been done! Not physical damage—but psychological. Another invasion of her privacy! Another threat to the happiness and normalcy of her children!

It was episodes like this that made her declare, "It's not the right life for us. We should be enjoying our children, traveling, having fun."

The criticism of herself she was getting used to. At first she'd resented it terribly. All through her husband's Presidential campaign, she'd been held up to ridicule. Why does she cavort around Georgetown in Capri pants? Why does she squander so much money on clothes? Why does her hair always look as if she combs it with a rake?

She acquired a way of handling criticism, "I just don't let it bother me any more," she said. "The main thing is my husband's reaction to me. I dress and wear my hair the way I do because it pleases him."

But criticism and invasion of privacy, too. That was too much.

The inauguration was hardly over when a new wave of criticism started. Piddling complaints they were, chipping away at the privacy she valued so highly. Why didn't President Kennedy kiss his wife after he took the oath of office? Hundreds of women asked that.
Why does the President always walk ahead of his wife at public functions? Four-hundred-letter-writers inquired about that. When this question was passed on to the President he answered, "Jackie will just have to walk faster."

Why does the Kennedy family make the President play football? Did they do it just so that they could once break her ankle? These were favorite questions, and came in practically every White House mail.

Jacqueline's answer to these questions was that not only did she not play touch any longer, nor did her husband, but also the President did not play when she "volunteered" to play, early in her married life, it was all her own idea. About the broken ankle she had this to say, "Everybody tells the story as though the Kennedys roughed up a young bride. But it wasn't that way at all. I was running happily along by myself near the sidewalk when I slipped and fell. There wasn't a Kennedy within yards."

The best I can do
But she tried to put criticisms and threats to her privacy out of her mind. She had something far more important to worry about: her new role as the wife of the President. She'd had problems enough just being Mrs. Kennedy, but now, as Mrs. President, her role was much bigger and more public. Her adjustment to it was easier than she'd ever imagined, "I'll be a wife and mother first, then First Lady," she declared, and that's exactly what she proceeded to be.

Often in the middle of a busy day, when Jack was swamped with meetings and conferences, this would be all he needed to look up and see the President and his First Lady strolling down the White House corridors hand in hand. But this shouldn't have surprised them. Hadn't Mrs. Kennedy herself said, "I think the best thing I can do is to be a distraction."

The President's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, described his sister's in-law—and her place in his brother's life—perfectly. "She's poetical, whimsical, provocative, independent and yet very feminine," he said; "Jackie has always kept her own identity and been different. That's important to a woman. What husband wants to come home at night and talk to another version of himself? Jack knows she'll never greet him with, 'What's new in Laos?'"

One bit of criticism that Jacqueline went out of her way to counteract was directed not against herself, but at her husband. "It makes me so mad when people say Jack is not warm but cold and calculating," she spluttered. "He loves to laugh, he is so affectionate with his daughter. She has made him so much happier. A man without a child is incomplete."

On another occasion she spoke more intimately about what Jack's love meant to her. "He's a rock, and I lean on him in everything," she admitted. "He is so kind. (Ask anyone who works for him!) And he's never irritable or sulky. He would do anything she wanted or give her anything I wanted."

The one thing Jack can't do for her is to turn off that baleful, burning spotlight of publicity that threatens to harm daughter Caroline and little son John Jr. Not that he hasn't tried.

At Caroline's third birthday party, held while Jacqueline was still in the hospital after having given birth to John, hundreds of photographers crowded in front of the Kennedys' house to take pictures of the little girl's guests as each new child arrived. They begged Jacqueline's father to be allowed to go inside—for "just a few shots."

The President smiled grimly and replied, "We think she's been photographed enough. We think she should be retired."

But how could he stop them from taking Caroline's picture as she went to and from church? How could he prevent them from using telescopic lens and shooting pictures of Caroline and her little friends through the White House fence the day they first tried out his daughter's new jungle gym and swings on the lawn? Even when Caroline's photograph appeared on the front pages, she tried to keep the newspapers at the time when there was supposed to be a kidnapping plot against her—and an attempt to assassinate herself—and her husband had managed to keep the news from her. They had even gone so far as to conceal from Caroline the fact that her father was President of the United States, that what took some doing, and how long could they protect her from publicity, when things like that "drowning" story kept popping into print?

A nation stunned

Caroline Kennedy rescued from pool by capital matron... JFK's caroline saved from drowning in pool... Caroline sank like stone: these recent front-page headlines stunned America. The stories followed the same theme, the tendency for Caroline and her parents, from everyone who had ever had a small child in the family, or even loved a darling little girl.

The details were frightening. Caroline was attending the birthday party of three-year-old Ivan Steers, the son of her mother's step-sister, Mrs. I. Newton Steers Jr., when she decided to go into the pool, ahead of her older sister and brothers. She had been told to wait. They playmates were still being helped into their bathing suits by their mothers. Caroline, wearing a pink bikini, slipped into the water. Soon she was frolicking and frisking about, holding on to a flutter-board and splashing her feet in the water.

Suddenly, in water four-feet deep—way over her head—she lost her grip on the flutter-board. An eye-witness reported, "Caroline sank like a stone and rested on the bottom."

What happened next can best be told in the words of the woman who pulled her out. She is Mrs. William Saltonstall, daughter-in-law of United States Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts, and she is expecting her third child in the early fall. "I was about ten feet from the edge of the pool," she said. "I ran and jumped over a small wall and leaped into the water. I was fully dressed. When I got to the edge of the pond, I grabbed the tiny three-year-old and pulled her up to the edge. Caroline coughed up some water. Then, said Mrs. Saltonstall, "She looked at me, not a bit frightened, and asked why I had my clothes on in the water. I told her that having clothes on in the water was sometimes fun. That's all that happened."

A short time later Caroline was back in the pool, unaware of how close she'd come to drowning.

One society reporter with a good memory murmured, "Like daughter, like mother," and recalled that Caroline's mother, when she herself was just a child of four, had displayed the same naive and humorous response to the face of danger. She had stayed away from her nurse and gotten lost in Central Park. As she strolled unconcernedly along a park path, a policeman approached her and asked if anything was the matter. "Not with me," little Jackie answered, "but my nurse is lost!"

They criticized Mrs. Kennedy

The danger to Caroline, of course, had been far more serious, some people, as usual, went out of their way to criticize Jacqueline Kennedy. Why did the "drowning" story appear in the papers in the first place, they asked. There were no reporters present. It was strictly a private affair. So why had the episode been publicized? Wasn't this still another example of the Kennedys' "use" of Caroline? Of their publicity or "way to turn up the limelight, so that they could bask in the sympathetic publicity? Furthermore, these people said, what was Caroline doing at a party without her mother? Wasn't this just one more instance of the First Lady being "too busy" to discharge her maternal obligations? How could you expect anything but trouble for a child when her mother leaves her in the hands of a nurse—a part-time nurse at that? What kind of future would this little girl have if she already was over-publicized and under-loved?

It didn't matter to these critics that in actuality Mrs. Saltonstall hadn't even told her own husband about the episode at the pool, and that the Kennedys themselves only learned about it when someone at the birthday party told a friend who in turn leaked the news to the press. It didn't matter that Caroline's mother once pledged, "I won't leave my children with nurses and Secret Service men," and was trying her best to stick to that promise. It made no difference that Jacqueline had only told a few close friends and a few people at the party. "Some day Caroline is going to have to go to school, and if she is in the papers all the time, that will affect her little classmates, and they will treat her differently."

How is Jacqueline Kennedy meeting this problem of her children's over-exposure to publicity? With a woman's weapons: words, concerned love.

"If your husband is President," she says, "you must spend more time than ever with your children, to make it up to them. . . . My major effort must be devoted to my children. I feel very strongly that if they
do not grow up as happy and secure in
dividuals—if Caroline and John turn out
badly—nothing that I could accomplish in
the public eye would give me satisfaction.”

On her children she’s using the same
prescription that once worked so well
when her husband was ill. Tender loving care—
from both father and mother. She says,
“As long as the father is the figure of
authority, and the mother provides love
and guidance, children have a pretty good
chance of turning out all right. The family
is the prime unit in society.” She remem-
bers how terribly she missed her own
father, the handsome, short-statured, 5’10”
dad, even after he married Caroline’s step-
mother. For years, up to his death, she filled
the gap by spending a part of each vacation
with him.

This is certainly an effective antidote
to destructive publicity, a philosophy of
living that will help Jacqueline Kennedy
solve her problems as a mother and as a
wife. But it is in another area—her ac-
tivities as First Lady—that the President’s
wife is most vulnerable. And there she
may be heading for trouble.

She started out with the best of inten-
tions, “I will do everything I can in an
official way,” she said, “but no extras of
like myself will spend my spare time with
my children. It is especially important now
that Jack will be so busy.”

“No extras,” she promised, and in the
beginning she was able to keep her word
to the letter. Subtly but firmly, she ef-
fected a quiet revolution in White House
entertaining.

The “Jacqueline touch”

Stiffness and formality went out the
window, Grace and ease and comfort came
in. At the very first reception given by the
President and his First Lady—a party for
three hundred executive appointees and
their families—the “Jacqueline touch” was
apparent.

For the first time in memory, hard drinks
were available in the Presidential mansion.
And they were plentiful: bourbon, cham-
pagne, martinis, Scotch and vodka. Even
Cokes for the children.

There was no endless reception line, with
guests marching four abreast for a quick
Presidential handshake. Jacqueline and
Jack greeted people at the door, just like
any married couple welcoming visitors to
their home.

The hors d’oeuvres were fancier than
ever, and there was more than enough for
everyone.

Reporters were encouraged to mingle
with the guests.

There were lots of ashtrays every place,
the most revolutionary White House
change of all.

At the second White House wingding of
the season—a reception for ambas-
dors and their wives—Mme. Hervé Alph-
and, the wife of the French Ambassador,
took one look at the flowers all over the
place—lilies, tulips, anemones and apple
blossoms—and paid her hostess the
highest possible compliment. “Why,
they look like they had been arranged by
a human hand instead of a florist,” she
said.

The Peruvian Ambassador Fernando
Bereckemeyer seemed to speak for every-
one when he declared, “I’ve never had so
much fun in the White House.” It might
have been the sight of “assistant hostess”
Jacqueline Kennedy perched on the stairs
and tapping her foot to the Marine Band
rendition of “Old MacDonald Had a Farm”
that made him say this. But more likely it
was the fact that her hostess, whom he’d
known since girlhood, greeted him un-
ceremoniously with a question. “Aren’t
you going to kiss me?”

By the time the third big White House
shindig was over—an affair where Con-
gressmen were “introduced” to Cabinet
members—the verdict was in. Jacqueline
was the most imaginative and exciting
hostess Washington had ever known.

In a sleeveless, floor-length sheath of
pink and white straw lace, set off by a
single piece of jewelry—a feather-shaped
diamond clip in her bouffant hair—she
danced, first with her husband and
then with almost everyone of the four-
hundred and fifty VIP’s present. It was
like a high school prom, with one flash
after another cutting in on her. Even the
few who didn’t get to dance with her
joined in the acclaim. “She’s divine.”

Trouble started, however, when Jacqui-
ene and her husband left Washington and
hit the “diplomatic” trail. Of course, they
had to leave the children behind, at first,
and later for weeks on end. That bothered
Mrs. Kennedy, she missed them. And despite her early hopes that it
wouldn’t be so, there was a conflict between
her duties as a First Lady and as a mother.

There was another possible conflict—
more hidden but there just the same. She
had become a star, a celebrity, an attraction
in her own right. She was no pale
reflection of her dazzling husband. And as
Hollywood discovered long ago, two stars
in the same family can mean trouble.

In Canada, for instance, there was a
formal state dinner for the Kennedys,
during which Jack made a key foreign
policy speech. Yet what did the papers
concentrate on the next day? “Every head
snapped around as though at parade-
ground command, to admire the entrance
of Jacqueline Kennedy in her pure white
sheath dress.”

In Paris, it was the same thing. Actually,
Jacqueline was somewhat frightened by
their impending visit to the French capital.
It was a city she knew well. She had
studied art and languages at the Sorbonne
as a girl, and she remembers herself as a
“chubby little thing eating pastries and
studying with inky fingers half the night.”

She had loved Paris. But for her. Paris
had definitely not been the City of Love.
“Mostly the boys I knew were beetles-
browed intellectual types who’d discuss
very serious things with me,” she recalls.
“Nothing romantic at all.”

Now she was going back with the man
she loved, and everything must be perfect.
A month in advance of their visit, she ar-
 ranged for the services of Alexandre, the
leading hairdresser of Paris, and of Harri-
ett Hubbard Ayer, the famous cosmetics
house. Carefully she selected an all
American wardrobe for herself, placing
constant source of adverse criticism
against her was that she usually favored
French clothes.

Her actual arrival in Paris at Jack’s
side was more wonderful than anything
she’d ever dreamed. As the Presidential
car rolled slowly through the packed
streets, a one-hundred-and-one-gun salute
shook the city, only “to be drowned out,”

PERIODIC PAIN

Don’t let the calendar make a
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Midol with a glass of water . . .
that’s all. Midol tablets bring
faster and more complete relief
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"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW!"
FREE! Frank, revealing 24-page
book explaining menstruation.
Write Box 280,
New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper.)
Lee Patterson

Continued from page 56

go the whispers. "Imagine his wife and children wiped out by a wartime tragedy.

Result: Lee Patterson is now a widower.

Myth 4: He's walking down the street, one passerby murmurs to another, "That's Lee Patterson. Do you know that isn't his real face at all? Every inch was rebuilt by plastic surgery . . ."

Myth 5: He's in a roomful of people. Without warning, he drops like a corpse—full length, face forward. But before he hits the floor, his arms are out and he's doing perfectly timed push-ups. "Did you know," goes the buzz, "that he trained Israeli Commandos against the Arabs? He's an underground fighter. . . ."

Legend-making at thirty-two is precious stuff. But the wry, curly-haired co-star of "Surfside Six" is no wet-eared kid. Many of the myths are triggered by his own satiric outlook on life. They rise out of his seething anger, his running war with the world and with himself. It is one way of getting the last laugh—by irreverently mocking the mockery of life.

The truth scrambled

His myths are a scramble of truth and fantasy. They mirror his own warbling conflict. Some of them are pure hoax. Some are products of innocent misunderstanding. Some have just enough substance to offer unexpected peeks under the mask that most men wear.

Take myth number three. It's a Lee Patterson catch-all. His life has been full of

Etrangers. Walked out and stood there.

Jack had taken one look at her and whispered, "Well! I'm dazzled." That was the high point of her visit to Paris.

But her "official" triumph was the night she went to the Palace of Versailles for a banquet in the Hall of Mirrors. On that occasion, as a gesture in thanks to the French public, she switched from her all-American wardrobe to a French creation by the Parisian designer, Hubert de Givenchy. Her gown was fashioned of white silk with a bell-shaped skirt and a bodice embroidered all over with multi-colored mat flowers. Every time she viewed the coat was of heavy white silk. Her head was set off by a tamourine-shaped hair piece set with five diamond pins. When she told Alexandre that the jewels were "too much," the hair stylist answered, "Make an effort, Madame, make an effort!"

The effort was worth it. The following day, she was the subject of a full-page rhapsodic prose in describing her appearance and impact the previous evening. "Charmans! . . . Ravissante! . . . tres jolie! . . . la belle Zhakee!" they raved.

How did her husband take all this? With his usual sense of humor—that was the important thing. As long as they could laugh at each other, and at the things said about them, everything would be all right. He reacted the same way he had when he'd once heard a radio comedian quip, "Good Night, Mrs. Kennedy, wherever you are. With laughter.

At a press conference during their stay in France he began wryly, "but with a twinkle in his eye, "I do not think it altogether inappropriate for me to introduce myself. I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris.

With laughter and love . . .

After the Kennedys' visit to France, Time magazine jumped on the bandwagon of the ever-increasing number of publications hailing Jacqueline as a star. Where the Polish magazine Swiat had previously lauded her for the new "tone and style" she had set for the "epochal '60s," Time magazine declared, "The U.S. had a queen—and not from Hollywood."

As a star and First Lady and mother and wife, Jacqueline Kennedy has her fears and her problems. But she and her husband are conquering and solving them with patience and humor. And with love. —Jim Hoffman

This is no myth

But his reputation for a withering tongue is no myth. He rises in full scorn to the slightest hint of sham and idiocy. At a London cocktail party one afternoon, an opinionated English producer was denouncing an actress friend of Lee's who had just tried to kill herself—reasons undisclosed. Lee grabbed the oaf by his lapels and told him through clenched teeth, "Listen! You've been moneyed up to your bloody ears all your life, and you don't know what it is to suffer. I've got one thing to say to you, Buster: If you ever attempt suicide, I hope to hell you make it."

Early in his moviemaking career in London, a naive reporter picked up a juicy rumor going around the pub circuit and asked Lee pointblank if he really was a deserter from the American Army.

"Of course," Lee snapped. "That's why I'm trying to get my face on the screen all over the world so nobody can see me"

In Hollywood he is a pub-dodging bachelor who putsters around his spanking new two-bar, two-bath and two-bedroom split-level home.

He is discreet about his conquests. Actresses are anathema to him, and he isn't bashful about stating the reasons.

"It puts me right off, the minute a woman has a career," he admits bluntly. "I can't look at her as a woman. Nothing clicks. I'm spoiled rotten because I've been with women whose only thing in their lives is the man. Every breath you take, every move you make. And boy, when you've gone that route, and you've had the best like that, the other doesn't mean a helluva lot. You've acquired a taste."
An interesting blend. Pampered by women—roughhoused by life.

Lee Patterson fits a depressingly familiar Hollywood mold. He’s a straight, dark and handsome, he’s a rangy six foot three. His jet eyebrows accent a deeply sunbronzed face drawn tautly over high cheekbones. His black, wavy hair is something that Bosomy starlets dream of running lovely fingers through. He looks at the world through sometimes mellow cut brown eyes, and he is also adorned by a straight nose and a warm mouth that turns up in an appealing, sometimes unsettlingly gentle smile.

Behind the good looks, the myths, and the repartee, is the man. Troubled. Needing. Masking uncertainty with clever talk. Running from life. Searching desperately to find it. Comforted in the bosom of love—but backing away from it in distrust bred from childhood.

In London, Lee lost himself in a tempestuous love affair with a beautiful Scotch-Lithuanian girl. She was a natural platinum-blonde model who did nothing about her acting aspirations, because professional ambition died when she was in Lee’s arms. For three years he loved her as he has loved no other woman—but he turned her away. He was bedeviled by fear of what she would do, what she would say. He tried to dismiss it as yesterday’s news, but he can’t. She’s still in his blood.

“... the way to lose me ...”

“Don’t you know that’s the best way of losing me?” he cried. “If you’d told me you’d gone out, okay. But if you hide it from me, what am I going to think? The worst!”

And thinking the worst, in agonizing heartbreak, he quit the one woman he loved. The wound still bleeds fresh, and he talks as if it happened an hour ago.

“I’m not saying that she was fooling around,” he still debates in his own mind. “And if she was, what could I do about it? You hope to God that if you’re the right sort of man you can hold a woman. And if you’re not, then you have to go by yourself. You can be manly as hell and some of them still have to go their way.”

So ‘they fought over what they couldn’t change—just as his mother and father used to. When that hit him, in the full flush of panic, when it suddenly put him back in his childhood, and he could see his parents at each other’s throat every misery-filled moment; from the one place he wanted to be. With her.

“Soon or later we’d have gotten married,” Lee says, “and I wanted my marriage to be better than what I saw at home. I probably wanted too much. I’m beginning to realize that everything isn’t perfect—you’ve got to give it and take. But when it’s been very bad at the beginning, you want everything.”

No, his childhood did not fill him with impatience for the day he would marry. In Ontario, Canada, John Atherly Patterson was a struggling bank teller embittered by the backbreaking burden of supporting his wife and four sons on meager earnings. Lee, born Beverly Frank Atherly Patterson, was the second oldest, the most sensitive and rebellious of the four boys.

He was also the one stricken with polio as a small child. He had to learn to walk all over again before he could start school, well after his sixth birthday. When he did go, the children taunted him for his
patched trousers. The teacher rapped him with the ruler because he wrote the way his mother had taught him at home, while he was invalided.

Through the growing years, up into high school, Lee felt he was always being unjustly picked on for punishment. When he struck back it was worse—he got into trouble with his father. When his mother defended him, the battles raged.

He can still hear the tortured words from his own dry mouth.

"You leave my mother alone . . . you can't talk like that to my mother!"

The skinny boy, throat aching with held-back tears, would fly at his father, fists swinging. His father would angrily fling him aside, and Lee would drop back whimpering. His mother would scream at his father to leave him alone, and the bedlam became horror.

Home became unbearable

Lee ran errands and made deliveries for drug stores and grocery stores, in the chill of a Canadian winter, he held bottles in freezing fingers. Sometimes he slipped on the ice, and the bottles shattered as he fell.

"You'll have to pay for them out of your own earnings," his father told him. "Maybe next time you'll be more careful."

Now Lee says his father just was trying to make a man of him. At the time he couldn't see it. When he was fifteen, home became unendurable to him. The fights between his parents became one never-ending fight, raging day and night. His own battles worsened. The night his father lunged at him and kicked him—and Lee fought back with his fists—was the end. He left and never went back.

His father is sixty-nine now, a traveling man. Every few years their paths cross. There is an overlap of forgiveness, now. The father thinks adversity made a man of his boy. In a way, Lee agrees.

"I say now he was right, bless his heart." Lee philosophizes with a tired smile. "Indeed it did prepare me. I had a dollar eighty or two thirty or some ridiculous sum in my pocket when I ran away from home, and it lasted two days. I had only the clothes on my back—a sports jacket, a pair of flannel pants, a shirt. My family didn't know I was leaving—I just disappeared. I traveled around, worked at many jobs, and hitched thousands of miles. I could just sit down and try to stay alive."

He washed cars, worked on barges, hired out as waiter, bartender, caddy, busboy; worked in jungle surveys, in mines, in lumber mills, criss-crossing Canada until he was nineteen. An inborn artistic talent found expression when he got a job in Toronto, building papier-mâché floats for a Santa Claus Parade. In time he was commissioned to design the famed Montreal Santa Claus Parade.

He began to do sculpture and portraits, and enrolled hopefully in the Ontario College of Art. He became interested in designing, and went to Paris to study. But he thought the profession overrun with dilettantes and sub-masculine types. After three days he crossed the channel to England.

"In England," he relates, "I worked at many different jobs again—as an usher, a trucker, and as boss of a roofing gang made up of Polish D.P.'s (displaced persons) who were tearing down old army camps outside London. There were some rough times on that—fights, knifings."

His revived interest in designing led to a menial job at the British Broadcasting Company. One day he had to pick up a BBC order at an agent's office. He had to walk all the way, he had no bus fare. The agent took one look at Lee and asked if he was an actor. Lee took one gulp, and ad libbed his first myth. He said that he was.

The very next day he was on his way to audition for the part of Happy in "Death of a Salesman." No richer than the day before, Lee hopped on the train to get to downtown London. He brazened his way through readings, landed the part, and was launched on his career.


It took six weeks of hassling before Lee signed a seven-year Warner pact, paving the way for his co-starring role in "Surf-Side Six." Negotiator William Orr asked Lee why he was being so hard-headed.

"Because," Lee answered, "when I put my signature on this contract, I'm going to honor it."

Not only does Lee like it at Warners, he likes it so well in the United States that he intends to sign a longer term contract—as an American citizen.

The hand that feeds me

"I couldn't be more American than I am," he reasons with a chuckle. "I'm so pro-American that I'll attack my American friends if they criticize the country. I've just built a home here. This is the hand that feeds me. And once I'm a citizen I'll have the right to comment. I don't feel that I have, now."

Despite that disclaimer, there are some observations that Lee Patterson just can't hold back—about himself and the country of his adoption.

"Do you know how wonderful it is to live here?" he exclaims. "To be able to go twenty-four hours a day and get cigarettes because everybody has that kind of money in his pocket! You get the slightest feeling you're thirsty, and you can turn on the tap and get a glass of water. There are countries in Europe where you have to buy water. I've seen people go thirsty all day because they're allowed one glass of water. They can't afford any more. When you see this kind of stuff, boy, you gotta know you're lucky."

Lee feels that he's often known "the wrong end of the stick," but that he's managed without wearing it as a chip on his shoulder. For all his roller-coaster moods, he feels that adversity has enriched, rather than enraged him.

"I could have gone two ways," he nods soberly. "Sure, I could have been bitter, but that would have meant shutting my eyes to everything good that's happened to me."

Meanwhile the myths multiply, and the legend grows. You have only begun to hear about Lee Patterson. —ALLAN TROTTER

Lee Patterson is seen in "SurfSide 6" on ABC-TV, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. EDT.
RITA HAYWORTH

Continued from page 49

Rebecca got used to her, though it wasn't easy for a five-year-old girl to have a new baby around the house—let alone a new baby who was also a princess. Prince Aly and the Princess Rita went to the races in Paris, London, Dublin—wherever his horses raced. And always Moslem servants waited on them hand and foot and guarded them constantly no matter where they stayed—which was one of Aly's five homes or someplace else. They went on champagne safaris to Africa, together. And Aly always went to Paris with Rita when she bought clothes, for he knew such superb designers as Christian Dior and Pierre Balmain personally, and knew exactly what he wanted his beautiful wife to wear. They went together to see the great painters of Paris, where Aly chose what masterpieces Rita should buy.

Sounds perfect, doesn't it? Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But that before Yasmin was six months old, Rita was glaringly that Aly played too much. Were these glumplings a wife talking? Or were they really Rita's creative impulses protesting her watched-over existence? People have said that Rita was, and is, just a glamour girl, that she has no talent other than the talent to exude glamour. If that were true, you could take any beauty and turn her into a star like Rita. That, of course, has been tried over and over again—and it has failed. No, Rita is an artist—and probably a greater artist than she herself knows. And, as an artist, she must express herself. And, after only a short life with Aly—a life that was usually one long house party after another—she did.

Rita listened to $12,500

Columbia Pictures still held Rita's movie contract, and they kept asking her to return. When they offered her $12,500 a week, Rita listened. So, in 1952 she was back in Hollywood. She was also heading for Reno to get rid of Aly.

The prince followed her to Hollywood trying to talk her into a reconciliation, just as Orson Welles had followed her to Europe when she left him. And remember, that to the day of his death in an automobile accident outside of Paris in 1960, Aly Khan said he loved Rita. Remember, that when she was in trouble regarding the custody of her daughters, Aly immediately cabled an offer of help. Orson immediately cabled an offer of help, too. Both said repeatedly that she was a wonderful mother.

So far, in our story, Rita has been the wife of Ed Judson, Orson Welles and Prince Aly Khan—but three men different as the good Lord makes men. Then, imagine her falling in love with Dick Haymes—not only falling in love with him—but becoming his fourth Mrs. Haymes.

Does the name Dick Haymes mean anything to you now? Well, a mere nine years ago, in 1952, that name was very much in the headlines—and, unfortunately, the headlines were far from good.

There had been a first Mrs. Haymes, but everyone had forgotten her. However, the second Mrs. Haymes, Joanna Dru, was then suing him for divorce. At the same time the third Mrs. Haymes, Errol Flynn's ex, Nora Eddington, was threatening Dick with everything. The United States government was also threatening him with deportation because he had ducked the draft by claiming he was a citizen of Argentina. And while all this was going on, Rita and Dick were falling in love.

A wonderful line

In spite of all his problems, Dick did have charm. He did have a good voice. He had a wonderful line. He said he'd been alive for 25 years. Why had he married three other women during those years, he never did say. Yes, he did have a good line, and sweet Rita had always been a good listener. She listened to Dick and she believed. Maybe she believed because she knew Dick needed her—needed her in a way a genius and an Oriental Prince did. Said Rita in 1952, "I'd stay by him even if he is deported." Said Dick, "With her beside me I know I can win my battles."

Thus, one day after Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes finally divorced him, Rita and Dick were married at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas in September, 1953. The Sands is the largest gambling hall in all of Las Vegas, and people looked up from the crap tables and applauded Rita and Dick as they went by. Yes, wedding number four was quite different from wedding number three. The Sands was more than a continent away from Aly's chateau L'Horizon, where champagne had flowed, orchestras had played and flowers shaped "A" for Aly and "M" for Margarita had floated in the air.

Dick was actually a devoted father to Rebecca and Yasmin. He was a colorful husband to Rita. But he was also something else—he was anxious to get "in" on Rita's career. He wanted to be Joseph in a film Rita was scheduled to make. "Joseph and his Brethren." Rita didn't make the film. Neither did Dick. But Rita did break her contract with Columbia, put herself under Dick's management and started her own film company.

Nothing good happened. Dick had no work, neither did Rita. Columbia sued them. Dick, who was something of a drinker, reported slapped Rita around. No, nothing good happened.

Then another studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, got into the act. They tried to straighten out Rita's contract relationship with Columbia so she could make a film for them. It was fairly obvious they were not interested in Mr. Haymes's services. And by August 1955, Rita wasn't interested in Mr. Haymes's services, either.

Still a princess

To add to the crazy, mixed-up affair, as Rita was divorcing Dick, she was still due to answer the French courts on her divorce from Aly. The French, you see,
A one-day pause

Where with Orson and Aly, Rita had honeymooned on fabulous ocean voyages and chartered yachts, where with Dick she had gone to New York, with Jim Hill, their honeymoon was a one-day pause in their work. They rented, then bought, a very quiet, beautiful home in Beverly Hills. They seldom went anywhere, seldom entertained. Jim, the long-time bachelor, the long-time lone wolf, tried to be a conscientious husband and a conscientious father.

Then last winter he pulled what may have been a Hollywood separate table. 'Separate Tables' had been a Hecht-Hill-Lancaster production, Jim decided to produce a film on his own. The picture, "The Oldest Profession," was to star Rita Hayworth.

Furthermore, he decided to make the film in Spain. Rita speaks excellent Spanish, Jim does not. Making films abroad is twice as difficult as making films in Hollywood—and goodness knows, it's difficult enough for a husband and wife to make a film in Hollywood. By the beginning of this year, rumors were around that Rita and Jim were quarreling. Back in Hollywood, the rumors reached Rebecca's ears. Reports said she was so upset by them she called her mother in Spain to check on their authenticity. Rita denied the rumors. But then, Rita always denies rumors.

Early in June, Princess Yasmine made her acting debut in her mother and stepfather's film. An exciting event for a little girl, but not so exciting for Rebecca, who was back home in school. But Mommy flew home to attend her graduation and that nearly made up for it.

The excuses started

But then the rumors really did fly for Mr. Hill did not return with his wife. The excuse was he was cutting the film. When the rumors kept up, another excuse was given—he was having trouble with the music scoring.

But by the end of June, there was no longer any need for excuses. A spokesman announced that Rita and Jim had separated and a divorce was imminent.

Rita was alone in Hollywood, but girls soon met Gary Merrill, amusing, intelligent, talented Gary Merrill. Gary, a beatnik, Gary, who is not like any other husband Rita has had.

Which brings us right up to date again. Right up to the red hot Merrill-Hayworth romance that Hollywood is whispering about. Right up to the point where Hollywood is almost ready to announce that, once more, Yasmine and Rebecca have another grand new stepfather. Almost, but not quite.

And, again, to understand the situation, you must go back to Rita's life. You must remember that Rita joined her family's dancing act when she was six; you must remember that Rita had no childhood as most people did. It was through her two girls that Rita tried to relive those days of her childhood. When she is alone with Rebecca (whom she calls Becky), and Yasmine (she calls her YasMeen—with the accent on the last syllable), they play together like three children. Sweet Rebecca tends toward overweight—which is pretty natural considering what a mountain her father has always been. Rita tries to keep her slim, but is lovingly tolerant because she remembers she, too, was a chubby little girl. (Right now, with Gary Merrill, Rita is going to Italian restaurants, packing in the calories, crying out for everyone in the restaurant to hear, "I'm eating . . . I'm eating!")

Yasmine is a slim living doll who can wind her mother around her little finger. There is no question of her being conscious of the fact that she is a princess. Every year, until his death, Yasmine visited her father in France. She has no natural aptitude for languages, his instinct for horsemanship.

"I'll run away . . ."

This all, of course, has been very hard on the sensitive, young Becky. She, too, was extremely fond of Aly, who wanted to adopt her. Jim Hill tried extra-hard to be a good father to Becky. Her real father, Orson Welles, has been tremendously changed by his current marriage, and now writes to his daughter at fairly regular intervals.

But trying to be a good father, wanting to be a good father, doesn't always pay off, particularly when there has been such a parade of fathers. Which brings us to that very interesting situation we were discussing a while back. You see, Rebecca Welles does not want another father. She is the one who is laying down the law. She is the one who is talking out the fire of love that's burning between her mother and Gary Merrill. How is she doing it? She is doing it by threats. "Mother," she has said, "if you marry him I'll run away . . . I'll get married . . . elope . . . anything?"

Rita is still in the spin of a new-found love. Will she come out of it? Will Rebecca be able to keep her mother to herself and Yasmine for a while longer—until the beatnik phase wears off? That is the question all Hollywood is asking. Our answer? Love is the darndest thing—whether it's love for a daughter or love for a fascinating man. So who can guess what a lady in love will do?

—Lisa Reynolds

Rita's in U.A.'s "The Oldest Profession."
GEORGE MAHARIS

Continued from page 46

else. I'm a product of my early years."

When he was a kid, George knew nothing but violence. It fed at his heart, and left him badly scarred.

In school, in Flushing, New York, the kids he knew vie for position and prestige. They made their mark by defying authority, not by high grades. The object was to get away with as much as possible when teachers turned their backs.

Outside of school, the kids made their own laws, and the gangs they belonged to enforced them. Anyone who didn't belong to a gang was a target for everyone who did.

In George's home, there was also an underlying violence that erupted when the pressures of hard times became too great to bear. When George was a boy, his father, a quiet, gentle man, lost the restaurant he owned. Creditors descended on the household, coming to the door at all hours of the day and night to wave bills and shout threats. To pay his debts, George's father had to work on the docks in other people's restaurants. George's mother went to work as a cleaning woman in Rockefeller Center, then later in a chewing gum factory. Both his parents fought a never-ending battle against weariness and fear and debt, and sometimes their shattered nerves rebelled.

The children in George's family reacted in different ways. George's older sister Mary found comfort in the Greek Orthodox Church, and tried to lead a Christian life. You could step on her face. George believed, and she would say, "Oh, he didn't mean that." George's older brother Bob found a way of life in passive resistance. He went his way quietly, and whenever those more intense were unpleasant, he took them without complaint.

But for George neither of these methods would do. The Church baffled him. Why should it ask money from the poor at every service? Why didn't it give money instead? He wanted no part of the Church. Nor could he accept his lot passively, as he did. When he was pushed, his instinct was to push back. Sometimes, it was to push first. Sometimes the pressures of bitterness, resentment and hatred built to such a point that fighting became a kind of welcome release. In self-defense, George gradually withdrew into himself, becoming proud and solitary, emerging from his work only to strut or show off against the world—the world into which he'd had the misfortune of being born short, dark-eyed, poor and Greek.

He had no friends. His family was the only Greek family in the predominantly Irish neighborhood, and George refused to join their gang. He had to be free, he told himself; he couldn't be one of the "fewers."

Between classes and at recess, he stayed to himself; he was too proud to let anyone—anyone in this whole darn tough world—get close enough to see the cardboard in his pockets. He didn't even wear trousers. Resenting his aloofness, his classmates stopped speaking to him at all. When they did, it was only to shout "Greaseball!" Then, George would wade into them, fists flying, unless he was too badly outnumbered. Then he would prudently run away.

Many times Bob would come home with a black eye or a bloody nose intended for George. Born only a year apart, the boys looked so much alike, the gang would mistake them for one another. Bob knew he was taking a beating for George, but he never complained.

There was no justice...

To George, the fact that Bob took his beatings was only one more example of the injustice of the world around him. He had seen his mother almost die because of a careless diagnosis made in a city hospital ward. He had seen the baskets of fruit sitting lumpy on the table in the A&P when his own stomach was empty.

In the midst of a world such as this, George's only recourse was to find the world for a society without authority—and to despise as "sheep" those who, without authority, allowed themselves to be pushed about. One could be strong, he came to believe, only by being entirely alone, dependent on no one (for everyone failed you), free of attachments to things as well as people (for things cost money and money was hard to come by). And to survive in his world, one needed to be strong.

Eventually his parents were unable to control this sullen, un-speaking, uncooperative son of theirs. Their lack of communication became most terrible on the day when George somehow drove his mother to such a state of frustration and anger that she threw a dinner plate at him. It hit him in the back of the head and blood rushed out like a fountain. His mother was horrified at what she had done. "I'll fix it," she cried. But he would not let her near him. Wanting to punish her, he chose instinctively the cruellest way he knew. He warded her off until she went, and then, his shirt still with blood, he walked on. The garage was an old car, bought in better times. George climbed into the back. The garage had no heat, but he stayed there for hours, shivering as much with hate as with pain and cold. After that, whenever he needed a hiding place—and he was always running from something or someone—he would sit in the hate and the cruelty and the violence and the hate.
on two accounts: first, she had no idea why he wanted a blanket, and secondly, there were barely enough for the family. George's reaction was typical. He turned on his heel and walked out, letting the week go by before he told his family where he was.

He hitchhiked to the mountains and got the job. At night he almost froze to death, but he didn't complain. In his usual manner, he ignored or insulted the other boys, so they quickly came to dislike him, as he knew they would, and to leave him alone, as he hoped they would. He was rough on the younger boys at camp; "I'll bat your head in, sonny! G'wan outa my way or I'll drown ya!" was about all he said to them. Instead of running, the campers usually hung around to giggle, pretend terror or happily flaunt out at him with their little-kid fists. Whenever George had a free moment, he'd walk in the woods. Quiet, clean and private, they became his new hiding place. He taught himself to horseback ride and at night, when other camp employees drove into town, he'd take one of the camp horses and ride alone through his beloved woods. Since he had nothing to spend money on, he changed his tips and salary into big bills and—because his locker had no key—hid them all over his room.

When the summer was half over, some money was stolen from a visitor. The camp director questioned the employees individually. Almost unanimously they suspected the dark Greek boy who never smiled or talked. Finally they searched George's room. Under his mattress, in the back of his closet, in an old pair of shoes, they found his horde of bills.

Pint-sized angels

Instantly the camp was in an uproar. George was hauled before the director and accused. He protested, but he knew it was useless. All his life he had been accused. When the director announced that George would be turned over to the police, George said nothing.

And then the amazing thing happened. The little campers rebelled. They loudly proclaimed his innocence, and stormed the director's cottage, and argued with the counselors. When they were not heeded, they bandaged George's mouth to announce a general strike; if George was arrested, they wouldn't eat!

The camp directors were alarmed. George was totally stunned. In all his life no one had ever believed in him, no one had ever risked anything for his sake. Now, out of nowhere, came a band of pint-sized angels proclaiming their faith in him—in the short, sullen-faced, friendless Greek. So overwhelmed was he that he hardly heard the director when he told George that since the "stolen" money was "recovered," he had decided not to press charges; he hardly noticed that he and his belongings were hastily hustled out of the camp and onto a train back to New York. All he knew was that a brief glimpse of an unknown world had been given to him, and he was blind to everything else. He did not know that he had taken his first tiny step out of the self-imposed isolation in which he had always lived.

Back in Flushing, broke and alone, the old world closed in once more. But not as dark as it had been. A glimpse of light remained. It was to widen slightly that fall, when he began high school.

In his first week at school George ran smack into an old custom known as Senior Day. On that day, any freshman who wore a red was hustled off to the auditorium by upper classmen to do penance, George, who had a red sweater, was captured and told that as punishment he was to get up on stage and sing. He couldn't fight the whole school, so he obeyed. To everyone's astonishment, including his own, he had a rather pleasant and laudable him sincerely and called for more. Staring down at the smiling faces, it occurred to George that a mob was, after all, a pleasant thing to have on one's side, and that it was possible that he had a gift for manipulating people. He looked around for a way to test this new possibility and found it in school politics.

Before he was out of his freshman year, he had organized a new political party in the school. He, who had so adamantly refused to join anyone else's group, discovered it was quite a different matter to have other people join his. He excelled in clever ways to win elections. While other parties' candidates made dull speeches—George's led parades and coined slogans. Other parties sought the votes of "influential" upper classmen—George's courted the impressionable freshmen who would be around for elections to come. With his new-found glory, George took his second step out of loneliness. On the surface, it was a big one. He was a wheel now, someone to be reckoned with. Everyone in school knew him, and most of his classmates respected him.

But below the surface, he was still alone, still untouched. He never ran for an office himself, explaining carefully that his grades were not good enough, but actually he preferred to be the power behind the throne, the power that manipulated the strings that moved other people. He had acquaintances now, but still he had no one in whom he could confide his fears or shame—no friends. The violence was still within him, but now it exploded only on the football field, where George told himself that the opposition line was the whole world. Fiercely, if secretly, he maintained his cherished independence. Especially where girls were concerned.

He had girls now. Pretty, popular ones, eager for dates with him. He could have his pick. And pick he did—by his own standards. If a girl looked as if she expected money to be spent on her—even the cost of a movie and a hamburger—she was out. He had seen what happened whenever he made an odd job went to his still-struggling family. Most of the girls would have been happy to go Dutch or settle for school dances or afternoons at the city beaches, but George never dreamed of explaining anything to anyone. Instead, he simply dated girls who were unlikely to notice that no money was being spent. Finally he settled on one, a pretty girl named Toni. For a while he saw no one else. Then Toni did an unforgivable thing. She dropped by his house after school.

In the way of life George had worked out for himself, visits to his house by any of his acquaintances or dates were strictly excluded. A visitor might observe that his family had less than their neighbors and pity George. He always arranged to meet people at school or on a street corner.
Sometimes he went to other people’s homes, but he never accepted anything to eat—that would put him under an obligation to return their hospitality.

So when he walked in one afternoon and found Toni—who had long wondered why she had never met George’s folks—happily chatting with his mother (who was delighted, at long last, to meet one of George’s friends) he turned white. Within five minutes he had hustled Toni out of the house. Not long after, she was out of his life. It was a painful breakup, but in many ways he and Toni were becoming too close—almost dependent upon each other for the knowledge that he needed another person. He was still George Maharis, who wanted and needed no one. And he was going to stay that way.

He hadn’t been cursed

The next big change in his life came the year before he graduated. He joined the Marines. And there he made a friend—or rather, someone else made a buddy of him. And in the close-knit group of men, forced by barracks life to live together in harmony, George could find no way to shake loose the warm-hearted guy who was determined to like him and to share his inner life. Crudely, he gave in a little.

And then the least predictable event of all occurred. George was transferred to a camp in the deep South. There for the first time, he found himself surrounded by a poverty that made his childhood seem idyllic. This was poverty that afflicted the whole town, whole generations in a row. Gradually, he learned to understand that he had not been singled out, that he had not been uniquely cursed. He realized there were many, many others who suffered his fate and an even worse fate. He realized, too, that his parents were not to blame for what had happened to him—they had done their best— in a situation which had defeated many. They, too, had not been alone.

He spent a good deal of his remaining time in the Marines pondering these things. He reached a number of important conclusions.

"I know now," he said, "that there was a lot of love in my life when I was a kid—only I couldn’t see it, and when I ran away from it. I guess I expected love to be all soft words and caresses. For some people in some worlds it is. But now I know love can be many things. Sometimes love can be a hit on the head—like when my mother fired that plate at me, trying to straighten me out. Love can be taking someone else beating him the way my brother did. Love can be punishment or a refusal or almost anything—if you just have the eyes to see it. Love was pretty heavily disguised in the world I lived in, and my eyes weren’t good enough. But when I came out of the Marines, I decided I was going to try to see straighter."

He went home from the Marines, and for the first time held his arms around his mother and kissed her warmly. Holding her in his arms, he made the bravest decision of his life: he would try to break down the wall of isolation and defiance he had hidden behind for so long. He had learned to live with other people on the surface—now he would open his inner life and learn to love.

That was a number of years ago. Today George Maharis wonders if he made up his mind too late.

It is true that George has friends now, and fame and money. It is true that he no longer consciously rejects the girls he meets and fates—indeed, he almost succeeds in taking the last necessary step—entrusting his heart and his happiness to a girl he can marry.

But it is equally true that much of his nature still fights—successfully—against these goals. The little boy he once was keeps him living today in a tiny thirty-five-dollar-a-month slum apartment which he could never bring a date. That little boy, still wary of attachments, still forces him to give away any piece of clothing, any souvenir, of which he becomes too fond. That little boy still arranges his life so that he is cut off from the world whenever he is not working. He gets up at one in the morning to indulge his solitary hobby of painting, or to walk the streets of the city, dressed so casually that police have mistaken him for a vagrant.

George realizes these things, and they terrify him.

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had been ill with ptomaine poisoning, and she had conceived during the first week of her marriage.

She had tried to travel with her husband and to be his good companion during the early months of their marriage, knowing how desperately—far more than the average man—he needed her. Yet, when her weariness grew too great, she had been persuaded by her husband and her parents to return to Sweden for a visit. Those weeks in her native land had given her new strength.

Now she was back in California once more, living in the house she loved, the shelter she and her husband had planned as sanctuary for themselves and the children they hoped to have.

The pain returned, more terrible than before. She tied a knot in the corner of the sheet and bit the fabric so as not to disturb her sleeping husband.

The spasms passed and she dried her forehead with the back of her hand. The baby was not due for another month, so she must endure this false warning with the old, old fortitude of womankind since time began.

She turned her thoughts to happy times—to the night she had met her husband. At first she had refused to go to the party, as she had refused many other invitations. Hollywood parties depressed her. Conversation moved too fast, and often the quips were too slick for her unsteady grasp of English slang. Frequently, a tipsy guest would undertake persistent pursuit. Maybritt felt herself to be isolated, excluded, subtly different.

It was Barbara Luna, who had worked with Maybritt in “The Blue Angel,” who suggested to Sammy Davis Jr. that he telephone May personally if he wanted the Swedish actress to attend the party. Sammy and his parents were hosting for Dinah Washington.

Maybritt had answered the invitation by saying, “No, thank you. I cannot be there. My mother is visiting me.”

“Bring your mother,” Sammy had suggested. “We’d love to have her.”

Instead, Maybritt brought a date to the party, a chap she had known for some time: a friend and nothing more. Almost immediately the friend went table-hopping, and Maybritt was alone.

But across the room she met the eyes of a man who was, without effort, a central figure at any party. In that swift glance, a spark of understanding and kinship leapt from one to the other. Casually, he moved toward her corner, bringing her into the vortex of a group. Through a trick of timing known only to a genius of show business, he seized the tempo of the conversation without stalling it. The party still swung, but not adagio. The easier pace picked up and carried with it the girl who had been excluded.

Sammy told Maybritt long afterward, “I go to lots of parties. I know what goes on in the minds of some people: Will I, as they say, keep my place? That’s the way it was that night. I was in the midst of the struggle again—trying to make them understand, without begging, that I was a human being . . . that although I knew they could tear my heart out if they chose, I trusted them . . . that I was not a freak, but a man with all the yearning for love and happiness they had. And right in the middle of all that, you walked in. I looked at you and you looked at me. Something happened inside and I cried out, in my mind, ‘Oh, Maybritt, my darling.’ That’s how the invitation clicked between us, and a door in my heart opened to a room I had never known before.”

An odd courtship.

There had been an odd courtship. They had moved in a group, in the midst of a party, and Sammy once said to a member of his Singing & Marching Society, “Isn’t it wonderful to find a girl who’s lovely and intelligent and digs staying up until 6 A.M. watching movies?”

When Sammy went to London to fulfill a full night club commitment, Maybritt made arrangements to meet her father, Hugo Brink, in Washington, in England, so he could meet Sammy.

Afterward, in describing those London days, May told a friend, “Sammy and I began by walking around the city in the wee hours of the morning . . . getting to the food depots already astir . . . watching men wash the streets, passing sleepy workers on their way to work, being kept out of danger . . . after a night in the park, are ready for the day’s ‘work.’

“Everything between us was natural and right. We could talk or not talk; we could look at a scene and know, without words, what we felt. We began feeling that we were quite happy together, that both of us were a complete unit, that we were no longer ‘lonely and sad.’ Contrary to what happens for most human beings, our love began at daybreak, with the first sunbeam.”

Sometimes Sammy talked at length about his boyhood in Harlem. Mainly the memories were a montage of stickball games on the street, forays in and out of gushing fire hydrants when the weather sizzled, nights spent behind his father’s barbershop. He said, “My family was on relief, fighting to survive, for years. I was starving in vaudeville and burlesque from the time I was three years old. I never had a day of schooling in my life. I’ve never even been in a classroom. If I have kids, I want them to get as much education as possible. You know how some parents say, ‘I didn’t have an education and I didn’t have a car, and I didn’t do this or that, so my children are going to make it up for me. I’m not for that, but I do want them to have an education. Only educated people are able to survive.’

And he said, “My father wanted me to become a big star. I watched him, and staying with the time I was a little boy. I don’t know how to swim. I don’t know how to play baseball. I don’t know how to roller skate. I want my kids to do all those things—to have an ordinary childhood the way happy kids have it.”

In the midst of her thoughts another paroxysm caught and shook May. It was violent; it had meaning and purpose. It would achieve something magnificent.

But that other pain, the pain she had suffered when her friends warned her about the mistakes of her career and of other, more subtle, agonies should she marry Sammy Davis Jr.—did that pain have a meaning, a purpose?

She had been courteous to her critics; she had accepted their predictions with grace, saying, “It is possible we may happen to find hotels where we are not allowed to stay as husband and wife. There may be some, where we will not be received in the families. There may be public places where we will be obliged to part, owing to the different color of our skin. We’ll let it be so. We will avoid frequenting these hotels, these places, these friends, and it will not be a great sacrifice for us.”

She then said, “Actually, interracial marriages have a better chance for success than other marriages. I read about it in a survey by an English organization. The problems and pressures that surround a mixed marriage help bring a couple closer together. They have to stand together against criticism.”

And then she asked her ultimate question with head-on resolve, “Of course we want children—about five hundred!”

The time is now.

That had brought a thunderous denunciation from a Los Angeles social worker: “For two Dalies to have a child is a plan of ultimate selfishness. Neither of them is considering the feelings of the child!”

A faint light gleamed against the draperies as Maybritt awakened her husband. This could not be false. The time must be now.

And, as uncountable millions of women have done since time began, and uncountable millions will do in days that are to be, she reassured a man who could scarcely shave himself, who was frantic because he couldn’t find his left shoe. “Don’t worry,” she said. “Everything will be all right.”

While he paced the floor, she sat beside her dressing room mirror applying lipstick, eye-liner, eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, and combed her long blond hair with infinite care.

“Come on, Baby,” he said. “Are you okay? Let’s get going. The doctor said to like roll it.”

“I will not come out of that delivery room looking like an actress in white makeup, giving up the last breath,” she said, and she added another brush of mascara.

They drove through the mists of a California summer dawn. At the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Maybritt was taken to her room in a wheel chair while her husband filled in the admittance forms.

The doctor told Sammy, “Better have some breakfast. This may be a false alarm, not at all unusual for a first baby. We may send your wife home in an hour or two.”

Sammy drank three cups of coffee in the hospital’s snack room. He is five feet six inches tall and has the complexion of freshly brewed java. He felt six feet seven inches high and as pale as Hamlet’s ghost.
As things turned out, it was not a false alarm and Sammy was standing in the corridor as his wife was wheeled out of the delivery room. She said, "Hello!" and grinned. Her color was excellent; slightly suntanned with freckles showing through. Even her eyelashes were unsmudged.

Sammy rushed to the nursery and stared at his basin. The statistical card on her basket read, "Davis—11:55 A.M., 7/5/61 —female. Wt.—7 lb. 7 oz. Ht.—19 inches.

A nurse said, "If she'd gone full term, she would have been a Valkyrie—probably ten pounds and twenty-one inches.

His eyes glided on the pink mice trying to gnaw their way to the doctor, "Is she okay? I mean..."

"All there," said the doctor cheerfully.

"I checked her over carefully. Right number of fingers, toes, ears... she's perfect. A little beauty."

If a beautiful child walks down a city street, every passing woman will notice the child, but not anne-teen in fifty will pay the slightest attention. Yet, when a man looks upon his first-born, he discovers in himself the very depths of awe, wonder and incredulity. Before him lies a miracle: love become tangible.

Sammy Davis Jr. kissed his daughter with the rapturous intensity of his first-born. The baby was a shiver of rapture. He had once told an interviewer, "There are only three ways a colored cat can make it: as a fighter, a ballplayer, or an entertainer. But he's got to make it, see? I remember one time a guy asked me, 'How far you going to make it, Sammy?' And I said, 'I've got an agent, some nice people. So the guy says, 'Yes, but you're colored.' And I said, 'I can beat all this.'"

He had beat "all this," and his success was to become his daughter's heritage.

White, black or polka-dot

He telephoned the studio, announcing, "She's a girl. This is the happiest day of my life."

When he stormed onto the set, he was welcomed with elaborate nonchalance. Somebody said, "Only one baby, Sammy? Coupla years ago in Canada—jackpot! Five kids at once!"

Peter Lawford said, "Big deal. I played tennis all day yesterday, and I feel fine even though my youngest is only three days old. Why you sweatin'?"

Dean Martin said, yawning slightly, "Amateurs, now. Take me—been through it nine times."

When Sammy's grin remained glued, and he couldn't think of anything except—"It's a definite gas!"—friends pummelled his shoulder and shook his hand. Soon there was no mouth on the set without its cigar.

One of the presents Sammy took to Maybritt while she was in the hospital was a red and white polka-dotted dressing gown. It was an extension of a family joke. When news of Maybritt's pregnancy had been printed, Sammy had told an interviewer, "I don't care whether our kids are black, white or polka-dot—just as long as they say, 'Yes, Daddy,' to me."

Critics had branded the comment bad taste, which pointed out that the question itself had been inexcusable. By kidding the painful incident, it was made bearable. So Sammy and Maybritt laughed, and when mother and daughter were discharged from the hospital, Maybritt wore her polka-dotted dressing gown for all the world to see.

Taking a five-day-old baby home from the hospital is, particularly for first-time parents, a nerve-wracking task. Maybritt and Sammy had been instructed in sterile techniques and the infant had to be boiled twenty minutes, the formula must be prepared under sterile conditions.

The child's head must be protected until the cranial cavity is closed by the maturing skull... the neck must be supported... the total infant must be kept out of drafts, away from pets, and safe from germy adults.... no smoke must be in her presence, and no one was to hold except her nurse and her parents.

It was impressed upon them that few organisms on earth are as helpless or fragile as a human baby.

When Sammy and Maybritt emerged from the hospital, the infant held snugly in a pink blanket in her mother's arms, twenty newsmen and photographers rushed forward to snap pictures and ask questions.

What color were the baby's eyes?
Blue, and almond-shaped, exactly like her mother's.

What color was the baby's skin?
Pink, like that of all newly-born citizens. Did she have hair? What color?

A soft cap of light brown covered her beautifully shaped head.
What was her name?

Tracey Hillevi Davis. "Tracey" because they liked the name; "Hillevi" in honor of Maybritt.

After five minutes, Sammy pushed his way forward, saying, "Okay, tellas, take it easy. I know you're all fathers and will understand. We've got to go home. You can quote me as saying this is the greatest thrill in the world."

Incidentally, Sammy was not alone in his nervous excitement that day. A major Los Angeles paper burst forth with the headline, "Davis in the clouds after seeing new son!" In the text, the child's name was incorrectly recorded as "Tracy Hillary."

The three Davises drove to their beautiful home above the Sunset Strip and Tracey was installed in her white and yellow nursery opposite her parents' bedroom. The nursery door bears the label, "Tracey's Room." On duty was the Caucasian nurse who will take Tracey through her years of babyhood—when she can persuade Tracey's father and mother to relinquish the baby for a few moments.

Sammy had hung blue, red, green and yellow quilts across the master bedroom, and across the width of one wall was a white paper banner bearing the greeting, "Welcome Home, Mama and Tracey."

In the bedroom, and throughout the house, were the presents sent to Tracey. There were silver baby spoons, silver corsages, stuffed dogs, and pandas; there were sweaters in half a dozen sizes, dresses, gold bracelets no larger than gypsy earrings, an add-a-pearl necklace. There were leather albums for her baby pictures, several pairs of ski boots and a pair of tiny snow shoes.

In the living room stood stacks of letters and telexes from Hollywood. Out of hundreds of such messages there were only six hate letters, and they came—not from
the South—but from Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey. Harry Belafonte called the next day. He has a three-year-old son, also a child of a mixed marriage, Sammy says, “We were just clowning around, but we talked of announcing Tracey’s engagement to Harry’s son. May says the age difference is about right. I think they’d make a very nice couple!”

That much of Tracey’s future settled, Sammy got out his camera and began to take pictures. Professionals agree that Sammy is a great photographer and could have become famous for his camera work, had he not gone the show business route.

“IT’S UP TO THE WORLD!”

Obviously, Tracey will be one of the most photographed of children, but, says Sammy, “There aren’t going to be many layouts of the baby. We don’t want cover pictures of Tracey. What we want is dignity, and dignity is the reason our marriage has survived and will continue to survive.”

And he says, “People ask how I’m going to raise my baby. We are going to raise her to be a normal little girl. Just a little girl. It’s up to the parents to see that the child is given the proper values in life. I don’t believe in saying to a child when it’s four or five years old, ‘Now, look, your mother is white and I’m Negro and you’re a mixture.’

“By that time the child should already have a concept of the love its parents have for the child and for each other. Our daughter, naturally, will be reared against a strong religious background, one May and I share. This will give her spiritual strength. After that, it’s up to us to give her the moral strength that comes from love and understanding.

“I’ve been thinking, I have seen the children of mixed marriages and usually, ninety percent of the time, they are beautiful. They get love and understanding beyond the usual, because the parents of such children have had to realize a greater love and understanding in the first place. A big difference in a mixed marriage is made by the economic factor. If you’re poor, you realize poverty is next to hatred. We are lucky in having enough financial security to prevent that. Because of our situation, Tracey will be exposed to the best we can give her of both races.”

“As she grows up she will see the difference in the races of her father and mother. She will know I’m a good father and a good husband, and that May is a good mother and a good wife, and she’ll be able to see the great love we have between us.”

“Protection can be given a child only to a certain degree, then you have to let her go on her own. We live in a changing world. It isn’t easy to bring up youngsters now, but from what I hear of history, it’s never been easy.”

“Still, I hope the time will come when there will be less sinister—term of a chorus in Tracey’s suddenly turning on her and saying, ‘Your father is a nigger’—All children belong to the world, and the good and evil in it affect their lives. My baby belongs to the world, and what happens to my baby is up to the world.”

—JULIA CORBIN

LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 39

it is wanting to live. And in some ways this is the most frightening part—this desperate, frantic wish to live. Because without it, dying could become almost easy, desirable, almost welcome.

One thousand people listening to Elizabeth Taylor talk how it feels to die and to be born, and only one man fully realizing the unbearable agony, the acute suffering, the searing pain that lay behind her words. Eddie Fisher, looking up at his wife with pride. And undoubtedly with fear, too.

What had he said recently when someone asked him about the thirty-singing engagements he is supposed to have been offered since his opening in Las Vegas? “When Elizabeth makes ‘Cleopatra,’ you can be sure I’ll go along with her.”

Afraid to leave her alone, Afraid that suddenly, without warning, tragedy will walk her again. Wasn’t it always that way? Just when they seem happiest, just when Liz seems the picture of health—illness strikes!

PHOTOPLAY’s columnist Sidney Skolsky—he’d had the courage to point out the potential new dangers to Liz involved in the studio’s decision to shoot “Cleopatra” in Rome. “I’m surprised by the foolish and dangerous announcement . . . that they’ve again switched plans on the filming of ‘Cleopatra,’ with Elizabeth Taylor,” he’d written. “They’ve decided to make most of it in Rome, mainly on sound stages.”

Knowing how Elizabeth Taylor’s health failed her twice in London, I’d be afraid—if I were Liz Taylor (what an imagination!) or a studio executive—to risk a long winter’s filming in Rome, . . .

The voice of Eddie’s wife filled the huge room. Not a single person, among those thousands of men and women, stirred.

“Throughout those many critical hours in the operating theater of the London Clinic, this wanting to live was so strong within me—so overpowering, so all-consuming—that I remember it, strangely, as an incredible and agonizing pain. As if every nerve, every muscle, as if my whole physical being, was being strained to the point of torture—by this insistence upon life—to the last ounce of my strength, to the last gasp of my mind.”

Eddie’s eye did not leave Liz’ face for a moment. Those perfect features he was able to recall, in every minute detail, even when the two of them were apart. But he must not leave her alone—ever again.

It had appeared as if it were going to be so easy—after they’d left The London Clinic and flown back to the United States. She’d take it easy for a month, and slowly she’d recover her health. What had he said as they boarded the plane—“I’ll be her nurse,” and he’d meant it. “TLC,” the doctor had prescribed, “better than the strongest anti-biotic.” Tender Loving Care.

But it was difficult. What were the words she’d just spoken—“insistence upon life.” That was it exactly. Liz not only insisted upon life, upon staying alive, but she also insisted upon living every second to the full. He’s put the problem in plain, simple words recently, “The trouble is getting her to rest, because Elizabeth is such an up-and-at-em gal.”

There was that business of staying up too late, for instance. The doctors had prescribed Tender Loving Care, but they’d prohibited drinking and smoking and late hours for her. She couldn’t be blamed of course, for staying up with him till four in the morning after the Academy Awards. Sure, she’d almost fainted twice at the ceremonies, and her blood-elotted leg was aching, but they’d just welcomed a new member of the family—a handsome little fellow named Oscar—whom they’d both desired for a very long time. That was miraculous medicine itself.

The way she’d insisted on celebrating with him after his opening night at Vegas—that could be excused, too. It had been so long since he’d sung in public—too long, and she wanted to be there as much as he wanted her with him, so why not—just that once?

Once—okay, twice—understandable, but three, four, five, ten, a dozen times and more: up late at night, going here, rushing there, dancing, singing, insisting upon life. Sometimes they didn’t get home until dawn was breaking.

But he couldn’t tell her “No.” “Go slow,” yes, but not “No.” It was as if she was trying to make up for every second of life she’d been cheated out of there in the London Clinic, as if she was attempting to recapture every minute—and there were thousands and thousands of them—she’d been deprived of in hospitals since she was little.

A glass shattered on the floor, and the huge crowd shifted in their chairs. Somebody coughed. People at an adjoining table whispered, “Sshhh.” Up on the dais Elizabeth Taylor, in a simple but stunning dress, ignored the noise and continued.

Then gradually and inevitably and finally, that last ounce of strength was drawn—and there was simply no more breath. And no more life.

“But yet slowly, as if its source of power were our own fading strength and inability to breathe, the hospital light hanging directly above me faded and dimmed . . . to blackness.

“And still, even in the terrible blackness, there remained within me that stubborn insistence on living—on seeing that light again. But now, I could no longer move legs or arms or eyes or any part of me, or make any kind of sound. The blackness grew blacker and deeper. I knew that by myself, physically, I could no longer fight against my life. I could no longer help myself.”
Eddie rested his chin on his folded hands. At that horrible moment Liz was talking about—when the blackness of death bent to engulf her, and there was nothing left to help her either. He'd been waiting in the hall, yet somehow he'd known what was going on in there. He was fully aware of what was happening to her because he felt it was happening to him, too. The same blackness. If she were to die, he would die also. Not physically, perhaps, but death just the same.

It was then, outside Liz' room in the London Clinic, that he prayed with his entire being, as he had never prayed before.

Liz’ voice called him back to the present, to the big ball at the Beverly Hilton Hotel where she packed with a thousand people who had paid $2,500 a plate to support the merger of the Cedars of Lebanon and Mt. Sinai hospitals, to her own words.

“...and suddenly, it seemed as if I were filled with a thousand voices, deep within me, calling out desperately for help—with a truth could not even be heard.”

“I have never known, nor do I think there can be, a greater loneliness.

“Then it happened...First, there was an awareness of the hands. How many I could not tell—they seemed to cover all of me. Pushing, pulling, pressing—large rough hands, and smaller, gentler ones, too—until I could only feel, if it force to reply—in some way, in any way, even as a reaction to discomfort or pain. I can only forgive, I bless all those hands for the beating they gave me.

“And then—the voices. From a great distance at first, so far away they seemed to me I forgotten voices I had once heard, and which I couldn’t understand, ever so slowly they grew louder. And as the hands, some were gentle and some were harsh—some pleaded with me, some shouted—they cajoled and commanded me...I was to do what they said, somehow I was to bring myself to do what they demanded, to move, to breathe, to live.”

“To live”—that’s what she insisted on doing, living, every second, every minute, every hour of the day and night. Nothing he, or her friends or her doctors might say or do could stop her from living each day as if it were her last. His only choice then, to be close by her always, to never leave her alone for a second. Perhaps his love and his concern might make her take it easy.

Sometimes his just being with her worked, not always but still...There’d been that business of entertaining the Moiseyev dance troupe, for instance. He and Liz had hoped to show how the visitors from Russia what America and Americans were really like. One afternoon they’d arranged for them to see movies at 20th Century-Fox. One night they’d thrown a real swank “capitalist” dinner party for them at L’Escoffier Restaurant, in this very same hotel where Liz was now speaking. Then a couple of nights later they’d gone to the other extreme and taken the visiting dancers to P.J.’s to hear some genuine American jazz.

That had been quite a bash. Hot jazz, hotter dancing, and the hottest chill this side of bottle brandy. The Russians had flipped for it all, especially the chill and hamburgers. And then he himself had grabbed the microphone and sung songs in four different languages.

Liz just couldn’t bear to sit still and was dancing wildly to the music. First she’d tapped her foot in time to the rhythm; then she’d leaped up and joined in the dance. Around and around she went. Then suddenly she’d slipped that (bad leg, the one that still had a slight limp) and almost fallen.

He’d run over to her side, laughing the whole thing off and leading her back to their table. Just a little thing, really, but it was always the little things—a cold, a slip, a chill—that led to more serious trouble for Liz.

“I coughed. I moved. I breathed, and I looked. Those hanging lamps—that most beautiful light in the world has ever known—began faintly to glow again, to shine again.”

Soon they’d be on the go once more, this time all the way to Russia as United States State Department envoy to the Moscow Film Festival. Sure. Liz should be resting before her coming operation to remove the scar tissue from her throat, but how could he tell her to stay home? Especially when she said, “If the State Department asks you to go, it must be very important.”

Spoken like a true ambassador. Why she even had me doing it, talking like a diplomat. “Art has no curtain.”

They were leaving tomorrow morning, just a few hours from now. Well, at least she’d agreed to stay overnight in New York to get some sleep before they flew on to London. And from there, thank God, Dr. Rex Kemmer, Liz’ personal physician was going to Russia.

Liz was nearing the end of her speech. He could tell this by the way her words were coming slightly slower, by the way she gripped the lectern a little more firmly.

“I am quite sure death does not attend any particular church. And I am quite sure he practices neither discrimination nor malpractice. In the whole world, the only thing which all of humanity may have in common might very well be death...”

She was finished. Then came the applause and it was deafening.

Now it was Eddie’s turn to address the gathering. From the dais his eyes sought out Liz’ and he said simply, “I have chosen witness to a miracle.” Then he sat down.

The fund-raising began. Liz and Eddie pledged $100,000 and their service. Harry Karl promised $75,000. Producers and directors and actors and businessmen announced their contributions. Then it was announced that there would be a special show at the hospital where Liz’ name, and the pledging began all over again in her honor.

The pledges were tallied up and the results announced: $7,000,000 had been contributed to the new Cedars of Lebanon Mt. Sinai hospital. A gasp went up from the crowd. This was $4,000,000 more than anyone had expected—a truly true tribute to Liz’ speech and to her courage.

Eddie circulated around, greeting and chatting with friends. He stopped at Harry and Debbie’s table and talked to them for a moment.

Then across the room he saw Liz. She was smiling wanly, a little tired. Quickly Eddie hurried to her side.
"Lots of times I've been asked if I'd marry an actress," Elvis was saying. "Well, I can tell you straight out that I don't care what the girl I marry works at. It doesn't matter to me what she does. I'll marry an actress or a schoolgirl or a telephone operator. What does it matter? When I marry a girl, it will be because I love her. If a guy marries a girl just because she's famous or rich, he'll never make a go of it. My daddy met a woman with three little kids, and he married her. Oh, I know what people have been saying about him marrying a divorcée. Well, all I can say is this: My mother loved my daddy, so she would not have wanted him to live alone and unhappy . . ."

Did Elvis realize that his mother would have felt the same way about him? He thought about that question.

"If Mom were alive today, I know she would want me to do certain things," he said. "And so I pretend she is here, and I do them anyway . . . things like working hard but still getting enough rest, minding my manners, and living a decent life. Whenever I think of doing something today, I always ask myself would my mother be happy and proud of the way I acted. If the answer is no, then I just don't do it."

And so perhaps Elvis feels that while his mother wouldn't want him to be lonely—as he is today—there still is no girl she really would want him to marry. Who that girl will be, or whether she'll ever come along, is something nobody knows . . . least of all Elvis.

As we were talking, an extra—a young man about Elvis' age—passed near the car, carrying a box lunch. He looked in at us, perhaps a bit envious of the cool interior of that long sleek car; then he walked on to a nearby tree, where he sat in the spare shade next to a couple of other young people. They began talking animatedly, smiling and gesturing as they shared a joke. Elvis looked at the group thoughtfully, then turned back to me.

"Maybe I sound ungrateful," he said, "and I do have a lot to be grateful for." He seemed to be trying to convince himself. "I'm not the first boy who ever lost someone he loved—but I can only feel strongly my own loss. If I live to be a hundred she'll always be with me in my heart . . ."

Suddenly he broke in on himself. "I don't know what set me to thinking so much," he said apologetically, "except maybe today I really need to talk to someone. I get awfully lonely sometimes, and I need to talk. Sometimes I even talk to my mother. I sit alone and talk to her just like she was in the same room with me . . . and you know, I feel she is. She is still so close sometimes that I feel as if I could reach out and touch her and kiss her, and feel her arms around me. Does that sound silly?"

"I'd like to settle down"

"What did we start to talk about? Oh, yeah." And he laughed. "Me and marriage. Well, sure. As I said before, I'd like to settle down—maybe I will soon. I'm getting tired of dating, the routine . . . you know . . . and it's hard for me. Because, I face it, I've been hurt. Hurt by girls I thought liked me, who only used me for publicity. I guess I can't blame some of them, because sometimes they've been tricked or trapped into talking about dates they've had with me. Only I wish someday I would meet a girl who didn't find the need for sharing our dates with reporters."

He looked down at his hands, then out the window at the scragglily landscape—the stunted trees and powdery soil. But his thoughts weren't out there. Or even with the girls. They were with a happiness that was long ago and far away. "When I think back to the years when the three of us were together . . ." he began. He hit his lips, stopped, then began again slowly. "We never had much. My folks could never really afford to buy me stuff. But at Christmas time they always managed to scrape a few dollars together so I'd have a visit from Santa Claus." He smiled at the memory—tenderly—but the smile faded as quickly as it had come. "I never appreciated those lean years until now . . . when I can afford anything except the one thing in this world I want most—my mother.

"Having more cars or houses or clothes than you can use—that doesn't make for happiness, and don't let anyone kid you. It has to come from inside. It comes if you have a loving home . . . close family ties. If you're with the people you love best, then you have happiness."

"When my mother first died, I couldn't believe it. I kept asking myself, 'Why? Why did it have to happen? I wanted so much for her to live long enough to give her everything . . . to make up for all the things she and my daddy did without, to buy things for me.'"

If Elvis was unusually close to his mother—if he finds it impossible to banish her from his thoughts for even a day—he also loves his father deeply. He sympathizes with Vernon Presley's efforts to build a new life, now that his Gladys is dead.

"It took my daddy time to find the right person," he pointed out. "It took two years before he remarried. But it can't be counted in terms of years, days or months. Up to this point he had met his new wife he was a very miserable man. He came over to Germany with me and he tried to seem happy. But I knew he was miserable. . . . When he found someone he loved, he decided to get married. Sure we discussed it, but he didn't ask my permission." Elvis laughed at the thought of such a man calling him, "I'll call and see my father! And whatever he does, I respect him. What he does to make himself happy is none of my business, and I would never give him advice unless I saw him about to do something I felt he'd regret."

"Only one mother . . ."

"After all, I had only one mother, and she is gone . . . and now I have only one father, and whatever he wants to do is fine. I'm not going to have it on my conscience that I ever said or did anything to hurt him."

Of his stepmother, Dee Dee, Elvis said, "She is a nice person. She's had a lot of disappointments and unhappiness in her own life. She knows how I feel about her: that I will respect her because she is my father's wife. But I told her from the beginning—I told her straight out—that I only had one mother in this world and I'll never have another mother, or call another woman mother. Nobody can ever come close to taking my mother's place."

Clearly Elvis is determined to treat his stepmother with friendship and courtesy. Too less would be a violation of Gladys Presley's own teachings. For throughout Elvis' poverty-stricken childhood, when the family seldom had enough for itself, his mother emphasized the importance of religion and the virtues attached to it. This is why Elvis' first two in-person per-
performances after his discharge from the Army were both charity shows. The first was held in Memphis last February 25th, to benefit local charities. The second took place exactly a month later, in Hawaii, on behalf of the U.S.S. Arizona memorial fund. The proceeds of the two shows added up to well over $100,000. So far, Elvis has yet to make a post-Army personal appearance for his own benefit, and this is almost unheard-of for a star who can command the huge fees he is constantly being offered. He knows that his mother would have wanted this it way, and that's reward enough for him. He has tried to follow her ethical pattern throughout his life, and he feels this is the real reason for his success. . .

"I have a powerful faith in God and His will," he told me. "I don't know why I was singled out for success or fame, but in my heart I believe part of it is because I have always tried to live my life being good. I deeply believe that the way a person lives contributes to his success.

"Some things you don't question"

"You know, that reminds me of a story. Maybe it doesn't fit, but I've never told anybody before, and it's a story I'll always remember. . . When I was a kid, there was this very rich man in our town. He owned a big plantation and he had a lot of poor sharecroppers working for him. He was mean—treated them like dogs. Then once there was a spell when we had no rain. Well, that man thought some of his crops would be ruined, and he got mad at God! He ran out in his front yard and he looked up at the sky, and began cursing God. And right there and then a flash of lightning came and he was struck dead. That's the God's truth. I know it sounds weird, but it happened. In this world, there are things you just don't question. . . ."

Elvis was sitting on this strange memory from out of his childhood. Then he brightened. "You know, I've been lucky. My folks always explained right from wrong, and reasoned with me. Sure I did some bad things when I was a kid. . . . I remember once, when I was real little. I stole a chicken. When my mother found out, she made me take it back. I did, then when I got home she gave me a good whippin'. I'm not ashamed to say that in my day I've been whipped plenty for doing things I shouldn't have. But always, when they punished me, my folks explained. And I never got a licking I didn't deserve. Why, even just before my mother died, when I was already grown and on my own, if I did anything wrong I still got bawled out like I was a baby!"

The group of extras under the tree had finished their lunches and were walking back to Elvia's. The sun continued to beat down mercilessly on the scattered clumps of mangrove and the small palmettos, but it was time to go back to work.

Elvis suddenly noticed his un eaten box lunch. He picked it up to take it back to the set where he could grab a bite between takes.

"Well, I've got to get back now," he said. "See you again." Then with a sudden and surprisingly shy smile, " . . . and thanks for letting me go on about my mother. It still helps me to be able to talk about her with someone. It helps a lot."

The End

Elvis Presley will soon be seen in the Paramount Pictures' film, "Blue Hawaii."

He wasn't dead, but with his legs badly shattered he carried one of his three companions back to safety. (The other two soldiers were dead.) A machine-gun burst hit him in back of the knee and he was out for good.

Three months later he was released from the hospital after having been given a bone graft, a new aluminum kneecap, and two decorations. Two hundred and thirty-seven pieces of shrapnel had been found in his body.

That blast of mortar fire and burst of machine-gun bullets had also presented him with the subjects that were to dominate his writing, and the old lessons that were to shape his life: fear, courage, death.

Gary Cooper's destiny was also thrust upon him violently. After having said goodbye and good riddance to his English Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, he slipped back into his American jeans and old shirt and went to high school in Helena, Montana.

One day, when he was thirteen years old, he was riding a bike in a Model T, when the brakes failed to hold. His palp was thrown clear, but Cooper was pinned under the overturned car. His leg was broken and he suffered what the doctor diagnosed as "torn ligaments in the hip."

For a while he hobbled around on crutches, and then his doctor suggested he go to his father's ranch at the head of the Missouri River near the Big Belt Mount-

GARY COOPER

Continued from page 60

angina pectoris, he crept upstairs, took an old Civil War revolver out of a cabinet, put it into his mouth and pulled the trigger. (Years earlier, Ernest was to receive a Christmas present from his mother—a package containing the same gun with which his father had killed himself.)

It was at Fossalta on the Italian Piave, on July 18, 1918, that nineteen-year-old Ernest first experienced "a fear of his own fear" that was to bring about the lifelong need to test his courage. As a volunteer soldier in the Italian infantry, he was injured seriously by an Austrian trench-mortar while giving out chocolate bars to three Italian soldiers.

He was to write later, "I died then. I felt my soul or something coming right out of my body, like you'd pull a silk handkerchief out of a pocket by one corner. It blew around and then came back and went in again. I wasn't dead any more."
for your fashion score

Even if you “string” (a series of strikes in a row) every time you bowl, you won’t have fun if your fashion score isn’t as perfect as your bowling form. Bowling requires flexibility and grace, so wear full skirts and beware of slacks unless you are figure perfect. Loose sweaters, blouses, and undergarments are breathing aids, and ankle socks or stretch tights keep your legs neat and pretty. Save your baubles, bangles, and beads for other occasions, as earrings have a way of flying off, and bracelets and beads are distracting and may even interfere with your stride. All add up to freedom-bowling fashion key.

for your beauty score

“Powder Puff” in bowling slang is a slow ball—and you’ll be, too, if you wield a makeup puff too often. Solution: a smoothie of a foundation with powder built-in. You won’t shine, except at the game! Neaten your hairdo with a ribbon bandeau, or twirl it atop your head like Anna Maria, secure with combs, a mist of hair spray. Pretty pins: legs that are fuzz-free, feet protected by a dash of antiseptic powder.

where to buy Photoplay fashions

The fashions shown on pages 61 through 63 are available at the stores listed below, or write manufacturer for the store nearest you. Mostly, they’re at better stores everywhere.

Pendleton sweater and skirt

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<tr>
<th>City</th>
<th>Store Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>BOSTON, MASS.</td>
<td>JORDAN MARSH</td>
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<td>NEW YORK, N. Y.</td>
<td>WALLACHS</td>
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<tr>
<td>SAN ANTONIO, TEX.</td>
<td>FRANK BROS.</td>
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<tr>
<td>WASHINGTON, D. C.</td>
<td>WOODWARD &amp; LOTHROP</td>
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or write: Pendleton Woolen Mills, 218 Southwest Jefferson St., Portland, Ore.

Pandora sweater and skirt

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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>BOSTON, MASS.</td>
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<td>CHICAGO, ILL.</td>
<td>THE FAIR</td>
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<td>SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.</td>
<td>THE EMPORIUM</td>
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or write: Pandora Knitwear, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Jantzen wool tweed dress

write Jantzen, Inc., P. O. Box 3300, Portland, Ore.

continued from page 62
They were married in 1934 and lived together happily for twenty-seven years. After his death in 1951, when they separated, Eventually Coop returned to his wife. She said simply, “It was worth waiting for him to come back.”

Shared life and death

From then on, Coop shared his life with Rocky—and he shared his death with her, too. She was the only one who knew that he was dying.

At the Friars Club testimonial dinner held for him in January, he kept his secret from the world. It was only after the Academy Award presentations in April, at which Jimmy Stewart, in accepting the special Oscar for Coop, said, “We’re very proud of you, Coop. All of us are tremendously proud,” that the news leaked out. Gary Coop was dying of cancer.

Dr. Rex Kennamer, who’d had to break the bad news to him originally, recalled,

He didn’t say anything when I told him. He never even flinched. I left him and later got a phone call from him. He said, ‘Young fellow, I know you were a little nervous about telling me the news. I just want you to know I appreciate it. Thanks for telling me.”

Hemingway, too, realized he was very ill, yet he hoped to make one more trip to the mountains. A friend, Gary Coop, Coop was one of two movie stars (Marlene Dietrich was the other) whom Papa liked. And he couldn’t stand the way Hollywood “massacred” his stories in the process of transferring them to the screen. When he went to “The Sun Also Rises,” he declared, “Stillett damn thing I ever saw!” After he viewed “The Killers,” he yelled, “Get me to the bathroom—I’m going to be sick!” He thought that Cooper personally had done a good job in “A Farewell to Arms,” but couldn’t take the happy ending they’d tacked on it. Only “For Whom the Bell Tolls” pleased him. He said to Coop, “You played Robert Jordan just the way I saw him, tough and determined. Thank you.”

The plans didn’t work

But his plans for “one more safari” didn’t work out. Twice he was a patient at the Mayo Clinic, and for long stretches. He was treated for high blood pressure and diabetes. A bullet that he said had caused his own father to kill himself. His fits of depression were so severe that he was given shock treatment.

Papa’s friend Coop “heat him to the barn” and died peacefully in his sleep after a four-month battle against cancer. Rocky and Maria were at his bedside. Severely depressed by his friend’s death and his own fading powers, Hemingway returned to his Ketchum, Idaho, home after a long stay at the Mayo Clinic. One night, shortly after his return, he had dinner with his wife, and later, while he brushed his teeth, she sang him an Italian folk song—‘TuttÌ MÌ Chiamano Bionda (Everybody calls me blonde). He joined her in singing the last line.

The next morning at 7 a.m., he went downstairs in his pajamas, took a 12-gauge hunting gun from the rack, put the barrel in his mouth and pulled both triggers of the hammerless tandem mechanism.

Coop and Papa had made their last, after all.

—Paul Anthony

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#1 Worth Street, San Francisco 14, Calif.
JANET AND TONY

Continued from page 37

"I'll never forget that I'd be nothing without them—my fans, I mean."

But the Tony Curtis we've been hearing about lately just doesn't seem to fit those lines—as a star, a husband or as a man.

At the wedding of Sharon Hugueny and Bob Evans you showed up alone. They said you left shortly after the ceremony, Tony. And it was the first time your closest friends had ever seen tears in your eyes. If Janet had been with you, and if Janet had cried, that would have been different because Janet, as you yourself told us, is so sensitive she weeps during Donald Duck cartoons.

But these were your tears, Tony. And it takes deep, powerful tremors in a man's soul to cause him to cry.

Yes, it's been said that you cried. Tony. And a thing like that, true or untrue, makes people stop and stare.

It was also reported that you have been seen in an LA Hollywood night spot—stag. Those who say they saw you there insist that you seemed to be a man in search of something. That sometimes you turned suddenly at a voice, a passage of music or some other sound. And when you turned, your face expressed a hope that what you see is what you are looking for.

Others reported that you sat under the club's piano—brooding. Brooding about what, Tony? You would be surprised at how many people wonder what your answer might be.

As an individual you have every right to reply. "None of your business."

What about Janet?

Okay, let's forget about it—temporarily.

Now for the reports about you and Janet.

As a general rule the togetherness, the oneness that you and Janet have always created, seems to be weakening. The ring of sureness and security that once seeped into every word you and Janet spoke, appears to be missing. It is not easy to detect, but as we write we remember someone asking the other day, "How is it going between Tony and Janet?"

We said that as far as we knew you were happy—but not as exuberant as you used to be. That's what we said, but the firmness we once felt in this answer wasn't there. Mostly, because these days, when you and Janet do appear together in public, we find the happiness that once glowed from your faces.

One observer recently commented, after seeing you at a Hollywood gathering, "Tony seems to be looking without seeing these days, I said, 'Hi, Tony.' He said, 'Hello, Fred.' I've known Tony for years. My name is Don."

Let's face it, Tony, whether you like it or not you live in a goldfish bowl. You are a star. Is Janet. The whole world wanted it that way—and so did you, Tony. It seems to be the rule that when stars are asked whether their marriage is shaky they answer "Ridiculous!"—even though a divorce may be in the offing.

In your case those same questions have been asked. And you have answered, "Ridiculous."

We believe you, Tony. We believe you for many reasons—the most important one we being to want to.

Throughout the years, you and Janet have been loyal to your fans, cooperative with the press and obviously grateful for your fame. But now, Tony, and we hope you'll forgive us for this, we think it's time you opened your eyes. It is time you faced the fact that, in your particular position, any form of behavior that is mysterious or odd or contrary to the habits-shaped minds of the public, stimulates the talk game that the public loves to play with married stars.

It's a talk game that goes, "It's their tenth anniversary. . . I wonder if they're tired of each other? I wonder how those stars are. . . I bet the marriage won't see the eleventh anniversary."

This is what is happening when the names Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh are mentioned. It can be stopped, Tony. You can stop it.

Is it your fault?

You could put an end to this nonsense by opening your eyes to the fact that you are unwittingly contributing to the rumors. You can stop it by opening your eyes to the fact that if you have been cooperative in the past, of late it's only Janet who's been giving interviews. You have not, in recent months been "available."

What we're trying to point out, Tony, is that in 1961 your actions, however innocent they may seem to you, are raising eyebrows. To the public, much of what you have been doing seems "odd."

Take, for instance, your legal action against M-G-M over "Lady L" (a movie we understood you did not want to make). When this news was coupled with the report that you had entered a hospital because of "tension" the rumors flew.

Why? Because such action suggested, quite reasonably, that you are experiencing emotional turbulence. Then after it was reported that your doctors told you to "take it easier," you hustled to Chicago and worked harder than ever doing public appearances.

Rumor artists like that word "tension." Tony, It opens up fantastic avenues for their imaginations. It suggests anything and everything. It connotes professional pressure and dissatisfaction. It hints of marital discord. It reeks of personal unhappiness, insecurity, boredom. It can mean anything to anyone—if the truth is not immediately forthcoming!

One reason the truth is not in print is because you have decided not to cooperate with the press. Unfortunately, in the mind of the public, this suggests that maybe the reports are true. It is certainly within any organization that uses press. None of us deny that. We only question the wisdom of such a decision.

The career of a star can not halt. It is much like life—and life must go on. If it
Once, a long time ago, we heard you say, "I hope they like me. It's so important to be liked, to be approved of, and in a small way, to be needed."

Well, Tony, fans did like you. They did approve of you. And in a very, very big way, they needed you.

And if you open your eyes—before it's too late—they always will. —The End

GARDNER MCKAY

Continued from page 45

Frantz, his ordeal was not over. There was still the agony of wondering what his family would think, his friends, his business associates... Most of all, what would Dolores Hawkins think? She and Gardner had been planning to marry—but when the trial came along, the marriage had been postponed.

Ever since he had been linked romantically with the New York model, he has been reluctant to talk about her. He was even more reluctant to do so now. When he finally did, it was with measured understatement, haltingly spoken in a barely audible voice.

"I told her before it broke," he said almost painfully, "I wanted her to hear about the paternity suit from me, not from the papers. I knew what was going to happen. I told her the truth."

"I was terribly worried about the effect it would have on our relationship. But all I got from her was loyalty and more loyalty. She was in New York at the time. I'd call her frequently. But being three thousand miles apart made it hard. I had misgivings about how long her loyalty would stand up when she was faced with comments from all kinds of people—people at work, people she met socially, people who believed what they read and might try to make her believe it, too. I wondered how durable her faith could be in the wake of rumors. ... I had faith in her, but I know the power of gossip. ... I know I dashed out more people and more happy relationships ... I didn't want that to happen to us."

When the scandal first broke and the newspapers headlined the news that twenty-three-year-old cocktail waitress, Patrice Frantz, had named Gardner as the father of her child, he knew he had two plans of action. He could run like a thief, or he could stand up to the accusations like a man. Grimly, he decided his manhood was on trial just as much as the charge of fatherhood.

"From the very beginning," he recalled, "I decided not to cringe. You know, there was an out of court settlement proposed. Boy, was that tempting! But I decided to beat the thing down—once and for all. I realized that I was going to be tried for the most distasteful type of thing I could imagine, but, even in the face of inevitable censure, I decided to stand on truth. I felt confident of the outcome. ... I never thought I would be accused of something that wasn't true. Some thought my philosophy naive, too hopeful, but I thought it was a good way to be."

His confidence faltered

About the second day of the trial, his confidence began to falter. As he sat listening to the testimony against him, he was horrified to find that Mrs. Frantz might somehow manage to convince the jury that she and Gardner had been ardent lovers for months, and that they'd been intimate up to and including the morning of the day of the trial.

If Mrs. Frantz did convince the eleven women and one man that he was guilty, it would do more than certify him as the father of her child. It would certify him as a Grade A heel. It would say to the world that he was not man enough to own up to his own deeds; not man enough to dare to be a father to that innocent little child born of his seed; not man enough to give a child her right name—his name.

"As I heard the testimony, I could hardly keep from opening my mouth and yelling. That's not true. That's not true!"

But then I finally had my turn on the stand—the third day of the trial. Anyone in the court can tell you how I testified," he smiled. "I think I was direct—and a little too loud."

In his testimony, Gardner admitted that he had indeed been intimate with Mrs. Frantz, but only once—and that was too long ago for him to possibly be the child's father. He also made the disconcerting admission that he had sent her three hundred dollars to defray the cost of the baby's delivery in Michigan. He acknowledged having sent her eighty-five dollars more for her return fare to California. Nor did he deny he had assured Patrice, when she informed him that she was expecting a child, "I will stand by you, be your friend and help you when I can."

He had sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—and he did. But now he wondered if his admitted offers of money and friendship might be misconstrued as tantamount to a confession of paternity.

He silently prayed that the jury would weigh the whole story—not just part of it. He prayed they would realize that he had acted out of generosity. Would that generosity now destroy his reputation?

He remembered feeling cold panic at the thought that the jurors might not note the fact that his help ended abruptly when Patrice asked him to contribute to the child's support. Would they realize that it was one thing to help a lady in distress—but another to support a child that was not his?

"It was unfair," he gritted. "I've never gone out with a married woman. (Ed.
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Even If You Don't Know

Note: Mrs. Franz, now divorced, was
marrried at the time she became
pregnant.) When I discovered this woman
was married, I never dated her again. Yet
the term 'adulterer' kept popping up. I
was furious.

The rage was obviously a mask for
fear that his life and his movements
might forever be restricted by a guilty
verdict.

"The loss of freedom was terribly
important to me, in addition to everything
else. I always want to be able to feel that
I terrify around. I want to—maybe
go back to sex, said I—and the world
or open a studio in Florence—without any
sense of obligations or remorse."

High-priced adventure

Gardner put no price on his freedom—but
there was an estimated price tag of
a fifth of a million dollars on his misadven-
ture. The cost in dollars and cens was
a meager measure of his ordeal. What
bored him more was the emotional cost.
And an emotional payment would be ex-
tracted regardless of the trial outcome.
"I don't want legal questions can be answered—human
questions go far deeper. The thought of
paying cold every month to someone for
something is difficult, sure—but the
thought of being compelled to support a
person you're told you're related to is far
more difficult, I think."

And so the career of those endless
days in court, about the jury. about the
world outside. He wondered what irreparable
damage had been done him. He realized
his career could be in jeopardy—but that
was—and always will be—the least of his
worries.

"I never expected for my future," he insisted.
"Every new career is linked to the other. They
want my career to be bigger than I am, so
I knew I couldn't he deeply hurt if my
career ended. The only thing about myself
that worried me was what was happening to
the McKay name."

As the doubts lingered, he hoped for a
sign, one thing that would restore his
confidence that truth would win. Then it
came, the day he met Gabrielle.

Frederick Hartigan, the former husband of
Mrs. Franz, little Gabrielle and Gardner were instructed
to stand before the jury so their features
might be compared. Gardner was
convinced that this, more than anything else,
was what led to his exoneration. "The
semblance of the light-haired, blue-eyed
child to the woman's former husband was
major to me," he said.

Then, on Monday, the fifth day of
the trial, the lawyers and the judge instructed
the jury. "This took until around three
o'clock," he said. "When they were finished
and the jury was sent out to reach a
verdict, I had the light-haired, blue-eyed
child and the woman's former husband
in mind.

We walked around, killing time,
while the judge deliberated. I knew the
judge would probably dismiss the court
around four-thirty in the afternoon
and according to everyone, an hour and a half
wasn't enough time for the jury to reach
a verdict.

We walked further than we thought
we had, so we had to get back to the
court on time. It was a hot day, so I
took off my jacket. I'd just gotten
my jacket on outside the courtroom and
as I entered, I was buttoning it. I'd ex-
pected to sit down and hear the judge
dismiss the court with instructions to re-
turn the next day to continue deliberations.
But instead, he called in the jury. As
they entered, a couple of them were smiling.
I tried to read their faces. I didn't dare
speculate on the meaning of their smiles.

"My heart pounding . . ."

"And then the judge asked the fore-
woman if the jury had reached a verdict," he
continued, relating the incident moment
by moment. "I'm sure everyone in the room could hear it.
I sat motionless as the most important
words of my life passed from the fore-
woman to judge to clerk. The clerk read
the verdict and seemed to hesitate a hit
before I heard him say: 'We find Gardner
McKay not guilty.'"

"I got up and walked out of the
courtroom," he said, "I didn't say a word. I
just determined to get out of that place
as fast as I could. People were smiling,
milling around, talking things
—but I kept walking. I got into my car
and went off on my own, parking it
a lot as, a way as I could."

"Driving home I felt numbly elated,
One burden was cut and there were
plenty of other currents still turned on.
I thought about that little child and
her life ahead. I didn't want to see her hurt
but there was nothing I could do. And I
thought of the McKay name."

"The first thing I did when I got home
was to place a call to her in New York.
Then I thought I'd celebrate by taking a
bath. The call got through while I
was in the tub. I told her the news: she
was delighted . . . delighted . . . All my
conversations with her had meant a great
deal to her. We were going to get
her back on her feet. They helped me
maintain my perspective. She had
loyalty . . . great loyalty . . ."

"Later, on, a group of friends dropped
by for a drink. One of them even brought
along a huge, cooked roast. We had
dinner and wine and then we all sat around
and watched 'Adventures in Paradise.'"

"It was just perfect."

"My friends were great throughout the
whole mess. I have the same friends now
I had before. The studio was great about
it, too. The head of our television pub-
licity department would come to court—
so did a member of the legal staff. The
studio didn't back me. They were in
back of me. No balloons went up at 20th
when I won, and I'm sure they wouldn't
have gone into mourning if I'd lost. There's
a sort of sophisticated, quiet attitude run-
ning through 20th which I find very
mature and pleasant.

The only people whom Gardner felt
did not give him a fair shake were the
press. Here was a case where there
was so much attention in the newspapers
as the charge that originally catapulted him
onto the page front."

"The publicity on the trial was slight,
that far as I was concerned," he said bluntly. "They
might have put it on the front page in
Butte, but if they did, I never knew it.
There was only a mumble on page twenty
of the Los Angeles Examiner—nothing
anywhere else. It might have been nice
if the verdict had received as much space
as the charge. It hurt him to be accused
so widely and exaggerated to a few.
Almost providentially, the schedule of "Adventures in Paradise" whisked Gardner out of Hollywood a few days after the trial ended. He was sent to Tahiti for two weeks of background shooting. The trip gave him a chance to relax, forget and return to normalcy. During those two weeks he wrote to Dolores—bright happy notes—but all the while, he wondered in his heart what would happen to their relationship. He'd been dragged through the mud; had some of it rubbed off on her?

The best surprise

He brooded about it for those two weeks. He brooded about it till the day he flew back to Hollywood and stepped off the plane at Los Angeles' International Airport. Then and only then did he get the verdict that really made him a free man.

James Darren

Continued from page 52

Jersey. She felt a sudden urge to be cuddling her baby safe and snug in their own apartment in California. She was a little restless, a little bored. The stay in Bellport was to be a precious chance to be alone—almost a second honeymoon—but so far nothing had been locked up in a prison of rehearsals, cafeteria meals and hours of studying lines. All she had done—all she would do for the rest of the week—was sit patiently in the rehearsal hall and peek at the clock.

Deeply in love with her husband, Ewy tried to push down a nagging little question: Does he love me for granted?

She tried to brush the thought aside and began to toy with the thin, simply carved gold band on her third finger, left hand. Hardly noticing how easily it moved, she twisted the ring, pushed it up to the tip of her finger. Absentmindedly, she twisted it around.

Ewy had lost weight since Christian's birth nine months ago. She thought vaguely how all three of her rings seemed loose—the wedding band, the plain curved fifth-finger ring from her parents, the tiny pearl and gold ring Jimmy had bought her in England.

Suddenly, the door swung open and the cast emptied out, calling good night and walking toward the dorms.

Jimmy stopped under the bare porch light with the director. He looked around and called, "Ewy?"

At that precise moment, Ewy felt the ring slip out of her grasp. She held her breath, felt her fingers. It was gone.

"Jimmy," she said, and walked out of the shadows.

He put his arm around her, then picked up the conversation with the director. He looked around and called, "Ewy?"

At that precise moment, Ewy felt the ring slip out of her grasp. She held her breath, felt her fingers. It was gone.

"Jimmy," she said, and walked out of the shadows.

He put his arm around her, then picked up the conversation with the director. He looked around and called, "Ewy?"

As he walked from the plane, he thought he saw a familiar silhouette coming toward him. He stopped and looked again. And then in a moment he was looking at the one person in the world he wanted to see, but the last person he had expected to see. He was looking at Dolores. She had flown from New York to surprise him—to let him know that she was still loyal. It was the world's best surprise.

Hand in hand they walked to a waiting car. And suddenly, that terrible, gnawing fear that had been inside him for months disappeared. At long last Gardner McKay's ordeal—an ordeal that he would not soon forget—was over.—William Tush

Be sure to see Gardner in ABC-TV's "Adventures in Paradise," 9:30-10:30 P.M. EDT. Beginning October 1, the show will be seen on Sunday nights, 10-11, EDT.

The director smiled, too. They looked at her, waiting.

"My ring," she said. She held up her empty hand, like a confused child.

"Where is it?" he asked, still smiling, not understanding.

"It's gone. I dropped it. Over there in the grass."

"How could you lose it?"

Instantly, she realized she never should have moved from the spot where it fell.


"No, it's true. I was playing with it. Since I lost weight—I can move it around. Sometimes, when I wash my hands, it almost slips off.

"Where did it fall?"

"There, Ewy pointed to the tall, dark grass. "It's there right there... somewhere."

Her voice faltered. She shivered, looked up at the black, starless sky. Then she felt a drop of rain.

"It's starting to rain," Jimmy said irritably.

"Yes," she said softly, "I knew it was going to.

"Let's get some action," the director said brightly. "We'll find it in two minutes. Then we can get some sleep."

He took out a pack of matches. One by one, he struck them, and held them above the grass.

"Here?" he said. "Here?"

"Yes," Ewy said. She retraced her steps.

"I came down the stairs. I walked here... no, here. It was so dark... The grass is so tall..."

"Here?" the director kept saying, lightening one match after another. "Here?"

Ewy got down on her hands and knees. She pushed the grass apart. She felt the stubby rough roots, the little smooth pebbles, the moist black dirt. She picked up tiny pieces of twigs and splinters, and dropped them in growing despair.

"It's too dark," Jimmy said after a few moments.

"Wait till morning, when it's light," the director said, He stood up. All the matches were gone.

"That's right. We'll find it in the morning," Ewy got up off her knees. She brightened. Tomorrow the sun would shine, the ring would glint. She sighed with relief. Then it would be over. Her ring would be back on her finger where it belonged.

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dropped was her Evy she knew him. Large she know it. "Find hadn't re-power.

It is not that," she explained. "It's my wedding ring.

A few minutes later, a group of apprentices noticed the two girls looking through the grass. They joined the hunt. By the time Jimmy arrived, the entire cast was out on the lawn, on hands and knees.

At 10:30 a man with a power mower arrived and began to cut the grass. "Not here," Evy begged. "You'll break the ring with the blades.

He shrugged his shoulders and moved on.

By noon, Evy was alone again. The others promised to help later that afternoon.

At 12:30 she walked slowly into the cafeteria. Jimmy was waiting at their table. He looked up and she shook his head. He was really angry now. "It's there, I know it's there," she murmured, forcing herself to eat.

"How could you play with a ring?" he demanded.

She felt hot tears burn her eyelids. She looked down at her plate, then at her bare hand on her lap.

The sun had been hot and strong. Her arms and hands were golden with color. The place where the ring had been was already pink. Later it would turn golden tan like the rest of her hand. Soon the narrow pale band would disappear, just as it had never been there at all.

Evy brushed at her eyes. "I know you're angry," she said. "And sad. I am sad, too." Jimmy frowned. "Remember how we went to that little store in Philadelphia? They knew me since I was a little kid. Remember how much fun we had picking out our rings?"

Evy smiled. "Yours so broad, to go with your big hand." She looked fondly down at Jimmy's wedding band. It was carved with an intricate design of tiny little leaves—exactly as hers had been carved.

"And yours, so little and delicate." They both glanced at the empty spot on Evy's finger.

And then we were married—and it was blessed." Jimmy's voice trailed off unhappily.

After lunch, Evy went back to hunt. A week later, she finally asked to have the grass cut, hoping that would change her luck.

By the second week, she had almost given up. Jimmy told her the ring was gone for good, but now and then she would sneak back to the spot by the stairs and start all over again.

At the end of the third week, the show closed and they packed to leave for New York. It was only when they climbed into the car and drove away from the motel that Evy admitted defeat.

As they drove past the theater and the rehearsal hall for the last time on the way to the city, Evy said, "Jimmy—stop.

He kept driving. "No," he said firmly. "It's gone.

But I know it's there," she said sadly. "It's got to be there.

Jimmy kept driving.

Finally he broke the silence. "The first thing we're going to do is call Philadelphia."

"What?" she said.

"To order you a new ring, of course." "Oh," she said, not sure of how she felt.

"It's going to be just like the other one," he continued in a firm, almost bossy voice.

She nodded.

"But this time—it's going to be bigger." She gazed at him meekly.

"And wider."

She looked over at him. He looked angry and sounded angry. She started to get angry, too. How about her? She had feelings, too.

Then, with a shock, her anger changed to happiness. She felt really happy for the first time in weeks. She had never dreamed it would mean so much to Jim-

Now, in the car, it was as if they were going steady again. She was more than his wife and the mother of his child. She was a woman, and he wanted her to belong to him, to wear his ring so all the world would know. Works out the new one, don't play with it. A wedding ring is not a toy!"

She smiled at him. The second ring would never mean quite what the first one did, but it would have its own—in a way more precious—significance.

"Do you think because it's wider, we'll be more married?" she asked innocently.

"Of course not," he said sternly, but his face began to soften.

She leaned over, kissed his cheek and cuddled against his shoulder.

The ring, her wedding ring, was still there, where she lost it. She was sure of that. And she would always feel a tug at her heart when she thought about it, buried in the grass at Bellport.

But if I hadn't lost it, she told herself with a secret smile, I never would have known.

It was nice to find out, after two years of marriage, that your husband cared—more than ever...

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PHOTOPLAY
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why I'm afraid to have another baby

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LORETTA R. MILLER
Cleveland, Ohio

GLAMOUR, ANYONE?

It seems to me that women are forgotten by movie makers. Films seem to be made only for men and children. There are action and adventure films, westerns and science-fiction, but not one film portraying emotional situations. Here's one woman who is bored and tired of present film fare, who doesn't want to be shocked or frightened or corn-fed. Glamour, anyone?

MARTA HOLDEN
Seattle, Wash.

Marta, how about "Back Street," "By Love Possessed," "Fanny," "Parent Trap," "Goodbye Again," "Young Doctors'? Didn't they fill the bill?—Ed.

PROS AND CONS

Your article in the September Photoplay, stating that maybe Cleopatra herself was causing the jinx on the movie of the same name, could be true. Why, Cleo would turn in her grave at such casting! After all, she has been portrayed brilliantly by two of the most beautiful women and greatest actresses of this century, Vivien Leigh and Claudette Colbert. Who could top their performances? Certainly not Liz Taylor!

A FAN
New York, N.Y.

The magnificent shot of Liz Taylor as Cleopatra proves that Hollywood has finally selected a star who could do this classic beauty justice. I can't wait to see Liz' portrayal.

JANE CHANCELOR
Chicago, Ill.

Between Tuesday Weld's wet locks and Sharon Hugueny's mop, are there no hairdressers left in Hollywood?

JOAN KRAMER

Your pinup photographs of Diane McBain were absolutely breathtaking. Thanks for helping to enhance my bedroom wall.

ALICE CHEKAL
Montreal, Canada

I am a dyed-in-the-wool fan of Marilyn Monroe and my advice to her is to stay away from that "Wolf" Sinatra. He'll only break her heart.

A MARILYN BOOSTER
Minneapolis, Minn.

In your September issue you asked the readers of your magazine to take a look at any of the other movie magazines on the newsstands. Well, I did just that, and I can truthfully say that there is no other movie magazine that can compare with Photoplay.

CAROL WEICHELT
Marshfield, Wis.

I'm tired of hearing people criticize Bobby Darin. He's a fine singer and actor. I wish people would give him a chance—I think he's wonderful!

BOBBY DARIN FAN
South Range, Wis.

WE LOVE JACKIE!

My friends and I are delighted to see that you're having more stories about Jackie Kennedy. We think she's just as beautiful as any star in Hollywood, and when we saw her picture on the cover of your October issue—we just flipped! Thanks, and keep the Jackie stories coming—we love her!

PLEASED FANS
Sharon, Pa.

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POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
ROOM 9R111 - 131 SOUTH WABASH • CHICAGO 3, ILL.
In Naples, Ernest Borgnine spoke Italian with a Bronx accent, but boiled spaghetti like a true Neapolitan.

On Riviera, Joan Collins tried to forget her breakup with fiancé Warren Beatty; had night out with Tony Franciosa and his fiancée Judy Kantor.

Lili Kardell no longer loves Troy Donahue—and neither do his neighbors. Shortly after he and Lili ended their romance in that wild battle, others in Troy’s apartment house circulated a petition demanding the actor find another place to hold his brawls. It wasn’t the first time his neighbors were awakened by his off-stage antics, but they want it to be the last.

As scooped on these pages some time back, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. and his wife Stephanie have had it! The squabble that led to legal action was pretty funny—to everyone but the Zimbalis. Efrem was playing ping-pong with his son, Skipper. As a joke, Stephanie crawled under the table and, at the right moment, tilted it causing Efrem to lose the game. Stephie roared with laughter, but Mr. Z didn’t think it funny. An argument resulted and she moved out.

All chances for a Natalie Wood—Bob Wagner reconciliation went out the window when Warren Beatty swept Natalie off her feet. In retaliation, R.J. had his attorney prepare a property settlement—and Natalie signed it. The contents were kept secret, but I heard Natalie got the dream house that is now up for sale. The asking price, $175,000, is a bit ridiculous seeing as how several rooms aren’t even finished.

(Continued on page 8)
Uncovered or covered, Brigitte Bardot makes news. She gave old bikini pose new twist with crazy-poodle-like hairdo; then covered up in knitted suit and floppy hat.

Struttin' Sammy Davis arrived in Monte Carlo to headline Red Cross Gala put on by Princess Grace and Prince Rainier. Though it rained night of benefit, it was a huge success, netted Sammy rave notices.
The DRY SKIN SEASON starts today ...and ends the moment you start daily use of Lanolin Plus LIQUID.

\[
\text{Lanolin Plus LIQUID}
\]

4-PAGE GOSSIP SECTION

The most surprised person to learn Vicki Trickett has been secretly married since January, 1960, was Tab Hunter. Tab discovered her and they dated frequently. Her dates with him were strictly for publicity, but I wonder if he wasn’t serious about her. Vicki’s husband is musician Dick Herre.

Carol Lynley, whose opinion of Hollywood changes with the wind, is now hinting that she’ll retire in February when she and Mike Solsman become parents.

The inside on the Debra Paget-Budd Boetticher divorce makes Troy Donahue’s row with Lili Kardell look like a school picnic. Incidentally, Sally Todd, one of Troy’s exes, married actor Charles Cochran a few days after the big sparring match.

The week before Audrey Meadows and Bob Six (Ethel Merman’s ex) flew to Honolulu to be married, he visited her daily on the “Touch of Mink” set and denied marriage plans. Oh, well, that’s par for the Hollywood course.

Sharon Hugueny is on suspension at Warners because she disobeyed their orders and went to New York with husband Bob Evans.

I had a sneak look at the costumes Liz Taylor dons in “Cleopatra” and wow! I’ve seen lowcut gowns, but these take the prize. One of them is practically down to the waist! Another is a transparent negligé and I mean transparent. There’s been no official figure, but I’ll venture to say that Liz’ wardrobe (sixty outfits) cost at least $100,000.

Wonder what Debbie Reynolds thought when Eddie Fisher legally adopted Liza Todd, the four-year-old daughter of Liz Taylor and the late Mike Todd? “I love her like my own,” Eddie said in court as he hugged little Liza. Debbie brands as “ridiculous” the stories that she plans to ask Eddie to let Harry Karl adopt Carrie and Todd Fisher—but the rumor persists.

Isn’t Elvis thinking of marriage? Just ask Anne Helm when I predicted Elvis and his sexy co-star were in the midst of an offscreen romance, everyone laughed. But it looks as if I’m having the last laugh.

Saddest note in many a month was the suicide of Janet Leigh’s father. Although he left a bitter note, the real reason for ending his life may never be known. Some say he had cancer, others that he was mentally ill, and still others speculated that he had fallen in love with another woman and couldn’t get a divorce. Janet nearly suffered a breakdown when she received the news in France, where she and Mrs. Dean Martin were vacationing. Janet, some say, blames herself, and believes that if she hadn’t taken the trip her father might be alive today.

Tuesday Weld and her mother are speaking again, but not living together. Tuesday barely missed getting into hot water with the authorities by moving into her new home three weeks before her eighteenth birthday. Juvenile officers frowned on girls living alone when they aren’t of age. It’s still Gary Lockwood who has her dancing on the clouds.

Bette Davis must have blown her top when she read that ex-husband Gary Merrill and his Bermuda shorts were at the Coconut Grove with Rita Hayworth. Gary’s stepdaughter Barbara and Rita’s daughter Yasmin were there, too. Bette consulted her attorney and filed court action in Portland, Maine, demanding Gary stay away from Barbara and their two adopted sons.

(Continued on page 11)

Fashion Scoop: Here’s a first look at the wardrobe Susan Hayward wears in “Back Street.” Fur trim is the big fashion news this season—so why not copy it? If you can’t afford real fur, today’s fakes would fool another mink!
now!
from
California comes THE
SUNLIT LOOK
CREME PUFF
by
MAX FACTOR

You get a wonderfully warm new sunlit look with Creme Puff, the compact make-up from California. For Max Factor makes it with millions of tiny light-diffusers that soften the light. Also, millions of tiny light reflectors that give off a special glow. The result... a warm radiance... a soft beauty... the Sunlit Look!

And Creme Puff is complexion-balanced; it actually flatters complexions from pale to ruddy. In 12 lovely shades—each with the Sunlit Look. Creme Puff now comes in refillable Case-Mate compacts in a wide choice of designer colors, from $1.35 to $5.50. Refills $1.00.
Behold... your every wish is granted with **Aladdin's Fire**

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Ask, lovely enchantress, and your beauty will glow with the fire of a thousand jewels. Summon a ruby like the heart of a flame. Cutex brings you Aladdin's Fire. Seek a pink with a touch of mystery... Cutex brings you Burnt Pink. Or demand a red like molten copper... Cutex brings you Bronze Fire. And behold!

Aladdin's Fire is yours in bewitchingly rich Sheer Lanolin lipstick or the light touch of Delicate lipstick... the shimmering beauty of Pearl or diamond-finish regular polish. And all these polishes have the wizardry of Cutex plasticizers to help you strengthen brittle nails.
Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell keep denying it, but Rumor says he's about to pop the question—and she'll say yes. When Rock returned from location in South America, he bought Marilyn a gold necklace and ring to match.

The Inside: Is Dean Martin burning at his ex-partner? Jerry Lewis bought a nightclub down the street from Dino's on the Sunset Strip, and it's called Jerry's. One former associate of the two cracked: "Jerry will probably sell drinks at half price just to spite Dean." Frank Sinatra signed Ruta Lee to a personal contract. Frankie had better watch out. Rudy has been dating an attorney, Harold Abeles, for years and I hear he's none too happy about the rush his girl is getting from Mr. S. The Louis Jourdans reportedly have had it. And isn't Cary Grant consulting Mrs. J? Diane McBain and Jerry Davis [Marilyn Maxwell's ex] have the town guessing. He's probably old enough to be her father, but wasn't that what they said about Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl? What's with Joan Fontaine? She's been dating counsel generals, diplomats and her latest admirer is Boris Carcholi, the Italian opera star. The Mickey Callan-Corlyn Chapman marriage hasn't improved. Mickey went to Europe without her. She and the baby went home to Mama.

Joe DiMaggio helped Marilyn Monroe move into her new Hollywood apartment, then they sneaked off to their one-time Honeymoon paradise in the San Francisco Bay area.

It was quite a party Don Feld (he used to date Anne Helm in her pre-Elvis days) tossed for Juliet Prowse prior to her Las Vegas debut. Dick Beyerme nearly wound up squaring off with Gary Lockwood. And wouldn't you know it, the friction was created by Tuesday Weld. Lockwood didn't like it one bit when Tuesday spent too much time with Beyerme, who used to be her number one beau. Gary got so mad he went outside and smashed his fist through the windowshield of his car. Feld invited Anne to the party, but she called to say she had a date with Elvis and he didn't like to go to Hollywood parties.

Don't invite Kim Novak and Felicia Farr to the same party—there's liable to be bloodshed. Kim went into one of her tantrums on the "Notorious Landlady" set and demanded that the set be cleared of visitors. Felicia happened to be there visiting her steady beau, Jack Lemmon—and she had to leave. Felicia later blasted Jack for not standing up and telling Kim off.

Here's a story they're trying to cover up—but remember, you read it here first: Sammy Davis and May Britt are finding the going very, very tough.

Judy Garland and Sid Luft are now trying to patch things up.

Guess France Nuyen decided it was about time she came to her own defense. All the time those nasty rumors were floating around about why she was suddenly replaced by Nancy Kwan in "The World of Susie Wong," France was silent. But no more. While making "Satan Never Sleeps," in London, she revealed that neither Marlon Brando, her temperament nor her weight forced her out of the picture. She claims that producer Ray Stark had wanted Nancy to play the role all along, so he made her life miserable until she agreed to quit.

Warren Beatty and his big sister Shirley MacLaine have kissed and made up. They even want to do a film together. A year ago, Shirl would fly into a rage if you mentioned his name.

"Hell Is Far Heroes," the Steve McQueen-Bobby Darin starrer, finished six weeks behind schedule and thousands of dollars over the budget—all because the script had to be changed over and over again to please Bobby or Steve. "They used to count how many lines they had," one member of the company confided. "If Bobby found Steve had more lines or vice versa—the script had to go back to the writers." Now you know why producers get ulcers.

Dorothy Provine fell in love in Mexico City. No, it wasn't a bullfighter or a wealthy man—it was a 1923 Stutz Bearcat. She bought it.

The Peter Lawfords were notified, while basking in the Riviera sunshine, that their six-week-old daughter, Robin, was seriously ill. After a thirty-five-minute operation, to remove a blockage in her intestinal tract, the child was pronounced out of danger.

Short Takes: Mickey and Barbara Rooney are expecting their third child on St. Patrick's Day. The Gene Kellys are expecting their first child. Friends say John Wayne (he's a grandfather) and Pilar have also dated the stark. Dita Jason Robards, Jr. and Lauren Bacall. After an unsuccessful reconciliation try in Rome with Pier Angeli, Vic Damone flew back to Hollywood and Madlyn Rue. Wonder if Ava Gardner is jealous? Marie McDonald is dating Ava's old flame Walter Chiari. Hope Lange dated Robert Wagner before he left for film-making in Europe. Gail Russell lost her long, tragic battle with the battle. After years of fighting alcoholism, Gail died at the age of thirty-six in her L.A. apartment.

Puzzler of the month: What actor told off his actress-wife's studio when they asked her to pose for some photographs and then battled with his wife's doctor, claiming he didn't know her business? We suggest the egotistical actor stick to the business of minding his own business.

SHORT CUT TO COMFORT FOR "UNCOMFORTABLE DAYS" PROTECTIVE BRIEFS


Kleinert's
485 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB’S:

I’m sitting watching the young people enter. Some wave hello to me, others come over to my stool. They all have one thing in common: the searching, hopeful look in their eyes. Know who they are? They’re the New Faces of Hollywood, but they can’t get jobs in the movies—they can’t even get near a studio.

A new face can’t get into a studio without an agent, and any newcomer will tell you that it’s more difficult to get an agent than a job.

I don’t know the names of all these new faces—but I’ve listened to their stories. And in another few months there will be a new group, telling me the same stories, making the same efforts to crash the movies and then becoming lost in this town. Some of them will become cocktail waitresses, others will run errands for bookies or work in gasoline stations... Few go home. There’s always hope when you’re on the scene, and a letter postmarked “Hollywood” is glamorous.

Of course, there (Continued on page 14)

The old and the new: Lana Turner, long a glamour-queen, shares her secrets with Susan Kohner.
Daydreams come true with Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

The most! A press of your finger and Evening in Paris Spray-Mist Cologne puts you in the mood for daydreams to come true! $2.50.
are always a few exceptions who break through—James Garner, Gardner McKay, Paula Prentiss. And this is what keeps them going, these starry-eyed hopefuls—every one believes he or she is the exception. But I don't know of anyone who was discovered at a soda fountain since Lana Turner.

Why? Why do they do it? Maybe a childhood dream, maybe second prize in a local beauty contest... or maybe they heard somewhere that the studios keep shouting, "We want new faces, that's what we need."

The last part of that shout is correct. But what they really mean is that they want a new face with a well-known name. A producer can walk into United Artists or Columbia Pictures, for example, and state that he has John Wayne and Kim Novak signed for the leads, and the studio will give him a deal without looking at the script. There could be blank pages between the title page and the back cover. The same producer could go to the same studios with a great script and Don Sullivan and Sally Kellerman (two of the new faces at Schwab's) to play the leads, and it's no deal.

Too many producers are too scared to take a chance, to gamble.

This is one of the big reasons the industry is in the sad condition it is today. The vast majority of the celluloid product is bound together by fear and old-fashioned thinking. But, oddly enough, when a producer does step out of line, his gamble usually pays off.

Consider producer Joe Pasternak and "Where the Boys Are." Joe became tired of waiting for the well-known names to become available. He persuaded studio chief Sol Siegel to let him make the picture with some new faces, and, dollar-for-dollar, the picture is one of M-G-M's biggest money-makers of the year. What's more, it provided the studio with two new stars: Paula Prentiss and Jim Hutton.

The studios should stop being stupid. They are planning for tomorrow with the thinking of fifteen years ago. They are letting too many new faces become semi-pros and carhops. Can't they see that there's no such thing as an unknown in today's entertainment market? If a producer insists on a "name," he can put a new face into the lead and, with a well-conceived publicity campaign, have the new face's name well-known by the time the movie is released.

So don't dish out that stuff about "unknowns" any more! It's slop!

The studios should be developing their own group of new faces, the stars of tomorrow. The movie industry is run so badly these days that even Garbo couldn't become a star!

Garbo was coached and trained before she ever did a lead in an M-G-M movie. And when she appeared in her first talking picture, billboards on every highway announced: "Garbo Talks!"

What studio today would spend that amount of money and time on a player? None!

The movie companies ought to follow the example of the big baseball teams—they have more talent than they can use. Movie talent schools could be run just like the farm clubs are in baseball. Studio heads have to conduct talent searches, but ball club managers know where their future stars are.

Why can't the studios groom their future stars? There are plenty of new faces waiting for the opportunity.

I could go on—but I won't. Except to say: Despite the obstacles, there will be new faces on the movie screens. And despite the stupidity, Hollywood will survive. It always has. That's Hollywood for you.
In the great high-adventure tradition of "The Bridge On The River Kwai" and "The Guns Of Navarone!"

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in the MERVYN LeROY - FRED KOHLMAR production
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get more out of life

GO OUT TO A MOVIE

by JANET GRAVES

WEST SIDE STORY
(U.S.; Panavision 70, Technicolor; Producer, Robert Wise; Director, Robert Wise, Jerome Robbins (Adult)


WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The love of a modern Romeo and Juliet, crossing teenage-gang barriers in the New York slums.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Rich, exciting version of the stage hit. Its street scenes are real and ugly, but glossed over with singing and dancing to Leonard Bernstein's now-famous music. Natalie and George Chakiris (as Puerto Ricans, sister and brother) come off best, but the whole cast shows wonderful vitality and spirit.

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS
Warners; Technicolor; Producer-Director, Elia Kazan (Adult)


WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Youthful passion at war with parents' moral standards in a Kansas town of the 1920's.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? This is Natalie's season for sure. She'll draw your sympathy while she struggles with a problem that fits into the story's Flapper Age atmosphere—yet is just as urgent today. And Warren's a find! We can only wish that the movie moved a bit faster and didn't make its people such neat Freudian cases.

LOSS OF INNOCENCE
Columbia; Eastman Color; Producer, Victor Saville; Director, Lewis Gilbert (Adult)


WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Strange summer for two English children and their not-so-childish big sister. Stranded at a French hotel, they are betrayed by a mystery man.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It has a bewitching air of genuine romance—scarce item these days. Look closer, and you'll find bits of cutting realism, too. Susannah's lovely teenager isn't always a nice girl; Kenneth's debonair charmer isn't so charming when he's caught in a tight spot.
PARIS BLUES
U.A.; Producer, Sam Shaw; Director, Martin Ritt (Adult)


what's it about? Two weeks in Paris with two vacationing American girls and two expatriate American jazzmen.

what's the verdict? It's a pleasure to stroll around the City of Lovers, to the rhythm of Duke Ellington's haunting score. Nice to see Paul and Joanne taking film life lightly for a change. Still, their relationship seems vague and frivolous alongside the scenes between Sidney and Diahann, the strongest part of the story.

BACK STREET
U.I.; Eastman Color; Producer, Ross Hunter; Director, David Miller (Adult)

who's in it? Susan Hayward, John Gavin, Vera Miles, Charles Drake, Virginia Grey.

what's it about? Years-long affair of a beautiful dress-designer and a young tycoon who's tied to a neurotic wife.

what's the verdict? Off we go into a world where love remains all-important, no matter how fate plots against the lovers. Susan and John are as decorative as the colorful locales, the luxurious interiors and the expensive clothes. With enthusiasm, Vera makes the wife so nasty we forget Susan's a "sinner." (Please turn the page)

young hands
are happy hands. Lovely to look at. Tempting to touch. How sad to let your hands look old before you do! "Old hands" can happen to anyone because housework, hot water, wind and weather drain away the natural moisture that keeps hands young. Pond's all-new Angel Skin won't let this happen to you! Penetressence is the reason... an exclusive blend of deep-penetrating moisturizers that work deep down — to replace natural moisture that keeps hands young! Penetressence is the reason young hands begin with all-new
COOL, SOFT, NEW MAGICOOL

Most controlling rubber girdle you have ever worn

By RUTH STONE
Perma-lift Stylist

If your present rubber girdle is hot and sticky... if it's difficult to put on and remove... if it splits easily, turns color and comes apart in automatic laundering—then Magicool is the answer to your problems. Why is Magicool so different? Because it's made of a new miracle molding material called Elastomer D rubber, which is cool because it's porous (each girdle is air-cooled with 50,000 tiny air holes); soft and easy to slide on and off, because it's lined with downy Helanca; remarkably practical because it can be laundered in an automatic washer and dryer, and still remain pure white through it all.

Can't Split

Magicool can't split either; it's smooth and luxurious to the touch, and as far as control is concerned—you were never lovelier. Full two-way stretch slims your hips, tummy, waist.

Insist on Original

Be sure you insist on original Magicool. While there are many imitators—there are no equals! Though some of these poor copies may even look like Magicool—only Magicool is made of miraculous Elastomer D rubber.

Magicool Stretch Bra

Ask for a Magicool pantie that CAN'T RIDE UP—EVER! only $9.95, and the matching Magicool Stretch Bra—the only bra that moves and breathes with you. In nylon lace, $5.00.

For my free booklet, "You And Your Figure", write Ruth Stone, c/o Perma-lift*, 1143 W. Congress Parkway, Chicago 7, Ill.

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Comes to
Photoplay
The suicide of Janet Leigh's father was a shocker. I remember when Tony and Janet were struggling young actors and her father looked after her money. Janet had to get his permission before buying even a sweater. He did an excellent job with their finances. Janet had so looked forward to her European jaunt with Jeanne Martin, and I'm sorry it had to end so unhappily. Nobody needed a vacation as much as Jeanne, who's been caring for seven children, but she never left Janet's side after the sad news reached her.

This month's surprise is the romance between Brad Dillman and Suzy Parker. They made a film together last year in Europe, but no one ever knew they hit it off. Suzy was dating Gary Cooper's father-in-law Paul Shields then—and Brad, of course, was married.

Hugh O'Brian was on hand to applaud Marlene Dietrich's new act. Who else but Marlene could look so great in a tuxedo?

Many words have been written about the "trouble" on the "Mutiny on the Bounty" set—so here I am adding to them. Brando may have gotten a tremendous salary for the film—but he paid for it; he came down with a bladder infection in Tahiti. His co-star, Hugh Griffith, really went native down there. I understand he didn't even want to wear swim trunks. After Hugh set fire to his hotel, the governor asked him to leave the Island. The script writers had to kill
Hugh off in the next day's scenes so he could go. No matter what you heard elsewhere, the real reason Sir Carol Reed left the film was because Brando insisted upon directing. He also did the same thing when Lewis Milestone took over. But none of these shenanigans hurt publicity and, from what I hear, they didn't hurt the finished product, either. Yes, the film is finished — and M-G-M thinks they have a winner!

For two years Joan Collins turned down film offers so she could follow Warren Beatty around. Now he's dropped her for Natalie Wood. The first time I met Warren he asked me if I thought he should marry Joan. I knew then he'd never marry her. Too bad Joan didn't know. She could have spent the time looking for another husband.

My European jaunt was delightful. I went to New York to meet the rest of my party—Jerome Zerbe and Bob and Millie Considine. From there we went to Majorca. What a heavenly place! There was great excitement when Prince Rainier and his Princess Grace arrived with Maria Callas, Aristotle Onassis and the Maharamee of Baroda. I sat beside Rainier at dinner—he has a keen sense of humor. Grace was lovely—as always. If she's as unhappy as the gossips say she is, she certainly fooled me.

In Munich, we visited with Horst Buchholz on the “One, Two, Three” set. Not long after, Horst was almost killed in a car smashup—one more coincidence that has them all calling him the “European James Dean.”

In Paris I saw Jackie Gleason and Gene Kelly who were making “Gigot.” What a fun set that was! Champagne flowed like water. Jackie had a hat trimmed for me. I loved it.

London was the highspot of the trip. I had a long chat with Stephen Boyd (above) and Dolores Hart who were working on “The Inspector.” Steve was wooing Dolores like mad. Dolores thought it was all very funny. Leo McCarey, Bill Holden, Clifton Webb and France Nuyen were at the same studio doing “Satan Never Sleeps.” Holden tried to convince me he wasn't saving money by living in Switzerland. He didn't convince me! I think it's terrible that Bill won't work in Hollywood—the town that made everything possible for him. But Bill is paying an emotional cost I'm sure—neither he nor his wife Brenda seemed happy. The night before I left, Bob Goldstein, head of 20th in London, gave me a party. I really hated leaving London—it was so gay—but I had to get back to Hollywood—and PHOTOPLAY.

I'm going way out on a limb on this one, but I'll say it anyway. I'll eat one of my hats if Joan Cohn and Laurence Harvey marry. They are in love—yes, but marriage—no!

Debbie Reynolds is now leading in the battle of the biggest diamond! The new one Harry Karl gave her is bigger than the one Mike Todd gave Liz! Harry also gifted Debbie with a half-million-dollar home and a Rodin's “Hand of God.” He paid $15,000 for the famous piece of sculpture at an auction.

With pros like Roz Russell rooting for him, Warren Beatty is a cinch to reach top stardom soon. (Please turn the page)
Those rumors that Bobby Darin had no love for his wife Sandra Dee's favorite producer, Ross Hunter, are completely false. Mr. and Mrs. Darin love Ross so much they bought a house right next door to his.

Al Teitelbaum, Mario Lanza's agent, finally collected money owed him from Lanza's estate. But Benay Venuta, in whose home Mrs. Lanza committed suicide, is still trying to collect for the $7,400 worth of repairs she had to make after the tragedy.

Dorothy Lamour took advantage of her sex and changed her mind about doing a bit in the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby film, "Road to Hong Kong." There were rumors that Dorothy was miffed because the leading feminine role went to Joan Collins and not her—because Bing and Bob felt she was "too old"—though I'm sure she's no "older" than Bing or Bob themselves. I think it was purely a matter of money. By not saying yes right away, smart Dorothy ended up getting three times the money originally offered.

When the public didn't go wild over Yves Montand in his films, he had his nose bobbed, then toured in his one-man show. He's terrific in it.

Poor June Allyson! As if the divorce, the throat operation and the struggle to talk again weren't enough, she's now come down with kidney trouble. But there is some good news—she and Dick Powell are back together again.

Being a woman, every once in a while I sit down and try to figure out who the hottest bachelors in town are. Well, I've come up with a list that shapes up like this: Rod Taylor, Dick Beymer, Gardner McKay, Dwayne Hickman and, of course, Rock Hudson. The girls will miss Rod while he's abroad making "The Jungle." He used to go in for orientals like France Nuyen, but has switched to Inger Stevens and Dolores Michaels. I can't see marriage in Rod's immediate future. He's going to be busier than ever—even though his "Hong Kong" series wasn't renewed. (Somebody really goofed there—it was one of the best series on TV!)

Gardner McKay's been dating Ann-Margret of late, but Dolores Hawkins is still his number one girl. He jetted to New York to see her, but no marriage announcement resulted. I wonder if he really did propose to her? It's hard to imagine a gal saying no to him. His TV show keeps sailing along while others fall by the wayside.

Dwayne Hickman, I've decided, is the best catch in town. He's handsome, intelligent and loaded. He certainly knows how to handle money.

Dick Beymer was really crazy about Tuesday Weld, but she let him slip away when she started dating Sean Flynn. Now Dick's the hottest young star in town. I bet Tuesday is burning! Dick's got a new girl, but he won't talk about her.

Last, but not least, is Rock. Badly burned by marriage, it'll be a long time before he marries again. I think his romance with Marilyn Maxwell is nothing more than friendship blown out of proportion by the press. Sure he let Marilyn have his car while he was out of town—so what? Rock's always been generous with people who're nice to him. It's when they try to cross him that he holds on to his heart and wallet. And who can blame him?

Luciana Paluzzi arrived here to negotiate a divorce settlement with Brett Halsey—but she left their baby behind in Rome with Mama. If she'd left Mama behind when she married Brett, they might still be married. Brett was heartbroken about her not bringing the baby—he hasn't even seen the child. He said, "I've been married twice—so now I'll have two alimonies to pay. It's an expensive way to live. I can't afford to make a third mistake."

I wonder how Fabian's fans will like this! He's playing a psychopathic killer on a "Bus Stop" segment. Quite a change for the rock 'n roller, isn't it? Fabe's girl, Kathy Kersch, is one of the (Continued on page 26)
The dream of a dress:

Award winner Toni Owen's double feature in pearl grey and oyster-white wool jersey. The Chanel-like cardigan and figure-skimming skirt can with the greatest of ease win honors as today's most gadabout madabout fashion. The best-dressed wearer will invariably put on first things first: a Maidenform glamour-girdle!

The dream of a girdle:

New Flowerette by Maidenform—so light and gay you'll feel that way! Made of lighter, stronger power net that trims your tummy, smooths your hips—all this and comfort, too! Born to be worn under all your pants, shorts and skirts. Pantie, Girdle, Long Legs. White, black. S, M, L. Machine washable. From 3.95.

TONI OWEN—AWARD-WINNING DESIGNER WHO FIRST INTRODUCED SEPARATES

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ALABAMA: Mobile, Hammond’s Department Store.

ARIZONA: Tucson, Grandona’s.

ARKANSAS: Little Rock, Pfeilers of Arkansas; McGee’s, R. B. Stone Jewelers.

CALIFORNIA: Borsa Park, The Cottage Pottery; El Centro, Home Furniture Company; Los Banos, Los Banos Hardware; Millbrae, Millbrae Murray; Modesto, Barker & Brandt Hardware; Madera, The Pottery Ranch; Montebello, Patris Pottery & Gift Shop; Montevue Park, Midwest, Pat's Metals, South Hollywood, Yeakel’s Hardware; Palo Alto, Palo Alto Hardware Co.; San Bernardino, Foret Dept. Store; The Harris Company; San Francisco, Donner Gift Shop.

COLORADO: Denver, May-D & F; Englewood, Housewares-Gifts Center, Inc.; Metzner, Goodwin Hardware.

CONNECTICUT: Bridgeport, D. M. Reed Co., Inc.; Bristol, Carol’s Gift Shop; New Haven, A. J. Siegel, Inc.; New London, Nassau’s, South Norwich, Jewel Box.

FLORIDA: Ft. Myers, Trail China; Leesburg, Boyd’s Furniture, Hardware, Gifts; Miami, Helmy’s.

GEORGIA: Mills, The Parnell Shop.

ILLINOIS: Alton, C. J. Jacoby Furniture Co.; Batavia, Ray’s Discount & Gift Shop; Chicago, Crowley, Dong Con China Company; Home Store; Ted Katzmann Dept. Store; Cicero, Leebody China Co.; Elmhurst, Midwest China Company; Soukop’s Dept. Hardware; Eureka, Schumacher’s Jewelry; Highland Park, Garrett & Co.; Libertyville, Mackey Jewelry Store; Matteson, Matton Ace Hardware; Oak Park, Walker Co.; Ottawa, Tress Jewelry Store; Springfield, The John Bressner Co.; Waukegan, Callison China Cottage; Wheaton, Towne Gift Shop.

INDIANA: Bloomington, Neumode Shop; Frankfort, The B. Thrasher Co.; Huntington, Geery Corey Ace; Indianapolis, Rost Jewelers, Downtown; Evansville; Glandale; Muncie City, Vernier China Co.; South Bend, Inwood’s Store; Sullivan, The Hobby Shop; Terre Haute, Hillman Jewelers; Vincennes, Hillman Jewelers.

IOWA: Mason City, Boomerhouse Hardware; Davenport’s.

KANSAS: Hutchinson, Reno Hardware; Paola, Gift Shops, Inc.

KENTUCKY: Cadiz, Beck’s Gift Shop.

LOUISIANA: Opelousas, Abdalla’s Furniture Store; Stidell, Madeleine Gifts.

MARYLAND: Laurel, Colonial China Co.


MICHIGAN: Dearborn, Dearborn China Co.; Detroit, Ted Ross Jewelers, Inc.; Flint, Magill & Co.; Ironwood, John Albert—Jewelry; Range Jewelers; Marlette, Mel Cole, Jr.; Marquette, Bud’s Jewelers; Pontiac, Fontier Petories; Sarnia, Arnold Layer; Waterford, Dixie Pottery.


MISSISSIPPI: Prentiss, Riley’s Gift Shop.

MISSOURI: Monett, Loomis Paint & Wallpaper Store.

NEBRASKA: Blair, Kloppe Jewelry; Grand Island, J. M. McDonald Co.

NEW JERSEY: East Paterson, Mulk Bros.; Jersey City, The Wonder Store; Montclair, Louis Harris; Morrisville, M. N Hardware Co.; Perth Amboy, Faber’s Gift Shops; Pitman, Victor’s Linen and Gift Shoppe; Somerville, Camins Jewelers; Ventor’s, Ventor’s Hardware Co., Inc.; Wildwood, Lee’s Gifts.

NEW YORK: Brooklyn, Iris Appelton; Turner’s Gift Shop; Newburgh, J. F. P’s Gifts; New Rochelle, Anne’s Art Corner; New York, Gimbel’s; Utica, Main St. Gift Shop; Rome, Nelson’s of Rome; Schenectady, A. B. C Furniture Co., State Island’s 2; Reed’s Jewelers; Syracuse, Dey Bros., & Co.; Utica, J. B. Wells.

NORTH CAROLINA: Black Mountain, Black Mountain Hardware Co.; Graham, Graham Gift Shoppe; Mebane, Young’s Jewelry.

NORTH DAKOTA: Williston, Treasure Island Gift Shop.

OHIO: Lorain, Lipp’s Tea & China Store; Massillon, Hilsen’s Gift & China Shop; Newton Falls, Kloss Hardware Co.; West Alexandria, Bron brushed Hardware Co.; Youngstown, Jerry Lee’s Jewelry.

OKLAHOMA: Norman, Davis Paint and Gift Store; Tulsa, Laun’s, Inc.

OREGON: The Delta, Stedelman Bonn Co.

PENNSYLVANIA: Altoona, A. Berman, Jewelers; Butler, A. E. Traum Co.; McKeesport, Guap- pone’s China & Pottery; Norristown, Shannon’s Artware.

RHODE ISLAND: Providence, Morty Miller, Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Bishopsdale, Deney Jewelry Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA: Yankton, Treasure Chest.

TENNESSEE: Memphis, Deilus Jewelers; Texas: Burger, Sid’s Jewelry; Cuero, Callander’s; Denton, Wimpy’s Hardware & Gifts; McAllen, Jarnagin’s Hardware; Mexia, Henderson’s Furniture & Gifts; Paris, Dick House’s Good Housekeeping Shoppe; Texas City, Peterman Jewelry Co.

VIRGINIA: Portsmouth, Cooper’s.

WEST VIRGINIA: Wheeling, Hoge Davis Drug Co.

WISCONSIN: Ashland, The Angvik Company; Black River Falls, Schunke Bros.; Eau Claire, Coun- try House; Milwaukee, Gimbel Bros.; Racine, Jen- sen’s, Inc.; Shakopee, Farmer’s Hardware Co.; Towanda, salad’s, Co.; Waterford, Faber’s Gift Shoppe; Waterloo, Leonard’s Jewelry & Gift Shoppe; Waussau, Winkelman’s.

Gene Autry found another singer—twenty-one-year-old Sonny Steele. He plays the guitar, too, and he’s good—but he’ll never be another Elvis Presley. Speaking of Elvis, since I wrote an article on how I’ve finally flipped for him, I’ve stopped getting nasty letters from his fans. I had never met Elvis, but I felt that when he first started singing, his effect on teenagers wasn’t what this country needed. I feel that his Army days changed him considerably, and when I did meet him, well, I flipped. I never thought him the kind of boy a girl could bring home to mother, but now if I had a daughter and she brought Elvis home, I’d be pleased.

After fourteen months in Hollywood and three films, Paula Prentiss (along with Jim Hutton) is now a fully-fledged star. Overnight success never goes out of style. Jim is married and has two adorable children; Paula is engaged to her college sweetheart, Dick Benjamin. They’ll marry when she has a moment’s free time. But don’t wait too long, Paula!

Dick Clark filled the Hollywood Bowl with screaming fans. His appearance before the Congressional Committee investigating payola didn’t hurt his popularity or his bankroll. He financed his new film, “The Young Doctors,” and it’s very good. I’d still like to know what really happened to his marriage, but Dick isn’t talking.

Looks like Polly Bergen is in Hollywood to stay. I’ll bet the producers of TV’s “To Tell the Truth” will be sorry they didn’t move the show to the West Coast; it hasn’t been the same since Polly left. Another member of the show’s panel, Kitty

finalists in the Miss Rheingold contest. If she wins, she won’t be able to marry for a year. I don’t think this’ll bother Fabian—he isn’t about to marry anyone this year or next. He knows he’s too young to marry.

Tuesday Weld went and got herself a handsome new home with a walled-in pool for privacy. The house has everything from an electronic oven to the latest hi-fi and recording gadgets. She’s redressing the bedroom in white and gold, I was surprised to find Tuesday a mannered, charming hostess—and a good cook. Gary Lockwood is the current authority on Tuesday’s cooking—he’s there for dinner practically every night. Tuesday keeps saying come hell or high water she’s going to take a few months off. But she won’t say whether or not it’s for a honeymoon—with her Gary.

continued
Carlisle, will be leaving. She and husband Moss Hart are coming here in December.

Just when everyone was predicting a marriage for Margo Moore and a handsome Los Angeles doctor, she met Robert Merrill and forgot everyone else. It was love at first sight for Margo and the talented Merrill, who did the lyrics and music for several Broadway shows including the current hit, “Carnival.”

Ken Scott is serious about Sheila Kayne but won’t make any engagement announcement for a year. He’s older and wiser and wants to make sure Sheila knows her own mind. She was one of several girls who gave parties in Ken’s honor when he thought he was going to Rome to do “Marco Polo.” Then the deal fell through because the Italian company ran out of money. Ken had to buy back the car he sold, get his furniture out of storage and find a new place to live. Oh, well, that’s show business!

Anne Robinson was doing a “SurfSide 6” segment when she learned that her husband, Jaime Bravo, had been gored in the bull ring in Juarez. She flew down as soon as she could. Now maybe Jaime will stick to acting.

New face to watch: Cynthia Pepper, star of the “Margie” series is the daughter of Jack Pepper (Ginger Rogers’ first husband) and a former Earl Carroll and Billy Rose showgirl. The cute youngster has taken to wearing her “Margie” wardrobe off stage. It’s good for publicity and it’s good for her budget.

That’s all the news for now. I’ll write you next month.

IT LOOKS LIKE A COLLECTION... BUT IT’S JUST ONE SET!

THE “EVER YOURS” INVITATION SET BY TAYLOR, SMITH & TAYLOR

$29.95 53-Piece service for eight, including 10 hostess pieces.

Your choice of nine patterns by designer John Gilkes... all oven-proof, dishwasher-proof, detergent-proof. If the list at left does not include a retailer in your area, write TS&T.

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THE TAYLOR, SMITH & TAYLOR CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO
Only Suave Lotion hairdressing gives your hair DEEP DOWN CONTROL

Because SUAVE is a lotion—it penetrates to make your hair behave

Suave is different—a gentle lotion so unlike thick, heavy hairdressings. Suave is made with only the essence (the penetrating part) of lanolin to give you deep down control. Suave conditions, beautifies your hair...controls fly-away hair...makes your hair shine without greasiness. That dull, dry look suddenly disappears.

Try Suave and see the difference today!

Created by Helene Curtis
Liz was helpless that night...

...that incredible night when all hell broke loose

(Please turn the page)
The spotlight was merciless. It moved up his thin, tense figure, searched out the clenching and unclenching fingers of his hands, jumped to his taut face, exposing the ghost-like pallor that showed through his stage makeup and revealing the forced, tight smile that cracked the corners of his lips. He froze for fifty-five long seconds in the archway at the top of the steep stairs. Then, more like a man walking to his own execution than a performer about to meet the greatest challenge of his career, he stiff-leggedly made his way down to the main floor.

To the celebrities and other customers watching his torturous descent, it seemed as if he was suffering from an acute (Continued on page 32)
attack of stage-fright, as if this scared man with the boy’s face beneath a shock of wavy black hair was about to wheel around, scramble back up those steps, and run back to his dressing room and hide. Most of them wanted him to snap out of it and they crossed their fingers to help him.

**witnesses to the murder**

*continued*
in his journey over the night-club floor and toward the stage. Some of them hoped, however, that he would fall flat on his face and fail.

“Stage-fright”—that was the quick and easy and obvious diagnosis upon which all, his friends and his enemies, agreed. Eddie Fisher was scared to death, they believed, because this was the most important night of his life, the night that was to decide, once and for all, whether he was “Eddie Fisher, the singer,” or “just Elizabeth Taylor’s husband.” (Please turn the page)
more
witnesses
to the murder
continued

Sure, he had wowed them at Vegas and picked up $100,000 for his singing efforts. But now the past didn't count. This was the big league, the world series, the crucial game. Los Angeles was the toughest town in the circuit for a performer. The Coconut Grove was overpowering like Yankee Stadium—huge and awesome. The audience was filled with professionals—all critical, in-the-know, hip. Quick to cheer an expert performance; just as quick to jeer an inept one.

As they watched the spotlight skip ahead of him when he faltered at the bottom of the staircase, and then flash back again to pick up the image of his chalky-white face, they were fully aware that he had two strikes against him already.

Strike one—this was the first time he had returned to perform on his homeground, Hollywood, since he'd left Debbie and started going with Liz. Most of the people in the huge, red, rococo room had completely forgiven him, although they had not forgotten the scandal. But there were still some die-hards present who had neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Strike two—everything that could have gone wrong on an opening night had already taken place before Eddie's appearance. It was as if the whole evening were jinxed before it had barely begun.

There was the crowd itself, for instance. More than a crowd really—a mob. The celebrities—John Wayne, Henry Fonda, (Continued on page 86)
HENRY FONDA and MERLE OBERON

GEORGE JESSEL and JOAN FONTAINE

JERRY LEWIS and DEAN MARTIN

MR. and MRS. YUL BRYNNER

EDDIE FISHER, ELIZABETH TAYLOR and LAURENCE HARVEY

GARY MORTON and LUCILLE BALL
COME ON IN... I NEED YOU!

When Frankie Avalon stood at the door of his new home and called out to us, we had no idea what was about to happen.

(Continued on page 38)
COME ON IN... I NEED YOU!

continued

Frankie Avalon is one of those people whose face mirrors his feelings no matter how hard he may try to hide them. That’s why, when I saw him standing in the doorway of his new home in Merchantville, New Jersey, I could tell—even at thirty paces—something was terribly wrong.

“Hi,” he yelled as I started to get out of my car. “I’ve been waiting for you.” His voice had an urgency we’d never heard before. “I’ve been waiting for you,” he called out again. “C’mon in... I need you...”

As I stepped inside the house I was dazzled. The entrance hall was marble and there were huge green plants everywhere. On the floor was the plushest red carpet I’d ever stepped on.

“This is (Continued on page 70)

Over-sized bamboo bed is where Frankie sleeps today, but he hasn’t forgotten his lean years. Closets in the brand new $100,000 Merchantville, New Jersey, home are filled with mementoes of their poorer days.

Frankie built the house not for himself, but for his mother and father. “First night they were here,” he said, “they didn’t sleep a wink—they stayed up to play with the light switches and to try out the gadgets.”
Large music room is all Frankie's. The inlaid pattern on the floor is musical score of biggest hit record, "Venus."

Huge sunken living room, like every other room in house, is done in red, black and white. "Red," says Frankie, "is my favorite color, it brings me luck. He even has a red sports car."
“why I’m
afraid to have another baby"

I'm not pregnant... The rumors aren't true... Some people think I'm afraid to have another baby. And, in a way, they might be right... I suppose every bride feels this way when she's been married less than a year. I want to consider the perfect timing, if that's possible, for something so important. I must feel within my heart that the moment is exactly right for a new baby, as well as for Carrie and Todd... After all, I once thought a marriage would be forever. Then one morning I woke up to find that the "perfect" marriage was suddenly,

(Continued on page 92)

by DEBBIE REYNOLDS
The spotlight beamed down on Paul Anka. The night-club audience waited breathlessly for him to go on with the song. What could he do? What could he say? How could Paul tell them the voice inside him was not his own?

(Please turn the page)
There was an air of hushed expectancy in New York's plush Copacabana. A single spotlight threw a silver circle onto the floor at stage right. As the band blared in the darkness, a young man strode into the circle of light. He stood there for a moment, then drew it with him as he walked to stage center. As he passed, the young girls in the audience screamed out his name. He bowed and grinned his acknowledgment. Then he started to sing.

He began with a group of romantic songs like "Stardust," then slid smoothly into a routine put together from half a dozen of his own hits—"Diana," "Put Your Head on My Shoulder," "Lonely Boy," "Destiny." Next came a pulse-quickening version of "Down by the Riverside"—the high spot of his act. It was a clever number and a real challenge, because each time he did it he had to make up—on the spot—a brand new verse. During the opening bars he would casually glance around the ringside tables until he spotted a glove, a handbag or a fur stole that had slipped to the floor. Then he would work his way over there, get down on his hands and knees, reach under the table for his prize—and emerge singing the new, appropriate verse! Tonight he spotted a suitable table far to the left. In a minute or two he was well into the new verse and was crouching at the table while the pleasantly confused audience waited to see what would happen next. He reached out for the handbag he'd seen, then raised his eyes to make sure he wouldn't bump his head as he came up with it. . . .

And found himself looking directly into the face of one of his mother's friends from Tenafly, New Jersey.

In that split second of recognition, his eyes filled with tears and he began to tremble. He had tried so hard tonight to wipe his mind clear of everything but his performance—he owed it to his audience to give his best. But now memory came flooding back in a rush of pain and tears. As he stared numbly into the faces around the table, and saw the sympathetic eyes of the men and women who had come to know and love his parents during their year and a half in New Jersey, he could not keep himself from remembering:

Only nine days ago, his mother had died.

Only four days ago, in Ottawa, he had walked beside her casket at the funeral and told himself that he must not cry until he could be alone. Then, he had succeeded in holding back the tears. But tonight, unprepared, caught suddenly by memory and sorrow, he could not hold them back. He could not keep from remembering. It was not a conscious kind of remembering; it was not as though the thoughts coursed through him. It was memory that was in his very being, in his every note and lyric.

Paul didn't notice the worried glance of his piano player. He was conscious only of the shakiness in his voice as he tried to continue the song. And then he stopped. Not a sound came from him. He was so overcome he didn't know that the audience, seeing the tears in his eyes, was leaning forward with concern.

Then he let out a long, loud, brilliant note. He flashed a professional smile and went on with the act. He jumped up and held the pocketbook over his head—the audience laughed and applauded. But Paul didn't hear it—his mind was far away . . . remembering . . .

It had been a terrible (Continued on page 94)
IS THIS MRS. ELVIS PRESLEY?

For the surprise answer, please turn the page
nita Wood. Today she is the mystery girl of Memphis, the girl they say is secretly married to Elvis Presley, the girl whose comings and goings are so strange that the best reporters in Tennessee cannot keep up with her.

Anita Wood. The first time I saw her she was sixteen, a frightened contestant in the Youth Talent Show at the Mid-South Fair. I was one of the judges. (My name is Edwin Howard; I'm a reporter for the Memphis Press-Scimitar.) I remember the scene as though it were yesterday. Anita walked onto the stage, stuck one foot in front of the other, threw back her shoulders, raised her chin bravely to meet the challenge of the microphone and sang, “Oh, What a Dream!” She delivered the lyrics like a girl who believed dreams can come true. That day her dream did come true; she won the contest.

Three years later, two more dreams came true for nineteen-year-old Anita: she was selected as one of the finalists in the Hollywood Star Hunt Contest (again, as coincidence would have it, I was judge), and Elvis Presley asked her for a date.

Today, Anita is twenty-four years old. She is still a girl who believes dreams can come true. And right now she is dreaming the biggest dream of all.

How did her love affair with Elvis begin?

“Elvis got my phone number,” she told me, “from George Klein, a mutual friend. Elvis called me up and said he’d seen me on my TV show, ‘Top Ten Dance Party,’ and would like to take me out. I said fine, I’d certainly like to meet him some time. Then he said, ‘Well, how about tonight?’ I was absolutely flabbergasted. I had a date for that night, and breaking one date for another is something I never do. So I just said, ‘Gosh, I’d love to but I can’t tonight, I already have a date. I hope you’ll call me” (Continued on page 34)

Elvis met Anita Wood five years ago when she was a TV singer. Weeks later he kissed her in public, called her his “number one girl.”

...OR IS SHE

JUST THE
Today, twenty-four-year-old Anita (below) has virtually given up singing career, is content to stay in Memphis, waiting for El to come home. When he does, she is the one he’s with first, last and always. He took her to wedding of his secretary Pat Boyd and pal “Red” West (above).

GIRL WHO WAITS... AND WAITS...
You say you've never even heard of these two? Don't be square! In a few months, Ann-Margret and Peter Mann will be known to every movie-goer across the country. A pair of overnight discoveries, they're the young lovers in United Artists' "Pocketful of Miracles."

But don’t think the loving came easy! Director Frank Capra discovered that neither of them had ever kissed before a camera. In fact, except for the screen tests, neither had ever been before a camera. Kiss perfect strangers? And in public?

Capra sensed their shyness. Being a great improviser, he sent them to a nook behind a fountain, told them to rehearse, just ad-libbing.

A photographer spied on them and caught this fresh fun. Much of it was so delightful, it went into the movie. Here’s what the camera saw:

2. Then he talks it over with her—so sweetly that she promises to give it another try—and not laugh this time.  
3. Yet when the moment comes, she isn’t ready after all . . . she pushes him away and his lips slide to her ear. 
4. At last—warming up to the job at hand 
5. Their lips meet . . . and linger . . . and linger . . . and linger. 
6. "We made it!" they exult. "We made it!" Now they know—kissing strangers can really be fun!
The Last Goodbye

Janet Leigh's farewell to her father
She held her husband hard and close, and only from the fierceness of his returning embrace did she find the strength to fight back the tears that welled up from her heart and struggled to escape from her eyes.

For death and grief were assaulting her. Shock without mercy sought to wrest reason from her being.

She heard only the hoarse whisper from Tony’s lips. Her eyes saw nothing and her body was without feeling. There was no pain, no coherency, no purpose, no thought, no meaning to the moment. There was only the unrelenting anguish and knowledge that short miles from where she was now standing lay the body of her father, waiting for the last goodbye. Daddy . . .

“You’ve got stars in your eyes, Jeanette, sweetheart,” he used to say to her when she was a little girl. Now, there were tears in those eyes—tears for him. For now she would never, ever again hear his warm, wonderful voice. Never again would he proudly tell her of the day she was born.

“It was July,” he used to say, “and hot, even for Merced, California. But it didn’t bother me! I had a daughter that day. I had a daughter and you were she and I was so proud it seemed as though I was the only man in the world who ever had a child.”

And he would pause and look at her and she felt good all over because that look was so warm and prideful and loving.

Then he would nod his head. “Yes,” he’d go on, “you were the most beautifully formed baby I’d ever seen. And I’m not saying so just because I’m your father.” (Continued on page 74)
If not Jackie... then who? And why? Or was such an order ever given at all?

Here's the full story behind the headlines—that Frankie's in the doghouse with the White House, that the Sinatra Clan has been given the social boot

Shhh! Keep this under your hat—it's a rumor that comes straight from the Washington grapevine, from the White House itself, they say.

The word, as we've heard it, is: "Drop Sinatra—and his Clan."

No one in Washington will confirm it. Yet no one has denied it, either.

And as it makes its rounds, those who have heard the report are inclined to speculate that President Jack Kennedy himself gave the word to his family to sever all public fraternizing with the Sinatra gang. Other sources, just as loudly, insist the mandate came from Jacqueline Kennedy.

We don't pretend to know for certain where the order had its inception—or that any such order exists at all. But the events of the last several weeks strongly point to a critical and dramatic weakening of the strong ties of friendship between the Sinatra gang and the Chief Executive's large and gregarious family.

The headlines in the newspapers put it plainly:

"Sinatra's in the doghouse with the White House!"

Because this is undoubtedly one of the hottest stories of the decade, Photoplay has tracked down the rumors and uncovered all the facts, so that our readers could intelligently separate fact from fiction.

First, the highlights:


August 2, 1961—A press agent supposedly speaking for Frank Sinatra announced Frankie and his satellites would orbit over to the Riviera to be house guests of Joseph P. Kennedy, the President's father, at his sumptuous villa on the Cote d'Azur.

August 4, 1961—Mr. Kennedy answered newspaper reporters' queries about the Clan's intended visit by saying he had only one unoccupied bedroom in his villa—and had no intention of making any provisions for any guests from Hollywood. None at all!

August 7, 1961—Two women members of the group, Janet Leigh and Jeanne Martin, without their husbands, arrived at New York's Idlewild Airport from Hollywood to catch a flight to Paris. Patricia Lawford was also present—but couldn't be coaxed by a newspaper photographer to pose with Janet and Jeanne!

August 8, 1961—The Clan gathered on the Riviera: Sinatra and Dean Martin arrived in Nice after visiting Dean's GI son in Germany, Sammy Davis, Jr. pulled into Monte Carlo in preparation for his appearance as the star attraction at Princess Grace's annual Red Cross gala.

Now what did all this mean? To understand, let's go back to Bobby Kennedy's July 8th visit to the Lawfords. Bobby flew to Hollywood without the usual fanfare that attends his frequent global-hopping jaunts. It was a quick weekend trip. Ostensibly it was made so that he could attend the christening of the Lawfords' daughter, Robin Elizabeth.

But shortly after Bobby returned to Washington, the rumors flew in the film capital like a covey of partridges after a shotgun blast. The biggest rumor: Bobby had brought a dispatch from Jack and Jackie to Patricia and Peter—or Peetah, as The Clan endearingly refers to the British-born actor. The message, it was said, carried more than mere glad tidings for the christening.

There were assertions that the White House had issued a somber
note of counsel about the prudence
of any member of the Kennedy
family being publicly linked with
the raucous antics of The Clan.

Of course, there was no public
announcement, and certainly no one
either in the Kennedy family or The
Clan had any comment.

Then came July 28th—the night
The Clan publicly humiliated Eddie
Fisher at his Cocoanut Grove open-
ing. Completely destitute of feeling,
they pounced on Eddie from the
audience as he muffed his lines.

The madcap antics were in-
igated by Sinatra, Sammy Davis,
Jr., Dean Martin and Joey Bishop.
Significantly, Peter Lawford, who
in the past had joined them in such
antics, remained silent and aloof.

Then, while Liz Taylor sat at her
ringside table helplessly before the
heavy-handed heckling heaped on
her husband, all the Clansmen—
except Lawford—charged on stage.
liquer glasses in hand, to take over
the act with limericks, jokes and off-
color songs. Eddie sat on his
chaunches forlornly, trying to force a
smile to mask his exasperation.

This performance was typical of
The Clan's notion of "good fun," the
kind they dispense at night clubs
and gatherings with Sinatra posing
as the sexy leader. Martin pretend-
ing to be the lush, Davis the old-
time minstrel, Bishop the cynical
commentator and Lawford, always
Peterah, playing the British buffoon.

Such behavior, it is said, is pre-
cisely what prompted the Chief Ex-
ecutive and the First Lady to lay
down the law to the other Kennedy's.
The Clan's "frivolous" reputation,
according to insiders, has been
reflecting adversely on the solemnity
of the White House, especially now,
in this period of international un-
rest, when all the free world looks
to John Fitzgerald Kennedy for pro-
found leadership.

Thus, according to these same ins-
iders, Jack and Jackie had no
choice but to give The Clan the
social boot.

Whether this is fact or fancy
can't be proved. No one in the know
will talk. But events following the
Fisher debacle seem to support
those rumors. After all, why was
Joe Kennedy suddenly turning a
cold shoulder to the friends he'd
entertained such a short time ago
in Palm Beach?

In an effort to find out, Photo-
play sent a reporter to the VIP
lounge at the TWA Terminal at Idle-
wild Airport on August 7th. There
he found Janet Leigh sitting on the
carpeted floor, holding a corned
beef sandwich in one hand and a
bottle of German beer in the other.

Over on a divan was Jeanne Martin:
and sitting across from her on an-
other divan was Patricia Lawford.
Both had their shoes off, feet curled
up under them.

The reporter approached Janet,
knelt beside her and asked: "Are
you ladies all heading for the big
Clan gathering on the Riviera?
A flash of terror cracked across
Janet's face as though she were back
in the shower stall in "Psycho." Her
response was swift and emphatic:
"Let me right here and now make
something very plain to you. There
have been reports circulated that
Mrs. Peter Lawford—the President's
sister, Mrs. Patricia Kennedy Law-
ford—was going with us. She is not.
Mrs. Lawford is staying in Paris.
Mrs. Martin and I are going to the
south of France."

The reporter was taken aback by
Janet's firmness. He cast a glance
at Patricia, then over to Jeanne. He
finally turned to Janet, who con-
tinued to speak.

"We are going—Mrs. Martin and
I, not Mrs. Lawford... Mrs. Law-
ford is staying in Paris, as I just
told you—to Cap d'Antibes. We will
stay at the Hotel Du Cap."

The reporter asked Janet to spell
the name.

"Ducan—D-U-C-A-P... P as
in pig!"

"Thank you," the reporter said.
"Please continue."

"Mr. Sinatra and Mr. Martin are
not at Mr. Kennedy's, that's the
President's father," Janet volun-
teered. "At this moment, I believe,
Mr. Sinatra and Mr. Martin and
Mr. Lawford are in Hamburg. I
believe they are. Last time I heard
from Dean they were."

"Then you're all going to meet
on the Cote d'Azer. aren't you?"

"No, no, no. Mrs. Martin and I
are merely going on a vacation for
ten days. Mr. Martin and Mr. Sin-
atra are going in opposite directions
from us."

Suddenly the loudspeaker blared
an announcement of a plane de-
parture.

"Oh, oh, oh," cried Janet, leap-
ing to her feet. "They just called
us to go on the plane. Bon voyage!
Bon voyage!"

Janet was followed by Jeanne, on
the run—and then, at a conservative
distance, Pat took up the trail to
the gangplank. Just before board-
ing the giant jetliner, Janet and Jean
were asked by Journal-American
photographer Mel Finkelstein to
pose with Pat, who was just com-
ing up.

"We couldn't go along with that,"
said Janet. (Continued on page 86)
THIS IS THE STORY OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN AND THE HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY THAT HAUNTS THEM

SOPHIA LOREN
Marilyn Monroe
Kim Novak
Brigitte Bardot
Natalie Wood
Ava Gardner
HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY

continued

They are six of the most beautiful women alive today. Outwardly, you may look like one of them—or none of them. Inwardly, you may have more in common with any one of them than you’re willing to admit—even to yourself. Perhaps it’s just a dream you share. And perhaps, if it’s that, one of these six stories may change your dream.

“Someone is watching, spying on me, all the time,” one of these beautiful women is convinced. On a movie set closed to all visitors, she will suddenly halt in terror, clutch at the director’s arm, and whisper, “They’re watching. I know they’re watching.”

To reassure her there’ll be a slow, methodical search of the set and the surrounding area. Occasionally, in surprise, they’ll discover someone actually is spying on her who shouldn’t be: a still photographer trying to catch her in his telescopic lens, a reporter trying to dig up gossip about her; a man trying to see in the flesh the woman who has seduced him from the screen.

The spies have always been there, she’s certain, since she was a child. First there were her nurse and governess, paid to watch her every move: Don’t do that, don’t say that, you can’t go there, you must stay here. We saw you do that. We’ll tell your mama. (Continued on page 80)
KIM: The man she wants—unavailable

BB: In ten years, a farewell to youth

AVA: Nightmares with her eyes wide open

NATALIE: The girl who was never young
It wasn’t another woman
who ruined our love.

His lies and that
horrible night. I could
forgive him anything except
what he did
to me physically—

by Lili Kardell

The biggest mistake of my life was
to fall deeply in love with Troy
Donahue. I’ll regret it as long as I
live.

Once I loved him—ecstatically,
warmly, sincerely. Once, only Troy
mattered. He would take me into his
arms and tell me how much he, too,
cared for our love.

Then one day, like a sickening
nightmare, it happened. I kept telling
myself over and over again that it
couldn’t be happening to me. Troy
loves me. He wouldn’t hurt me. My
brain spun wildly and the words
gradually became fainter and fainter
until the throbbing of my head became
so unendurable that I stumbled back
into reality. My worst fears were
justified.

The physical scars of that day will
fade away. It will take more than
time to heal the mental anguish. I
only want to forget, but I can’t.

On that Wednesday in mid-
August, I awoke around ten o’clock.
I felt better than I had for days.
Troy dropped over to my apartment
shortly before noon. We chatted like
a couple of lovebirds. He told me
how beautiful I looked; how much
he loved me.

This reassured me that our future
would be bright. During the previous
two months ominous signs had
cloaked our romance. We’d been
seeing less and less of each other. He
would call and cancel dates at the
last minute. Or he’d tell me he
wanted to spend a night or two a
week with his buddies. I tried not
to mind. We (Continued on page 76)
Shoulders out to there... a gleam in his green eyes that can paralyze a girl... a handsome face vaguely reminiscent of Alan Ladd... a sexy quality that sends out vibrations saying, "You're my type..." This is Bob Conrad, TV's virile gift to women... Bob Conrad, a man with the look. But what is behind the look? What inner secrets make up the soul of this man who stirs up emotion wherever he goes? To find out, turn the page.
The scene: a party in a San Francisco hotel room. The guest of honor: Bob Conrad. The time: a few months ago—just about the time Bob's marriage was rumored "finished." It was a good party . . . a lot of laughs . . . a lot of dancing. One luscious, brown-eyed girl kept begging Bob to dance, but he grinned and begged off. Then a very languid siren tried to monopolize him. She couldn't have been more than eighteen, but she'd been singing around San Francisco bistros and she wasn't used to being turned down.

"Honey," Bob said, "I only dance with my wife."

The girls talked that one over. "Wife? I didn't know he was married!" . . . "Well, where is she?" . . . "If I had a husband like that I wouldn't let him on the loose." . . . "Some marriage."

The party went on, everyone clustering around Bob. It took some doing to finally call it a night and get away from the party and up to their suite. A musician who'd come to San Francisco with Bob unlocked the door and switched on the lights. Bob walked around opening windows. He stripped off his shirt and let the cool bay air pour over him.

"Listen, Bob," his companion said, "there's still half a dozen girls downstairs who don't want to go home. You've made quite a hit for yourself. You want to go out on the town, you can name your dish. I'm no prude. You want me to make myself scarce? I mean (Continued on page 78)

He travels alone . . . goes to parties alone . . . has a line every bachelor envies . . . rarely poses with his wife . . . never lets the photographers near his children . . .
Karate, a dangerous pastime usually popular with bachelors, is family-man Conrad's current craze.

ACT MARRIED!
Once there was a little girl...
At Photoplay, this is the kind of girl we've been keeping our eyes out for. And now that we've found her, we'll be keeping our eyes on her. Deborah Walley bears watching. You get your first look at her in “Gidget Goes Hawaiian,” playing the same girl that first made Sandra Dee famous. As these pictures show, Debbie is a girl with an appetite for life. She's reaching out for it with wide-open hands, eager to devour life in the same way she's devouring this watermelon. But with too much watermelon, the worst thing that can happen is a stomach ache. With too much life, the ache is in the heart. For the intimate story of her growing pains, turn the page.
Once there was a little girl who asked the question:

"MOTHER, WHEN DOES A GIRL BECOME A WOMAN?"

continued
He reached out across the small, spindly table and took her hand.

She hardly noticed, because it was so natural to touch the person you love. He was talking about life: "I'm not afraid—everything gets clear—when I'm with you."

Sounds of the drab, smoky coffee house mingled with his voice; other couples sat at other tables, talking leisurely for the price of a glass of black bitter coffee stretched out for as long as you wanted to stay there.

Her face was pale without makeup, and the heavy rough wool sweater and skirt made her features seem fragile, luminous. She looked back, deep into his dark brown eyes and felt the other faces fading. They were alone—the two of them—no other voices, no other world.

This is what it's like to be in love, she thought without questioning. One day they would be married, because she knew she could never live without him.

She was seventeen. His hand felt strong, safe. I will always feel his hand like this, she told herself.

Always . . . Always . . .

Three months later, she knew how short a time always could be. The clear blue-green waves rolled up almost to the tips of her toes. She put down the pen, ripped the half-filled paper off the pad and tore it up.

A boy with bronze-tan shoulders, gray-green eyes and hair like stubby gold stood above her. He folded his arms and grinned. "Love letter?"

"No," she said. She put the little tatters of paper into her straw bag.

"And the ring?" he teased.

She looked down at the tiny gold band on her finger. "I told you before—it's mine—nobody else's."

He helped (Please turn the page)
DEBORAH WALLEY

continued

her up, they folded the beach towel and strolled past the cabanas up to the club where well-dressed, beautifully groomed young couples were already beginning to dance on the big tile patio . . . the late afternoon shadows stretched out over the sand . . . there was just a hint of the coolness of evening . . .

The letter would never be written. She knew that now.

"HOW DOES A GIRL BECOME A WOMAN?"

Deborah knows clothes can help a girl become a woman. She knows, too, that when it comes to fashion, money isn’t as important as taste. She loved the clothes French couturier Givenchy designed for Audrey Hepburn to wear in "Breakfast at Tiffany's," but they weren't for her budget—or age. With PHOTOPLAY's help, the star of "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" decided to try to translate Audrey's chic, womanly look. The results, as you can see, were amazing, yet it's fashion trickery that anyone can do.

Above, Deborah wears a wide-brimmed hat with a light band (by Mr. John), a black crepe sheath (by Mr. Mort), shortie black gloves (by Wear Right) and carries a slim black umbrella (by Uncle Sam). Her outfit adds up to that elegant Hepburn look, at right, created by Paris designer Hubert de Givenchy.
There was nothing to say and no way to say it to someone you had loved once and loved no more. She twisted the thin gold ring and thought of its secret inscription: “I love you,” with his name and the date.

She was still seventeen. Less than three months ago she had been in love. And in less than three (Continued on page 39)
FRANKIE

Continued from page 38

some carpet," I said. "I'm in it up to my knees.

Steve smiled, knelt down and ran his hand across the luxurious nap of the carpet. He looked up at me with the expression of a troubled boy. "You know what I think of every time I walk in here?" he said. "I think of the time I was just a kid in Philadelphia. I went downtown by myself one day and saw this hotel. I'd never been in a hotel before... I just had to go inside and see what it was like. I went through the revolving door and walked into the lobby. The first thing I noticed were the lights... floor lamps... wall lights... chandeliers... thousands of lights. I started to look for a switch to shut them off. At home, we were always having trouble with the electric company—they'd threaten to shut off the service because we couldn't pay the bill—so I'd been trained to turn off all unnecessary lights. Then I noticed something else—I felt the rug beneath my feet. That was the most wonderful feeling I'd ever had. There I was with holes in my shoes and socks and this rug was poking up through the holes. I thought, 'This must be what being rich is like—having a rug like this.' When I got home to the place where we lived, it seemed so dark and dingy—and the old linoleum felt like a rock under my feet."

"That's what gets me so sore about this," he said, getting up and pulling a crumpled letter out of his pocket. "That's why I need you... need your help. Tell me, how can I answer something like this?"

He straightened out the letter carefully, then ran his finger down the page. "Here's the part... listen to this... I read in the papers that you just bought yourself a $100,000 house. What's a kid like you doing with a $100,000 house? Just because you made a few bucks, do you have to crow about it in public? After all, the public put you where you are. It's about time you came down off your high horse and acted like a thankful human being!" Frankie stuffed the letter back into his pocket.

"How do you answer a Joker like that?... I couldn't really answer him even if I knew how," he said. "There's no signature on the letter and no address, I know you know the score, but I gotta tell you anyhow. Just talking out loud instead of keeping it all bottled up in ought to help."

"I wasn't crowing...

Frankie reached out and touched me. "What I want to say now is: I must say here... not in front where my folks are. Letters like this hurt them.

"Sure, I told an interviewer what this house cost. Maybe that was a mistake, but I wasn't crowing or sounding off. He asked me how much it cost and I told him. But this business about my buying the house for myself—that's all wet. I bought it for my folks, my mom and dad. How many times am I home during a year? Two times? Three times? For a couple of weeks at most. So it really is for them. Look, I don't know how to say this without being hammy, but they've knocked themselves out working for me all my life, now I want them to take it easy. That's why I bought this house. My pop's heart's not so good, and Mom's been at the grindstone, and... aw nuts. Let's go in the kitchen and see them—my brother-in-law Tommy's there, too. They'll be wondering what's happened to us."

Entering the combined kitchen and dining area is a warm unforgettable experience. It's like coming home for Christmas, except that with Frankie's mom and dad that special feeling exists all year round.

Mrs. Avallone greeted me as if I were one of the family. Frankie's father, Nick, took up our conversation where we had had to break it off the last time we were together. Frankie's brother-in-law passed me a plate of scrambled eggs and pancakes which had just been prepared on the stove. Frankie ate the same as I did, plus a large glass of orange juice and a chocolate malt.

"Is this your usual lunch?" I asked him.

"Breakfast. For me it's breakfast. The one I always have when I'm home," Frankie replied. "I got home late last night, after not seeing my folks for months, and Mom wouldn't let me go to sleep without making something for me to eat. Then Mom, Dad and I talked 'til early in the morning. That's usual, too. We always gotta make up for lost time."

Frankie's mother went over to the refrigerator to get some milk, and her son laughed. "I still can't figure out what happens after she closes the door," he said. "Does the little light stay on or go off? Years ago we had an ice-box, so I didn't have this problem. No light. Just ice. Although getting ice to fill it was sometimes tough. I have a confession to make. Sometimes when I told Dad the iceman had given me a piece of ice free, it wasn't true. I'd snitched it."

Mrs. Avallone, pouring milk into my glass, muttered, "I knew it all the time."

"But, Mom, that makes you my accomplice in crime," Frankie said.

"Drink your milk," she answered.

Frankie drank it.

"That light-in-the-refrigerator problem bothered me when I was eleven," Frankie said. "One day I won a prize, a brand new refrigerator, for playing my trumpet on the Paul Whiteman show. Our kitchen was so small then, we had to keep it in the hall. Just when I'd decided to climb inside to see what happened to the light (I was small enough to do it, too), we had to sell the refrigerator. I guess that's one of the things I'll never find out."

"Magic... magic"

Frankie's mother cleared off the table, put the dirty dishes in the dishwasher, pressed a button and started the motor.

"Magic," she said, smiling at her son. "Magic!"

I wasn't sure whether she was referring to the dishwasher or to Frankie.

The rest of the family excused themselves and left Frankie and me alone there.

"You see how much this house and all these gadgets mean to her?" he asked.

"Why, the first night they moved in neither of them slept a wink. Mom kept coming downstairs and switching the lights on and off, trying all the gadgets and telling Dad how beautiful it all was."

Suddenly there was the whooshing sound of a car driving rapidly away. "There goes Pop," Frankie said laughing. "A regular hot-rodder. The whole neighborhood knows when Nick Avallone leaves and when he comes home."

Frankie went quickly to a side window and looked out. "Oh, oh," he said, "he's done it again!"

I looked over his shoulder, but his father was out of sight. He saw the puzzled expression on my face and said, "Hey, no, he didn't crack up his car, if that's what you think I meant. It's what he did to mine."

"Yours?"

"Yeah. My buggy, there in the driveway," he pointed to his bright red T Bird parked outside. "Every time I'm home he sneaks out when I'm not looking and shimmies it. I'm convinced he gets up in the middle of the night and closes the

**MITCH MILLER**

sings the praises of the magic voices who have skyrocketed his show to the top

- **Plus—Does TV Harm Your Kids?**
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in November TV RADIO MIRROR now at all newsstands
“Once some of my fans almost wrecked it. They took off the license plates, the mirror, my hubcaps, and wrote all over it with lipstick. I guess I’m used to it, but Dad acted as if they’d desecrated a national monument. He fixed it, cleaned and shined it up. I guess my dad is the only man in the world who has a secret formula for getting lipstick off cars. It’s almost as good as his other secret recipe, the one for wine.”

“Wine?”

“That’s right, wine. They make it themselves, Mom and Pop, down in our cellar. The same way they’ve always made it.”

There was a knock on the side door and Frankie answered it. I heard a man’s voice ask, “Where’s Nick?” “Tell him,” Frankie answered. “Don’t know.” Finally the man’s comment, “Probably out buying another car.”

“Did you hear that?” Frankie asked as he came back into the room. I nodded yes.


“Is he supposed to slow down, to take it easy, but he can’t keep still. I tell him, ‘Take it easy, Pop. What’s your hurry?’ But he’s always on the go—dropping in to check on those apartment houses and bars he owns, and stuff like that. But he doesn’t tell me of us. It’s all a front.”


“For cars. He loves cars. He buys and sells cars for the fun of it. And he always gets stuck and ends up with a lemon.

**Nicky Under-the-Hood**

“That’s the source of my mother’s trouble with Dad—their only trouble. I guess she’s jealous of his cars and she has a right to be. Not that they’re really any competition. He’s fixed more flat tires and adjusted more motors than anybody outside of a garage man. Why, his close friends call him ‘Nicky Under-the-Hood.’”

“When did it start, this ‘trouble’?” I asked.

“Oh, long ago,” Frankie answered. “We were living on Earl Street in South Philly. We had a house there, but we couldn’t keep up the mortgage payments. My dad was working as a butcher, but one day there was a robbery and he was hit over the head, so we had to give up the place.

“One night, just before we had to move out, a noise woke us. Mom, and she hollered, ‘Nicky, they’re stealing your car!’

“Let me tell you it’s almost impossible to get my pop out of bed. Even if the house was on fire he’d keep right on sleeping. But the word ‘car’ did it. He ran out in the street with only his shorts on, and screamed, ‘Stop, thief. Stop, thief.’ That woke up the whole neighborhood. In a little while he came back as mad as a hornet. The thieves were the finance company. They took the car away because Dad couldn’t make the payments.

“To this day he insists that he was right and they were wrong. They took his car without a warrant.”

Frankie got up and went over to the sideboard. “Some more milk here,” he said. “Want some?”

I shook my head no, and he drank it out of the container. “You’d think he’d have learned his lesson five years ago,” he said, coming back to the table. “That’s when he had his accident and his two heart attacks. He was a foreman in a machine shop. One day he and another man were repairing a thousand-pound pressure steel die when it exploded. Pieces of hot metal burst into his stomach and he almost died.

“He still has to have regular check-ups and must visit the doctor each week, but nothing seems to slow him down. Where a car is, he is. Most of the time when we go out in my car, I drive. But I know he likes to be behind the wheel, so I move over and let him take a turn.

“He drives so much that the only sunburn he gets is on his left arm and the left side of his face. He always smokes as he drives. I tell him, ‘Dad, why don’t you use the ashtray?’ He sits there with ashes all over him, but he just smiles and answers, ‘I always use the ashtray.’ What can you say to a guy after something like that?

“Besides, he’s my buddy, and you can’t get sore at someone as close to you as he is. When we go out on drives together, we joke and kid around, but then sometimes we have man-to-man talks.

“Like when I got into some trouble in high school. Not big trouble, but they called him in to see my teacher just the same. We were supposed to stay in school for lunch, but I used to eat out in the playground. Anyway, after they talked to him he didn’t get mad at me or blow his top. He just said quietly, ‘Frankie, they have rules to keep people out of trouble. Obey the rules. Keep out of trouble.’ Just that. No lecture. No sermon. And I never did it again.

“Only when it comes to cars is he unreasonable. One day my T-Bird caught fire. I phoned my dad for help. He sent
my brother-in-law to give me a hand. Now he was driving my dad's car, a beat-up lemon of a car. But Dad loved that car. So what did he tell my brother-in-law before he left? "Whatever you do, don't push him," he said. "I don't want to ruin my car."

I guess it's from him that I come by my own love of things that move fast. The very first thing I ever won as a performer could really go—and it was red, too. I was only six, and I'd taken some soda bottles I'd found into a store and got twelve cents for them. That was exactly the price of admission at the Breeze Theater on Point Breeze Avenue. The theater was holding a talent contest and they asked if any kid could sing. I went up on the stage and sang 'Give Me Five Minutes More.' I don't know where I got the nerve to sing in front of a crowd, but I did. And I won the first prize—a big red scooter. To this day, I'm convinced my dad used to ride it when I was in school.

Frankie stood up and stretched. "Maybe that's why red's my favorite color. It brings me luck. This whole place is decorated in red, white and black. Hey, I've been gabbing so much I've forgotten to show you around. Like to see it now?"

Our first stop was Frankie's music room. He looked around proudly, "This is where I relax," he said. "It's quiet and nice."

"I don't have enough guts"

There were cabinets everywhere in which he kept all his scripts, music, still photos and awards. Above the couch was a painting of a bull. "My favorite painting," Frankie said. "Did you ever try bullfighting?" I asked. "Naw," he replied, "I don't have enough guts."

There was a piano in one corner and a stereo record player. Hanging on the wall was a framed poem from one of his fans and four photographs. He identified each for me: one of his sister Theresa and his brother-in-law Tommy; one of himself and Frank Sinatra ("The greatest guy," he said); one of himself and a horse. (He laughed and said, "Until I went to Hollywood the nearest I ever got to a horse was when I snitched ice off that wagon back in South Philly"); and a still from "The Alamo."

Frankie opened the bottom drawer of a cabinet and pulled out a worn, black case. From it he took out a battered trumpet. He put it to his lips and blew a few notes. Then he held the horn in his hand and looked at it.

"That guy who wrote that letter... the one who says I'm getting old," he said, not looking up. "I wish he could be here some nights when I play this. It's the first horn I ever had, the one Dad bought me when I was only ten. He paid thirty-five dollars for it. It's still good. Everything's different, yet everything's the same. My dad still comes in here and plays the piano, and I play horn and Mom claps or sings... same as we used to do years ago. If someone was nuts enough to offer me a million for this trumpet, I couldn't sell it. My folks, thank God, wouldn't let me."

Frankie put the trumpet back into its case and returned it to the drawer. "Don't get me wrong," he said after he closed the cabinet and sank back on the couch.

"It's miserable to be poor. But there's something even worse. When I was eight, things were so bad that our family was living in one room, and the four of us—Mom, Dad, Theresa and me—had to sleep in one bed. Then Mom went out to work and we raised the down payment on a house and moved in."

"I remember Christmas morning. Theresa and I went in to see the tree, but there wasn't any. No tree. No presents. Nothing. Oh, we had something to eat all right, but it was the same old stuff we ate every day—pasta fuzul—macaroni and beans. We'd have it for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"My sister and I couldn't keep the disappointment out of our eyes. Soon Mom was crying, and we were bawling and Dad was snuffling in his handkerchief. Then Mom said something that I'll never forget. 'This is our Christmas,' she told us. 'This house is our Christmas.'"

"Those were her exact words, but her eyes said much more. 'As long as we're together,' they said, 'that's Christmas.'"

Frankie jumped up and laughed. "If I keep on talking like this," he said, "we'll never get through this house."

He hurried me through the recreation room where I caught a quick glimpse of a fireplace and a built-in barbecue and an old-fashioned bar that faces both ways between the recreation room and the music room. Then we went into his poolroom.

"Like to play a fast game?" he asked, chalking up a cue.

Before I could answer, there was a screeching of brakes outside, and Frankie announced, "Dad's back. Let's postpone this for a while. I want to find out what lemon he's bought today.

We walked to the sunken living room, where the black silk furniture contrasted vividly but perfectly with the bright red carpet. There Frankie's father and mother were sitting close together, hand-in-hand. Frankie put his finger to his lips and we tiptoed in back of them and eased our way upstairs.

Lovebirds

After quietly closing his bedroom door, Frankie said, "I call them the 'lovebirds,' Dad's away all day but he can't stand being without Mom for any length of time. I took my father to Atlantic City with me last year. After a few days he came to me and said, 'Gee, I'm enjoying myself. Frankie, but I go home. Your mother is lost without me.'"

Frankie's bedroom, one of four in the house, carried out the black, white and red motif. The carpet was black, and the huge bed was of bamboo, red and white. adjoining it was a dressing room and a bathroom with a sunken tub.

He slid open the dressing-room closet to reveal racks of suits, slacks, jackets and sweaters. On the floor was a row of shoes neatly lined up.

He reached in and pulled out a cardboard box. In it were a pair of worn sneakers. "These are the sneakers I wore when I was a kid. The rubber is very thick and strong, and it never wore out. See this red circle on the side. The manufacturer claimed it was a running shoe. It made you run faster than anyone in the neighborhood. I believed that then. Sometimes I still believe it."
He put the sneakers back in the box, and the box back in the closet. "When we moved here, we got rid of all the old furniture and junk we'd had for years. But there are many things, like my trumpet and these sneakers, that I'll never throw away.

"I'm sure Dad has things like this stashed away. And Mom, too. Sure. Mom has a kitchen full of electric gadgets and Dad has a boat to go fishing in, but she still won't let the maid do any of the cooking, and he's still Nicky Under-the-Hood, and they both make the same wien they've always made down in the cellar.

"See that swimming pool out there? It's for Mom, but she hasn't even put her toe in it yet. Too busy visiting sick relatives and cooking and straightening up the house. When we were shopping for furniture for this place, Mom was a riot. We'd see something we all loved. Then she'd take a quick look at the price tag and say no, she didn't like it so much after all. That's my mom!"

Frankie shut the closet door. "All those clothes," he said, "but I still remember going to school with my sister when we were six or seven—with each of us wearing a sweater over a sweater over a sweater because we didn't have enough money to buy coats."

He crossed swiftly to a bureau and lifted up the statue of a saint. Under it was a dime. He pressed the coin with one finger. Then he covered it again with the saint.

"That's an old Italian custom," he said. "We put a coin under our favorite saint for luck. That coin has been under that saint in a lot of places, first in South Philadelphia and now here. The road from here to there goes both ways, and it's only a fifteen or twenty minute drive. We're together here like we were together there on that Christmas morning years ago. That's all that matters. And what my mom said when she first walked into this house four months ago goes double for everything that's happened to me, 'I can't believe it. Thank God.' "

He took a paper out of his pocket, tore it to pieces and dropped them into a wastebasket. Then we went downstairs.

At the front door he grinned and flicked on the light switch. The play of light on the marble and plants was beautiful.

"Don't tell anyone..."

Then he said, "I've got a secret to tell you. On my birthday—twenty-one—I'm gonna do something really high-hat. Dad's never had a Cadillac, and he always wanted one. He always says, 'There's nothing like a Cadillac.' So as a present to myself, for the kicks I'll get when I see his face, I'm going to buy him one for my birthday. But please don't tell anyone about it until after that day. I want it to be a surprise."

Frankie waved good-bye as I climbed into my car. I thought I heard him say, "And thanks for helping me," although I'm not really sure. One thing I was sure of—and that is if any kid deserves a $100,000 house, Frankie Avalon is that kid.

—Jim Hoffman

Frankie sings in Chancellor Records, and stars in Columbia's "Sail A Crooked Ship."
He would think a moment. "But do you know," he'd continue, lowering his voice as if about to reveal a great secret, "to tell you the honest truth. I was afraid to look at you. You were my first child and they all said you'd be red and wrinkled and not very pretty.

"But I looked at you and there you were—a doll with wonderful sky-blue eyes and a thatch of red-yellow hair that was nothing short of sunshine. Yes, you were a pretty baby. Six pounds, eight ounces of springtime and love and all for your mother and me.

"You filled our lives and there wasn't a day that I didn't think of a new dream for you. I imagined how beautiful you would be and my chest almost burst with pride knowing that from our love had come you, and all the lovely promise of our future."

So many times she had heard that story... So many times... but now she knew she must remember it... she would never hear it again.

"Nor would she hear the funny part."

He would say, "You know when I said it was hot that day you were born, well, I wasn't hot. I was cool. I was working for an ice company."

How she used to laugh at that. She knew the story by heart, but it was such a wonderful story that, like a charming fairy tale, it never lost its charm.

**Somebody closed the door**

Tony practically carried her into the waiting car. The Los Angeles Airport was swarming with reporters, curiosity-seekers and passengers. Photographers, sympathetic but efficient and purposeful, snapped their lights and shutters at her. Somebody closed the door. The car drove off and she sank weakly into Tony's arms.

The noise of traffic and the city lights flashed by. The long, unhappy ride to where he was—to where he had been.

"The car was taking him to a car had once taken him to her."

"You know," he used to say, "we didn't have a car when you were born. I took your mother to the hospital the night before. They told me you wouldn't be with us for at least another day.

"And then, right in the middle of the afternoon, 3:15 P.M., it was, they called me and said, 'Mr. Morrison, you'd better get right down here to the hospital. You'll be a father any minute.'"

He used to shake his head at that. "No time. I had no time at all—and no car.

"Out of the ice company I dashed and there, right before me, was one of our trucks, just standing there with the motor running. It was like a gift from God—here was a truck for Fred Morrison, so he could see his baby.

"I jumped in and drove like a crazy man. I must have been a sight whizzing that ice truck up the hospital driveway. But I got there...

"Oh, and the driver of that truck... I had a time explaining... but when he heard, he laughed and said he was glad he'd let the motor running. I was the only man he ever knew who stole a ride to see his baby."

The car that was carrying Janet Leigh to her father stopped at a traffic light. She did not look out to see a newsstand on the corner... she did not read the terrible greeting the newspapers had prepared for her:

"Janet Leigh's Dad Writes Note, Dies," said the headlines in large type.

"Beverly Hills, Calif—Aug 12—Movie star Janet Leigh's father, insurance broker Fred R. Morrison, 54, died in his darkened Santa Monica Boulevard office early yesterday... went the story.

The car did not stop because her face was buried against Tony.

"Time... back... back... back."

Once when she was very young they had moved from one town to another. Her father, for no reason at all, had kissed her and said, "To think that you did it."

Years later he had explained it all to Janet,

"That was the time we moved."

"You'll do it," he had said, "I'll find him. The right man. He'll be special for you. But he'll be special for me, too. Don't forget, Janet. I need your happiness. I need it because I've prayed for it. And the man who can provide it for you will be like my son."

He was right. Tony Curtis had been all the son Dad ever needed.

Then came Dad's deep, happy chuckle when he learned he would be a grandfather. And when he was with his grandchildren, Janet was able to see how her
The car in which Janet was riding pulled up in front of a house—the house where her parents lived. And even with Tony and other friends so close, it was dark and quiet.

As dark and quiet as her heart had suddenly gone when, only the day before, Tony had phoned her in France to tell her, in words laden with sorrow, that Dad had died.

Inside the house was another woman, struggling to survive the incredible impact of loneliness that had struck her, too, without warning.

From halfway around the world Janet had come to comfort and share the burden of grief with Dad's first love . . . her mother.

That, Janet knew, would be the worst part. The havoc of their hearts, the void that Dad's passing would leave in hers and her mother's life.

Then for an instant Janet looked up at the great black sky full of sky and stars. Her lips formed one word and it came from her with barely a sound.

Goodbye.

And a small wind came along and carried her last goodbye away.

—Tony Wall

Tony will soon be in "Taras Bulba," U.A.
were to be married after he finished “Lovers Must Learn,” and I didn’t want him to feel that I was pushing or dominating him. As long as he told me the truth, his life was his own. I always believed him. Even when some of my friends told me they saw him with another girl. I never doubted whatever story he would tell—that he did only take Suzanne Ple-bette out to dinner in order to discuss our forthcoming movie role.” They say love is blind, and how true.

Troy became more distant in our relationship until one day I asked him if he had changed his mind about marriage. I even bluntly told him that if he wanted to date other girls, go ahead and I would date other men. After all, if he wasn’t sure, I didn’t want to force him into marriage. He acted hurt and surprised. Again he professed his love for me and for me only. Again I believed him.

On one occasion, six months after we started dating steadily, we had our first big argument. I left his apartment in tears. I even moved in with some friends so he couldn’t find me. He kept calling my friends, telling them he had lost me and begging forgiveness. He finally found me again, and persuaded me that he loved me and needed me. I couldn’t fight my love for him, and again we made plans to be married.

So, like any other lovers, we had our ups and downs. Somehow I believed that on that fateful Wednesday in August, I would finally be able to have a heart-to-heart talk with Troy. His manner that morning indicated he was in a good, relaxed mood. He was cheerful, affectionate.

After Troy left, I puttered around the apartment. I hummed as I went about tidying things up. I made an appointment at the hairdresser, called my agent about a television show I was scheduled to do and then settled back on the couch to rest. My black poodle, Casey, snuggled up beside me and went to sleep. I dozed off, too, and then was awakened by a knock at the door. It was Troy again. When I opened the door, he took me into his arms and we kissed tenderly.

“I can only stay a minute,” he told me after we kissed again. I glanced at the clock on the mantel. It was three o’clock. “I have to get back to the studio,” he said, “but let’s meet at my place and we’ll go out to dinner.”

His voice was tender, exciting. How could I have ever had any doubts about his love for me? I even felt a little embarrassed that I had planned to have a heart-to-heart talk with him. To find out if he still wanted to marry me. His kisses were enough to dispel any ominous sign.

I had a premonition

Around five-thirty, I started getting ready. The day before, I’d gone shopping in Beverly Hills and bought a yellow two-piece summer suit. I knew Troy would like it and I planned to wear it for the first time that night.

Troy’s apartment is only a block from mine in the Sunset Strip area of Hollywood, so I was just about ready to leave for his place when the telephone rang. At the sound, I had a premonition that something was wrong. I picked up the phone cautiously, almost as if I thought it were going to bite.

“Hi love,” came a subdued voice. It was Troy and my feelings changed from consternation to delight. “I’m sorry but I’ll be tied up at the studio for some time. Have a couple of added scenes on the show to do tonight.”

I told Troy that I would wait and have dinner with him when he got off work.

“No need to do that.” he said hesitantly. “I may be real late. Why don’t you call one of your girl friends and go out to dinner? I’ll call you later.”

What a bad break. I thought to myself. Just when things were going so well today and now Troy had to work late called my best girl friend, Beth Springer, and explained Troy’s predicament. She came right over and, since I was all dressed up, we decided to dine at a swank restaurant, the Villa Nova.

It is only a few blocks from my apartment. We decided to walk. Then I remembered. I hadn’t taken Casey for a walk all day. So I asked him if he was hungry and he’s kept inside all day. Then I hit on an idea. Troy’s place is just around the corner and we could walk Casey over there, leave him and pick him up after dinner.

So the three of us set out. When we got to Troy’s apartment, his grandmother and a couple of other people were sitting out on the porch. It was a warm California evening, so I couldn’t blame them for trying to cool off. Beth and I left Casey. A short stroll and we were at the Villa Nova.

The place was crowded, but we were able to get a booth along the wall. The time passed quickly as we talked, mainly about my forthcoming marriage to Troy. It was close to eleven o’clock when we finished dinner and headed back to Troy’s place to pick up Casey.

As we approached, I noticed Troy’s car parked outside. That’s odd, I thought, that he hadn’t called me at the Villa Nova; I had left word with the answering service that I would be there. Beth decided to wait outside.

When I walked in, there was no one in the living room. Then I heard some noises in the bedroom and I opened the door. Suddenly, Troy lunged out at me. His body hit me with one terrific blow that knocked me all the way back into the living room. He started yelling, his eyes blazing like a wild man. I was so shocked that I can’t even recall the words—terrible words.

“I just came in to get my dog.” I cried in pain as tears streamed down my face. “Please give me my dog . . . my dog . . . I don’t know what’s going on here but give me my dog.”

Troy looked dazed and angered. Like an entirely different person. He knocked me down again. I became terrified. My head started spinning, and for a brief moment I thought I was going to die. I wanted desperately to believe it was a bad dream. Troy couldn’t be doing this to me . . . He loves me . . . I love him . . . we’re going to be married.

Then my head started pounding and my eyes focused upward on Troy’s rigid face. It was true, I realized then, he was beating me. Quickly my reflexes responded to defense. I jumped to my feet and my arms struck out at Troy. It the wild melee I think I got two slaps at his face.

He screamed: “Get out of my life. Don’t disturb me again!”

“You hit me, I cried. “I never want to see you again.”

Beth had heard my screams, because oh my God, I was scared to death, because he kicked me around like I was a little rag doll. She came running into the apartment and, just as she did, some girl —I only saw her back and her brunette hair—ran out through the kitchen and the back door to the patio. Beth tried to calm Troy so he would leave me alone.

But this time the neighbors, after hearing the commotion, had gathered at the front of Troy’s apartment.

As Beth tried to talk to Troy. I slowly walked out and headed to my apartment.
Every step seemed like torture. I don't think there was a bone in my body that didn't ache.

**He hit me again**

I reached my door and, with sickening horror, realized my keys had been knocked out of my hand when he threw me across the room. I had to return to Troy's place for the keys, and I prepared myself for the worst.

He started at me when I walked in.

"I told you never to come here again," he bellowed fiercely, "What are you doing here?"

I explained about the keys. He acted as if he didn't hear my words. He hunched at me again. He hit me and I managed to counter with a blow as I flung my purse at him.

Then he ripped my brand new suit completely, and hurled me outside.

I was barely conscious on the hard, cold pavement. It was too ugly, too humiliating for words. One of his neighbors picked me up. I then realized that the blonde part of the suit was hanging in pieces, exposing my white brassiere. I flung my arms around my bosom. It was the most embarrassing experience of my life. All those people, all those eyes watching me as the neighbor helped me back to my apartment.

I became hysterical. I didn't know what I had done wrong. Every time I had caught Troy in an embarrassing situation, he didn't have to take it out on me. He didn't have to beat me. He could have just told me to leave.

Someone had called the police. Moments later I arrived back in my apartment, two officers stood at the door. They were very polite and asked me if they could drive me to the emergency hospital. My face was a bloody fright—my left eye was swollen and turning black and my chin was turning black and blue. I had a gash on my left elbow, and my head was pounding. The back of it had apparently hit Troy's television set when he was flinging me around. At any rate, there was a big knot rising under my blonde hair.

I decided against having the police take me to the hospital or signing a complaint against Troy. They asked me to. I just wanted to be left alone. Beth drove me to a small emergency hospital nearby.

They gave me sedatives in an attempt to ease the pain. The worst was my head. It ached and ached. As soon as my wounds were dressed, Beth drove me home. I collapsed in bed, yet throughout the night, I couldn't sleep. I even took more sedatives, but it didn't help. The next day my personal physician, Dr. Rexford Kenamer (he's also Elizabeth Taylor's medic), examined me.

By this time, my eye had swollen nearly shut. My chin was a deep purple.

Dr. Kenamer discovered that the blow on my head had inflicted a concussion. This explained my severe headaches and a buzzing sound that persisted.

"You'll have to get plenty of rest," he said as he changed the dressing on the cut on my elbow. "If the headaches continue I'll have to put you in the hospital."

I was in a very depressed state of mind that day. I felt a complete nervous breakdown was imminent. The physical and mental damage Troy caused me was heart-sickening to visualize. Within a few short
in case there's a girl you wanna bring up," Bob turned around and studied the guy. He meant it! He was dead serious. I wouldn't mind being in your shoes," the musician said. "There are a couple of beauties down there, and they dig you.

"They dig Tom Lopaka of 'Hawaiian Eye,'" Bob said evenly. "Get that straight. I've got a wife who's in love with me!"

"Don't get burned. How would I know? I've never even met your wife ... she doesn't come around to the usual parties ... I just thought ..."

"My wife doesn't give a damn about my career," Bob said. "But that doesn't mean she doesn't care about me. It means that she's accurate and honest. She loves parties and dinner dates when they involve our friends. She doesn't go for so-called parties that are just camouflage business deals, and she's convinced that so far as my career's concerned I'll make it on my own—on my ability as a performer—without her doing any dishonest buttering up. And I agree with her!"

"Come with me, honey"

Two years ago, Bob did occasionally say to his wife, "It's good for me to do this kind of thing. Joan. Come with me, honey, be charming to the editor." or the producer ... or the disc jockeys. Not now. Today he knows he'll make it on his ability as a performer—and if he doesn't, he's in the wrong business. I'd just as soon Joan didn't come along on these junkets," he told the musician in San Francisco. "I'd rather be with her—hell, I enjoy her company more than that of anybody in the world. I like some of these business people; I love her. But at a business party we can't enjoy each other, I have to be hopping around yakking with contacts—that's why I'm there."

"There was another night... another party, and Bob was alone. A gay, glamorous group of stars were gathered to welcome the editor of Photoplay from New York. The talk was Hollywood. It was bright, witty and sophisticated. Bob gets around at a party. He likes people; he's made a lot of friends. He talked with Doug McClure and Frankie Gersen, fellows he used to see a lot—they knocked around comparatively and comparing notes on the parts they didn't get. He moved easily from group to group in the garden, in the patio, in the bar. One pretty redhead, another actor's date, trailed along with him, and a blonde, a short, vivacious girl with an immense pouf hairdo, was never far from his side. Wherever Bob went, they went. And why not? Bob Conrad is one of the handsomest fellows in town. He's good-looking; he's genial, he doesn't have to work at it. The charm is there. You can see why a girl like Joan who was born to wealth, a girl who had everything all her young life, ran away and married him before he was seventeen. This guy has it.

"Bob, I haven't met your wife," the editor said, thinking he'd missed her.

"She isn't here," Bob answered evenly. "She's beating her brains out in a philosophy class at Valley College."

And then he went on to say how Joan, who left high school to marry him, took the California college board exams last year and not only passed, she knocked 'em dead. Now she's going to school three nights a week, taking one more major than is required and drugging down every class. Eventually, she'll take pre-law at UCLA and go on for a law degree.

Bob's very proud of Joan. She has a mind of her own and he likes that ... loves that. He's an intense individual, and so is she—she had to be married over parental opposition. She had to have the strength to stay with him and build a marriage against all kinds of economic obstacles. Bob likes this because he has a very sound individualism himself. They each have their own interests and they follow them. "She's not like some of these dames you see who are dedicated to themselves to just following some star around.

She's intelligent and she's legal-minded. Her dad's a lawyer, her brother's becoming one. Now that the children are in school, she has time to study."

They go their own ways

So Bob and Joan go their own ways... Bob travels alone, goes to parties alone... took up Karate a dangerous sport usually left to the bachelors... and a lot of people think that means their marriage is rocky and they're pulling apart. It couldn't be further from the truth. Their togetherness is the most important thing in life to both of them; they come back to each other with a great deal to share, with a great deal of other interests. They're also sure enough of each other to give each other the most precious thing in life—freedom. If the people at the party had seen Bob and Joan at home—together—they would have understood this. Bob zipping Joan's dress... Joan brushing her hair in the bedroom... Bob lying in the bath... all in the same apartment they had when there was only beans to eat.

And the night of that Photoplay party, Bob disappeared several times... four to be exact. Those on the lawn thought he was in the bar, those in the bar—the redhead and the blonde with the pouf hairdo—wandered about looking for him. He was in the den, phoning Joan. On these "gay, mad" evenings on the town, he always calls her... to tell her how much he loves her, to touch the lifeline, the intimacy that's been ours from the beginning, that makes it possible to weather the problems. Joan has lived with me for ten years, through some pretty difficult times and now through worse, she lives with me in an industry where embarrassment is heaped on each individual, where a man is rumored interested in, or worse, having an affair with every actress.

(Editors note: Like any story, this one must have two sides. This is Lili's, as she wrote it. We've asked Troy to tell you his side in next month's Photoplay.)

Troy's in "Surf Side 6," ABC-TV, Mon., 8:30-9:30 EST and Warners' "Susan Slade."
Bob collected his paycheck on the docks the day before Christmas—and with it a lay-off notice. An older man might have kept his face, but not to spoil Christmas. Not Bob. He went home and told Joan, as he’s always told her every-thing straight. They never built up characters for each other or tried to be something they weren’t. They never went to anyone else with their problems, just to each other because they had no one else.

They never took financial help from anyone.

There were some anxious moments... when Joan was pregnant the second time...

**I know, and/or including his best friend’s wife.**

“I neither condemn nor condone the mores of others. I think they’re all perfectly real, whose conduct reflects unfavorably on the rest of us in this mythical kingdom of Hollywood. There are many women in order to bolster their egos—half the time, they don’t remember the girl’s name afterward. But I’ve got a good ego to start with, I’m too sensitive for a quick relationship with a dame and—sex along with a girl for marriage is something that goes way beyond the flesh. Each human being has his own need for security. Mine depends on knowing that Joan’s with me. It’s great to have someone to lean on... it’s great to have someone lean on you. And there’s never a day that I don’t tell the children and my wife how I feel about them. I love them—and, believe me. I get love in return.”

There was the time he was holding down three jobs in Chicago—delivering milk for the Bowman Dairy from 5 until 2:30, working at a candy factory in Skokie from 4:30 to 9:30, and singing weekends at a little bistro in Glencoe—twenty-five bucks a week. Joan sang, too, but she didn’t get much sleep. Neither did Joan. She always waited up for him, always had a meal waiting. One Saturday morning, he got home at 4 A.M. exhausted. He didn’t have the strength to go out on his milk route. But milk drivers never miss.

...What happened? Joan made the delivery.

“Not that it was unusual,” he says now. “My wife has done far more difficult things than that. She doesn’t care what I’m doing, delivering milk or acting in pictures, she’s always with me.”

That’s why the rumors hurt so. The most recent—and most vicious—one linked him with Natalie Wood. She and R.J. had broken up—the reason, implied a columnist, Bob Conrad. Joan Conrad read it and was horrified... at the cruelty that’s aimed at celebrities. She, Natalie, Bob and R.J. have been very close. They used to send all their Sundays together, she and Natalie talking while the boys played tennis, all of them swimming, playing gin rummy and monopoly. Joan knew what was happening, was saddened by what was happening to Natalie and R.J. She and Bob held each other close and grieved for their friends’ broken marriage, for their suffering. For themselves, they were gentler than each with each other, more grateful for their own happiness.

“I wanted a man’s life”

“My life started the day Joan and I got married,” Bob says. “I was a kid who’d had it too easy. I had no incentive and I craved incentive. Joan and the children are my roots. At ten, when other guys were climbing trees, I was thinking about having a family. By the time I was fifteen, dating, smoking, drinking, smoking—yes, I was young, but I wanted a man’s life. I got it.

“We weren’t like older lovers who’d developed ways of life and now had to adapt to each other. We just started growing up together, learning about life together. We had to be each other’s answer to everything...

There were some anxious moments... when Joan was pregnant the second time...

Bob can be seen in “Hawaiian Eye” every Monday on ABC-TV, 9:30 P.M. EST.
HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDIES

Continued from page 56

We'll report to your papa. Don't do that.
Then there was Mamma, looking at her as if she were some sort of a freak, so that she began to examine herself in her dressing-table mirror through her own mother's eyes. In the background, she'd see the white walls she must not smudge, the Empire armchair too ornate and expensive to climb on, and the green sofa on which the cushions must be kept just so. In the foreground she'd see her own image. Over-large almond eyes made even larger by the magnification of her eyeglasses, Big teeth. A puffed out lower lip. Frizzy black hair. Long, angular, awkward body. A freak at eleven, a mess.

Later, in her teens, Papa spied on her. "You can't marry him," he told her, speaking of the boy she loved. "You're too young." So one night when she was sixteen, while Papa, Mamma and her younger sister were out, she closed all the windows and turned on the gas jets in the kitchen to shut out their spying eyes once and for all. But they returned too soon and would not let her die.

For two years they let her live with the boy she loved, hoping she'd get tired of him. But she didn't, and when she was eighteen, they were married.

Suddenly she was a movie star. Now the whole world was watching her, and she was glad. On the screen and off, she could do all the things Papa and Mamma never allowed her to do. Let them watch, let them all watch; she'd show them, she'd shock them, she'd shatter their silly rules.

She divorced her husband, and went from man to man, married or single, famous or unknown, as long as he attracted her, twisting each around her little finger, fooling them as she had never been able to fool Papa.

But somehow, inside her head, Papa and Mamma were always there—watching. The world called her beautiful, but when she'd look in her dressing-table mirror, she'd still see herself through Mamma's eyes. "My nose is a very bad nose. It is not shaped well," she'd say. "My mouth is not a good mouth. The lower lip is heavier and more swollen than other people's."

She married again, and to this husband she bore a baby. For a little while she was happy. At least the child was a boy and that meant he could be free. But she tired of the novelty of the child. Having a baby and being twenty-six meant that she was getting old, she realized, and she cried. "In ten years, farewell to youth."

So she arranged for a nurse or her mother to watch over the baby. "I don't see my child except for an hour or two on Sunday," she said. "I am in no sense a mother."

Her main concern, shortly after giving birth, was with her own looks. When a reporter told her she was more beautiful than ever, she pressed him further, wanting added assurance.

Her husband insisted she give up her career and settle down and raise a large family. He battered her on the set, objecting to the love scenes she played, watching her every move. Watching... watching...

One night she tried to blank out the eyes of the watchers forever. In a deserted garden she swallowed a bottle of barbiturates and slashed her wrists.

She woke up in hospital. Three doctors were peering down, watching her intently. She fell asleep again. Much later when she opened her eyes, a nurse's eyes were gazing into her own. That's when she cried out, "I want to die... Please let me alone."

Today her marriage has all but collapsed. Sometimes she thinks of going back to her first husband. Sometimes she searches for a new man, someone who will miraculously unlock the prison of her self and lead her safely into freedom past the suspicious, watchful, threatening eyes of the wardens and guards who are everywhere. For Brigitte Bardot is sure that "someone is watching, spying on me, all the time."

Nightmares with her eyes open

"Sex is ugly," our second beautiful woman feels. Not that she's ever put this feeling in words, but the entire pattern of her life since she was fifteen bears it out. She is the Sex Symbol who's afraid of sex, the Love Goddess who's terrified by love.

It was nice, that first kiss, sweet and gentle and yet exciting. She'd dated the boy before and liked him a lot. Now he'd walked her to her front door, taken her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers. It was different than she'd ever imagined, and she shivered even though his arms were warm around her.

Then the door of her house burst open and her mother was standing there, screaming at the top of her lungs, "The things she called me and my date don't bear repeating," she's recalled many times since. "I was never so embarrassed and mortified in my life. I remember trying to wash off some of the dirt I was sure had rubbed off on me."

But the stain of guilt, the feeling she'd done something dirty by letting a boy kiss her, wouldn't be washed off. Her mother's death from cancer a few years later, while she herself was out in Hollywood trying to become a movie star, did not free her from the conviction that in kissing the boy that night she had somehow sinned. It merely reinforced her feelings that she was bad. "Why wasn't I home with mother instead of out here trying to get into the movies?" she asked herself. Now she blamed herself for her mother's death.

She began to feel the type of pains her mother had complained of before death—gnawing stomach pains—and she was convinced that she, too, would die of cancer, as her mother and grandmother had before her.

So she looked for a strong man, a hero, who would magically purge her feeling that sex was ugly, who would instantaneously release her from her fear of death. Her first marriage, with an actor, lasted one year. Her second marriage, to a band-

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The things they whispered

"Just once, just one time in my life, I want them to treat me like a lady," our next tragic beauty prays. When she was a little child she heard the neighbors whispering behind her back, "Illegitimate..." She didn't know quite what the word meant but then neither did she ask her mother. Somehow she realized the word would hurt Mamma and so she kept quiet.

Later, when she found out what "illegitimate" meant, it didn't matter. Now they called her something worse: "Little Skeleton." It meant they were so poor she never had enough to eat, so that the ribs showing through her skin made her look like a washboard. It meant something else, as she recalled years afterwards, "When I was little, I was dark and thin and ugly. To be ugly is the worst thing that could happen to a girl."

Being Little Skeleton meant nobody would ever marry her. She'd have to spend her life as a schoolteacher. To protect herself from the pain she felt every time they called her "Illegitimate" or "Little Skeleton," she created a daydream which she was able to turn on in a second, just like switching on an electric light. In her dream she was beautiful, round where she was now flat, and no longer ugly. She was married to a wonderful man. He was rich and bought her dazzling clothes and sparkling jewels. Whenever she walked along the street on his arm, she'd hear people whispering, "Isn't she beautiful? She's a great lady."

In time, part of her dream came true. She became beautiful, she got married and divorced. Her husband showered her with jewels and gowns. Everywhere she went people recognized her. Sometimes she'd hear them whispering and she'd catch the word "beautiful." But never the word "lady." Instead they whispered "Bigamist!"

When she met her future husband, he was still married to someone else, even though they'd been separated for years. He had to get an annulment from his first wife, and then he married her. Her dream of happiness, of respectability, had been almost completely realized.

Then the dream exploded into a nightmare. Her Church and the government of her country condemned her marriage as "gravely illicit" and labeled her and her husband "public sinners." In addition to these denunciations, she and her husband were threatened by jail terms.

Her husband took the only possible step. He arranged for their marriage to be annulled. That meant they'd no longer be man and wife. That meant that he'd still be married to his first wife, inasmuch as the church and state also didn't recognize his own divorce. This was a blow to the Church and the government would yield. Perhaps they'd annul his first marriage and leave them free to marry. Perhaps... anyway, they were trying to do what was right, what was legal.

Today she walks along the street again, on the arm of the man she prays may one day be her husband—forever. But matter what happiness, she will not leave him. She loves him and he loves her; that should be enough. But even as she strolls along, head held high, and people nod and bow to her, the famous actress, she hears their new whisper behind her back, "Adulteress," and the word fuses with all the other names she's been called, "Bigamist... Little Nick..."

"All my life I've fought to be respectable," she said recently, "but I never seem to make the grade!" Yet Sophia Loren still hopes, still dreams, that someday she and Carlo will walk down the street and hear the people whisper, "She's a great lady."

Someone to kiss the past away

"I guess I want love more than anything else in the world," the fourth of our tragic beauties once wrote, and her whole life has been a search for that love. But a fruitless search for an impossible love.
A love that might fill the aching void of the one she’d never known, the man in the faded snapshot her mother once showed her, who looked “strong and manly—like Clark Gable.”

A love that would make up for the love taken from her after her mother was committed to an insane asylum, when she was just four years old.

A love that was denied her when she was shuttled between orphanages and foster homes. A love that would wipe away the horrible memory of what one woman—one of the many foster-parents she lived with at one time or another—had said. “Stop calling me Mamma. I’m not your mummy. I’m not related to you at all. You just board here.”

A love that could make her forget the bestial attack made upon her by a boarder in another foster home. An attack that causes her to cringe at dusk and darkness to this day.

A love that would drive the twisted shapes and ugly phantoms of childhood from her mind, that could answer her pitiful question, “Who am I? Who am I?”


Each of the men she chose was “strong and manly—like Clark Gable”—and like her father. Each of the men was older than herself: her first husband was six years older; her second husband was twelve years older; her third husband was eleven years older. Her two closest friends in Hollywood—a talent scout who fell in love with her and a producer who guided her career—were twenty-two and forty-six years older, respectively, than she. For each of these men she loved and admired she had the same pet name, “Daddy.”

But each in time deserted her, her “husband,” her lover—“failed” her, as her own father had failed her years before. She went from marriage to marriage, from man to man, always searching for the prince on the white horse who with one kiss would wipe out her past completely.

On the screen she was every man’s dream—seductive, warm, vibrant, confident. Off the screen she was terrified, anxious, self-conscious. Sometimes she confused the reel with the real. In life she tried to play herself as she appeared in the movies, but instead of being the sexy seductress, she always ended up as the frightened little girl.

Today she is thirty-five. A fateful year for any woman, a time when she counts her blessings—home, husband and children. But for this woman—childless, husbandless—it is a tragic year. When glamour fades, it goes fast. This may be Marilyn Monroe’s last chance to catch the gold ring of love. Faster she whirled in desperation. Faster. Faster. Clutching frantically, “Who am I? . . . I guess I want love more than anything else in the world. Who am I? . . . want love . . . I . . . want love . . .”

The unavailable man

The tragedy of her fifth beautiful woman is that she can’t accept the fact that she’s beautiful. Now, twenty-eight, she’s been pursued, proposed to andermannon by more men than she can remember. But she can’t accept the fact that they really want her. In her own mind she’s still a gangling, unappealing adolescent. And laughter. Today she recalls, “I was always in the last row or next-to-last row . . . I was seated with the jerks.”

From a skinny, anemic girl she blossomed overnight into a beauty. First she took a modeling job and then she was discovered by Hollywood.

From the beginning they treated her as if she was off the shelf. She was someone to train, develop, exploit and laugh at. “Laugh at” because she mumbled her lines, fumbled her cue, stumbled through her scenes.

But her face was hauntingly beautiful and her hour-glass figure was the kind women envied and men stared at, so they stuck with her and slowly she learned to be an actress. Yet even as she sat in the balcony of a theater and watched herself down below on the screen, she didn’t believe that the girl there was really her.

When the audience around her laughed at a funny action or line of hers in the picture, she was certain they were laughing at her, the girl, rather than at her, the actress.

With the men she met it’s been a variation on this same theme. They’ve been attracted to her, she is convinced, because she’s famous, because of her phony glamour, and not because of herself.

Who could really love me? she must think to herself. The girl with the pimply face. The freak in the back row. The girl who had to be rescued.

She cannot trust her own feelings. Love someone and he’ll be disappointed in you. Revel yourself to someone and he’ll laugh in your face. Depend on someone and he’ll let you down. It happens every time.

Many times she’s been close to the brink of marriage, and then whirled back before taking the plunge. Recently, a columnist wrote, “Kim Novak is a Hollywood spinner at twenty-eight.” An item to be read, laughed off and dismissed. But not for this beauty to whom life is a bunch of laughs—all directed against herself.

The girl who was never young

Our last tragic beauty is a girl who never was young. When she was six years old, she was offered a Hollywood contract. Her father objected. “I had found a good job,” he says, “and the house was almost paid for, and I thought it was wrong to turn her into an actress when she was so young. I felt that if she wanted to be an actress, there would be time later. Then, it was time for her to enjoy being young.”

But the child begged, cajoled and cajoled, and finally she had her own way. She had stars in her eyes, she was determined to be an actress, so when other youngsters were just coming into the first grade, she already was making pictures. Not that she didn’t go to school, too, but her classroom was a roofless alcove at the side of a set. During playtime she swung on ropes that supported the cameras. There were no kids her own age around, so she draped herself in Crooks, Johnson, Stewart and Jane Wyman to join in her games.

The funny thing (or maybe it wasn’t so funny) was that even though she was older than her age and her companions were all adults, the studio insisted she look younger than she was. She was a child star and they wanted to keep her that way. When she started seventh grade, she went to a public school in New York—for the first time. Yet she had to dress like an eight-year-old, with frilly dresses, white ribbons and pigtails, while some of the other girls were already wearing lipstick and trying on high heels.

For a week she stood up under her classmates’ laughter and ridicule. Then she rebelled. Off came the frills, on went a black-and-white skirt. She didn’t care if the pigtails were replaced by a short, smart haircut. Off came the ribbons, on went the lipstick.

By the time she finished high school she had had more dates, gone to more night clubs, and been exposed to more facets of life than are most women in a lifetime. But her driving ambition, her desire to be the “best actress in the world,” argued with that and suggested that a date with her would be great fun.

One evening, for instance, she and her date drove up to the Hollywood hills. They parked the car, he flipped on the radio and twirled the dial until Elvis’ voice came out full and strong, and she put her head on his shoulder.

“What are you thinking about?” he asked.

For a moment she was silent. “I’m thinking,” she said quietly, “about how I’ll play that scene tomorrow morning.”

The boy sighed in defeat, turned on the dashboard light and stuck the ignition key in the slot. “I’ll take you home,” he said. “Promise.” The girl replied, “I’ve still got some limits to my morals.”

There were other obstacles to discourage any boy with romance on his mind or love in his heart. Publicity men who came along
on dates. Photographers who popped up at the most unexpected times. Once a writer and a still cameraman actually accompanied her and a boy when they went to a marriage chapel. In due time the entire episode appeared in print under the title, "I Got Cold Feet at the Altar."

Anything for publicity and anything for kicks. She had dates every night in the week. When other girls were first going steady, she been "stumbled across" many times. She'd grown up fast, driven fast, fell for a boy fast and dropped him even faster.

Then, faster than fast, she fell in love and got married. She knew everything except how to be a wife. "Oh, I'm very domestic," she said. "I know how to call Room Service." Not that she didn't try to make a go of it; she tried very hard. She drew the cloak of privacy around her marriage and wouldn't let anyone—the studio, writers, photographers, publicity people—peek through. She learned to cook. She went with her husband everywhere, and they were hardly ever separated. He was an actor, too, and she encouraged herself as much as she could.

Maybe that's when the trouble started—with their careers. After their wedding, her career zoomed and his career zagged. The monster she'd created came back to haunt her. She'd sacrificed everything—including her own childhood, in attempting to become "the best actress in the world," and in the process had lost her husband.

Today, at twenty-two, Natalie Wood's career is at its zenith, but her marriage is a shambles—the tragic fate of the girl who was never young.

**Why the tragedy?**

These are six stories that began so differently. What lies behind the tragedies of these beautiful women—Natalie Wood, Marilyn Monroe, Kim Novak, Sophia Loren, Ava Gardner and Brigitte Bardot—that makes them run so alike, so unapologetically? Why, since the days of silent movies, have beautiful women been haunted by this same Hollywood tragedy?

First there is this—that they are so beautiful. They are adored, admired and idolized. They can grow to expect this adoration and admiration, to depend on it, as an actor depends on drugs. Yet, like a narcotics addict, they grow more and more slaves to the admiration they have for their own beauty. In many cases this may be all they have. If their beauty fades, they are dead in life.

A goddess, traditionally, is to be loved but she can not love in return. So it is with a goddess of the screen. She can confuse the glamorous projection of herself which she sees on the screen with her own real personality. Maria Schell, a beautiful woman herself, says, "There's something terribly sad about being an actress. You work in very close quarters with someone for a month, kissing him and trying to express yourself from the heart. Eventually who can tell what the reality of the situation is? If you give yourself to a part, you have to believe it yourself. It's like a series of love affairs, all ending sadly."

The beautiful star confuses and is confused by the three roles she must play: the actress on the screen, the public personality the press agents create for her and the person she really is. To be success-

—Jae Lyte

Sophia Loren will soon be seen in "El Cid." A.A. Brigitte will be in 20th's "Only for Love." Kim Novak's next will be "Notorious Landlady." Col. And Natalie Wood's in "West Side Story" for U.A. and in Warners' "Splendor in the Grass."

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**Pregnant?**
ELVIS PRESLEY

Continued from page 46

again, though.’ And really, Mr. Howard, I just knew he wouldn’t call after a turn-down like that,” she stated. “but gosh, two nights later he did call me again. He asked for a date and I said yes. He and several of his friends picked me up in his black Cadillac limousine, and we drove down Main Street past the Strand Theater where they were putting up a special front for the premiere of his picture, ‘Loving You.’

“After a while, we headed back out toward Whitehaven, and Elvis called Chenault’s, his favorite restaurant, on the car phone and asked them to have the private dining room ready in fifteen minutes. When we got to Chenault’s my hamburger and Elvis’ special—a cheeseburger with bacon instead of the hamburger meat, and all the trimmings—were already fixed and waiting for us.”

Two nights later, Elvis phoned for another date. He and his buddies picked up Anita shortly before midnight—in his white Continental—and whisked her to the Strand Theater for a special midnight screening of “Loving You.”

Three days later, Anita received her first invitation to dinner at Graceland. The dinner, prepared by Gladys Presley herself, consisted of sauerkraut, hot dogs, black-eyed peas, tomatoes, potatoes and a huge coconut cake. Anita got another first that night—her first present from Elvis. It was a pink and black stuffed poodle which she still cherishes.

For several weeks, Elvis and Anita dated practically every night. Then, it was time for him to leave for a personal appearance tour in the Northwest, and for Anita to go to New Orleans for the regional finals of the Hollywood Star Hunt. Their goodbye at the railroad station was well covered by the press. That was the now-famous goodbye at which Anita and Elvis kissed and he gave out the quote that, indeed, Anita was his “Number one girl.”

She didn’t know how

I can report what happened next for a very simple reason—I went to New Orleans, too. I had been asked by American Broadcasting-Paramount Theaters Inc. to be a judge for the Star Hunt finals. I can tell you how genuinely happy and excited Anita was when she won the contest and the year’s contract for movies, night-club appearances and TV shows that went with it. But I can also tell you that once the contest was over, and I walked her back to her hotel, she wondered about only one thing—how Elvis would really feel about her winning. She wished out loud that she could call him and tell him about it, but she didn’t know how to reach him.

I can tell you how her eyes lighted up when we reached the hotel and the desk clerk told her there was a long-distance phone call for her from Spokane, Washington. There was only one person she knew in Washington—Elvis Presley.

When she told him the news, Elvis said, “I told you all along you’d win, honey. It’s wonderful . . . I’m so glad! My little girl’s gonna be a movie star.”

For a while, it looked as if Elvis was right. AB-PT Pictures flew Anita to Hollywood for a screen test and then cast her in two pictures. Neither of them was ever made, though—the company went out of business. But Anita had sufficient compensation, Elvis was in Hollywood, too. He was delighted to show “his little girl” the town.

It was then the rumors that Elvis and Anita would wed first began. They began with Elvis’ second gift to Anita. No stuffed animal, this second gift, but a diamond and sapphire ring. When I heard about it back in Memphis, I telephoned Anita.

“How did you know?” she gasped. But I wasn’t telling!

“Oh,” she went on, “it’s just beautiful! There’s a diamond in the center and eighteen sapphires clustered around it. But it’s not an engagement ring or anything like that, Mr. Howard. It’s just a friendship ring . . . honestly . . . I’m wearing it on my right hand.”

A few months later, on March 24, 1958, when Elvis went into the Army, Anita’s tears and kisses mingled on his cheek. Like his mother and father, Anita later went to Ft. Hood in Texas to be with him as much as possible during basic training. She spent so much time there, the marriage rumors cropped up all over again.

I happened to be in New York in June, 1958, while Anita was there to make a record for Am-Par and to audition for Andy Williams’ summer TV show. Over Cokes in the grill of the Edison Hotel, I decided not to beat around the bush. Straight off I asked her about the marriage rumors.

She was just as straight with her answer, “Oh, we can’t get married now. We both have too much to do. With Elvis going to Germany and me really just getting started with my career, neither of us is ready to get married.”

“Then what about all the time you’ve been spending at Ft. Hood?”

“Really,” she replied, “I saw very little of Elvis in Texas. He hardly ever got off the post. Luckily, I met these wonderful people, Sgt. Bill Norwood and his wife, and they invited me to stay at their house on the post. But I still didn’t see much of Elvis—sometimes I only saw him for five minutes at a time. And we couldn’t go anywhere, even on the post, without being mobbed.”

Evidently seeing Elvis for five minutes at a time was so important to Anita that even after she got the job on Andy’s TV show, she spent four days out of every week at Ft. Hood and flew to New York for rehearsals and the TV show.

“If only he would ask me . . .”

When, on August 14, 1958, Elvis’ mother suddenly died, Anita immediately flew to his side. When Elvis was shipped to Germany, Anita bade him goodbye. And I remember how she wanted to go with him. In fact, only her good judgment kept her from going. A movie magazine had a trip all arranged with Lufthansa, the German Airline, but she regretfully turned it down when Elvis said no.

“Oh Lord,” she sighed plaintively, “if only he would ask me to come over!” But Elvis was doing his best to live the life of an ordinary soldier, and an ordinary soldier didn’t invite his girl across the ocean as if they were across the street. And Anita, I had been noticing for some time, was becoming more and more mindful of Elvis’ wishes in everything she said and did. Yes, she turned down the trip to Germany, but I know how often during the next months she regretted the necessity for such a decision—especially when almost every magazine and newspaper carried a story linking Elvis with various German girls.

During the next few months, I saw Anita only once, and that when she was fulfilling a singing engagement at the Swan Room in New Orleans. She had a gorgeous new wardrobe, a sophisticated coiffure and a new act—all provided by AB-PT Inc. But in spite of all the new glamour that surrounded her, it was easy to see her heart was no longer in her career.

A few months before Elvis’ scheduled release from the Army in March, 1960, Anita returned to Memphis, glad to be free of the AB-PT Inc. contract she had once worked so hard to earn. She took a job as disc jockey with Memphis radio station WHHM and settled down—to wait for Elvis.

Just before he returned, I took her to lunch in a quiet place where we could talk. “Is it true,” I asked her, “that you and Elvis are going to be married as soon as he gets home?”

“Who told you that?” she asked wide-eyed.

“Oh, I just heard it,” I said.

“Man!” she exclaimed. “I wish I could hear it.”

From several things she said, I gathered that she and Elvis had discussed marriage, but that Elvis and/or Colonel Parker, his manager, felt he should get his career back in full swing again before entering—pub-
Stay out of sight...

Anita also made it clear that she would do nothing to hamper Elvis' efforts to reestablish himself—regardless of her personal feelings.

"No," she said, "I'm not going to New York to meet him, nor am I going to the train station in Memphis when he comes in. I'm just about to die waiting for him, but there'll be fans and reporters and photographers all over the place. It'll be a blast. If I were there, it would be too much like putting him on the spot, you know.

"But I'll be waiting for him, just like I have been ever since he left. I'll stay out of sight that first day or night."

"Have you been dating anyone else?" I asked.

"Well, I have some because Elvis said he wanted me to. But golly, that boy sure must have a lot of spits. It seems like every time I do date someone else he calls me up and asks if I'm dating anyone. I often have to tell him I hear about you dating so-and-so. Sure I want you to date, but not that guy! I'm crazy about Elvis, but oh, he is a rascal."

Anita was talking freely, so I asked, "Would you like to marry that rascal?"

"Yes," she said. "Direct. She said, "Yes."

But when I asked if he had panned the question, she said, "No comment." And when I asked, "Are you willing to wait for him?" (after all, she'd already been waiting three years) she replied with a touch of defiance, "Well, I don't know how much longer I'll be around. After all, I'm going on twenty-three. I haven't got all the rest of my life!"

That was almost two years ago, and Anita is still waiting... and waiting... and waiting. . . .

Many fans, columnists and magazine writers, taking Elvis' reported post-Army romance with Anita Helm, Presley's Tuesday Weld, Nancy Sharp and his latest star, Anne Helm, seriously, have probably assumed that Anita Wood is completely out of the Presley romance picture. The home-town folks know better.

Anita has even given up her disc jockey job and is working as secretary to one of Elvis' friends, Paul Schaffer, operations manager of the Malco Theater circuit. And when Elvis comes home between films, Anita is the girl he sees first, last and in between. During one of his recent stays in Memphis, Anita was with Elvis so much that she was rumored to have married him and moved into Graceland. The rumor still persists.

As always, when marriage rumors pop up, I asked Anita about them.

"Oh, no," Anita assured me. "I stay with Louise, the wife of Elvis' cousin Gene Smith. They have a house in Whitehaven, and she likes to have somebody with her because Gene travels so much with Elvis, you know."

"When (I no longer ask IF) will you and Elvis marry?" I asked.

"Well, heavens," Anita replied, "I just don't have any idea. You know how Elvis is."

"You're sure you're not already married?"

"No, Mr. Howard," she insisted. (She still calls me Mister Howard, although we have known each other for eight years and there aren't that many generations between us.) "People keep coming up to me and asking if I'm married yet."

Midnight courtship

Anita isn't fooling when she says she doesn't wait much when Elvis is in town. To give you an idea why, here's a typical evening: First they played records at Graceland from late evening till about 11:30 P.M. Then they went to the Memphis Theater, which Elvis had rented for a private showing of "Wild in the Country" and "The Silver Chalice." When that show was over at 4:15 A.M. it was down to Keller Lake where they zoomed around in Elvis' sixteen-foot-boat until the sun came up. Elvis then went home to sleep. Anita had to be at work at 9:00 A.M.

Another night Elvis rented the entire Fairgrounds Amusement Park from 11:00 P.M. to 3:00 A.M. and Anita arrived at the park where she looked almost like a flock of friends. Other nights he rents the Rainbow Roller Rink after its closing hour.

But more and more lately, Elvis and Anita have been enjoying quiet times together without Elvis' once-ever-present pals. Elvis flew to West Coast, perhaps Elvis' closest friend, married his secretary, Pat Boyd, recently, Elvis and Anita attended the ceremonies with Vernon Presley and his wife, Dee. In fact, Elvis, Anita and his dad and stepmother have become a frequent foursome in Memphis.

On his first night home after finishing "Blue Hawaii," the foursome was admitted through the back entrance of Loew's State by Elvis' former boss Arthur Groom to see "The Young Savages."

The only remnants of Anita's once-promising singing career are the charity shows she so generously lends her talents to, and the few records she had made for Sun, the Memphis record company that launched Elvis' career.

"None of my records have done anything yet," she told me the other day, "I'm going to try to promote my own--after Elvis leaves town and I catch up on my music."

"One of them is called I'll Wait Forever," Gosh, Mr. Howard, doesn't that sound just like me . . . ?" —EDWIN HOWARD

Elvis Presley stars in Paramount's "Blue Hawaii," U.A.'s "It's a Wonderful Life."
Tony Curtis to his wife flashed the shocking news that Janet Leigh's father was dead—a suicide. (For the full, tragic story, see page 51—editor.)

Meanwhile, Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin took off from London, suddenly and without warning, on a jet for New York.

On their arrival in the States, a reporter prodded Frank for an explanation as to why he never made it to Joe Kennedy's villa.

"Surely that's what the idiots said," snapped Sinatra. "Yeah, we never intended to go to the Riviera," chimed in Dean, apparently unaware that Janet Leigh had gone to great pains a few days earlier, at the very same airport, to explain how she and Martin's wife were doing nothing else but going to the Riviera.

Across the country, 3,000 miles away, Janet Leigh finally reached Los Angeles Airport. She stepped out of the plane and, supported by Jeanne Martin, came down the ramp into her waiting husband's arms. "Please, please," muttered Janet to reporters, "I have nothing to say."

The date was August 14th.

On the following day, another message of ill tidings cranked across the Atlantic. This call was to Peter and Patricia Lawford—from Los Angeles. Their six-weeks-old daughter, Robin Elizabeth, had been taken to the hospital for surgery.

The news reached them just as they landed at London Airport on a flight from the Riviera, lower to home.

"This is news to me," Lawford said. Patricia gasped. They rushed to phone the hospital and gave their sanction for the operation. Then Pat put in a call to the White House to talk with her brother, the President of the United States. When she emerged from the lounge, Pat was in tears.

"My baby is undergoing an operation in five or six hours," she said.

Asked if it was serious, she responded, "It's serious enough." But, luckily, Robin Elizabeth came through in fine shape.

Shortly after that, word leaked out of the White House that President Kennedy would privately miss his brother-in-law Peter's role in "Advise and Consent"—the role of a Senator of questionable morals.

So ends the story of The Clan's summer vacation on the Riviera. Not a very happy ending, filled with disappointments, disillusionment, death and dilemma.

Perhaps the fact that The Clan can be reduced to its proper perspective by someone who really knows—Lauren Bacall, one of its charter members in the days when the group was "The Rat Pack," and her husband Bogie was King.

Lauren, the first den mother of The Rat Pack, says disdainfully: "So far as I'm concerned, I always turned itself automatically in 1956. I don't recognize the present group at all—and I'm sure it's mutual.

"I'd like to keep it that way—no guilt by disassociation. I think their pleasures are simple—simple-minded. Any color they may have escapes me because I think it's pretty manufactured."

That's Lauren's opinion. Do Jack and Jackie share her thoughts? No one can say for certain, but we've given you all the facts . . . and we'll let the facts speak for themselves.

—GEORGE CARPOZI

Tragedy interrupts

But for some of The Clan this was not to be. Tragedy interrupted the holiday. A phone call from Beverly Hills from Joan Fontaine, Lucille Ball, Kirk Douglas, Laurence Harvey, Danny Thomas, Groucho Marx, Keely Smith, Yul Brynner, Jerry Lewis, Milton Berle, Bob Wagner, George Jessel, Shirley Jones, Merle Oberon and Edward G. Robinson, to mention just a few—had squeezed into their seats at the ringside tables. But almost at once, they were up and down and all around, greeting and chatting with each other.

The plain, ordinary, garden-variety of non-celebrities pressed forward to stare at the stars. Close on their heels came an army of official and unofficial photographers. Late arrivals kept pushing in through the doors until it appeared that the walls of the Grove would burst everyone out into the streets.

Some of the braver souls tried to dance to the music of Dick Stabile's orchestra, but for each couple it was like treading water in a fish bowl. They were hemmed in by extra tables and by scurrying waiters who had given up on trying to get food orders straight and were just bringing drinks to the very thirsty patrons—and those were many.

The whole atmosphere was one of confusion, almost chaos. A milling, partly hostile, unruly mob: two quick strikes against Eddie.

He began his first song while threading his way through close-packed tables and past pushing waiters. When he reached them, and where Liz was sitting, the applause of the crowd, which already had made it difficult to hear the first few bars of his song, now drowned out his words completely. It was as if the audience—or at least a part of it—was saying, by means of handclaps and cheers, "We're behind you all the way, Eddie, and we're glad Liz is here, and well."

But Liz wasn't well and she shouldn't be there. Eddie knew this, and Liz knew this, and Dr. Rex Kennamer, who'd escorted her to the opening, knew this most of all. She'd been exhausted after her State Department junket to Russia. Then, just a few days before, there'd been that operation on her throat to remove the scar resulting from her tracheotomy in England, an operation that had been performed for necessity's sake, as well as beauty's. For, in her own words before going to the hospital, the scar "throbbed like a heart beat."

The mob pushed closer . . . closer

So even though she should have been home in bed, she was there at ringside to give Eddie moral support. She knew how important this engagement was to him, of course, but more than that, as she herself previously had said, "If I'm not out in the audience to watch him every night, I sit back in the wings. His voice thrills me. I never miss a performance."

She'd been so sure that she was strong enough to stand the opening night excitement. She'd left the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital a day earlier than scheduled, and in high spirits and humor she'd sent a columnist a funny wire inviting her to Eddie's premiere performance. Referring back to her recent Dior-gown mix up with Gina Lollobrigida in Moscow, she'd wired, "I would appreciate an advance indication of what each of the ladies plans to wear. Purely a precaution."

(Signed) Elizabeth Taylor Fisher.

She had expected there'd be a crowd at the Grove, but not a mob—and a pushing, pressing mob, at that. Everything had been all right until she'd reached her seat. She'd swept down the stairs into the main room of the Grove, leaning on Dr. Kennamer's arm. Her face was slightly pale and her neck was bandaged (for once she wore no necklace), but outside of that there was no indication anything was wrong. Her slinky bugle-headed white gown glistened in the glare of flashbulbs, and her long, dangling earrings gleamed under the newsreel camera lights. At her entrance people climbed up on their chairs to get a better look.

When she was seated, the mob, headed
by the cameramen, closed in on her like ants drawn to a lump of sugar. For almost half an hour she was surrounded by a swirling mass of photographers, dancers and gawkers. At one point Liz put her hand to her throat—she still had a wire in it from her most recent operation and turned her head only with great pain—and gasped, "I can't breathe. I can't breathe. Get back—please, get back."

A few spectators in the front of the mob tried to back up. But those behind them kept pressing forward and soon Liz was lost again in a suffocating mass of humanity.

Finally, Dr. Kennamer helped her up, and they slowly made their way out of the room. Outside, she rested and was given special medication. Later, when the lights were dimmed, she slipped back to her table.

Now, as the applause thundered around them, Eddie looked at Liz and Liz looked at Eddie. They didn't say a word to each other. They didn't have to. That one look said it all.

Eddie began his song again and continued toward the stage. When he reached a ring-side table that jutted out into the dance floor with its other end almost touching the iron of the raised stage, he halted and his flat note, the first of many he was to deliver during the course of the evening. At this table sat the members of The Clan.

These were his friends—Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Joey Bishop and Sammy Davis Jr.—or were they? They'd come to cheer him on, of course, but then again, The Clan of Eddie Fisher never could be sure. Sinatra and his pals had officially dubbed Liz and himself "The Court Lovers." When he and Debbie had parted, the members of The Clan were the only ones who didn't stick their noses into what was his own private affair. As Sammy Davis once put it, "If one of our group is in trouble, nobody in our group talks about it. When Eddie Fisher split up with Debbie Reynolds, none of us said anything to him about it. We just figured it was his trouble."

He'd been thankful to Sammy and the others for this. Understanding and discretion—their rare attributes indeed. He was glad they were here now, on this most important night of his life.

Enter The Clan

The Clan's actual entrance into the Grove, which Eddie was still in his dressing room, had been very much a comination as Liz. In single file, in order of rank, they had made their way through the crowded room to a ring-side table already occupied by Laurence Harvey, Joan Cohn, Edward G. Robinson and others. As The Leader, Frank Sinatra; The Admiral, Dean Martin and their loyal followers—Peter Penn, Lawford (formerly Sammy the Seal), Joey Bishop and Sammy Davis Jr.—marched along, the clamor in the Grove fell off to an eerie silence. It was as if the President of the United States and his Cabinet had arrived.

When Sinatra and Martin had taken their places at the head of the table and the others had seated themselves at each side of them, the noise exploded once more. The mob left Liz in its wake, swept past such secondary attractions as Joan Fontaine smoking a cigar, and Bob Wagner sitting oh-so-close to Keely Smith (Natalie was at hand, too, with Peter Glenville but that fact didn't inhibit Keely and Bob at all) and bore down upon The Clan. Finally, Eddie walked in, and the spectators jammed around the newcomers.

Through it all, Sinatra and his cohorts sat imper turbably. The Leader had called this summit meeting to give Eddie a lift, and they waited quietly for the main action to begin.

Now, up on the stage, Eddie wasn't giving out the kind of action they wanted. He fumbled the words of his first three songs. He ran one number into another without interspersing any patter. He hit clinkers and his voice seemed gritty and at times unclear. To make matters worse, the P.A. system went haywire, making some words louder than they should be and blanking out others completely.

At the end of his third song, just when it seemed as if he were shaking his stage fright, Dean Martin's voice rang out, "Come on, Eddie." A shiver ran through the entire room. This was the opening shot. Eddie Fisher was the Clan's "target for tonight."

Then it came, hot and heavy, a barrage of cracks, taunts and interruptions. Weakly, Eddie tried to fight back. "How about letting me finish the song?" he pleaded at one point. "Hell, you ain't finished any of the others yet," Martin fired quickly. "You're telling me," Eddie replied with a feeble smile.

The fury increased, and Eddie reeled. His voice became even harsher. He forgot lyrics and fumbled notes. Often, his material was as unfamiliar to his audience as it sometimes seemed to be to him. Finally, Martin quipped, "You sang the songs you wanted to sing, now sing the ones we want to hear."

The crowd at the Grove, which had given Eddie a very warm reception at the beginning, only to grow colder and colder as The Clan peppered him from ringside and helped break up his act, stirred restlessly. At last, Jerry Lewis, who was sitting at an adjoining table with his back to Dean Martin, jumped to his feet and shouted, "If an outsider can say a word..." The rest of his words were drowned out by appreciative applause, but this didn't stop The Clan.

Could he survive?

Shortly afterward, George Jessel leaped to his feet in Eddie's defense and said, "I may make a speech myself," and again the spectators applauded. But Milton Berle, sitting at the same table with Jessel and Ida Cantor, Eddie Cantor's wife, was silent. It was as if the master ad-libber of them all, by keeping quiet, was reflecting the audience's distaste at The Clan's antics.

Suddenly everyone of Sinatra's group was still. Eddie was singing his special song, his love song to Liz, "That Face." This was Eddie at his best, the singer the crowd had come to hear, singing the song they'd been waiting for.

The Admiral's loud voice broke the spell. "And that's some face, there," Martin shouted out. "I don't know why you're working, boy. I'd be home with her." Eddie's face was whiter than the table-
At the close of The Clan’s unscheduled act, Davis did a few impersonations and Martin gagged up a few more. Sinatra, shaking himself out of his lethargy, contributed an inept impression of Jimmy Cagney. Then they pulled Eddie into the group, and all of them, with the exception of Sinatra, sang a final chorus of “Bye, Bye Blackbird.”

While the others were leaving the stage, Davis turned and gave Eddie a sympathetic embrace, as if to say, “I’m sorry.” Then he and the others followed The Leader out of the Grove.

He couldn’t hide his relief. Color flowed into his face. For the first time that evening he really smiled.

Again he stood before the microphone. Now he was at ease and confident. He chatted about the trip Liz and he had taken to Moscow two weeks before. “Nobody was happier to get back to America than me,” he said.

He then invited the audience to stand and join him in singing “God Bless America” to “show President Kennedy we’re behind him.” Everyone rose and sang, including Liz. In a way, they were showing Eddie they were behind him, too.

“I was in shock”

At a party after the opening, Eddie clutched Liz’ hand as he greeted the guests and admitted, “I was in shock.” Liz sipped champagne from a glass in her free hand and said, “It only hurts when I turn my head.” No one was sure whether she was talking about her throat or about what had happened to her husband.

During the next few days, reaction to The Clan’s “murder” of Eddie Fisher were varied and strong.

The press was unanimous in roasting Sinatra and his buddies for subverting the opening. Sidney Skolsky’s scolding was typical. “I venture to say,” he wrote, “that The Clan, as members of an audience, would have better. . . . They are too talented and smart to continue these low-jinks.”

Eddie Cantor ignored the controversy and thanked Eddie for the tribute and the contribution to his kids’ camp. He was sorry he hadn’t been able to be present, and said sadly, “You have to nurse these years along.”

In was stricken ill after the opening and had to stay in bed for two days.

Eddie, the victim of The Clan’s attack, kept insisting that Sinatra and his group had made it a great evening. He stated, “I like to be heckled by them, and the audience was hysterical—it was marvelous.”

He went so far as to run some ads in the Hollywood trade papers thanking The Clan and his foreman for what they had done for him, or to him. The following week he and Liz visited Sinatra’s home—with a few members of The Clan and other invited guests—and watched a screening of “The Devil at Four O’Clock,” starring Spencer Tracy and, of course, Frank Sinatra.

Eddie did not heckle or interrupt the picture out loud. There is no public record, however, of what he might have been muttering to himself. —TODD ROWLAND

You can see Liz and Eddie starring in “Butterfield 8” for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Deborah Walley

Continued from page 69

She's the star of "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," described as "Debbie Reynolds' successor" and "the New Sandra Dee," the innocent source of a whole flock of Hollywood's latest, newest, most exciting rumors.

She lives in an East Side apartment painted pink, and tries to tell herself she's not scared by a suit of stardom.

She took her screen test with Mickey Callan, and now the rumor factory has linked them.

She starred opposite Jimmy Darren and they said she was in love with him before she even got to know him.

She flies into tantrums, cries torrents, talks to all her fans to remember to say "thank you" because she means it.

Her name is Deborah Walley and she's trying to become a woman. Not just because she turned twenty last August 12th, but because she's been trying ever since she can remember.

This is how it all came about.

She was the first three time Edith and Nate Walley brought her out in a tiny circle skirt and miniature skates to do a few turns before the huge Ice Capades audience. Debbie looked out at the sea of faceless faces, felt the waves of applause pushing against her, making her heart sing and her heart thump with excitement.

Two years later, she started lonesomely out of the window of a private school in New York, the cheers still echoing in her ears, the sparkle of her parents' glamorous costumes still glittering in her eyes.

"You have to go to school in one place, it's better that way your mother had explained. They left her in their East Side apartment with Miriam, the nurse, who took her to school every day and was there waiting for her every afternoon. And then the skating Walleys went on to the train stations, airports, hotel rooms, shadowy backstage dressing rooms, binding lights out of the picture that had known for the first five years of her life.

After that, it was a series of schools, sometimes in New York, then tutors in Chicago and Los Angeles. But it all changed again after her tenth birthday. Edith and Nate Walley broke up the act—and the marriage.

"We got along perfectly as a working team," Mrs. Walley says candidly, "but it just didn't work out when I decided to leave the act."

Nate Walley never remarried. Debbie still calls him "Father," writes, phones and visits whenever there's time. She and her mother settled down at Vero Beach in a big house Nate had bought but never lived in.

Two years later, Mrs. Walley (who uses her first married name for Debbie's career convenience) married Gene Mosher, professional golfer and businessman. Debbie made the adjustment to a stepfather and has called him "Daddy Gene" ever since.

She was nearly twelve when she contracted a throat so sore that and asked to hear about "Little Paul" again.

"But Debbie—that was so long ago," her mother said gently. "I can hardly remember."

The loneliness of childhood

Then she looked at the child's flushed

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checks and begging eyes, and began to tell once more the stories of Debbie's early childhood, tales made up in hotel rooms and sleeping compartments. "Little Paul," the make-believe brother, "Nancy," the make-believe sister, and many others — creations of a child's fancy to stave off loneliness, fill the void created by life on the road, life with grownups.

In Florida, Debbie first attended Graham-Eckes boarding school, then Salem Academy, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and later Rosarian Academy, back in Florida. Protected as she had been, she sensed the strong rush of life as it brushed past — the tension, thrills and glamour of show business, of bitterness and sadness of a broken home, the unreal storybook quality of a childhood in a trunk.

She was still a little girl, or so her mother believed, until the tragedy that brought the two closer than before ever. Debbie was fourteen when she came home briefly for vacation that year. She sensed how ill her mother was, though no one said anything. She was back in school again when it happened.

Her mother had carried the baby almost full term. Debbie had been premature, a Caesarian delivery, and now, so was the second child.

It was a little girl, the little sister Debbie had always longed for, and when the child died soon after birth and her mother thought no one in the world would ever help her, but could, share the grief that had broken her heart, she received a letter written in a childish hand: "Dearest Mother ... I know the reason my baby sister died was that she was too wonderful to live. God felt He couldn't wait, and so He made her an angel right away." ...

It was the beginning of a closeness that has endured the years. Debbie was growing up in earnest.

Only two years later, she walked into a Palm Beach playhouse for an audition. That summer she debuted in stock.

She completed one last winter in boarding school, but dreamed now only of escape — of the theater, of her future as an actress.

The next summer she met Frances Fuller, director of the American Academy of Dramatic Art, Wharf Playhouse, Nantucket. Miss Fuller invited Debbie to enroll, waived the minimum age requirement and promised Mrs. Walley she would watch her "more than she knew she was being watched."

That fall, Debbie started classes, the youngest student at the Academy. She lived for a short time in a girls' residence hall, but took a summer job as a lifeguard at the Wharf Playhouse, and an apartment — a room, one window, straight chair, closet, folding table, bookshelf, old-fashioned desk, one real bed and one small trundle bed. The rent was $120 a month and Debbie got the trundle bed.

The first year was hard. The girls tried not to write home too often for money, talked less about living. Debbie calls it her "brief Beatnik" stage. She ate mostly bread, wine and cheese, met her first love and worried her mother. The second year she found another apartment and several jobs. She got over the first love and worried her mother less.

Her first big break was a filmed TV commercial for Stripe toothpaste. Debbie remembers how confidently she marched into the studio that day — and how much she needed the break. They rehearsed intensely most of the afternoon. Debbie's line came near the end when the camera flashed to her and she bawled: "Snoopy — it just so happens Stripe is especially good for your teeth!" They went through once more, the director said: "Okay, fine — roll. We can use this one anyway."

The actors ticked off their lines and finally Debbie's moment came: she stepped forward, smiled broadly and said distinctly: "Snoopy — it just so happens that Ipana is especially good —"

Lights flashed, buzzers buzzed, the director screamed.

Luckily, she got paid anyway.

She had started rehearsing for an off-Broadway production when Columbia signed her to replace Sandra Dee in "Gidget Goes Hawaiian." She left New York alone and took a little apartment in Hollywood. That Christmas she unpacked the tree ornaments her mother had mailed her and put them sadly on the tiny tree she had brought. It was her first Christmas away from her family. Then she wrapped the presents to be mailed. The last was a large ultra-fancy piggy-bank aglitter with sequins, rhinestones and fake pearls.

With the bank she enclosed the following note to her mother: "Now maybe you can start saving pennies or yourself for a change."

The disillusionment

The first day of shooting "Gidget," she stood waiting her turn behind the cameras. In one of her scenes, she was supposed to say: "Mom, I'm starting cryin'!" Suddenly, the makeup man appeared. "Are you ready? Do you want me to fix you up?" he asked. She thought he meant her lipstick. "No, thank you," she said, "I think I'm all right — don't you?"

He said, "No, I don't mean that — and held up a tube. She stared, completely mystified.

"Do you want me to put your tears in?" he finally explained.

Debbie felt the color burning in her cheeks. She was an actress, not a machine. She stalked out before the cameras. Said her "Moondoggie" speech and went. Not once, but ten times — with fresh tears flowing on cue.

"I'm so gullible," she confided later. "I used to think everything you saw on the
screen really happened. I thought if I saw an actress cry, she was crying real tears.

When Debbie returned home to New York last spring, she seemed older, wiser, surer than ever before. One friend recalled: "She seems to make up her mind in a flash about things now. For instance, one day we were walking rather quickly past a large department store. In the window was a Easter display of dressed-up hats—all in bright greens. I didn't think Debbie even noticed, until later as we were getting into a cab, she said suddenly, 'That's what my Easter outfit is going to be this year—green!"

"Sure enough, two days later, she had a purple green dress, bright green coat and a cute little hat she made herself, with a rose pinned on.

Another time, she was posing for pictures around New York with Lee Kinsolving, who starred in "Dark at the Top of the Stairs." Halfway through the session she whispered discreetly in a studio representative's ear: "Do you have to okay my dates?"

The agent thought a minute, "I guess not," the woman said. "But . . ."

"That's good," Debbie said, "because I've already decided to go out with Lee tonight. He just asked me.

To Debbi: look at the book and said, "She is Gidget," Debbie says yes and no. "Gidget has a wonderful ability for free expression. She never holds back. When she laughs she really laughs. When she has to cry she cries. She gets joy from little things—a tree, a sky, a flower. She's too naive for me, but I'm naive too. I love people so much. No matter how many times I get hurt, I turn around and trust everyone again."

How do you recognize love?

As for men, Debbie admits: "I can't size anyone up logically. I become infatuated right away. It doesn't happen often, only time will tell. I've been old enough to be really in love.

"It has to happen in a certain way and it has to come the first time. I meet someone and there is a sensitivity and an awareness and a direct contact when we speak. And an ability when we are together to have that the only thing.

Nevertheless, the romance rumors, she says, are false. According to Mrs. Walley, "If Debbie were in love with someone now, I think she would tell me about it. And she hasn't."

What worries her far more is her daughter's biggest problem: "My hardest job is to get her to think before she acts. I think she thinks more now than before. I don't think she would do anything now that would destroy her career or hurt anyone else. I know she doesn't even consider getting married now. She wants to get higher up on the ladder first—and with Debbie that may be years.

Debbie's closest friends understand her impulsiveness, value her for her honesty. She never holds anything back if she can help it.

"I was never scolded for crying or feeling," Debbie says. "Emotions were made to be felt. The better you express yourself, the better you can handle life. Once something's over, and you let yourself feel everything, you're free. If a friend tells me she's sad about something, I say: 'Yes! So also cry. An act of the soul. Suffer. Feel every bit of pain. Don't keep it bottled up.' And once it's out it's over!"

Debbie admits—and her mother agrees—"We get upset with each other sometimes. I get mad and yell. But mother lets me. If I had to stop and think I can't talk back, because 'she's my mother' our relationship would suffer. We couldn't be such close friends.

Debbie is candid enough to admit her problems: Acting is the only certain part of her life. It gives her strength, courage, a sense of knowing and going. Another part is little-girl, very much dependent on you and pampered, shrewd mother. As for womanhood—she's excited with its promise, equally frightened of its challenge.

"I just hope," Mrs. Walley says, "when Debbie marries, it will be someone who can understand and help her. It's a terrible thing when a man is jealous of a woman's career."

Debbie corresponds with many friends she met in boarding school. Recently, one wrote her a letter, with the following words: "... and I think everything that's happening to you must be so exciting, so glamorous and thrilling. I guess I envy you. Debbie, sometimes. Then I start to think about my own life. I know it's just an illusion, but I love my husband and my two little babies, and I know I have everything to be thankful for, too. . . ."

Debbie put the letter down. Her great green eyes clouded with thoughtfulness. Finally, she turned to her mother, her young face half sad, half teasing: "You know, mom, I'm getting anxious to see my old mother."

"I'm the only single girl I know!"

She sat down on the couch, picked up a pencil and notebook and began to draw again, her pet hobby.

The late afternoon light streaked in through the blinds. Pierre, her delicate, bone-sized poodle, gnawed delicately on the bone he brings back from the park. "I have a feeling," she said, "this has been the best day I've ever had."

She is a dreamy, romantic child, a serious, hard-working actress and the beginnings of a beautiful woman.

It was then she made a silent, secret promise—to remain locked inside her heart until it finally comes true: "Only little girls are afraid to grow up. Actresses shouldn't be and women—never.

"And one day soon—neither will!"

—BARBARA HENDERSON

Debbie's in "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," Col. and "Bon Voyage" for Buena Vista.
shockingly, over. And that's bad enough when you have only yourself to consider, but it's infinitely worse when children are involved. Carrie and Todd were without a full-time Daddy. I learned from that experience—a very important truth: Never again will it happen to children I may be fortunate enough to bring into this world.

Todd was an infant, too young to grasp what had happened to his tiny life. But Carrie was aware, in her own little way, that her universe was different. Something had been taken away... someone she loved and depended on was gone. It was impossible to explain why Daddy didn't live with us any more. There was no blame to fix. No sides to take. I'm still not sure she understands the reasons. Perhaps she never will. The answers are too much for her. And there won't be a next time. That scene will never be repeated.

Partly because of those memories, Harry and I took our time about getting married—time to know one another as well as we possibly could. There are hundreds of things two engaged people don't know about each other. You have to live under the roof to discover what a man or a woman is really like. In some respects, newlyweds are strangers who are only beginning a life together where most movies end with “and they lived happily ever after.”

That's why we have set aside a part of our lives now to understand one another. Fortunately, Harry agrees—it's as much a mistake to rush into parenthood as it is to rush into marriage. There must be more than love in a marriage for two people to bring children into the world.

Love can fade

Peculiar things can happen to love. It can change. It can fade away slowly, slipping out of your life until you find there is nothing left to hold you together. Or it can die quickly, leaving you bereft. So this first year of ours is tremendously important. Before we bring any little Karls into the world, we still have many things to learn about each other. Sometimes it's a slow process. But it's an investment in the future.

You see, Harry and I have more special difficulties to overcome than most new families. He has four children of his own. And when we married, he found himself a family of my two. So it is more than just the two of us spending time together discovering the good and bad points of our personalities (and we do have our faults).

Harry is also learning to know Carrie and Todd, and they are still finding out what a wonderful man he is. They don't think of Harry as their father, Eddie still is Daddy to them. We both want it that way. And they love Eddie very much. But love? There's plenty of that for all of us! Every night when we take them upstairs to bed, after our reading session they say their prayers. They always end, "And God bless Mommy, Daddy and Harry."

They look forward so to visits from Eddie. But he doesn't see them as often as he'd like. Eddie's very busy. He and Elizabeth have been traveling a great deal this year, to England and Las Vegas for their tour.

And Eddie has a ready-made family himself. He is wonderful with Elizabeth's three youngsters. That's the way it should be like Harry with my two. Todd climbs all over him. And to sit in the middle of his back to play "horse." And Carrie is fascinated by her stepfather. She turns on the feminine charm like a glamour girl, she wraps the poor man around her little finger. He's helpless when she turns feminine on him.

A letter to Harry

Carrie will suddenly decide to write Harry a letter.

"Mommy, I'm going to write a poem to Harry," she announces. "I want it to be very special!"

She collects a pencil and note pad, then scrawls away to her heart's content. It doesn't make much sense, but she prints her name clearly and we mail it off to Harry. Sometimes she dictates some wonderful childish doggerel to my secretary, Rudy Rendler, and signs it with a personal flourish.

Stacks of mail flood Harry's office, but he loves to open her little missives. All of a sudden he has a few minutes away from business—to think of Carrie and home, to relax.

And they think of him. Last Christmas when I asked Todd what he wanted for Christmas he said, "I want a hammer, a screwdriver and something special for Harry."

"Is that all you want?" I asked.

"Sure," he said.

Good old Santa was listening. Todd found his hammer and screwdriver under the tree, and something special for Harry. He was most pleased with that.

This past Father's Day, Carrie decided she'd give Harry a very special gift.

She came to me two weeks before the big event and said, "I'm going to learn how to swim in our pool for a Father's Day present. It's a big surprise."

Unfortunately, the children had a poor swimming teacher last summer, so they were frightened of the water. Then we began new lessons with a terrific teacher. After four lessons Carrie was ready—just in time for Father's Day.

On the big day—and she's only four, mind you—Carrie dived off the high board and swam across the pool. Harry was thrilled with her. He said my little girl couldn't have given him a happier present. But there's one thing that must be made clear: Close as Harry and the children are, those rumors that he plans to adopt them are absurd. Such a thing would be impossible—it is beyond consideration. Carrie and Todd have their Daddy, and they love Harry—and they are perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

So am I.

And so is Harry.
Now . . a richer life

I've found a much richer life than I had hoped for when Eddie and I separated. At first I didn't know what the future held. I was single, with two children to raise. I worked harder than ever before. Going to a studio every day helped keep my mind from dwelling on subjects that delved too deeply. . . . At the same time I wanted to be with my children all the time. . . . But if I got tired enough, physically, I could sleep at the end of the day. I made five pictures in one year, and three the next. It was like taking novocain, but it didn't always work.

As fast as the last scene of "The Mat- ing Game" was shot, I went right into "Say One For Me." It was then I filed for divorce. The morning after I finished "Say One for Me," I flew to Spain for "It Started With A Kiss."

It was the first time I'd been away from the children. I called them every night. Because of the time difference, I stayed up until 2 A.M. to be sure they'd be awake. They were with my mother, but even so, I'd think of them. Maybe it would have been different if their father had been with them.

After the location shooting was over, I was so pooped that I went to Rome and Paris for a few weeks' rest. My days were mainly spent shopping for toys and clothes for Todd and Carrie. And I must have written them some letters (I have never forgotten the painful feeling of that separation. When Harry and I went on our honeymoon, we held out only a few days before we sent for the children.)

What a difference in my life now! Two years ago, 1'd hurry home from the studio, leaving them as soon as my directors would allow it. Most of the time I arranged to have dinner with the kids. They'd be noisy and full of the devil, and for all too brief an interval, the confusion and fun was a comforting blanket.

Then it would be time for bed, and a hush would fall over the house. It was quiet and lonely.

Darkness would come. The help would retire. There was nothing but loneliness. I'd turn on the TV set, usually to a comedy show, but I'd sit there not seeing or hearing the program. Finally I'd lose myself studying lines, or working on a Thalians project.

Afraid of the future?

Women aren't meant to be the heads of their own families. I wasn't cut out for it. I needed the strength of a man; a kind, patient man. I needed someone to lean on. Every woman does.

There was the time Todd had to have an operation. I didn't lose my head, but there was no one to turn to. I tried to reach Eddie. It was something I felt he should know about. But he and Elizabeth were out of the country. I didn't know where. It wasn't his fault, nor mine. But it was one of those emergencies when a woman needs a man. There's no explaining why. The necessity is just there.

Maybe that's why people say I'm afraid of the future.

I had men friends. I dated quite a few men. But it wasn't the same thing. Most of them were just friends. But no matter who they were, the rumors always sprang up. Whenever I went out—with Bob Neal, for instance—I'd hear the gossip that we were going to be married. Yet we weren't.

Another example: Since my divorce I've made two pictures in a row with Glenn Ford. That set off the worst rumors I've heard since Eddie and I separated. The story was that Glenn had left Eleanor Powell because of me. We never even dated.

I'll say what it's like to be the wife when everyone is talking about your husband and another woman. My sympathy will always be with the wife. Maybe because of my own experience.

I wanted to call Eleanor and tell her that it was absolutely ridiculous. But I couldn't. I didn't know her that well. I think it would have been the wrong thing to do.

If it had been someone I knew well, I'd have gone right to her home and straightened out the gossip. But rumors are a part of the price you pay for working in movies. Harry and I have been married since last November, but rumors are already beginning to chip away at our lives. Thank God they can't penetrate our happiness.

The story I hear most often is that we are having "troubles." It's a cycle—or a pattern—with all Hollywood marriages. "Debbie and Harry are having problems," the rumor says. "Their friends don't mind. Debbie's friends are too young for Harry, and Harry's friends are too old for Debbie."

Nothing could be further from the truth. We have very few friends. Maybe four in all. But they are close friends, and they are as close to me as they are to Harry.

Mostly our happiness is within our home. Carrie, Todd, Harry and I are like a family unit. There is nothing urgent about it. There is a slow emergence of love and respect that grows and grows. It can't be hurried or pushed. Children are even more aware than we are if something doesn't ring quite true. We're not trying to develop the "ideal" marriage. We believe there is such a thing. I have traits that aren't pleasing to Harry, and he may have a few habits that don't please me.

I had an "ideal" marriage once, according to the press. I know better now. I've turned almost my entire life over to Harry. His maturity and sensitivity seek out my desires and needs before I have a chance to express them. It's a wonderful feeling.

Right now we are excited about moving into our new home, smack dab in the center of Beverly Hills. We spent months house-hunting until we were bashed. Harry decided to build, instead. He bought a huge estate at the foot of Beverly Can- yon and had the house torn down. But by then we discovered it would take too long to build. So we bought the new house that we haven't moved into yet. It has a spacious backyard for the children.

Most of the yard we have now is taken up by the pool, which doesn't leave much room for them to romp.

They play in the front yard, where all the sightseeing tours stop. The tourists come to the gate to take pictures. I don't think it's right for them to be subjected to that much attention from strangers. It isn't good for youngsters.

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I put up a big fence across the front of the house and installed dozens of ivy plants for privacy, but it didn't help much. At the new house they'll be able to have their swings and slide in the yard—without any onlookers.

Harry's take-charge attitude helped make it all possible. He instinctively knows the right thing to do. Now I can lounge around the pool and take things easy when I'm not working.

Harry, being older, is much more experienced than I am about everything. He takes care of all the business affairs, and he still attends every Thalians meeting. He not only contributes financially, but gives us valuable advice.

The biggest relief of all is not being the head of a household. I'm going on vacation for "How the West Was Won" soon, and I'm taking the children with me for three or four weeks. While we're gone, Harry will move us out of this house and into the new one all by himself. I don't have to worry about a single detail.

"It's like opening a new shoe store," Harry told me with a twinkle in his eye.

He's as strong as the Rock of Gibraltar. Back to the subject of having children of our own.

Harry and I both want a baby. And I know Carrie and Todd would be delighted with a little brother or sister. The two of us have talked seriously about a new little Karl, and we've agreed to wait.

That doesn't mean we intend to wait forever, or even three or four years. When the time is right for all of us—somewhere we will know.

Whether that time is now we will know within ourselves that we are doing the right thing for ourselves and the children—and perhaps most important of all, for the new arrival.

The doubts I have about the future are gradually melting away. Mine is a full, happy marriage. In my heart I know it will still be true. I've found that strong shoulder to lean on.

My life is complete.

—As told to Jane Ardmore

Debbie Reynolds stars next in 20th-Century Fox's "The Second Time Around" and "How the West Was Won" for M-G-M.

**continued from page 44**

nightmare. A frightening year in which he'd watched his mother die moment by moment, day by day. She was so young—still in her thirties. She had not wanted to die; she had so much yet to do. She had to finish furnishing the house; she had to finish guiding her children through their teens; she had to raise Junior: she had to teach and steady and love Paul as she had done...always...since he was a very little boy.

It was a warm, sunny day. Mrs. Anka had left Paul, as she often did, parked in his carriage outside his father's sandwich shop in downtown Ottawa, while she waited on tables inside. What energy she had in those days! She worked in the shop, tended the tiny family apartment upstairs, cooked for her husband and his brother and the crowds of laughing, bubbling Syrian relatives who were always dropping in—and cared for a baby boy.

This carriage, interstedly surveying the busy street, the traffic zooming across the intersection at the bottom of the hill—when it happened. The brake gave way and the carriage began to roll down the hill, faster and faster. Could he actually remember his own voice crying out, his mother's footsteps running wildly after him? Could he remember it—or was it just that he had heard so often of the anonymous woman who, at the last second before he was carried out into the swift-moving traffic, grabbed at the carriage and brought it to a stop? No matter. He was sure he could remember his mother's arms snatching him up and pressing him close, and his mother's voice, still trembling with her own fright as she sobbed to him. "There, Paul, there, baby, it's all right now.

It was only years later that he knew what double terror that moment must have held for her—for only a few months before, his baby brother, his second-born, had died. It was years before he learned that that was why his mother, young and gay and full of all the longings for fun and pretty things that any girl would want, had given them all up to concentrate for seven long years on one dream: to move her family out of the city to a place of safety and quiet.

*Mama, Mama. How much did you sacrifice to get us the house in Bayswater? We've never known.*

Cam Anka never showed by word or sign that she was anything but happy. Paul could remember the lilting sound of her voice humming in the kitchen of the Bayswater house, her hands always busy doing for her family. He learned his first songs from his mother's light, soft hummings.

But one day the humming stopped completely—the day he ran away from home.

Why had he done it? Even now, he didn't know. Maybe it was because he was always a little restless, a little wild. Maybe it was because they lived only half a block from where he wasn't the kind of boy who could resist that kind of temptation. Anyhow, he hadn't gone alone. His sister Marion was big enough to tag along by then, and he corralled a buddy from school without too much trouble. How carefully he had planned ahead! He raided his piggy bank and bought a bag of all-day suckers for provisions. Fully prepared, they sneaked out to the farm, wandered through the fields all day and hid in the haymow at night.

They were discovered by the police and taken home. Paul's father beat him when he got there. Paul knew he deserved it, and stayed silent. But afterwards, banished to his room, he looked up in sur-
priswe to see his mother steal in, opening her arms to her repentant son. He went into them gratefully.

"Mama, Mama. How patient you were with me. It was you I hurt the most—and you were the one who never reproached me. You were the one who always forgave. How many times, after I had worked Dad into a rage by finling in school, by staying out all night, by running wild, how many times have I been sent to my room? Did you talk him into a lighter punishment, a second chance? I never counted them, Mama. Maybe no one could count that high.

"You'll never see it again . . ."

All that time—all those years—he had never suspected that she hid a secret of her own. Looking back, of course, a dozen hints came unbidden to his mind. The way she had to lie down sometimes in the afternoon. The fact that even when money was scarce, a tired girl lived with them. The time he had walked into her bedroom and seen something glinten against her arm.

"Mom, what's that?"

"That's a hypodermic needle, Paul."

"A needle? I hate needles. You're not going to give it to me, are you?"

"No, darling. It's for you. Forget you even saw it. You'll never see it again."

And he hadn't seen it again, and had forgotten it—just as she had planned he would. To the best of his knowledge, the other children never saw it even once. And none of them had ever questioned the necessity of the syringe, the white box on Mama's door before going inside. She was Mama, laughing, bouncing, indescribable. She was the healer—nothing could ever be wrong with her.

Only once, had she deserted them. Even clearer than the sound of her singing, Paul could hear now the silence of the house that came when she went away. She had gone to the hospital to give birth to her last child, Andy, Junior.

Paul had been miserable. The house had seemed so dead. The hired girl, called unexpectedly home, had gone away, too, and a nurse had come to stay with him and Marion. But she didn't stay long. Paul, perched on top of the stairs, threw wastebaskets down at the poor woman's head till she quit. Another woman came, and was also driven out. Then a third. She stayed. Paul said it was because she made a salad he liked. Actually, he knew now, it was because, to distract him, someone had told her he and Marion enter a talent show in Ottawa that week. Paul had been thrilled with the idea. He and Marion practiced a dance routine for days. They won first prize—a bike for Marion, a cowboy outfit for Paul and great hampers of food for everyone in the family.

The hampers arrived the day his mother came home from the hospital with the new baby. All the relatives were there—his father's six brothers and five sisters, his mother's almost equally large family. All oohing and aahing over a red-faced infant with a head of black hair.

But his mother, weak and tired as she was, literally carried out of the car and took Paul in her arms.

"Where's all that wonderful food Daddy tells me is coming today? Paul, I'm so proud of you."

And, for the first time in weeks, he glowed. She was proud of him.

The whole beginning of his interest in music was wrapped up in his mother. It was she who understood when Paul announced that he didn't want to go on with the academic course in high school, that he wanted to switch to the three-year commercial course which included classes in music and journalism. His father, who expected Paul to go to college and then into the family restaurant business, was terribly disappointed. He refused to consent until Paul actually failed the tenth grade and was faced with switching courses or repeating a year. His mother, though she apparently had found it hard to face the other ladies at the PTA, spoke not a word of reproach. And later, when he was in the commercial course and won awards for two stories he wrote, his father was pleased—but his mother understood why he was more interested in a poem he had written. It was a love poem about a girl named Diana, and he thought it would make a nice song lyric. Now, if he could just take piano lessons like his sister . . .

His mother arranged that, too.

Some kind of lunatic

As soon as he learned to write music, he was committed for life. He knew from then on that show business was for him. His father, uncles, friends—everyone thought he was nuts. The men of the Anka family went into a restaurant and the family talent. When Paul began to run off at night to hear popular singers and rock 'n' roll artists, when he even neglected his writing courses at school, when he took to sneaking back to the house at three in the morning with an autograph in his hand—then his father really went into a rage. "That's not doing for a family child, is it? Who ever heard of a kid from Ottawa going into show business? Who knew whether he had talent or not? Why was he throwing away his education, his youth, his heath on nonsense?"

The next day, confused, uncertain, he would wander the house, father having left. His mother would meet him at the door. "Paul. I'm glad you're back. The ladies are here for our card game—come in the living room and sing for them the way you sang for me in the kitchen last week."

And he would know again that he had made the right decision.

One time that, too—my whole career. Right from the start, you wanted me to have what I wanted—not what everyone else thought I should want. You believed in me when no one else did."

When his career first started, his mother would pack his bags for the one-night stands, filling them with vitamins she knew he'd forget to take, and undershirts he'd hate to wear. And always, just before he left the house, she'd draw him aside: "Paul, I've got my bag packed, too. Don't you want me to come along?"

But he felt too old and wise to need her on the trips, and too protective to expose his mother to the big, brassy, high-living world of show business.

"Mom. You stay here with the family. I'll be back soon."
And he would be back soon. He'd walk in the door and his mother would be there to kiss him and hold him tight and demand to see the empty vitamin bottle. Later, after he'd been on television and had attracted a frantic following of fans, she began to greet him differently.

"Ooooh," she shrieked as he came in.

"It's Paul Anka!" Then she would pretend to faint and they would fall into each other's arms, laughing.

Oh, we laughed a lot in those days, Mom. Why, we had everything by then—success and happiness. And I wanted to give you something in return for all you'd given me. I sent presents and brought my friends home to meet you and talked Dad into taking over some of the business end of my work. I was so proud to see how proud you were of me. I remembered the way you used to look at the big, beautiful houses in Ottawa, so one day Dad and I went house hunting in New Jersey until we found just such a house, on a street I knew you'd like—a street where people weren't too rich to be friendly. And there was even a store in town that sold grape leaves. We bought the house right away and gave you a blank check and said, "Make it a home you'd love to live in, Mama, the way you always wanted to do." Oh, Mom, I thought then that by giving you these things I could repay you for what you'd done for me. But I still had no idea how great my debt was.

One night he came home to the new house and opened the door, to hear his father call, "Paul? Is that you? Thank God you're here! Come quickly."

Paul raced toward his parents' room. His mother was lying back on a chair—white and trembling. "Mama!" But she did not hear him.

"Help me," his father said. Together, they lifted her to the bed and made her comfortable. Paul sat beside her while his father phoned for a doctor. Then his father took Paul's hands in his and told him the thing he had never guessed through all the years.

"I never knew..."

"Your mother is a diabetic, Paul. She has been since she was a girl. She gives herself insulin shots that keep her going, but sometimes she gets reactions like this. Lately they've been getting worse and more frequent. She's been ill for a long time now."

"I never knew," Paul whispered. "I never knew..."

"She never wanted you to know. When you were little it was easy to keep it from you. Now it is harder. She never would follow her diet, because she didn't want the children to know something was different about her. Now she must follow it. We must do everything in the world to make her well again."

Paul had started to weep then. But he looked at his father, and saw in his eyes those tears of anguish. He looked at his mother, inert on the bed, and saw in her tired body the effort she had made to keep sorrow from him. He knew he could not add to their burdens by breaking now.

He waited until the doctor came and he was able to stumble off to the room his mother had so lovingly furnished for him, and there, behind a closed door, he cried. . . .

Her last days were crowded with doctors and injections and ambulances that came in the night to carry her to the hospital. There were her friends, too, who came to the door bearing flowers and fresh fruit, and who spent hours with her, playing the endless games of gin rummy and remoli that she loved. Sometimes, she was better—his debut at the Copa a year ago was one of the times. Seeing her sitting there, smiling at him, he had suddenly thought, "Thank God she's seen me make it—thank God!"

But when she was worse, it seemed to him that there were still too many things he had to give her, and so little time in which to give them. Frantically, he made time. Last December he had come home two weeks before Christmas and told her, "Mama, I'm going on tour again. Miami and Puerto Rico."

"That's wonderful, Paul."

"Do you have your bag packed, Mama? Because this time I'm taking you with me."

She needed a blood transfusion in Miami, but at least they were together at Christmas, at least he had taken her on one of his tours.

Back home she became sicker and sicker, and the hospital stays became longer; and when she was home, she lay in bed and worried about how the family would manage without her—and then the only thing Paul could do was be with her whenever he could.

Finally she became too weak to play cards, or to talk. She would listen to the family chatter, or to Paul sing, and she would smile—that was all. The busy hands were still, the sweet voice silent. But once she asked for a calendar and after she had looked at it, she beckoned Paul to her side.

"You've been home for such a long time," she whispered to him. "Don't you have engagements to keep?"

"No, nothing at all, " she said.

"Don't tell me that. What's the matter, aren't you a success any more?"

He smiled at her. "Well, I was supposed to go to Pittsburgh next week. But I thought I'd cancel it."

"For me? Don't cancel it. Go. It makes me feel good to know you're singing. Please go to Pittsburgh—for me."

Finally he decided to go. The night before he left, he taped a show with Perry Como in New York. Then he and his manager took a plane to Pittsburgh. After every show, he raced back to the hotel. Had there been any phone calls from New Jersey for him? Any telegrams?

In two days, the answer was yes. The phone rang and his father's voice on the other end said quietly, "Come home."

He caught an 8:35 plane to Newark. At ten o'clock, while they were in the air, the light at the end of the plane's right wing had flickered out suddenly. It meant nothing, Paul thought. Yet he turned to his manager and blurted, "It's all over. I know it. It's over."

When he got off the plane in Newark the family priest was waiting for him.

"I'm sorry, Paul," he said.

She had been taken to the hospital a few hours earlier, in a coma. At nine o'clock, he had come out of it and asked the time. Then she asked to see "The Perry Como Show. A television set was brought to her, and she watched the show Paul had taped a few nights before. When it was over, she smiled and closed her eyes. She went back into the coma. She never came out of it. Exactly one hour later, she died.

The voice inside him...

And now, tonight, nine days later, her son was in a night club spotlight, with the tears he didn't want to shed glistening in his eyes, but he didn't want to sing coming from his lips.

"How can I keep singing tonight, when all I want to do is run away somewhere and cry all those t. r. s I've held back for all the things I never had a chance to give her? How can I go on when the voice inside me is not my own...?"

Paul came for the ladies. . . .

Paul, I've got my best all packed. . . .

Paul, it's all right, there . . . there, darling, it's all right. . . .

But it's not all right, Mama. How can it be all right when I want to give you so much and there is nothing left for me to give you but tears?

And suddenly, standing there in the spotlight, singing about a fur piece he found hanging on the back of a chair, he knew why he was singing. He knew why he had been able to go on with the show even though the voice inside him was not his own.

Everything was perfectly clear to him now. He realized that his mother had made her whole life a single, sustained act of courage—the courage to forgo sympathy and weakness, the courage to forgo the luxury of self-pity and tears—to make a home without fear for her children. Yes, she'd been courageous in life. And even in death, she'd tried to teach her son the meaning of bravery. Now he knew that he had done the one thing she would want him to do—he had tried to equal her courage with his own. He had sung as she wanted him to sing.

Through tear-stained eyes, Paul found a glove—and sang about that. He sang about a cigarette case, another pocketbook, a scarf. The look of anxiety was gone from the face of the piano player. The audience was relaxed and content. Yes, they had worried, but they needed no more. Camy Anka's son knew what to do. Paul had been willed a legacy of courage. Camy Anka's son had not failed his mother tonight... nor would he tomorrow night... or ever.

—CHARLOTTE DINTER

Paul sings on ABC-Paramount records, and stars in "The Longest Day" for 20th.
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Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
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THE LIFE
EDDIE
STILL SHARES
WITH
DEBBIE

Adam & Evil
IN HOLLYWOOD

Walter Winchell
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All the others didn't count. All that happened never happened. All she ever wanted was one boy. All she ever really wanted was one boy's love.

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AND
DOROTHY McGUIRE • LLOYD NOLAN

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Susan Slade

also starring
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From the novel by DORIS HUME Written for the Screen and Directed by DELMER DALES TECHNICOLOR® FROM WARNER BROS
First and Finest for Fifty Years

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A PARAMOUNT RELEASE
“DADDY, WHAT’S A PRESS AGENT?”

The other day, our son overheard us talking shop. Obviously, one phrase had caught his attention, for he asked, “Daddy, what’s a press agent? Is it someone who presses pants?”

Our son is only six, so we answered flippantly, “Well, a press agent certainly presses—but not pants.” Fortunately, the call to supper saved us from further explanation. But right then and there we began to wonder. How many people actually know what a press agent is, what a press agent does? Heaven knows, it’s a term that appears often enough in Photoplay and other magazines.

The fact is, press agents are like people—only more so. When they’re good, they’re great. When they’re bad, they’re rotten. (Press agents, it might be added, could probably say the same about editors and writers.)

A press agent, be he man or woman, has the clear-cut job of keeping the name and face of the star he works for in the news. A good press agent can make a star—by making the star available to the press and, therefore, to the public. A good press agent is like the White House press secretary, Pierre Salinger. He knows that you can’t censor a free press, can’t hide the truth, that a public figure belongs to the public, that the press can’t be controlled—only cooperated with. The press, in turn, must report accurately and truthfully on the news—and on the people in the news. It is as simple as that.

A bad press agent starts his day’s work with the belief that money is God. Since a star pays him well, the star must be first cousin to God—and blindly obeyed. Such publicists, though a distinct minority, are a blasphemy to their profession. A bad press agent thinks of himself as a censor, a bodyguard, someone whose essential job is to keep the star isolated from reality. His contempt for the public is as great as his respect for the money he gets. He lies to reporters, breaks interview appointments, plants phony stories. (A typical trick, done just to make a headline, is to fake a robbery, then announce to the newspapers that a fortune in jewelry, furs or paintings has been stolen from the star.)

Such publicists must be exposed, for they do a great disservice to all their honorable colleagues, to Hollywood, indeed, to all the loyal fans who make the star system that exists today possible.

It is as simple as that.
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POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
ROOM 9R121 - 131 SOUTH WABASH • CHICAGO 3, ILL.
Despite the fate of Twentieth Century-Fox lying heavy on her shoulders, Liz goes for a relaxing gondola ride with Eddie and Dr. Rex Kennemer.

 Aren't Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty secretly making their wedding plans for early in 1962? There's talk that she'll obtain a Mexican divorce from Bob Wagner. And when you're divorced in Mexico, you can turn around and get hitched again five minutes later. Strange that R.J. has shown a dating interest in Joan Collins, the one-time future Mrs. Warren Beatty. I'd say the relationship is more mutual consolation than romance. And the latest rumor going around about the cause of the Wood-Wagner breakup is really a shocker. Too shocking to print.

 Dick Beymer may have to cool his heels for quite a spell. His love, French actress Dany Saval, is having quite a hassle trying to get her divorce. We printed the news some time ago that Dick had fallen for a married woman and warned that trouble was around the corner for them. What's with these French actresses anyway? Another one, Annie Farge, plans to marry meat heir George Hormel if and when she can obtain a divorce from Dirk Sanders.

 Another first for us was the scoop that Rhonda Fleming and Lang Jeffries were anything but happy. The two had had it by September, and announced the split. His friends tried to tell me he was torching (Continued on page 8)
From the way Eartha Kitt is kicking up her heels, it looks like her marriage is a happy one. Wonder if we'll be getting a stork announcement soon?

If Susan Strasberg (looking like an intellectual's intellectual) isn't having a romance with Laurent Terzieff, she should certainly consider it. Quite a look-alike pair, no?
for Rhonda, but he didn’t look like he was burning a flame for her the night I spotted him in Dino’s with a female vocalist.

Hollywood laughed at the Rita Hayworth-Gary Merrill bermuda shorts romance. I didn’t, and they eventually admitted they were more than friends—especially when Gary accompanied Rita to Switzerland to put Yosmin in a school there. He finally put on a pair of long pants for the plane ride. Rita’s divorce from Jim Hill won’t become final until September of 1962. But then there’s always Mexico to speed things up.

Guess who Cary Grant is calling on the phone these days? Stephanie Zimbalist. Efrem seems like a changed man since the separation—changed for the better. His fellow actors notice he’s cheerful, carefree and even humorous now on the “77 Sunset Strip” set. Married life apparently didn’t agree with him . . . nor do ping pong games.

Wonder if Asa Maynor and Diane Jergens are comparing notes on Edd Byrnes? The girls share an apartment, and Diane was dating Edd even before he heard of Asa.

I don’t know if Elizabeth Taylor realizes it, but the future of a major studio rests in her hands. Twentieth-Century-Fox Studios suffered another major layoff as a result of a disastrous year. And unless Liz completes “Cleopatra”—and it’s a blockbuster at the box office—the entire studio stands to be torn down and replaced by apartments and supermarkets.

Is Marlon Brando slipping? He actually sought out a newsman on the set of “Mutiny on the Bounty” and poured forth his problem. Claimed the studio had him so confused by showing him ten different versions of how to play Fletcher Christian that he didn’t know what to do—or how to act the role. Marlon, I feel sorry for you. So does Anna Kashfi and your latest, Movita.

Troy Donahue’s neighbors won’t have to sleep with their pull-downs any longer. The actor found a secluded place to live in the hills . . . away from it all . . . and away from the complaints of those who claimed they couldn’t sleep with the constant racket going on in his apartment. Troy and Suzanne Pleshette played their love scenes for real on the Italian location of “Lovers Must Learn.” Come to think of it, so did Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee when they were there for “Come September.” I wonder? Could it be the climate?

I’m still puzzled about Colleen and Jimmie Rodgers. They’re living under the same roof, but Colleen still maintains there’s been no reconciliation. What does Jimmie have to do, Colleen, to prove that he loves you?

Trying to keep up with Glenn Ford’s date life these days is like keeping track of publicity-minded Jayne Mansfield at a newspaper convention. I still maintain he’d like to reconcile with ex-spouse Eleanor Powell, but he apparently doesn’t want to grow stale. During one week he was out with Joan Fontaine, Hope Lange, Diane McBain, Angie Dickinson—and then back to Hope again. Sunday night he rested. I can see why.

Hasn’t Marilyn Maxwell persuade Rock Hudson to sell his boat and move to town? She’s strictly a city girl. I spotted them at the post-premiere party of “Come September” at Romanoff’s. Rock kept leading her around by the hand, and many believed it was quite touching. Maybe it was, but one reason for the hand-holding . . . nearsighted Miss Maxwell had left her glasses at home. I wonder—are the two just waiting for her divorce to become final in December?

The Insider Tourists are in for a disappointment. Dean Martin pulled out of Dino’s (the spot “77 Sunset Strip” made famous), and they’re thinking about changing the name. Dean got into a beef with his partners over moola . . . Jerry Lewis answered the rumors about marriage trouble by taking Patti and the kids on a vacation to Coronado, Calif. . . . It’s no wonder Judy Garland doesn’t care if she makes another flicker. The night she sang in the rain at the Hollywood Bowl grossed her $72,000. Gardner McKay’s former loves borrow his car without permission and not only wreck it, but scratch “I Love You” on the fender? . . . Peggy Lee and an English journalist are that way about each other. . . . I felt sorry for Lucille Ball’s man Gary Morton while he was appearing at a Lake Tahoe niter. His jokes came across like a lemon making its second run through a squeezer, and he finally had to ask for applause. Oh well, Gary, Lucy still thinks you’re the greatest. . . . Marilyn Monroe saw Joe DiMaggio off at the airport for New York and that night danced up a storm with Frank Sinatra. Apparently she and Smith has forgotten all about Burt Fuller. She spent her off-moments ringsiding Paul Anka’s late show at the Sands in Las Vegas. She and Louis Prima were performing down the street at the Desert Inn. . . . Robert Stack is getting ready to pull out of playing cops and robbers when his TV contract ends in April. Wants to follow James Garner’s route and stick to features.

We keep hearing those rumors that Connie Stevens and Gary Clarke are talking marriage again. But this time I don’t believe them. Especially now that Gary has been squiring around a slim and trim actress, Jeannine Riley, and Connie has seemingly flipped for actor Ray Foster.

It seems like every time Elvis Presley becomes serious about a gal he puts on his track shoes and heads for Memphis. That’s what he did in August after finishing “Pioneer Go Home.” So Anne Helm is wondering if she’s joined the club of his past romances. There are quite a few members, including Tuesday Weld, Juliet Prowse and Nancy Sharp. I wonder, is Elvis allergic to marriage?

One reason Janet Leigh decided to accompany Tony Curtis to South America was to try and forget her father’s suicide.

I was sorry to hear that Jenny Ann Lindstrom (Ingrid Bergman’s daughter) is planning to divorce her textile-heir husband, Fuller Calloway. “To study drama,” say her friends. I say I hope she finds more personal happiness than her mother.

Frank Fay, famous as the friend of Harvey the rabbit, died in a Santa Monica hospital. Once married to Barbara Stanwyck, Fay was a well-known vaudeville comedian of his day famous for his sharp wit.

The Rosemary Clooney-Jose Ferrer split caught Hollywood by surprise—except for their close friends, that is, who had been expecting it for some time. And now I wonder if José will start dating a young actress who has had her eyes on him?

Didn’t Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra get together when she was in New York not too long ago? (Continued on page 10)
the gift that packs a weekend over your arm

Hint if you must, this Christmas...then proudly wear this smartest-of-all gifts on your sleeve. A Samsonite Hat Box is the most fashionable traveling companion, and the only luggage you'll need for your next weekend trip. Each trim, lightweight style is designed to pack an entire weekend of essentials—including your frilliest dress and maddest hat—plus generous space for gobs of extra stuff. Makes a perfect "set starter," too. (So easy for you to add other matching Samsonite Luggage next year...and the next.)

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HORIZON. Sleek, with hidden strength. New molded case covered in scuff-resistant vinyl. Colors: Capri Blue, Shadow Grey, French White, British Tan. $19.95


SOFT-SIDE. Totally different shaped-in-fabric luggage. Sturdy, lightweight magnesium frame. Samsonite tweeds: Chestnut, Bright Teal and Quill. $20.00

The rumbles that all is not right with Sammy Davis, Jr. and May Britt keep getting louder and laudier. You read it here first that May changed her mind at the last minute and didn’t occur pany Sammy to England for his Palladium performance.

They say The Clan is dying, but Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr. and Joey Bishop are scheduled for another "Summit Meeting" at the Sands Hotel early in 1962. We understand that Peter ("Pen-tagon") Lawford won’t participate. There have been rumors that Peter resigned from the club, but he’s not talking.

Scooping Around: Their friends are predicting that as soon as Mickey and Barbara Rooney become parents again they’ll head for the divorce court. . . They probably will deny it, but I understand Bobby Darin wants Sandra Dee to retire from the screen and devote herself to being a full-time mother. . . Doctors tending Horst Buchholz after his tragic accident in Germany (see page 40) had nearly given up hope of saving his life. The steering wheel of his white Cadillac had been rammed into his stomach when the car crashed. . . George Hamilton and Susan Kohner finally kissed and made up. Whether they’ll go to the altar still remains doubtful. . . I hear Luana Patten wants to give up her career and be just plain Mrs. John Smith. Career-wise Luana hasn’t seemed to hit the big time. A reviewer of her last movie, "Thunder of Drums," sharply criticized her acting. He stated that in her love scenes with George Hamilton she was as convincing a little girl hugging her teddy bear. . . Ward to Jack Lemmon: Unless you finally pop the question, you’ll lose Felicia Farr. She’s tired of waiting. . . Shelley Winters’ home was looted. The haul included some of the keepsakes given to her by Tony Franciosa during their marriage. . . Is David Janssen mad at Paramount? The studio decided to change the title of his latest picture to "Mim Tom" and concentrate on publicizing Stella Stevens, who originally had been signed to play a minor role in the picture. One look at Stella, and what else could they do? . . . No, Harry Karl isn’t getting Debbie Reynolds with a shoe store on their first anniversary, but the diamonds he’ll give her could purchase one. It’ll be a year the 26th of this month—and some said it wouldn’t last. I didn’t. . . Henry Fonda seems to be quite taken with English actress Maggie Brown, who, incidentally, is about the same age as Jane Fonda—Henry’s daughter. . . My respect goes up a notch for Bobby Darin. While in Texas for "State Fair" he volunteered to stage a benefit for the victims of Hurricane Carla. And he helped raise thousands. On the same location, Pat Boone, who neither drinks nor smokes, played the first drunk scene of his screen career. He was so convincing that they got it in one take! . . . Frankie Avalon aced Ty Hardin out for Ann-Margret’s top admirer. Incidentally, Frankie didn’t even have a drink on his 21st birthday last September . . . New York’s loss is Hollywood’s gain. Polly Bergen and Freddie Fields decided to establish their permanent domicile on the West Coast. Freddie (who’s as handsone as any actor in town) manages Judy Garland.

Short Takes: Janet Lake (she’s Robert Dix’s ex) and Chuck Livingston are getting hitched. . . Gary Crosby seems to be a changed person following treatment at an Eastern Hospital. The other Crosby Bays are cleaning up with their nitery act. . . Mort Sahl still won’t talk about the paternity suit slapped on him by Patricia Manley. I don’t blame him. . . Yvette Mimieux continues to deny the rumor that she’s married. So did Vicki Trickett until a newspaper columnist got the facts. . . The Chuck Connors decided against a reconciliation. . . I’m wandering if Sean Flynn will ever get a chance to prove himself on the screen. The start of "Son of Captain Blood" has been postponed time and again. . . George Maharis had quite a scare while in Philadelphia for a "Route 66" show. Someone impersonated him and, to make matters worse, kidnapped a female vocalist. The police questioned George, thinking at first that he was the villain. . . Our reporter in Rome reports that Elizabeth Taylor still isn’t feeling up to par. So her physician, Dr. Rex Kennamer, remains at her side. And if "Cleopatra" filming proves too much for her, she’ll be allowed to work only half a day. Personally, I believe she should have waited longer to return to work. It’s been less than a year since her brush with death, not enough time to get her strength back. . . Frankly, I was disappointed with Kay Gable’s book on the King. Certainly Clark Gable deserved a more fitting tribute than a play-by-play description of his marriage to Kay. . . Maybe George Peppard has decided to bring his marriage out in the open. I hear he’s finally planning to move his wife and family into Hollywood. . . The studio department; a big kind told me Kal ALbright and Bill Chadney have dated the stork. She really looks sexy as the stripper in "Cold Wind in August."

Puzzler of the month: What actress was telling everyone she was happily married, and, at the same time, had a private detective shadowing her husband’s every movement? Needless to say, they are now separated.
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*New Moisture-proof Inner Shield is full length, full width—simply cannot stain through. Carefully placed below the center of the cushioned layers—deep enough to give superior absorbency above the shield while keeping under part dry. Doesn’t chafe.*

*New Proportioned Design gives extra depth in middle for greatest absorbency where needed. New Multi-Layer Filler holds 11 times its weight in moisture as proved by laboratory tests. Protects like a super pad with even less bulkiness than a junior size.*

*New Ultra Soft-Strength Cover—another comfort feature in Confidets’ unique design—is reinforced on under side with silky rayon threads, leaving upper part smooth, soft against the skin.*

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It's easy. All you have to do is fill in the coupon (below) and tell us, in 25 words or less, where you think Columbia Pictures should film its next "Gidget" movie. In the last "Gidget" movie, actress Deborah Walley was sent to Hawaii, where she so charmingly brought to life the romantic adventures of young Gidget. What Deborah would like to know is where the public would like her to travel next. Paris? Berlin? Tokyo? Tahiti? Rio or Moscow? Or perhaps you have a unique place all your own. Great! Tell us where — and tell us why!

I think the next GIDGET movie should be filmed in__________________ because ______________________________

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Pictures Of Your Trip Will Appear in PHOTOPLAY!

HOLLYWOOD

RULES

PHOTOPLAY'S GIDGET CONTEST will appear in this—and only this—issue of the magazine.

1. Coupon space provided (on opposite page) must be used for your 25-word-or-less entry.
2. Entry may be typewritten, or written in ink or pencil. Mail it to GIDGET CONTEST, PHOTOPLAY, P. O. Box 3762, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N. Y. Send as many entries as you wish, as long as each entry is submitted on the coupon space provided opposite.
3. Entries must be postmarked not later than December 7, 1961, and received in this office not later than December 15, 1961.
4. The prize, an all-expense paid trip to Hollywood for the winner and a companion of the winner's choice, will be awarded on the best 25-word-or-less entry which tells where the next 'Gidget' movie should be filmed—and why. Originality of thought will be the most important factor in judging.
5. The editors of PHOTOPLAY are the judges of this contest, and their decision will be final. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and none will be returned. Correspondence will not be entered into with contestants concerning the contest.
6. The contest is open to any resident of North America, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and their families.
7. The winner or winners (in case of tie) will be notified by mail and their names and photos will be published in PHOTOPLAY.

Gidget in Hawaii. Where should she go next?
What makes a movie dirty? For a week, at various times, I asked a number of people this question. Here are the answers, listed in the order they finished.

1. If it’s a foreign picture, it must be dirty.
2. If it’s at an art theater, ditto.
3. If a friend told me it’s sexy.
4. If it’s advertised, “Adults Only.”
5. When the church lists the movie as one I shouldn’t see.
6. If I know the movie didn’t receive the Production Code seal.
7. What are you, some kind of a nut or something?
   I don’t believe in polls—even mine. But so it shouldn’t be a total waste, let’s fool around with numbers one and six. Most people think a foreign movie is dirty—which is synonymous with sexy.

Surprisingly few people—even those in the movie industry—know the facts about the Production Code. This code is supposed to protect you morally, physically, spiritually and any way you can name. In fact it protects you from everything but a bad movie. I’m inclined to think that often it contributes to it.

Back in 1922, Will H. Hays left his job as Postmaster General to work for the movie industry. They could pay him a fatter salary than the U.S. He was to be to movie morals what Judge Landis was to baseball’s—the “Checkmate” of his time.

Hays, with his high starched collar, toured the country to promote good will for the movies. It’s important to know that this first film Czar had nothing to do with either (Continued on page 16)

Kim Novak, taking a movie scrub without benefit of flesh-toned bathing suit—or anything—is only going along on an old Hollywood tradition, the nude bath scene. But it took Columbia Studios two weeks to get this just right for “The Notorious Landlady.” Could any censor call a scene “dirty” if the star’s in water two weeks?
I dreamed I bowled them over
in my *maidenform* bra

SWEET MUSIC*...dreamy new Maidenform bra...spoke-stitched cups for gently rounded curves—newest you-est way to look. Laminated undercups for never-let-you-down-uplift! 2.50. Also Sweet Music Full Length. From 3.95.

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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"
FREE! Frank, revealing 24-page book explaining menstruation. Write Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper.)

SIDNEY SKOLSKY

SOUNDS OFF
continued

Sally's GAY
WITH MIDOL

Censorship, the Production Code or its seal. There was no official censorship in the era of the silents! Clara Bow could have "It," provided it was silent. But Ann Sheridan had to be careful what her "oomph" said.

The Production Code became official March 31, 1930. It was written by Martin Quigley, publisher of the Motion Picture Almanac, and his friend, the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J. of St. Louis. The idea had been Quigley's. He believed the level of movie morals was sinking with the talkies under the bad influence of writers and the Broadway stage.

The Producers Association welcomed the Production Code. Wouldn't you? It meant self-imposed or "Do It Yourself" censorship instead of having it done to you by numerous state and city groups, each with its own idea of what was good for the people.

However, the Production Code has twelve "Particular Applications," each of which has numerous subheads. For example, the application labeled "Sex" has eight specifications to obey, while the one for "National Feeling" has only three.

Through the years, the Production Code stood firm. It was untouched by reality: A depression, liberal laws, dictators, Al Capone, the Supreme Court on free press, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and anything else of importance. There were two worlds, the real and the movie.

It was extremely difficult to make a movie that was really different. People were either heroes or villains, and the villains had to be punished before the picture ended. Sly Ernest Lubitsch managed to elude the code.

The code is loaded with silly, outdated restrictions. Otto Preminger couldn't get its seal for "The Moon Is Blue" when it was released about ten years ago. Want to know why? I'll tell you, but don't laugh: The heroine told the hero, "I'm a virgin."

A few months ago "The Moon Is Blue" was finally given the seal. Today it's okay to say "virgin" on the screen. Do you know anyone, including yourself, who was damaged in any way by hearing the word "virgin" when "The Moon Is Blue" was first released? At the last Academy Awards, the Oscar for Best Foreign Picture went to "Virgin Spring." But don't laugh—remember, you promised!

The full-scale invasion of foreign pictures has severely hurt Hollywood. It has also put the Production Code in jeopardy. The Hollywood-made movie and the foreign movie are competing for the same American amusement dollar, but with different sets of rules. The foreign movie—"La Dolce Vita," "The Truth," "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "Virgin Spring," "Room at the Top," to name a few—needs no seal to play in any theater that wants to book it. The Hollywood movie, without the seal, is an orphan when it comes to booking time. The Hollywood studios obey their self-imposed code. A foreign picture plays a guest shot. Hollywood studios and distributing organizations are afraid of the Legion of Decency, the church, women's clubs and frantic pressure groups.

Hollywood is bound together by fear and celluloid!

The Production Code needs a complete rewrite. The Producers Association and the "Johnston Office" (current name for the Hays office; the chief is Eric Johnston) should not be ashamed to admit the code is not what it used to be. I know this is the main obstacle to throwing away the old code and drawing up a new and realistic one.

I'd like to suggest to the Producers Association, when they do sit down to devise a new code, that suppression, which once constituted the
sole work of censorship, belongs to the past—the Forties and Fifties. It has been replaced by the new and better function of guidance. What’s also needed is a different type of censor—and this goes all along the line to the Legion of Decency and pressure groups. The tyrant censor should be replaced by a psychologist censor. Deep understanding is needed.

I’m for self-imposed censorship if it is the right kind and will eliminate the power of self-appointed censors. In the same manner, I’m for free speech, yet I endorse Justice Holmes’ interpretation: “Free speech doesn’t entitle a person to yell ‘Fire’ in a crowded theater.”

These nights, producers are yelling “Fire” to fill theaters. The movie makers’ “Fire” is unnecessary filth, used for the deliberate purpose of arousing the baser emotions of a person, enticing the person to become a paying customer. It’s done without conscience or scruples—to make a buck. It’s done under the banner of art, under the guise of “true to life.”

This realism is the last refuge of the scoundrel!

I can point to paragraphs by Dostoevsky, Oscar Wilde, Chekhov; by Dreiser, O’Hara and other excellent authors, that have sordid situations but are not dirty. The intention is honest. And because of this the result, whether it be “Crime and Punishment” or “Appointment in Samara” or even the film “Oscar Wilde,” is respected and respectable.

This is more than I can say of a movie called “Sex Kittens Go to College” or a book titled “Carpetbaggers.”

Intention is what makes a movie or book dirty.

I realize the difficulty of establishing the intention of a producer or a director or a writer. Intention can be hidden, disguised, intangible. But there are ways of recognizing intention. One is a knowledge of the person, careerwise and personal. Another is that intangible possession called instinct, which can be a sure guide to that intangible but all-important intention.

So watch out, movie-makers . . . your intentions are showing.

THE END

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**GO OUT TO A MOVIE**

by JANET GRAVES

---

**THE HUSTLER**

20th; Cinemascope; Director-Producer, Robert Rossen (Adult)

what's it about? Ambition and a pathetic love affair are warring influences in the life of a young pool-hall shark. 
what's the verdict? At first glance, it looks like smashing realism with strong photography to catch every detail of expressive faces and grimy New York backgrounds, and shrewd cutting to build terrific excitement. Then familiar words remind us we've met the plot (in fight films). Gleason's part is brief but impressive.

---

**SUMMER AND SMOKE**

Paramount; Panavision; Technicolor; Director, Peter Glenville; Producer, Hal Wallis (Adult)

who's in it? Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, Pamela Tiffin.  
what's it about? Strange, lasting link between a timid Southern spinster and the reckless boy next door. 
what's the verdict? Now we see why Broadway has been applauding Geraldine Page. What a beautiful job she does in this gentle, understanding story written before Tennessee Williams' view of life got so tilted. It's theater-flavored, concentrating on talk, just sketching in the locale (a small town 45 years ago).

---

**THE DEVIL AT FOUR O'CLOCK**

Columbia; Eastman Color; Director, Mercey LeRoy; Producer, Fred Kohlmar (Family)

who's in it? Spencer Tracy, Frank Sinatra, Kerwin Mathews, Jean Pierre Aumont, Barbara Luna.  
what's it about? A priest and three convicts fight to save the children at a leprosy hospital from an erupting volcano. 
what's the verdict? Every scene, every character and every line of dialogue is industriously calculated to be sure-fire, based on reliable items of emotional appeal; children in danger, faith lost and gained, rascals reformed. Spence and Frankie perform like old hands.

---

**GREYFRIARS BOBBY**

Buena Vista; Technicolor; Director, Don Chaffey; Producer, Walt Disney (Family)

who's in it? Donald Crisp, Laurence Naismith, Kay Walsh, Alex Mackenzie.  
what's it about? True story of a little Skye terrier whose faithfulness won a whole Scottish town. 
what's the verdict? Except for sourpusses who just hate dogs, this is a warmly likable movie, part funny, part touching. It's mostly solid, unashamed sentiment with grim scenes in a mid-19th Century flophouse for contrast. The cast is fine, but mere humans can't compete with the real star—the Skye terrier.
THE SERGEANT WAS A LADY
U-I; Director-Producer, Bernard Glasser (Family)

Who's in it? Martin West, Venetia Stevenson, Bill Williams.

What's it about? A red-tape snarl in the present-day Army lands a handsome GI at an all-WAC base that's man-hungry—but set to best the men at missile-tracking.

What's the verdict? Dizzy comedy that snubs reality to chase laughs. (If the Russians are looking, let's hope they understand we're only kidding.) Martin's a stalwart young hero, and some of the girls are pretty cute. The situation's similar to a story that put Donald O'Connor into the WAC's with Francis the mule.

NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE
Embassy; Director, Ralph Thomas; Producer, Betty Box (Adult)

Who's in it? Peter Finch, Mary Peach, Stanley Holloway, Billie Whitelaw.

What's it about? Career of a British politician who loses the love of three women in his drive for power.

What's the verdict? Substantial, thoughtful drama, carefully worked out, splendidly acted. Even small parts go to well-known players, except for Mary (a new blonde beauty). On the surface, it's typically English, but its conflicts could come up anywhere in the fascinating game of politics, which is everybody's business.

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Richard Beymer has been snapped by Dany Saval, the pretty little French doll Walt Disney brought here. Dick flew to Paris to put the ring on her finger after she began divorce proceedings from Roger Chalan. Dick's pals suspected he was serious when he began taking French lessons between scenes of "Bachelor Flat." Dany speaks very little English. They'll marry as soon as her divorce goes through.

Pat Boone does movies, records, TV, writes books—and now he's going to have his own disc jockey radio show. The show will be taped and sold all over the world. Hong Kong was the first city to buy it. The show will be done in English. There'll be no language problem because, on his world tour, Pat discovered that all the reporters speak English, even in the farthest corners of the globe, and that most foreigners learn English as a "second" language. Pat's fans here will get to hear his show—present plans call for it to be sold to local stations throughout the States.

When she's grown up and has to take an important place in society, will she be trained for it? As the daughter of Prince Aly Khan she is a princess.

Being married to Orson Welles and a Prince in one lifetime must have been mighty exciting, but I don't believe Rita is happier because of it. People say the reason she wouldn't permit Yasmin to visit Aly was that she thought if she kept the child from him she might get him back.

Marilyn Monroe can no longer claim she's never had a date with Frank Sinatra. He took her to the party Harold Mirisch gave for the Billy Wilders. They sat at Billy's table which gave the guests quite a giggle because...
after Billy directed her in “Let’s Make Love,” he declared he wouldn’t make another picture with her for a million dollars. But when the film grossed $15,000,000 he changed his mind. Marilyn’s looking radiant. She’s thin, selects her clothes carefully and had our favorite hairdresser, George Masters, give her a new hair style.

Pussy Cat, Gardner McKay’s pet, is the only dog left at 20th. Tuesday Weld got clearance for her white German shepherd, but when he bit a large chunk out of director Ted Post, who was rushed to the hospital, the dog’s permit was revoked—but fast. By the way, Gard is putting Pussy Cat to work in one of his TV shows this season.

Ann Sothern spent the summer in Sun Valley with her daughter Tish. She’s back in town turning down acting jobs because she wants to produce and direct TV.

Look into Jill St. John’s garage and you’ll see three Lancias, one Scarab, one Mercedes Benz, one Rolls-Royce and two motorcycles. She must go eney, meeny, miney, mo each morning to decide which one to drive. Jill was telling me how sorry she was to have missed the opening of the San Francisco opera. Her husband Lance Reventlow was out of town and she couldn’t get the plane reservations she wanted, so she didn’t go. Her husband listened and asked, “Darling, why didn’t you use my plane?” She opened her big eyes, looked at him with, “Oh dear, I forgot we had one!”

Shirley Jones says playing bad women pays off. Burt Lancaster saw her as an alcoholic on a TV show and gave her the role of the slut in “Elmer Gantry.” That led to an Oscar which then led to “Music Man,” in which Shirley is sensational. Bob Preston is also great in his role. “And to think,” says Shirley, “that Morton Da Costa had to fight Jack Warner to get Bob.” She expects to have her baby after Christmas by Caesarean section. The light brown color of her hair is very becoming, though you could pass her by and not recognize her. She and husband Jack Cassidy have just moved into Merle Oberon’s former Bel Air home.

Rock Hudson’s fans keep writing me asking if his romance with Marilyn Maxwell is serious and if I think they’ll marry. I don’t think it’s serious or that they’ll ever marry. In fact, I’d bet on it.

Ethel Merman took to the road for the first time in her life with “Gypsy” and loved every minute of it. After playing in Los Angeles she takes it to Denver, Colorado, where she was known as Mrs. Robert Six, housewife. “I want the citizens to know I can belt out a song that’ll hit the Rockies and bounce back. I doubt if many of their citizens ever heard me.” She plans to take the show to London where she’s sure to be a sensation. (Please turn the page)
I wish the press would stop picking on Sean Flynn just because he's Errol's son. He's a nice lad, and I hope he'll make a big success on the screen.

Ann-Margret's long line of beaus has scared off many an admirer, but not Ty Hardin, who not only joined the list but has shouldered himself right to the top. He calls her every day and has managed to get two dates a week for the past couple of months. But when I asked Ann-Margret her ideas on marriage she said, "I don't want to marry right away. My parents have come out here from Chicago to live with me. Before I start a home of my own I want to bring some happiness into their lives. They gave up a lot for me. Papa, who's an electrical contractor, worked so hard. Every night for years he came home dog-tired; then he had a stroke and had to retire. Now in this climate he's getting along famously, and we hope to see him well again. Papa and Mama have gone through all the bad part with me; now I want to share my fun and success with them."

Leticia Roman flew home to Italy to make a film, then found herself in a tough spot when she tried to return to Hollywood. She'd taken out first American citizenship papers, but in the excitement of going off on short notice, failed to fill out certain forms which changed her passport status. Now her visa is all tied up in red tape and it will take a lot of doing to get her back in.

Wonder if you'll yawn as I did when I learned that Dolores Michaels and Don Murray have resumed dating and are apparently more enchanted with each other than ever.

Carol Lynley's husband has sure slowed up her career. She hasn't had her foot on the 20th lot since she had a row with them about a picture and changed her exclusive contract to a two-pictures-a-year deal.

Brett Halsey and Deborah Power Loew were friends back in the days when Debbie was married to Ty and Brett was a guest on their yacht. So they've picked up again—two husbands and two children later.

Sandra Dee is having the baby, but it's Bobby Darin who's on a health kick. He passes around huge plates of crisp iced celery on the set and goes for it himself in a big way. George Burns tells me why Bobby Darin can play almost any instrument in the band. He said when Bobby was with him in Las Vegas he didn't waste time playing around with the girls, but spent his moments getting the fellows in the band to teach him to play the various instruments. He never stops working.

I had such a nice chat with Jason Robards while he was here making "Tender Is the Night." When I told him he had a beautiful speaking voice and asked why he didn't do some recordings of Shakespeare or something from the Eugene O'Neill plays, he said, "I've
thought of it and would like to, but I don’t believe they’d sell.” I disagreed, then said, “Let me hear something from Shakespeare,” and he obliged. I wanted to hear more, but he had to leave and promised, “When I come back I’ll come over and do some more.” While he was working here he had a musical jam session with Brandon DeWilde. Jason plays guitar, banjo and baritone ukulele, and Brandon is a whiz on the guitar. Robards denied the story that his wife Lauren Bacall was pregnant. “Among us we have five children. I have three by a former wife and she has two by Bogart. I regret I never had a chance to meet Bogey,” he said.

Felicia Farr is a very patient young woman. Jack Lemmon’s been paying her court for quite a few years now. But when is he going to propose? Or am I prying? I guess I am.

Lucille Ball isn’t just sitting around waiting to get back to work again. She’s redecorating her Beverly Hills home from top to bottom, adding a pool and poolhouse. She’s found happiness again with Gary Morton, a very good comic whose voice sounds much like Clark Gable’s.

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GOONSVILLE!

The pinup pictures in your magazine are terrible. You are wasting millions of square feet of paper on them. Not because they are a bad idea, but the way they are taken. The first one of Van Williams was pretty good. The next of Diane McBain was Goonsville, and Lee Patterson was where you made your big mistake. He looked like he was enduring a shock. But, we really go for the gossip...

Freedom Writers
Detroit, Mich.

Dig our latest dreamboat pinup on Page 38. If that doesn’t send you out of this world, our Art Director will.—En.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

In response to your revealing article on the ordeal suffered by Gardner McKay, I believe we can all understand and commend his bravery in standing up to this scandal. Since he has money and was generous to this woman in her distress, perhaps because he was sorry for her, she contrived to accuse him. Perhaps she thought that he would settle out of court because of the unfavorable publicity resulting from a trial which might damage his career.

A Fan
Denver, Colo.

I read your wonderful story on Sammy Davis’ baby. It was so touching, I just had to write...

Margaret McCarthy
Brighton, Mass.

When I read about Rita Hayworth and her many loves, I can see that the real tragedy of her life is what the effect of these passing husbands will have on her girls. Certainly these marital upheavals will hurt her children in some way, and it is a pity the innocent are always the ones to suffer. Your story about Rebecca brought this fact home to me quite vividly.

Gloria Ghinka
San Francisco, Calif.

I don’t know where you get your information, but your story on George Maharis was completely false. Flushing High School doesn’t have gangs that dominate or run the school. It happens to be a very good school, I should know, since I am a student there.

Gail Singer
Flushing, N.Y.

WHAT’S HAPPENED?

What’s happened to poor Ava Gardner? That tired photo of her in your gossip section saddens me tremendously. She has always been a great favorite of mine and I wonder what’s happened to make her seem so unhappy. And she seems to have lost all her glamour.

Alice Whyte
Camden, N. J.

Did you read “The Tragedy That Haunts Hollywood” in our November issue?—En.

SICK, SICK, SICK!

... I’m sick and tired of Liz’s troubles. She made her bed, let her sleep in it. And Sandra Dee talks like a baby and acts like a baby. Let her choose her own baby’s name.

Mrs. Wesley D.
Kendallville, Ind.

I think if I see another picture or read another story about Jackie Kennedy, I will scream.

“Disgusted”
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Disgusted:
Turn to page 60 and start screaming.—En.

I was delighted to read the article on Jackie Kennedy. It was just great! I’d rather read about Mrs. Kennedy than Liz, Debbie and Eddie any day.

Jo Ann Kenny
Detroit, Mich.

When I buy a movie magazine, I want to read about films and respectable film personalities. Since Photoplay has turned into a political propaganda sheet, I shall no longer read your Washington-oriented trash. Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!

No Name

Three goodbyes? She must really mean it.—En.

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Write to Readers, Inc., Photofly, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret that we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
Pamela Tiffin changes the color of her eyes as often as some gals change their dresses. She'll have green orbs in "State Fair." "I don't make contact without my contacts," she says. "If people think I'm snubbing them they should know I can't see across the room without my lenses. I have them in all colors; I wore blue for 'Summer and Smoke,' green in 'One, Two, Three.' I also have gray and violet lenses but I'm saving them for future color films." She's eighteen and has worn contact lenses for five years. Billy Wilder told me that not since Audrey Hepburn has he found a girl with so much natural talent. José Ferrer thinks so, too.

We're wondering if Natalie Wood will get the same treatment from Warren Beatty that Joan Collins did. Joan gave up two years of her professional life to follow him wherever he went and then he dropped her. Natalie Wood flew to Key West, Florida, to be with him, then they weekended in Nassau. But unlike Joan—Natalie was still married.

Gardner McKay, who's been flying east to visit Dolores Hawkins weekends and holidays, came up with a surprise for her over Labor Day. He borrowed a yacht, entered the Seacliff Yacht Club race and came in second. Dolores wasn't aboard. When Gardner sails a tough race, there are no gals to interfere.

That's all the news for now.
I'll write you next month.
Immorality exists wherever there are people. It has endured since Adam nibbled the Apple. Obviously it is easier to deplore than to destroy. And only the foolish would suggest that Hollywood has a monopoly on Sin. In Hollywood, unhappily, privacy is generally a public affair. The ultimate irony of Hollywood is simply this: It is a place.

(Continued on page 74)
What the Fishers can't talk about — even now:

the life Eddie still shares with Debbie
Eddie Fisher sat at the table at Idlewild Airport's International Restaurant and gazed meditatively across the half-empty dining room. He seemed to be swallowed up in thought, deep and brooding. His eyes were tired and his face reflected the overwhelming anxiety that had forced him into a night of sleepless tossing and turning.

Eddie had been worried sick by his wife's sudden indisposition. There had been no warning, no sign.

From my own table across the aisle from Eddie, I could see how he might well be worried about the load of work that was ahead for Liz as "Cleopatra." And yet, somehow, because of what I had just learned, I wondered—was Eddie thinking about Liz at that very moment,

(Continued on page 76)
"I've been in love ever since I can remember," Troy Donahue confesses. "It's made my life go round and my career go up." And one day, say his enemies, it will also be his downfall.

When Troy Donahue was only seventeen, but already on his own in New York, he stood one night in a Park Avenue apartment watching a gay party swirl around him. As he did, a girl tripped by and tossed her mink coat in his arms. "Hold this for me a minute, will you?" she asked. "I'll be right back." An hour later the same girl flashed past Troy again. He was still holding the mink. "You mean you've actually been standing here holding my coat all this time?" she gasped. "Yes, ma'am," said Troy. "Well—!" The girl stared at him reflectively and Troy stared back. She was beautiful and sophisticated looking and obviously older—in short, exciting. And she crooked her finger. "Let's get out of here," she said suddenly. "Come with me." ... Troy went. For the next few (Continued on page 32)
a Photoplay
BOOK-LENGTH
Life Story
weeks she took him on a journey to Paradise. She also broke his young heart. For a while he didn't care if he lived or died.

At twenty-four, and by now Hollywood's fastest rising young star, Troy Donahue is still figuratively standing with his arms extended—ready for something to drop and a finger to beckon. Not necessarily a girl's finger, but any interesting summons from life.

This trait has brought him—and still brings—both pleasure and pain, delight and depression, good fortune and bad. It has made him both friends and enemies, earned him praise and criticism, admiration and anger. It has launched almost as many romances for Troy as Helen once did ships, and with almost as (Continued on page 34)
1. Two beauties, year-old Troy and his mother. 2. Maybe he didn't sing well at two, but he sure sang loud. 3. And he even tried hard to accompany himself. 4. Another year, and the athletic age set in. 5. By five he wore his sweatshirt with an air. 6. Nearly nine here, with his adored baby sister Eve. 7. Even at eleven he liked girls. 8. At sixteen, at a ring dance. He was an old hand at romance.
many wrecks. In the end it brought Troy what he always dreamed of having—an acting career. But along the way it has also brought him dangerously close to being a bum. It has landed him in the hospital—and in jail. But it is a blessing—or curse—which, his friends agree, he is powerless to change.

"Troy has no self-protective devices whatever," says Delmer Daves, who has directed all his Warner Brothers pictures and knows him as a father knows a son. "He has no guard up, no guile. He is embarrassingly honest. He almost offers you his heart. People can get hurt this way."

Says Eve, his sister, "Troy has always worn his heart on his sleeve."

And Lee Patterson, a "SurfSide Six" colleague and Troy's good friend, explains how he became one: "You meet Troy and his manner seems to say 'Hello—come on in.' So you do."

In his latest picture, "Susan Slade," Troy himself philosophizes, "Most people on this earth are either closed or open. . . . The open people are open to life and all it has to offer—all the joys and all the hurts. Open people live—(Continued on page 86)"

a Photoplay
TROY DONAHUE
Life Story
1 Leticia Roman was lucky, casual dates didn’t burn her.
2 Nan Morris and Troy were close—till the going got too rough.
3 Connie Stevens dated Troy, jilted Gary Clarke.
4 Troy was in Sandra Dee’s life before she married Bobby.
5 Lili Kardell thought she had Troy’s heart, but broke her own.
HOW MUCH IS A HUSBAND WORTH?

*brand-new, good condition, willing to love you
There’s a mighty strange rumor going around town about Dolores Hart.

“About me?” asked Dolores, her big blue eyes getting bigger and bluer.

“Yes,” I said, “about you. I hear tell you’ve a price tag on a husband. In fact, the rumor is that a man—and I hear he’s an ‘older’ man—is so interested in keeping you single, he’s willing to pay you $5,000 not to marry until your twenty-fifth birthday. Now, just what do you say to that?”

“Well,” said Miss Hart, without batting an eyelash, “it’s true, absolutely true!”

Her answer shocked me so I almost dropped my forkful of Caesar salad. I couldn’t believe dear Dolores Hart, the sweetest, prettiest young lady in Hollywood was a complete hoax. All sorts of thoughts ran through my brain. Miss Purity, indeed . . . and here she is mixed up with an older man . . . and not only does she admit it, but she seems so cool, calm and I-don’t-care-ish about it.

“Do you want to talk about it?” I asked, almost fearing her answer.

“Sure,” she smiled. “I don’t care who knows!”

She’s a brazen one, I thought. I said, “Would you care to name the gentleman?”

“His name is Kude, Fred Kude . . . he’s my grandfather, you know.”

At this point I did drop my forkful of salad. Dolores burst out laughing. As I picked lettuce leaves from my lap, she went on, seemingly oblivious to my shock and surprise.

“Well, let’s see. I guess I’d better start at the beginning. The first thing you should know is that my grandfather’s the reason I became interested in movies. He was a projectionist in a movie house, and he was so bored with his job he was always falling asleep. It was my job to sit in the projection booth with him and wake him up in time to change the reels. I saw hundreds of movies, but you know something, it was a long time before I knew movies had sound . . . I couldn’t hear a thing in that stuffy little booth.”

Somehow I was beginning to get the idea that grandfather was sort of a character. It didn’t seem natural for this finishing-schoolassieto have a character for a grandfather. And then she told me about her grandmother.

“Grandmother’s a character to end all characters. I’m firmly convinced they broke the mold after she was born. She’s a waitress in Chicago—but the job wasn’t easy to get. When she first applied, she was told she was too old—what with her gray hair and missing teeth. Furious, Grandma went home and doused her hair in peroxide. Then she enrolled in a night course in mechanical dentistry and made herself a set of dental plates. Months later she returned to the restaurant, a youthful vision. She got the job. And that’s not all,” she giggled. “She can stand on her head and, at the same time, smoke a cigarette and drink a martini—full strength!” (Continued on page 72)

Goodbye to girls in bikinis rubbing sandy fingers through his hair. Goodbye to starlets dressed in borrowed silver fox kissing him for publicity and profit. Goodbye to too much pizza at midnight, too much despair at seven in the morning.

Goodbye to the game, the search, the hunt. Goodbye to all the untasted lips, all the tears which (Continued on page 84)
CK-UP

THE
HORST
BUCHHOLZ
TRAGEDY
Fast-driving Horst Buchholz, often called Germany's Jimmy Dean, barely escaped with his life—as Dean didn't. Missing a curve at top speed, Horst crashed his white Cadillac into a tree outside Munich and was seriously hurt. He was later convicted of drunken driving and fined 25,000 German marks—about $6,250—to be contributed to the Red Cross. A prison sentence of twenty-five days was suspended, his driver's license revoked for ten months. But what worried Horst most, as he came to in the hospital, was that his wife Miriam might be notified of the accident before the doctor could give a favorable report. It was bad enough—a severe concussion and internal injuries.

Ironically, the script of his current picture, "One, Two, Three," sends Horst crashing into the Brandenburg Gate on a motorcycle, but with less drastic results.

As to the Jimmy Dean label—Horst objects. "I am myself!" he insists. The End
Bleeding, half-conscious, he tried to sit up. But it was too much—he collapsed again, until ambulance came.

Shocked bystanders watched as ambulance attendants eased the famous young star of "Fanny" onto a stretcher.

scene pictures! -exclusive to Photoplay
From one end of the country to the other, the headlines screamed the news: BIG DRAFT CALL! WAR THREAT INCREASES! And with the news came an avalanche of letters, letters addressed to PHOTOPLAY, asking: Which stars will be drafted? Will a married actor be called? Will Fabian and Frankie Avalon have to go? What about Rock? What about Elvis? Which actors are in the Reserves? What about an actor who's just had a baby?

Because of the impossibility of answering each question personally, we decided to publish a list of the most popular movie and TV stars (see page 46) and their draft status.

Those most likely to be drafted, according to information provided by members of the Los Angeles Board of Selective Service, are unmarried males between the ages of 21 and 26. Within this group, the 23-year-olds would most likely be called first. However, young men from 18 to 21 are also eligible for the draft, and those in the Reserves are subject to call even before a national emergency is declared. Men between the
ages of 26 and 36 would probably be taken only in case of national call-up. Those over 36 would be tapped only in case of actual war.

Please bear in mind that the predictions of each star's military future are the opinions of the editors of PHOTOPLAY, based on the latest draft board announcements, and are not actual draft standings.

The specific draft status of each star is confidential and cannot be released to the public.
Nick Adams
30. Married, 2 children. 2 years in Navy. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

Jimmy Boyd

Jimmy Clanton
21 and single. Will he be drafted? Very likely.

Paul Anka
20 and single. Will he be drafted? Very likely.

Marlon Brando

BARRY COE
27. Married, 1 child. Will he be drafted? Football injury to knee will keep him out.

James Arness
36. Divorced, 3 children. Army. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency

Peter Brown

Bob Conrad

Frankie Avalon
21 and single. Will he be drafted? Very likely.

Raymond Burr
44. Divorced, no children. 6 years in Navy. Will he be drafted? Over draft age.

Robert Culp
30. Married, 1 child. Will he be drafted? Not likely.

Warren Beatty
23 and single. Will he be drafted? Very likely.

EDD BYRNES
28 and single. Will he be drafted? Possibly.

Tony Curtis

Richard Beymer
22 and single. Will he be drafted? Leg injury will keep him out.

Mickey Callan
25. Married, 1 child. Will he be drafted? Not likely.

James Darren

Pat Boone
27. Married, 4 children. Will he be drafted? Not likely.

Johnny Cash
29. Married, 4 children. 3 years in Air Force. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

Bobby Darin
25. Married, child due in December. Will he be drafted? Heart condition will keep him out.
MARK DAMON
28 and single.
Will he be drafted?
Not likely.

PHIL EVERLY
21 and single.
Will he be drafted?
Possibly.

ANTHONY GEORGE
34 and single. Air
Force. Will he be
drafted? Only in
national emergency.

BOB DENVER
26. Married, 2 chil-
dren. Will he be
drafted? Not likely.

FABIAN
18 and single.
Will he be drafted?
Not likely.

CLU GULAGHER
30. Married, 1 child.
Marines. Will he be
drafted? Only in
national emergency.

BRAD DILLMAN
26. Separated, 2
children. Marines.
Will he be drafted?
Only in national
emergency.

PETER FALK
34. Married, no chil-
dren. Merchant Ma-
rines. Will he be
drafted? Eye defect
will keep him out.

GEORGE HAMILTON
22 and single.
Will he be drafted?
Very likely.

TROY DONAHUE
24 and single.
Will he be drafted?
Knee injury will
keep him out.

EDDIE FISHER
33. Married, 3 chil-
dren. 2 years in
Army. Will he be
drafted? Only in na-
tional emergency.

TY HARDIN
30. Divorced, 4 chil-
dren. Army Signal
Corps. Will he be
drafted? Only in na-
tional emergency.

CLINT EASTWOOD
31. Married, no chil-
dren. 2 years in
Army. Will he be
drafted? Only in na-
tional emergency.

ERIC FLEMING
33 and single. Mer-
chant Marines. Will
he be drafted?
Not likely.

DARRYL HICKMAN
30. Married, 1 child.
2 years in Army.
Will he be drafted?
Only in national
emergency.

DUANE EDDY
23 and single.
Will he be drafted?
Possibly.

SEAN FLYNN
20 and single.
Will he be drafted?
Possibly.

DWAYNE HICKMAN
27 and single.
Will he be drafted?
Not likely.

DON EVERLY
23. Divorced, 1 child.
Will he be drafted?
Possibly.

JAMES GARNER
33. Married, 2 chil-
dren. Merchant Ma-
rines. Will he be
drafted? Only in
national emergency.

BOB HORTON
36. Married, no chil-
dren. Coast Guard.
Will he be drafted?
Only in national
emergency.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Status</th>
<th>Service</th>
<th>Married?</th>
<th>Children</th>
<th>Will he be drafted?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ROCK HUDSON</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>Divorced, no children</td>
<td>Navy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Only in national emergency</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MICHAEL LANDON</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Married, 2 children</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Not likely.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KERWIN MATTHEWS</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>Air Force</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Only in national emergency.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TAB HUNTER</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>Single, Coast Guard</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Not likely.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STEVE LAWRENCE</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>Married, 1 child</td>
<td>2 years in Army</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Only in national emergency.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOUG McCLURE</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Divorced, 1 child</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Not likely.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WILL HUTCHINS</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>Single, Army Signal Corps</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Only in national emergency.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JACK LEMMON</td>
<td>36</td>
<td>Divorced, 1 child</td>
<td>Navy</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Only in national emergency.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GARDNER McKay</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>Single</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Possibly.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JIM HUTTON</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>Married, 2 children</td>
<td>2 years in Army</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Only in national emergency.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JERRY LEWIS</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>Married, 5 children</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Not likely.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STEVE McQUEEN</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>Married, 2 children</td>
<td>Marines</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Only in national emergency.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAVID JANSSEN</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>Married, no children</td>
<td>2 years in Army</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Only in national emergency.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GARY LOCKWOOD</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Single</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Knee injury will keep him out.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAL MINEO</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>Single</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Very likely.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DEAN JONES</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>Married, 2 children</td>
<td>4 years in Navy</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Only in national emergency.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROBERT LOGAN</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>Single</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Very likely.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DON MURRAY</td>
<td>32</td>
<td>Divorced, 2 children</td>
<td>Conscientious objector</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>No.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JACK KELLY</td>
<td>34</td>
<td>Married, no children</td>
<td>Air Force</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Only in national emergency.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEORGE MAHARIS</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>Single</td>
<td>Marines</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>Not likely.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DAVID NELSON</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Married, no children</td>
<td>Air National Guard Reserves</td>
<td>Will he be drafted?</td>
<td>If unit is called.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
RICKY NELSON
21 and single. Will he be drafted? Very likely.

TOMMY SANDS

RUSS TAMBLYN
25. Married, no children. 2 years in Army. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

PAUL NEWMAN

JOHN SAXON
27 and single. Will he be drafted? Possibly.

CONWAY TWITTY
26. Married, 3 children. 2 years in Army. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

GEORGE PEPPARD
30. Married, 2 children. 2 years in Marines. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

JAMES SHIGETA
29 and single. 2 years in Marines. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

BOB WAGNER

TONY PERKINS
28 and single. Will he be drafted? Possibly.

JOHN SMITH

CLINT WALKER
35. Married, 1 child. 3 years in Merchant Marines. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

ELVIS PRESLEY
26 and single. 2 years in Army. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

ROGER SMITH

PAT WAYNE
21 and single. Will he be drafted? Very likely.

JIMMY RODGERS
28. Separated, 1 child. 4 years in Air Force. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

ROBERT STACK
42. Married, 2 children. 5 years in Navy. Will he be drafted? Over draft age.

STUART WHITMAN
33. Married, 4 children. 3 years in Army. Will he be drafted? Only in national emergency.

BOBBY RYDELL
19 and single. Will he be drafted? Possibly.

DEAN STOCKWELL

VAN WILLIAMS
me
Rock
Hudson-
big
movie
star!

A native "prahu" is a far cry from Rock's private luxury yacht, but he found it great for soaking up sun.
By jungle footpath, by dug-out canoe and by plane, the famous movie actor beat his way through the tropics. Wherever he landed, the word went: “Big man come.” Natives pushed through the wilds to stare at him.

He was big, all right. B-i-i-g! But movie star? What is movie star? He could’ve been an air-conditioner salesman, for all they understood of his mission. For Rock Hudson was in Equatorial South America to shoot scenes for Universal’s “The Spiral Road”—and nobody here had ever seen a movie, or even a camera. What excited them most was the huge silver bird which flew through the sky.

One thing puzzled the grass-hut villagers. Why, in this hot, humid land, did the stranger wear so much? They were too courteous to ask—but relieved when Rock finally decided that it was polite to honor local customs. So he stripped, too. (Please turn the page)
An Amerindian woman shows Rock how she spins thread after gathering wild cotton. At right, he learns the intricacies of paddling a prahu—much tippier than a yacht.
Along the Marowijne River, which separates Surinam from French Guiana, Rock found a village of particularly friendly people. Like everybody else he had met on this adventure, not one of the 400 residents knew what a moving picture was. But that's in the past! Now many of them are real pros—in background shots for Rock's new picture. Before leaving the place, Rock asked its name, and found that it's called "Bigi-Ston," which in bush talki-talki means "Big Stone." And that's "Rock" in anybody's language, no?—THE END

Rock made friends with youngsters of all ages, and in all stages of dress and undress. The tots above go to mission school.
This is a story about

WARREN BEATTY

&

This is a story about

TWO BEAUTIES

&

This is a story—

AND HOW!

They can yammer and sneer and point their fingers all they please, but Warren Beatty (it’s pronounced “baity”) is not—repeat, not—about to make like Miss Shirley MacLaine.

“I’m willing to admit that we have the same parents,” he says reluctantly. “I think there might be some resemblance between Shirley and me—around the eyes.”

He is Shirley’s 24-year-old kid brother, and the two don’t even think alike, let alone look alike. And for Warren, who is barely on his first Thunderbird—and his third big picture—this (Continued on page 56)
difference has been made into as heinous a crime as Hollywood can conceive. It’s almost as bad as having an old-fashioned, “square-shaped” swimming pool.

Beatty, they accuse, is different from his pixie sister. Way, way out different.

He doesn’t have a smidgen of a sense of humor.

That’s what they say: No humor. Well, now, maybe.

And then again, maybe not.

“Sexiest newcomer around”

It just so happens that young Mr. Beatty, who comes from Arlington, Virginia, has a few other things going for him—up to and including an awesome reputation as “absolutely the sexiest newcomer around.” Oh; and yes, there were times when Warren, as solemn as a barn owl, would stop studying his script on the set of M-G-M’s “All Fall Down,” or even cease for a moment ogling his incandescent co-star, Eva Marie Saint, and get down on the floor to do ten, fifteen or maybe twenty quick push-ups. He is a man, he says with steely determination, who believes in keeping fit.

But about this “no sense of humor” bit...

Actually, Warren’s is wry and secretive, rather than uproarious—perhaps even as unique and “different” as Warren is himself.

“Who’s Geyger Krocp?”

He must be different. Why else would he do those things he’s always doing?

Take a certain directory board in the foyer of the stars’ dressing room building at M-G-M. While Warren was working there, the building’s glittering occupants were listed as follows: Laurence Harvey, Richard Widmark, Marlon Brando, Henry Fonda, Glenn Ford, Geyger Krocp, Paul Newman.

Visitors, staring at that multi-million-dollar directory of stars, would say, “Geyger who? Is this some kind of gag?” The answer, curiously enough, was both “Yes” and “No.” It was a gag, Warren’s gag, for he was “Geyger Krocp.” But it was also a serious effort on Warren’s part to point out just how strangely anonymous the name “Warren Beatty” would be among that roster of world-famous stars.

And then there was that day several years ago when famed director Josh Logan set out to make a screen test of Warren to survey his potentialities as a lover-boy in a proposed movie, “Parrish.” (As it turned out, Warren never got the role, nor did Josh Logan make the picture.) At any rate, Warren was supposed to demonstrate his kissing talents with Jane Fonda. Jane was somewhat well-known at the time, but Warren was strictly a big man on TV soap operas.

“Grab her, boy”

“All right, kids,” Logan said, when the lights and camera were ready, “this is a ‘take.’ Make it good.”

The camera rolled for a moment, then Logan called, “Stop.”

“Look,” he said to Warren, “are you afraid of Jane or something? Grab her, boy, grab her. Don’t be shy.”

Warren grabbed her. More, he fastened himself to Miss Fonda like one of those species of eel-like creatures who glue themselves to their prey, and he kissed, and kissed and kissed.

“Cut!” said Logan, to a pair of unheeding ears.

“Stop!” said Logan, even louder this time.

“Hey, Warren, we’re all out of film. That’s enough!”

“Well,” Warren said, with only the merest flicker in his sea-blue eyes, “you told me to kiss her, didn’t you? So I did.” Then, smiling, he added: “You know (Continued on page 79)
7 Stories that can change your life

DORIS DAY

Story #1 At twenty-three, she was on her second divorce. For all her "bounce" she was a deeply emotional girl, and she had spent too much emotion. It was like losing too much blood, she was numb with it. Trying out in Hollywood she sang (Please turn the page)
for a producer, and on the second line of "That Old Black Magic," she burst into tears.

"And what's more," she sobbed, "I can't act either, I've never acted in my whole life."

Impressed by such candor, the producer signed her anyway. She walked out with a contract, clinging to her agent and weeping. She wept so much all during her first picture that the director dubbed her "Miss Lachrymose."

But she worked hard and learned everything. She drove herself mercilessly so she would be able to sleep. Jack Carson, her co-star, said she seemed to search desperately for something to lean on, "some sort of substitute faith." Born a Catholic, she dabbed in Unitarianism, then turned Christian Scientist permanently. She read the Bible daily, went from three and a half packages of cigarettes a day to none, and no drinking at all. But for all her seeking, real happiness eluded her.

On her twenty-seventh birthday she was married again, to the man who had been managing her business affairs. Now she gave her personal life into his keeping as well.

She was a big film star, a top recording star, a
wife in love with her husband. But she was feeling the pile-up of the long tough years when over-work had been her only medicine for a heartache. She couldn't slow down, she didn't know how.

“She couldn't breathe,” a close friend said. “We'd go shopping, and she'd gasp, and I'd have to find a paper bag for her to breathe into.” She discovered a lump in her breast and panicked—was it cancer? Yet her faith forbade doctoring. Her husband patiently persuaded her that it would be all right to see a surgeon. The dreaded lump did prove to be a benign cyst and was removed.

During this time of crisis she wanted only to be with three people—her husband, her mother, her son. Perhaps unaware of what she was going through, the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted her their “Sour Apple” as the “Most Uncooperative Actress of the Year.” She brooded over the slap until it became the straw that almost broke the camel's back. All in all, she came closer to a collapse that year than ever in her troubled life.

But from her near-collapse she did learn something: to be strong, yes—but not too strong for her own good; to lean a little more, (Continued on page 67)
the three men in
JACKIE KENNEDY'S

It may happen at the exact moment when
the two, large, butter-browned, parsley-gar-
nished, twenty-two pound turkeys are passed
around the crowded mahogany table.

It may happen just as all the family present
bow their heads and Papa Joe Kennedy, at the
head of the table, says, "Bless us O Lord and
these Thy gifts which we are about to receive
from Thy bounty through Christ our Lord."

It may happen late in the afternoon when
Caroline and John, Jr. and their many, many
little cousins come flocking over from Bob
Kennedy's place nearby to Papa Joe's main
house to join their parents.

It may happen late in the evening after the
kids have been tucked into beds and left in
charge of baby-sitters, while the grownups
return to the big house to eat a supper, by the
library fire, of whatever leftovers the young-
sters failed to gobble up previously.

It may happen first thing in the morning
while Jackie is preparing Jack's favorite holi-
day breakfast of bacon, eggs and waffles with
pure maple syrup.

It may happen at any time during that long,
lazy Thanksgiving Day at Joe Kennedy's ram-
bling, shingled, eighteen-room house at Hy-
annis Port, Massachusetts. The magic moment
when time will stand still. The bitter-sweet
time when Jackie Kennedy will count her
present and past blessings, and in thought and
in memory shut out the bustling world around
her as she concentrates on the three men in
her life—the three most important men she
has ever known. Two living, one dead. But the
dead man as alive in her heart as he'd always
been. For he was her father—the first man in
her life.

John Vernou Bouvier III used to take his
small daughter to the zoo in Central Park. He
loved animals as much as she did—he even let
her keep a pet rabbit in their big apartment at
740 Park Avenue, bedded down in a bathtub.
When she was six, he gave her a pony to ride
at their East Hampton place. He walked
ahead, holding the reins—but once she had
learned to trot across the fields safely he let
her go it alone. . . . He helped her with home-
work—he was a broker and good at arith-
metic. . . . He was an athlete and taught her
how to hit a backhand right down the line. He
took her to the ballet, and she was proud to sit
beside such a handsome father.

But when she was eleven, her parents di-
vorced, and her beloved dad could be only a
part-time father. She spent some of every
summer vacation with him, but in her daily
life she missed him. She became a shy and
withdrawn girl. A friend of Jacqueline Bou-
vier said at the time, "Her father was the
closest person in her life." Without him she
was desolate.

Two years later her mother married Hugh
D. Auchincloss, a wealthy Washington invest-
ment banker. Her stepfather owned a secluded
estate in Merrywood, Virginia, where life was
The late John Bouvier was a loving father and devoted companion. When her parents divorced, Jackie missed him.

From the moment Jackie met hard-driving, no-nonsense Joe Kennedy, she knew he'd influence her.

As with most wives, it was her own husband who had the most profound effect on her. But how greatly he changed her was surprising.

by JIM HOFFMAN
People are talking. It's a bare six months since Sharon Hugueny and Bob Evans were married, and yet—rumors are in the air. Not the usual kind of rumors—no one has come out and said the Evans-Hugueny marriage is on the rocks—but people are beginning to ask: What kind of a marriage is it?

From the beginning, there were questions.

Why did this sophisticated, handsome millionaire fall in love with a sheltered, unworldly seventeen-year-old girl?

Why did the talented, lovely teenager, with her youth still before her, marry a man almost twice her age, a man who, from the beginning, regarded her tolerantly as a child?

Answers were not easy to come by. The most frequent guess was that Bob Evans had fallen in love with Sharon Hugueny because (Continued on page 64)
he was tired of the mature, sophisticated women he’d been dating for years. Sharon was young, fresh, unspoiled. Bob could mold her into his idea of the perfect wife.

And to Sharon, Bob Evans represented freedom from her parents’ restraint. She’d had more than her share of that. Bob, sophisticated, moneyed, exciting, was an open door to a new way of life—the kind of life any girl would long for.

They married after a whirlwind six-week courtship. “It had to be short,” Bob explained. “It was such a risky thing we were doing. We knew that if we waited to think about it, one of us would have

...backed off!” Hollywood gasped, gossiped and then—with fingers crossed—wished them well.

For a time it looked like the wish would be fulfilled.

Sharon was radiantly beautiful at her wedding. The fact that her parents were present proved that, no matter how violently they had objected to Sharon’s relationship with Bob, they had given the marriage their blessing. The newlyweds honeymooned in Hawaii. They came home to a sixteen-room mansion in California. When Bob had to return to his dresswear business in New York, Sharon went with him despite the objections of her studio. The young couple settled down in a handsome apartment on luxurious Sutton Place. Sharon did the cooking. Bob said he was the happiest man in the world.

Seen at a distance, it was a very rosy picture. But a closer look revealed a number of surprising details—and one very startling rumor.

Sharon wept throughout her beautiful wedding. Was it the happy, excited tears of a young bride, or the sobs of a suddenly frightened child?

She cried again that afternoon when she was reminded that it was time to leave for the airport for their Hawaiian honeymoon.

Sharon was (Continued on page 66)
Pan-stik* gives you creamy coverage for flawless beauty

You're perfectly beautiful...from the moment you stroke on this remarkable make-up. Pan-Stik covers so flatteringly, blends completely, brings a smooth flawless glow to your face. And Pan-Stik persuades your skin to dewy softness with hidden precious oils that lock moisture in. Extra attraction: the exclusive swivel-up case for easier use. $1.75 by MAX FACTOR

*PAN-STIK (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR CREAM-TYPE MAKE-UP • © 1961, MAX FACTOR & CO.
Actually not too happy to come to New York. She said it wasn't fair to her studio. Finally, she gave in. The result was a suspension from the studio and possibly the end of her career.

In New York Sharon was lonely. She saw no one—went nowhere, was left to her own devices most of the time.

Rumor had it that Sharon was pregnant, that she had been seen wearing maternity clothes. Reporters who tried to talk to her in New York were told she was in Hollywood. Hollywood reporters promptly turned the town upside down—and found no trace of her.

Day by day the mystery deepened and the talk grew louder. Where was Sharon? Was she hiding? Why?

**Bob's set in his ways**

In Sharon's absence, Bob Evans was surprisingly available for comment. From behind an executive desk at Evan-Picone he denied most of the stories vigorously. Sharon was *not* pregnant, he said. And added, "I hope she won't be for at least two years." Sharon had not been unfair to her studio; the studio had been unfair to her, refusing to lend her out when another studio offered a good part, demanding that she make the long, expensive journey west for a succession of undistinguished television roles. He wanted Sharon to act, Bob maintained, as long as she was given worthwhile roles. "It increases her stature as an actress. A woman should be something more than just beautiful." As to Sharon's being unhappy—that was nonsense; Sharon was utterly happy. Of course, adjustments had to be made on both sides. "Mostly on Sharon's, though, because I'm more set in my ways."

Bob quickly sketched a picture of their life together in New York. To him it seemed reasonably satisfactory. But an outsider, thinking about it, could hardly help wondering how anyone—especially a seventeen-year-old girl—could keep from being lonely, and very unhappy indeed.

On weekday mornings, Bob Evans gets up early. He likes to be at his office at eight a.m. Sharon sometimes gets up with him, but usually Bob rises and fixes breakfast so quietly that he is out of the apartment by the time she awakens. And with Bob gone, not to return until eight or nine that evening, Sharon is alone.

She is a stranger in the big city. She literally knows no one and has nothing to do in New York. Of course, Bob has lots of friends, but so far he has been too busy to get together with them socially. Sharon has gotten to know Bob's sister-in-law, a girl only a year older than herself, but Frances Evans lives out of the city, so their contact is mostly by telephone.

There is little in the elegant apartment to keep Sharon busy. It used to be Bob's bachelor apartment, and it was completely and beautifully furnished when she moved in. To Bob's dismay, she made some changes. She brought in a glass dressing table over which she had said, "Bob, says, "but she seemed to need it."

and ordered a new stove, a new sink and red-and-white curtains for the kitchen. She has not been so successful in her other attempts to add a woman's touch to a man's apartment. It is not a large apartment—only three and a half rooms and a terrace. Even if Sharon undertook to keep them spotlessly clean, she hardly provide her with a day's activity.

She could, of course, go shopping. But Bob is a man of strong tastes and likes to be consulted—just as Sharon's parents did—about purchases. Sharon has a bank account of her own, but the money in it is mostly Bob's. ("Being married to me has been expensive for Sharon. She's been on suspension almost since our honeymoon.")

**It's a lonely life**

She could go sightseeing, but she would have to do it alone. Bob spends weekdays at the office and prefers to do other things on weekends. They often take the boat ride around Manhattan, but I don't have the time or patience for that sort of thing, and Sharon doesn't have anyone else to go with."

What does she do with herself, then, day after day in the elegant apartment? She talks to Bob on the phone—sometimes as often as ten times a day. She studies the newspapers so she can discuss world affairs intelligently with him that night. She cooks in the remodeled kitchen, turning out cakes (Bob doesn't know if she starts from scratch or uses a mix), roasts and simple dinners ("I love elaborate cooking, but I put on weight if I get too much of it, so we eat very simply at home."). And she waits, simply waits for her husband to come home. Often, their evenings together are brief. After dinner Bob, exhausted by a long day of activity, decisions and hard work, is likely to climb wearily into bed.

Does this routine depress Sharon? Bob looks surprised. "Why should she be depressed?" he asks. "She knows it won't be this way forever. Just a matter of months till I get things straightened out at the office. It's hard on her around six o'clock, because that's when she used to have dinner at home. Now she has to wait until nine or nine-thirty. Even if I should happen to get home earlier, I don't like to eat before then. That's just one of the areas where she gets vexed."

Hearing about it, one of Sharon's California friends shakes her head grimly. "You can't tell me that kind of life wouldn't depress Sharon. It would have to, no matter what Bob says. Why, a thirty-year-old housewife would go nuts living that way. Even though Sharon was never a social butterfly, she was always the center of attention. She was willing to plan their lives around hers. Of course her parents were very strict with her, but after she got into the movies she had a taste of freedom. You should have seen how she blossomed! I remember one guy she was dating—Bob Logan, I think—telling me that Bob needed a 'lust for happiness.' Sharon always talked about how she wanted to meet all kinds of people, do all kinds of wonderful things. Why, I remember how excited she was the first time her parents let her go to one of those big family parties in the Sunset Strip."

"A year ago the whole world was opening up to Sharon. She must have thought she was taking a big step toward complete freedom when she married Bob, but it looks like she may have walked into a solid gold mousetrap instead."

A friend of Bob Evans puts it differently. "Bob wouldn't be letting Sharon lead the kind of life she's leading now if he weren't in mental attitude—on both their parts—that makes it possible. I don't think he really thinks of her as his wife, no matter how much he talks about her being womanly. I've heard him say things like, 'Sharon's grown two inches in the last two years—many children do at her age.' And when she comes home—just now she's been hanging around with his older friends, he said, 'Oh, she loves to play hostess—joins right in the conversation with very intelligent observations. As long as she continues to conduct herself as beautifully as she has, there'll be no problems.' Now, my God, is that the way a man talks about his wife? It's no wonder he moves right along talking about his precocious little daughter. Bob is nuts about Sharon, all right. He loves to talk about her and show her off and indulge her when she wants something—but I think he's planning to have her fit smoothly into his life, not to build a new life with her as a full partner. Right now Sharon goes along with it. She's still so in love with Helen Logan, the more Bob talks about his life experience that anything he wants is okay with her. But from what I hear, she's already started to rebel a little, to show she's got a mind of her own—and that she can run her life herself if she wants to.

He had a good point. On their first evening in Hawaii, for example, Bob selected a white dress on Sharon's—told her to wear it that evening. Sharon, instead of nodding docilely, stared at him for a solid minute and then said flatly that, seventeen or not, she had been dressing herself for years and knew exactly what she wanted to wear that night. When they emerged from their room, Sharon was wearing a striped cotton, and Bob a look of the sincerest astonishment.

A few weeks later, in Hollywood, Bob had occasion to be surprised again. He told us how he had taken Sharon to a party full of celebrities, studio executives and agents—a sophisticated, worldly crowd. For most of the evening, Sharon sat in silence, her dark eyes moving rarely from one person to another. "She was sitting like that," Bob said, "when I had to excuse myself for a moment to speak to a friend across the room." Halfway back to his table, Bob had a bit of a shock. A well-known producer had seated himself in Bob's vacant chair, pawing Sharon's hand as he tried to whisper something in her ear. Sharon stood stock-still. What to do? His wife was badly in need of rescue, obviously helpless. But if Bob stormed in and aimed a physical or verbal blow at the producer, a man of considerable influence in Hollywood, he might be injuring Sharon's career.

He was still pondering the situation when Sharon—every bit an adult—rose
from the table, smiled sweetly at the producer, and joined her husband. As Bob watched the producer’s face, he was startled to see not a look of cold fury, of wounded pride, but a rather pleasant, rueful smile. “What did you say to him?” Bob asked.

Sharon’s answer was a classic of feminine deftness. “I told him he had lovely eyes—they reminded me of my grandfather’s.”

From time to time Bob Evans tells these stories himself. He tells them with good grace, accepting them as jokes on himself, as signs of Sharon’s maturity. But to other people they bear a disconcerting resemblance to the danger signals given off a number of years ago by a marriage very similar to this—that of Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding.

Liz was a few years older than Sharon when she married Wilding, but by her own admission she was “a child with a woman’s body.” Wilding, like Bob, was older—a true sophisticate. He took his wife’s life completely in hand, made her decisions, tutored her in social poise, protected her as if she were truly a child. Throughout the ill-fated marriage, Liz played at being a wife, a homemaker, a mother, but she and Wilding—and everyone who knew them well—realized that it was strictly make-believe; Liz had not a drop of real responsibility. That was fine for a while, in fact, it was just what she wanted. But after a few years, Liz began to catch up emotionally with her “woman’s body.” She grew tired of pretending—she wanted to be an adult, to function as one and be treated as one. It was a praiseworthy change, but she and Wilding had not built that kind of relationship. Their marriage went to pieces under the strain of Liz’s growing up. And when it was over, Liz went out and got herself a man—Mike Todd—who treated her very much as a woman.

“I would not like to see that happen to Sharon and Bob,” one of Bob’s friends says grimly. “It would be a real tragedy. They love each other and could be really good for each other. And at this point it would be so easy to make things right. Bob keeps saying that Sharon has to make most of the adjustments—that his only big adjustment is learning to be involved with one woman instead of many. But the way Sharon sees it, if Bob has to make It, he wants to make a real marriage, is for him to start thinking of Sharon as a woman and treating her that way. You remember the old song, ‘She’s Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage,’ the one about the beautiful young girl who married a rich older man? Well, it doesn’t apply exactly—Sharon certainly didn’t marry Bob for his money—but it comes close enough. What Bob has to do now is open the door of that cage and give Sharon a chance to fly—not wait till she has to bust down the door herself. Corny, but you know what I mean. If he doesn’t do it, he’ll never have a real wife. If he does—this could eventually be the best marriage that ever came out of Hollywood.”

—CHARLOTTE DIXON

Sharon is in “A Majority of One,” W.B.

SEVEN STORIES

Continued from page 59

on her religion and her husband; not to burn herself out, not to run herself into the ground. She let her husband and son teach her how to play. She learned to use her boundless vitality for relaxation—tennis, softball, swimming, baseball, fishing—the fun things she’d never had time for before. She recaptured a better youth than she’d lost.

She had gone as far as a woman can go into the depths of confusion and despair. Yet today Doris Day has created for herself and her family the most serene life in Hollywood. She is happy today because once, when she lost happiness, she found herself.

How can this story change your life? Remember: Suffering need not destroy, it can save. Physical pain is nature’s way of warning you that your body is in trouble. Emotional pain is nature’s way of warning you to re-examine your life—to reshape your way of living.

Story #2 It bugged him to be called “Hey, Shorty!” He had to prove that a man can out-run, out-hit, out anything—a six-footer can do. He had to fight his way onto the high school teams. Everything—soccer, baseball, hockey, track, ice-skating. Even in the tall man’s game, basketball, he had to show that a runt could be a high point player.

With girls, it was even harder. He had a heartful of love to give away, but most girls couldn’t see it. It was too deep inside, with the dreams and the music.

The music was what bugged him most—the way he couldn’t get across to anyone what it was doing to him in there. He had to let it out—free it—or he’d bust! Only his mother sympathized, because he was her boy and they were very close. His father was his friend too, but he blew his top if he found his son fooling around at the piano, making songs when he was a mile behind with the school work. “Stop wasting your time on those crazy tunes, he’d yell.

His father had given him a bank-book, because when it came to making money at odd jobs, the runt was a hustler. He mowed lawns in summer, shoveled sidewalks in winter—and plenty of snow fell in Ottawa, Canada. He sang bottles for the milkman, swept a grocery store, ran a newspaper route.

But there wasn’t one single deposit entered in his bank-book. It all went for records, records, records, piled all over his room!

The uncle said he was crazy. Everybody in the clan sang, especially Uncle Maurice. But this rock ‘n’ roll nonsense—for a boy who’d been an altar boy, and then sang the holy chants in St. Eliaz’s choir—

He teachers called him impossible! He’d sit in class and get lost. A new tune, a new rhythm, crept into him and he’d tap it out with his pencil, till he got thrown out of class. He flunked a whole year and his father despaired that he’d ever be a lawyer. The boy despised of everything! He was miserable, all mixed up. He cried in bed at night, and next day loudly played the clown for kids he wanted to impress.

It was the worst time of his life. He had one dream—to go to New York with his songs. “I’d get out of bed late, late at night,” he remembers, “and wait for my father to come home from his restaurant. I’d beg, ‘I know I can make it, only buy me a ticket!’ My father would say, ‘The whole thing is too ridiculous to discuss, go back to school!’ With eyes that had caught in the middle, she’d tell me, ‘Wait a while, son—till you’re older.’”

Older? He’d die! He hounded his parents. “At least let me visit Uncle Maurice in Hollywood,” Finally they gave in. Once there, he rushed around to the record companies. He actually sold one song. For fifty dollars! “Soon I’ll be on top,” he told himself. Soon he would be a big man. Except that the record flopped.

He had to come home, but now he was more aggressive than ever in fighting for his life. Irvin Feld’s “Show of Stars” came to the Civic Auditorium, and he haunted the place. He was pushed out of one door and came in by another. “Please, Mr. Feld,” he begged as they were rushing him out, “listen to my songs! I’m a great singer. I’m a great song-writer.”

When his parents couldn’t take the pressure any more, they let him go to New York. It was just before Easter vacation. In 1956 he immediately called ABC-Paramount, made his voice deep, and talked his way into an appointment. That same afternoon he was in Don Costa’s office, and Mr. Costa was asking, “Well, what have you got?”

The boy could have ruined everything with one paralyzing attack of audition fright. But he didn’t. He spent his whole young life building himself up, he couldn’t fall on his face now.

He sat down at the piano and, with complete self-assurance, gave them, “Tell Me That You Love Me” and “Don’t Gamble With Love.” Mr. Costa said, “Wait here,” and brought back three important-looking men. “Can we have those again?” They certainly could.

A call went to Ottawa, to the boy’s father. “Can you fly down tomorrow and sign a recording contract for your son?”

On that contract he made his first Plattter. It was a song he’d dreamed up at home when everybody was ordering him to cut out the nonsense. In a few months, “Diana” sold three million.

If he hadn’t been “Hey Shorty,” if he had not needed so badly to do something, Paul Anka would have had no need to dream, or to pour those dreams into songs.

How can this story change your life?
Remember: There are no little people, only little dreams. Every person has a handicap of some sort. The trick in life is to have a dream that’s so big, it will force you to overcome any handicap.

**Story #3** If she had only said how she felt—I know I’m in the way, this isn’t truly my own home, I don’t belong. If she had breathed one word of it, everything might have turned out differently.

But she wasn’t one for making a fuss, and so they reach their never gave it much thought. They looked after the little girl, they were good to her—but they didn’t know what went on inside.

What went on inside was a feeling: Other kids have a home where they belong. That’s all you need—a mother and a father you live with, and that makes it your own family. Kids who have that never feel in their lives.

None of the other kids in school saw their mothers only twice a year. But as far back as this child could remember, her mother was a pretty, sweet-smelling stranger who came on a visit every six months with a present for her. And her father wasn’t around much oftener.

Some things the child understood, because when the adults talked over her head, she picked up bits of the knowledge that her parents had married too impulsively and too young. They produced a son, six years later a daughter—and then a divorce. The beautiful young mother was a singer, the father a musician who played the bass. Neither could take care of the children. With either, children would only be in the way.

So the bass player’s parents took them in raised on their own brood. At first it was a little confusing among all the young uncles and aunts. The same motherly soul was “Mommy” to them, but “Grandma” to the little girl. She took to calling her “Mama,” too, and the grandfather was Papa. So she was almost like other little girls.

But one day after school, when she started to run into the house calling hello to her beloved “Mama,” she stopped. One of the uncles, his face gray, took her aside and tried to tell her something. But he could only ramble out disconnected words.

Immediately she sensed her loss.

“It’s Mama!” she cried.

“Yes. This morning—she collapsed.”

The little girl began to sob brokenheartedly. For the second time in her nine years she had lost a mother.

Today she remembers—without self-pity—how her brother was in his teens, didn’t want a little sister tagging after him, she recalls, “My aunts and uncles were growing up and marrying, and making homes of their own. They didn’t have time for me. I wasn’t their child. My Aunt Francie tried to look after me, but if she gave me too much time, her husband got annoyed. Everybody belonged to somebody who had more claims on their time, more right to their love, than I had. It was a problem to everybody.”

Her own father came home from a tour and saw that something had to be done about her care. The child idolized him, she’d have given an arm to hear him say, “You’ll come live with me, sweetheart, we’ll work it out somehow.” But he didn’t.

He said he had to be away too much. To the little girl his words really meant, “You’d be in the way.” She was sure of it when he sent her to the Mary Help of Christian Boarding School for Girls in Paterson, New Jersey.

She longed for the family, but she never complained. She made the best of it for the two years she was in school—in exile, as she thought of it.

Then the family made it possible for her to come home. Among them, they bought a three-story building in Brooklyn. One floor was rented out, one floor was occupied by Aunt Francie and her family—and one floor they gave over entirely to the little girl and her brother. She was twelve and he was eighteen, and she kept house for them. Her aunt looked in on them whenever she could, but she was a busy woman. Whenever the child felt the need to talk to a mother, she went to her friends’ homes.

“I had long chats with their mothers,” she says simply, not realizing how sad it was that she had to borrow a mother to talk to. After a while she went home. Often to an empty apartment, because her brother was out a lot. But she went home, because if she stayed around other people’s homes too much, she might get to be in the way.

At last, at long last, something wonderful happened. Her father quit the road, took her to St. Louis to live, then to California. Wherever they lived, it was her mother, with her father. And now he took the time and trouble to notice that she had a lot of talent. She could sing, she could act, she promised, and he saw that she got the training.

Then, when she was fifteen, everything blew up! Her father remarried, and from the first she and her stepmother clashed. “I was fifteen,” the girl explains now, “I was trying to find out what direction to give my life—and she treated me like a ten-year-old. I had to come straight home from school and do my homework; I had to wash a glass the minute I used it. I had to stay home when it was time to be out. I couldn’t learn that all overnight. I was used to being on my own—running my own home. Now all of a sudden it was her home, and I had to take orders.”

It had happened to her again. She was in the way—again.

She wished desperately for her own mother—but she knew her own mother had another life by now—and she wasn’t going to hurt her.

The bitter end was the day her stepmother slapped her in the face—in front of friends! She had never been struck by anyone in her entire life.

In time they made peace—of a sort. But at the very first opportunity to leave home without making a scene—she left. She got an offer to go on tour with a singing group called “The Three Debs.”

“I figured that by leaving, I could give my days little dreams” said the girl, some years later. “If I wasn’t around, everything would be all right.”

She left—and the marriage broke up anyway. But for Connie Stevens, the lonely girl who couldn’t bear to be in anybody’s way any more, it was the start of a career. She could have chosen to linger on at home, weeping and quarreling and trying to win out over her stepmother. Instead, she turned her problems into an asset—and went her own way. It led her right up to the top.

How can this story change your life? Remember: You are an American. You are free—and so is your will. You do not need a passport to move to the next frontier in your life. All you need is faith.

**Story #4** His mother’s second marriage went the way of her first—her husband walked out—and it didn’t do much for his knowledge of well-developed sense of inferiority. He had one escape—into the movie houses. He was crazy for movies, he’d see at least a two week since he was five, he could recite the plots and even the dialogue for anyone who’d listen. He’d take movie magazines to his room and dream how he’d get into pictures. Meanwhile his high school grades fell lower and lower, his height never stuck.

“I’d seen long enough to get a buck and a half in my pocket,” he recalls now. “Just so I made five dollars a week to spend, I was satisfied.”

His class graduated without him, he had to repeat several courses. After that he joined the Navy. The war was on full blast, and they trained him to repair airplanes. He was working on a bomber, when he completely forgot what he’d been taught—warming up both engines on the same side simultaneously. The plane promptly jumped its chocks, slammed into a Piper Cub nearby and chewed it to bits. He was taken off planes and put to picking up beer cans in the mess hall.

When these things happened, he accepted them philosophically. Maybe too much so. After the war he worked around again. Too busy with his own business, and he quit. A job as mailman ended when he took to stopping off at houses along the way for toast and coffee. . . . He went to California hoping to live with his real father and attend the University of Southern California—but they wouldn’t accept him on his poor high school grades. He ended up driving a truck and sometimes he was the awfully feeling that he might be a truck driver for all his life.

Now he knew what he wanted—to be in pictures. To this end he bought a forty dollar tan garbardine suit and posed for twenty-five dollars worth of photos to mail out to agents and studios.

“I’d never owned a real suit before,” he recalls now, “and this one was so big on me that when the pants were taken in, the two hip pockets were next door to each other. But his photo got him a bit with Selznick.

He says, “I put on that awful suit again and kept the appointment.” He was just past twenty. Arook, stupid because he felt too tall at six feet, five inches. He had an unattractive haircut, a bad midwestern drawl. He was so shy it was painful to talk. But Henry Willson, Selznick’s personal secretary, was something in him. He got a contract and a daily schedule of self-improvement. For the first time in his life he knew what self-discipline meant. He put in eight hours a day in lessons—riding lessons, fencing, tap dancing, acting. He worked on his drawl, his posture, he received a new name. Nothing happened. Month after
she went deep. At fifteen, she fell in love with a boy only a little older than she. Her folks had moved around a lot that year, now they lived in a motel instead of a house or an apartment, and the girl felt rootless. Both parents were working long hours, her father in a shipyard, her mother as a waitress, so she was lonely. The boy had a lot to make up for. And suddenly the girl who'd always taken everything—even poverty—in her stride, didn't know what to do about love. In their longings and bewilderment, the little couple ran away, lied about their ages and were married in Reno, where no one seemed to care if they looked younger than the legal age.

By the next day, realization set in. Frightened and appalled at what they had done, they went straight to her parents who then went to his parents, and quickly the marriage was annulled as if it had never been consummated.

The whole thing was kept a secret—her parents saw to that. But when the girl went back to high school, she walked among the others with her secret gnawing at her, sure that everybody was staring at her because they knew? If any two people whispered, she felt they were whispering about her, and her secret shame. For the first time in her life this once-sunny girl pulled away from people, she walked in furtive fear. She avoided the normal advances of boys who wanted to take her out.

In later life, when she finally unburdened herself of the whole story by telling it, she said, "I was suspicious of every boy who touched my hand. I was embarrassed and uncomfortable on dates, wondering what kind of girl the boys thought I was now. Fair game. Easy. Who knew? "This was a turning point. Right then I might have become a tramp. Or I might have become a frigid woman, afraid of men all my life."

Instead she fought her way out of the shame and fear that threatened to engulf her. She forced herself into a normal school and social life again. No matter how she felt, she began to climb. Her head up. Gradually—a year—two—and she was once more the girl who looked at life with stars in her eyes, even when she had next to nothing.

And this quality of the spirit showed in the girl's face, it became part of her beauty. So that Norma Shearer, casually glancing at her picture, was electrified.

"This is one of the most interesting faces I've ever seen," she told the girl's father.

"It ought to be in pictures. May I show this to someone I know, in Hollywood?"

That was the beginning—a small beginning. At M-G-M she came to work every day in the same $9.50 pink cotton dress—it was the only dress she owned. But she held her head up—as she had taught herself to do at that turning point.

"I might have become a tramp," she said. Instead, Janet Leigh became a great star, a happy wife and mother, and one of the best-liked people in Hollywood.

How can this story change your life? Remember: The worst mistake you can make is to be tyrannized by your last mistake. Live your life as though every turning point has only one direction—straight ahead. You'll be amazed at the number of new horizons you'll meet.

**Married women are sharing this secret**

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**Story #6** She was all eyes, and too skinny. People said she looked like a pixie, a gamin, an elf—anything but what a child would love to hear—that she's adorable.

She wasn't adorable—and hardly a child, she had no time to be. She had to dance, it was to be her future. Relentlessly she practiced the ballet while other children played and laughed.

"After I was eleven," she has recalled, "I never went on a vacation, every summer I worked."

At fourteen she found that ballet gave her no time for school—so she gave up school. You could tuck her whole world into the toe of a ballet slipper.

The adolescent girl worked herself into anemia, she was bedridden a whole year with it. When she saw her thin peaked face in the mirror she knew that no one, in his wildest imagination, could ever say, "What a pretty girl!"

Kelly persisted and finally "discovered" her for America. She came to Hollywood to be a dancing film star. But what she looked like! "Her hair must have been cut with a lawnmower and combed with a rake," one of her fellow actors—a man—remembers. "She came to work every day in rehearsal rights full of moth holes and patches! She wasn't poor-only indifferent. Or pretending to be—to save face!

She was seventeen, and she'd never been on a date in her life!

It wasn't surprising that the lonely girl eloped with the first young man who paid attention to her. He was George Hormel II, the young and ardent son of a rich meat-packing family. She thought she loved him, but never took time from her film work and ballet practice to be sure. They had no real honeymoon—it was actually a publicity trip that she'd promised to make, and she couldn't back down on it. So Georgie came along for the "honeymoon." They posed looking into each other's eyes and embracing.

No one was surprised, either, when they divorced three years later. What was surprising to Hollywood was that the breakup shook her so badly. "She lives by the old-fashioned idea of marriage," a friend explained. "She believes it should mean spiritual unity between a man and woman."

She was unhappy at work, too. "I got the feeling that I was some sort of freak," she says now. "I wasn't pretty, so they had to write publicity about me filled with words like 'elfin' and 'gamin type.' Anybody could see that it was a lacer, kinder way to say I was very plain."

I am ugly, she told herself as she used to when she was a child—and that was it! She made no effort to prettify herself. She merely buried the hurt in the grueling routine of dancing. She ran to her old world, to Roland Petit who had always understood her and welcomed her back to his troupe. With him she was happy again—animated, alive. Everyone said,

She's fallen in love with Roland. They toured Europe, then came to Hollywood together. And there he met another dancer—the glamorous Jeannaire—and married her.

So once again she ran away from pain—back to Europe and hard work. It was all she knew. She reported to London for what turned out the most important role of her career—and she starred in amazement at the man who was to direct her.

"He was so young," she says now, "and so handsome. I wasn't prepared for his charm—or my own reaction when his eyes took in my whole appearance. Up to that moment I'd cared nothing for clothes or chic. But though he quickly concealed it behind his manners, in that first look of his I saw that I was dowdy and—well, messy."

Nevertheless, the young director invited his star to the theater and supper. She promptly rushed out and bought herself a sophisticated dress, had her hair done up. After that date, whenever she wanted to look nice for him, she dared skip a day's dance practice.

"I knew I was in love at last," she says now, "and I sensed, without his saying so, that he would like me to look smart. I sensed it through the compliments he paid me every time I had on something new—which was practically every time I saw him. This was my love made visible! But the time it took! For shopping, for fittings, for hair settings and all the rest of it. I knew that to give myself time to love—and, I prayed, to be loved—something had to go."

She gave up dancing for the freedom to become a woman with a beloved husband and a gracious home and two darling children. The acting was something she could take in stride and still be the right wife for Peter Hall.

People still said she looked different from anybody else. But she knew now that was all right. Now for the first time people also said that she was pretty. Her clothes, her hair, something in the way she smiled—perhaps it had been there all along, but now Leslie Caron had made her love visible.

How can this story change your life? Remember: No matter who you are or how you look, there is something inside that can make you beautiful. That something is the generosity that is love. Don't hide it from yourself, don't hide it from the world. Find your own unique way of showing it.

**Story #7** The pain was unendurable agony, but he endured it. The helplessness was even worse, but he tried to resign himself to patience. For what seemed forever, he lay on his back and had to depend on others for every little need.

But he had made this choice himself. Before ever entering the hospital, the doctors had warned him how it might be. His resistance was very low, and it was a delicate, dangerous thing, this spinal operation. But he had made the decision. Better the risk than this enduring pain.

The operation failed.

When infection set in and he was not expected to live the night, the family was summoned. He was given the last rites for the dying. It was his indomitable will, al-
It had been a terrible ordeal. Agony for him, terrifying for his devoted wife. Yet when friends asked about it later he said only, “I was just darned sick.”

Now came the second half of the ordeal—the long, helpless convalescence. To such an active man it could have been hell. All in all, it took half-a-year out of his life.

If, lying in bed so endlessly, he ever felt that he’d suffered more than one human being’s fair share of illness in his lifetime, who could blame him? He had been an underweight boy in a big, hearty, competitive family of athletes. Just about the time he left college, he had his second severe attack of jaundice, and had to take liver injections. But he was determined to play football for Harvard as his older brother—the one he hero-worshipped—had done in his day. So he doggedly built his weight up to an unheard-of 165 pounds, and played with such crazy courage that his back was badly hurt. Only no one realized how badly.

When war hit, the Army turned him down. He went into his health-building act again, and made the Navy’s much tougher requirements. In the Pacific, a lieutenant now, a Jap destroyer sliced into his PT boat, and he made unbelievably heroic rescues. One badly burned survivor he towed shore by holding the belt of the man’s life jacket between his teeth while he swam for five hours. For five days after, he swam from island to island, finding and rescuing his boat’s castaways.

A memorial service was held for him in the Pacific. But he turned up—just about alive. Convalescing in the U.S., he was a skeleton of himself. He suffered a violent case of malaria which kept recurring through the years; he had scatica from so much exposure in the sea and his old back injury was so much worse that they had to operate in a Naval hospital.

And now, ten years later—again. It was hard to lie and wait for his strength to return when so much waited for him out there in the world. His wife, always at his side, was better for his morale than a whole battery of nurses, she did everything for him—but he needed to do something for himself.

He asked his wife to bring paper and pencils and crank up the hospital bed which had been installed in their home. And he wrote a book.

"Profiles in Courage," which Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy wrote with the first strength that returned to him, was not about himself. It was about other brave men—statesmen all.

The book was a brilliant success. It won Jack Kennedy the coveted Pulitzer Prize. And it won him a horde of admirers all over the land.

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It was obvious she could talk all afternoon about grandma, but I wanted to get back to the husband and the price tag.

"When did your grandad make you this proposition?" I asked.

"Let's see, it was when I was nine years old, I think, living in Chicago at the time and I was as interested in marriage as I was in Einstein's Theory. I'm twenty-two years old now. I'll be twenty-five on October 20, 1963—so I've been considering his gift—with the strings attached—for thirteen years."

"I never follow a crowd"

"But did you actually promise him you'd remain single till you were twenty-five?"

"Oh, I didn't," she said. "You see, I'm always asked to promise things—well, not always. But my great-grandmother Nellie Bowen—she's a spitt eighty-six and lives by herself—was the one who shaved my hair. (All the Bowen girls have had what Nellie calls 'balded hair' since Irene Castle's time.) I was fourteen at the time, and now my hair is so long I can sit on it. My pals beg me to chop it off—but I never follow a crowd."

That's true. In a town filled with beehive and bubble hairdos, Dolores' long dark-blonde tresses have been her trademark.

In "Francis of Assisi," Dolores was supposed to get her hair cut—and she does. But it is a wig that's shown on the screen, not her own hair. She plays a young Jewish refugee in "The Inspector." For the role she will be bald in the early scenes and by the film's end, she will have grown a couple inches of black hair.

"I don't know yet exactly what they'll do," she told me. "A couple of months ago the studio decided to make me a champagne blonde, but I was allergic to the dye."

Suddenly she giggled, remembering the two young men in the 20th makeup department. "They'd been drafted and were asked to make synthetic dye tests on my hair the day before they reported to boot camp. When I walked into makeup, they bowed low and grinned, 'Miss Hart, we who are about to salute, dye you.'"

Miss Hart has a well-developed sense of humor, and she's amazingly articulate and mature for her age. Whatever she says is worth hearing—but most of all, I wanted to hear about the offer not to marry.

It is true, of course, that Dolores isn't the average working girl to whom $5,000 represents a year's salary. At nineteen, she was already earning $300 a week, and her paycheck has gone up steadily since then. To put it mildly, $5,000 doesn't mean as much to her as it probably does to you—and most certainly does to me.

"How did your grandfather decide to make such an unusual offer?" I asked.

"You have to know my family to understand," Dolores began. "My mother married when she was fifteen and she's only sixteen years older than I am. When I was four she was divorced from my father. They both remarried. My grandmother, now fifty-four, was married at sixteen and later divorced. So was my great-grandmother."

"All these youthful and unhappy marriages in the family upset Grandpa, as well they might. He blamed the heartbreak and disillusionment on teenage marriage and he wanted to save me from youthful folly. That's why he offered me money not to marry. 'If you haven't got some sense knocked into your head by twenty-five, you'll never have,' he'd say."

"My mother and dad are both wonderful people. They say I'm too young for teenagers, they just didn't give themselves the opportunity to grow up and learn to accept responsibility.

"For me marriage involves two big considerations: my religion, which I take very seriously, and my career. When I do marry, it will be for always. For Catholics, marriage has to last a lifetime. Although I come from a family of diversified Protestant faiths, I became a convert to Catholicism at the age of eleven. It was all my own idea. Once, a reporter wanted to know what had been the greatest moment in my life—signing my movie contract or seeing myself on the screen? I told him neither of those things were my greatest moment—my baptism was. So you see that for me marriage is not something to be entered into lightly. My grandmother tells me over and over again, 'Never marry a man because you want to live with him; marry him because you can't live without him. That's the way it will be for me.'"

"Then she spoke of her career and how it would affect marriage. For some hopefuls, stardom means an endless, exhausting struggle. For others, like Dolores, it's a breeze. But she doesn't take her unusual success story lightly.

"'It's a tremendously important part of my life,' Dolores admitted candidly. "Acting is not pastime with me, it's not something to mark time until I'm ready for marriage. Acting is a full-time profession. I've wanted to be an actress as far back as I can remember, but I never told anyone. Both Mother and Dad tried acting briefly years ago. Dad was in the Army show, 'Winged Victory,' with Mario Lanza. In fact, he introduced his sister Betty to Mario—and they married."

"When you're young, you feel pressurized about getting you want to act. I know I felt that way in high school. I always had a profound respect for the craft of acting and I'm always trying to improve my technique. I still take drama, music and dance lessons when I have time. Cartooning is another love. I've designed greeting cards and even started my own company."

"As the years go by I get more wrapped up in my career and, as a result, I'm getting to be a different type of person. So much attention is focused on a movie actress that she is apt to become her own goddess and join the other worshipers. It's an unreal world and I'm taking 'smart' pills to avoid the dread ailments of glamour- girlism. It is hard to withstand the pressures which cause emotional upheavals for actresses both in their marriages and careers. But I love acting and I love the rewards. Would I be willing to give this all for marriage?' she mused aloud, then closed her eyes for a moment, a familiar happening when she is thinking hard. "I just don't know..."

Suddenly in love

"Let's take a hypothetical case," I suggested. "How are you, off in a few days for London to shoot 'The Inspector'?"

Dolores turned to her left and pointed to a photograph of Hilda and a poster of "The Inspector"—your most dramatic and challenging role to date. But what would you do if you suddenly found yourself in love?"

"It's a nice question for another thrilling chapter in Dolores' Soap Opera," she chuckled. "Would I tell my producer, 'No, I can't. I've fallen in love and I can't be parted from my beloved?'" Dolores paused dramatically, giving deep attention to the problem. "Yes, I would give up the film," she concluded, hedging a bit, "that is, if I had fallen deeply in love with a combination of Henry Higgins of 'My Fair Lady' and Rhett Butler of 'Gone With the Wind.' And if I honestly felt I couldn't live without him. But at sixteen it's easier to feel like that than at twenty-two when doubts begin to creep in."

Evidently, then, Dolores hadn't been influenced in her thinking about marriage by her grandfather. Or had she?

"Certainly not," she said crisply. "To marry at a certain age just to gain some reward is a boring thing to do, wearing sunglasses. In the light of day, you're bound to be disappointed. Money doesn't interest me that much. I live simply and I like simple things. My car is an inexpensive 1957 model, I live in a modest one-bedroom apartment furnished in what I call 'early Akron' or 'junk shop Regency.' I used to give 'name-dropping parties'—I couldn't because I don't know what fork to use."

"But I do want to get married. A girl can't really relax until she's wearing a wedding band. But then every girl knows that—that's no profound observation on my part. Before marriage the big problem is to remain decent when confronted with the Endeavour of various virile and predatory males," she said with just the hint of a blush. "A bachelor girl can sublimate her natural desire for marriage and motherhood in religion, work or hobbies, but I don't think the average woman is truly happy until she's made a good marriage. I'm an idealist, I want a great marriage with a good wife."

"But then I've been traveling—a year in New York, six months in Italy, a trip to Argentina and now back to Europe, I don't stay in one place long enough to fall in love. Maybe I really won't marry until I'm twenty-five just because my work is too demanding. I've been criticized because I date so many men. But that's silly; how many good girl should meet lots of men before she settles down with one. Frankly, I enjoy dating because I like men. Some day I expect to have one for
Once, she was tempted

Dolores did admit that only once was she tempted to disregard her grandfather's offer and marry. She was deeply in love with a young man and almost ready to accept his repeated proposals. Yet, she begged for more time.

“I was really torn by conflicting emotions,” she recalled slowly, as if re-opening an old wound. “I wavered, I lost sleep, all because I was unable to make a decision. At times I was ready to forsake all others for him, but I was held back by gnawing doubts. Finally, I told him as gently as I could that marriage wasn’t for us. Today, I’m not sorry,” she concluded.

Who was this young man? Earl Holliman? Dick DeNeut? A former classmate?

Dolores and Earl Holliman renewed their once-flourishing romance when he was making a film in Munich and flew to Rome to spend frequent weekends with the young beauty. When Earl returned, he admitted he’d proposed to Dolores but added, “she wants to stay single for a while.” There are those who believe that religion may have played a part in breaking up this two-year-old, rugged, talented actor was born into the Baptist faith, but admits that as an adult he has “found the correct religious answer as yet.”

Dick DeNeut, handsome, dark, bespectacled young executive in a local photographic agency, has long been smitten with Dolores. He flew to New York for her Broadway opening, and has been her frequent escort at parties and premieres. It’s been rumored that differences in religious faiths as well as personality differences, keep them from marrying.

“Lady-Killer” Stephen Boyd was also bowled over by delicious Dolores when they did a “Phantasy” together. “Her eyes are as blue as the ocean and startingly round,” he enthused. “Dolores is a true beauty with wonderful coloring and vitality. In addition, she’s an egghead, who has read a book or two. I’m delighted that we’re going to make ‘The Inspector’ together. I won’t apologize for the fact that I never could resist a lovely woman. After all, I’m an Irishman. Need I say more?”

But since Stephen is a divorced man, it’s hard to imagine his friendship with Dolores will be more than just a friendship.

A more likely candidate is Los Angeles socialite Don Robinson who followed Dolores to “The Inspector” location in Swansea, Wales, and immediately started a rash of engagements rumors.

Other Hollywood males who’ve admired Dolores include Johnny Saxon, Dick Beymer, Dwayne Hickman, Don Robinson, Michael Braden and many, many more.

Is any one of them worth $5,000? Dolores won’t talk—but I will. If she was in love, really in love, it wouldn’t make any difference if Grandpa had offered her $5,000,000—she might well accept. “But because that’s the kind of girl Dolores is. And I think something, we think Grandpa Kude knows it, too!” —Maxine Block

Dolores is in “Francis of Assisi” and will star next in “The Inspector” —both 20th. She’s also in “Sail a Crooked Ship,” Col.
Continued from page 27

where dreams can become a reality. And reality can be a Nightmare.

Yet careers have often thrived on scandal. Among the more recent illustrations of the foregoing are Debbie and Liz. And perhaps no female has attracted as much public, especially the late Errol Flynn's flame, Beverly Aadland. This jollitious dollinquent cashed in on the notoriety with a strip-tease specialty in various night spots and then shelved show business for marriage.

Another striking example involved Marilyn Monroe. Her studio was frantic when it learned that a reporter had discovered her nude calendar photo. Marilyn has described the historic incident, "When the studio first heard about it, everybody was in a frenzy. They phoned me and screamed: 'Deny everything!'"

But she refused to panic or be evasive. She candidly confessed. The result: Her portrait of Eve was a major factor in making her a star.

Wild, wild Romeu are hardly uncommon in Geluloidia. Many have fared briefly, Lupe Velez, for example. They called her The Latin Ricket. The illiterate suicide note she left for her paranoid had a dramatic poignancy beyond the imaginative skill of scenarioists.

"Harald," it began, "May God forgive you and forgive me too but I prefer to take my life away and our baby's before I bring him with shame and kill him. How could you, Harald, fake such great love for me and our baby when all the time you didn't want us? I see no other way out for me, so goodby and good luck to you. Love, Lupe."

Pain with the pleasure

Success, the Indian Giver, offers so much and then makes it difficult to enjoy the happiness it promised, Susan Hayward once summed it up this way: "Worry? Of course, I worry. Who doesn't? I worry about my health, about my being poor again, about my future and about my being a whole woman. I worry hard."

Several years ago Susan's worries reached a point of desperation and she attempted to take her life. Her romantic problems were splashed across newspaper front pages. Every lurid detail was recorded. Fortunately, Miss Hayward managed to survive the crucible.

She bounced back to win an Oscar. And more important, married happily.

Lana Turner, of course, is no stranger to unhappy headlines. One gossip encoun-tered seems to have given the star a more stable philosophy. She told one newsmen she has come to understand a lot "that I didn't understand before. I wish I could have learned these things another way, but what is past is past, and I cannot let it destroy me. I have the rest of my life ahead of me, and if I've learned nothing else, I've at least learned how much more I still have to learn about living."

Movie queens become universal symbols of radiant beauty. Nevertheless, the public images they've trod with their private worlds. During World War II, one of our favorites was Carole Landis, who toured overseas to amuse our troops. Carole was a witty, lively girl. Oddly, this sweetheart—who was admired by millions—vainly searched for the love of one man.

Four broken marriages and this unhappy romance (he was a married British star) drove Carole to a foolish conclusion. Her solution was an overdose of secnon.

AvA Gardner, Rita Hayworth and Ingrid Bergman all have been burned by the spotlight. Ironically, their headlined agonies were generally instigated by the Grandest Emotion: Love.

The ability to enchant millions of moviegoers—while being wrecked by loneliness—one of Hollywood's more common paradoxes.

Miss Bergman's report bears repeating. Perhaps it will help guide other actresses and the others who challenge the movie industry. "Hollywood," sighed Ingrid, "can be a terribly lonely place. I once made a dressed part in Italy. I had told an interviewer: 'I've kissed Gregory Peck, but I don't know him.'"

"I literally meant that. When I lived in Hollywood I had a wonderful association with Gregory Peck, Cary Grant and all the others while working with them in various films. But after we left the studio things all got to their own circle of friends. Bing Crosby, for example, was one of the most charming, most relaxed persons I ever worked with, but I never knew him."

Imagine all those famous Lovers giving anyone like Ingrid Bergman the "brush." Perhaps they respected the fact that she was married.

AvA Gardner has traveled around the world in a vain effort to escape troubles that follow her—since she cannot escape herself. Her romantic life is not as exciting as some of the reports would have you believe. Many of her escorts are publicists, who keep the unhappy Ava from becoming too lonely. As a matter of fact, she recently phoned her manager to inform him that she agreed to give him the interview because "she was bored and lonely and craved male company."

The Jean Seberg story is a Cinderella tale replete with ironic twists. She was a star in her first picture. It fizzled and she was considered washed-up. Now she has clicked large in the French movie hit "Breathless." It is a sinfull bedroomopeppered with nady-bawdy dialogue.

La Seberg's marital problems inspired headlines. In interviews she offers sassy comments and opinions. All this represents quite a contrast. Before becoming an actress, Miss Seberg was a Sunday schoolmarm.

The Hollywood historians have offered many explanations for the Laurence ("Room at the Top") Harvey-Margaret Leighton marital wrack. The break, we were told, was primarily caused by their career separations.

Yet several months before the breakup Mr. Harvey insisted: "People go to jail, too, and that separates them. When both of you are in the theater and both working in two different countries, it is like doing time. But if you are separated from someone you love, to use an old dreary phrase, it tends to make the heart grow fonder."

Apparendy, absence does not nourish the heart. Long-distance kissing is no fun.

Mamzel Bardot currently is starring in the darndest publicity splurge. Some European gazettes and magazines are striving to transform The Big Bad Wolfess into a Little Red Riding Hood. One editor breathlessly informed that filmland's most naively adorable "Beau" (he) that her grandfather permits her to tug his beard as a form of endurance; that she adores animals, especially kittens; that she adores dancing in her bare feet on the grass and that she once asked a friend: "Is it true that the world is really round? Then why doesn't it look round?"

Following one of Brigitte's attempts at suicide, the hounded was because of her unhappy marriage. Actually, mutual friends say, that being married to BB is not as dreamy as it seems. Roger Vadim, one of her former grooms, once listed the things she loves, to wit: Dogs, birds, the sun, money, flowers, Empire furniture, grass and kittens.

"Look, dear," was her cry. "I never dared ask her where she placed me. Probably between the kittens and the grass."

Brigitte is a strange mass of contradictions. This curvy dollop doesn't think she is one. At home, we are informed, she sits for hours in front of a mirror complaining that she is ugly; that she is bored; that she dislikes being a movie star. She regards her height of 5 feet 9 inches with gratitude by exclaiming: "I hate my body!"

The Golden Boys also had their Problems. The most tragic case history involved James Dean. His reckless hobbies were caused by a severe case of Carrying-the-Torch for females who didn't swoon for him.

The fiery burden compelled him to seek escape and challenge death in speeding vehicles. First, motorcycles—then racing cars. Everything ended for the popular actor with a sickening crash.

The grim live-it-up philosophy was personified by Errol Flynn. There wasn't a Vice he avoided. Outwardly, it seemed to pay off. But there were Devils within him. His memoirs disclose that the gold and glory never gave him any everlasting happiness.

As a matter of fact, the man who was a star and a renownd Don Juan confessed (in his book) that he considered himself a failure as an actor and that he hated work.

His revenge consists of publishing (with a candor that verges on malice) every intimate detail of his countless love affairs. He names names. He jots down Who Did What, Where and How Often.

John Barrymore was another who made a career of dissipation. Barrymore, who was equipped with every artistic asset, lacked essential moral steel. His self-destruction was relentless and progressive. During the final years of his life he was a weary, wasted and debt-ridden man. This star, who was the finest Handel of his generation, was eventually compelled to play the buffoon both on and
Allantoin self-pity. Poetry believes today.

Remorse — Zone.

Senorita, our audiences intensify. There is reason to believe that inferior morals will not hurt Hollywood so much as inferior films.

Memories of A New Yorker in Hollywood: Anita Sedge was not happy about her role in "La Dolce Vita." When the movie was the camera she accused director Fellini of "making a fool of me!"

This picture turned out to be her top acting job.

If Senor Fellini's opus seems nightmarish and confused, there's a reason. He says that during his sleep he often dreams up parts of what he is seeing now before his eyes. Nevertheless, some critics mistake wild monotony for great artistry.

Ingmar Bergman (Sweden's highbrow-and-low-bra moviemaker) has sparked the Swedish newspapers daily for weeks with dollys' stories. Despite numerous romantic affairs (and four wives) Mr. Bergman has a rather grim attitude toward women. He says: "All of them impress me. I would like to kill a couple of them, or maybe let them kill me."

Bergman's bizarre personality expresses itself with a morbid fear of sharp sounds. He has frequent fantasies of death. The thought of illness horrifies him. If you sneeze in his direction he flings a tantrum.

Money is the least of his problems. One Hollywood studio recently offered his a contract at $10,000 a week. He prefers to stay in Sweden where his income is $20,000 a year.

The international aspect of movie-making is hardly news. As a striking case in point, the film version of Arthur Miller's "A View From the Bridge" was produced in France. The cast includes American, British, French and Italian players. As a final zany touch: The story takes place in Brooklyn.

Hollywood's overseas alliances, by the way, are becoming ever more extensive. Several years ago Columbia Pictures existed in Britain for the sole purpose of selling Columbia films made in Hollywood. Today, Columbia is producing more films in England than any other producer.

Sophia Loren's acting triumph in "Two Women" has changed Soph. We are happy to chronicle. Friends urged her to dress more conservatively and create the dignified-actress image. Miss Loren shrugged and dismissed such suggestions with an accurate observation: "I wasn't clothes, but no clothes, that made people notice me in pictures."

We neglected to mention, in our observations about Jean Seberg, that while she fizzled in Hollywood she sizzled in Paris. She is now regarded as one of the leading "French" film stars. Jean's resuscitation wasn't easy. She had some lessons, voice tuition and acting schooling for more than a year.
She explains the success of foreign films over here: "The U. S. is marvelously organized with bigger screens and bigger busts. But they seem to have forgotten about the importance of focusing on people's eyes and hearts."

Actually, the biggest busts in the movie Hall of Femme are foreigners: Sophia, Gina and Brigitte.

Hollywood's struggle with foreign flicks added another non-sensorial chapter. The popularity of Eyes (in the imports) inspired a Hollywood counter-attack. Since censors in this country made peekaboo taboo, Hollywood moved in the direction of violence. Curiously, European censors frowned on violence in American-made pictures. And now, the whole silly story has come full cycle. French censors are currently cracking down on sinful-eyeballs in Gallic films.

Prince Grace (Kelly) has a standard retort for reporters who always inquire: "Would you like to return to Hollywood?" . . . She replies: "I'd like to have more babies." . . . Dean Martin is one of the few Yankee Doodlers who refuses to make films abroad—despite the possible tax advantages. He turned down a big role in "Guns of Navarone" because it was filmed overseas. . . . Kirk Douglas, who made several movies in the Old Country, is now one of the disenchanted. He vows to confine his future film-building to Uncle Samville. . . . Shelley Winters induces tears while emoting by thinking about a melancholy experience. After one weepy scene a reporter wondered what she was thinking about. "If I told and you printed it," said Shelley, "I'd sue you!" . . . Van Johnson still writes fan letters to movie stars. . . . Marilyn Monroe, who has lived her private life in public, bluntly told the world: "I have no intentions of getting married."

She apparently believes that love can wait. Unfortunately, love never waits. It withers.

The End

Walter Winchell narrates "The Untouchables," ABC-TV. Thurs., 9:30 P.M. EST.

LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 29

were his thoughts exclusively of his wife and her latest crisis?

Or were they elsewhere—perhaps 3,000 miles away, in California, centered on a couple of youngsters who have filled Eddie's consciousness ten thousand times for every day he has been apart from them?

Until recently, I knew, the only way Eddie could get to his children was either by phone, usually a continent away, or by flying visits for birthdays and other special occasions. When he did get to visit with them, it was usually at an amusement park or in a friend's home—never in his company and Liz' and her children. That was taboo.

I knew how this had hurt Eddie—and Liz, too. She suffered this ostracism in the only way she could. Silently. She would not even let Eddie know how she ached when he went out the door for his meetings with the children. She helped him shop for toys and souvenirs wherever they went. She insisted that their life-size portraits be hung prominently in every place they stopped. Her own children knew Carrie and Todd by name and had even asked to meet them.

I was curious. I was anxious to know just what Eddie had to say about Carrie and Todd out there with their mother and their new stepfather, Harry Karl, who apparently had been trying valiantly to fill the void in their life created by Eddie's divorce from Debbie.

I looked at Eddie and studied his troubled face closely. I knew the situation had changed and I wondered how Eddie felt now. I wondered what he would say about it now.

The change had come about quietly and there had been nothing in the newspapers about it. Only a few people knew what had happened, and perhaps only Debbie Reynolds herself knew why it had happened. I wondered if Liz' close brush with death was what had changed Debbie's mind. Or if perhaps it was Harry Karl. Harry had what Debbie had denied Eddie—the freedom to visit his children by Marie McDonald and also to have them visit him.

A change of heart?

Probably it was both these things that made Debbie finally say yes—to a plea from Eddie that before she had always answered with a firm no.

It happened a short time after Eddie and Liz returned to Hollywood from London. One of the first things Eddie did was to call on his children. This time, though, it was different from any of his other visits. Debbie apparently had instructed her nurse, Dorothy, to pack swimming things and nightclothes for Carrie and Todd. When Eddie arrived, the children were all ready to go.

It was the first time they'd been allowed to visit overnight with their father and his new wife. Eddie was as excited as a child himself. Almost as if they had to have some way of letting the joy out, the three of them sang all the way on the drive back to Liz at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

If Debbie had worried about Liz meeting the children, about, for instance, what title she would ask them to call her, she needn't have. As she always does with children, Liz talked to them quietly and honestly. She told them her name was Elizabeth and that's what they called her.

After the introductions were over, the children seemed to warm up quickly to their new friends. They all put on their bathing suits and, loaded down with floats and life-jackets and sun-tan balms, headed out to the pool.

There were other hotel guests already at poolside, but the Fishers were in a world of their own. Liz, Chris and Mike were delighted at the chance to finally play with their ren. They had heard so much about. The five children splashed and squealed at each other as Eddie and Liz watched with fond smiles. Most of the time Liz stayed at the pool's edge, a little in the background, letting Eddie lead the children at play. From time to time, he'd look over his shoulder at her, a sly happy grin about it.

They all sat down to lunch together, laughing and chatting away, but never once throughout that hour did Liz give any motherly admonition to "eat the rest of your sandwich" or "drink your milk."

It was Eddie who held the straws steady as Carrie and Todd slurped a tall malted milk. It was Eddie who settled them under the umbrella later for a swim. Then they returned to the Fisher bun-galow, the two girls, Liza and Carrie, had a bath together. Then, after the boys had had their bath, too, the five of them—good friends by now—played together for another little while. Eddie and Liz visited them before tucking them all into bed, amid much confusion, squealing and affection.

Eddie's reveries go deep

Now, at the air terminal, I remembered that recent happy scene. Eddie was still deep in thought. The cigarette he was nervously smoking had burned down to the filter tip. Suddenly he became aware of the hatch and ditched it quietly in the ash tray. Then he turned with a look of curiosity, as if for the first time he had become aware that someone might notice his profound contemplation and he wanted to avoid that impression.

His gaze swept across the expanse of dining room slowly and deliberately, like a movie camera filming a panoramic scene. His eyes met mine across the aisle. The searching stopped. Eddie's face all at once appeared to cloud in wonderment; he was puzzled.

Who was I? Why was I staring at him?

I smiled. It was a friendly smile; not as pretty as Liz Taylor's smile, but it was the best I could offer. Eddie's thick eyebrows rose slightly, forcing the furrows in his forehead to deepen. Then slowly the corners of his mouth curled upward and forced his lips to shape into a slight boyish grin.

I got up from my table and walked over to Eddie's side. As I neared his table he began to rise.

"Please don't stand up," I said, putting my hand gently on his shoulder. "I just came over for a moment to say hello—I happen to be a fan of yours."

Eddie slipped back into his chair slowly and glanced up at me wordlessly, yet still smiling.

"But," I continued, "it's only fair to warn you—I'm also a reporter."

Eddie's eyes instantly narrowed and his face became a poker mask.

"I'm not giving any interviews today," he sounded off in a cool, matter-of-fact tone that was neither rude nor curt, but rather precise and unmistakable in its intent. Eddie wanted me to scram.

"Eddie," I said in my sweetest, most articulate voice. "I only have a few questions—and they are not about Elizabeth. Why don't you ask them? . . . Please?"

I watched Eddie's face take on a curious
fresh—a look of bewilderment. I had thrown him for a loss. There I was—a reporter who had come to interview him and I wasn’t going to ask about his wife, about whom the entire New York press corps had badgered Eddie relentlessly for information.

Suddenly I sensed by the look in Eddie’s deep blue eyes that he was going to yield. His right hand came up off the table and arced into a half-sweep, indicating to me to sit down. I took the chair beside him.

“I won’t hold you long,” I said. “It’s just that I have these questions my editor wants answered, and of course, as one of your fans, I’m curious to learn the answers too."

“Okay,” Eddie said resignedly, “shoot.”

My mind had been framing the first question for some time—I wanted it to be sincere because it was about a very delicate subject, Eddie’s children. This is a subject I know Eddie has given considerable thought to as a quiet, reflective man who doesn’t talk much.

“Tell me about Carrie and Todd,” I began. “I know you just saw them... I hear they’re really growing up.”

Love can hurt

The query seemed to make Eddie uncomfortable. It was very personal—and a sore point. Eddie loves the children with every ounce of feeling his heart can hold, and Debbie knows this; yet for so long she had adamantly refused to let Eddie have anything but visitation rights. Now there had been that overnight visit, and I knew Eddie would give anything to have them for a two-week vacation or longer. But Debbie has insisted that the children aren’t ready, if that was ever the case, to be left behind by their father and stepmother. Liz herself has said she loves Carrie and Todd and would be delighted if they could come for a long visit. Her own children by Michael Wilding are allowed to visit their father for vacation periods, and Liz is happy to let them go. Debbie’s theory has been diametrically opposed to Liz. And Eddie has had to live with this situation, watching Liz’ children going off to be with their father for long periods while he can never enjoy that pleasure with his own youngsters. He has only the unspoken hopes that Debbie is now beginning to think differently about this.

Eddie glanced pensively across the dining-room as he began to answer my question.

“There isn’t really much to tell,” he said. “You’ve answered the question for me pretty well—they are really growing up. I saw them when I was out on the Coast, and they seemed to radiate with sunshine and joy. They are in very good hands."

I looked at Eddie and could see there was much more he wanted to say, perhaps about Debbie who is no longer supposed to be in his life—and yet is there every day in his thoughts, big as life itself. Her visage is inescapable, for if Eddie thinks about his children he must think about Debbie. There is a bond between Eddie and Debbie that will never be broken. When Eddie said “I don’t feel like it in very good hands,” he meant Debbie’s hands. He meant Debbie, his first love. There are those who declare that first love burning an indelible scar in a person’s mem-ory, but I personally feel that a first love is a cherished possession which stands indissoluble—and remains always as a basis of comparison for all subsequent loves. Whether Liz cares favorably or not in the parallel isn’t as significant as the fact that Eddie can compare Liz to Debbie even if he does it unconsciously. We base our sense of values on our past experiences; our knowledge, our feelings, our standards are derived from past experiences, emotions, relationships. Thus Debbie, as his first “experience,” will always be Eddie’s sounding board for new thoughts, new emotions, new feelings.

I turned to Eddie with my next question.

“Are you going to try to work out a better arrangement with Debbie so you will see the children more often, perhaps even have them come and stay a few weeks out of the year with you and Liz and her children?"

Eddie’s lips curled into a half-smile that seemed to be extruded from bitter recollections of his long but stalemated battle against the scenes battle against Debbie’s determination to stick to the terms of the custody agreement. Perhaps, too, he was thinking about the possible hope that had now been held out to him. Eddie himself has admitted more than once that his breaking with Debbie could have been handled more tactfully. Perhaps he was thinking that if he had been less sentimentally, he might have had Carrie and Todd with him that much sooner, perhaps even now.

“The way things have worked out,” Eddie said in reply to my question, “I have no immediate plan to change them. The children are too small just yet to leave their mother for any length of time. When they are a little bigger, things might change.”

He couldn’t break his silence

Eddie seemed hesitant as he spoke. I had the feeling he wanted to say more. But he was not going to break his silence, he was not going to complain—and for very good reasons. Even though he is hurt deeply by the arrangement that keeps him seeing Carrie and Todd only very infrequently, and he doesn’t want to make a public issue of it—not now when the situation begins to look so much better. Anything he said might spoil it.

Besides, to talk about it could spark trouble at home. Liz is a highly sensitive and emotional young woman. Any compunction Eddie might display over the custody arrangement that limits his visitation privileges could conceivably imply to Liz that Eddie entertains regrets about what he did.

Or it could create the feeling that Eddie doesn’t care as much for Liz’ three children, who mean everything in the world to her. At the least it might occasion the old bugaboo—there are “your kids and your kids” but never “our kids.” Any such eventuality could undermine the very foundations of marriage with more often unforeseen consequences. These were the thoughts that raced through my head as I tried to frame my next question to Eddie.

By now, brief as the interview had been, I began to detect an uneasiness about
Eddie. He seemed anxious to wind up the discussion.

"Eddie," I said, hoping to capitalize on the momentum I had built up on the firing line of queries about the children, "can I assume that you have no qualms about Debbie's marriage to Harry Karl...that the children will continue to flourish in their new home and new surroundings?"

Eddie returned his answer quickly, unhappily.

"I have no qualms."

Then he turned restlessly to seek the waiter's attention.

"I have to go," Eddie said politely, as his eyes searched the dining room.

I could see Eddie had gone the limit of his endurance in discussing his children. I don't imagine he would have been half as uneasy had we talked about Liz. I knew it would turn out this way because many of Eddie's closest friends had warned me that I would get very little comment from him. They told me that Eddie has a fierce pride and an uncommon obsession for keeping his troubles his own. He does not discuss his personal problems. Even if Eddie had regrets about Debbie's marriage to Karl, he would no more utter a word about that than he would about the present custody arrangement for the children. Inside, Eddie must feel that Karl is taking a large acre in the children's hearts. When they stub their toe or cut their finger or scrape their knee or catch a cold—it's Karl, not Eddie, who is at their side to comfort them. They run to Karl with their troubles and their problems—not Eddie.

In the May issue of Photoplay, Debbie herself told quite clearly how staunchly Karl had come into the children's lives. Carrie, a usually ebullient child, had been strangely quiet. It was Karl who guessed that she must be sick. And he was right.

"We called the doctor," Debbie said.

"And we were up with her most of that night.

"But we were together, and the fever was slowly going down. And being all together in the nursery—a family—was wonderful."

"It's more than fabulous. It's what I'd call a dream life."

There you have it.

It's Karl who fills their needs, who provides their care, who is constantly in their presence and in their thoughts. Eddie thinks about these things—but he doesn't talk about them. He can't.

Not to me. Not to the next person. Nor to the person right next to him—Liz, his wife.

To talk with Liz about this matter would invite new problems for Liz, who has enough of her own as it is. She could misinterpret Eddie's feelings, but beyond that a discussion about the children's relationship with their new "daddy" could burden Liz unnecessarily. It is no secret that Eddie has shielded his wife from many of the harsh realities of the world and life itself. He has been her buffer—a protective shield—against all outside annoyances and interferences. It's Eddie who talks with reporters, not Liz. It's Eddie who handles the numerous and one details of business that Liz herself would have to attend to in ordinary circumstances. Eddie is with Liz at her fittings. Eddie is by Liz' side at every turn, constantly, unfailingly. And uncomplainingly.

In effect, Liz needs Eddie. She needs him desperately. She needs him completely.

If Eddie dwelled on his own problems, they could very possibly influence Liz' susceptibilities—they could cause a breach in the Utopian relationship that has existed in Eddie's and Liz' marriage thus far. So Eddie cannot and dares not disturb the placid sea on which he and Liz are sailing in their ship of matrimony. Debbie, Karl, Carrie and Todd must be left in their port—far from the wake of happiness that Liz and Eddie have been churning up in their blissful voyage as man and wife.

The waiter signaled by Eddie came over promptly with the check. Eddie took out his wallet, paid the bill and then turned to me.

"I must say goodbye," he smiled.

"Just one more question," I said, getting up from the table with Eddie. "I want to know if you would ever consent to Karl becoming the children's legal guardian...to adopt them?"

**Once a father...**

Eddie cast a lowering glance at me. He wasn't angry. He wasn't ruffled. He wasn't embarrassed. He just seemed curiously4 stunned. But it was a necessary question. It was necessary because it is logical to wonder if Karl, who has suddenly taken over the fatherless void in the children's lives, might want to fulfill his new role to the maximum, in name as well as deed.

"I'll only say this," Eddie finally spoke.

"I'm the father—and nothing can change that."

With that, Eddie excused himself, saying he had to rush. He walked briskly toward the door. As he went out, I returned to my own table to finish my coffee, which by now had gotten cold. As I sat there, I jotted down on my notepad some thoughts that were fresh in my mind—impressions of my interview with Eddie.

As I saw it, Eddie's children meant everything to him—but he had exchanged the children for Liz. It was an exchange he made openly and willingly—however blatant the turnover might have seemed to the public during the sensational first days.

But Eddie will always be Carrie's and Todd's father—nothing can change that. Nor can the fact that Debbie is their mother ever be altered. Yet Eddie has had to yield to Debbie's dictates on how the children will be reared, on how they will be cared for, on how often he will see them. They are his children and his happiness is bound up in them. But it is Debbie who pulls the strings. It is Debbie who determines how much of this happiness Eddie can have. Right now, Eddie is hopeful. But the hope—just like the despair that came before it—is something that must remain unspoken.

It is something Liz and Eddie can't talk about—even now.

—Chris Hararis

You can see Liz and Eddie starring in "Butterfield 8" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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**MY FAVORITES ARE:**

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THE NEWCOMER I'D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:

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

Name ............................................. Age ..................

Address ..........................................

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something? I wouldn't mind doing it again.

Yup, a pretty humorless guy, this Beatty. Of course, Warren Beatty can just be Warren Beatty, and have girls revolve around him like planets around the sun. All he has to do is stand tall and remain as solemn as you please.

And sexy. Especially sexy.

Warren, all six feet and 165 pounds of him, is that rare thing, a natural lodestone, endowed with extraordinary and electric personal attractiveness. Have you ever dangled a powerful horseshoe magnet near a needle or a metal paper clip? Then you know how the smaller object, once it gets within the magnet's mysterious aura, literally leaps to bring itself against the magnet's powerful arms.

Just so with this broodingly handsome young Virginian and all the beautiful dolls he meets.

For two years beautiful Joan Collins, some five or six years older than Warren, "crossed oceans, missed meals, spent thousands and refused roles in pictures" just to be with the man she loved. And for two years Warren seemingly kept Joanie dangling, while she, with a painfully fixed smile, kept saying, "Yes, we hope to get married, but I don't know when."

Then came the requiem for a tattered love. The engagement, Miss Collins suddenly announced in London, "was broken."

"Perhaps it was merely coincidence that only a few weeks before, Natalie Wood, Warren's co-star in "Splendor in the Grass," had announced her separation from husband Bob Wagner. All three had become the closest friends," a year or so ago while "Splendor" was being filmed on location in the East. But these days, Warren and Natalie Wood are holding hands in Beverly Hills, or Natalie is decorating Warren's swimming pool at his rented house high above the Sunset Strip. When Warren left for Key West to do outdoor scenes for "All Fall Down," Natalie, one report said, decided she ought to see Florida, too. Anyone who asks the two about their relationship gets either a cool stare or a blithe, "Why, we're just friends, darling, just friends."

Who's romancing whom?

There is little more the beautiful duo can say at the moment, since Natalie is still—or at least at this writing—Mrs. Robert J. Wagner, Jr. Yet this is no old-fashioned, out-of-style triangle—not at all. It's the "new wave" quadrangle: a parallelogram, a game of romantic musical chairs: Natalie Wood to Warren Beatty to Joan Collins to Bob Wagner. Wagner, who used to try to avoid Natalie before he married her, began to date Joanie again (the two were in London, making separate pictures). He and Miss Collins were proclaiming, British-style, "No romance, old fellow, we're just having a friendly spot of tea."

But as for the real Warren Beatty, no two observers seem to agree. A hard-hitting New Yorker who lunched with him not long ago commented, "This is a surly, aloof kid, a bit too arrogant and cocky to please me." Out at M-G-M, a lady press agent rhapsodized, "He's cute and darling, this boy. The star power just oozes out of him."

Full-lipped, with blue, blue eyes, Warren has a shock of unruly dark-brown hair, a bit of near-sightedness and a sudden, flashing smile. On screen he has some of the shuffling mannerisms of Marlon Brando with overtones of Monty Clift and the late Jimmy Dean. He is not yet the polished, versatile performer that his sister Shirley is ("I'm no disciple of The Method; I just get, he says), but he is far better-looking than Miss MacLane—and he is well aware of it. "When we were making 'Splendor in the Grass,' a fellow actor remembered, "Warren kept whipping out his pocket comb every time the camera made a pass at him. Kazan (the director) all but flipped his wig."

Because he's suspicious and tight-lipped with people he doesn't know, the Warren Beatty "image," among some newsmen, needs polishing. Five minutes after I first met Beatty (this was several months ago), I was ready to turn on my heel and walk out. Warren sat down, picked up a magazine and began leafing through it, staring a yawn. He must have caught a warning rumble from his press agent, because he suddenly dropped the magazine and turned on the charm. Even so, his comments, for a long while, were largely "Yes" and "No."

When I asked him if, during his struggling days in New York, he'd earned a kind of lean and hungry living playing cocktail piano in a bar on 52nd Street, Warren's eyes lit up for the first time.

"Yes, I did," he said wonderingly. "But how did you find that out?"

"It's in your official biography," I said. "Didn't you know?"

A slow warm-up

Not until we unearthed a mutual interest in Italian movies and Rome's unforgettable Via Veneto did Beatty actually turn warm. Then, with a kind of innocence you couldn't help succumbing to, he tried to interview me. When I admired the oyster-grey, Italian-cut cashmere suit he was wearing (he also wore brown-desert boots and heavy gold cuff links), he smiled and said, "It's smart, isn't it? I had it made in London for my gigolo role with Vivien Leigh in 'The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone.'" Look," he went on delightfully, showing me the sleeves, "the cuffs have four buttons, not just three."

Later, Warren confessed that at the start of our interview he had still been under the "London influence." "Those London reporters kill you over there," he said bitterly. "No matter what Joanie (Collins) and I told them, they twisted it around and made it horrible. That's why I've been wary of talking to anybody, even here."

That evening, I saw Warren and Joan happily dining together at the famed Apollo Inn. Both seemed ebullient and encircled in each other's arms, got up from their table to say hello. Not long after that, Warren's public relations ad-
visors announced that he was no longer "available." He has remained more or less incommunicado ever since. It's a pity, because he's a fabulously exciting new personality—one of the "attractive, moody, sensitive, hostile, ambitious and extremely talented young actors who become myths before they are thirty." Few directors would allow a newcomer to films the freedom to suggest a line of dialogue or an action, they just want their actors to act. Not director Elia Kazan. Kazan, who says of Beatty, "this boy has great depth, great range," actually used a suggestion that Warren made during the filming of "Splendor in the Grass."

"I had this scene with Pat Hingle, who plays my father," Warren recalled. "You know the way people punch each other in the shoulder in a friendly way, hitting harder until someone calls quits? Well, I suggested we do that, Kazan liked the idea and we filmed it that way. After all, Kazan is the kind of director who will accept anything that makes good sense."

Today, Warren is rated by top Hollywood producers as probably the best among the new young leading men. He is, in his own words, "a hot property."

"Actually," Warren says, with a wry grin, "Hollywood today seems to be governed by fear. The studios don't really know whether I'm any good or not, but they're afraid I might be, so they all want to put me under contract."

And yet, only a few years ago when he was still seventeen, Warren couldn't decide whether he wanted to be a lawyer or a jazz musician. Warren was born in Richmond, Virginia (the date is March 30, 1937), but his parents, Ira O. and Kathryn McLean Beatty, later moved to Arlington. The Beattys—Warren added the extra "T" to his name after he began working in the theater—had a vaudeville background, and Mrs. Beatty had acted with little theater groups in Toronto and taught dramatics at Maryland College.

Warren's parents lived—and still live—in a modest, two-story colonial, red brick house on North Liberty Street, surrounded by shrubs and evergreens. It's not too far from Mr. Beatty's real estate business, and fairly close to Washington and Lee High School, which both Shirley and Warren attended.

"When I was younger," Warren remem-

bers, "I appeared in a few plays, but I didn't do terribly much in my teens. I could sing a little and play the piano fairly well, but I thought I'd like to be a writer, too. I've always had a notion I could compose music, but I want to write as well."

Residents of Arlington, among them Miss Joan Zurich who recently graduated from Washington and Lee, remember Warren as a handsome, husky youth with "lots of drive and ability, but one who spread himself a bit thin in school activities. All he wanted to be, when he entered W-L, was "just one of the guys." He was a member of several clubs and, as Senior Class President during 1954-55, was voted "Best All-Around Senior Boy.""When weighing close to 200 pounds then, Warren found it easy to make the Junior Varsity basketball team and the Varsity football team. For two years he played center on the "Generals"—he wore No. 81—and the school yearbook, "The Blue and Gray," records that Warren not only made the All-Suburbs first team, but was listed on the All-Northern Virginia second team as well.

Busy with school politics, his duties as Senior President and the Big-Man-on-Campus hit ("I was a kind of cheerful hypocrite"), young Beatty apparently had little time for dramatics. Off and on he dated Ann Read, the local beauty queen and vocalist, now a professional singer. Yet somehow he was persuaded to participate in Senior Class Night. This was the traditional jamboree at Washington and Lee, a variety show written and directed by the seniors. "A rather unusual and uninhibited show," as Miss Zurich says.

Ironically, Warren's role for Senior Class Night was the part of a Hollywood movie director who comes to W-L to make a picture. "Warren was so nervous that evening," one of his classmates recalls, "that he almost had a heart attack. But once he got on the stage, he was great."

Despite the example of his sister Shirley—by then she was already making a name on Broadway—Warren professed no real interest in the theater, or so he claims. His football achievements with the "Generals" had been so noteworthy that he received ten offers of football scholarships from as many universities. Warren turned them all down. "After two years, I'd had football," he says. "I hated every lousy minute of it. I think I could make something."

During his senior year, Warren had discussed his future with Stan Book, his social science teacher, who is still a close friend. Being the husky kid he was, Warren had earned pocket money during summer vacations working with a construction gang duringhe was in the upper half of his class of 828–he got a job as office boy at the National Theater in nearby Washington, D.C. Then, in the fall, he enrolled for a speech class at Northwestern University.

From sandbag to actor

But he remained only one semester. "The whole thing was a big bore," he says now. "I saw no reason why I had to con- form, so I just packed up and left. Be- sides, by then I'd made up my mind what I really wanted out of life. I wanted to go to New York and study at Stella Adler's Acting School. My folks had helped Shirley with $25 a week during her first years in New York, but I wanted to make it on my own. An uncle helped me get a job as a sandbag on the new tube of the Lin- coln Tunnel. It was horribly boring work, but I earned enough to pay my way at Stella Adler's. When I needed extra cash, I'd play cocktail piano at Clavin's, on 52nd Street, or at a night club on Long Island. My room in the West Sixties cost me only $48 a month, so most of the time I was in the ship's."

All would have been well if he hadn't been stricken with hepatitis, losing thirty-five pounds inside of a few weeks. He had already scored a few minor successes in TV appearing in daytime soap operas—"Brighter Day," "Love of Life" and "Hotel Cosmopolitan"—making about $150 an ap- pearance. The stories were all "cornball," he adds, "but I never knew when a Sam Goldwyn might be watching," he grinned, "and offer me a job." But his illness left him weak, despairing, sure he'd never work again. His money vanished. But out of pride, he wouldn't call on his family. He doesn't say whether he ever saw his sister Shirley; apparently the two went their different ways. He told us recently, "Our lives have been absolutely separate, but there's no big, hostile thing."

Though the period of his illness was probably the bleakest, most disheartening of his life, Warren learned a lot living alone. "You learn when you have to learn, and grow when you have to grow," he says. "I wasn't exactly the richest man in New York, but when I did start earning money again, it was the most wonderful feeling in the world." Before long, Warren was really making a name for himself on "Kraft Television Theater," "Playhouse 90" and "Studio One." There was summer stock, too, and through "Compulsion," a play he did at the North Jersey Playhouse in Fort Lee, New Jersey, Warren met director Josh Logan and famed playwright William Inge. Warren even made a couple of trips
Nothing like Shirley

There is little of Shirley’s outgoing openness, her effervescence, her pixie laughter in Warren. As he puts it, “My sister likes to kid around on the set. I don’t.” But Warren is solid and worth knowing in his own right. He holds strong opinions and expresses them. He will drop salty, earthy phrases into every sentence and then say, “How theybounce.” He says he has no interest in sports cars, so he drives a rented, air-conditioned 1961 T-Bird. Engagingly, he will make odd and irrelevant remarks, like “I’m sloppy, terribly sloppy; I just can’t take care of money.” Or, out of nowhere, he will announce, “I have a pretty good singing voice. I never recorded professionally, but I made a demonstration record that somebody said was pretty good. But it’s like my piano playing. If I had really put myself into playing the piano, I might have become a professional.”

In a moment of seeming candor he will say, “I love to talk about myself”—and then proceed to talk about everything else in the world except himself. Of Shirley, he says, “She’s great in ‘The Apartment,’ after she drops all those Sinatra tricks and just stands there and talks. She hits me right here.” He touches his heart. “She’s just great.”

Until recently, no one had seen Warren on the screen, because his first two pictures (made over a year ago), are just going into release. Now his quiet world and solid charm and stardom will suddenly hit him. The hot rays of the Beatty sun will spread in increasing and wider circles, Joan Collins, they once said, picked Warren “without a screen test.” And Natalie Wood—Natalie just picked him. So will other beauties. A magnet has only to be present to attract. “Click, click, click,” it says, and suddenly you know this fellow Beatty is just the sexiest thing around. And sex is no laughing matter.

—JEFF CROWN

Warren is in “Splendor in the Grass,” Warners, and “All Fall Down” for M-G-M.
for meaning in life, trying to discover herself.

Years later, looking back at this period, she was able to say, "But Newport—when I was about nineteen, I knew I didn't want the rest of my life to be there. I didn't want to marry any of the young men I grew up with—not because of them but because of their life. I didn't know what I wanted. I was still floundering.

The search went on: two years at Vassar, a year in Paris at the Sorbonne, the completion of her studies at George Washington University, then a job on the Washington Times-Herald as an inquiring photographer.

She drifted in and out of an engagement with a New York broker, although neither she nor the young man ever seriously considered getting married.

Shy and insecure, she floundered and searched, drifted and waited. Sometimes, when she'd visit her father, life would suddenly become full and exciting and joyous. But the moment always came when they had to say goodbye, when from inside the train, as it slowly moved out of the station, she would see his handsome face outside—fading. That's when the empty, helpless, hopeless feeling always enveloped her.

One day everything was awful. The next day everything was wonderful. She'd met a man who could make her laugh, who was dashing and handsome. Jack Kennedy was very different from her father, yet his sense of humor closely resembled her father's.

The staid, dignified Bouvier family didn't know just what to make of this persistent young politician from Boston who was in the process of sweeping Jacqueline off her feet. Only her father had a definite opinion. As Jackie herself said later, "They were very much alike. We three had dinner before we were engaged, and they talked about politics and sports and girls—what all red-blooded men like to talk about."

By the end of the evening, Jackie's father had put his stamp of approval on Jack Kennedy, the man destined to be the second important man in her life.

A future President weds

And so they were married—the beautiful but shy young woman who had led a gracious, almost cocoon-like existence; and the aggressive, confident young man who was destined to be President of the United States.

No one was ever ill-prepared to be a politician's wife as Jackie Kennedy. By education, family tradition, training and inclination her interests were in the art, literature and culture of the 18th century, a period and an area far removed from the hurly-burly of 20th century politics. When she'd studied art at the Sorbonne's Ecole de Louvre, she loved it. But when she had to take a course in diplomatic history, too, at the Ecole de Science Politique, she didn't care for it at all.

She just wasn't interested in politics, and never had been. "My mother brought me to Washington one Easter when I was eleven," she recalls. "That was the first time I saw the White House . . . all I remember is shuffling through . . . Mount Vernon and the National Gallery of Art and the FBI made a greater impression. I remember the red walls especially because they fingerprinted me."

And here she was, married to a man who had gifted her with books on politics, history and diplomacy during their engagement; who had postponed asking her to be his wife because he was too busy running for the United States Senate; to whom she'd been even more important in his life, it sometimes seemed, than she was herself.

After the glow of their honeymoon was over, the differences between them in taste and temperament, in personality and purpose, sometimes seemed irreconcilable. It wasn't the business of politics alone, but what made him a natural politician—his dynamic, amiable nature—making quick changes when he was retiring, sensitive and artistic. The small differences—in food preferences, in choice of reading, in her chain-smoking versus his non-smoking—all these would work out with time, patience and love. But a quiet wife's reaction to her husband's boisterously overpowering family could be a threat to any marriage if it were allowed to.

Joe Kennedy, head of the family, once said, "Long before it ever became a slogan, my family and I had togetherness."

Now Jackie found herself engulphed by the exuberant, competitive verve that bound together Papa Joe and Mother Rose, their sons Bobby, Teddy and Jack, their daughters Eunice, Patricia and Jean and assorted wives, husbands and children.

Jacqueline was a girl who had retreated to the sidelines, to the role of perpetual outsider, from the day her father walked out of their home. But if she retreated from her husband's family, she would be retreating from him, too—they were so alike. What she had to do instead, she knew, was to become the Keystone Kennedy. And in so doing, get to understand Jack, too, and work out their own problems.

A legend of a man

The key to the Kennedy family puzzle was Papa Joe, of course. So Jackie set about really getting to know this third most important man in her life. Some of what she discovered was a matter of public record; some was the fabulous legend built up about him by his friends and enemies; some came out of her direct, personal contact with him. It all added up to a portrait of an extraordinary, complicated and powerful man, and it certainly helped her in coming to grips with his problems with Jack.

She learned that Joe Kennedy was a self-made man who started out as a $1,500-a-year bank inspector and became a multimillionaire worth somewhere between 200 and 250 million dollars.

He accomplished this in the face of intense religious prejudice. When he was a young man, the Boston newspapers were filled with ads reading, "Protestants Only" and "No Irish Need Apply." A utility company refused to make him a trustee because he was an Irish-Catholic. Yet at twenty-five he became the youngest bank president in the United States.

Next year he married Rose Fitzgerald, the belle of Boston, who had been his childhood sweetheart. He borrowed $2,000 to make a down payment on a $6,500 house for his new bride.

His business ventures prospered, but he ranked aside the prejudice against his religion and nationality that he met in his home town. Finally, asserting that "Boston is no place to bring up Catholic children," he moved his family to New York in a splendid private railroad car.

Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, yet he did not spoil his children. He brought them up with a firm hand, sending the girls to parochial schools and the boys to regular public schools. Neither he nor his wife smoked or drank, and he wanted his children to abstain, too, at least until they came of age. To make abstinence more enticing, he offered each child a reward—$1,000 on his twenty-first birthday—if he would swear on his honor he'd never smoked or taken a drink.

Years later Joe Kennedy admitted, "I didn't really care whether they smoked or drank. I was just trying to teach them a little responsibility and how to be honest with themselves." Seven of the nine Kennedy children kept the checks; Jack was one of them.

Jackie discovered that Joe did something else for his children when they were twenty-one. After his first son Joe, Jr. was born, he declared he'd give him—and every child that followed him—a million dollar trust fund on coming of age. And he stuck to his word.

"I put them in a position where each of them could spit in my eye and tell me where to go," he said. "There was nothing to prevent them from becoming rich, idle bums—if they wanted to."

"Nothing to prevent them—" except their father's things, of course. Wherever they were—in New York during the spring and fall, in Hyannis Port during the summer, in Palm Beach during the winter—he encouraged them to strive for excellence in everything they did. They achieved the excellence through competition with one another, but when something threatened any member of the family from the outside, they all banded together to ward it off.

In the Thirties, Joe Kennedy had enough money to last him 200 lifetimes with some left over. He went into Government service at the request of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and in 1938 became American Ambassador to Great Britain.

Public service and politics were the constant topic of conversation at the Kennedy dinner table. The boys and girls had политика, читали газеты and discussed politics in between. Service to the public—this became their inspiration and ideal.

Jack later summed it up in one sentence, "We didn't get interested in business, because Dad never talked to us about how he made his money."

This, then, was the father-in-law Jackie got to know—a hard-bitten, blunt, driving,
A father’s dream

The key to both father and son was to be found in what had happened to Joe Kennedy’s first-born son Joe, Jr. He was handsome, brilliant and charming—a natural politician. The father had a dream that one of his sons would become President of the United States, and he was sure that Joe, Jr. would make his dream come true. Joe, Sr. had run for the Presidency himself in 1940, and would have done so if Roosevelt hadn’t decided to seek another term. With his own ambitions thwarted, he prayed for his oldest son to reach the heights that had been denied him.

In the summer of 1944 Joe, Jr., having finished his share of missions as a Navy pilot in the European Theater of war, was about to come home on leave. His bags were packed and aboard ship. At the last minute, on August 2, he volunteered for a dangerous secret mission: to fly a robot plane rigged with high explosives into the Nazi V-2 launching pads on the Belgian coast.

The plan was for Joe, Jr. and his copilot to bail out just before the robot plane crashed into the rocket base. But something went wrong. The drone plane blew up over the English Channel and the bodies of Joe, Jr. and the other pilot were never found.

With his eldest son’s death, something in the elder Joe died, too. Jackie found out he is unable to talk about his first-born to this very day. And when Jack put together, for a private printing, a book of tributes, to his dead brother, “As We Remember Joe,” his father was too broken up to read it.

Up to this point in his own life, Jack Kennedy seemed destined to become a writer, journalist or teacher. He’d been a shy, sickly, bookish boy who had trouble keeping up with the other go-go-go, sports-crazed members of his family. In college he’d really cracked the books and graduated cum laude in three and a half years. He’d also fooled around with sports. As he ruefully admitted, “I wasn’t a terribly good athlete, but I participated.”

Sensitive and shy, a bit of an outsider, he shrank from the blarney and backslapping of politics. But after his brother’s death, his own conscience and his father’s prompting thrust him into the political arena. Jack himself put it simply, “I went into politics died.”

Now Jackie knew how Jack must have felt that spring day in 1946 when he took his first unsteady step into the rough-tough world of practical politics. Papa Joe’s description of that day touched her to the heart. He happened to be standing on the corner talking to a friend when his son arrived. Joe said, “I watched him get out of a car—skinny, next to shy—and walk up to a group of hard-boiled characters. He put out his hand and asked them for their votes. I never thought Jack had it in him.”

So now she knew: Beneath her husband’s confident, determined exterior there was tremendous sensitivity and a soft core of shyness. And now she also learned that although Jack had followed his father’s wishes by going into politics, he was far from being Joe Kennedy’s rubber stamp. He had definite political notions of his own—ideas which differed drastically from his Dad’s—and the courage to stand up for them.

His father, for instance, had been opposed to American participation in World War II and was forced out of his ambassadorship to England for his views. Jack, on the other hand, couldn’t stand his Dad’s “Let the United States go it alone” position and wrote a book, “Why England Slept.” A passionate plea for our country to join the Allies in the war, while the world about us went up in flames, became a best seller.

His political disagreement with his father was so deep and basic that, according to a friend, “I’ve seen Jack get up and leave the room when his father starts talking about foreign affairs. He’s afraid he’ll get into a battle if he listens to him.”

Jack’s own statement about this matter is crisp and to the point. “Our disagreement on policy is total,” he says.

The guts to stand up against his own father for what he believed—this Jackie admired in her husband. She had seen the same raw courage when he was running for Senator, in the early days of their romance. An operation for an old Navy injury hadn’t healed, and sometimes he could hardly walk for pain. But he hated to be seen on crutches. He’d hobble on them to some hall where he was scheduled to make a speech. At the last second he’d hand them over to someone. Then he’d straighten up, march down the aisle—and only those close to him realized anything was wrong.

Courage—physical courage, mental and moral courage—the determination to be himself and do what had to be done, no matter what the pressure—that’s what Jack had in abundance. And that’s what Jackie, when she became his wife, eventually acquired from him. The courage to stand up for her own individuality, and not let herself be bowed over by the active, aggressive Kennedys.

Jackie stood up to Joe

Her big moment of courage came when she applied this new knowledge to Joe Kennedy and to the Kennedy family. It happened on her father-in-law’s own home grounds, his Palm Beach winter mansion. And it was concerned with one of his most inviolable laws—promptness for meals. There were electric clocks in every room in the house to make certain that everyone gathered in the dining room at least five minutes before time to eat. And just to be sure the law was obeyed. Joe Kennedy often reminded the members of the family, in the manner of a Roman emperor, that Lord Nelson attributed his success to always being fifteen minutes ahead of time.

One day Jackie came to the lunch table fifteen minutes late. Papa Kennedy could hardly conceal his anger. Charles Spalding, an investment banker and friend of the family, was present. He recalls what happened.

“When she came in,” he said. “Joe started to give her the needle, but she gave
The most important truth she had to face was that Jack was in politics to stay. And so, for better or worse, she’d have to let it enter her life, too. But just as she’d learned to stand up to Papa Kennedy, she could now stand up to politics—take it in stride, roll with the punches, but not let it run over her like a steamroller to flatten all the individuality out of her. When she set out to woo support for Jack, she didn’t have to do it with strident speeches and policies because people saw her as a force. She could do as well with her own brand of scintillating conversation, and with the French foods and fine wine of her refined tastes.

An apt pupil

In time, thanks to her husband’s education, she began to find that politics could be absorbing. When he entered the Presidential primary in Wisconsin, she trudged up and down the streets of little towns in the bitter cold. A reporter who covered the primary tells, “She’d go into the haberdashers and the ladies’ millinery shops and such. She’d introduce herself and ask people to vote for her husband. I don’t think it was easy for her to do—she always seemed basically shy. But she did very well at it.” Was she, perhaps, remembering the shy, skinny beginner of 1952, walking up to hard-boiled East Boston characters and putting out his hand, asking for votes?

“I never thought Jack had it in him,” her father-in-law had said. And this was the core of what Joe Kennedy contributed to Jackie’s education in life: He unwittingly revealed to her a young, sensitive, non-political Jack that she had never been privileged to know. A shy young man—but a man who had the courage to break out of his shyness.

Now she knew him, for he was still part of the man she’d married. And now, too, he had conveyed to her his brand of courage. So that during the 1960 Presidential campaign she was able somehow to gird herself against the vicious rumors of a hard-fought political battle.

But she held up—and gradually learned to love the excitement of the life which she shared with her husband. “Politics is in my blood,” she finally admitted. “It’s the most exciting life I know.”

Today the once withdrawn and insecure girl stands beside her husband in the high places of the world, acclaimed as a beautiful, brilliant and charming woman.

From her father’s abundant love she learned what all fortunate girl children learn from a good father—how to give and receive love when you grow to womanhood. And from him she learned, too, the pain of losing a cherished one, so that you cling ever more closely to the happiness you possess.

From her father-in-law she learned the unexpected lesson—to seek beneath the outer personality for the deeper, hidden traits. Without it, she might not have discovered so quickly the nature of the man she married.

For Jack, who taught her courage, had indeed a gentler gift to go with it: an understanding that brought the sudden bitter-sweet tears to her eyes.

It was the fall of 1960—a triumphal ticker-tape parade through Manhattan’s streets. She sat beside him in a limousine that could only crawl through the cheering millions. As the confetti rained down on them, he turned his smiling face away from the crowds and whispered to her, “Isn’t it a pity your father couldn’t be with us in this car today? He’d have enjoyed seeing this.”

It may happen any time on this Thanksgiving Day—this flood of memories, this surge of feelings, this cascade of thoughts, all revolving around three men. The three important men in Jackie Kennedy’s life.

THE END

### DICK BEYMER

Continued from page 39

would never be cried for him, all the arms which would never be opened to him.

“They ask me why I let myself get ‘hooked,’ ” Dick says. His big, high, strangely delicate hands enliven the air to describe they—young actors with easy money, new Thunderbirds and hopeful score cards for every night of the week. “Why get married so soon?” they ask. “Have a ball while you can,” they say. When “West Side Story” comes out, all you’ll have to do is whistle. You can get lots of girls."

His hands drop. “Sure I could get lots of girls. And ten years from now I could look back and count all the girls who had walked through my life and I’d have nothing, nothing. Even if I made all the movies in the world and became the biggest star in the world and made all the money in the world, when I died I’d be dead and it would be all gone."

“But if I can make only one person as happy as possible so that when she is about to die, she’ll look back and say, ‘I had a good life. He made me happy. I wouldn’t change one minute of all the years, then my life will mean something.’

He raises his eyes, dark, penetrating eyes. “I don’t have enough inside me to spread it around, all that giving. Only enough to enrich the life world for one person. And, in Dany, I’ve found the person.”

It’s a strange match—the impulsive, exuberant girl and the careful boy who thinks too often and too much. Dany was married at seventeen to a 28-year-old French publicist, Roger Chalan. Although she has been separated from her husband for nearly a year, she is still married. And under the niceties of French law, it will be another eighteen months before she is free to marry Dick.

To many young actors such an engagement would be a game, an acceptable game for whatever liberties they chose to take. But Dick has a disdain for Hollywood games. For him, a love affair is a love affair. An engagement is something else—and something more, something much more.

“I broke up no marriage”

He is a little embarrassed about his engagement to a woman who’s already married. But he says, “I performed no immoral action. I broke up no marriage. Dany had been separated for months before I met her.”

Dick Beymer and Dany Saval met seven months ago when he knocked on her apartment door an hour before the Beaux Arts Ball in Hollywood. It was a blind date, a date he would have preferred to break, since it meant his return from a vacation in the mountains.

Dany was attending the ball for Walt Disney and had heard him was making “Moon Pilot.” (Although she’s an important star in France, “Moon Pilot” is, so far, her only American picture.) At the time of the ball she had been in America only a few weeks and spoke less than a hundred words of English. Dick could sense her fright. He took her hand to guide her through the first few moments at the ball; she stared at him for a moment and then quickly pulled her hand away. He had taken her hand much as he would have helped a child across the
street. But he learned later—much later—when her English was equal to explaining—that in France hand-holding is an intimate gesture and a prelude to greater intimacy.

For the two next hours she was purposely cold. During dinner they talked occasionally—with their hands and through the conventional phrases of a middle-aged table companion who spoke "un peu Francais."

At 11 o’clock he asked her to dance.

After that, there was no need for speech. In dancing they found a common language.

At the age of eleven, Dick had begged for dancing lessons. "When I hear music, my insides can’t sit still." At the age of thirteen, Dany attended school in the morning, studying ballet in the afternoon and dancing in cabarets from supper time until 3 A.M. to earn money for her ballet lessons. For over two years she existed on three hours’ sleep each night. At the end of that time she won what she had worked for. She was admitted as a dancer to the Paris Opera. But the years of pushing her body had overtaxed her heart. She collapsed and was sent away to rest for a year before she was permitted to dance again.

And now, with a diamond tiara on her head and a satin train behind her, Dany Saval did the Charleston across the floor of the Berneva Ball. Dick’s brown head bobbed up and down next to the tousled chestnut hair that was, he had already noticed, the same color as her eyes. They danced across the hours. They danced through exhaustion and beyond. They danced until they were limp in each other’s arms. Her diamond tiara askew, his olive dinner jacket soaked with perspiration. They danced until 4 A.M. when the saxophonist packed his horn away and the drummer silenced his beat until another night.

He had to see her

Dick woke at eight the next morning and waited impatiently until it was late enough to telephone Dany. She had already left for an English lesson. He found himself unable to concentrate on anything else until he reached her. The rest he finally did, he spoke slowly and left all the adjectives out of his question.

"Would you spend the afternoon with me?"

"Oui."

From that moment he dated no one else. They drove out Sunset Boulevard, past the mansion and the green lawns, to the ocean. It was a clear Sunday afternoon in April, and they hugged their shoulders to keep warm as they walked along the deserted beach. He pointed at ocean, sand and sky.

"Seagulls," he said.

"Seagulls," she repeated.

"The sky is blue."

"The sky is bleu."

And then—more bravely—"I am having a wonderful time."

A thousand cars streamed past them on the coast highway, beating against the wind on their 60-mile-an-hour escape to oblivion. They were not conscious of cars or wind. They spoke of nothing else—war or peace, Dany or Dick. They were neither French nor English, only a language of the heart that made Dick Beymer sure he could tell this girl everything about himself—his love affairs, his shames, his secrets—and she would understand.

"If you can find that with someone once a year on your life, you’re lucky," Dick says. "How often did it take me to fall in love with Dany? Two minutes or five minutes or maybe a whole day. I know who and what I am now. I know I belong with Dany. If I’m acting or writing or painting or holding Dany, I’m alive. Otherwise I’m dead."

For the next three months they were inseparable, yet no paper reporter could discover they were seeing each other. Dick had never perished him in public places, so he was not missed now when he spent his evenings cross-legged on the floor of Dany’s apartment giving English lessons. ("Dicks loves Dany. Dany loves sparberries.") She had a quick mind and a knack for languages. Within two months—she was speaking English fluently.

She called him "Beaux," a diminutive for "Richard." He called her "Darling." He discovered that—for the first time in his life—he was not uncomfortable in crowds. Surrounded by people, he was alone with Dany, sharing a world that no one else could enter. On the hottest summer nights they went to drive-in movies. "Please, Ri-Ri," she would beg to go, although she rarely watched the movies and didn’t know enough English at first to understand them. It was the people who fascinated her, the children in pajamas stretched out on blankets next to their parents’ automobiles, the middle-aged couple sitting on top of a plumber’s truck drinking beer. "America," she would say. "It’s here. Ri-Ri."

Dick hadn’t been to a drive-in theater since his fourteenth birthday, and he didn’t look at the screen either. He looked only at Dany and realized how everything he had felt about her that first evening had deepened and intensified.

"I’ve never met anyone who reflects life as much as Dany does. She just bubbles with it." He rubs his hands together, and an anger, as though disturbed that words are not accurate enough to express the emotions he feels now. "I don’t mean effervescence. I mean that when you look at a flower growing it seems to contain so much life. It takes in the sun; it drinks in the rain; it lives and is rooted in living. That’s what Dany does. And people—so many people—are artificial. Contrived. Dany walks among them and isn’t affected. Modern buildings, sequined dresses, women in plastic shoes don’t touch her. She grows and lives as though she is alone in her own world."

On the days when she was not working,
she would walk with Dick up the mountains behind his house. She would sit on a patch of grass in the summer-dried hills and write letters home while Dick did portraits of her face in charcoal and painted her body in blue oils. The paintings captured a girl: part gypsy, part child, part water sprite.

He sipped chilled wine as he painted, while she drank orange juice. "More, more," she would ask like a greedy child devouring peanuts and hot dogs at the circus. And he would take the glass and walk back to his house to squeeze more of this exotic American juice that she could never drink enough of. Orange juice and avocados and Ri-Ri. That was all Dany asked of America.

"Dany gives. Dany bends. My character is more subdued," he has said, more than half-cursively. And yet he was not completely comfortable with her unlimited freedom. "No, Dany," he would say when she would catch her chestnut hair between her hands and explode with laughter. "Hush, hush," he would beg when she would plunge into a situation that he would have preferred to avoid.

"Dany stops me from thinking so much," he told friends. And yet in that statement was implied the question of how much freedom, how much impulsiveness he really wanted. He had not been able to answer his question when she left for Paris.

And the minute she left Los Angeles, he was unbearably lonely. He walked in darkness as though the electricity had been suddenly turned off in his soul. When he found half a dozen oranges in a bag in the kitchen, he felt as though he had been kicked in the stomach.

He was relieved when "Five Finger Exercise" sent him for a week on location in Monterey. It meant leaving behind a house that was too full of paintings and photographs of Dany. But distance was not enough. Although he tried to work himself to exhaustion each day, he still had to take a sleeping pill to forget her face each night.

**Long-distance romance**

At the end of that week, he walked into his house, picked up the telephone and called Paris. Within a month his telephone bill was $500. His bill for telegrams and flowers was several hundred dollars more. He told Dany to expect him in Paris as soon as "Five Finger Exercise" was completed.

It seemed to him that the film would never end. But it did—five days ahead of schedule. He was told at 5:30 one night that he was free to leave. By 9:30 that same evening he was aboard a plane for France.

He arrived in Paris shortly before midnight on August 26th. It was a strange city, made more foreign to him by darkness. And yet he did not feel a stranger to it, this city that he had never visited before. He felt only that he belonged there because it was Dany's city, and he knew —with absolute certainty—that he belonged with her there.

They slept little for the next nine days. It was all the time they would have together for . . . neither of them knew how long. He must return immediately for "Adventures of a Young Man." She must stay 7,000 miles away because he respected her as a person and a friend: he could never ask her to give up her career in France.

It would be a reasonable thing to ask, I supposed." Dick said. "But our whole existence isn't very reasonable. She's a fine artist. You can recognize it in her work and you can recognize it in her face. And I would never spoil what she's spent seven years building up."

They could only hope that a better career would open for her in America. Meanwhile, they grabbed each moment, green and dim, that was time that would come when the nine days were over. . . .

Her father's face as he sat at the head of the long wooden table in the village of Teril. . . . Dancing each night in a recreation of that first evening. . . . Dancing until they were so exhausted they could hardly walk off the floor. . . . Holding hands at 6 A.M. on the forty-five minute ride to the location of the picture she was shooting. . . . Holding hands and saying nothing because nothing needed to be said. . . .

His ordering steak and eggs for breakfast in a Paris cafe, and Dany's delighted "Poor Ri-Ri" when the waiter complained about "crazy Americans." . . .

Walking through Paris on Sunday afternoon and kissing beneath some statue that he had never seen before, not even on a picture postcard.

He said goodbye to her at 6 A.M. on September 4th. They have not seen each other since.

But they will. "Sure I could get lots of girls," Beymer says. "And two years from now I could look back and count all the girls who had walked through my life and I'd have nothing, nothing. Ten years from now I will have Dany. And—perhaps—I will also have a son."

—Aljean Meltzer

Dick is in "Bachelor Flat" for 20th and "Five Finger Exercise" for Columbia.

**TROY DONAHUE**

Continued from page 34

fully, completely," Playing a young writer, Hoyt Brecker, Troy was telling this to Connie Stevens. But he was really talking about Troy Donahue.

**The Blond Cobra**

Troy is one of the wide open people. And if that is his Achilles heel, it is also the source of his power. Because, like most of those who present a "Welcome" mat to the world, he has one golden asset—charm. Troy is so loaded with charm that some young secretaries at Warners have a gag name for him: "The Blond Cobra."

Much of Troy's charm is obviously physical: He's a gorgeous specimen of healthy, sun-browned young male animal. He stands six-feet-three, with a lithe, sinewed frame. His face looks like a young Viking's, which is only natural—he's half Swedish. He has tip-tilted blue eyes, a bold nose and sensual lips that break readily into a boyish, half-shy smile. And all this under a tussling braid of yellow hair which looks as if some dainty hand has just run through it as quite often it has.

Backling this up is pure, powerful sex-appeal. Troy's voice is soft and low, his movements easy and his address confident. He's entirely male, with all recognizable masculine strengths and weaknesses. But he's far from crude.

"Troy has the unmistakable stamp of a well and exponentially brought-up boy," observes the same Delmer Daves. "He has manners. He dresses, swims, sails, rides, plays tennis—all the way upper-middle-class boys with advantages do." Not until the "Susan Slade" company was on location near Monterey, did Daves think to ask Troy if he rode well, although his part in the picture was full of action on horseback. "You bet I ride well," replied Troy with no false modesty—and proceeded to prove it. And when no one could make a sailboat capsize for a scene in "A Summer Place," Troy immediately suggested, "Jibe it." Nobody knew what that maneuver was. He showed them.

He has a dashing contempt for personal danger. He drives too fast, and pictures courts unnecessary risks with stunts. Sometimes he drinks more than he should, and he consistently beats himself with scanty sleep. He has virtually no control over money.

His tough-minded business manager, Fred Barman, is always telling him, "Troy, take it easy, you're spending too much."

"That's what it's for, isn't it?" he grins back. Troy owns ten suits, sixty shirts, four sweaters, eight pair of shoes and a '61 Cadillac convertible. But, while he makes over a thousand dollars a week, he has little banked up and rents the house he lives in. He has expensive tastes in everything. He's a soft touch and a freespender.

All this has understandably made Troy Donahue irresistible to most girls and fair game for all. "Troy has two powerful appeals to women," says one who should know. "To some he's a teddy-bear; to others he's a stallion they'd love to tame." With one appeal or the other, he has riffled through a string of Hollywood girls like a Las Vegas dealer through a deck of cards. No complete list is possible, but any would include Jud Meredith, Nan Morris, Sally Todd, Tuesday Weld, Sandra Dee, Diane McBain, Sharon Hugueny, Connie Stevens, Susan Kohner, Fay Spain, Margarita Sierra, Marcia Rogers, Joan Staley, Sherry Jackson, Leticia Roman and Lili Kardell. Some have been mere dates, as casual as a kiss in the dark; with others he has been deeply involved. His engagement to Lili Kardell recently came to an explosive end.

**Big Brother or Don Juan?**

From these, and others, you pull out a conflicting picture of Troy Donahue that
As star of "SurfSide Six," he has three picture hits behind him and two more coming up. He's starring now—on and off screen, too, with Suzanne Pleshette in one appropriately titled, "Lovers Must Learn." Meanwhile, an avalanche of ardent Donahue fan mail puts that of any other Warners' star. Out in public he is often mobbed so wildly it scares even him. In Brooklyn, not long ago, he was called out the riot squad to quell a crush that sent fifteen kids to the hospital. The same kind of jam has taken place in Chicago. When "SurfSide Six" made location shots in Miami last summer, Troy's arrival seemed likely to break up the "Miss Universe" pageant simultaneousy.

None of this is to make a tribute to Troy Donahue's art—not yet and maybe never. "Right now Troy is struggling hard to be a pro," says Delmer Daves. "He's still wobbly, but I think he'll make it. But primarily he'll always be Troy Donahue—in whatever he does. As Gary Cooper did, Troy has to work from the inside out. But I can't see any real trouble ahead for him—unless, of course, it's with his private life."

Life . . . an unruly torrent

On his record, Troy will probably never lose trouble in either public or private life. Although he doesn't buck life, but lets it run through him, it seldom flows gently sweet. The surging torrent, that instinctive, channeled with a sort of instinctive purpose and even responsibility, but rushing headlong into one beautiful bump after another. It's no set-up for peace and security but, as he says, "I don't believe in dull moments." Anyway, he couldn't change things if he tried. That's how Troy lives, and how he has been ever since he was born on January 27, 1937, in New York Hospital. Even his arrival was dramatic—and perilous.

Troy chose to take his time making an entrance and, typically, assumed a most unorthodox posture. As a result, his nineteen-year-old mother was in labor forty-eight hours and actually took anesthetics because constant co-operation was critically essential. Dr. Wilbur Sachs, a family friend, frowned anxiously: ninety-five per cent of all babies born this way, he knew, were imperfect. Many were spastics.

When Dr. Sachs finally spanked breath into a perfectly formed male cub, he muttered incredulously. "A miracle! It's a miracle!"

The only jarring note was the tag on Troy's hospital-nursery basket. It read: "No. 13." Yet on the surface, no newborn babe in all Manhattan was more loaded with luck. On both sides of the house his genes were crammed with looks, health, drive, charm, humor and talent. Also—to speak for the dishes—his touch of temper. On top of all this, little Merle Johnson's daddy was reasonably rich and his ma very good looking.

Troy wasn't Troy Donahue then, of course. He was Merle Johnson, named after his dad, Frederick Merle Johnson—a husky, handsome character himself, and scion of a family that sprouted rugged individualists. One - of a choleric-type ancestor had a fight with his wife and vowed never to speak to her again. He didn't, for four

"Look Harry, Yul Brynner."
years—but in that time his wife had four babies! There was also an uncle named Higgins, with a mop of flaming red hair and temper to match. Troy remembers the time Uncle Higgins arrived for an extended visit, first met the family cat. It had red hair and was named in his honor. When Uncle Higgins heard a lowly cat called by his name, he just about had kittens! He packed up his bags and stormed out of the house.

Troy’s father himself had cut loose from a prosperous family business in Illinois—manufacturing can-openers and such household gadgets—because he loved the theater. He tried writing for it, directing, and fell in love with a pretty blond actress named Dede Too. But to make a living, he switched to a job with Paramount News. When they sent him to Europe on a trip and found his daughter, Dede, out of Hollywood and a Paramount contract, and the assignment became their honeymoon.

A surprise for Dede

Dede (that’s what Troy has always called his mom) was and is a petite, pretty Svenska, whose parents migrated from Sweden to New York when she was a tot. Edith Fredrickson went on the stage early. She got her name from the hopeful phrase she used to lip when tagging along after her big sisters. But she never repented giving it up to Dede and that’s another bit of luck for her son. Troy was a true love-child, and as anyone knows, they’re the best kind.

It was while sailing home on the Ile de France that Dede Johnson noted what she thought was a touch of madness. She asked the ship’s doctor for some pills. Instead, she Frenchman sized up the situation and declared, “Madame, in my opinion you are enceinte.”

“I was so overjoyed,” Dede Johnson recalls, “that I felt wonderful the rest of the way home.”

She had good reason to. Troy, or Merle, was the kind of kid they pick for baby fever ads. He seemed to be a Nordic version of a cherub by Raphael, pink cheeked and clubby with a crown of flaxen curls and blue eyes. “Only they were usually circled with black,” Troy remembers. “I always had shiners from bumping into things. My dad used to say I looked as if Joe Louis had been working me over.”

It was simply the Donahue go, which started right after the ship could walk—at a precocious seven months. On his first birthday, his dad horrified his mom by bringing home a pair of roller skates. The toddler couldn’t quite use those props yet, but on his own two feet he skittered around like a water bug.

“My picture of Troy at that age,” says his mother, “was that of a pair of flying, white shoes—going away from me.” Somehow she managed to catch them on the brink of disaster. But sometimes he was down the hall and out on the crowded sidewalks before she nipped him.

The first homes Troy remembers were stone-faced apartments in the fashionable Pikes and farther up by Central Park. His dad had a top job with General Motors as head of the motion picture department. Money was never a problem, and the Johnsons lived better each year. The worry of keeping track of Troy was solved by taking him along wherever his parents went. When he was so small that he had to have a pillow in his chair, Troy dined in the best Manhattan restaurants and took in the top Broadway shows. He would quail when they made him leave. “I want to go up on the stage with the actors!” he’d yell. Back in the apartment, his mother knew how to keep him quiet—playing “show.” “I guess that’s where it all started, this acting bug,” reasons Troy today. “My parents both loved show business and everything about it. Me, I loved everything about New York.”

When Troy talks about “home” he means New York. He spent his boyhood out on Long Island, and his young manhood in Hollywood, but the sights, smells and sounds of the Big City stir him with nostalgic excitement. All because at five years old he was a pint sized boy-about-town. He was at home in the hansoms of Central Park, the ice skating rink and the Music Hall in Rockefeller Center (about which he later wrote a sensitive short story), the smart shops of Fifth Avenue and the glittering marquees of Broadway. He knew the captain at La Grenaille, the waiters at Ruby Foo’s. He was smartly turned out by the best shops. His mother remembers one favorite tailor suit which became a real headache. It sported a wooden whistle which invariably got lost at the cleaners. Troy would never put it on until she dug up a new one.

At that point Master Merle Johnson was not in training to be a clothes horse, lady-killer or even actor, although the germs of all of him from the start. He was just a privileged city boy—well cared for, with top pediatricians, dentists, food, clothes and housing. “I had the best of everything,” Troy says gratefully. “I couldn’t have asked for a better start.”

But he was all boy, too. He insisted on keeping even in city apartments, a great Dane named “Koro,” on whose back he and the red-haired cat, “Higgins,” liked to ride. He thought his name, Merle, sounded too like a girl’s and he took the name of Tarzan’s son, “Boy,” from his favorite movie. The Johnsons thought the tag cute and adopted it. When visitors came and his dad called “Boy!” they were always surprised to see a handsome child run in, instead of a servant with a tray of drinks and hors d’oeuvres.

Boyhood paradise

When Troy was six, his father turned “gentleman farmer” so Boy could recuperate from a bout with pneumonia. He bought a five acre estate with a sixteen-room house and a swimming pool. He hired a boy to work it and moved the family to Bayport, Long Island, to his New York office. In time the dream of a self-sustaining farm fizzled—the livestock expired or departed, Troy waited whenever a chicken was murdered for the table and Merle, Sr. accidentally slaughtered, for Thanksgiving dinner, a $200 prize gander. Troy was reared to try to grow apples rotted on the ground. But when Troy comes East he still makes sentimental journeys to the memory-soaked landmarks— the rolling green countryside, the distant blue bay—of his boyhood paradise.

He had loved the bitter snap of Long Island winters and the sultry summers with the bugs grating in the trees. He knew where the pleasantnest nook and the rabbits ran. Yet he was a sensitive kid who could sit silently for hours while his mother read him romantic stories and weep over soap operas like “Stella Dallas.” What many people today take for a cavalier callousness in Troy Donahue’s romances is only a free-winging gate that opens him easily to every emotional contact.

“I’ve been in love with someone,” Troy confesses, “ever since I can remember.” The memory goes back to flouncy little skirts and round eyes under perky bonnets glimpsed on Central Park strolls, to tiny apartment house flits in halls and elevators. But the grand passion centered first on a doll named Ruthie, way back when Troy went to Mrs. Sherman’s Nursery School.

“Actually, when I come to think of it, she wasn’t very pretty,” Troy remembers wryly. “She had straight straw-colored hair, buck teeth and a bad complexion. But I called her my girl and could hardly wait until the station wagon dumped us out before Mr. Sherman’s. We banged tandem bournies together and sang Mother Goose rhymes.”

Trouble in love

The infatuation broke up in a jealous brawl. Invited to Ruthie’s birthday party, Troy and Ruthie were happily bouncing a rubber ball when it rolled under a couch. Ruthie dived to retrieve it, but another sitter scrambled under the couch beside her. Troy promptly clamped his teeth on the intruder’s leg. “I bit hell out of him,” he remembers. “He screamed, Ruthie’s mother raced in and hustled us all home.” After that Troy had a girl at the ponying—a another whose father straightened Troy’s teeth; a dumpy type in his confirmation class at St. Anne’s Episcopal church—and so on and ever on. None left lasting scars, then or much, much later.

Because in one respect, Troy Donahue’s prime love was, and still is, his family. A Hollywood cynic might crack, “Yeah, especially one member named Troy.” Ego
and self-assurance Troy undoubtedly has— he wouldn’t be much good as an actor if he didn’t. But any selfish appraisal is unfair. As a boy Troy wasn’t spoiled, but he was demonstrably loved—and he loved gratefully in return.

“My mother and father were tremendous as parents,” he says. “Both were very sensitive and imaginative. They had great feeling and depth, and the passion to pass them on. They worked very, very hard, giving both background and backing—because they loved doing it. I don’t know how much they succeeded, but I owe them so damn much for trying.” Even as a kid Troy sensed this debt of love and tried to repay.

His mother loves to tell of Troy’s concern when she was pregnant with his sister Eve. Troy was only two then. To shunt away jealousy the Johnsons employed the time-tested approach: “We’re having a baby for you. It’s going to be your baby.” Troy was properly charged with enthusiasm for the event. But as the birth approached, Dede Johnson often cried out with pain in her room. One evening Troy burst in. He sobbed, “If it hurts like that, don’t have a baby for me. Just call it off—please!” It was hard to explain why this was impossible.

But once Eve arrived and was “given” to Troy, he took the trust super-seriously. Like a watchdog he hovered over her, rushing to the crib in panic when she cried. His mother recalls, “It was hard to say who was more upset. Troy or Eve.”

“I froze with fear”

“I froze with fear at the thought of ever losing her,” Troy continues. “Eve was my most precious possession.” As they grew up together the bond tightened. He taught Eve to swim, and twice saved her from drowning. He taught her to throw a baseball, ride a horse, to play tennis and sail. He even laced gloves on her small hands and showed her how to box. “It wasn’t always clear to me whether I was Troy’s little sister or his brother,” sighs Eve. “Sometimes, I suspect I was his stooge. Playing tennis, for instance, meant chasing balls while he practiced his serve. Whatever my state of loving, Troy loved and still do. He’s always been my knight on a white horse.”

Actually, Troy Donahue has been much more than that to Eve. He has been her buddy, counselor, mentor and, in effect, her father after their own father died. Eve, in turn, has been his confidante, his anchor and his conscience. Now sixteen and a piquant blond beauty, Eve gets a daily check-up from her big brother and advice—sometimes galling at her age—about clothes, hairdos, dates and teenage pitfalls, from a pretty experienced source. She doesn’t resent it too much, because she knows the reins are held by loving hands. “She’s my responsibility, states Troy soberly. He feels the same way about Sue.

This close protective family feeling is one heritage Troy got from his father. Merle Johnson loved family life. He was particularly close with Troy. “My dad,” says Troy simply, “was my best friend.” At Bayport they were always partners in some kind of project. If one fudged, like the family idea, they went on to another. Sometimes it worked out, like sailing—

Troy and his dad barely knew port from

starboard when they started. But Merle bought navigation manuals, stacks of sailing books and they boned up together. He bought a boat half as wide as it was long, “more like a mudscow than a sailing boat.” They kept it in their own slip up the creek from Great South Bay, only a hike from home. At first Troy hated boats. It took weeks before he and his dad learned to man the boat out of the creek and into the bay. Soon after they did, they cracked it into a leading and the thing sank ingloriously. But they kept trying.

Two more Johnson boats followed that one. Troy’s favorite was The Falcon, a trim craft they learned to sail all around the bay and often to Fire Island. Pretty soon Troy was buying his own boats and was collecting trophies at the Yacht Club. He became such a savvy skipper that eventually he covered the waterfront for the Bayport newspaper in a sailing column called “Up the Creek.”

Troy showed bulldog persistence in mastering the things that intrigued him. If he liked them he licked them. He’s like that today. Troy will go far in Hollywood,” says his booster, Delmer Daves, “because he’s crazy about this business.” But then, as now, what Troy disliked he dodged, stubbornly and effectively.

Nothing squared him off with studies. He hated them. As a result he just squelched by and sometimes flunked. It seemed a shame,” his teachers would tell his parents. “Merle is so intelligent—but he just won’t work.” He didn’t work because he could see no good to his future life in a lot of the things he had to learn. The same practical but unreasonable fix stuck all through his schooldays and made them rough going. But there were compensations: Sports for one thing. He was always tall for his age and perfectly coordinated. In all sports—baseball, basketball, football, soccer, tennis—he was a natural.

The other compensation? Girls, of course. With his good looks he had only to flash an inviting grin and the girls came running. All except one black-haired, blue-eyed beauty. Naturally, she was the one he fell in love with passionately.

Her name was Sue. To Troy she was a sophisticated woman of the world, on a lofty plane far, far above him. Around her he felt like a bumbling boof. Her father was an Army dentist who travelled a lot, so Sue graced Bayport school only a few months each year. Troy watched her leave in misery, floated on Cloud Nine when she returned. She pretended she didn’t exist. The agony and the pain lasted for five years. Then one day, when Troy was twelve, a boy he recognized as Sue’s sweetheart (and secretly hated) pounded on the Johnson front door.

“Hey!” he cried. “Guess what? My girl’s in love with you!”

“Sue?” Troy was stunned with that incredible bolt from Olympus. “Yeah, she just told me.”

Troy has always had instant reactions that way. He almost knocked down the cast-off lover, getting to the telephone. “I’m coming right over,” he blurted. He watched TV with Sue, and her mother brought them Cokes and cookies. But it still took him a month to get up the nerve to kiss her.

Sue was his first steady and Troy her
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(See big contest on back cover.)

1. Shown in the picture are items for which the value closest to the correct cash value (manufacturer’s suggested retail value) must be determined. Under the picture are descriptive phrases. For each of these are listed 3 cash values on the entry blank. Using the space provided, you must check one cash value (closest to the suggested retail price) for each item that appears both on this page and on the back cover. For example, we have placed a check next to $60 after the first item on the list because this is closest to the correct value of the “ROYAL 500 DELUXE” shown in the picture. Be sure to check only those items that appear both on the list and in the picture, but we reserve the right to change some of the values on the list may not be shown in the picture, just as some of the items in the picture may not be described on the list.

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5. In the event of TIE, which is possible, tying contestants will be required to complete a statement dealing with the question of the contestant’s own choice. No proof-of-purchase will be required with a tie-breaking entry. Tie-breaking statements will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of further ties.

6. Any resident of the United States may compete, except employees of Zenith and their franchised distributors, Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Government regulations apply.

7. The judges’ decisions will be final. Except for incidental help from family and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person whose name the entry is submitted, and will be disqualified for outside, professional or compensated help. The purpose of this rule is to disqualify entries prepared wholly or in part by professional or compensated content writers, schools or services. Only one prize will be awarded to any person or household. No entries will be returned. Contents of winning entries will not be disclosed. Entries, contents, and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for all purposes. Winners of prizes or tying contestants will be notified by mail about two months after the close of the contest. Complete list of winners will be available upon request approximately three months after the close of the contest.

devoted slave for a year. But all that time, he suspects, she was just fattening his heart for the slaughter. The day of the big Yacht Club regatta she bared the knife.

But a rich boy with a brand new speedboat raced against Troy in the feature event. Sue sat watching on the deck of a big boat with her parents and his. But when the gun went off Troy's boat sputtered and broke down. He sat, dismal and disgraced, watching his rival win. Sue was the trophy Troy lost when he sat and cruised off with the winner.

“I was so bugged I climbed the high mast of that sixty-five-foot yawl where my parents were and threw myself dramatically off,” recalls Troy. “Of course, I was careful to miss the deck. When I went down in the bay I swam under water and hid behind another boat. No one could find me for six hours. They thought I’d drowned.”

When he turned up at home late that night, his parents were not one bit amused. In fact, it was one of the few times Troy remembers getting a beautiful bawling out and punishment. He lost Sue for keeps, however, as a result of his actions in that event.

“She’s married now. Maybe she’s fat with a mess of kids,” Troy muses. “But,” he adds wistfully, “I’d sure love to see her.”

Something was wrong

At this time, a far greater loss than his first love was slowly but inexorably looming for Troy. The day he first noticed it was wrestling with his dad on the lawn. They used to scuffle good-naturedly—and as a sort of game, both understood that in the end husky Merle Johnson would let Troy have his way. On one day Troy pinned him easily and he could tell his dad wasn’t kidding. He was weak; something was wrong. Laughter was thin with them both. Merle Johnson went into the house and lay down on his bed. He did that more and more often. Often, too, he came home from work early, dead tired. It wasn’t like him. Troy was then in the sixth grade. He hated to leave school and his heart skipped a beat. A doctor was there talking to Dede and their faces were grave. He caught the words, “... only a question of time.” Troy’s mother told him the truth. In medical terms his beloved dad had amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. It was something that made a person lose the ability gradually to walk. He’d known it for a while. It seemed to attack strong, physically vigorous men. It had made the great Lou Gehrig helpless, wasted him and finally killed him. There was no treatment, no cure. The spinal cord simply deteriorated, and the body’s motor nerves were progressively paralyzed.

“He doesn’t know he has it,” Dede Johnson told Troy. “We must never let him know.”

It was a sad game they played the next two years. Most of the time Merle Johnson lay on his bed, always sure he’d be better “in a few days.”

“You take care of things around the house,” he’d say when Troy came home from school, forced a smile on his face and came in to visit. “Keep the boat in good shape—we’ll go sailing before long.”

“Sure, Dad, sure we will,” Troy lied. But many nights he sat in his pillow with tears, and through the door of his mother’s room he heard low sobs. Eve was too young to know, and for that Troy was grateful. No matter what part he plays in the future, Troy Donahue knows none will ever be as tragic to him, none played more from the heart. He couldn’t believe it was happening. He watched his vital father lose all power to move. Even, later, the power to talk. The last eight months they took him to St. Alban’s Hospital in New York, where he grew so weak he couldn’t blink his eyes. If he knew then he was dying, he never let on. But he always kept his gold watch on the nightstand with Sue to see it, and on one visit his eyes swept back and forth from the watch to Troy. Finally he summoned strength enough to whisper, “Take it.”

“I think then he knew,” says Troy.

Merle Johnson died on December 5th, right before Christmas. Sorrow, deep and wordless, clouded the big Georgian house while all around hope and happiness swelled. “We’re going to have a big Christmas this year as always,” announced Dede Johnson in as firm a voice as she could muster. “That’s the way he’d want it.”

Troy was fourteen and a sophomore in Bayport High when his dad died. He was supposed to graduate this year, but he had already dropped out—twelve more than he does today. He was a standout athlete on four teams: forward on the basketball five, halfback on the football squad, center half at soccer, a star high jumper in track where he held the Suffolk County record. He was vice-president of his class. He could handle a gun, a boat, a car, and his horse; he was the only person a neighbor would let ride his prize Tennessee walker. “Kentucky,” he had an easy, assured way with girls. He knew his way around New York. He looked like a man. He wasn’t.

“My father’s death left me the man of the house,” says Troy, “but I wasn’t up to the responsibility. I was impatient to be grown up and I must have made the wild. I needed a strong hand to smash me down, but it wasn’t there any longer.” His grief gave him a what-the-hell feeling and that didn’t help. And there was all the opportunity a reckless, too-good-looking young buck like Troy needed for blasting off around Bayport.

“As I look back on it,” says Eve, who was an interested eight-year-old spectator then, “some of the kids there were a real wild bunch.” Like Troy, they cut out in family cars, license or not, raced around the county roads and parked for petting. Two of Troy’s high school pals were killed in crashes and another, a star athlete, crippled for life. Several times Troy had been rescued. Merle Johnson tried to lick ’em by joining ’em. She’d invite Troy’s gang to the house for parties, roll back the rugs and try to keep things under control by teaching them the latest dance steps. “But Mother really spent most of her time running around the place trying to keep the lights turned on,” remembers Eve.

She swam away and he didn’t push them away. Then, of course, precarious drinking started in the gang, and things got out of hand.

—KIRTY BASKETTE

Delinquent or star? How does a boy on the merry-go-round make it? Read the final half of Troy Donahue’s life story in next month’s issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Troy’s in “Surfside 6,” ABC-TV, Mon., 8:30-9:30 EST and “Su-san Slade,” WB.
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P.O. Box 85
Cincinnati 99, Ohio

Gentlemen. Here is my entry blank for your "Check the Values" Contest. I am enclosing a Tide contest box top or Ivory Soap contest bundle tape with my entry. If I enclose both, I get a $5,000 bonus added if I win 1st prize.

Name________________________
Address_______________________
City___________________________
State__________________________
Zip___________________________

(Contest expires January 15, 1962)