Please Eddie, don’t let them take the children away
Sweet surprise... your skin can easily look this fresh and lovely

You'll marvel, too, that your own grown-up skin can have this youthful freshness so easily, so soon... with a simple change to regular Ivory care. You see, the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your complexion... and Ivory Soap is even gentle enough for a baby's delicate skin. Pure white, clean scented. 99\% pure... it floats. And did you know that today more doctors recommend Ivory for babies' skin, and yours, than any other soap? Your skin never outgrows mild Ivory... it just grows smoother, clearer, lovelier. Then suddenly you have That Ivory Look!
The HILARIOUS INSIDE STORY of those WILD, WONDERFUL SPRING VACATIONS when college lets out and the girls GO...GO...GO...

MGM presents A FLUERPE PRODUCTION

Where the Boys Are

Paula learns a game called boy-and-girl-bingo... everybody wins!

Yvette meets a boy from Yale and stops counting kisses until there's one too many!

It's her movie debut! Hear Connie sing the title song "Where The Boys Are"—her new hit on M-G-M Records!

starring

DOLORES HART • GEORGE HAMILTON • YVETTE MIMIEUX • JIM HUTTON • BARBARA NICHOLS • PAULA PRENTISS

with FRANK GORSHIN and introducing CONNIE FRANCIS

Based on the Novel by GEORGE WELLS • GLENDON SWARTHOUT • Directed by HENRY LEVIN • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR
Are Females As Romantic As Cold Salmon?

According to one young man: “Ask the average girl if she’d like to sail around the world with a handsome, daring boy and she’ll answer, ‘But, gee, what if we get hit by a hurricane.’” Find out what senior boys think of the opposite sex in the colorful, new issue of Teens Today Magazine.

Plus—

OFFBEAT HOLIDAY PARTIES

How about a “Backwards Blast,” an “All Day Melee,” a “Vegas Special,” or a “Psycho” party to brighten up the holidays?

FLUNK-OUTS AT COLLEGE

Why and How They Happen

DRIVING AND DATES

For the latest on what teenagers talk about and do, get your copy of January Teens Today…Now

Only 25¢ at your favorite newsstand

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA’S MOVIEGOERS FOR FIFTY YEARS

EXCLUSIVE

LIZ and EDDIE

40 “Please Eddie, Don’t Let Them Take the Children Away” by Dorian Draper

DALE ROBERTSON

42 “Oh, My God, I Can’t See” by Marcia Borie

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

54 Wouldn’t You Like to Help Debbie Smile Again? by Jane Ardmore

CONTEST: ARE YOU WHAT HE WANTS FOR XMAS?

19 Man’s View of Woman—What You Should Know From A to Z
25 Have You Learned Enough to Get Your Man?
62 Your Chance to Win a Christmas Gift From a Star

ARTICLES AND SPECIAL FEATURES

SHELLEY WINTERS

26 Her Losing Battle by Adam Mitchell

LANA TURNER

28 Lana’s Flirting With Danger Again by Milt Johnson

DORIS DAY

30 What I Want Most for Christmas by Doris Day

JANET LEIGH and TONY CURTIS

32 “Mommy, What Church Does Santa Claus Go To?” by Charlotte Dinter

GLORIA SWANSON

36 Why a Man Gets Tired of a Woman by Adele Rogers St. Johns

KIRK DOUGLAS

38 The Day He Booked a Seat on Flight 375 by Bob Deon

CONNIE STEVENS

44 What Gives? by Rona Barrett

CLARK GABLE

50 Without Me, Clark Gable Would Never Be a Father by Pat Allen

ROCK HUDSON

52 I Was Scheduled to Die by G. Divas

KEELY SMITH

58 The Bride Wore Sneakers by Rose Perlberg

YOUNG IDEAS

4 Monthly Record

8 Monthly Ballot

8 Readers Inc.

74 Your Needlework

76 Becoming Attractions

NEWS AND REVIEWS

6 Go Out to a Movie

72 Now Playing (Brief Reviews)

10 Inside Stuff by Sara Hamilton

82 Hollywood for You by Skelley

EVELYN PAIN, Editor

KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, Art Director

CLAIRE SAYFAN, Managing Editor

NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

ROSE ENGLANDER, Associate Editor

KATE PALUMBO, Fashion Editor

TONY FELDMAN, Assistant Editor

JUNE CLARK, Beauty Editor

JIM HOFFMAN, VIVIAN MAZZONE, Contributing Editors

ROGER MARSHUTZ, Staff Photographer

JEAN SCHLEIER, Assistant Art Director

ANNE KANES, Assistant to Editor

MARCIA BORIE, West Coast Contributor

Your February issue will be on sale at your newsstand on Jan. 5th.
Jerry Lewis hits the top in motion picture entertainment

In a glowing masterpiece of humor and heart

As

Cinderfella

(A Jerry Lewis Production)

Imagine Jerry as the fella in CINDERFELLA!
He's got two nasty stepbrothers, a fairy godfather and a Princess Charming who's all softness and kisses. And that slipper he loses at the ball is a loafer!

Norman Rockwell

TECHNICOLOR®

Ed Wynn • Judith Anderson
Henry Silva • Robert Hutton
and Anna Maria Alberghetti

Produced by Jerry Lewis • Associate Producer - Ernest D. Glucksman • Written and Directed by Frank Tashlin

Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle • New Songs by Harry Warren and Jack Brooks • A Paramount Release

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON—AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!
Who’s in? You’re in—if you’re up, that is. Up-to-date on who made news in 1960. What’s out? Ask Annette and she’ll say Paul Anka; ask Bobby Darin and he’ll say Jo-Ann Campbell; ask Edd Byrnes and he’ll say Asa Maynor. They split up this year. So did Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell; Hope Lange and Don Murray; Desi and Lucy; Vic Damone and Pier Angeli; Tyr Hardin and Andra Martin; Larraine Day; Jean Seberg; Stephen Boyd; Efrem Zimbalist. There were headlines when Elvis came home . . . when Eddie Cochran died tragically in an auto crash . . . when Lana Turner’s daughter went to the El Retiro home for girls. Everybody was talking about Debbie and Harry Karl . . . about Tab Hunter’s dog-trial . . . about Connie Francis’ new boyfriends and the lack of same for Brenda Lee and Sandra Dee . . . about the Marilyn Monroe-Arthur Miller-Yves Montand triangle . . . about Lauren Bacall and Jason Robards, who looks like Bogart . . . There were lots of weddings: Dianne Lennon; Tommy Sands and Nancy Sinatra; Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell; Jill St. John; Deborah Kerr; Jean Simmons; Gene Tierney; Joseph Cotten; Yul Brynner; Gene Kelly; Claire Bloom: Anita Bryant; Jimmy Boyd and Yvonne Craig; Vera Miles; Bob Denver.
Stop look and listen—here's what made you do it in 1960. Best-selling pop singles: Percy Faith's "Theme From a Summer Place"; Chubby Checker's "Twist"; Elvis' "It's Now or Never." Pop albums: "Sound of Music," original cast album on Columbia; Kingston Trio's "Sold Out" (Capitol); "60 Years of Music America Loves Best" (RCA Victor). Comedy albums: "Button Down Mind of Bob Newhart" (Warner Bros.); Bill Dana's "My Name Is Jose Jiminez" (Signature). Classical albums: lush new keepsake packages of Van Cliburn playing Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 (RCA); the London Festival Edition of Beethoven's Nine Symphonies (Everest); Fritz Reiner and the Vienna Philharmonic with Verdi's Requiem (RCA); Reiner and the Chicago Symphony with Lisa Della Casa on Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (RCA). . . Books: "Advise and Consent" by Drury; the Durrell Quarto; "Hawaii" by Michener. Comedy books: "Captions Courageous" and "The Law and the Profit" by C. N. Parkinson.

NEW FACES

Babies—what could be newer? Or nicer? They came this year to James Darren and Evy Norlund; Dot Malone and Jacques Bergerac; the Richard Egans. More happy parents: Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer; Jimmie Rodgers; Nick Adams; Terry Moore; Dana Wynter; Jeanne Crain; Jayne Mansfield. Not so happy: Susy Parker and Brigitte Bardot—not even a baby could help to hold their marriages together.

Were you in on the trends of 1960? Check yourself.

- Short Bermuda skirts, knee socks, squash heels.
- Talking on records, dancing to remakes of old standards, movie themes.
- Gourmet foods, studying science, going to Europe—or dreaming about it.
- Smaller cars, bigger jewelry, smaller weddings.
- Gilt eye makeup, tinted hose, kiss curls.
- The Twist, novelty hits, riddles, sick jokes.
- Romantic split-ups, sad songs, crying at movies.
- Girl singers: Did you join a fan club for Brenda Lee, Dodie Stevens, Anita Bryant, Connie Stevens?
- New male favorites, too, like Bobby Rydell, Dwayne Hickman, Brian Hyland . . . with a slight fading of interest in Elvis, Pat, etc.
- If you checked 6 or more, you're in; from 4 to 6, you're on the fringe, get closer to the fun; less than 4, you're way out; haven't you been reading "Photoplay" every month?
**The Sundowners**

**MAKE FRIENDS DOWN-UNDER; FAMILY**

Australia's sheep-ranching plains are very much a man's territory, so Robert Mitchum's right at home there. But a place like that calls for strong women, too, and Deborah Kerr meets the challenge. As their son, likable Michael Anderson Jr. shows us how a boy in his teens can shoulder responsibilities—and problems. Here's the situation: Bob's work takes him from ranch to ranch, herding and shearing sheep; Deborah's pretty tired of living in a tent; Michael would rather be a farmer. Besides, how can a fellow meet any girls when he's always on the move? As producer-director of this happy, satisfying picture, Fred Zinnemann went on location to give us a true feeling of the place and its people, who also include Peter Ustinov, a highly amusing English adventurer; Glynis Johns, a hearty widow who's after him; Dina Merrill, a lonely wife. **WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR**

**Spartacus**

**POWERFUL EPIC OF ANCIENT ROME; ADULT**

In the size of its sets and the number of people who go charging across its landscapes, this spectacle can hold its own with the most colossal. But here's where it's different: The characters stand out as believable human beings, living in a real, rough world, faraway as it is. A gladiator named Spartacus (Kirk Douglas) actually did lead a slaves' rebellion about 2,000 years ago, bucking up against an empire whose might and decadence are symbolized by Laurence Olivier, as the Roman commander. Jean Simmons as an utterly beautiful slave girl, Charles Laughton as a wily politician, Peter Ustinov as a sly promoter, Tony Curtis as a gentle slave—all these come alive for us, under Stanley Kubrick's firm direction. **U-41, TECHNICOLOR, SUPER TECHNIRAMA 70**

**The Alamo**

**HINTING, AMIABLE FRONTIER LEGEND; FAMILY**

John Wayne has produced his own pictures before, but this is his first directing job, and it's astonishing how much the movie resembles his screen personality: sometimes awkward, but finally coming through with a solid punch. Seems there were too many colonels defending the Alamo—Wayne's rugged Davy Crockett and Richard Widmark's swashbuckling Jim Bowie clash with Laurence Harvey's discipline-crazy William Travis. Even in this big-league company, Frankie Avalon does very well indeed as a Tennessee kid—with only one snatch of song, though the film's rich in music as well as action. **U.A.; TECHNICOLOR, TODD-AD**

**The World of Suzie Wong**

**WISTFUL ROMANCE, VIVID LOCALE; ADULT**

Much more effectively than the play, this East-West love story captures the humor and flavor of the best-selling novel. It isn't just the star performances we have to thank. William Holden shows the intelligence and skill we expect, as an American painter; but he isn't too well-cast as a man "pushing forty." (From which side?) Nancy Kwan, sensitive, slim and lovely in the role that France Nuyen ate her way out of, at times seems too polished for a child of the slums. The city of Hong Kong itself dominates the story.
and makes its simple conflict ring true, because we see more than exotic vistas. We see a world so jam-packed with struggling humanity that it’s hard to condemn girls who, like Suzie, sell themselves to survive. PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

Never on Sunday
SPIRITED, SAUCY COMEDY; ADULT

Melina Mercouri makes this picture a pleasure to watch, with her gay, lusty performance as a Greek sister of the Chinese Suzie. She’s cheerfully plying her trade in the seaport of Piraeus—here glorified into a tourist’s dream of simple, unsullied primitive life. Then along come three guys who want to reform Melina, for reasons of love, business and idealism. The last motive belongs to Jules Dassin, who does a much better job directing this movie than he does acting in it. But his wooden style isn’t too far off the beam for his character of a ridiculously stuffy American tourist. With lots of sex but no leers, the story lifts along as brightly as its popular title tune.

U.A.

Girl of the Night
POINTLESS CASE HISTORY; ADULT

Now wait a minute—there are other ways for a girl to earn a living! According to this month’s movies, anybody who wants to take up Suzie Wong’s profession had better steer clear of the U.S., because Anne Francis is perfectly miserable as a New York call girl. This picture pretends to be a sober clinical study; Anne tells her woes to analyst Lloyd Nolan, who has a splendid couch-side manner. Usually a nice boy, John Kerr seems to enjoy playing the lowest form of male life, a no-good Johnny to Anne’s modern-day Frankie. Now, can we drop this subject for a while? WARNERS

G.I. Blues
THE BIG COMEBACK IS A HIT; ADULT

Presley fans who stayed loyal may now feel happy and smug. Elvis looks simply great: handsomer (with that short haircut) and more poised than he was in his pre-Army films. Ten songs give him plenty of musical range. Ballad, rhythm or country-style—Elvis can set the pace. Oh yes, the story. As everybody knows, it keeps him with his former outfit, in Germany. There’s a girl for Elvis and two others for his Army buddies. Presley’s gal is cute Juliet Prowse; Robert Ivers’ is luscious Leticia Roman; James Douglas’ is demure Sigrid Maier. The last pair’s affair isn’t quite in key with the light-weight, rollicking family entertainment.

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

General della Rovere
STRONG, HONIC WAR DRAMA; ADULT

The best Italian movie in years and the first important Roberto Rossellini movie in years stars Vittorio de Sica in his finest performance. And all that naturally adds up to quite a picture, though it has a definite plot outline and a dash of sentiment that didn’t show up in the early Rossellini-directed films. Every inch the man of distinction, de Sica plays an old con artist who has a neat wartime racket running in Italy. Nazi officer Hannes Messemer catches him out and forces him into a strange mission.

CONTINENTAL; DIALOGUE IN ITALIAN, TITLES IN ENGLISH

The Magnificent Seven
COLORFUL, ENJOYABLE WESTERN; FAMILY

You’d think Yul Brynner had been playing western gunfighters all his screen life. That’s how easily and gracefully he wears the killer’s standard all-back outfit. The Old West has gotten too law-abiding for Yul and his colleagues, so he has no trouble rounding up a bunch of other unemployed gunmen for a cheap job in Mexico. Jauntly Steve McQueen and young Horst Buchholz (a strikingly handsome newcomer) are the most interesting. And Eli Wallach throws a lot of gusto into the role of the bandit leader the boys are fighting. Even in black, Yul can’t fool us—he’s a good guy at heart, a fine romantic hero for a picturesque adventure.

U.A.; DE LUXE COLOR, PANAVISION

A Breath of Scandal
OLD-STYLE VIENNESE ROMANCE; ADULT

Sophia Loren’s generous beauty and Maurice Chevalier’s breezy charm are the bright spots in this love comedy. It’s pretty old-fashioned, kind of a operetta with very little music, all about a hoydenish Austrian princess (in 1905) and a rather proper young American businessman. In this part, John Gavin looks awfully decorative, but sounds awfully clumsy. The comedy skill that he hasn’t learned yet is demonstrated by Chevalier, as Sophia’s dad, and Isabel Jeans, as her flighty mother. PARAMOUNT; TECHNICOLOR, VISTAVISION

Swiss Family Robinson
JAZZED-UP JUVENILE CLASSIC; FAMILY

This Disney-produced version of the beloved book is mostly for younger fans, but it has some appeal for anybody who’s ever had that desert-island daydream. John Mills and Dorothy McGuire are just right as model parents; so are James MacArthur, Tommy Kirk and Kevin Corcoran as sturdy sons. Castaways all, they’re the original do-it-yourself household. The gimmicks that make their island home comfortable provide fun; then Sessue Hayakawa’s pirates and a captive girl (Janet Munro) turn up to keep the story going.

SEVEN VISTA; TECHNICOLOR, PANAVISION

The 3 Worlds of Gulliver
MILD FANTASY-ADVENTURE; FAMILY

As you’d expect, Jonathan Swift’s bigger classic gets the business, too. When Kerwin Mathews, as the voyaging English doctor, is cast away on the miniature land of Lilliput, he helps a pair of tiny lovers. And when the giants of Brobdingnag capture him, they get his girlfriend (June Thorburn), too. It’s mostly fairytale stuff, but enough of the political satire is left so that you wonder why the movie-makers didn’t boldly up-date it.

COLOMBIA, EASTMAN COLOR

Studs Lonigan
HONEST ATTEMPT AT REALISM; ADULT

Based on James T. Farrell’s novel, this story of young manhood in Chicago of the 1920’s has moments of strong impact, though it lacks shape as a whole. Too romantically handsome for the title role, Christopher Knight still does a nice, earnest job as the Irish-American boy who shies away from adult responsibilities. He worships snooty Venetia Stevenson: has an affair with schoolteacher Helen Westcott; gets sweet Carolyn Craig into trouble.

U.A.
An Open Letter to Jerry Wald

I would like to take this opportunity to openly thank Jerry Wald for his kindness and attention. The producer of "Peyton Place," "The Long, Hot Summer," "The Story on Page One" and Marilyn Monroe's new film, "Let's Make Love," has never failed to answer my letters, not even when he was working on three movies at once. His interest in my problems and helpful suggestions have built up my confidence countless times, and with each letter I hope more and more to have the chance to meet this great man some day.

DON CIESZYNSKI
New Britain, Conn.

A Brother to Mario?

I have been a faithful follower of your magazine for a good many years.

My story is a long and amazing uphill fight to try and establish my identity as the brother of the late Mario Lanza. To be brief, I too am a lyric-tenor, having studied ten years with Ottavio Valentini, erstwhile leading tenor of the San Carlo Opera Company, who along with many others was astounded in every respect to the late great tenor.

VICTOR ROSSI
Brooklyn, N. Y.

In My Book...

"The Untouchables" on TV is, in my book, the best show there is. Mr. Robert Stack does a tremendous job of acting. I don't understand why it took so long for Hollywood producers to realize what a charming personality and good actor he is.

ROSE PLATT
Miami, Fla.

Mr. Wonderful

We had the pleasure of meeting Troy Donahue when he was in Miami Beach filming "Surf Side Six." He never refused our phone calls or our visits. He gave us the impression of being a very thoughtful person. All in all, he's wonderful.

BEVERLY SMITH & FRIENDS
Hialeah, Fla.

A Disagreement

Would you please settle a disagreement? My husband says Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson played the main characters in "Giant." I say Elizabeth Taylor and Robert Stack did. Would you please set us straight?

Mr. & Mrs. W. Tuscola, Ill.

Your husband's right.—En.

WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

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

actor: 1. 2.
3. 4.

actress: 1. 2.
3. 4.

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPHILY are 1. 2. 3. 4.

Name

Age

Address

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If yours is one of the first 25 ballots received each Friday from December 9 through 20, we'll send you an autographed picture of your favorite star. Just tell us who it is.

See our story on Kirk on page 38.—Ed.

Who Played Delilah?

In the movie "Samson and Delilah," who played Delilah? Was it Hedy Lamarr or Susan Hayward? My husband, a neighbor and I have a bet on this.

GLORIA REED
Cedar Keys, Fla.

It was Hedy Lamarr. Who won the bet?—Ed.

The Beautiful Japanese Woman

I recently saw a movie starring Marlon Brando but I have forgotten what the name of it was. It was the story of a beautiful Japanese woman. I would like to know the name of the movie and who played the Japanese woman. I think it also starred Red Buttons.

PAMELA STEWART
Dover, Tenn.

The movie's "Sayonara," and you're right—Red Buttons was in it, too. He won an Academy Award for his performance. Michiko Takagi was the woman opposite Marlon; Miyoshi Umeki was Red's girl.—Ed.
DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

... how does Sandra Dee wrap her Christmas presents?

MARY BLANE
Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

... Do stars wrap their own Christmas presents and if so how would, well, say Doris Day, wrap hers?

MARGARET JORDAY

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

... I want to gift wrap my Christmas presents like the stars. How can I do this?

FRANCES MCCALL
Olympia, Wash.

These are only a few excerpts from the many letters I have received from readers asking how the stars wrap their Christmas gifts. Hollywood goes mad at Christmas with fun wrapping—you hate to open the box. If you'd like to copy the stars, you can— with a little imagination and the proper wrapping materials—get your idea across. Here are a few suggestions to try.

If Doris Day's your favorite—or any other singer—then follow through by cutting out paper discs the same size as a 45 rpm record. You can hand-label them with the names of the star's big hits—or your own personal message. Then punch a neat hole in the center of the disc and loop a string through to attach them to your Christmas package.

Sandra Dee's the new American Beauty, and her fans can decorate their holiday packages with an American Beauty Rose that's made of ribbon. Use a pale rose paper to wrap the gift and then a wider ribbon the same color as your rose. Or, if you're a Kim Novak fan, use her favorite all-lavender color scheme for a beautifully wrapped package.

For a different approach, you can wrap with the star's latest movie in mind. I took one of my favorite pictures, "Around the World in 80 Days," as my inspiration and came up with the package shown here. Try doing one of your favorites—it's easy and great fun.

—FASHION EDITOR

For tips on how to execute these and other ideas, write to Crinkle-Tie, 2300 Logan Boulevard, Chicago 47, Illinois, for a free booklet of helpful hints and information.
Around Town: On Wilshire Boulevard, Edd Byrnes honked me a greeting from his new Thunderbird. Edd is wild about his new car but I wonder how he feels about his ex-steady date, Asa Maynor, dating handsome Jody McCrean? On Beverly Drive, Gardner McKay invited me over to his parked car to meet his two dogs, Pussycat and Carsick. Gardner explained one dog thinks she's a pussycat and the other just naturally gets carsick. Of all things, it must be love between Rod Taylor and Inger Stevens. Inger directed Rod in one of his "Hong Kong" series and they're still dating. Saw Hope Lange looking a mite droopy since Glenn Ford went to Paris for a movie. I wonder how much chance Glenn would have if Stephen Boyd came back to town? Shirley MacLaine always has a wistful lonely air about her which may come from the extended separation from her husband Steve Parker who lives in Japan. It also helps to make Shirley a great wistful-aired actress on the screen. I was told at Warner's studio that Connie Stevens and Troy Donahue were so good in "Parish," the kids may be yanked from their TV series to make "Suzy Slade." Handsome Van Williams co-stars with Troy on his show. John Saxon and Janet Lake are two philosophy-seeking people who couldn't be closer in the way they feel about each other. Joan Crawford and her daughter, Christine, are both working on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. But will it heal the breach between them?

Oddball Bits: No, no, Jeff Chandler's white hair did not turn black overnight when he heard his former sweetie Esther Williams may wed Fernando Lamas. Jeff had his hair dyed black for his "David, the Outlaw" movie and was so fascinated with the bizarre effect, he kept it dark—for a while at least. I prefer Jeff snow white. Not the Disney Snow White, of course. Dorothy Provine's idea of relaxing is a dilly. From the rafters of her living room Dorothy has installed an old-fashioned swing, and after a hard day on the set, Dorothy swings away her jitters. After glimpsing Dorothy in her flapper outfits for her TV series "Roaring Twenties," I don't care how soon those crazy fashions come back. Dashing Suzy Parker may one day turn out to be Gary Cooper's stepmother in law if she weds 71-year-old millionaire Paul Shields, who is Mrs. Cooper's stepfather.
I'm proud of: Nancy Sinatra Sands! When it came to a choice of appearing on Red Skelton's TV show in Hollywood or being in New York with her husband Tommy Sands during his Perry Como stint, scheduled for the same time, Nancy never hesitated a minute. From the wings of the Como show Nancy applauded Tommy, while in Hollywood, Red applauded Nancy for her wisdom and loyalty. And what a marvelous pantomimist this Red has become. What Cantinflas is to Mexico and Fernando is to France, Skelton is to America. And I'm proud, proud, proud of him.

Fads and Foibles: Jane Fonda's gold eye shadow with gold mascara touched to the lash tips have all the copycat younger set looking like gold statuettes. . . . That gem Linda Cristal wears in the middle of her forehead, for evening wear of course, lends a certain "little Hindu" look to the lovely Linda. . . . Painted posies on creamy satin won Kim Novak the award for the loveliest frock at a recent party. . . . The town is wild for elaborately beaded gowns, with Doris Day taking all prizes for that long white beauty she wore in "Midnight Lace." What a dream. . . . And again Doris captured all eyes at the Costumers Ball in her short white gown elaborately scrolled in gold. . . . The smartest gown at the Greg Bautzer-Dana Wynter party was the short white gold-embroidered frock worn by Mrs. Jack Benny. Paris? Not at all. The chic Mary Benny has all her clothes designed by Miss Stella, of I. Magnin. . . . And the town is still chuckling over that broken zipper episode during Dinah Shore's initial TV show of the season. But the feeling is that, while women viewers appreciate the many elaborate gowns worn by Dinah during one show, the effect is more of a style show than entertainment. How do all of you feel about it?

Cal York Chatter: Wedding bells rang out merrily for Dianne Lennon who married Richard Gass, the boy she's known for years. Naturally, sisters Peggy, Kathy and Janet were members of the wedding, and will now go it as a trio on the Lawrence Welk show. . . . Joe Cotten and Patricia Medina beamed with happiness after their wedding in the home of David Selznick and Jennifer Jones. Pat was formerly the bride of Richard Greene of "Robin Hood" fame. . . . Down in Mexico Arlene Dahl divorced Fernando Lamas one day and married handsome Chris Holmes, a Texas oil man, the next. Or almost that soon. . . . If Steve McQueen rings bells and blows horns on New Year's Eve, it will probably be in a hospital corridor. His second baby is due that date, and what a wonderful gift of the New Year. . . . The Clark Gables are building an addition to their Encino home to house their expected heir, and are they ever happy! Dwayne Hickman's platter "I'm a Lover, Not a Fighter" is such a smash, Dwayne may give up acting for singing. . . . Handsome Ken Scott was so good in "Desire in the Dust," 20th has given him a bright new contract. . . . That dressing down given by a local judge to Marlon Brando and Anna Kashfi should be heeded. "Unless you want your child to be sick, stop this squabbling," he said. And I say Amen. . . . Leave it to Tuesday Weld to have the wildest crush of all. Tuesday is mad over mathematics and loves working out theorems and logarithms. And what's more she's a whiz at it. But I'm wondering, since Tuesday and Richard Beymer have resumed their romance, if X still stands for an unknown quantity. Somehow I doubt it. Don't you? (Please turn the page)
TV Jottings: Chuck Connors, a former baseball star, had a hard time keeping his mind on “Rifleman” all through the World Series. . . . Tab Hunter was never so charming as he is on his new show. This one’s talents fairly cry out for a good screen comedy. . . . Robert Taylor’s wife, Ursula Thiess, is acting again after being away for several years. But she’s limiting herself to a role on Bob’s TV show.

Crushes: Frank Sinatra has a new love—the city of San Francisco. Frank is so crazy over the place he’s rented a hideaway apartment near the town’s fascinating Chinatown and plans to spend half his time climbing Nob Hill and looking across the Golden Gate bridge. . . . The town of Hollywood has its own crush. Bob Newhart, the droll standup comic, is the rage of the smart set and the toast of Sunset Strip. Newhart’s new platter, “The Buttoned-Down Mind Strikes Back,” has the town in stitches. . . . Turhan Bey and Linda Christian are making whoopee in Europe. Remember when Turhan was Lana Turner’s light of love?

Mailbox Corner: From Rome comes a letter from Mary Douvan, Sandra Dee’s mother, who reports Sandra is having a ball on the “Come September” movie, and they miss me very much. Which is cheering. To my query about Bobby Darin, they report Bobby an intelligent and very funny young man which is doubly cheering after those “sour grapes” rumors from other sources. . . . A letter from Cary Grant enclosing a fan’s letter about our Photoplay story on Cary. Adds Cary, “Sara Dear: Since returning from London, I’ve come across many similar letters referring to your kind words about me. Thank you, Sara dear. I’ll forward any others that come to my attention from time to time. Appreciatively and affectionately, Cary”. . . . A happy message from producer Ross Hunter in New York where his “Midnight Lace” is a smash hit. A “warmest regards” letter from producer Jerry Wald. . . . Remember, I love you all.

A tragic note: It was a weekend that caused all Hollywood to shudder and wonder, “Who’s next?” Mack Sennett, mastermind of the Keystone Cops, died at age 80. The Photoplay office was quiet and saddened when we received the news—and me most of all, remembering all the times he made me laugh—on the screen and off. . . . The same day news came to us from Texas of the tragic death of singer Johnny Horton of “The Battle of New Orleans” fame, who was killed in a car accident. Johnny was only 35, which makes the news of his death even harder to accept. . . . And “Wagon Train’s” star Ward Bond, also died in Texas of a heart attack. . . . On top of all this, my good friend Clark Gable was stricken by a sudden heart attack. Recovering, he called and said, “The attack was mild, . . . I will do nothing but rest until after our baby arrives.”
Nominate: For stardom in 1961—Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee. And it's my opinion nothing can stop them. . . . For all around talent I nominate Bobby Rydell as one of the best of the teenage group. Not only is Bobby an excellent singer, but a clever impersonator and fine performer.

I believe Elvis Presley will have to work extra hard to recapture his fanatic fans. In his first post-service movie, "G.I. Blues," El's usual mannerisms and tricks seem to fall flat. And this despite the fact Elvis has grown svelte and handsome. . . . I really believe Vicki Trickett and Conway Twitty have the trickiest names in the business. It must wear them out crossing all those t's. At least mentally. . . . I believe Michael Callan is unhappy in his "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" movie because his talents deserve better. So why don't we all pull together for Michael???? I nominate Joan Collins and Warren Beatty as the most in-love couple in town. But I do wish Joan would get away from that tossed salad hairdo. No one can see what a pretty girl Joan is under that cauliflower arrangement. I also nominate as the worst performance of the year—Yul Brynner in "Surprise Package." And what a pity when his co-star Mitzi Gaynor shone so brilliantly on the Donald O'Connor TV show and is so deserving of a smash movie. Don't you think so?

Dinah and hubby, always happy.

Overseas News: Picture the look on Earl Holliman's face when he spied his former girl friend, Dolores Hart, strolling down the Champs Elysee. Earl, on vacation in Paris, let out a whoop that startled the natives. After Dolores finished her movie "Francis of Assisi" she sallied back to Paris to chat with Ingrid Bergman about a role in "Light in the Piazza." . . . Tony Perkins confessed to a bit of homesickness during the shooting of "Time on Her Hands" with Bergman and Yves Montand. Yves was upset that the films of his wife, Simone Signoret, had been banned in French state-owned theaters due to her political beliefs. . . . The first person Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward looked up in Paris was their friend John Forsythe who was busy shooting sequences for his TV "Bachelor Father" show. What a time these three had before Paul and Joanne began their "Paris Blues" epic. . . . English teenagers gathered daily outside the Dorchester Hotel in London while Annette Funicello was making "The Horsemasters" in their country. Knowing Annette only from her former TV series, the kids called her "Miss Mickey Mouser." . . . From her home in England, Hayley Mills writes Brian Keith, star of the TV show "The Westerner," all about her school and herself. Hayley and Brian became friends when Brian played her father in the Disney movie, "We Belong Together." . . . Judy Garland greeted her children at a London airport when she returned to the country she now calls home. She and husband Sid Luft are feeling better after being stricken with food poisoning at their home. Judy's daughter is recovering from an appendectomy. (Please turn the page)

It's good to see Bob Taylor getting around town again.

Bombsville: A bomb was dropped recently by one of the industry's top directors who said, "Liz Taylor is the most important woman star in the industry today. Liz is the one woman star who can command and receive $1,000,000 in salary plus percentages. Liz is the only femme star who can bring a studio head to his knees while snubbing him outright. And no matter what one may think of her personally, she's the one actress who can be counted on to give a performance worthy of an Academy Award nomination. And her male counterpart? Brando," he said and left quickly.

Judy—stricken with illness.

Joanne and Paul—what a time they had over in Paris!
According to Diane and Troy, they’re “just friends.” Looks as if there won’t be any romance with them, but aren’t Gardner McKay and Greta Chi getting serious lately? How’s this for a dramatic exit? It’s Tuesday showing off her gown.

Party News: I greeted Eve Arden and her husband Brooks West at Vivian Vance’s party for publisher John Dodds. Eve, who was so good in “Dark at the Top of the Stairs,” never changes in looks, in talent, in personality. What a doll and what a happily married couple, Eve and Brooks. And Vivian, for seven years Ethel Mertz on the “I Love Lucy” show, looks mighty radiant these days. Could be because attractive John Dodds is most attentive. Ran into Eddie Fisher at the “Spartacus” party and never have I seen him so happy and self-assured. In Hollywood to see his children and attend to business concerning his new producer job, Eddie had to hurry back to Liz in London where her “Cleopatra” movie has been held up due to her poor health which sent her to bed, to the London clinic and back to bed again.

More TV Jottings: When Sherry Jackson guested on the “SurfSide Six” show, she and Diane McBain became such friends they decided to take an apartment together. And then the two became so interested in decorating their nest, they opened a little decorating business on the side. And are doing very well, thank you. Richard Long is very happy in his new “77 Sunset Strip” chores and Roger Moore has proven not only a handsome but talented addition to the “Maverick” series. I’ll never understand why Peter Brown insists upon wearing his shirt wide open in the studio dining room at lunch time. Or worse yet, on warm days wearing none at all. What a complex! When Doug McClure’s divorce becomes final in May, he’ll probably wed Barbara Luna, his steady girl since the breakup of his marriage.
Susan and George, usually radiant when together, look as though they’re having trouble. Is Susan getting impatient for some wedding talk from George?

Sammy and May look as if all the trouble they’ve had doesn’t bother them one bit.

Shirley and Pat Boone joined Debbie and Harry for the evening. If there’s any truth to the rumors about Harry’s change of heart, you’d never know it from this picture. Whatever they may feel, Debbie and Harry keep it secret from most people.

Shirley and Pat Boone joined Debbie and Harry for the evening. If there’s any truth to the rumors about Harry’s change of heart, you’d never know it from this picture. Whatever they may feel, Debbie and Harry keep it secret from most people.

The Debs Stars Ball: The party was a gay, glamorous event, as always. Joan Crawford presented the chosen belles most likely to become stars. And Joan, in her long-skirted frock with the jeweled bodice, epitomized glamor with a capital G. Her long record of star performances is really something to live up to. I can’t think of anyone better suited than Joan for presenting the new stars. As presented on the Bob Hope show, the starry-eyed girls were Vicki Trickett, Shelly Fabares, Paula Prentiss, Carole Wells, Sharon Hugueny, Laura Shelton, Jenny Maxwell, Sonya Wilde, Leticia Roman and Carol Christensen. And which of these young hopefuls do you predict will make the stardom that could be hers? Let me know who you vote for.

Scoop: It’s Harry Karl who is carefully thinking over the marriage bit with Debbie according to Hollywood sources. Harry never seemed to mind Debbie’s cut-ups and pranks up to now, but since the divorce of his daughter, Judy, from Paul Raffles, rumor is that Harry is thinking more seriously of the difference in temperament between him and the prankish Debbie. Debbie, as we all know, dearly loves to dress up in pixie outfits that can prove embarrassing to the mature and dignified business man. So unless Debbie decides to grow up, at least to her star status, who knows what may happen? After Harry’s long and gift-filled courtship with Debbie, it looks as if the tables may be turning, eh? Keep your eye on this pair around Christmas. (Please turn the page)
LOVELY LADIES IN WAITING STAR IN THESE FASHIONS

Our famous ladies-in-waiting have starred these fashions for the glamor and "who would know" look of each. All outfits are aimed at pleasing the man in her life, for each feels she should be more appealing and beautiful than ever while waiting. Yet probably more important to these practical ladies is the realization that, long past the first cry of the baby, these clothes will be as useful and pretty as ever... a very wise and sound investment.

You're a shopping sensation in your gold buttoned, long jacket suit by Page Boy. Shoes by I. Miller, slouch hat a Charmer, satchel by Calderon and eight button gloves by Wear-Right.

You, the radiant belle in a red lace tunic by Page Boy, meet your husband for dinner with the secure knowledge that you look beautiful. Shoes by I. Miller, jewelry by Accessocraft.

You become an intermission beauty in your pale green chiffon Empire dress with a marvelous satin coat in the same color. By Page Boy. Shoes by I. Miller, the crown by Ben Hur.
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Doors open for blondes... traffic stops for blondes... men adore you, do more for you... life is tops for blondes! Why not be a blonde and see—a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair.

Now, with amazingly gentle new Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol, it's so easy to be blonde. Takes only minutes. Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition, soft-toned, silkier, 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 beautiful advantage! So try Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol, you'll love it! Whipped Creme or Instant Whip Lady Clairol are still available in the red package.

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is New Ultra-Blue* Lady Clairol® Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M., ©1960 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada.
THE OCEAN ROARS AND SO WILL YOU

-when the Navy takes a ship out of mothballs
and slips it to
the Army madballs!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A FRED KOHLMAR PRODUCTION

JACK LEMMON & RICKY NELSON

The key man in "THE APARTMENT"
is the top-kick on a tub!

Your dreamboat hits the high Cs - and sings up a storm!

The gal who's got the gobs
GA-GA!

The WACKIEST SHIP in the ARMY

CO-Starring JOHN LUND, CHIPS RAFFERTY
TOM TULLY, JOBY BAKER, WARREN BERLINGER, and PATRICIA DRISCOLL

SCREENPLAY BY RICHARD MURPHY, HERBERT MARGOLIS, and WILLIAM RAYNOR
BASED ON A STORY BY HERBERT CARLSON
DIRECTED BY RICHARD MURPHY
IN CINEMASCOPE AND EASTMAN COLOR.
what you should know from

LESSON NO. 1
How he defines you

LESSON NO. 2
How he wants you to be

LESSON NO. 3
(LAB TEST)
Have you learned enough
to GET your man?

LESSON NO. 4
(CONTEST)
Are you what
he wants for Christmas?
is for appeal, n.
Neatness, gaiety, intelligence, which awaken in a man an awareness of you.

is for beauty, n.
Charm, grace, delicacy that can only be woman's.

is for charm, n. That spiritual loveliness, delicacy and vitality that make you irresistible to a guy and convinces him you are more interested in him than in anything else.
is for dress, n.
Outside covering which should flatter the girl within and please the boy when out, by being neat, simple, clean and feminine at all times.

is for ego, n. That which makes you sometimes forget a guy has feelings of his own, too.

is to flirt, v. To get attention by trifling a guy's emotions.
is for girl, n.
Someone soft, like you, and warm, who makes me feel like a man.

is for interests, n. pl.
Female biases guys never understand, gossip, babies, clothes, makeup.

is for jealousy, n.
Emotions gone wild; a little is flattering, too much, self-pity.

is for hair, n.
That stuff which is soft, shining, good-smelling that ends up a hairdo, an obstacle to romance.

is for something.
Should mean something.
L is for love, n.
Care, responsibility, respect and knowledge.

N
is for necking, n. slang.
Usually emotions superficially expressed.

is for marriage, n.
Two are stronger together than one.

O is for oh!, interj. Denotes pure pleasure!

is for personality, n. A mixture of qualities that make you distinctively you — honest, intelligent, thoughtful.

DAVE NELSON
Q is for quarrel, n.
The quickest way to scare me away.

PHIL EVERLY

TOM TRYON

R is for romance, n.
Moonlight, roses, marriage, baby carriage.

DION

PETER BROWN

U is for understanding, n.
Accepting my interests in cars, sports, and hardware stores.

DOUG McCLURE

t is for teasing, n.
Quickest way to make me mad.
X is for marking yourself. Lab test.

Read the questions, answer y for yes, n for no, then add them up and go below.

a. Rather than be late, would you rush out even though your slip is showing? □
b. If you dropped your pocketbook, would you wait for your date to pick it up? □
c. When talking with a boy, do you tend to avoid looking into his eyes? □
d. Has any man taken you by the hand and said, "You look so sweet tonight"? □
e. Do you know how many lumps of sugar your date prefers in his coffee? □
f. Would you pretend you found him fascinating even if you didn't? □
g. Has a man ever told you he'd like to protect you? □
h. If he put his arm around you, would you tell him, "Careful, my new hairdo"? □
i. Would you spend Saturday afternoon reading a book on sports cars? □
j. If your date admired another girl's hair, would you tell her she dyes it? □
k. Even if you had a miserable evening, would you let him kiss you goodnight? □
l. Do you believe that you are in love because you are loved? □
m. Will your wedding day be the most important in your life? □
n. Do you dislike the word "necking"? □
o. If you had to express your pleasure to a boy over a gift, could you? □
p. Can you describe yourself in 10 adjectives? □
q. Do you feel you have to prove you're always right? □
r. Would you be pleased if he gave you one red rose for your birthday? □
s. If you wanted to catch a boy's eye, would you wear a low neckline, a tight skirt or a red dress? □
t. If a boy teased: "Where'd you get that hairdo?" would you get angry? □
u. He calls up and says he has to work late, do you boil inside but say you'll miss him? □
v. Would you feel horrible if somebody inferred you had a "reputation"? □
w. To impress a new date, would you wear black, accept a drink, or smoke? □

2 is for zero in — Enter the CONTEST on page 62 and apply what you've learned. You can win a Christmas gift from a star.
Shelley tried desperately to relax. It had been a long hard day. Rehearsals on her new play seemed to drain her strength. Her body felt tired, she thought, as she sat in Sardi's waiting for dinner to be brought to her usual table. And... she waited for a long distance phone call from Tony, a call that was already fifteen minutes overdue. Shelley leaned back, shut her weary eyes, thought of Tony. From the next booth, drifting almost in a whisper, came the words, "Shelley's had it. Tony's about to dump her. In fact... he already has. For a younger girl." Shelley kept her eyes closed as long as she could, so the tears would not give her feelings away. She tried not to believe what she had heard, and

(Continued on page 70)
LANA'S FLIRTING WITH DANGER AGAIN

turn to page 75
I not only believed in Santa Claus—I believed in two of them. One was a stout, jolly Santa who appeared at school during the ten-thirty recess when we had milk and cookies. He walked up and down each aisle and in a barrel-house basso asked what each of us wanted for Christmas, and had we been good little boys and girls? The other was a very tall, very skinny Santa who usually came to our house some time during the week before Christmas, loaded down with presents to put under our tree and be opened on Christmas Eve when the whole clan gathered at our house. I loved them both and believed in them until a smart-aleck schoolmate told us the Santa Claus business was a fake. None of us spoke to her for a whole year after she told us that.

But the legend was killed for me. And only then did I find out who the two Santas were. The stout, jolly one was my mom, bless her, stuffed with pillows and having a ball. I might have known—Mother was in on everything at school, she went trick-or-treating with us at Halloween, all done (Continued on page 68)
mommy, what church does Santa Claus go to?

Kelly asks her mother, Janet Leigh
Kelly’s blue eyes widened,
There it was—the big tree!
And what a tree! One day, it
was only a tree, a tall green
spruce it took two men to bring in—but still, only a tree, And the next
day, it was a miracle of light and color—trembling with tinsel, dotted
with snow, blazing with lights, shimmering with delicate glass and crys-
tal ornaments. And then in a moment Daddy touched a hidden switch
and the entire glorious structure began to revolve slowly in its stand,
while Christmas carols tinkled brightly in the silence. “Oh!” Kelly gasped.
“Did Santa do it?” “No, not Santa,” Janet told her.
“Daddy and I did it last night while you were asleep.
Some friends came over and
we had a tree-trimming party
for grownups.”…A year later
Kelly remembers that tree.
Now she stares for a long time
at the picture of it she’d tacked
up on the nursery wall—the
big Christmas tree with Mommy and Daddy
and her standing in front of it and baby
Jamie in her carriage right next to them.
When she wrote to Santa, she’d ask him to
make it just like that again this year.... She digs into a box of toys and finds a red crayon and then a piece of paper and then she takes them downstairs to the living room and then climbs up on the chair in front of the corner desk. "What are you doing there, Honey?" Janet asks. Kelly looks at her parents seated on the couch. "I'm writing to Santa," she answers.

Better hurry," Janet tells her. "It's almost Christmas." "Some kid we've got," Tony says. "She gets eight days of Chanukah, with presents every day, and then she writes to Santa for some more...." Kelly doesn't hear him. She is too busy printing "Dear Santa Claus" at the top of the page. Then she stops and asks, "Mommy, when will Santa get my letter?" Her face looks serious and puzzled. Janet thinks about it for a moment. "Well, today's Saturday and if we mail it tonight, extra special delivery, he'll get it tomorrow, after church."

(Continued on page 71)
In February 1922, Gloria Swanson gave this interview to Photoplay’s correspondent, Adela Rogers St. Johns. We think you’ll agree after reading the following selections that it might be written today.—EVELYN PAIN, EDITOR

Gloria Swanson kicked back almost viciously the gold and green silken train of her negligee that had wrapped itself about her exquisite, tiny feet and her perfect ankles. One tiny strong hand—her hands look strong enough to stop the rush of a tiger, yet they are very small—shoved back the thick mass of her mahogany hair, that falls in short, thick curls to her shoulders.

“No woman in the world is ever happy with a man unless that man is her master—her master. No woman is happy without a master. No woman can love a man who is not her master.

“There you have the whole thing—the bitter, deep, spreading, hidden cancer of the unrest of the modern woman.

“He may be her slave—her adorer—her devoted servant, but, at the same time, he must be her master.

“And let me tell you this, either the American man has got to assert his mastery, has got to rise and conquer woman and make her realize that his is the superior being and that she must be big enough and fine enough and loving enough to make him happy—or in a hundred years this country will have gone back to the days of the Amazon and woman will rule by right of might and not, as she now does, by the tyranny of the weak over (Continued on page 78)
Little did Kirk Douglas realize, when he checked into Boston's palatial Ritz Carlton Hotel on a crisp fall morning a few weeks back, that as long as he lived he'd never forget the two days which were to follow.

It was 11 o'clock, Monday morning. Kirk wrote his signature with bold swiftness on the hotel register. He was scheduled to meet the press in ten minutes, and he didn't even bother to unpack. He needed to get on with this tour he was making to plug "Spartacus," the huge twelve-million dollar epic film he'd just finished.

That noon he was host at luncheon to seven local columnists. Later in the day he addressed a group of college professors at Boston University. And then, following (Continued on page 79)
“Please Eddie, don’t let them take the children away,” Liz cried. The silent crowd, almost as if aware of the tragedy ahead,
OH, MY GOD, I
It was a cry out of a nightmare.

"I can't see! Oh my God, I can't see a thing!"

Mrs. Robertson, hearing it in the kitchen, hastily set down the bowl of pancake batter she was mixing for breakfast. She ran to Dale's room. His father, dressing for work, hurried from the bedroom.

"Dale, honey," his mother cried anxiously, "what's the matter?"

"What is it, Son?" his father asked. "Did a bad dream scare you?" (Continued on page 60)
Connie Stevens:
What gives?

She runs around in bare feet, believes dogs talk, loves one guy, yet flirts with many. She likes fast talkers, spends money like money and will be quick to tell you, "Don't ever cross me." She's a quick thinker, impulsive and lives for the moment. She's never admitted it to anyone else, but she feels she's going to die young. Her laugh is infectious, her humor spontaneous and her smile ever-ready. Yet, there's a side she keeps so well-hidden that only her father dared comment: "I think of Connie as the loneliest girl in the world."

A male friend says, (Please turn the page)

"I'm going to die young," she says, but she won't explain it, even to Gary or her family. She lives impulsively, wants everything done now—not tomorrow.

"I'm always in love," she says. Her closest pals seem to be guys and dogs.
"I go wild," Connie admits. When she feels low, she shops.

"Connie reminds me of Carole Lombard. She was always smiling to the public, yet underneath it all, she was one of the unhappiest, saddest girls in show business. Like Lombard, whose brief pleasure with Clark Gable was snatched away soon after she found it, I feel Connie's life will be a tragic one, too."

Connie hates rules and regulations. She lives by her own code—impulsively. Everything (Please turn the page)

"I told you I was sloppy," she says. "My father's always yelling at me about it. He wants to know why it's so difficult for me to close a drawer."
"You hate me. I know," she groans.
"I'm sorry I'm late. I don't know why, but I always am... Let's have lunch here instead... I'll cook."

"The boys had a hot poker game last night and the girls played monopoly. Still haven't cleaned up."
Connie continued

has to be done now, if possible, not tomorrow. Perhaps this is why she feels she is going to die young. She doesn't comment about her feelings on this, just states it simply.

“She’s a strange girl,” one of her closest girlfriends says. “When she seems so satisfied with one thing, her eye and her heart are looking for something else. She seems never satisfied. Not with her career, not with her life, not with her man. She thinks she’s in love with Gary Clarke.” Connie explains, “We’re having career problems. Gary wants to make it before he can think of marriage.” But her friend says, “Sometimes it seems Connie’s just looking for someone to depend upon. She must always have some-” (Continued on page 77)

“The loneliest girl in the world.” Only her father dares make that comment. To the world, it’s a side she keeps well-hidden. Usually at rehearsals, she seems to have a ball, but a wrong note gets her down.

“If she loves you,” says a good friend, “she loves you. But If you cross her, you’re off her list forever.”
HOLLYWOOD—I was so horrified I couldn't say a word.

There was Clark Gable, stripped to the waist, shaking our baby. Violently.

"Stop!" I yelled. "What are you doing? That's not the way to dry an infant. You can't shake the water off."

At my yell, Clark almost dropped the baby. But he made a quick save and got a stranglehold on the poor little thing. "I'm not shaking the water off. I'm shaking it out," he answered. "He has water in his ears—both of them."

"Well that's not the way to do it," I said. "Why don't you make your hand like a suction cup and pump the water out?"

"Tried that," Clark snapped, still waving the infant vigorously back and forth. "Doesn't work. Paint comes off on my palm. It always happens."

"Oh," I said. "Well, anyway, don't shake his head off."

"All you do is worry," Clark argued. "He's strong, he can take a lot of punishment."

"Mis-ter Gable, what are you doing?" We both wheeled around to face Miss Phillips, our instructor, immaculate in her white nurse's uniform.

Clark propped the baby in the (Continued on page 64)
On Tuesday, September 6, between 12:00 and 12:07 P. M.,

I WAS SCHEDULED TO DIE

Some things we have no way of knowing about; no way to predict their happening; no way to stall off their beckonings. They come upon us and most times we're ill-prepared to meet them. After they happen, we wonder: "If I'd put two and two together...?"

(Continued on page 73)
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HELP DEBBIE SMILE AGAIN? HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.

(Please turn the page)
Susie saw the pretty lady sitting there, so golden and smiling.

She stopped and said, "Would you like to come and see how I can draw?" That's how it began.
“I’m Susie,” she says. “Who are you?” “I’m Debbie, Susie.” The child asks her gravely, “Do you want to see my clinic?”

“Really all yours?” “Mostly.” The visitor smiles. She knows about this six-year-old Susie from Dr. Louis Wise, who directs the Thalians.

(Continued on page 62)
She slowly opened the old trunk in the attic and gasped. There they were! Who’d believe it now that the day she married Louis Prima, the bride wore sneakers. She’d gone up to the attic to find a put-away toy that the kids suddenly remembered and she was still scrabbling through the trunk when the phone rang. She got up off her knees and ran to answer it. It was Louis—with shattering news. “Keely, you and I—we’re breaking up!” he said. “Oh Louis, no!” she moaned. And then added, “Not again!” “I’m sorry, dear—again.”

There was a long silence. Then she asked, “This time, Louis, are you walking out? You know, leaving the house?” “That’s it, kid.” Another silence. At last Keely said, “Well in that case, Louis, I think I’ll hang up, if you don’t mind, because the steak I’m defrosting for supper will be too big for just

(Continued on page 66)
The doctors came—many of them—but they went away baffled. Thirteen—deaf and blind—and no doctor could tell them why. From specialist to specialist they took the boy, but none could say what had happened. After the examinations, the tests, the questions and the probings, the verdict was always: "Incurable." Thirteen years old. Healthy—and incurably blind, incurably deaf.

The only theory any doctor had was a vague one: perhaps both disasters were the result of something contracted while swimming in one of the creeks or ponds he'd always managed to find—water holes never meant for swimming, unprotected and breeding places for germs. But what germ did this to him? Again they were up against it. Yet it was true that a man-made machine or graph or test tube could give the answers they needed. He was beyond their help. And his mother, no longer able to control her emotions, wept bitterly.

The nightmare continued

The days after were long; there seemed to be no time, no change. Just blackness. And for Dale, those first few days after his world went dark, he lived in an aura of confusion. His knob knocked against an end table and it was not the ache that hurt, but that he knew he had knocked off the table lamp. He could not hear his mother's concern—no for the lamp, he knew, but for him—yet he could feel it. And he sat still after that, and tried to understand what had happened to him. "It's a nightmare from which I'll surely wake—soon," he told himself. But the nightmare continued and reality hit home. It was as if he saw his mother's tears and heard her sobs, although he could do neither.

He learned to sit for hours on the front porch, wrapped up in his own private world, a world which he was learning to make. He could not share it with his family. Yet, he wished he only could. In the beginning, they had been afraid to let him try anything on his own. But then, they merely stood aside—and each moment they wished and waited and worried and watched—this he knew.

As he sat there, day after day thinking, something new happened. He began to feel something new, something which he could only realize much later, when he was much older. Even in darkness, he learned that life had its beauty. That life was worth struggling for, and little by little, he learned to have faith.

"How long does it take me to cross over to the other end of the porch?" he challenged himself. "How long will it take me to get dressed this morning?" he asked. Slowly, with patience, he would count in a steady beat—because he could not read the clock—as he put on his shirt, as he tied his tie. And he would find an excitement when he would beat his yesterday's count.

"Only 193 beats to put on my shirt this morning," he would inform his father at breakfast. He felt a pride and a feeling of achievement.

With time, he began to make plans... wonderful plans, as he sat on the front porch. He began to learn things far beyond his years. He read the text books that sat unread on top of the desk in his bedroom. He should have been in school—his mother and father had looked forward to it so much. That's why his folks came to the City. Into Oklahoma City, why they cheerfully went from their spacious place to a two-bedroom bungalow.

"We want our Dale to have a fine education, Mother," his dad used to say. "It's worth the cramped living."

He'd become a writer

Now, instead, he decided on an occupation. He would become a writer—he would earn his living by writing. If he couldn't write to tell others what he'd find, he'd find a way—some way—to put all the thoughts that spun through his brain down on paper. He'd write stories and plays and books. About what? About the colors he remembered? About the memories he retained? About the slimy clematis and the delicious smell of chickens, the sounds of dogs barking, the noise he made when he went swimming and dived into the water with a splash. The music of birds singing and the drip, drip, drip of water to make things go. And he'd write it all, he'd write it all, and he'd call it "In my mind's inner and perfect eye."

And he'd describe the wonderful smells of the garden. The clover, sweet outdoors after a rain, with the trees glistening as drops hung to them. His mother's cooking; and the way she smelled when she dabbed on perfume the times she doled out the cakes. He could write about love. Love was a touch, a pat on the back, a playful poke, a tender tap. Love was all around. He knew that, because he could feel it when his dad and mama hugged him. And he knew that his mother should hug him. When his mother stopped her chores and gave him a hug. When his brother brought him a chocolate bar and threw it on his lap. He knew he was loved.

And perhaps it was this feeling that helped most, that long year that passed. A year—365 days. He grew to be fourteen, to be taller and slimmer and his shoulders, oven without exercise. He could tell because his suit jackets no longer fit. And, though he could hear no better nor see no more, he grew in courage. It was easier for him than for his family, for he had never heard the word incurable—and they had. Perhaps that's why; what happened afterward might never have happened—except that he believed, with all his heart, that there was no such thing as better.

It was a cool Saturday afternoon. He was sitting on the front porch, on his favorite chair, a big comfortable rocker. He was daydreaming, as usual, when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He knew it was the doctor. He could not tell whose hand it was. He felt the stranger lean over close to his ear and shout, "Hello, so loudly that even he couldn't hear it. He listened, as he felt the lips pressed close, and, from a miraculously almost, he heard the words, "Pray... pray... pray..."

He felt the man's face with his hand, and his own face moved into a broad smile.

---

Exclusive!

JACKIE GLEASON TALKS ABOUT HIS FAITH

Win Fabulous Prizes

FROM YOUR FAVORITE RECORDING STARS

Plus stories about: DICK CLARK • CAROL BURNETT
JANET LENNON • ED SULLIVAN • DON McNEILL • SHARI LEWIS

All in January TV RADIO MIRROR on sale at all newsstands
He remembered this man. He was not a stranger after all. He was Brother Murphy, the preacher at the church where he’d flashed through his mind, a kindly face, slightly wrinkled around the eyes, and his hair—it was graying at the sides—it gave him a distinguished look. "Why does he always wear a business suit?" he’d asked his mother when he’d first met Brother Murphy. Because once he had seen a picture of a preacher in a book. The man wore a long, black frock coat and he’d asked, "Mommy, why doesn’t Brother Murphy ever wear such a fine coat like that?" She’d told him, “Dale, it doesn’t matter what Brother Murphy wears on the outside, it’s the way he feels inside that counts.”

Now, as he sat thinking back, he could sense that Brother Murphy no longer stood above him. He reached out his hand and touched the padding on the shoulder of the preacher’s coat. He understood then that he was kneeling alongside him.

Gently, as if not to frighten him, the preacher took one of his hands and then leaned over. He could feel the movement of the preacher’s lips pressed to his ear.

**God was listening**

He could not tell, at first, what he was saying. Then he knew. He was praying. How long they remained there—the preacher on his knees, boy in his rocking chair—he did not know. He only knew that he felt a strength. He did not know how long they prayed; he could not count the times he said, “God, oh, God, help me.” But he knew, even though he was only a simple boy, that God was hearing the prayer. He never thought to question, "Why should God listen to me, Dale Robertson?" He never thought, "With the things He has to do, why should He take time?"

He didn’t have to ask, because he knew that God was hearing him.

How swiftly the time seemed to go. He prayed for days. It seemed that the preacher never left him. Then, one evening, just before sundown, he opened his wide blue eyes, and blinked them quickly, then he closed them and opened them again. He did not want to cause alarm to his parents. He didn’t want them to become excited over nothing, but it seemed he could see just slightly, just faintly, a form of a man kneeling beside him. And he heard him speak words. The words? Were they only in his mind? Could he hear the words more clearly? Was someone whispering, "Dear Lord, we humbly ask Thy help... Amen.

"Amen," he whispered softly, testing the sound of the words against his ears. "Amen," he said with the picture from 373 days of darkness and after being 85 percent deaf—Dale Robertson began to hear and see again.

Since that day, Dale has traveled a long road. He has known war and the pain of serious wounds. He has known moments of personal unhappiness. He’s known disappointments and struggles. Yet, despite it all, he has learned to make the best of himself. "And never once," he says today, "have I lost faith.

He doesn’t often speak of that year’s experiences, few friends are even aware of them, yet he relives those days every way of his life. They have taught him that he will never walk in darkness no matter what happens, for God, in His infinite wisdom, offers Mercy. It is up to man to accept it.

As Dale says, "It took blindness to teach me to see." The End

---

**TV & MOVIE**

**STAR PHOTOS**

Brand new stars and brand new pictures! PLUS your favorites!

All handsome 4 x 5 photos, on glossy stock, just right for framing. Send your order today.

---

**STAR CANDIDS YOU’LL TREASURE**

5. Alan Ladd
11. Elizabeth Taylor
15. Frank Sinatra
18. Rory Calbou
19. Peter Lawford
22. Dale Evans
25. Roy Rogers
27. Doris Day
56. Perry Como
74. John Wayne
84. Janet Leigh
109. Dean Martin
110. Jerry Lewis
121. Tony Curtis
128. Debbie Reynolds
136. Rock Hudson
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
145. Marlon Brando
147. Tab Hunter
148. Robert Wagner
157. Charlton Heston
198. Gale Storm
202. George Nader
207. Eddie Fisher
215. Kim Novak
219. Natalie Wood
221. Joan Collins
223. Sal Mineo
225. Elvis Presley
227. Tony Perkins
228. Clint Walker
229. Pat Boone
230. Paul Anka
233. Pat Wayne
241. Lawrence Welk
245. Hugh O’Brian
246. Jim Arness
249. John Saxon
254. Nick Adams
256. Harry Belafonte
261. Tommy Sands
262. Will Hutchins
263. James Darren
264. Ricky Nelson
268. Dolores Hart
269. James Garner
270. Every Brothers
272. Sandra Dee
275. Michael Ansara
276. Jack Kelly
278. Annette Funicello
280. Tim Considine
282. Johnny Mathis
283. David Nelson
284. Shirley Temple
285. Pat Conway
286. Bob morton
287. John Payne
288. David Janssen
289. Dick Clark
291. Coro Lynley
292. Jimmie Rodgers
293. Guy Williams
294. Frankie Avalon
295. John Gavin
298. Joanne Woodward
299. Teddy Randazzo
300. Poul Anka
301. Peter Brown
302. Edd Byrnes
303. Joni James
304. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
307. John Smith
308. Lloyd Bridges
309. John Russell
310. Gene Barry
311. Chuck Connors
312. Geo. Montgomery
313. Croig Stevens
314. Steve McQueen
315. Conway Twitty
316. Ty Hardin
318. Bobbie Rondal
319. Roger Smith
320. Tueday Weld
321. Dion
322. Bobby Darin
325. Connie Francis
327. Eric Fleming
328. Clint EASTwood
329. Gardner McKay
330. Connie Stevens
335. Richard Long
334. Roger Moore
335. Van Williams
336. Peter Breck
338. Michael Landon
339. Farrell Roberts
341. Bob Conrad
342. Dwayne Hickman
343. Dorothy Provine
345. Robert Fuller
346. Peggy Castle
347. Parry McCormack
348. Bobby Rydell
349. Anthony Eisley
350. Johnny Restivo
351. Doug McClure
352. George Hamilton
354. Dodie Stevens
355. Rod Lauren
356. Try Donahue
357. Stephen Boyd
358. Paul Evans
359. Bob Crewe
360. Shelly Fabares
361. Jane Fondia
362. Robert Stack
363. Clu Gulager
364. Ralph Taeger
365. Jeremy Mard
366. Keith Larsen
367. Shirley Bone
368. Annie Farg
369. George Maharis
370. Marty Milner
371. Anthony George
372. Charles Quinlivan
373. Skip Homeier
374. Iori Martin
375. Howard Duff
376. Bill Reynolds
377. James Philbrook
378. Diane Brewster
379. Lee Patterson
380. Diane McBain
381. Rod Taylor
382. Gary Grant

---

**FILL IN AND MAIL**

**COUPON TODAY!**

---

**WORLD WIDE, DEPT. WG-161**
112 Main St., Ossining, N. Y.

I enclose $ for condid pictures of my favorite stars and have circled the numbers of the ones you are to send me by return mail.

Name
Street
City
Zone
State
Send cash or money order. 12 pictures for $1; 6 for 50c. (NO ORDERS LESS THAN 50 CENTS)
Clinic here at Mount Sinai Hospital, Los Angeles. She knows that Susie’s mother is probably inside with her caseworker. Susie should be playing in the therapy room. She asks her, “Are you supposed to be playing in the therapy room, Susie?”

Susie nods yes. Then says, “Come,” and confidently puts her hand in Debbie’s as they walk down the spanking-clean corridor. She opens a door and leads Debbie through it.

“This is my therapy room,” Susie tells the pretty visitor. “I have a blackboard. Look what I drew.” And Debbie is thrilled at the big drawings because when Susie first came to the clinic all her drawings were tiny and tight and all jammed onto the edge of the board.

“Tell me about the drawing, Susie. What a nice house,” Debbie says.

“Well, that’s this girl’s house and the smoke is coming out in loops and loops because the wind blows it.”

“Susie, that’s good. I can see the wind.”

“And here is the girl, big, a very big girl like me.”

But Susie has had enough of the blackboard for now.

“Come,” she pleads, “come in this room with me.” Debbie follows and finds herself face to face with Dr. Wise and Bob Anderson, the psychiatric caseworker. Debbie knows them both very well, but she lets Susie, the little girl, introduce her to them.

“This is my friend Debbie,” Susie tells them, and each of the men answers politely, “How do you do, Debbie? They all sit down at an enormous conference table—so big that Susie looks quite tiny leaning against the very edge of it. Tiny and big-eyed and serious.

“They talk a lot,” she tells Debbie.

“They have a lot to talk about, and so have we,” Debbie says. “Because some day we want a building six-stories tall, so many, many children can come here.”

“I’m in first grade, A-1, and today we read a story about a monkey.” Suddenly Susie confides, “I used to dream a monkey and a gorilla chased me.”

“My little girl and boy saw some monkeys at the circus,” Debbie confides right back.

“What’s her name?”

“Carrie.”

“Mine’s Susie.”

“Mine’s Debbie.”

“I know, you told me.”

“Well then you tell me something, Susie. Tell me the name of this beautiful big place.”

“I’ll show you,” Susie says and promptly takes Debbie’s hand and with a goodbye wave to the doctor she leads Debbie out and down the long corridor, out to the entranceway. She points to a plaque set into one wall. “I can’t read big words,” she says, “but you may read them to me if you like.”

“Let’s play tea party!”

Debbie reads out loud, “The Thalians Clinic For Children, Mount Sinai Hospital.” But she does not tell Susie that she is the president of the Thalians, which is a group of young people in Hollywood who dedicate themselves to helping emotionally disturbed children. And she doesn’t tell Susie that last year, alone, the Thalians raised more than $85,000 for these little children, like Susie, who have problems too big for their mommies and daddies to tackle all by themselves. She just takes the trustful hand offered her, and they go back to the therapy room to play some more.

“Let’s play tea party,” Susie says. She gets the plastic dishes off the shelf and arranges them, handing a cup to Debbie.

“Thank you,” Debbie says. “Mmm, mmm.”

“Mmm. Mmm,” Susie says.

“May I have cream, please, Susie?”

Susie pours it.

“And sugar? Two lumps, please?”

“I take two lumps, too. I like to eat them without the tea,” Susie says. “Okay. Down the hatch.”

Debbie giggles and when Susie wants to know why, she explains that “down the hatch” is a comical thing for a little girl to say.

“I’m a big girl,” Susie insists. She runs and fetches a ruler. “Measure me and see how big I am.”

“You are a big girl, Susie. What are you going to be when you grow up?”

“An ice skater. Did you ever see ice skaters on TV?”

“Hold still, Susie.”

“How tall am I?”

“Forty-eight.”

“Pounds?”

“Inches,” Susie.” Debbie explains carefully. “Pounds is how much you weigh.”

“I eat a lot. My daddy used to say, ‘Eat, Susie, eat, Susie.’ But I didn’t. Now I eat. Spaghetti is what I like best. You know, the one that’s on TV.”

how do YOU rate?

You’ve taken the lab test on page 25; now mark your own paper. You should have answered “yes” to questions b, d, e, f, i, j, k, l, m, p, r, u and v; and “no” to questions a, c, h, j, k, i, n, q, s, t and w.

If you scored less than 5 Yeses and 5 No’s, you go back to class.

If you scored at least 7 Yesses and 7 No’s, that’s better, but you still need to do a little homework before Christmas comes.

Each Yes or No that you answered has meaning—especially to a man. If you scored a Yes instead of a No (or vice versa), then check the letter of the question and go back—if it’s a “u” go back to “appeal”—and study the definition.

Zero-in: Are you what he wants for Christmas?

Every test deserves a reward, so here’s yours: a contest. Even if you didn’t score too high on the test, you know the answers now, and you, too, can enter. The prize? A Christmas gift from a star to you.

Here’s how you enter: First choose the definition on pages 20 to 25 that says to you, “Why, that’s me and my problem!” Are you really feminine enough? Do you know how to show you really like him? Do you quarrel, or fight or neck too much?

Then write 25 words or less to the star whose definition has helped you the most in spotting your own personal dilemma. Tell him how it helped, and mail your letter to PhotoPlay—321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.—together with this “Introduction Coupon.” We’ll send it along to him. If your letter wins—and you sound like the girl he’d want for Christmas—there’ll be a surprise gift from the star himself to you. Be sure to enter today.

This coupon will introduce you to a star:

Dear (name of star)

This will introduce (your name)

of (your address), who is (age)

She'd like to tell you how your definition helped her solve her problem.

The Editors of PHOTOPLAY
Suddenly she runs over to a shelf. There on a card she reads: “Mama and Daddy and baby puppet. You can hold the baby one.”

“Hi, Mommy,” Debbie says, making her voice sound like the baby puppet. “What do you want the therapy to be like?”

“Says she’s ‘kiss.’” She kisses the baby. “Good,” says Debbie, “that’s what babies like.” Then in her baby voice, “Hi, Daddy. Hold my hand, Daddy.”

“Daddy kisses the baby, too,” says Susie.

“Can we go to the park, Mommy?” says Debbie’s baby.

“Yes,” says Susie, “you’ve been a pretty good baby today. You didn’t mess all your diapers. I’ll take you to the park.”

After that, Susie decides she’d like to treat, which is really usual.

Debbie takes out a book of Carrie’s she’s had in her big purse. “Carrie, my little girl, left this in the car. It’s called ‘The Happy Apple.’ And here is a little four inch doll of mine.”

“Read,” says Susie, snuggling contentedly against her and cuddling the fur dog. “Here’s an apple, red and round,” reads Debbie, “lying on the grassy ground. Two tiny red tears brimmed these eyes. I wonder why the apple cries?”

“He’s angry,” Susie says very definitely. “But he doesn’t have to be.”

Debbie keeps reading aloud.

“The whole day long on grass I lie, just staring at the bright blue sky . . . .”

“I go to school. I don’t look at the sky in school, only at recess. I listen to the teacher as she whispers and I read almost as good as Sara Jane and Jimmy.”

“Do elephants bark?”

This is very good news, but it’s time for Debbie to go now. At the last minute, Susie remembers one more thing—the animals. She takes Debbie to the room next door and shows her the big, fat bear, the lazy lion, the pup and the elephants. They’re all on display because the Thalians sell them to raise extra money for the clinic. They’re gay and comical animals, but Susie looks at them in her own sober, serious way.

“Oh, Susie, look at those funny elephants!” Debbie enthuses. “Let’s be elephants. Put up your trunk and be an elephant!” Debbie shows her how.

“Do elephants bark?” Susie says.

“Honk, honk,” Debbie says.

And Susie bursts out laughing! Debbie laughs with her—for sheer pleasure. Because this was a little girl who, when asked to read in school, used to burst into tears. She was so shy, she wouldn’t go to a playground or a birthday party unless her mother insisted she stay with her. When she was able to control her tears and answer a question in class, she stuttered pitifully. She looked stupid, but her teacher was too much in love. The school nurse had the same feeling, and so did the principal. He talked to the child’s mother.

Susie’s mother certainly did not think hers was an emotionally disturbed child. But when the family physician went along with the principal, the mother went along with both of them. She was anxious to do anything that would help Susie become a happy, friendly, outgoing little girl.

Susie’s problems were brought to the attention of the Thalians Clinic. There’s a waiting list there, but after Susie had been interviewed by a psychiatrist and it was obvious that there was no brain damage, that her case was highly treatable and the need great, she was not made to wait.

For six months, now, Susie has spent an hour twice a week with a her psychiatrist, a calm, strong man who neither pushes nor probes. She is free to play with the toys in the therapy room, and to talk with her therapist. Gradually he has explained many things to Susie. She has come to feel at home here, accepted; she’s begun to understand her problems and her parents’ problems. Where her drawings at first were vague attempts, small, tight, withdrawn little things at the corner of the page or blackboard, she is drawing quite normally and bravely now, right out in the middle—and using vivid colors rather than somber ones.

A confused little girl

What psychiatrists and caseworkers have learned through examining the parents and child and comparing notes: Susie has been a confused little girl because of the attitudes of her parents. Her mother she ought to be like. Mother wanted her to be strong but slapped her if she acted like a tomboy. But when she went to the other extreme and became what Daddy wanted—the feminine correct little girl—her mother carped about being too soft, too feminine. “Don’t trust people. Don’t trust men.”

“Don’t stutter, baby,” her father’d say.

“You’re not a baby.”

And where Susie stuttered? Any wonder Susie cried? Whatever she did, she was wrong. Debbie became fascinated with the case history and when she saw Susie this particular day, she found her still shy but clearly emerging. First of all, Susie’s mother has gradually become aware of how unfair she’s been to the child, aware that her hostility is a holdover from her own childhood, when she believed that her parents loved their younger sister more than they did her. She’s accepted suggestions on how to involve herself with Susie; of how, for example, to help fix her hair instead of, “Susie, you’re so pretty. Don’t shake your hair—times . . . .” She’s learned to give a word of encouragement—to her husband and to Susie. As the little girl feels her mother soften and letting go, as the harsh criticism drops off and she is being pushed, she’s beginning to express herself. She can tell the therapist, “My mother and daddy are getting along better now.” And he can explain to the caseworker that they used to have was the reason for the frightening nightmares she’d had when monkeys and gorillas chased and hurt her.

Susie likes the therapist. He’s very interested in every we read and read almost as good as Sara Jane and Jimmy.

She feels important for the first time in her life. She’s not so afraid. With Debbie, she was at ease. Debbie’s gentle voice, her understanding of children, his warm and quiet manner drew Susie to her. And when, at last, Debbie had to go home, Susie walked with her hand in hand all the way down the long, shiny corridor to the front door.

“Will you come and visit again?” Susie asked.

“I’ll come and visit,” Debbie promised. She knelt down, put both her arms around the little girl and gave her a close, warm hug. And Susie didn’t pull away the least bit—but she didn’t smile goodbye at Debbie either.

“Won’t you give me a smile, Susie?” Debbie asked gently. But Susie just shook her head.

“I don’t feel like smiling,” she said.

“Oh, that’s all right,” Debbie said. And then, “Susie, I know what—just say ‘cheese.’ Like this, see?” Debbie said “cheese” and Susie said “cheese” exactly the same way—and they were both smiling.

“Oh, that’s lovely, Sue,” Debbie cried.

“That made the prettiest smile,” the little girl promised. “I smiled again without having to say ‘cheese’ first.” She didn’t know that movie stars like Debbie Reynolds can make “cheese” curve your lips up in a smile. She’d given those smiles, the new friend, the very pretty lady, was Debbie Reynolds. And she certainly couldn’t know that when Debbie paid a visit to the clinic she told Sue something in confidence about her own personal problems, but always the sight of children getting better in her clinic made her proud and happy. She and the Thalians helped youngsters to smile again, but she didn’t smile for her. Only Susie couldn’t know all this.

At six and a half you can’t know everything.

—JANE ARDMORE

See Debbie in Paramount’s “Pleasure of His Company,” Watch for her in “Pepe” for Columbia and “Champagne Complex” for 20th Century-Fox. She sings on Dot.
watch basin and grabbed up his shirt, modestly draping his front with it. "I was just practicing," he said.

Turning his back on Miss Phillips, he put on his shirt and tucked the tails inside his pants. Then, from the pocket of his sports jacket, he pulled out a dog-eared copy of the course handbook and read from it. ""Future fathers are permitted to practice bathing, burping and diapering baby before and after every class session. Practice rooms will be open for this purpose, and dolls will be available for . . ."

"I know what it says," Miss Phillips cut in. I wrote it. But I never wrote that you should shake a baby . . . even a doll."

But it has water in its ears."

"Then you must have put it there," she said. "Let me show you the right way."

She picked up the baby carefully and placed it before her on a low table close by the enamel bath basin. She rolled up her sleeve and dipped her elbow in the water.

"Much too cold," she announced. She ran some hot water in a pitcher and poured it into the basin. Again she stuck her elbow in to check the temperature. "Just right," she said. "Now you test it."

Clark took off his jacket and began to undo the buttons of his shirt. "Oh, just roll up your sleeve," Miss Phillips said.

She sounded a trifle impatient; immediately he stuck his elbow in, sleeve and all. Then looking at her, helplessly, "I can't tell anything--except it's water," he said.

"Try testing it with your wrist," she advised.

Clark dipped his hand into the water. "Not the one with your wrist watch," the nurse said. "The other one."

Sheepishly he switched hands. A smile creased the corners of his mouth. "Perfect," he said, with great satisfaction. "Perfect."

Quickly and efficiently, Miss Phillips showed him how to wash and dry the baby. "Keep your arm under his head with your fingers crooked in his armpit like this," she explained, "That's what I did wrong," he admitted. "I just dunked him."

"You did what?"

"I dunked him," Gable repeated.

"Well, don't . . . don't ever do that again," she said. "Now do just as I did."

She pushed a white gown toward him but he refused it and took off his jacket and shirt instead. "Can't stand tight things," he muttered. "Can't stand undershirts, either. Had to wear T-shirts during the war. Hated them."

Everything went fine. He tested the water. He held the doll correctly and slipped it carefully into the water. He washed its face with a soft cloth, then soaped and rinsed its body. Then he lifted it out gently to dry it.

"The towel," he said. "Towel . . . towel . . . where did I put the darn thing?"

He laid the doll down on the table's very edge and held it there as he looked around for the towel. There it was, on that table way over there. He let go of the baby and ran to grab the towel. Crash! The baby fell to the ground. Clark's face turned white.

I laughed till I cried. Clark began laughing too. Soon the two of us were hysterical.

Miss Phillips's voice was a cold knife. She picked up the doll and thrust it at me. "If you're so amused, Mr. Allen," she said, "suppose you show us how to do it."

I walked reluctantly to the bath basin. Clark said, "Take care of our baby."

"Listen," I said, "if I can't take better care of our baby, then let me do it."

Just then the bell rang. The class was about to begin. Gratefully I put the doll down on the table. Clark covered it tenderly with a towel and whispered, "Sleep tight, baby. I'm afraid we'll be back."

This was the final session of the Future Fathers course given by the Home Nurses Association for all proud papas-to-be. All through the course, Clark had always come late. He'd slip into the seat next to me at the back of the lecture hall and always say the same thing, "Got caught on the set. What's next?"

I'd answer, "How to make formula" or "How to give baby a bath" or "A baby can be your friend"--whatever Miss Phillips gave us that particular night. Clark would gun up open a loose-leaf notebook, and turn his attention to the lecturer. At the end of a session he'd always borrow my notes for a few minutes and jet down the early stuff that he'd missed. And after class, when most of us went back to the nursery to practice what we'd just learned in theory, he always said, "Can't make it tonight. Gotta study a script." But tonight he changed his lines. He asked, "But I wonder if I can ask you a big favor?"

"Shoot."

"It says in the book we ought to make a test run to the hospital, just to see how long it'll take us when the day actually comes."

"Sure," I answered. "I already did. It takes me exactly twelve minutes and twenty-two seconds from my place to the hospital."

"I didn't have your guts," he admitted. "I wrote them a favor and they did a test run. I couldn't even turn the ignition. I kept imagining Kay beside me in the front seat--the real thing this time--and I froze up. Petrifed. Couldn't move. Could you . . . could you ever do a dry run with me? I don't know who else to ask. My friends would laugh at me. You're a Future Father, too, and . . ."

"Sure," I said, "but I'm going right now to get it over with before the final quiz next week."

I followed Clark's station wagon to his house, parked my car there and climbed in with my watches, as we synchronized our clocks, and away we went, screeching along the highway that led from his San Fernando Valley home to the hospital.

A siren screamed in the distance behind us. Clark immediately pulled over to the curb. "Maybe an ambulance taking a woman to the hospital to have a child," he said earnestly. "Gotta give 'em lots of room."

It was no ambulance! A police motorcycle pulled across our path, and an officer came towards us, ticket-book in hand, going to a fire, Mr. Gable?" he said, "We're stretched thin here."

"We're going to the hospital," Clark blurted out. "We're going to have a baby."

The officer looked at me, then he looked at Clark, and he said, "Congratulations," he said. "Which one is the mother?"

I talked fast, telling him what we were doing and why we were speeding. At first he shook his head, he wasn't buying any wild stories. Clark reached into his inside jacket pocket, pulled out his best-up copy of the Future Fathers' class brochure, and started to read it. Other fathers-to-be are advised to make a test run to the hospital in order to clock . . ."

"Okay, okay, I got it," the cop said. "Let's go!"

And later we were roaring along behind a motorcycle escort. When we pulled up in front of the hospital, Clark and I checked our watches: twenty-four minutes on the dot. "Not counting the time we spent over to the side of the road," he added.

The policeman gave Clark his name, and the phone number of the station closest to where Clark lived, where his wife was starting for the hospital, phone us and yell," he said. "One of the boys will come fast and clear the way for you."

Then he took out his ticket-book. Clark's face sank. "I--well--I'm no autograph hunter," the officer said, turning to a blank page at the back. "If I don't get it for my wife, she'll never forgive me."

"Gable," Clark said. "For Mrs. Clancy, whose husband is one swell guy. Gratefully, Clark Gable."

When the officer was gone, Clark asked, "Should we go in?"

"At this hour?" I said. "They'll throw you out of course."

"We don't have to bother anybody," he persisted. "Just so we get the feel of the thing for the quiz next week. Against my better judgment I walked up the steps with him and into the hospital. I knew where the baby nursery was from visiting friends here with my wife, so we avoided the elevator and went quietly up the stairs.

But we drew a blank, like I told Clark would. When we stood in front of the nursery window, we couldn't see a thing;
An Exciting, New Book!

Mario Lanza

The Man Who Lived Too Hard, Died Too Young.

Boastful and flamboyant on the surface, Mario Lanza was, in reality, a man besieged by unconquerable fears and suspicions. His life was a constant, losing battle against over-indulgence in food and alcohol. Don't miss the tragic and touching story of Mario Lanza in the exciting new issue of True Story Magazine.

Plus—

They Never Got Home

The shocking account of a family on the road . . .

I Lied Because I Love You

A candid and unusual story . . .

Nagging Husband

A close look at a common problem and how to handle it . . .

I Had A Caesarian

There Are More Than 30 Prize Stories, Helpful Articles, and Family-Service Features in January

True Story

The Woman’s Guide
to Better Living

Buy Your Copy Today Wherever Magazines Are Sold
Keely grinned helplessly herself.  
"Same to you, Mr. Prima," she said.  
"But no kidding, who's busting us apart this time?"

Oh, you know people. A couple of big-mouths suddenly have nothing better to do, so they say come on, let's tear somebody apart. And it came up our number.

Keely laughed again, but a little ruefully.  
"Ah well, Chief," she said, "just so we know it's not true."

"And you'll lose the big steak?"

"Don't worry, fella, you'll get fed good."

She went back up to the attic, the smile lingering. What a clown that guy was—thank goodness! Seven years of marriage and a boy on the way, and an ex-husband notice she was still holding them—a very old, very dirty pair of tennis sneakers that were worn through at the toes, ragged along the sides, the laces frayed and knotted.

Suddenly she hugged them to her and, going back to the attic, started to laugh.  
"That was some wedding," she giggled.

The thought of the future beside her was more than drowsy, he was asleep. This was her boss that she loved and respected more than any man in the world—Louis Prima, craggy-faced, gravel-voiced, trumpet-playing bandleader and bouquet-boss. And he was also her fiancé. She gently touched the ring on her fourth finger, left hand. The diamond sparkled in the sun, but she wasn't noticing. It was such a stirring tenderly down on Louis. At a time like this, he was fast asleep.

He looked as peaceful as her mother, who, anyway, we'll put under a beach umbrella. But her mother didn't know—and Louis did. She put her face close to his. "It's time, Babe," she whispered. "Babe" was their pet name for each other.

He came alert instantly and stood up. Keely scrambled to her feet and walked around to her mother. "C'mon, Mum," Keely interrupted. "No fuss, no publicity—nobody'll even know. Oh Mum," she grabbed her mother and walked her around the room, "Mum, a secret wedding—isn't it exciting?"

"I—don't know," Mrs. Smith panted.

"I'm—too dizzy—Keely, stop!"

Keely promptly plunged her hand on her head. With her hand on her mother's back, she asked, "Did you get a nice afternoon dress for the ceremony, dear?"

"Nope," Keely called from deep in the closet. "Honey . . . don't tell me you bought a bridal gown!"

"Nope.

Then what are you going to wear?"

The tennis shoes  

Keely backed out, her hair all tousled but her eyes bright. In one hand she held a skirt—a plain straight navy linen skirt. In the other a blouse—a little white-and-print sleeveless blouse.

"Dorothy Keely Smith!" It was almost a shriek. "You wouldn't . . . you can't! What'll people say?"
Man and this Woman... Keely sneaked a look at Louis. He was staring at the judge, solemn and attentive. She closed her eyes for one second, and her whole life seemed to race by, like when you're drowning. She was a scared sixteen-year-old, and Louis was auditioning for a girl singer... giving her the break... wherever they toured, looking after her so gently... Louis falling in love with her... and she with him...

... Wilt thou, Louis Primrose, have this woman to be thy wedded wife... to love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health... so long as ye both shall live?’ The judge’s clear, firm voice snapped her back to the present. She heard Louis muffled ‘I will’ and her own vow following, although she wasn’t aware of having formed the words with her numb lips.

Then it was time for the double ring ceremony. She carefully avoided looking full into Louis’ face, as he chanted the ritual after the judge, for fear that she would break down. She fixed her eyes on the silver gold band that he held so tightly between thumb and forefinger that the flesh was a pinched white.

... And by the authority vested in me by this State, pronounce thee that they are Man and Wife... It was over. She was Louis’ wife! Keely felt his arms around her, his trembling lips against her own. She felt the tears rush to her eyes, and she realized that he was crying, too.

The judge and the Sniders pressed in to congratulate them. Clara was crying, Keely’s mother was sobbing. Only the judge and Snider were dry-eyed. Keely swallowed hard and looked at Louis. Her first words as Mrs. Primrose were: ‘Louis, were you scared?’

After the ceremony, Snider drove them back to the hotel. To make things ‘look right,’ Keely insisted that they change into their bathing suits and go back to the beach.

They were faced by an indignant Boster. ‘Where’s my soda and burger?’ Keely looked at Louis. They burst out laughing. ‘I’m sorry... we... we forgot it...’ Keely finally gasped.

Buster glared at them. ‘Where were you guys, anyhow?’

‘We ran off and got married,’ Keely said lightly.

‘Oh sure!’ Buster growled, heading for the hotel.

‘I don’t think he believes us,’ Keely grinned. Louis winked and squeezed her hand.

Those funny shoes

‘Mommy! Mommy!’ Shrill childish voices and the clatter of footsteps climbing the attic stairs snapped Keely out of her remembering. She looked around with a start.

Two bright little faces appeared over the top step. Toni, five, and three-and-a-half-year-old Luanne, ran to Mommy to be hugged.

Toni asked, ‘What are those funny shoes, Mommy?’

‘Funny?’ Keely held out the foot with the sneaker on it, the other shoe still in her hand. She arched her foot admiringly. ‘They’re not funny, Sweetie,’ she said. ‘I think they’re kind of nice.’

Toni giggled. ‘I bet Daddy thinks they’re funny.’

Keely took off the sneaker, tied it by the laces to its mate, and put the pair gently back into the trunk.

‘Oh, I don’t know,’ she said softly. ‘I have a feeling he thinks they’re beautiful, too.’ —Rose Perlberg

Hear Keely and Louis sing on Dot label.
up like Aunt Jenimah; and certainly she always had the jolliest laugh in the world, the sort of laugh a Santa should have. The other, the skinny Santa, was six-foot-\t\ttall Uncle Frank. Usually Aunt Hilda arrived first. Uncle Frank would be com-\t\t\ting shouting in the little life; she'd always say, "And more, enough, soon after Santa visit, Uncle Frank would show up, having changed clothes in the garage. But in the innocent years, we didn't know that.

That might be called Christmas Eve. All our uncles, aunts, our cousins and\t\tGrandmother would be there, and believe me, we are related to half of Cincin-\t\tnati. There were presents for everyone—my mother changed the presents. The great artificial Christmas tree would slowly turn, while the tinkly music box in its base played Christmas carols.

The unhappy Christmas

The most overwhelming Christmas was the first one I remember. I remember\t\tbecause that year I'd asked for "two's" for Santa. Both of us wanted something for "two's"—and sure enough my mother\t\tmust have figured out what I meant. Because on Christmas Eve, under the tree, was a double white-basket weave crèche— Mary, Joseph, and Jesus. And on the pink lay the twin baby dolls with beautiful Chinese faces—my lovely two.

The unhappy Christmas was the one when everybody knew I was dying for a\t\ttwenty-foot bottle of dishwashing liquid. My brother Paul had a two-wheeler and\t\tempty-flitted over it. Of course, Paul was four years older and he was a boy,\t\tand his mother and father were no doubt discussing the dangers of riding on the busy streets of Cincinnati. But I paid no at-\t\ttention. I always got what I wanted for Christmas and this year it would be a big time.

The day before Christmas I hunted all\t\tover the house but couldn't find it. So I asked my mother and I asked my father, and they both told me I wasn't going to get it. I thought the father didn't have the money; I thought they were teasing me. Right up to the minute that the last present was opened on Christmas Eve. The whole family sang "Silent Night," we sat down to the customary Christmas dinner, stuffed with cheese, and sweet, cold ham and the dark fruitcake whose fragrance had filled the house for days. Definitely there was no bike. The fact that my folks were only thinking of my little neck and trying to keep me from breaking it, didn't help—\t\tnot one bit. After that, I used to run all the way from school to beat my brother home so I could ride his bike. I'd come past the ice cream parlor, where Little doll but I was always gone. He always got there first.

It's all so vivid! The stockings stuffed\t\twith oranges and apples and nuts . . . and this year I entertained an orphanage and suddenly discovered a whole new world. I was in an election school, and we\t\tgave little plays. In a peach taffeta dress with smoking on the yoke, I played the leading lady in "The Little Rich Girl." I was the girl who had everything—\t\tbut love—all the toys in the world, but she spends Christmas Eve with a govern-\t\ner. And then she meets a poor little girl, who only gets a peach candy at Christmas. She was a warm, happy family. It's a marvelous play for children, and its message was

WANT FOR CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 31

twice as significant because of the orphan-\t\tagency. And I didn't know at first, I saw children who lacked the wonderful thing we had, the big warm family and the love lavished on all of us, but especially on me because I was the only one of us. I knew Christmas Eve was all of us. And I never forgot the one after I'd been in an accident. Our family was all packed to move to California when the accident happened, so Christmas found us at Mary's house with Aunt Charlie's and Aunt Lottie's. My darling uncle, with the blue eyes full of fun, had always been my very best angel, so you could imagine how he was this Christmas with me on catchs.

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie and Aunt Lottie had the bakery in Findley Market where farmers set up their stands and you bought marvelous fresh fruits and vegetables. When we went there to shop on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the tables were piled high with all the fresh fruits and vegetables. And great Christmas cookies, the dark, dark ones all covered with powdered sugar. I adored them all and ate up all the profits.

You can imagine the food and pastries spilling out of the windows. Uncle Charlie, I think I'd wanted to be special because I'd been in the hospital and all. Besides, he had always looked after us. My own father, of whom I was very proud, was not what I would call a church person and in charge of the choral groups, too. So he often worked nights and more than ever around Christmas. When I was very little, I needed to feel that I had his attention, that bad striders along with his walk with my head held high, breathing in the sharp cold air. It was very impressive to sit in church and listen to the organ and singing Christmas music. People called him "professor." But the music was also an obstacle between us. My father wanted me to take music lessons, I tried terribly hard to teach me. And when I charged up set coming to the end of the year.\n
Youth is wasted . . .

Since my father had to practice a lot at nights and on Sundays, it was Uncle Charlie who took us to picnics and ba\t\tazaars and on rides into the country Sunday afternoons. (I wasn't keen on scenery, just wanted to see, you know. See how youth is wasted on the young?) Once he spent six-and-half-dollars trying to win a doll for me at a bazaar. She was a big beauty with dark, curly hair and big eyes. I had tried up and down for the doll for me, and every Christmas my mother had sent her all new clothes.

My mother always sewed like an angel and she made all my clothes. The skirts were simple and the blouses were dainty, like the peach taffeta that I wore to be the poor little rich girl in the play. My dresses always had small round collars and big bobbles tied into bows in front, looking like my only costume for pictures. All I needed was a per-\t\nament to be the happiest girl alive. I hated my straight, yellow hair that I wore bobbed to about the middle of my cheeks with bangs and never let them be cut until I couldn't see through them. Uncle Charlie said I looked like an ad for Dutch Boy paint. I was the only girl to have, and a laugh that rocked the joint, just like my mother's. Later, when my pictures played Cincinnati, Uncle Charlie would go every day and laugh at anything even remote to Christmas and us laughing on that Christmas at his house—\t\teven if I was still on crutches and had no idea what to do next. I'd planned to be a dancer and now I couldn't. I decided to go back to New York, and change to a good Santa. To me now, something holy and spiritual. We don't give each other presents. What we do instead is to donate to charity in the names of all the people we love and want to remember. I remember the Christmas East of California, when we made homes to the rest of the family for an old-time Christmas. To me, it will be better than an old-time Christmas, because Christmas is something I'm doing now, something holy and spiritual. We don't give each other presents. What we do instead is to donate to charity in the names of all the people we love and want to remember. I remember the Christmas East of California, when we made homes to the rest of the family for an old-time Christmas. To me, it will be better than an old-time Christmas, because Christmas is something I'm doing now, something holy and spiritual. We don't give each other presents. What we do instead is to donate to charity in the names of all the people we love and want to remember. I remember the Christmases of California, when we made homes to the rest of the family for an old-time Christmas. To me, it will be better than an old-time Christmas, because Christmas is something I'm doing now, something holy and spiritual. We don't give each other presents. What we do instead is to donate to charity in the names of all the people we love and want to remember. I remember the Christmas East of California, when we made homes to the rest of the family for an old-time Christmas. To me, it will be better than an old-time Christmas, because Christmas is something I'm doing now, something holy and spiritual. We don't give each other presents. What we do instead is to donate to charity in the names of all the people we love and want to remember. I remember the Christmas East of California, when we made homes to the rest of the family for an old-time Christmas. To me, it will be better than an old-time Christmas, because Christmas is something I'm doing now, something holy and spiritual. We don't give each other presents. What we do instead is to donate to charity in the names of all the people we love and want to remember. I remember the Christmas East of California, when we made homes to the rest of the family for an old-time Christmas. To me, it will be better than an old-time Christmas, because Christmas is something I'm doing now, something holy and spiritual. We don't give each other presents. What we do instead is to donate to charity in the names of all the people we love and want to remember. I remember the Christmas East of California, when we made homes to the rest of the family for an old-time Christmas. To me, it will be better than an old-time Christmas, because Christmas is something I'm doing now, something holy and spiritual. We don't give each other presents. What we do instead is to donate to charity in the names of all the people we love and want to remember. I remember the Christmas East of Cali-
The gift of love

Our Christmases began to be truly wonderful when Marty came into our lives. I certainly remember that first Christmas. Terry wanted to buy Marty a present and he got Mom to take him to the dime store, carrying with him a huge piggy bank full of pennies, nickels and dimes. Can you imagine the Christmas rush in the dime store? The crowds and the hurly, and Terry dumping this bank on the floor, every penny? Yes, but did Terry buy Marty after all this? Garters! He bought him a pair of garters and a scarf to wear around his head—such stuff material it wouldn’t be Christmas for Terry! Marty’s family had never made a big fuss over the holiday but he took it to like mad. To this day, two weeks ahead of time he’s out looking for a tree, which is usually drooping by the time Christmas is here. He almost breaks his neck climbing up to take care of the lights, the wreath and all the house decorations. And, of course, it’s Marty who has helped me arrive at the true meaning of Christmas, the deep, spiritual meaning of it.

You learn as you go along; your values change. When I was a kid, growing up meant to wear a pair of false teeth. Those four things I wanted madly. My grandmother had upper and lower and I loved the clack they made. But you learn as you go that growing up is none of these things, it’s a matter of living and seeing the good—absorbing and accepting the wonderful gift of life. I realize that my Christmas memories had very little to do, actually, with gifts. They’re all about the people who made Christmas beautiful by giving me the gift of love.

That’s why I’d love to go back East. I’d love to go to Cincinnati and see the family. Aunt Marie (Marty calls her “The Rock”) and my friends. You know, there are twenty-five of my old girl friends living there. When we get together it’s a real bash. They call me “Dorle” and we tell all the old stories, but we have such fun.

I’d like to pick up a rented car, go on to New York, spend a week exploring wonderful New England antique shops, go up through Maine, and visit Marty’s friends in New Adams, Massachusetts. The brisk weather up there—oh, I can just smell it! We’ll pick up jams and jellies and cold cracking baskets of apples to send home.

At Christmas, it’s such fun to remember all the people who’ve meant a lot to you, to write to them, tell them you’re thinking of them... but more fun, still, to pop in and tell them in person, and that’s really what I want to say to all of you who have become part of my world. With all my heart I say it:

“May you have a joyous and a holy Christmas.”

The End

Free Nurses Booklet and Sample Lesson Pages

ONLY 10 SHORT WEEKS YOU CAN BECOME A PRACTICAL NURSE... Enjoy security, independence and freedom from money worries. You can earn up to $65.00 a week.

YOUR AGE AND EDUCATION ARE NOT IMPORTANT... mature and older women are also desperately needed. In just a few short weeks you should be able to accept your first cases.

BUT THE IMPORTANT THING is to get the FREE complete information right now. There is no cost or obligation and no salesmen will call. You can make your decision to be a Nurse in the privacy of your own home. We will send you, without obligation, your FREE sample lesson pages, and your FREE folder “Nursing Facts”.

GROSGO COTY CO.

POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
Room 9X11 — 131 S. Wabash, Chicago 3, Ill.

Fill out the coupon above and I will rush to you...
she tried to best to control her temper. The whispers continued for a few short moments, then realizing suddenly that it was Shelley Winters sitting behind them, the party at the next table became silent. As blithely as if she had not heard a word, she smiled at a passerby whom she knew casually. But then she had to listen to the inevitable question:

"How's Tony?"

She seemed bravely for all the world to see.

"I . . . I just spoke to him on the phone. He's wonderful. He . . . he'll be in New York soon."

That night she called a long time friend.

"What will I do? I've tried everything.

"Without Tony, life isn't worth it. I . . . I don't know what to do.

"The friend tried to calm her with light talk, that has magical and show-business gossip, anything to take her mind off Tony. But it was no good.

"Sure, we had fights. Every married couple has fights. But we always made up . . . before," Shelley said.

There was a long pause, and Shelley knew that her friend chose not to hurt her by repeating the rumors.

Tony was not alone

That night Tony Franciosa smiled across a satin-smooth tabletop at Chasen's, the smart restaurant where the current movie favorites sat up front, but the old-timers,


1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publication Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Evelyn Pain, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Claire Safran, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary-Treasurer, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated, but if owned by an individual, the name and address, as well as the names of all individual members, must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; Widmark Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Anna Feldman, 385 Main St., Peekskill, N. Y.; Samuel Scheff, 481 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.; Joseph Schults, 119 East 1st Ave., New York 28, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Ethel Whitford, Inc., 705 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J.; Charles H. Shattuck, Box 422, Parr, Texas; (Mrs.) Elizabeth B. Wise, RFD 1—Box 326, Onancock, Va.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: [If there are none, so state.] None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the paragraphs show the effect as to the distribution of profits and conditions under which stockholders and other securities holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed during the current twelve-month period ending with the issue preceding the date above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 1,351,335.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1960.

TULLIO MUCHELLI, Notary Public State of New York No. 03-8045500 Qualified in Bronx Co.

Cert. Filed in New York Co.

Com. barber—Expires March 30, 1962

How had this all come to pass? How had yesterday's bright and shiny romance deserted yesterday's bright and shiny romance? It began with another lost love, when Beatrice Bakalayeva Franciosa filed for divorce from Anthony Papallo Franciosa. The marriage was stormy, the desertion, and the other woman not mentioned was Shelley Winters. That was April, 1957. On May 4, Tony and Shelley—Shirley—were quietly married in Carson City, Nevada, after a night of romance. Their ages were twenty-three and thirty-four, he was twenty-eight.

It was her third marriage and she was wary of another strike-out. She had been Mrs. Maxie Mann, a New York line salesman, for four years in the Furry Forties. Then a divorce for nearly six years, until Vittorio Gassman came into her life. Then the break-up, April 12, 1952, separated by autumn, 1953, reconciled with the birth of baby Vittoria, and finally divorced in June, 1954.

I'll never marry an actor again," Shelley told the newspapers. "They're all egomaniacs.

But when she met Tony, she backed down on the declaration. Tony was different. She and the others had a third strike. And she wasn't the only one who thought so. His own cousin, actor Richard LePore, said at the time, "Those two have a lot in common. And to me, Tony's the most understanding guy in the whole world."

**The rumors start**

Continuing to Richard's high hopes, the rumors of unmatched temperaments began to pass. They fought, kissed, made up, fought, kissed, and made up. But Tony became more restless with every year of marriage. First the rumor came flying across the Atlantic that he and luscious Ava Gardner were making more than just a movie called "The Naked Maja" together in Spain.

Shelley, furious at the gossip, flew to his side. She told reporters then that Tony and Ava were... just two people making a movie together. And Tony and I couldn't be happier."

How well and how long she chose to believe her own statements, is a question.

There were other rumors, then the separation, and Tony met Judy Balaban, who was also separated.

Judy and Jay Kanter had been married at the time Shelley and Tony were starting their own storm-and-love-toss union. When Jay, an actor, moved up to a leading man's status in a film, a job was so demanding that sometimes he saw his wife for only a few hours a week. She chafed at her loneliness, and in time they separated. But she talked to everyone: "We're trying to work out our differences. The separation is only temporary."

The Kanters did reconcile, with Jay trying to rearrange his working schedule to give his wife more time. But schedule or no schedule, what was wrong when he was introduced to Tony, at a party in Beverly Hills, sparks flew, followed swiftly by rumors of romance.

To all this Shelley said, "I'm still married to him, that's all I know. Anything else that should be said will have to come from Tony."

The "anything else" was said. Judy and he were just friends.

When Shelley went East to star in a play, "Invitation to a March," Tony promised he'd phone her regularly. But instead, the distance between them appears to be widening. She stayed alone in the East, he stayed downtown. She told him to no longer hide her unhappiness. During the tryouts of the play, she began to eat almost compulsively and gained sixteen pounds. Some say it was her feelings of insecurity about
WHAT CHURCH DOES SANTA GO TO?

Continued from page 35

"Oh," Kelly says and turns back to her letter. But then, suddenly, she turns around again. "Mommy, what church does Santa Claus go to?"

Janet and Tony look at each other. And then Janet finds an answer. Kelly listens while Mommy tells about Christmas before she was even born.

"Remember that Christmas when we were just married?" Janet says to Tony. "Remember Paris that Christmas? We went walking on the Left Bank and we found a little church that had Midnight Mass and we decided to go there. At first you didn't quite want to. We were still feeling our way around in each other's religions then—kind of afraid of offending each other.

"And you said, 'How can I go into a church and not pray?' And I said, 'Well, I'm not Catholic, either, and this is a Catholic church. But I'll say the prayer I want to say and you say the one you want to say,' and Dad both." Tony nods. His eyes move slowly around the warm, comfortable room, resting on Kelly at the desk and then on Jamie in her playpen. "And then," he says at last. "He must have heard us, all right.

They were silent a moment. Then Janet says softly, "And the year before that; Tony, remember our very first Christmas?"

"Sure. Sure.

"We started going together in August—"

"And that Christmas you took me home to your folks and I saw their tree—"

"And you'd never seen one before—"

"Oh, I'd seen one or two. But only in store windows and things. I hadn't actually ever been in someone's house at Christmas when there was a tree. I never knew any Jewish prayer, I guess."

"But you liked it. And what you said," Janet recalls, "was 'Let's get one for my folks.'

"And your poor father didn't know what to make of it!"

"Yeah," Tony says, his voice growing husky. "Yeah, my father—"

"For a moment they are both silent. Tony's father had been dead for more than a year now, but the pain of it was still there. Janet takes his hand in hers. Tony chews at his lower lip. "Jan, remember how he looked at that tree? He didn't like it at first, remember? Only he was so nuts about you, he didn't want to say anything."

"And then when he saw how excited and pleased your brother Bobby was—" Tony's voice grows lighter. "And how pretty Mom made it with all that tinsel—"

"And then we put a six-pointed star on top instead of a regular five-pointed one—"

"Yeah, a Star of David."

"Then Janet finishes, 'then he said, 'How can anything that gives so much pleasure be had for the soul?' And he loved it.'"

"He must have," Tony agrees, "because the next year he went out and got one for the family himself."

All that morning and afternoon, friends come and go, bringing wrapped Christmas presents for the Curtises, taking gifts from the diminishing pile in the hall closet. There is excitement, and Kelly asks, "Why can't we open them now?" And Janet answers, "No, we must wait two weeks until Christmas morning."

Papa and Christmas

It is four o'clock that afternoon when Tony's mother and brother Bobby come in with gifts for the children and for Janet and Tony.

Mrs. Schwartz's voice is gentle. "How well the children look, Janet. Papa would like to see them . . . ."

"I know, Janet answers softly, "We were talking about him just before—Tony and I. We were remembering how he came to enjoy Christmas and how he gave me something, too—Passover. You remember the first time we went to a Passover Seder at your house?"

Mrs. Schwartz smiles. "You kept whispering to Tony, 'What is he saying, what is he saying?' when Papa read the Hebrew. So, after that, we had some in English, too. Papa would have been pleased Tony hasn't forgotten his Hebrew after all."

"For gotten it?" Janet says indignantly. "I should say no. Do you know he says a Hebrew prayer every night when Kelly goes to sleep?"

"He does," Mrs. Schwartz turns to her son. "Tony, I didn't know that."

"Had to, in self-defense," Tony says, grinning. "First Janet taught Kelly all those other little prayers—"

"Now I Lay Me Down," Janet says. "And then 'The Lord's Prayer' . . . ."

"And lately," Tony says, "since we've had a Catholic relief nurse from time to time, Kelly's saying a 'Hail Mary' too! So, a few more Jewish prayers. She's even learned a little bit of it in Hebrew."

"I told her," Tony says, "if she learns the whole thing, I'll teach her to ask the four questions in Hebrew for Passover.
For fuller reviews see Picture Play for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 6. (A—adult F—family)

ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS—M-G-M; CinemaScope; Metrocolor: The sincere efforts of Bob Wagner, Natalie Wood, George Hamilton, Susan Kohner hold your interest in a confused story of Southerners who take their sex problems to New York. (A) October

ALL THE YOUNG MEN—Columbia; Earnest but often familiar drama of youthful war. In Korea, Sidney Poitier leads a cut-off Marine platoon that includes yet Alan Ladd and greener James Darren, Glenn Corbett, Ingeram Johansson. (F) September

ANOTHER SKY—Harrison: As a reserved Englishwoman arriving in Marrakesh, Victoria Grayson becomes infatuated with a young Arab and plunge into a strange world, slow-paced and poetic; filmed in Morocco. (A) December

BETWEEN TIME AND ETERNITY—U-I; Pathe Color: Old format set in lovely Balaic Island; only a short stay to live, Lilli Palmer dailies with handsome native Carlos Thompson. (A) November

BUTTERFIELD 8—M-G-M; CinemaScope; Metrocolor: Liz Taylor does her strongest acting in this bitter case study of a New York party girl, who hurts not only herself but her married lover (Laurence Harvey) and her despatching friend (Eddie Fisher). (A) December

CROWDED SKY. THE—Warners, Technicolor: Fred Zinnemann's Jr. pilots a Navy jet forced to crash with Dean Andrews' transport, which carries the usual quota of emotional passengers. Overplotted but tense. (A) October

DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—THE—Warners, Technicolor: Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire, teenager Shirley Knight portray warmly the problems of an average family in Oklahoma of the 1920's. (A) November

ELMER CANTRY—U.A.: Memorable characters fill a warm-blooded, courageous movie, with Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as rivals. Are they phony or honest? Newspaperman Arthur Kennedy wonders. (A) October

HIGH TIME—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Amiable campus musical casts Bing Crosby as a fiftyish freshman, Fabian as his roommate, Tuesday Weld as a kooky coed. There's one switch on the old college comedy: these students actually study! (F) December

I AM AT THE STARS—Columbia: Exciting science-fact story, politically tricky. Curt Jurgens, a rocket wizard Werner von Braun, rouses doubts in wife Victoria Shaw and Nazi-hating newspaperman James Daly. (F) November

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Columbia: Those sly British turn labor-management relations into a laugh-loaded shamble, as a shop steward, Peter Sellers creates a deadpan masterpiece, Ian Carmichael's bumbler whose honesty starts a riot. (A) July

INHERIT THE WIND—U.A.: Two great old pros, Spencer Tracy and Fredric March, argue over teacher Dick York's fate in a robust fiction version of Tennessees's "monkey trial" of the 1920's. Reporter Gene Kelly covers a hot story—that still sizzles. (F) December

KEY WITNESS—M-G-M: Incredible crime yarn finds Jeffrey Hunter's model family in danger after he sees a killing committed by Dennis Hopper, head of a j.d. gang. This hardly flatters L.A. cops. (A) December

LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPIPHANY—Columbia: Jamie Darren scores in a social but satisfying cluefinder as Shelley Winters' son, Derelicts led by Burt Ives to save the boy from crime. (A) November

LET'S MAKE LOVE—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Big, blowy musical with dazzling stars. Billionaire Yves Montand, hiding his identity, joins a little-theater troupe and falls for Marilyn Monroe. (A) November

MIDNIGHT LACE—U-I; Eastman Color: Doris Day looks lovely and scared stiff in an eye-soothing, nerve-frazzling mystery. As wife of London financier Rex Harrison, she's harried by mobsters trying to phone calls, their last: "F.O.Y. her American aunt." (F) December

SEVEN WAYS FROM SUNDOWN—U-I; Eastman Color: In an amusing horse opera, new Texas Ranger Audie Murphy has trouble chasing outlaw Barry Sullivan—because Barry is too doggone lovable! (F) November

SONG WITHOUT END—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Dick Bogarde's romantic good looks unite the role of composer-pianist Franz Liszt, whose life is seen as a piano concert and costume pageant, with stormy personal drama on the side. (A) November

SURPRISE AT CAMPBELL—Warners, Technicolor: Intimate closeup of the Roosevelt family during his battle with polio. Ralph Bellamy, as FDR, and Greer Garson, as his wife, give fine emotional performances—and accurate impersonations. (F) December

TEN WHO DARED—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Fortuitously aimed at young fanatics of action and history, John Beal plays the scientist who ran Colorado River rapids to map the Grand Canyon country. (F) December

UNDER TEN FLAGS—Paramount: Brisk, fact-based adventure casts Van Heflin as chivalrous captain of a War II German sea raider that takes on many disguises, baffling British admiral Charles Laughton. (F) December

WEDDINGS AND BABIES—Engel: The title names the Speciality of John Myhers, as a photographer in New York's little Italy, clinging to marriage bond, and Vivien Lloyd's efforts. Charmingly real. (A) November

WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS—M-G-M: Sensation-filled, grimly amusing (for those not easily shocked) tale of a young Italian fishing village, Gina Lollobrigida evades Yves Montand's clutches. (A) December

Love is what matters

For a second, Tony looks back at Janet, questioning. But she only nods her head, and waits. Slowly, Tony turns back to his daughter.

"All right, Honey," he says. "Well, Christmas is really a birthday party that everyone must attend. For a baby who was born a long time ago. Some people think this little baby was really God himself, come down to earth to live here for a while. Some people aren't sure about that. But everyone loves him because he grew up to be such a good, wonderful man, who loved little children and helped people wherever he went. The name of the baby was Jesus, and he was born by way across the ocean to a place called Bethlehem. . . ."

Janet Leigh Curtis turns to her mother-in-law. It will all work out, Mother Schwartz says. "Tony and I love each other... and love our children... and love God. Kelly and Jamie are going to grow up the same way. And with love, we'll find the answers together, all of us together."

"Yes," her mother-in-law says. "Love is what matters. The rest—the rest will all work out." And the two women smile affectionately at each other as they listen to Tony's story.

And in the window of the living room, where they and Bobby sit in comfortable silence, the lights of the great Christmas tree will shine. Only a few nights earlier, in that window, the lights of the Chalkik candles flicker instead.

But the glow is the same.

—CHARLOTTE DINTER

I WAS SCHEDULED TO DIE

Continued from page 53

But we never do, do we? Looking across the blue-emerald green Mediterranean water, Rock Hudson probably, even if he stopped his thoughts, could never have predicted what was to await him later that same day. For he had been too sure he would never have left Venice.

Rock stood at the edge of the water, shoulders slouched, hands dug deep into the pockets of his khaki pants, squinting into the glare of the sun off the Mediterra-

nean. The water was so blue and calm.

"An uneven day for sailors," he thought, "but a perfect one for sightseeing." He felt as excited as a kid at the prospect of the day ahead, although he had spent the last three days at the Lérin Islands. He'd heard so much about them that when Mrs. Barclay, wife of his friend Eddie Barclay, the composer and orchestra leader, had offered to show them to him, he'd said yes immediately.

He'd left the hotel early that morning to make the most of his few days in Cannes and now found him almost an hour be-

fore noon at the Barclay's house where the _Hello_ was moored. He walked along the beach until he found a deserted spot and stretched out on the sand. "Better relax while I can," he thought. That night, he had to leave for Portofino to start the movie, _Come Sep-

tember._

"The Mediterranean's a long way from Lake Michigan, but you'd pretend to yourself. As a kid, he used to swim summers at Lake Michigan, at his aunt's place. He'd learned to swim there. Nobody thought he'd turn out to be such a good swimmer. He was average at best, and too clumsy to ever be good at anything.

It was funny. He had dreams of drowning. He couldn't remember if they'd begun after the accident, the one where he'd been surfingboarded and had broken his shoulder. For a while, he had been afraid he might lose his first big role, in "Magnificent Obsession," because of it, but he made the doctors and the studio personnel all go through the filming. "Funny," he thought, "that I should remember that today."

He shrugged his shoulders and sat up, noticing, for the first time, the little boy who was playing down on the beach watching him.

He just remembered the difference between the words for morning and night in French, he called: "Bonjour." The boy quickly worked for a while and talked to him, and noticed looking back.

"Somehow, mostly through sign language, he found out that the boy's father was a sailor and was on a trip. They were friends by the time the boy's mother came looking for him. She had to call three times before he noticed her. She walked slowly toward her, he kept turn-

ing around every few yards to wave goodbye again.

Rock understood how lonely the boy was. It was hard to have someone go away and leave you.

He had been only six when his father had left them. When he returned home from a visit to his grandparents' farm and found his father gone, he couldn't understand why he would go away without even saying goodbye to him. They had always done lots of things together and whenever he visited his dad at his garage, he'd try to stop working and talk to him. And, at night, they'd play ball behind

the house until it was too dark to see.

"So he'll come back to me," his father would say. But it his mother were listening, she'd say: "My son is going to be a surgeon," and sometimes they'd argue about it. But they hardly ever got mad.

"He'll come back to me" he could only remember one time when his father hit him. That was the morning he didn't want him to go to work and he stood in the doorway blocking the way. Finally, he got him to go later, when, later in the day, when he came home for lunch, he'd forgotten all about it and had brought him a burned-out spark plug for his collection.

That was why he couldn't believe his father had really gone, and mornings he'd come down to breakfast expecting to see him there. His mother couldn't believe it either. She used to say over and over to her mother: "Roy will come back to me. He'll come back to me. I know he will."

But he never did, even though the next day his mother took him all the way out to Los Angeles where his father was working

ing. His dad was very nice to them, but a couple of days later, when they took the bus back to Winnetka, he didn't come with them.

Although no one ever said it out loud, he got the feeling that if only he'd been home his father would never have given away, that he cared too much for him to have ever left him. He was so sad that it had happened. He said to himself: "If I'd been in his place, I would have been responsible for his mother's unhappiness." She was so beautiful and used to be so gay that he wished he could help her. He was so excited that she was there, but he didn't see him again for a long time.

One day, when he was twelve, the doorbell rang and he answered it. A man was standing there. He didn't recognize him, but answered and said: "Hi, kid. How are you? I've... been wanting to... to..."

A shout from his mother interrupted him and he was sent upstairs to his room. He didn't find out until a long time later that it had been his father, and that he was told not to bother him again. He never did. Years later, Rock looked him up in California and he said to him: "It's not true — he was too late — he was grown up then."

Rock now looked up. The wind had suddenly shifted and blew up a light cloud of sand. With a practiced navigator's eye, he appraised the wind and sighted the boat.

He knew there were people who said he decided on the spur of the moment to try movies just because he was good looking. "It isn't true," he'd protested over and over. "I never thought that. If I met myself on the street, I'd think nothing of me."

He'd decided long ago, when he was ten years old, that he wanted to act. But he never dared tell anyone. He was so shy and so tall and gangling that he thought they would have made fun of him. And, even after he started making movies, whenever anyone on the set laughed during one of his scenes, he was sure they were laughing at him.

He'd gotten over a lot of his shyness, though he'd gone through forty movies in ten years without losing it up a bit," he'd said recently. And when people told him he had become a good actor, he was pleased, but added: "I should have, if you don't laugh at anything after making as many movies as I have, you've got to be stupid."

He could laugh at a lot of things now that had seemed pretty terrible at the time. Like the night he had gone to a party and

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING CRAZY?

At one time or another a great many "normal" people have thought they were going crazy. It has been estimated that 25% of all adult Americans think that they have had emotional problems serious enough to warrant medical assistance. On page 191 of his new book entitled, _You Are Not Willing, Dr. C. W. Munro, M.D., has these encouraging words to say:

"I have pointed out the cause of most of our mental or nervous breakdowns as the depositing of cholesterol in artery walls of our mental-nervous equipment, interfering with the normal conduction of brain waves to and from the brain. Then since that is the condi-

The methods—the diets—and the help you need to stop depositing cholesterol are all explained in Dr. Munro's fascinating new book.

In this book, _You Are Slipping_, you will learn what modern research in biochemistry has found will help you. The price of this remarkable book is only $3.00 at all bookstores—or if more convenient, mail coupon now.

3 Barthes Hallway, New York, Dept W-G-161
20 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me Dr. Munro's latest book, _You Are Slipping_. I enclose $3.00. If not del-

ightened, I will return book within 7 days and you will refund my $3.00 at once.

Name

Street

City... State
NEEDLEWORK

515—Bridal sampler is easy to embroider and frame. Transfer 12x16", color chart, directions.

7398—For a dreamland quilt, transfer of 9 nursery pals, each 6x7". Color chart, directions.

7378—Sew a sailor dress. Transfer, pattern pieces for child's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. State size.

Rock sat thinking a long while and then said: "You know, when I hit that water, I didn't know if it were really happening, or if I were dreaming again. There are two dreams, nightmares really, that I keep over and over. One, I've had all my life. I guess it must have something to do with claustrophobia. It's always the same, the inside of a tool shop. As I walk in, there's this man standing there, or I wind up on each wall staring in on me and finally I wind up sitting at a little machine with a tape running through it and a crazy needle making marks on the tape. After, I wake up in a cold sweat.

"The other," he stopped talking and sipped more coffee, then went on, "the other one's where I dream I'm drowning. It's terrible at first, but then I get so I can breathe under water and have a hell of a time! It was like that today."

He was silent for a few minutes, then said: "You know, it's funny. Last time I had the dream, I told some people about it and an older woman who was sitting with us said: 'Be careful! Dreams can come true, you know.' She got mad when I laughed at her. "I wonder what will happen today," and then, as though he wanted to chase the thought away, he stood up and tossed off his blanket.

"Guess I'd better start packing if I'll need the suit to Portofino."

Rock can be seen in "The Day of the Gun" and "Come September" for U-I.

SEND 35¢ in coins for each pattern to: Photoplay, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Sta., New York 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ for 1st-class mailing. For Needlecraft Service send 25¢. For full-color Catalog of Fall and Winter Fashions send 35¢.
LANA'S FLIRTING
WITH DANGER

Continued from page 29

On the sunny, quiet afternoon of August 30th, a sleepy clerk in the marriage bureau, at the El Retiro School for Girls in Santa Monica, California, some thirty-five miles from Hollywood, looked up in amazement as he recognized the couple standing before him. He didn't believe it himself, but he went through the formalities and then wrote down "Lana Turner" and "Frederick Clemens May.

"We were driving to his ranch," Lania explained quickly, "and we decided to take out a license. It was all so sudden.

But Lana, as she has done in the past, was winking at the truth. She stood at Fred's side and smiled; but the third person in the drama was missing—Cheryl, offsetting, waiting behind the gray walls of the El Retiro School for Girls for whatever fate would bring her now.

If the clerk knew that he wasn't saying. But this decision couldn't have been all that sudden. In California, you can't apply for a license without a doctor's certificate, and the medical examination, as well as the blood tests, will take at least twenty-four hours before the results are known. The clerk looked quizzically at Lana, but her half-closed eyes were fixed on an invisible center somewhere ahead.

Her fiancé, tanned, crested Fred May, avoided the clerk's glance, too. And after that, the couple gave the answers necessary to fill in the blanks.

They did not say why they had decided to marry in California, where the three-week waiting period is a few days when they're trying to keep a secret.

They did not say when they would marry, or where.

The clerk continued to fill out the license. May said he was 43 and that his occupation was "rancher." Lana gave her age as 39 and said she had been married four times previously. May said that he, too, had been married before—once. "Sign here," the clerk said, making an x to indicate the signature. Lana, who had also signed, took the license with them and then drove off to celebrate at the Del Mar racetrack.

In an hour, the news was out. Surrounding reporters, Fred May was triumphant. "We just wanted to keep it on our secret," he said. "Lana's daughter, Cheryl, who is overjoyed that her mother is finding happiness. And Lana's mother, Mrs. Myrtle Turner, who also approves.

But the three-day waiting period ended with no sign that they'd set a date. "I'll be September 5th," a friend revealed. 

"Lana told me that five is a lucky number for her and Fred." In her fifth marriage, she might guess at anything that would change her luck. But the day passed, as did the "lucky fifties" of the months that followed. The question was no longer when they'd marry, but whether they'd marry at all.

"We'll marry," Lana insisted, and, her blue-green eyes averted, she added, "but not tomorrow. . . . I'm not holding out on you."

Fred, though, seemed to be growing impatient. Angrily, he walked out on Lana and a group of her friends, leaving them seated at a restaurant table on the Strip. The next day, he arrived late. "We had a lovers' quarrel, but kissed and made up later," she said. Her voice was level as she added, "We are still in love."

But were they, as Lana pretended, still in love? Had it, for that matter, ever been love? And, more to the point, was he the right man for her? On several occasions in the past, he had retired from business at 38 and run a horse ranch in China, there seemed no doubt. And Lana? What about her?

A gamble for love

Through it all, Lana glowed. Her eyes and her cheeks were flushed with a look that she had never before; again, the staked were high and dazzling—she was gambling for love. And this time she might risk anything to break the streak of broken marriages. As they doggedly followed her along. For now there glittered before her an added prize—Cheryl. Marriage to a solid, respectable man like Fred May might well bring her a family of her own.

But for Lana, love has always been a fatal game. She's always played with her eyes closed—as if that were the only way she dared to play at all.

Through it all, she had been patient that what it was—ran in the family. At 14, her mother, Myrtle Turner, was a runaway bride. According to Lana, the man, her father, was a bootlegger, a drifter, a rock worker and a woman killer. The former Mrs. Turner ended her marriage and had her marriage annulled. Myrtle Turner was a runaway bride. According to Lana, the man, her father, was a bootlegger, a drifter, a rock worker and a woman killer. The former Mrs. Turner ended her marriage and had her marriage annulled.

After a crap game in which he won a lot of money, he was washed up and left tragically to die on a San Francisco street.

Myrtle had once and lost. Lana played on, and lost. The next time, she's more likely to win. She's more likely to win. She's more likely to win.

But for Lana, love has always been a fatal game. She's always played with her eyes closed—as if that were the only way she dared to play at all.

At nineteen, Lana was as impatient for love as, later, Cheryl would be. She eloped with Artie Shaw after just one dinner date. She had eloped too quickly and had failed. The marriage had been annulled. Next, she married Steve Crane but this love was doomed even before the wedding vows were said. Steve's divorce from another woman was not yet final and the marriage had to be annulled. But Cheryl was already on the way, so they went. After his divorce was final, Lana and Steve re-married. By then, it was too late. Cheryl is still with Steve, and she loves her today, it wasn't meant to be. Perhaps it wasn't meant to be, either, with Tyrone Power—"the only man I ever loved," Lana said recently. By the time their marriage had ended, Lana had stepped in. She had found Linda Christian. "And that was that," said Lana.

As for her, she found Bob Topping. Cheryl was five then and she was Mommy's flower girl. She was dressed up in an Em- pire gown of white lace over turquoise blue satin and her soft brown curls peeped out from under a white lace bonnet. In the mad scramble of reporters and photographers, she was sandwiched and crowded out of the way. When Lana passed by close to her, she reached out eagerly and caught at her skirt of champagne colored taffeta. She was a little girl; she heard her, and turning around for a moment, she leaned down to give her a kiss. "Now darling," she told her, "you run along with Gr Henry. Mommy has to go to the colt show to pick her horse."

But Bob Topping, little girl sigh nor did she see the bewilderment on her face. Yet that look was to be there often.

"This is forever," Lana had said about Bob. But "forever" was destined to last only four years.
Everyone expected Lana would marry a man, but instead her betrothed was Lex Barker. "We’ll be happy, you’ll see," Lana promised Cheryl, hugging her close. "He even has a daughter who’s eleven, just like you. You can be friends and go to school together."

But they weren’t happy. And the girls weren’t friends. Their fights kept the Bel Air Town and Country School in an uproar. And it was usually Cheryl who was blamed and punished—so often that the other girls were always laughing at her. She was almost relieved when she was finally expelled from Missy’s house.

When this marriage, too, ended, the trouble between the two girls was blamed as part of the reason. And Lex saw a danger that Lana’s eyes were closed to. Cheryl is a difficult girl to understand. When he told a friend, "and I fear she will get into trouble one of these days unless she finds a friend who can help her."

She was a sullen girl at that time, people said. She was sometimes the pampered pet of her parents, other times the child who had to be left alone while Mommy acted and Daddy took care of her restaurant. She had been often disappointed.

"C’mon, Cherlie," her mother said one time, "we’re going on a picnic." The girl was thrilled. But then a reporter and a photographer got in the car with them and Mommy explained they were doing something called a "layout," a picture story for a magazine. So they spent the whole day changing clothes and pretending to do things, but never really doing them.

When Cheryl was twelve, she had few friends. The mother of one of them reported that she lit one cigarette after another, flouting her smoking. And the following year, when the girls wouldn’t stop teasing her over a story in a scandal magazine about her mother, she ran away from the Sacred Heart Academy in Flintridge.

Lana blinked at the warning signals. She was still playing the game; she was dazzled, blinded as she made her most fatal try for love—this time with Johnny Stompanato.

To Cheryl, her mother seemed successful at love. Everyone adored her, and the lonely girl wished she could be more like her. She idolized her. When, from her mother’s pink bedroom, she heard Stompanato’s angry threats, she rushed to defend her, stabbing the man who would hurt her mother.

Yet even after that terrible tragedy, Lana still continued to tempt fate. She seemed somehow to still be drawn to a kind of man who was wrong for her. And eyebrows were raised as people said one of her dates had started physical resemblance to Stompanato.

And then it was all over. Suddenly, Lana was shocked into reality. Her "baby" was playing the love game on her—and finding herself in the heartless way as it had the other Turner women. When Cheryl threatened to run away with Marty Gunn, a carpenter at a drive-in, Lana had to open her eyes wide and see that love was not just a game after all.

This time, she acted quickly. She agreed with the authorities that Cheryl should be committed to the El Retiro school for girls, hoping that there she would get the help she couldn’t get at home. And when she wasn’t as happy there as Lana had promised her... when the wonders of El Retiro had hoped for... when Marty had run away from the school a second time—then this was when Lana and Fred May reached a peak of seriousness in their romance.

"He’s a wonderful man," she said, "and I only wish I had met him years ago. His advice to me is always good. He knows just what is best for me." She didn’t mention love, and who knows? Maybe Lana had him there, too, and she didn’t want to be left out. Maybe Lana felt that she could only show her good faith, if she only took out a license with a man like Fred, they could get married. But then she would marry Cheryl to her. At the very least, maybe Cheryl could go back to her grandmother.

For when Marty Gunn’s story came out, Lana had seen the pattern repeating itself; she had heard echoes of her own words in Cheryl’s.

Marty told of their first meeting at the drive-in... of the dates when Cheryl was filmed totally from mother’s house after midnight and then slip back in at 4 A.M. of how Cheryl would tremble, insisting that people were staring at her... of how she told him, "I think I’m the loneliest girl in the world." Cheryl was lonely, too, but she couldn’t believe it. In her mother’s glamorous world, she had never found anyone else who was lonely, too. Perhaps it was that. But between that and Marty told of how finally there came a night when she whispered, "More than anything else in the world, I want to marry you, Marty, and have you all to myself."

Shortly after that, he said, when he met Cheryl she was crying—Cheryl who never cries. She said they were going to send her away. She told him, "I just want to be happy."

He told of how she wouldn’t be comforted, how, still crying, she said, "I’ve never had to want for anything, Marty—but I’ve never had anything. Does that sound strange? Anything I have wanted has been given to me, except what I really wanted—a deep-down love and attention.

The two things I’ve wanted most I haven’t had—love and happiness. I almost feel the world wanted me to be unhappy."

Marty told, too, of the only message he’s had from Cheryl since she was sent to El Retiro, the very day after he’d given her asmall diamond engagement ring and she gave him a St. Christopher’s medal. A week later, he says that Lana telephoned him, saying, "I have a message from Cherlie. She said, Tell Marty that I love him!" He’s never heard from her again. When she ran away from El Retiro, and tried to phone a number where she might reach him, he wasn’t there.

Cheryl had played at love; she vowed she would marry the first chance she got. But Lana couldn’t stand by and let fate repeat itself for the third generation. She couldn’t let her daughter be a loser, too. Whatever she had to do to prevent that, she was now ready to do. Only... she may have chosen the wrong thing to do.

If Lana’s planning a sacrifice, if she’s planning to marry just for Cheryl’s sake, then she may be a loser herself—for the fifth time. She may be as wrong about the marriage she wants as Cheryl was at 16. She may be看重于truly once more, shutting her ears to Cheryl’s own words: "You can’t run away forever." For if she truthfully wants daughter both need love—desperately. And perhaps Lana can never give Cheryl the deep-down love she needs until she has it herself.

It’s true, Lana has the love of Fred May. There seems no doubt about that. She has had the love of many men, and she must know by now that you can’t take love without giving it back. She must know by now—that love is a thing you can’t let last; a marriage made in sacrifice won’t last. And she can’t afford to lose again. For her own sake, and for Cheryl’s. If she has any doubts, then she’s not only flitting with her own sake, she’s marrying it.—MILTON JOHNSON

Lana now stars in "Portrait in Black" for U-I. Watch for "Love Possessed" for U-A.
thing," her friend says, "or someone on the string." But what Connie didn't tell even her best friend was that, until recently, she couldn't have married Gary even if she wanted to. His divorce wasn't final.

She bought two houses. One for her brother, Chuck, his wife and their three kids. The other one she lives in herself with her father and brother Teddy. It's a bungelow— a stone's throw from Warner's studio in North Hollywood. She calls it her "palatial mansion." The inside hasn't been furnished yet, but she bought green and white cloth drapes from the Valley. It's always wrapped in curtains. I like the feel of the floor and especially my new carpets. I feel like I belong.

"My father's always yelling at me. He wants to know why it's so difficult for me to close a drawer after I've taken something out of it. He says the effort is just the same as when I opened it. It's funny. I can't even be interested in the things that give me the most satisfaction. Like my career."

"One thing that means as much to Connie as her work is Shane, her dog, a Spitz. She's had for years. "He was abandoned when the going was rough," she merely comments. "Funny thing about animals. You never have to worry about them talking back to you. Everything is all right. I get interested in the things you're telling them. When you're happy, they're happy, and when you're sad they're sad, too. They can just sense your every feeling. Shane is my loyal friend. You know dogs have an uncanny loyalty to you—even more so than people. They never get angry. Only when you play with rough with them. They give you all the love you expect from them."

As for her family, somehow you get the feeling that while Connie is so close to her brother Chuck and her father Teddy, really there's a certain distance between them; they treat her like a kid. "He's like a buddy, which is okay with Connie. Sometimes you wonder who fulfills her needs for attention and understanding."

Next to dogs, she says, "They seem to be guys. She's considered one of the best dates in Hollywood. "Connie makes you feel warm and wanted," Kenny Miller says, "and before you realize it you're crying over her story."

She never cries on anybody's shoulder. About her roommate for two years, Marianne, Gaba, she says, "I found it difficult to communicate with Marianne. We got along just great, but it was hard for me to

thing," her friend says, "or someone on the string." But what Connie didn't tell even her best friend was that, until recently, she couldn't have married Gary even if she wanted to. His divorce wasn't final.

She bought two houses. One for her brother, Chuck, his wife and their three kids. The other one she lives in herself with her father and brother Teddy. It's a bungelow— a stone's throw from Warner's studio in North Hollywood. She calls it her "palatial mansion." The inside hasn't been furnished yet, but she bought green and white cloth drapes from the Valley. It's always wrapped in curtains. I like the feel of the floor and especially my new carpets. I feel like I belong.

"My father's always yelling at me. He wants to know why it's so difficult for me to close a drawer after I've taken something out of it. He says the effort is just the same as when I opened it. It's funny. I can't even be interested in the things that give me the most satisfaction. Like my career."

"One thing that means as much to Connie as her work is Shane, her dog, a Spitz. She's had for years. "He was abandoned when the going was rough," she merely comments. "Funny thing about animals. You never have to worry about them talking back to you. Everything is all right. I get interested in the things you're telling them. When you're happy, they're happy, and when you're sad they're sad, too. They can just sense your every feeling. Shane is my loyal friend. You know dogs have an uncanny loyalty to you—even more so than people. They never get angry. Only when you play with rough with them. They give you all the love you expect from them."

As for her family, somehow you get the feeling that while Connie is so close to her brother Chuck and her father Teddy, really there's a certain distance between them; they treat her like a kid. "He's like a buddy, which is okay with Connie. Sometimes you wonder who fulfills her needs for attention and understanding."

Next to dogs, she says, "They seem to be guys. She's considered one of the best dates in Hollywood. "Connie makes you feel warm and wanted," Kenny Miller says, "and before you realize it you're crying over her story."

She never cries on anybody's shoulder. About her roommate for two years, Marianne, Gaba, she says, "I found it difficult to communicate with Marianne. We got along just great, but it was hard for me to

thing," her friend says, "or someone on the string." But what Connie didn't tell even her best friend was that, until recently, she couldn't have married Gary even if she wanted to. His divorce wasn't final.

She bought two houses. One for her brother, Chuck, his wife and their three kids. The other one she lives in herself with her father and brother Teddy. It's a bungelow— a stone's throw from Warner's studio in North Hollywood. She calls it her "palatial mansion." The inside hasn't been furnished yet, but she bought green and white cloth drapes from the Valley. It's always wrapped in curtains. I like the feel of the floor and especially my new carpets. I feel like I belong.

"My father's always yelling at me. He wants to know why it's so difficult for me to close a drawer after I've taken something out of it. He says the effort is just the same as when I opened it. It's funny. I can't even be interested in the things that give me the most satisfaction. Like my career."

"One thing that means as much to Connie as her work is Shane, her dog, a Spitz. She's had for years. "He was abandoned when the going was rough," she merely comments. "Funny thing about animals. You never have to worry about them talking back to you. Everything is all right. I get interested in the things you're telling them. When you're happy, they're happy, and when you're sad they're sad, too. They can just sense your every feeling. Shane is my loyal friend. You know dogs have an uncanny loyalty to you—even more so than people. They never get angry. Only when you play with rough with them. They give you all the love you expect from them."

As for her family, somehow you get the feeling that while Connie is so close to her brother Chuck and her father Teddy, really there's a certain distance between them; they treat her like a kid. "He's like a buddy, which is okay with Connie. Sometimes you wonder who fulfills her needs for attention and understanding."

Next to dogs, she says, "They seem to be guys. She's considered one of the best dates in Hollywood. "Connie makes you feel warm and wanted," Kenny Miller says, "and before you realize it you're crying over her story."

She never cries on anybody's shoulder. About her roommate for two years, Marianne, Gaba, she says, "I found it difficult to communicate with Marianne. We got along just great, but it was hard for me to
the strong. The woman of today—the husband's trademark—is hopelessly, horribly unhappy. Look at her face and you will see that she has been seduced from a mate who does not make her feel his superiority. Because she does get her own way. Because, like a child, she has been pampered, spoiled, indulged, yielded to, until she doesn't know what she wants or get any pleasure from anything she gets.

"Where is the woman whose face is alight with joy over such simple things as a beautiful day, a service rendered, a child or a dog? Where is the woman who studies what happiness means and how to get it?"

"Women's emancipation and equality have too greatly led her down, to a mere level instead of bringing him up to hers."

"The second cause for unhappiness—and it is an offshoot of the first—between men and women, in love and marriage, is the success of woman in her venture into the business and professional world.

"If the sure way to get rid of a bore is to lend him money, the surest way to get rid of a husband that is worth keeping.

"I do not believe that marriage—happy, successful marriage in the higher sense of a home, a center, a joint growth and future—is possible if the woman insists on following a career.

Marriage is a science

"Professional women—who wish to go on working—should not marry. This, understand, is not my personal opinion necessarily. But as a theory, it seems to me today, and even more so, when we look at the women who are trying to get out of our present difficulties than the present presents. We can proceed only by improved beliefs. Balzac said, 'Marriage is a science.'"

"What woman today regards it as such? Yet somebody has got to be the scientist of marriage of each marriage. It's got to be somebody's business. And since nothing can be a success in a woman born with the children it should be the science of woman.

"I claim that any woman in the world can make a success of any marriage if she will devote her time to it, study it, sacrifice to it, do all as any other scientist does. And that her return will be a thousandfold."

Perhaps we can develop a civilization where woman can find the same happiness in work and art as can be found in marriage.

"But both she cannot have."

"Let us establish a business, a professional or an artistic celibacy, as we have established a religious."

"We must find a medical solution, and this is the only one unless man consents to let the wife carry the burden of support and business, and he assumes the marital obligations.

"If a woman's desire for a career, for her independence, is stronger than her desire for wifehood and motherhood—well and good. That is fair enough. But she must leave marriage alone. Let her follow the path of her choice and sacrifice marriage. Nor is logical to say that men in the past have always had both a career and marriage—for then the woman carried her share of the partnership and while the career was his and he shared its benefits, the marriage was hers. She took her portion of its joys.

"If but a woman is going to marry, let her devote herself to it. Let her make it a success and see her be taught in her girlhood the labors, the trials and hardships that are necessary to produce a happy marriage. Let her be disciplined to undertake it.

"The least interesting woman in the world is a mother to two, calls herself a woman. The most obvious wife, a famous one. It is not possible for a home to serve two masters—a master and a mistress. Yes, a man resents deeply every day until both want a woman who spends that she earns. Money gives a woman security, confidence, makes her sure of her judgment. It steals away from her the child qualities that all men love in a woman.

"Equality between the sexes, in my opinion, means mutually giving those things in which each excels—not equaling each other in the same thing.

"If we ever consider some of the things a woman should know and have in order to be a successful wife.

"The wise wife must prefer peace of mind, which can only come when she has her own opinions, comfort and congeniality to the emphasis of her own dignity, and a contented husband to a personal success.

"How can a woman who every day experiences the best of her brain and heart and soul to the impersonal master of a career have the patience, tact and humility to govern a home?

"Sweetness is a quality that the modern woman has almost forgotten. It has gone out of date. There are many clever women, successful women, smart and talented women, but I see so few women nowadays that through which I really care unless a woman has been rendered, and says, "Man has a real call for some work, her only happiness lies in loving him and having him love her.

"The theory of difference has been exploded, and a woman is no longer a rather cheap weapon for the coquette. The man who woman to be won by indirection isn't worth winning. Love is worth while only when it is pleasingly, comfortably and pleasant. One's very latest and mostst of the varieties that somewhere between an automobile accident and loopy the loop in an airplane.

Man must be the master

"Nowadays we are ruled by our passions and our necessities. Therefore the woman who is virtuous and simple is mistress of her destiny.

"One of the greatest curses of the modern woman is her emancipation. It is my positive belief, founded on years of observation and study, that beauty is one of the least of the elements in exciting love, or holding it. No beautiful woman is ever adored, as is an ugly one, if she is adored at all.

"Do you know what is my greatest difficulty in the persons I play—the thing it seems to me is most seen? I don't actually have a character. As my characterizations are, are often thrilled or startled by them—but how often do they love them? Yet I try to give a faithful portrayal of woman today.

"Spend a little time in the adornment of the body and a little more in the care of mind and heart. Love is a thing—physical, mental and spiritual. If you put all your eggs in one basket you may find yourself unhappily a woman who can talk something besides baby talk."

"You may have the most gorgeous mellow, the most seductive lips, the curliest hair in the world, and some girl with a good enough will steal your husband just the same. The most brilliant epigram you can make won't endear you to him like the stupidest one you can listen to. The modern woman knows too much of everything."

"A wife that always knows more about everything from Babe Ruth's batting average to the market quotation on cotton sounds to him as pleasing as the answer, "I don't know."

"But the woman that can carry on an interesting kissless conversation is nearly as bad.

"The most beautiful woman in the world cannot save a man's love unless she can be to him a friend, an inspiration and sweetness. Men will always love goodness and fineness in woman. And no woman can be happy unless she has these things to offer.

"But unless the man becomes her master and she cares to please him, she will go on just as she is today.

"So in the last analysis, is it up to the man or the woman?"

---

Photo on page 37 by Edward Steichen.
a quick dinner with his Boston field man, Bucky Harris, the actor greeted more press in addition to television and radio inter-
views. It was well past midnight when he switched off the lights in his suite over-
looking the scenic Boston Commons. He slept, as he always does when he’s on the road, very restlessly, and was up and dressed by 6:30 A.M.

Over an early cup of coffee he studied his agenda, discovering that he had seen everyone already. The commentator-writer Elliot Norton. He frowned as he no-
ticed that the television show was to tape with Norton was set for the afternoon. If he could do it earlier, he’d be all cleaned up and could probably go to bed.

When Harris joined him for breakfast he said, “Look, Bucky, can’t I do the Norton interview this morning instead?”

The request wasn’t as easy as it sounded. Bucky crows. The television studio was tied up until afternoon with other shows.

“See if you can sneak us in,” Kirk said as he got up from the table. “But there’s another problem,” Harris said hesitantly. “You’re not booked out of Boston until the 5:30 flight. There’s one other, at 1:30 but it’s probably booked solid.”

Kirk never is put off by long odds and Bucky was soon on the telephone. He fi-
nally succeeded in getting the interview arranged for that morning, but the second request had been shot down. The airlines were swamped with reservations.

“All we can do is put Mr. Douglas and you on a standby list,” Harris was in-
formed by a clerk.

They had both been confirmed on the 5:30 flight, an Eastern Airlines Electra jet. Now they stood one chance in a thou-
sand to get on Flight 375 at 1:30. But Kirk was so sure it would be all right that he began making plans.

“I’m ahead of schedule,” he thought to himself, “they don’t expect me in Philly till tonight, and I have nothing to do until tomorrow morning. Can I catch some fun?” He remembered reading in the New York papers that Dore Schary’s new play, “The Unsinkable Molly Brown,” was in Philadelphia for a break-in. If they got on the 1:30 flight he could see it tonight.

One final call to the airlines met with success. There were two last-minute can-
cellations. So Kirk and his associate had a ticket for the 1:30 tourist flight to Philadelphia. In the busy terminal building he paused to put fifty cents in an insurance coin machine.

“There’s another fifty cents shot to hell,” he said with a grin. He’s heavily insured, but explained, “It’s a habit with me, take-
ing out flight insurance.”

Logan Airport bustled with activity as Kirk strolled to the gate. He’d checked in for the 1:30 flight en route to Philadelphia. In the busy terminal building he paused to put fifty cents in an insurance coin machine.

“I’ll cross out your name on the 5:30 flight.”

“You’re a real ass,” the agent smiled as he handed him the ticket to check his name off.

Kirk walked to the plane, Kirk took deep breaths of the crisp clean air, and com-
mented on the ideal flying conditions. Soon the plane was at the take-off, and into the clear blue sky. As the shoreline of Bos-
ton harbor fell away, he settled back in his seat, content. Everything had gone well in Boston, and tonight he would relax.

That night, Kirk was at the Warick Hotel in Philadelphia. First thing he did when he got to his room was to telephone his wife in New York. No matter

"A game with Fate"

He shuddered. The newspaper was crumpled in his fist, but he didn’t have to see the words. He knew what they were like. He had done it last time. From March 25th.

He’d never forget those words either. "Producer Mike Todd, writer Art Cohn and the pilot and copilot of Todd’s private plane were killed instantly today when it crashed and exploded on a desolate mountain top in the badlands near Grant, New Mexico."

He was supposed to be on that plane, too. But it was him? What kind of a game was Fate playing with him—again?

All these poor devils, he thought. Sixty-
one dead and I’m alive. He went into the hotel restaurant and ordered coffee. Usually, he had a cigarette. Today he noticed the smooth feel of the cup, how hot the coffee was, how good it tasted. He was safe out of it, but a whole plane of people had died hideously! He was grateful for the one—but, he thought, they’d wanted to live too!

Thank God he called Anne as soon as he did. She’d be out of her mind otherwise.

Pain Ends ... Out Come Corns In A Jiffy!

1. The pad alone stops pain in one minute.
2. The separate Medications include corns and one of the quickest ways known to medical science.

No waiting for the kind of relief you want when you avail yourself of the multiple action of thin, soothing, cushioning Dr. Scholl’s Zino-pads. Get a box today. At Drug, Dept., 5-104 Stores.

1958Free Lyon Corset Company's
FREE LIFE COVER
AMERICAN
HOLDBACK
FREE P.F.C. OF AMERICA
LIFETIME OF $1,000.

PERIOD DIFFICULTY?

Irregular or scanty menses may be sympto-
matical of functional disorders. Thousands of women find relief from periodic physi-

calmness with HUMPHREYS’ "11!". Ask your druggist for this gentle homeopathic prepa-
ratio. No hormones; no prescription needed.

LEARN TO DRAW IN

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, 1395 WASHINGTON ST., PORTLAND, MA.

5 WEEKS

FREE 3 x ENLARGEMENT

with order for
FREE 3 x ENLARGEMENT

with order for

25 wallet photos plus 25c postage

25 embryo, deep-shunk, panel-edge wallet photos 2½ x 3½, mounted on 9 x 10 panel embossed ETCHCRAFT SALON FRAME

 Andres, untrained hair PERMANENTLY, is curren-
tly on vacation in France. When you have cut your hair, send us a few locks in a stamped envelope. You will receive a free consultation and we will make a suggestion as to how to keep it. We will send it to you on F.R.E.E.

MAILER'S INC. 601A PROVIDENCE R. I.

F.R.E.E. 3 x ENLARGEMENT

with order for

25 wallet photos plus 25c postage

25 embryo, deep-shunk, panel-edge wallet photos 2½ x 3½, mounted on card

1959

DISCOURAGE

THUMB SUCKING

NAIL BITING

Just Paint on Fingertips

60c at your drug store

THUM TRADE MARK
LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 40

stood grimly by. There was a feeling of apprehension in the air, a feeling of impending terror.

Liz and Eddie had just arrived in London after a considerable amount of travel. Liz was to start work on her latest motion picture, "Cleopatra." She did not look like the Queen of the Nile, but rather like a tired mother at the end of a long journey. Eddie was cheered up by the news that she would be away from the crowd, alone with the children in the suite at the hotel.

It was one of those soggy days that come so often in the British Isles. The sky seemed sullen, dull and gray, and low ominous clouds darkened the landscape.

London . . . the town where she was born . . . London . . . where she had been married to Michael Wilding, the father of her two boys. The Wilding lawyer said his separation from his third wife, only a few days before, had been announced before Liz's arrival, as they wanted no one to get a wrong impression that it was in any way connected with her. Liz never told anyone that she had honedymooned with Mike.

The lovely, lazy sea voyage from New York on the S.S. Leonardo da Vinci had been a joyous journey. Dr. Rex Kanning's drawings of Liz, and they knew other people on the ship. This was a real vacation, a much needed letdown. Liz didn't even bother to paint her toenails—instead she carried a little jeweled pill-box containing cold cream which she dabbed on her luscious lips from time to time.

"I made a deal with Eddie," she confided to a shipmate. "If he'd stop smoking, cigars, I'd stop using lipstick."

The sky darkened as they reached the hotel and sharp jots of rain slanted down. Even with the protection of the big awning which sheltered guests from curb to portal, a few drops splattered on Liz's face, like tears. She brushed them away, never dreaming that soon there would be real tears—of terror.

They ran down all the lights in the suite and pulled the drapes to shut out the glum view. Liz went to see that the children were easily tucked in for the night and returned to the living room where she caught Eddie hastily disposing of a cigar.

"When we get a place in the country you'll have to go behind the barn to steal those smokes," Liz laughed. They had agreed, the parks in London are beautiful but they made her think of something. She was so sky-king. Was the weather with her, or was she in London?

Next morning Eddie started out on his home-finding mission, leaving Liz to have a lazy morning with breakfast in bed. A heavy fog hung low over the city. Liz thought it would be just as well for the children not to take their usual walk to the park with the governess, but when they caught running in to say "good morning" already dressed in their outdoor clothes, all set for fun, she agreed to let them go.

She wasn't feeling very vague foreboding, the governess was a most responsible person. She was also considered by her to be the one with the moniker she thought.

Toward noon the phone rang, and Liz heard Eddie's happy voice: "I've found it—a castle for a queen! I can't wait for you to see it. We'll be there in two days, in time for lunch, rooms, and a swimming pool, and thirty-five acres of forest and grounds. I'm coming now to get you. If you like it we can arrange to move in immediately."

With this news all settled and the children were excited with what they'd seen of their new home. As they drove off, Liz saw a sign on the mailbox. "Look!" she cried delightedly. "It says: Here live the Lanters.

By coincidence the owner and usual occupant of the house is named Fisher, Jonathan Fisher, no relation. He was to get killed every day just crossing streets—if I were a fatalist, I wouldn't go out of the house."

As the only son of Russian immigrants, Kirk struggled so hard in his youth to help need, his parents and sister, that he had no time for death. He was, at twenty, a top money-making Hollywood star was even tougher.

"I'd never have made it," he says, "if I hadn't taken a gamble."

But he also wonders if keeping his nose to the grindstone both times didn't give fate or luck a helping hand.

But his wife takes a different view. Anne now refuses to fly on the same plane with her husband. Not because she's afraid he would be killed in a tragedy. But she feels it would be terrible for their children, Peter, aged five, and one-year-old Eric, if anything happened to both of them at the same time. So they fly on separate planes that leave a few minutes apart from each other.

"Anne left on a jet from Chicago five minutes before I did," Kirk recalled, "and we arrived in Los Angeles five minutes apart again."

This writer was leaving his office, he said, and made reservations to fly to Europe for a new picture.

BOB DEAN

DON'T MISS KIRK IN "SPARTACUS" FOR U-1.

a pretty penny from his new tenants, 328 pounds ($91.28) a week.

Next morning they decided to move right in. While Eddie was down in the lobby seeing some people about it, the maid brought the children up. Liz was standing at the window looking out on another foggy London day. Gray, gray, gray, with mist that hung down like a shroud over the entire town. Idly she opened some letters. They were from friends and fans welcoming her to London.

She picked up another envelope. It was shabby and soiled. She opened it and glanced at the piece of cheap notepaper, and then began writing. It must be from a very bright fan, or perhaps a very young one, and she nearly discarded it. Then . . .

A word caught her eye. One word—but it sent cold fear creeping up her spine and into her heart as those icy fingers had touched her. Fingers frigid as—death! She looked quickly for the signature—and there was none.

An unsigned threat

An unsigned note—and the threatening word was "kidnap." They were threatening to kidnap her. But the children! The fog in the fog was waiting to snatch them! Her legs refused to hold her up, they went hollow with terror. She sank into a chair, stunned—but the next instant she sprang to her feet, screaming for the nursery. The children—why did she ever say they could go on that walk? Had they left yet? They mustn't—they mustn't—they kidnap could be waiting out there in the fog this very minute.

The nursery sounded so quiet—too ominously quiet. Was she too late? . . . She yanked open the door, and the tears sprang to her eyes. No relief to see them there, hanging on for life.

Thank God they were safe—for now. She told the governess, "I don't think I'd take the children out today, not in this
awful pea soup fog." That was all she said, she mustn't alarm them.

Eddie comforted her when he returned. "Don't worry about it, Liz—it's only from some cracked peaches, nothing will happen to the children."

But the day's second mail brought another letter. Eddie promptly notified Scotland Yard and also the nearest police station. The two letters hit the papers—and England buzzed.

Even before that, as soon as the newspapers announced that the famous Fishers were renting the Surrey house, curious crowds had gone out to stand and wait for a glimpse of the most beautiful woman in the world. Cars parked on the tree-lined road, bicycles were strewn on the lane to the Fishers, and Liz Taylor and an Eddie Fisher moved right into their midst.

"Has she moved in yet?" a woman asked of a gardener. "Have you seen the young ones? Did you hear after they were back, Michael Wilding? . . . And does the little girl look like Mr. Todd? . . . Not in residence, you say, eh? Well, when do you expect them? People can't wait all day.

Now, after the kidnappings were made public, the curious grew even more so, and the traffic heavier. Villagers from nearby hamlets also came out seeking work as maids and butlers, but none of it to see the famous Americans. Because the Fishers weren't there, they were still in London.

Liz had scarcely left the children alone for a minute in some time. So the threats. Eddie covered, too, trying to comfort her.

"Before we so much as pack a toothbrush we'll ask the police out there to give us full protection," Eddie said. But the Surrey police took a dim view of this idea. They refused to say whether or not they could promise protection on such a large estate with its vast acreage and wooded sections.

They decided to let the threats be.

Next day to the press Eddie simply gave out a statement pooh-poohing the idea that the kidnaps were the reason for their change of mind about living in Surrey. "Those letters," he said, "were only fruit cranks. People in show business have received them before. We prefer to stay in town, that's all."

But after the horror of the kidnap threats, the letters were unwise and wrong, Dr. Kannaberg suggested a brief holiday before the start of "Cleopatra." Spyros Skouras, head of 20th Century-Fox, provided a yacht and the Fishers, accompanied by the Doctor, had a ten-day vacation. They sailed to the Greek Islands, then went on to Rome for the Olympic games.

Her fears return

Back in drizzly London again, her fears returned. Unnamed fears seem to loom in every dark shadow. They decided to seek another place in the country, one not so vast as that with the Fishers, one where they could have more assurance of protection from kidnappers, to say nothing of sightseers.

Nothing came of it, however, and the terrible very Liz felt for her husband and its toll of her.

The Fishers stayed on in London and Liz went behind closed doors. She wasn't working on "Cleopatra." Not one foot of film had been shot. The picture for which the whole family had come abroad—the picture which was to earn a million dollars for Liz .

"Where is she? Why has she disappeared from the screen like this?" everybody asked, and the speculations began. Liz was hiding out until she slipped down by at least four inches of waistline and an overall twenty pounds . . . the "Cleopatra" costumes no longer fit . . . and a shipmate from the trip over remembered how she'd laughed when teased about the eight course dinner had laid off with pizza and said, "I guess I'll have to stop eating or I'll sink that barge on the River Nile."

But then the rumors took off in several other directions. She is ill, some said. Others said they overestimated her care. "Because she'd eat too much. She is pregnant, they said, at last she's having the baby that she and Eddie always wanted. Doctors have said that a fourth delivery would be hazardous for Liz who had to have each of her three by Caesarean section. But both she and Eddie have voiced such longings for a baby of their own that they are not at all bent on taking the risk. They didn't believe Eddie's statements denying the pregnancy and insisting instead that she was ill, fighting a bad cold which could turn into something worse.

But when Eddie left Liz sick in their London hotel suite and went back across the Atlantic by himself, it seemed the trouble was more serious than a mere virus. The locals had told the Stateside business to take care of for his recording company—and that Liz preferred not to appear in public without him.

"But if she has given birth to another just for business?" people speculated. They were sure it must mean something else.

Some said. "She's uneasy about the children when he's not around. This way at least he has something to do."

When Eddie returned to London nothing had changed. Liz was still behind closed doors, and some people whispered that she wasn't there at all, but away in some hospital, nerve-shattered and seriously ill.

Those letters the Fishers had received were true, that Liz was suffering from a low grade virus infection that has kept her in bed for weeks and is making her very, very restless because she can't bear it. When asked what hospital she was in, he answered that the hospital rumors were false, she was bedded in their own hotel suite. And to a reporter who phoned from the United States, he said that the Queen's assistant, Lord Evans, was tending her. He shouted, as if to someone across the room, "What is it Lord Evans told you, Elizabeth?" The answer could not be heard at the telephone end of the wire. Eddie said, into the phone, "She said she'd be back to work November first."

But that date proved too optimistic. Two days before she was to return to work, Liz died from an infection that had spread to any of the antibiotics, Eddie said, "so she'll go into the London Clinic. There she can have a more thorough examination and a new treatment." In a telephone interview, he said that for weeks she'd been running a temperature of 100; he insisted that reports of a 103-degree fever were incorrect. But the illness might be Malaria Fever; which usually lasts four or five months and which she probably caught on that trip to Greece.

And once she'd been taken to the doctors that Elizabeth was pregnant. "I only wish it were so," he said sadly, "I wish we could have a baby." But it is not true. —DOUGLAS DRAPER

SEE LIZ AND EDDIE IN "BUTTERFIELD 8" FOR M-G-M. WATCH FOR LIZ IN 20TH'S "CLEOPATRA."
I'll bet Hugh O'Brian dates more starlets than Wyatt Earp ever did. . . . May Britt is sexy with her clothes on. . . . Do you really think Tab Hunter was mean to his dog? . . . I haven’t been able to see “Psycho” yet. I can never get there exactly when the picture is starting. . . . Hollywood is a town where you expect anything to happen, and yet you’re surprised by what does! . . . Lee Remick likes to wear lounging pajamas when she gives a party on the set. But she wears nightgowns for sleeping. . . . I’ve seen so many imitations of “77 Sunset Strip” that I’m tired of “77 Sunset Strip,” which was one of my favorites. . . . Wendy Hiller could win an Academy Award nomination for her performance in “Sons and Lovers.” Remember what Miss Hiller said when she won the Oscar for “Separate Tables”? Here are her exact words: “I hope this award means cash, hard cash. Never mind the honor, though I’m sure it’s very nice of them.” . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor’s second favorite subject is men. I don’t think I have to tell you her first favorite subject. . . . Tom Jenk wasn’t impressed by the amount of money spent on “Spartacus.” He knows a Texan who spends more than that to make home movies.

Fabian would be a Fabian fan if he weren’t Fabian. . . . Now he’s smart enough to say he’s an Elvis Presley fan. I’m for Byron, Keats and Shelley Winters. . . . I can remember all the way back to a few years ago when Shirley Temple told me she was glad to be through with acting and happy to be a wife and mother. But that was shortly before they offered her a stack of the green stuff to be on TV. . . . Hollywood is a place where actors would have an inferiority complex if they weren’t such egotists. . . . When a producer asked Barbara Nichols, “How old are you,” she replied: “How old do you want me to be.”

I believe “The Alamo” will be remembered longer than John Wayne. . . . Liz Taylor is almost certain to get an Oscar nomination for her performance in “Butterfield 8.” . . . I thought I’d pass the news along to Debbie Reynolds, who always votes for her. . . . Tuesday Weld prefers to take her phone calls in bed. . . . One thing I like about Steve Allen is that he isn’t blaming Hollywood for what happened to him. . . . Stella Stevens, filling out the usual studio questionnaire, came to the line reading: “What are your pet aversions?” Stella wrote: “None. I love all pets.” . . . I’d love to take a stroll around the M-G-M studio with Norma Shearer and listen to her honest comments. . . . Shirley MacLaine has the kind expression of a girl a beggar would optimistically stop on the street. . . . Hollywood is a place where it’s easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women. . . . So I’m still waiting to see Barrie Chase in a movie. It’s too long a wait between Fred Astaire TV shows. . . . Yves Montand’s press agent didn’t announce that another actress fell in love with him this month. . . . Without having the reputation for it—or getting credit for it—Bob Hope makes more political comment in his opening monologue on TV than Mort Sahl does.

Capucine is a name dropper. She dropped her real name, Germaine Lefevre. . . . I think that movies like “Sexpot Goes to College,” which says nothing, are far more dangerous than movies like “Inherit the Wind,” which says plenty. . . . If Shakespeare were writing “Hamlet” for a TV special, the producer would have doubt title it “The Strange Affair at Elsinore.” . . . Hollywood is a town which would be better with less geniuses and more people with just talent. . . . Jack E. Leonard introduced Joe Pasternak to the night-club audience as “the movie producer who made a lot of pictures so we'd have something to see on the Late Show.”

I get the impression Kim Novak is amazed that she’s a glamorous movie star . . . and is trying to do numerous things to convince herself that she actually is. . . . Bobby Darin has the most low-down mature voice of all the teenage singing heroes. . . . I get no message from Sophia Loren. . . . Pat Boone isn’t what he used to be when he wore white sneakers, is he? . . . Somehow I can’t believe that Donald O’Connor is now sleeping in Joan Crawford’s former bed. . . . I’ve never seen Evelyn Rudie in a movie, and I’m in no hurry. . . . Mamie Van Doren divides her wardrobe into two closets: one for “movie star clothes,” the other for her “around the house and street apparel.” . . . Whenever I meet Jean Simmons, I have a desire to tickle her. . . . Hollywood is where a person is a success if he can follow one success with another success. That’s Hollywood For You.
You give 2 precious gifts when you give Max Factor’s fashionable Case-Mates—matching Hi-Society mirrored lipstick case and Creme Puff make-up compact.

Perfect for every lovely lady on your Christmas list! Dazzling, luxurious Case-Mates in 12 fashionable designs. Choose from shimmering, exquisitely etched gold-tones...richly inlaid mother-of-pearl...colorful pastels...sophisticated ebony or tortoise-tone. Never before two such beautiful gifts to make her beautiful, too.

Double gift for only $2.85 to $9.85 the pair! Delicate Hi-Society case, mirror, and lipstick all-in-one...plus matching Creme Puff, the complete make-up in a compact. Available in handsome Christmas gift boxes.

MAX FACTOR
Beautiful Hair

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions.
Every woman is different. One of these differences is in the appearance of her hair. To keep your hair looking its best, use a shampoo for your own individual hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo helps keep your hair soft and shining.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.
- Red for dry hair
- Yellow for oily hair
- Blue for normal hair

Available wherever cosmetics are sold - 2 1/2 oz. 39¢ 4 oz. 60¢ 8 oz. $1.00 10 oz. $1.75

Copyright 1960 by John H. Breck Inc.
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions

One of the best ways to care for your hair is frequent use of a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are Three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the correct Breck Shampoo to bring out the natural beauty and lustre of your hair.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.

- Red for dry hair
- Yellow for oily hair
- Blue for normal hair
POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
Room 9R21 - 131 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.

Send me, without obligation, your FREE sample lesson pages, and your FREE folder “Nursing Facts.”

NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS ____________________________
CITY ____________________________ ZONE ______ STATE _______

POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
Room 9R21 - 131 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.

Send me, without obligation, your FREE sample lesson pages, and your FREE folder “Nursing Facts.”

NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS ____________________________
CITY ____________________________ ZONE ______ STATE _______

FILL OUT THE COUPON ABOVE AND I WILL RUSH TO YOU...

FREE NURSES BOOKLET AND SAMPLE LESSON PAGES

LEARN PRACTICAL NURSING AT HOME IN ONLY 10 SHORT WEEKS

THIS IS THE HOME STUDY COURSE that can change your whole life. You can enjoy security, independence and freedom from money worries . . . there is no recession in nursing. In good times or bad, people become ill, babies are born and your services are always needed. You can earn up to $65.00 a week as a Practical Nurse and some of our students earn much more! In just a few short weeks from now, you should be able to accept your first cases.

YOUR AGE AND EDUCATION ARE NOT IMPORTANT . . . Good common sense and a desire to help others are far more important than additional years in school. Practical nursing offers young women and men an exciting challenging future . . . yet the services of mature and older women are also desperately needed now!

HUNDREDS OF ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL NURSES WILL SOON BE NEEDED to care for thousands upon thousands of our older citizens as Medical, Surgical, Retirement and Pension benefits are made available. A tremendous opportunity to begin a new life of happiness, contentment and prestige is before you. See how easily you can qualify for choice of a career as a Practical Nurse, Nurses Aide, Nurse Companion, Infant Nurse, Psychiatric Aide, Hospital Attendant or as a Ward Orderly.

BUT THE IMPORTANT THING is to get the FREE complete information right now. There is no cost or obligation and no salesman to call upon you. You can make your own decision to be a Nurse in the privacy of your own home. We will send you without obligation your FREE sample lesson pages, and your FREE folder “Nursing Facts.”

POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
ROOM 9R21 - 131 SOUTH WABASH • CHICAGO 3, ILL.
PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it changes 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.)

YOUR FREE MIDOL SAMPLE

Prescribe Midol today and receive your free sample (envelope enclosed). For a ten-day trial of Midol's proved relief from menstrual symptoms.

PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY, 1961

Vol. 59, No. 2

First and Biggest for Fifty Years . . . Entertainment for Young America

EXCLUSIVES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Author(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>58</td>
<td>Uncensored! Sandra Dee Elopes With Bobby Darin</td>
<td>Milt Johnson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>&quot;I'm Not the Father of That Woman's Child&quot;</td>
<td>Marcia Borie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>The Woman Arthur Miller Went to When He Walked Out on Marilyn Monroe</td>
<td>Marjorie Peabody</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SPECIAL FEATURES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Author(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>1961 Pinup Calendar—A Year of Dates for You</td>
<td>Eve Lyndon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Don't Make a Move Until You Read This</td>
<td>Evelyn Pain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Do You Want a Brand-New Personality?</td>
<td>Evelyn Pain</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ARTICLES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Author(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>What Do You Give Your In-Laws When They Move Into a New House?</td>
<td>Martin Cohen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>The Jean Harlow Story Hollywood Suppressed</td>
<td>Adela Rogers St. John</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>A Heart in Exile</td>
<td>J. Cost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>What Went On At The Big New Year's Eve Blow</td>
<td>Vi Swisher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Nobody Knows About Me and Jerry</td>
<td>Jane Ardmore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Adorable? That's the Story of My Life!</td>
<td>Jane Ardmore</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

BONUS GOSSIP SECTION

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Topic</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>That's Hollywood For You</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Inside Stuff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Last Minute News Flash</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NEWS AND REVIEWS AND DEPARTMENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Topic</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Your Handwriting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Becoming Attractions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Readers Inc.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Your Monthly Ballot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Needlework</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>Casts of Current Pictures</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Now Playing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>86</td>
<td>Go Out to a Movie</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Your March issue will be on sale at your newsstand on Feb. 2nd.
MAGNIFICENT HUMAN DRAMA OF A LOVE SO STRONG
IT SPARKED THE REVOLT THAT SHOOK THE WORLD!

The General desired her... even more than he wanted to possess Rome!

The Slaver sold her... for a handful of gold and betrayed an Empire!

The Senator stole her... and used her for a cunning revenge!

Spartacus loved her!

The Rebel worshipped her... as fiercely as his dream of freedom!

Caesar used her... in his power drive to become ruler of Rome!

KIRK DOUGLAS * LAURENCE OLIVIER * JEAN SIMMONS
CHARLES LAUGHTON * PETER USTINOV * JOHN GAVIN

SPARTACUS

and TONY CURTIS

* A MIGHTY TALE TOLD LARGE!* — LIFE
* ABSORBING, COMPASSIONATE!* — LOOK

TECHNICOLOR® SUPER TECHNIRAMA 70° LENSES BY PANAVISION

Directed by STANLEY KUBRICK • Screenplay by DALTON TRUMBO • Based on a novel by HOWARD FAST • Produced by EDWARD LEWIS

Executive Producer KIRK DOUGLAS • Music composed and conducted by ALEX NORTH • A Bryna Production • A Universal-International Release
I’ll bet Marilyn Monroe gives a fine performance in “The Misfits,” although I haven’t seen the picture as yet, MM always works well under stress. . . . Bing Crosby shouldn’t make movies in color. They make him look older. . . . Producers finally are doing away with the double feature. They’re making movies like “Ben-Hur,” “Spartacus,” “The Alamo,” etc., which are double features in themselves. . . . So why doesn’t Tuesday Weld get a role that’ll demonstrate she can act?

I’m surprised how rapidly New York stage actors are regarded as typical Hollywood movie stars. I found myself doing this when I met Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward at a party. . . . And there’re many others such as Marlon Brando, Tony Perkins and Eva Marie Saint.

**WHO’S SCARING JANET LEIGH?**

Zsa Zsa adores the word adore. . . . I’m informed that even Janet Leigh was scared by “Psycho,” and she’s in it. . . . The perfect combination would be Vic Damone’s voice with Frank Sinatra’s delivery and understanding of a song—this combination would be hard to beat!

I believe that one out of ten movies filmed abroad actually had to be shot away from Hollywood. I’m for the return of the Made In Hollywood label on movies. . . . Hope Lange believes that one of her drawbacks is that she brings out company manners in people when first meeting them. . . . Robert Stack, TV’s Elliot Ness, defines worry as the interest you pay on trouble before and if it comes.

Gardner McKay doesn’t behave like a movie star, and he isn’t. . . . I’m always puzzled when I see France Nuyen going to the movies alone, because she doesn’t have to be alone. . . . A group of Hollywood merchants paid for “The Sidewalk of the Stars,” and now are objecting because the people look down at the stars with the enameled names instead of window shopping. . . . Burt Lancaster admits he has a temper, but also admits he doesn’t harbor a grudge.

I know Kim Novak’s house is beautiful, but it doesn’t appear lived in. . . . Debbie Reynolds doesn’t know if she’s in a good mood or not when she arises. It takes her about half an hour to actually know—Harry Karl please take note of this.

Nobody deliberately sets out to make a bad movie, but they succeed, don’t they? . . . Quotable Quote from Tony Curtis: “I hear all about the successes from the Actors’ Studio, but I never read about the fellows who didn’t make it.”

I’ve never seen Karl Malden, Arthur Kennedy or E. G. Marshall give a bad performance. . . . I never thought I’d know an actor who was brother-in-law of the President of the United States. Well—that’s Hollywood For You!—SIDNEY SKOLSKY
are happy hands. Lovely to look at. Like a laughing face. Tempting to touch. And exciting to kiss. How sad to let your hands look old before you do! "Old hands" can happen to anyone because housework, hot water, wind and weather all do daily damage, aging your hands before their time. Pond's won't let this happen to you! Pond's makes this promise: all-new Angel Skin, used faithfully and frequently every day, will work positive wonders in warding off that hated "old hands" look. Penetressence is the reason. Penetressence is Pond's own lovely secret . . . an exclusive concentrate of age-defying moisturizers, softeners, and secret essences that go deep down where aging begins! Your hands respond instantly. Penetressence is why. Young hands begin with:

all-new Angel Skin
YOUR

Handwriting

GIVES YOU AWAY

Beginning the first in a new series! Did you know your handwriting gives you away? It is your portrait in writing, captured on paper, just as a camera catches you. When you're happy and hopeful, and your spirits are light, you seem animated and free. There's a spring to your step, a lift to your walk, and all of your movements are buoyant, upward and forward.

When you are optimistic, hopeful and confident your writing slants upward (see example A) and forward, as though moving in the direction of your goal, toward life, toward the future. Your writing will be flowing, not cramped; the strokes and the pressure firm, smooth and elastic. The t-bars will often slant upward (see example B). They then denote aspiration, ambition and the will to rise. If you are gay, fun-loving and lively, they may be wavy (see example C). Here they become a happy gesture, expressing a jovial nature, good spirits, and that all-important quality, a sense of humor.

Watch your final strokes. If at the end of words, they rise gracefully (see example D), they show that life, for you, has meaning and purpose, and that your motives are spiritually inspired.

If you're excited, your writing will rise suddenly. (Notice this the next time you are in a good mood. But watch out that you are not just being over-optimistic or a daydreamer. Make sure you're always honest in your analysis!)

Watch, too, the spaces between your words and lines. Good spacing means clear thinking (see example E), balance, poise, and good judgment. Normal, well-proportioned lower loops (see example F) reveal that you base your ambitions and ideals upon a sturdy, sound foundation, and that you are practical and are not carried away by extreme ideas, or by wishful thinking. You use common sense to make your ideals real and take practical steps to make your dreams come true.

Fatigue, poor energy, illness, or discouragement also affect your writing movement. The lines may droop at the end (see example G), or some words may sink downward. When you see this think, "What is the cause?"

Is it only temporary or are you always down in the dumps?

I am often asked about lower loops. They have many meanings. If your lower loops are full and well-formed, you have good physical balance and coordination. This is particularly true when the spacing is good. It means you enjoy physical activity, walking, outdoor sports, and especially dancing, and have natural grace and rhythm.

An ardent and impulsive nature are also revealed by full lower loops (see example H) like Loretta Young's who is loving and romantic by nature and combines the idealism and imagination of a highly talented, creative personality. Her large, graceful capitals reveal her dramatic talent. Her natural grace and rhythm and also her physical and emotional intensity are portrayed in the flowing script, the fine spacing, and full lower loops (Check your writing for these.) Her basic femininity and warmth are shown by her full round garland connections and her lower loops, but more about that in my next column. Till then, Rosa Rosella

DONNA KORTAS, Freshman, Univ. of So. Fla., says: "When I had those pimples, I wanted to hide every time a boy even looked at me! Special skin creams didn't seem to help one bit. But when I tried Clearasil, I could see my skin get better every day, and now my face is clear!"

Scientific Clearasil Medication...

GETS INSIDE PIMPLES
to Clear Them Fast!

What you see on the outside of your skin is only the top of a pimple. The real trouble is inside, because a pimple is actually a clogged, inflamed pore. That is why Skin Specialists agree the vital medical action you need is the Clearasil action, which brings the scientific medications down inside pimples, where antiseptic and drying actions are needed.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

1. Gets Inside Pimples—"Keranolene" action dissolves and opens affected pimple cap so clogged pore can clear quickly...and active medications can get inside.
3. Dries up Pimples Fast—Oil-absorbing action works to dry up pimples fast, remove excess oil that can clog pores, cause pimples. Helps prevent further outbreak.

Skin-colored...hides pimples while it works. CLEARASIL also softens and looses blackheads, so they 'float' out with normal washing.

Proved by Skin Specialists. In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL. Guaranteed to work for you or money back. In Tube 60¢ and 98¢. Lotion squeeze-bottle only 1.25¢ (no fed. tax). At all drug counters. LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS
MONEY-SAVING NATIONAL BELLAS HESS CATALOG

- All the newest styles at lowest prices.
- Amazing bargains in housewares, radio, TV, sporting goods, furniture and other household appliances.

See hundreds of the newest styles designed in New York, Miami, Hollywood, Paris and Rome—the fashion capitals of the world, offered to you at prices guaranteed to be the lowest anywhere.

Look through page after page of exciting new items for your home... refrigerators, washers, TV, radio, tools, auto accessories, furniture and hundreds of others... you’ll be amazed at the exciting low prices, too!

Shop by mail and join the millions who save by buying from this colorful 328 page catalog. Select from thousands of famous NBH bargains without leaving your easy chair.

You can buy three ways at NBH: Cash, C.O.D. or with an NBH “No Down Payment” credit account. All merchandise is absolutely guaranteed. Your money back if you are not pleased.

SAVE MONEY, SAVE TIME—ACT NOW!

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS, INC.
247-22 Bellas Hess Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me, free, the new National Bellas Hess Money-Saving Catalog.

Name__________________________
Address__________________________
P.O. Box__________________________
State__________________________
City__________________________
SARA HAMILTON COVERS HOLLYWOOD:

★ Debbie's mother tells about the wedding
  ★ Sandra and Bobby give us a shock
  ★ Cupid runs wild—who's next?
Wedding Bells for Debbie and Harry

What did Mrs. Reynolds think about Debbie marrying Harry? She was delighted. We called her right after the wedding to congratulate her, and she said, "What a wonderful man Harry is. In the year and a half we've known him, we've found him to be the most patient person, the most kind person. We're very happy."

As a matter of fact, Debbie's mother told us something we didn't know. She was the one who made Debbie's wedding dress. She sewed it from a design by Edith Head. "I wasn't sure just when the wedding would take place," she laughed, "but I kept working on it and had it ready for whenever Debbie set the date!" Why the rush at the last minute, we wondered. Debbie said it was because she and Harry wanted the children to have a real family Christmas. So they pushed up the date, we were told.

In fact the 9:30 ceremony, which took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Saul Pollock, Harry's sister and brother-in-law, came at the end of a regular hard working day for Debbie at the studio. Nobody knew—that is outside the immediate families. As a matter of fact, Debbie and Harry even managed to take out their marriage license in secret. They quietly entered the City Hall in Glendale, Calif. (Debbie's home town), and used the back elevator. They hurriedly signed the papers, paid the fee and slipped out the same way they had come in. And, amazingly, no one recognized them—not even the clerk who issued the license! There were two men on hand from M-G-M to handle any fans and autograph-seekers who might gather, but they weren't needed. Did Debbie's children know? "Yes, the children knew about it," Debbie said. But to the rest of the world it was a surprise—with a few exceptions. PHOTOPLAY received a call and we sent our photographer, Roger Marshut, down to get the wedding pictures you see here. Good thing, because Mrs. Reynolds was so excited that when she got to the Pollock's she found she brought the wrong size bulbs for her camera!

Debbie looked beautiful in the pale blue silk organza ankle-length gown her mother made. Her traditional bridal objects were: an old penny in one of her shoes for the penny and for something old, her gown for something new, a garter for something blue and an object "you can't see," for something borrowed! she smiled when reporters asked her about it. The ring she received from Harry is a plain diamond band. Harry wore a black suit, black tie and black shoes—from one of his shoe stores, we found out! Her friend and maid of honor, Jeanette Johnson, wore mass green. Harry's best man was Saul Pollock. The other people at the very small, family wedding were Debbie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Reynolds; her grandmother, Mrs. Maxine Harmon; Harry's mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. William Rubell; Debbie's brother Bill; Harry's daughter, Mrs. Judy Raffety and a few close friends.

Little Brown Church in the Valley, performed the double-ring ceremony. Debbie is Protestant, and Harry Jewish. Debbie said same time ago that she didn't plan to convert to Judaism. When Debbie and Harry were about to depart for their honeymoon, photographers asked them to kiss. They happily complied. "I like that," Harry joked when asked to repeat the kiss. They left at 11:00 in Harry's $25,000 Rolls Royce limousine. Since Debbie had to report to the studio Monday morning for work on "The Pleasure of His Company," they had only a weekend honeymoon. They would wait for an extensive trip to Miami and the Bahamas in January. "But the honeymoon starts tonight," Debbie said as they left together, and smiled as someone shouted, "Was the word 'obey' in the ceremony, Debbie?" "Isn't it always there?" she asked in return.

With her hair in a smooth bouffant with slightly curled bangs, she looked serenely mature and happy. Harry, 46, has been wed four times before, but obviously love overcame all barriers as the two had plenty of time to think it over. Harry's previous wives were Las Angeles socialite Ruth Lamb; actress Marie MacDonald, whom he married twice, and Joan Cohn, widow of Harry Cohn, who was the founder of Cumbria Pictures. His divorce decree from Mrs. Cohn became final only a few weeks before he and Debbie announced their engagement and surprised everyone with their quick wedding.

Harry is building a new home where he and Debbie will live with her children, Carrie and Todd. Until it's ready, Harry will move into the house that Debbie shared with Eddie. The new home—large and comfortable—will be near the Beverly Hills Hotel, not far from Harry's sister and brother-in-law. And I'm sure all of us hope that Debbie, the little girl who seemed just a short time ago to have so little happiness, will find contentment there. (Please turn the page)
Mailbox Corner

From producer Ross Hunter a warm note concerning my review of his movie "Midnight Lace." "For once this guy who loves you is speechless. I read and re-read your review so many times, and you made not only me but Doris Day, John Gavin and director David Miller the happiest people in town," writes Ross. A pleasant note in his own handwriting from "Hawaiian Eye"s" Bob Conrad hoping we can lunch again very soon, and a surprise letter from Hollywood's most popular inn keeper, George Lim, of the famous Kowloon Restaurant where Supreme Court Judges, Society, Hollywood and tourists gather to greet George and taste his delicious food. I went to pay George a visit after receiving his letter, and not only did I have a delicious meal, I had my picture taken too! . . . A wonderful letter from Doug Moore, president of the Sara Hamilton Fan Club saying we now have over a thousand members. WHEW!!! A charming note from producer Jerry Wald and an equally warm one from the popular Harry Brand, Publicity chief of 20th Century-Fox. . . And to all you wonderful people who wrote about my "Thanks For The Memories" story in PHOTOPLAY, thanks to you. And do write again. Remember, I enjoy your letters and look forward to hearing from you each month.

And speaking of mail, news reached Barry Coe, in Greece for a movie, that Mrs. Coe, in Hollywood, had presented him with a son. The Greeks may have a word for such an occasion, but Barry was too overcome with joy to utter a single sound.

I heard, too, that Vera Miles and Keith Larson are expecting their first child sometime in early Spring. . . . And that fourth little heir was promised Ann Blyth and her husband Dr. McNulty as a Happy New Year gift. Ann and Jim McNulty's marriage is really a model one, and I wish them much continued happiness.

Sympathy for Kay Gable

Hollywood without Clark Gable will never be the same. There never was and never will be anyone to take his place. With his passing an era is over, never to return.

I can still see him standing on the porch of his Encino home, brown tweed jacket over his broad shoulders, looking more the hero of a romantic novel than he ever did on the screen.

I remember the evening he said, with mock seriousness, "Now Sara, here's $30. We're going to The Dunes, outside Palm Springs, for a little gambling and I expect you to make us both a fortune," and his absolute hysteric when I lost it all.

I remember, too, the time he said to me, jokingly, "You know, Sara, half the time that I'm supposed to be out fishing or hunting in the rugged wilds, I'm really under the wagon having a nap."

I shall try to remember Clark as I saw him last, lunching at Romanoffs across from my table. When he first saw me, he bowed and smiled in my direction, and then turned back to his companion. But when he rose to leave, he walked over to my table, bent down and kissed me tenderly on the cheek.

"How's my girl?" he asked.

I didn't have to answer. I knew very well he felt the glow in my heart.

There's one memory of him that is painful to think of—that of his white, tortured face at the funeral of his wife, Carole Lombard. And now I think of Kay's tear-stained face as she sobbed at Clark's funeral. I'm heartsick for her, especially now as she waits for the birth of their baby in March. All my sympathy—and the sympathy of all who knew and loved Clark on the screen and off—is with Kay at this time.

Liz and Eddie: Stop Worrying

When everyone finally stopped worrying about what illness Liz was suffering from, they began dickhersing about how much money the lapse in shooting time plus bad weather was going to cause Twentieth Century-Fox and Lloyd's of London. So the picture, "Cleopatra," scheduled to be shot in England and Egypt was delayed even after the doctors told Liz that she could return to work. But they were glad for the chance to fly to Palm Springs. As Eddie put it, "The more rest and sunshine Elizabeth gets the better off she'll be." The couple planned to fly directly to the resort—which would have landed them in town the weekend that Debbie and Harry were there honeymooning! But they flew to New York first instead.

When they received the news of the marriage, Eddie's only comment was, "Elizabeth and I are very happy. We wish Debbie all the happiness she so richly deserves."
Cupid Runs Wild

"I'm going to marry your daughter," Bobby Darin warned Sandra Dee's mother all through the shooting of their "Come September" movie in Rome in October. And Mary Douvan, Sandra's mother, who is very fond of Bobby, laughed heartily at first, but then with a large question mark in her eyes. It turned out Bobby wasn't fooling, and, although he and Sandra fought like tigers at times, he had his way from where they'd dine to the "I do's" which were said on December 1st in Elizabeth, New Jersey. It all happened so fast, we hardly caught our breath.

Carol Lynley surprised us all when she announced her engagement to Mike Selsman who works in the press department of Twentieth Century-Fox in New York. In fact, they may be married by the time you read this, as Carol said they would wed some time in January as soon as she finished working on "Return to Peyton Place." She plans to convert to Judaism, Mike's religion.

And Lana Turner finally wed Fred May in an informal ceremony in Santa Monica. We were all beginning to wonder whether she'd ever use that marriage license she took out several months ago. I hope she'll be happy. Perhaps she will, as she's more mature now and more willing to make an effort to re-establish herself as a mother as well as a star. Cheryl approves of May, and maybe Lana is hoping that a more secure home life will hasten Cheryl's return to her. But that decision is up to the courts, and depends solely on the progress that Cheryl makes in school—and nothing else.

Joan Caulfield wed her dentist, Dr. Robert Peterson, in her home in Beverly Hills. Joan said she met him when her former dentist turned his practice over to Dr. Peterson. Cupid must have loved that! (please turn the page)

Cupid in Two Triangles

Is Elvis Presley capable of one love of his own? Has he played the field so long he no longer cares to settle down—or even be true to one girl at a time? It seemed that way on the "Wild in the Country" location when El courted two pretty girls, Nancy Sharpe and Sandy Boyd, at the same time. Nancy, who was wardrobe mistress of "Flaming Star," caught the attention of El who insisted she take over the same job in "Wild in the Country." The two seemed very happy in their friendship until the company moved to a Napa Valley location and El met Sandy, a pretty local girl. From then on it was "tea for two"—or was it three?—with Nancy fading into the background each time Sandy visited the set. Of course, by this time it could be two other girls in the life of Elvis who seems to live by the motto, "Safety in Numbers"—especially with that entourage he carries around as chaperons. I wonder what would happen if either Nancy or Sandy decided she didn't like crowds.

Tuesday Weld is in danger of losing that nice Dick Beymer if she doesn't watch out. Lately the two have been sputtering and parting, fighting and making up. But far from moping at home these days, Dick does the town after hours with the lovely dark-eyed TV actress Madlyn Rhue which instantly brings Tuesday to attention. But the catch is, suppose Richard decides it's much cozier by Madlyn's side and refuses to budge. What then, Missy Tuesday? Incidentally I hear Tuesday's former and older swain, John Ireland, tried to resume friendly relations while he and Tuesday labored on "Wild in the Country." Where did he get it? He got nowhere. Which is as it should've been.

Cupid really led us a merry chase this month, and we could hardly keep up with all the announcements! Joan Caulfield looks happy with her new dentist-husband.
Behind Marilyn's Marriage Breakup

There are murmurs in Hollywood that the unrest on the movie "The Misfits" contributed to Clark Gable's heart attack. The strained relationship between Marilyn and Arthur Miller was felt by everyone, and some believe that Arthur knew of Marilyn's infatuation for Yves Montand. But friends claim the real cause for the breakup lay in the troubled heart of Arthur Miller who couldn't forget his first wife, Mary.

Jim O'Neal helps Dodie lose the blues.

What's New Around Town?

When Troy Donahue and Connie Stevens landed in San Francisco for "Susan Slade" scenes, the kids seemed to have a ball sampling the food on Fisherman's Wharf but Sally Todd is the girl of Troy's dreams, at this moment, and that torch in Connie's heart still burns as brightly as ever. But not for Troy, of course... Friends wish all the happiness in the world for Linda Cristal and Yale Wexler in their married life and sigh over the final parting of Guy Madison and his bride. Their children will remain with Sheila, of course... Bob Evans has made a clean break with the dress manufacturing business and will now concentrate on his career that seemed so promising not too long ago... Perhaps the thickest girl in town is cute Deborah Wally, the new "Gidget" heroine. If the role does for Deborah what it did for Sandra Dee, Wally will have no problems... Dodie Stevens is still moaning over losing that Yule trek overseas with Bob Hope. "Too young" said the State Department and that was that... Believe it or not those rumors of Betsy and Cary Grant reconciling can't be true with Cary showing so much interest in Ziva Rodan, the Israeli actress.

The marriage of handsome Brett Halsey and beautiful Luciana Paluzzi is definitely over and writer-producer Luther Davis and Marilyn Maxwell have said goodbye to their wedding vows... Vic Damone is having tax problems but otherwise couldn't be happier with his zooming career... Tony Franciosa and Judy Balaban will wed the instant their divorces are final and Vic! Shaw plans to divorce Columbia Studios, forsaking her career to become plain Mrs. Roger Smith... Hope Lange says "no" to the rumors of her reconciling with Don Murray... Free and handsome Eric Fleming has suddenly become the target for every free and lovely cutie in town but "Rawhide" Eric is hard to catch... Friends are praying for Deborah Kerr when her child custody case comes up soon in the English courts. If ever a mother deserves her two daughters, it's Deborah... Doris Day should expect an Oscar come spring time for her "Midnight Lace" chore... James Garner won his lawsuit against Warners, but unless Big Jim is free to grab another show right away, he'll lose those thousands of TV fans who adored him in "Maverick."

Hearts bloomed all over the place at the elegant "Midnight Lace" party in Romanoff's Crown Room. Jeff Chandler, obviously forgetting Esther, beamed with pride as he introduced lovely Angie Dickinson to friends. John Saxon seemed to take on an at-peace-with-the-world look as he chatted with Janet Lake. And from the way George Hamilton and Susan Kohner glided about the dance floor, I'd say this has to be love—no matter what the rumors are that George is cooling. Ross Hunter, who produced "Midnight Lace" had blond Martha Hyer on his right and lovely Virginia Grey on his left. Virginia, who proved a bright new comedienne on Red Skelton's TV show, still wore an aura of sadness over the loss of two dear friends, Ward Bond and Clark Gable. I was happy to greet my good friends Suzanne and Peter Ustinov whom I hadn't seen since Rome. I found Peter funnier than ever. I got a sudden peck on the cheek from Edd Byrnes, who was with Diane McBaine (Where is Asa Maynor these days?) But to my notion, Nancy Sinatra Sr. was by far the belle of the ball. With her bright personality, good looks and inner radiance, Nancy shone like a star. And don't think handsome Cesar Romero, her escort, didn't know it.
No matter what the rumors say, it's still on between George and Susan.

Girls, Girls, Girls!

"The girl next door" must have moved to a new neighborhood if Shirley Jones and June Allyson are any criterion. June has completely abandoned that tailor-made look in favor of TV glamor gowns that has Hollywood doing double-takes all over town. And Shirley—well, the former cornbelle of "Oklahoma," completely floored guests at the "Midnight Lace" party with her chic sophistication. Wearing the hair-do of the future, close to the head, puffed over the ears and a jeweled pin on the side, Shirley was Miss Chic of 1961. And don't think husband Jack Cassidy didn't appreciate all those stares. . . . The girl of the month is Nancy Kwan who sprang from the screen as "Suzie Wong" into instant popularity. Intelligent and attractive with a cute freckled nose, Nancy has a Chinese father and Scottish mother living in Hong Kong. During her brief visit in Hollywood, Nancy confided, "I don't want to meet Marlon Brando and I do want to meet Rod Taylor," Alas, Nancy didn't meet Rod, but then she didn't meet Brando either. So the score was tied. . . . Best wishes to Laraine Day on her third "I do." The groom's Michael Mark Grilikhes, who may produce her next play, too.

What Gives with Pat Boone?

Don't press the panic button! That streak of lightning along our freeways is Pat Boone driving his new low-slung foreign car, wearing a white racing helmet while his wild-colored scarf ends whip in the breeze. There hasn't been such a change in character since George Raft calmed down, and Hollywood can't get over it. "What gives with Boone?" they asked each other at 20th Century-Fox where his movie "All Hands On Deck" was shooting. They marveled at his warmer-than-May love scenes with Barbara Eden and gapsed when Pat insisted the movie keep its original title of "Worm Bodies." And this, remember is the lad who only a short time ago refused to kiss his leading ladies. No one knows what brought about this change in Pat but Hollywood is all for the new Boone boy.

Why???? Both Van Johnson and Evie have had a taste of separation and know the meaning of loneliness. So will someone please tell me WHY, now that they're reunited, Evie must pick and spat with Van in public? Must some people learn the hard way over and over again???? And why couldn't someone have advised or helped Mickey Rooney along the way so that in a recent allimony hearing his pathetic confession to the judge, "I have only $5 to my name," need not have been. Poor Mickey was speaking more truly than some think. And Mickey is not the only big star to suddenly find himself nearly broke after years of big earning—and big spending. Maybe we need more business managers and less partying. After all, moving to Switzerland to avoid paying taxes can't be the only answer. Hollywood stars, like everyone else, should learn some discipline and self-control. And it's pathetic to think how many learn their lesson the hard way when it's too late.

Congratulations all around from Debbie to Sammy Davis and May and vice versa.
Watch Eddie Fisher howl when Debbie Reynolds asks his permission for Harry Karl to adopt little Carrie and Todd now that she's Mrs. Karl. And has anybody mentioned that Debbie's marriage takes a load of alimony off Eddie?

Scoop of scoops: Marilyn Monroe and Montgomery Cliff really started some tongues wagging on the Reno location of "The Misfits." Story goes that Monty not only consoled her about her marriage breakup but made her forget Yves Montand as well—at least for then.

Danny Thomas really burned when Paul London (he's under contract to 20th) announced his engagement to Danny's daughter Marlo. There was so much heat the engagement was called off the next day.

Sally Todd is really spitting fire. Her chum, Lili Kardell, and her beau, Troy Donahue, were very much an item while Troy was in Monterey, Calif., for "Susie Slade."

The rough spots in the Dick Powell-June Allyson marriage may be smoothing, but a big rut just hit the Ida Lupino-Howard Duff domicile. And it's a safe bet that a very attractive blonde spotted with Howard two nights in a row at a Hollywood night spot is the cause.

If Kay Gable has a boy—the baby's due in March—friends say she'll name him Clark.

Someone who had a big axe to grind spread the false rumor Arlene Dahl and Chris Holmes were expecting before they had even returned from their honeymoon.

Don't be surprised if Andra Martin and millionaire Bob Wasserman tie the knot this summer, just as soon as her divorce from Ty Hardin is final. . . . Ditto Lawrence Harvey and Joan Cohn, Harry Karl's ex.

Big blow-up between Frank Sinatra and Spencer Tracy while making "Devil at 4 O'Clock." Spence didn't appreciate those Sinatra acting tips.

How much longer can Keely Smith keep it a secret from Louis Prima?

The Elvis Presley-Nancy Sharp romance looks like it's going to turn into a big one. He's dating no one else now and Nancy (a wardrobe girl on his picture) really has her eyes set on him. They had a chance to really get to know each other on the Napa location on his latest picture, "Wild in the Country." He spent all of his spare time with her and took her to San Francisco a couple of times.

Looks like there's big trouble in the Ernie Borgnine-Katy Jurado marriage. Neither one admits it, but neighbors have reported overhearing their battles, one ending in tossing dishes.

New rumors that the Dean Martins are having trouble again. One story even has it that the reason is a movie star whose own husband's always away. But Jeannie Martin has told friends she'd never divorce Dean no matter what.

Gary Clarke is still trying to get a divorce so he can marry Connie Stevens, and I understand she plans to wait even if it takes years for Gary to win his freedom. Those rumors that he already had it were premature.

What's with the George Peppard marriage? His wife lives near San Diego and George stays in Hollywood. He's now making "Breakfast at Tiffany's" with Audrey Hepburn and he explodes when asked about his marriage.

Rumor has it that Bobby Darin's past thirty. He admits to twenty-four to his young bride.

Have you heard those bassinet rumors about Nancy Sinatra and Tommy Sands?

Bob Horton denies there ever was a feud between him and the late Ward Bond, though he admits that sometimes they didn't see eye to eye. "But it was a difference of opinion over how we thought characters on the show should be played. Nothing personal. Like everyone else," Bob says, "I was shocked to learn of Ward's death. Only a few days before, we worked together at Revue. I remember we stayed quite a while after the last shot and just talked—about the show and other things. I was listening to my car radio that Saturday night while driving home when I heard the news of his death. I felt sick. It's needless to say that our 'Wagon Train' series won't be the same without him." Bob says his grievances were against the studio and that they've now resolved certain difficulties. Still, I didn't see Bob at Ward's funeral.

And here's one to think about: Who is the well-known Hollywood actress who decided against marrying a director because her psychiatrist told her he'd be a bad husband?
For that memorable moment...

A. Fragrant purse accessory, a slim, silvery flacon filled with the well-loved "Tojours Moi" perfume. Refillable "Spray Parfum" by Corday, $5.00*

B. For winter vacationists, in the swim or on the slopes, "High Noon" Suntan Lotion gets you glowing without burning. By Noxzema, tube, 89c*

C. From Coty, a trio of new dew-ers to pamper a delicate, dry skin: "Vitamin Beauty" Conditioning Cream. Moisturizer $2.50*. Hand Lotion, $1.25*

D. New from Roux, a fluffy pale pink cream conditioner, enriched with lanolin to smooth and silken hair, add a new lustre. Roux Hairdressing, $1.25*

E. "Basic Black" Eye Shadow Stick enhances evening eyes, can be shaded in tones of ebony to paler, softer gray for daytime. From Max Factor, $1.25*

For that memorable moment... Beauty begins with TEN-O-SIX

TEN-O-SIX Lotion cleanses immaculately, deeply... helps clear skin blemishes with healing medication, soothes with emollients. The TEN-O-SIX formula, originally a doctor’s prescription, duplicates nature’s normal skin balance—to reduce oiliness or relieve dryness. Protects for hours against blemish-causing bacteria.

TEN-O-SIX Lotion is the one cleansing and corrective cosmetic that helps your skin to complete natural beauty. Remember TEN-O-SIX twice daily.

$1.75, $3.00, $5.00 plus tax at better cosmetic counters.
try gave 11 Academy Awards this year to A Tale of the Christ, "Ben-Hur"—En.

I recently read Ernest Hemingway’s "The Sun Also Rises." Hasn't there been more than one movie made of this classic?

—Linda Free, Port Clinton, Ohio

Most classics are by dead writers, but the twice-filmed book you have in mind might be "A Farewell to Arms," first with Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper, then with Jennifer Jones and Rock Hudson. The only screen version of "TSAR" so far, has starred Ava Gardner and Tyrone Power.—En.

"It Started in Naples" when "From the Terrace." "All the Young Men" saw "Heller in Pink Tights" removing her "Midnight Lace." They called "Butterfield 8" and ran to "The Apartment," but that "Portrait in Black" had vanished. "Who Was That Lady?"

—Judy King, Galesburg, Ill.

"The Fugitive Kind"—En.

I can't thank you enough for that fabulous November story on the Kingston Trio. How about more on them—and their wives?

—Pam Katzman, Toledo, Ohio

... That Kingston Trio article was a wonderful surprise. Now we'd like to be surprised by an article on those keen "Brothers Four."


I've been arguing with some friends about Rock Hudson's eyes. They say he's cross-eyed and I say no. Is he or isn't he?

—J. Cameron, Panama, R.P.

Only his optometrist knows for sure—En.

WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

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

ACTOR: 1. 2. 3. 4.

ACTRESS: 1. 2. 3. 4.

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are 1. 2. 3. 4.

Name.................................................. Age..............

Address..................................................

2-61

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If yours is one of the first 25 ballots received each Friday from January 6 through 27, we'll send you an autographed picture of your favorite star. Just tell us who it is.
1 See these clothes first in Simplicity, the new fashion magazine for women who sew, used to sew, might be tempted to sew again. Over 220 pages crammed with color and excitement.

2 Choose from over 577 bright spring fashion ideas... all yours for the making... everything from city culottes to clothes you can answer the doorbell in. Simplicity gives you more pages in color, more pages of fashion than any other magazine.

3 Brush up on sewing techniques with Simplicity HOW-TO pages... a skirt to make in just 1 hour! And believe it or not, a party dress you can start and finish the afternoon of the party. Plus dozens of tips to make it easier than ever to sew.

4 DIGEST-SIZE Simplicity fits right into your pocket or pocketbook for ready reference. Take it shopping with you for fabric ideas, accessory ideas, make-up ideas... you will find everything you need to complete the look you are creating.

SUBSCRIBE TODAY TO THE BIGGEST, BRIGHTEST FASHION SHOW EVER PUT BETWEEN COVERS:

5 Simplicity the fashion magazine for women who sew

Dept. A, 200 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Dear SIMPLICITY: Please send me 1 full year's subscription to your new SIMPLICITY MAGAZINE (3 issues, regularly 50¢ each) for only $1.00, starting with the new SPRING issue.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ___________________ Zone ______ State __________
I've organized a Sandra Dee Fan Club, and I'd like to use something cute to denote membership. Any suggestions?

Hilda Upchurch
Montpelier, Vt.

Try one of Coro's whistle bracelets. They have disks for engraving names, and have whistles that really whistle! Only $1.00 plus tax.—Fashion Editor

Bertlyn makes a wonderful slipper they call “Shaggy” and we call “Powder Puff”... just perfect for feminine night wear. It's pretty, warm and pink. It should meet with all your needs.—Fashion Editor

Betty Jones
Salem, Ore.

Your problem is solved! Meyers Make has lovely leather gloves that will fit any size hand. Helanca on each finger (where it doesn't show) is their secret that now makes gloves a wonderful gift item. They're very practical, and at $3.00 a pair are a good buy.—Fashion Editor
I dreamed I was a knockout in my *maidenform* bra

Arabesque*... new Maidenform bra... has bias-cut center-of-attraction for superb separation... insert of elastic for comfort... floral circular stitching for the most beautiful contours!

White in A, B, C cups, just 2.50. Also pre-shaped (light foam lining) 3.50.
Sta-Puf keeps towels fluffier... woolens softer... clothes smoother, fresher!

Families love the fresh softness Sta-Puf rinses into all washables. Towels fluff up almost half again as thick after just one rinse. Blankets come out cloud-soft. Woolen sweaters feel like cashmere, ordinary muslin sheets like luxurious percale. And diapers and baby things dry soft as baby's tender skin! Sta-Puf ends static cling in nylon slips. Much flatwork dries wrinkle-free, requires little or no ironing. Be sure to try Sta-Puf® Rinse in your next wash. Available at grocer's everywhere.

Finish with Sta-Flo® Liquid Laundry Starch for crisper, wash-to-wash freshness.
Pizza at Mario's at 8:00

go on diet tomorrow

THURSDAY
2
FEB. 1961

Pick up new Photoplay out today

HAPPY 1961

a year of dates for you
“Friday the 13th? Oh nonsense!”

CONNIE STEVENS
FEBRUARY

1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8 9 10 11
12 13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28

"Ah have a heart—mine"

RICKY NELSON
"A windblown hair-do, anyone?"

TAB HUNTER
APRIL

S M T W T F S

1

2  3  4  5  6  7  8
9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 20 21 22
23 24 25 26 27 28 29

30  "April showers—May flowers."

CONNIE FRANCIS
Carrie treated, for Mother's Day.
JUNE

S M T W T F S
1  2  3
4  5  6  7  8  9  10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17
18 19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30

“No more teachers, no more books…”

FABIAN
AUGUST

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sun</th>
<th>Mon</th>
<th>Tue</th>
<th>Wed</th>
<th>Thu</th>
<th>Fri</th>
<th>Sat</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>31</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“Vacations should be 365 days long.”

SANDRA
"Labor Day? I love this kind of work."

ELVIS
OCTOBER

Do you believe in pretty witches?

TONY CURTIS
Eat—for after Thanksgiving we diet.

ANNETTE
“And to all a Merry Yuletide.”
JEANNE CRAIN AND FAMILY
1961! It's going to be a big year for love—but watch it! One wrong move and you can ruin it all. It's a tough year for money—so you'd better know when to save and when to spend. It's a dangerous year—it could be peace or it could be a world blown apart. That's 1961 and it's a tricky year. It's all in the stars.

Starting in January when we get a new president, the alarm in the Cosmic Clock is set. Berlin, Castro, Khrushchev—the year is loaded with dynamite. . . . And the United States will ride no gravy train, we're definitely in an economic downgrade. Saturn is in Capricorn now—last time that happened we had the Big Depression of the Thirties. Don't panic, we don't expect anything that cataclysmic, but watch your budget and hold on to your reserves.

As for your favorite personalities in 1961, Fabian will make a big decision . . . Frankie Avalon must guard against temperament . . . Elvis must watch it, it may not be the right year to marry, though for Rock Hudson it is . . . For Debbie it looks like “no” to romance but “yes” to security . . . Marilyn Monroe has already reacted to the new influences—see what happens when you jump the gun and don't know! Divorce! And remember, Montand and Miller are both in the same sign of the Zodiac . . . But for Carol Lynley and Dodie Stevens it's a big year for romance. For you, too, if your sign's the same.

The planets wheel through space inexorably, nothing we do can stop them. We can race to the moon, bounce messages off Mars, send mice and men into outer space and invent weapons of annihilation, but for each of the months 1961's pattern is set. So let's look at the signs and see what to expect for the next twelve months.

CAPRICORNIANS (December 22 to January 19) are astute and enduring. Natives of this sign—vice president Nixon is one—have strong pressures now, with responsibility and challenges enough to break all but the toughest. This period can have a very maturing effect. Certainly it's true of Elvis Presley, who's had an extraordinarily difficult pattern to handle, with more milestones ahead. Some sobering circumstances do not offer him favorable conditions for romance, but others suggest that under better conditions it might be a time to marry. This is a
Eve Lyndon, world famous astrologer, tells of the hopes and hazards ahead for all of us in the new year. Do the stars say "danger" for you? Or perhaps success? Is this a good year for you to wed? Find your own sign and see.

warning!

don't make a move until you read this

critical year in his career and personal life. Disappointment could bring depression in the early part of the year. He should guard his health, conserve his resources and not take either popularity or romance for granted.

Capricornians keep young and active, rising to greater stature in maturer years—like Loretta Young, Cary Grant and Marlene Dietrich. For Sal Mineo, this April can be difficult... but for most in this sign it's a chance to reap honors, money, romance and marriage. But guard against losses, too—finances, prestige—and physical injuries, especially of the knee. Case in point: vice president Nixon's hurt knee.

CANCERIANS (June 22-July 22) have found the last two years frustrating and fatiguing. They've been under emotional and physical stress; they've had to contend with criticism, obstacles and opposition. They suffered through their alliances (including marriage partners) and associates in general. The U.S.A. has its birthday on July 4th—you see what happened; everyone has (Please turn the page)
been riding us on all sides, as the stars predicted.

The Cancerians are highly emotional, dramatic, super-sensitive, intensely home-loving and possessive—the Cosmic mother-father type. People in trouble just naturally turn to them. They have been overly stirred up lately, but May is the time to take initiative, start new projects, push personal ambitions.

One of the most sensitive and sorrowful Cancerians is the beautiful Queen Soraya. Happily this can be a big year for her, once some difficulties end after May. Her chart shows romance opportunities with a free heart and return of prestige... Stephen Boyd gets an extra spurt of activity starting February. He should stick to realistic, practical alliances... Tab Hunter has been breaking out in feverish activity and will through early spring... Janet Leigh, who's had some exciting years, has one final emphasis of glamor and inspiration ahead... It's
interesting that Doris Day and Marlon Brando, with the same birthdates, both felt the need to change the expression of their talents. She surprised us all with the new Day in “Midnight Lace.” And he’s tried his hand at directing and producing. Come September, both may have problems.

ARIANS (March 21-April 19), especially those born in the latter part of the sign, had some rough going lately. This year may try their patience (of which Arians have not much) because they’ll want to rebel against traditions and restrictions, but shouldn’t just now. Keen Arians like to take the lead and pioneer at new things, like talented Debbie Reynolds. Harry Karl is a Piscian, and I warn you, Debbie, it takes plenty of understanding to meet their moods. They’re impressionable, wonderfully sympathetic, but (Continued on page 73)
“What do you buy your in-laws when they move into a new house?” As we see it, Peter was in a dilemma. . . . “Peter, stop cracking your knuckles.”
... "Not knuckles. Pretzels." ... Patricia Kennedy Lawford went back to reading item by item from a list she was holding. "An electric frying pan?" ... "Too fattening." ... "A set of golf clubs?" ... He shuddered. "For Democrats?" ...
Why, twenty-eight years later, is the Los Angeles District Attorney investigating what happened on Jean Harlow's honeymoon? Did her husband commit suicide, or was he murdered by a jealous woman, as a recent article accused? Here are the facts that tell why the recent charges were denied as false; here are the facts in an article by Adela Rogers St. Johns Photoplay printed then and still stands behind. This is the second in our series of the best in Photoplay's fifty years.

(Continued on page 77)
UPPRESSED
Never before a love story as haunting as this

Silence. The kind heard only in hospital corridors, when people wait fearfully for a fateful answer. The squeak of a rubber-soled shoe, a nurse's aide trying too hard to be quiet. Interrupted silence as a nurse, her lips pressed tightly, comes out of a delivery room. The biting smell of an anesthetic before the door is sharply pulled closed behind her. In another room, a man alone.  

(Continued on page 79)
What do the 13 girls on these pages have that to be the Deb Stars of the Year, Hollywood's while ago, these 13 Debs were nobodies from ...and look at them now! What is their secret?
you, too, might have? Why were they chosen most promising newcomers? Until a little nowhere. Then they discovered a secret. It’s something you can discover, too.
do you want
a brand-new
personality in
19 minutes?
I don't want reproductions. I'm not looking for a pretty face. Looks don't mean a darn thing. The major problem with young people is they latch onto someone they admire and then emulate them. You've got to be an individualist. Kim Novak came in to see me, when she was starting out, with a low neckline, a husky voice like Marilyn Monroe's. I asked her what she was trying to do. Kill herself?

"Movie stars are not pretty; they have something else. The desire, the dream to be something or somebody, the desire to be successful. Everybody should have that. You should want to be good at something—at your job, at your school work, in your marriage. This gives a movement, a vitality to your personality.

"Strip down to the bone and take a good look at yourself. You need to understand yourself, have perception, a concept of what you want to be and a capacity for hard work. And be dead serious!

"You've got to think. Read, stretch your imagination. Go to the library and look up Lawrence, Joyce, Faulkner, Proust, Wolfe. Try reading 'Remembrance of Things Past'...it's always been one of my favorite books. Read Shaw, Gide, Make yourself think. Don't be smart alecky, sophisticated. You've got to struggle. If you don't want to, then be a nobody. Everybody looks for short cuts. There are none!

"Seek, search and develop. Learn to walk gracefully. The toughest thing for a girl to do is sit down, and I can tell how much training she has just by how she crosses her knees, controls her skirt, sits down with movement. Watch your hands. Watch your voice. Watch your health. And take courses, courses and more courses.

"Then stop worrying about your personality; utilize it instead and it will develop. With self-assurance and success you won't have to worry because you'll have one—a dynamic personality!"

Where to begin? At the first steps. Here they are. I saw them work for the Debs and I know they can work for you.

- look in the mirror; try projecting the way you feel—happiness, delight, tenderness, concern, humor.
- cup your hands over your ears and listen to your voice—Is it pleasing?
- bribe a friend, sister or boyfriend to take a series of photos on page 76)
Now you know something new—how to make the most of your personality. But first you have to know what your personality is. To find out, take this quiz. Answer Y for yes, N for no, then see below for how you rate. Remember, there are no wrong answers, as long as you tell the truth.

**QUICK PREDICTION: IS YOUR PERSONALITY PLEASING?**

**10 WAYS A MAN RATES YOU**

☐ 1. On the phone, do people often recognize your voice right away?  
☐ 2. Do you forget who won the last argument you had with your best friend?  
☐ 3. Do you dress to please him more than yourself?  
☐ 4. Would you accept a date to learn golf?  
☐ 5. If you’re late for a date, can you usually tell why in three minutes?  
☐ 6. Are you often asked to repeat what you said?  
☐ 7. Would you pass up a party just because you thought your hair was a mess?  
☐ 8. Do you ever get the feeling that people talk behind your back?  
☐ 9. If you don’t know anyone at a party, do you join right in the nearest conversation?  
☐ 10. If you know a better way there, do you tell it?

**ARE YOUR MOODS HIGH OR LOW?**

☐ 1. Have you two friends you feel you can confide in?  
☐ 2. After a breakup, is your thought how to get back in circulation again?  
☐ 3. Could you beat him at bowling or tennis—if you really wanted to?  
☐ 4. If he’s late, do you just take it with a smile?  
☐ 5. When it rains, do you think you’d better stay home rather than go out as planned?  
☐ 6. Do your dreams make Frankenstein look like a tame old fairy tale?  
☐ 7. Do you get butterflies a week before the party?  
☐ 8. Alone on a Saturday night, would you be bored?

**ARE YOU A MIXER OR A LONER?**

☐ 1. You’ve heard a great new joke. Do you tell it to everyone at the party?  
☐ 2. If you like Fablon, do you try to convert everyone to being a fan of his?  
☐ 3. Do you say “be practical!” when a friend confides a daydream to you?  
☐ 4. If the party’s flopping, do you whip up a game of charades?  
☐ 5. Does it take you hours to pick out a new dress?  
☐ 6. If people whisper, do you think it’s about you?  
☐ 7. If he talks of flying saucers, do you believe it?  
☐ 8. If the girls talk about dates, do you tell all, too?

**DO YOU LEAD—OR FOLLOW?**

☐ 1. If it took forever, would you ever finish reading “War and Peace”?  
☐ 2. Is it always you who gives the bridal shower?  
☐ 3. Are you in favor of young marriage even though it might be a struggle?  
☐ 4. It’s raining, his car leaks. Do you just cuddle up?  
☐ 5. The record you bought is scratched. Do you keep it anyway?  
☐ 6. Your horoscope’s gloomy. Did you know all along it’d be a bad day?  
☐ 7. If a friend likes the same boy, do you give up?  
☐ 8. If the crowd wears knee-length skirts, do you?

Here’s what your answers tell about you: If you answered mostly “yes” to the first half of each group, your personality is pleasing, you’re a mixer, a leader, your moods are high. If it was mostly “yes” to the last half, then you need to try harder to please, quite high. However, if you found yourself answering “no” to half of each group, you’re opt to be a loner, a follower, with moods in a low key. A half-and-half score, and you’re only a little of both in you—like many of us. The great thing is to know your own differences and make the most of them. How? Go back and read page 47 again.
FRANKIE:
We know something you don't know—

TUESDAY:
What went on when the lights went low

FABIAN:
At the big New Year's Eve blow
what are these stars doing
that's so terribly bad?

Take a good look at the pictures before you peek at the answer

“I'll dress right, tie and all”
—BOBBY DARIN

“I'll remember names, forget faces”
—EDD BYRNES

“I'll let boys open the doors”
—JOANIE SOMMERS
"I'll only daydream at home" — MILLIE PERKINS

"Lipstick—
I'm through collecting it"
— TROY DONAHUE

"I won't advertise
my emotions"
— CONNIE STEVENS

"Boys with a line
I'm giving up"
— ANNETTE
TROY DONAHUE tosses out:
- collecting lipstick
- Indian roles
- iron-bound career girls
- defeatists
- tight schedules
- flighty girls
- dull movies
- autographs "for my kid, y'know, not me"

SANDRE DEE votes against:
- loud mufflers on cars
- diets
- lies
- blind dates
- rock 'n' roll blasting from car radios
- housework
- boys who act like children
- being rushed into marriage
- loneliness

"what we wouldn't be caught dead doing in 1961"

BOBBY DARIN detests:
- fancy-schmansy parties
- unfeminine girls
- blind dates
- getting up in the morning
- bad music
- discourteous fans
- people who refuse to grow up
- girls who try to pin me down

EDD BYRNES thumbs down:
- remembering names
- snorers
- memorizing
- too many suggestions from too many people
- people who kookie-talk to me
- snakes
- rumors
- singing
- being called "Kookie"

EFREM ZIMBALIST JR. nixes:
- loud TV commercials
- road hogs
- loud drunks
- hominy grits
- neon lights
- poisonous snakes
- exotic foods
- closed minds
- loud rock 'n' roll
- stuffed shirts

TUESDAY WELD says down with:
- rumors about me
- diets
- advice—"act your age"
- marriage talk
- fish
- inhibitions
- prohibitions—too many rules
- puffy petticoats

PAUL ANKA doesn't dig:
- nail biters
- one-night stands
- sitting still
- gigglers
- naggers
- time to get up
- keeping track of details
- phonies
- too much makeup
- snobbery of any kind

FRANKIE AVALON squirms over:
- being called "Sonny"
- too much perfume on girls
- dentists
- fibbers
- people who muss my hair
- cold weather
- shopping
- writing thank-you notes
- eggs
- gossip
CONNIE STEVENS is against:
- letting my emotions show
- little-girl dresses
- secrets
- spiders
- insincerity
- waiting
- flop records (my own)
- dog haters
- sour pussies
- people who say "Wait'll you grow up"

CLINT WALKER doesn't like:
- short beds
- tiny cars
- little guys who want to fight
- "How's the weather up there?"
- being cooped up
- eating breakfast alone
- sloppy people
- folks who waste your time
- antique fragile chairs

ROGER SMITH's peeved by:
- smoking at meals
- humorless people
- road hogs
- long phone calls
- prejudiced people
- winding clocks
- back-slappers
- starched shirts

JIM GARNER can do without:
- high golf scores
- evasive people
- noisy adults ssing noisy kids
- smog
- being called "Maverick"
- people who pry
- ulcers
- superficiality
- doctors

ANNETTE wails over:
- boys with a line
- wolves
- washing dishes
- hot weather
- show-offish boys
- dark coffee
- bagpipes—(this is music?)
- wasting time
- narrow-minded people

ROCK HUDSON has it in for:
- being misquoted
- shallow people
- being rushed
- show-offs
- luke warm coffee
- small talk
- pushy women
- apartment houses
- people who treat my boat like a fun house

RICK NELSON taboos:
- phonies
- slow cars
- dull girls
- tight toreador pants
- spinach
- fancy-fancy dates
- possessive girls
- wearing a watch
- being "too young"
- planning way ahead

PLAY FAIR—the stars told theirs, now you tell your own
- ___________________
- ___________________
- ___________________
- ___________________
- ___________________
“Nobody knows about me and JERRY LEWIS—but I owe it to his wife, Patti, now to tell the whole story…”

Jerry Lewis was late for dinner that night. And Patti waited alone. I wonder what she was thinking.

I’m sorry now. I’m responsible for the whole thing, I know, and it’s my fault. But I didn’t mean it to turn out that way.

Maybe you remember me, my name is Gloria Jean. I used to be a star—a big star. When I was only twelve, I was earning three thousand dollars a week singing in the movies and also on tours. And in those days that was big money. Those days . . . if I could just have them back. Now I have a different sort of a job. I dress up in a costume, a sarong, and . . . well, I’m a hostess in a restaurant. It’s a good job. I work in the Tahitian Restaurant—only two (Continued on page 75)
Win a glamorous California wardrobe

Kotex is confidence

The right fashion, the right protection—nothing gives you greater confidence. For the best in protection you'll want Kotex napkins. These tapered napkins have a beautifully soft new covering for greater comfort and a special inner lining for extra security. Discover new Kotex napkins—enter the Kotex sweepstakes today.

**Here are the rules:** Entries must be postmarked by March 31, 1961. Only one entry per envelope, please.

All winners will be notified by mail. Should they prefer, winners may substitute $1,000 cash award for grand prize.

Any resident of the continental United States and Hawaii may enter except employees of Kimberly-Clark Corp., its advertising agencies and immediate families, residents of Florida, Nebraska, New Jersey and other areas where prohibited.

**15 GRAND PRIZES!**

$1,500.00 WARDROBES BY DON LOPER
the famous designer for many Hollywood movie stars.

Plus, Grand Prize winners will receive an all-expense-paid Los Angeles trip for two to select their wardrobes.

150 2nd prizes: Agfa®Optima I, electric-eye, fully automatic cameras.


Mail entry to:
Wardrobe Sweepstakes, St. Paul 4, Minnesota

My name ________________________________

My address _______________________________

City _______ Zone _______ State _______

KOTEX is a trademark of the Kimberly-Clark Corp.
ADORABLE?

THAT'S THE STORY OF MY LIFE!
This is the story of Michael Landon. It all began when the doctor said, "He's a boy!" His mother said, "He's adorable!" …his dad said, "Eugene Orowitz! We'll call him Gene. OK? Everybody agreed?"

His sister, a mature chick strictly threesville, cooed "Ugy!" Only it was pronounced "oogie," and that's what everyone called him—everyone in Collingswood, New Jersey, where he lived when he was a little kid, where he grew up (more or less) and went to school (definitely less).

He was a skinny kind of character, shrimp sized, no good at athletics, the girls didn't dig him, his A's did him no good. So around sixth grade he tried telling a few jokes in class. Did he get laughs! A couple of years later, some good buddy suggested maybe everybody was laughing at him, not with him. From then on, he started throwing punches. Like square. He kept that school jumping. Trouble, you might say, was his natural habitat. In eleventh grade, he

(Continued on page 84)
Sandy’s fallen in love...
and look what’s happened
to the big bad wolf, Bobby

the rumors
from Rome
are true!
The day Bobby said, "Let's elope!"

Bobby: By the time anybody finds out, it will be too late to stop us!
It was 9 A.M. New York time; 6:00 o’clock in Hollywood. The telephone rang in our office. “A Sara Hamilton calling,” the operator told us, “long-distance from the Coast.” Then we heard Sara’s excited voice. “Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin are planning to elope!” she announced. None of us could believe it. “I had dinner last night with friends from Rome. It’s true,” she insisted. “We’ve got to act fast. Check the incoming planes this morning from Rome. You’ll find Sandy and her mother on one of them. The plan is for Bobby and a friend to meet the (Please turn the page)

Sandy: We’ll never get away with it. Besides what’ll my Mother say?
Back home.

What a honeymoon!

They eloped "to get it over with."
The honeymoon? Five wonderful days.

plane. His friend will keep Mrs. Douvan busy while Bobby slips away with Sandy. What happens in the two hours after that might just change Sandy's whole life."

A call was put through to Idlewild Airport. "Are there any flights from Rome this morning?" There were several flights due in. Sandra Dee's name was not on any of the passenger lists. We called a photographer and told him to get over to the airport and watch every plane that came in from Rome. In the meantime, a correspondent in Rome cabled us. Sandra had boarded the plane the night before. She was already in New York. We tried to call Bobby. We knew he was in town, but he wasn't at any of the usual places. Was he in hiding... or had he already left for the airport? We telephoned Rome and began to put the pieces together. This was the real exclusive story...

It was 10:20 A.M. in Rome and a bellhop carried a long white box through the Hotel Excelsior hallways. Every three days it was the same, like clockwork. A dozen long-stemmed yellow roses. The card was signed "Bobby." He knocked and handed the box to the girl who opened the door. Every time he brought the roses, she acted as if it were something new, as if it were still the first time. Her brown eyes opened wide, and she had the ribbon off the box even before the door was closed. Bobby Darin might be tight with his money, like a lot of people said. He might not be the kind to keep sending a dozen roses to a girl. But a girl named Sandra Dee seemed to change all that. She has, it seems, changed a lot of things.

Bobby Darin had arrived in Italy the same way he arrived anywhere—like the fourth of July. When the cast and crew of "Come September" moved south to Porto-fino for location, every girl near that famous beach noticed the explosion. It didn't matter that they didn't know much English and he didn't know much Italian. They didn't have to understand what he was saying. It was the way he said it—fast, brash, supremely confident. When it was time for dinner that first day, he took his pick of the beauties. The next day, he walked in with another glamour doll on his arm. The evening after that, he was dancing cheek to cheek with still a third. And that's the way it went.

Until one day Sandra Dee wandered onto the beach. She wore a one-piece bathing suit, kind of conventional, and most of her was covered by a long-sleeved beach dress she'd zipped up to her throat. To boot, she was with her mother. A beach boy brought two mats for them and they sat down to enjoy the sun.

In the middle of a sentence, Bobby Darin stopped talking. He took one look, and he was done for. Maybe he didn't realize it right away, as he left the beautiful dark-haired girl pouting alone and walked over to ask Sandra and her mother if he could join them. But by the time they were all back in Rome, it was obvious.

It happened in Rome

It was in Rome that what had happened really hit him.

They didn't start out by having dates—not exactly. They'd simply get together after work or on a day off. "We're going to see the Vatican today," he'd tell her. He didn't ask where she wanted to go, if she wanted to do something different, she'd speak up and tell him. Usually, she went along with him, though, and said nothing. She seemed to like his bossing her.

He went along with her when she shopped for a new dress. When she stepped out of the fitting room, in a clinging black creation with a deep V neck, it was an eye-opener.

But he shook his head. "I like the one you were wearing better."

"Me too," she agreed. So she bought no dress that day.

One day, when they had the whole day off, they decided to take the scooter to the ruins of Ostia.

"Look," Sandy shouted, pointing to a mosaic floor glinting in the sun. Her voice echoed back over the ruins. "Look. They went over for a closer view, and he got on it. Made a pattern in the tiles. "How old do you think it is," she asked, whispering now.

He checked the guidebook. "They say about 2,000 years old." She was still saying.

Sandy pulled back. "I'm twenty-four, but most of the time I feel a lot older than that. Sometimes I think I was born old."

Their lives had been so different. She'd always had most everything she wanted; he'd had to fight hard for whatever he got. Maybe that's what she liked about him; it had made him strong. But she didn't tell him that. Instead, she said, "I've spent most of my life with grown-ups." And then she confessed, "I've always liked older men."

"Great," she laughed back. "I've always liked older women."

They found a cool, grassy spot near a broken wall and sat down. "I feel so different lately," he said after a while. "I don't know why. I daydream a lot. I guess it's exactly. Maybe it's that I've had a taste of security. I know I can't slacken, but I don't have to run around like a chicken with its head cut off, you know." He searched her face, wondering if she'd understand that. "I don't feel that old racing crazy drive, I know I don't have to fight the world. Instead, the opponent is me."

She nodded. "I have to fight me, too," she said. "Like my temper. I still lose it, but not so much anymore."

He slipped his arms around her waist and then the two quietly they were almost afraid to move for fear they'd break the silence as they watched the hills around the Ostia begin to turn purple and the sun go down. Reluctantly, they headed back for Rome. Both absorbed in thoughts of marriage. They couldn't elope—could they?

You know something," he told Mrs. Douvan the next day. "I'm going to marry your daughter. And that's Mary."

Mary Douvan laughed but there was an odd catch in her throat. "You're bound to lose your "girlfriend someday," Bobby said, "and you may as well get used to the idea of losing her to me."

Mrs. Douvan knew that Bobby wasn't what most people thought. In fact, she told us later, when we called to congratulate her, "Bobby has much more talent than he's usually given credit for." And it's true. Bobby is mature and when he sets his mind on something, he means business. This was no on-the-run love affair. What about an elopement?

"What we have together," Sandy said, "what we feel for each other is a private thing. I'm not going to be the one to talk about it, explain personal feelings for the whole world to see."

It was the first time Sandy had fallen in love, and she wanted to hug the secret all to herself.

Sandy was flying in from Rome with her mother. Bobby was waiting to whisk her
It's a new show! It's a great show! It's a 1961 edition of PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL, produced by the editors of PHOTOPLAY! And it's available now wherever magazines are sold!

PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is the greatest. It brings you all the news and gossip of everyone of importance in Hollywood. It also brings you gorgeous full-color portraits of the stars, plus exciting candid shots and never-to-be-forgotten pinups. In most places PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL sells out as soon as it goes on sale. Get your copy of this great Annual while the limited supply lasts.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL—Here is the month-by-month story of Hollywood. The marriage divorces, separations, reconciliations, births and deaths.

TOP BILLING—New pictures and stories of Tray Donahue • Elvis Presley • Sandra Dee • Ed Vynres • Tuesday Weld • Connie Stevens • Debbie Reynolds • Frankie Avalon • Annette Funicello • Coral Lynley and Connie Francis.

DOUBLE FEATURES—Truly romantic stories about these happily married: Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher • Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis • Roger Smith and Vicki Shaw • Pat and Shirley Baone • Ewy Narlund and James Darren • Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell • Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman • Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner.

FANFARE—Big pictures and fascinating stories about Cary Grant • Rock Hudson • Rick Nelson • Tab Hunter • Paul Anka • Bobby Darin • John Saxon • Sal Mineo • Stephen Boyd • Brandon de Wilde • Bobby Rydell • Jimmy Clanton.

PINUPS—These thrilling pictures are a "must" for your collection: Brigitte Bardot • Marilyn Monroe • Kim Novak • Lorna Turner • Ava Gardner • Doris Day.

UP IN LIGHTS—The great stories of your favorites: Glenn Ford • Susan Hayward • Hope Lange • Tony Perkins • Audrey Hepburn • Roger Moore • Susan Kohner • Laurence Harvey • John Gavin • Shirley MacLaine • Dolores Hart.

AND INTRODUCING—Here are the newcomers to the screen. You can follow their glamorous rise to stardom: Angie Dickinson • Mark Damon • Warren Beatty • Jo Morrow • Mark Goddard • Sue Lyon • Tom Tryon • Vicki Trickett • Nancy Kwan • Juliet Prowse • Richard Beymer • Patti Page • Anita Brynt • Glenn Carvell • Sigrid Mather • Carol Chistensen • Brenda Lee • Leticia Roman • Sharon Hugueny • Kerwin Mathews • Michael Callan • George Peppard.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW! OR USE COUPON

Bartholomew House, Inc. WG-261
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1961. I enclose 50c.

Name: _____________________________
(Please Print)
Address: __________________________
City: ___________________________ State: __________________________
"I'm not the father of that woman's child"

-Gardner McKay

SCENE: Santa Monica Superior Court

TIME: Thursday, 8:57 A.M.

WITNESS: Gardner McKay
8:57: Thursday morning, Gardner McKay, wearing a well-tailored gray wool suit, pushed open the doors of room 204 in the Santa Monica Superior Court building. Followed by a newsreel cameraman and several other photographers, he stopped in the back of the room to talk seriously with his attorney. Up front a clerk posted a typewritten yellow sheet listing the cases to be heard that morning. There were thirty-eight entries; after number twenty-nine was printed: MCKAY.

8:59: The doors of room 204 swung open again and a slim, dark-haired girl, wearing a blue skirt, a candy-stripped blouse and no make-up, walked into the room. "That's her," one of the newsmen said, then turned his camera upon her. Patrice Frantz, plaintiff in the paternity suit against Gardner McKay walked past Gardner. Each saw the other, but no word was exchanged.

9:00: A door in the rear of the room opened, and a white-haired man in a long, black robe took his place at the bench. Judge Edward Brand's court was now in session. McKay sat down in the second row on the right side of the room. Pat Frantz slipped into a seat in the back row across the aisle. Behind Gardner sat Sandy and Don Joslyn, his friends. It was they (Please turn the page)
who had originally introduced him to the woman now in court to charge him with being the father of her child.

9:02: The clerk began calling names, going down the list of cases. Through it all, Gardner McKay sat listening, an unopened book, "The London Anthology," in his lap. He sat there quietly, patienthly, waiting, waiting to be called . . .

10:45: Patrice Franz, now twenty-three, who had initiated this lawsuit, was very pale. Her face showed strain, her eyes were puffy from lack of sleep or perhaps from tears. She sat still, her gloved hands folded, never once looking in Gardner's direction, never once letting any expression show, except when she leaned forward to speak to her attorney.

11:27: "McKay," the clerk pronounced. The two attorneys—Paul Caruso for Miss Franz and John A. Griffin for McKay— arose and stood as the judge began questioning them on the matter. There was a difference of opinion between the attorneys as to how much time would be required to hear the motion. Griffin said at least a day and a half. Mr. Caruso argued that the whole thing could be settled in two hours. McKay's attorney objected. The judge called the two men to his bench. For ten minutes the lawyers stood, their backs to the spectators, engaged in hushed conversation with the judge. The tension began to mount. Would they get their chance to be heard today? Miss Franz' complaint against Gardner, which she brought into court on behalf of her minor daughter, was routine in its allegations. She alleged her daughter to be illegitimate. And in addition to asking for court costs and attorney's fees, she asked for support in the amount of six hundred and fifty dollars per month. She also asked that the court legally name Gardner McKay as the father of her child. She alleged intimacies with McKay beginning on the 14th of February and continuing through the 12th of April, 1959.

In answer to her complaint, McKay's attorney filed a statement alleging that Miss Franz' attorney failed to make mention of certain vital points of information: that the plaintiff was Mrs. Franz during the time the child was conceived, and the law presumes a woman's legal husband to be the father of all children born to her during their marriage.

11:37: The judge made his pronouncement: "Because of the time factor and necessity to allow proper time to hear these motions, the McKay case is postponed for fourteen days." The case would be heard in two weeks by Superior Judge Orland H. Rhodes. It was said at a later date that the change in judges was made because Judge Brand's brother is an executive at Gardner's TV studio.

The attorneys for the plaintiff and defendant came out from the enclosure of the judge's bench and went to their respective clients and whispered something—perhaps brief words of reassurance. Miss Franz left the courtroom first, McKay and his friends followed. Downstairs, Miss Franz walked into the press room where a friend had been waiting. In the friend's arms was a tiny, shaggy-haired baby, wearing Garth's plaid dress and a white sweater. On her feet were tiny white leather shoes with a bell attached to the laces. Miss Franz took her eleven-month-old daughter, who was sound asleep, and posed for newsman's pictures.

Out in front of the courtroom Gardner stopped for a moment and looked out at the stretch of blue sea rimming the pale sky. Then he took a deep breath and walked out back to where his car was parked.

He opened the door to his convertible, and was immediately smothered by a thing that looked like a shaggy white rug. Sprting out of the car, his dog Pusseycat raced around and around the parking lot. As Gardner waited for his dog to come back, Miss Franz walked out onto the parking lot. They came face to face for the first time since they'd entered the courtroom. There was a pause, a brief hesitation, and then, as Gardner turned to get into his car, he raised his hand in a gesture of friendship. The girl with the sleeping baby walked on.

Thirteen days before this particular Thursday morning, front pages throughout the country ran a news item which said:

"A paternity action has been filed in Santa Monica Superior Court by Patrice Franz, a former cocktail waitress. She alleges intimacies with Gardner McKay between February and April of 1959 and is asking the court to declare McKay the father of her daughter born December 6, 1959 in Dowgic, Michigan, where she now resides. Miss Franz says McKay has refused to provide support for the child . . ."

The day the story broke Gardner was besieged by the press wanting a statement. To the first one he'd said, off the cuff, "Wow! Here's a married woman who suddenly divorces her husband and then accuses me of being the father of her eleven-month-old child. There's absolutely no truth whatsoever in this. The whole thing is ridiculous!"

This statement was the only public one Gardner ever made. He talked with this Photoplay reporter.

12:35: "I've been to thirteen schools and traveled over most of the world," he began. "I was raised in New York and I consider myself worldly. I thought I understood people. Then this happens. My first reaction when I heard about this suit was . . . well . . . frankly, I was madder than hell. It wasn't true. What was I scared of?" He didn't duck the issue.

"I met Pat through some close friends of mine, Sandy and Don Joslyn," he began. "Don and I have been playing basketball together regularly since I came to Hollywood back in 1957. I was to go to Metro then and we both played on the M-G-M team. Now we're both on the Twentieth team and we get together a few times a week. Around February of 1959 Sandy came down to watch us play basketball, the same as she does every week. She had a friend with her who after the game we we were introduced. The friend was Pat Frantz. That night the four of us stopped off for some ice cream after the game."

"After that first meeting I saw Pat maybe a half a dozen more times. Incredibly, she must have taken a liking to me because she began coming with Sandy to the basketball games. A couple of times when we were there I had a date, so after the game it was just a hello and goodbye. One or two times Sandy and Don and Pat and I had coffee together. That was that. I never dated Pat Frantz alone because honestly I never wanted to. Besides, at this time, I was seeing another girl quite steadily, actress Greta Chi. I just wasn't interested."

"I decided to fight. I knew I was taking a chance, a big chance. A lot of people suggested there was an easier way to handle the situation. But I had to fight it. To stand up for what I believe, for what is the truth. I couldn't compromise with the things that believe."

"Now I feel so calm inside, I can't exactly explain it. When this whole thing first started I admit I was afraid. I'm reconciled to whatever happens. This is satisfying because it means growth on my part. Today I'm sitting here and I'm not worried—not for myself. The only one I feel sorry for is that little girl . . . as I feel no bitterness toward that girl. I have no more anger inside me. The outrage I felt when I first heard of the suit is gone and so are any thoughts of self-pity. I feel no anger inside. I just want to prove the truth. I hope that people will believe me . . . ."

2:00: Gardner McKay walks out of the court. The reason for his position is clear: a man should not be taken advantage of because of his position, his race or his beliefs. Gardner McKay is willing to fight to prove these truths. The decision is up to the court. Although he knows, deep within him, that the verdict ultimately is yours. For whatever the law decides it is you who will determine the course that Gardner McKay's life is to take in the future. It is your verdict that can make him or break him, so give your decision serious thought.

—MARGA BORIE

See Gardner in "Adventures in Paradise," ABC-TV, Mon., 9:30 P.M. EST.
THE WOMAN ARTHUR MILLER WENT TO WHEN HE WALKED OUT ON MARILYN MONROE
To those of us who knew Arthur Miller and his first wife Mary, the breakup of his marriage to Marilyn Monroe came as no great surprise. About a year ago, I was asked to write a story about Marilyn’s so-called happy marriage, and I refused point-blank. I knew even then that the marriage was shaky. Only once did I think it stood a chance. That was the time when I met him on the street, flanked on either side by his two children. He was positively radiant. “How is everything with you?” I asked. “Fine, fine,” he answered happily. Two months after that, the breakup was public. Then I realized why Arthur had been so happy! His stormy marriage with Marilyn Monroe was over and maybe he realized he was going back where he belonged. The first person he saw after the breakup, was his first wife, Mary Miller.

They never had a chance

Why didn’t I think there was a chance for his marriage with Marilyn? How could there be? How could two such incompatible people be happy together? Not only were they of different backgrounds and faiths (despite Marilyn’s professed conversion to Judaism) but they had different temperaments and personalities as well. Here was an introverted, introspective, highly intelligent, highly intellectual, basically simple man of simple tastes—and a glamorous, extravagant, exhibitionistic, frivolous, basically unstable woman with whom he could have nothing in common, and who had absolutely no understanding of him.

I shall never forget the time I saw the Millers in a restaurant in New York. Marilyn was stuffing herring into Arthur’s mouth so that the sauce poured over his chin. It was heartbreaking. Perhaps it was Marilyn’s idea of fun. But it was the kind of fun that topples a man’s dignity, and on a person as dignified as Arthur Miller, such playfulness was not becoming. What had happened to the playwright?

Besides his dignity, she took away his creative ability. Certainly it suffered during his marriage to Marilyn. He wrote nothing during their marriage except a movie script for her. This distinguished highbrow who should have been turning out fine plays, was reduced to acting as his wife’s personal secretary and press agent.

How different from Mary!

How different this marriage was from his first one. How different Marilyn was from Mary!

I know Mary Miller very well, and like all her friends, I like her very much. We met some fifteen years ago when we lived on the same block in Brooklyn Heights, in Brooklyn, N. Y. We both had babies about a year old except that hers was a girl and mine was a boy. We’d wheel them to a nearby park and we’d talk about the things that most young mothers talk about—their husbands and their children. She was, without exception, the most adoring wife I have ever met. Though she is a retiring, shy, rather mousy person not given to displays of enthusiasm and emotion (the very antithesis of Marilyn), it was easy to see that she was crazy about Arthur. She thought him the handsomest, most talented, most wonderful man in the world. “He’s a writer,” she told me softly. “He’s got great talent and he’s going very far.” This was said without a trace of bragadocio. It was said with simple earnestness and blind faith.

She told me a great deal about herself. She had come from a small town, had been born Catholic and had been converted to Protestantism. (It has since rather surprised me that evidently Arthur did not insist upon her conversion to Judaism as he did with Marilyn—or perhaps the whole thing was Marilyn’s idea.) Mary had gone to the University of Michigan where she

had met Arthur. They fell in love and they married while they were in college. She gave up all thoughts of a career as a social worker, left college and got a job in a publishing house. This enabled Arthur to continue his studies without worry about finances.

They came back to Brooklyn, N. Y., where Arthur had always lived. She continued to work until she had their baby Jane. It was evident that they were having a financial struggle although I never once heard Mary complain about it. She never minded being poor and having to do without.

Soon after I met Mary, I met Arthur Miller, too. I liked him. I thought him attractive, very intelligent, very humble. He gave every evidence of being a considerate husband. He seemed very much in love with Mary and he was crazy about Janie. Though they, too, were of different backgrounds and faiths, basically they had been made of the same clay. Psychologists tell us it is the sameness in each other, not the difference, which draws two people together. Both Arthur and Mary were shy; both were retiring; both were introverted; both were intelligent, educated and earnest. They had much in common. Their lives centered around each other, their work, their home and their baby. It was wonderful to see them together. Mary nurtured him, built up his ego, took care of him and catered to him. She watched his health; she chose and cooked the foods he liked. She gave him peace and quiet so that he could write undisturbed. She wanted success for him only because she knew he wanted it so badly. A small-town girl at heart, she seemed to want nothing more than to be allowed to be a good wife and mother.

The success that Arthur craved came with sudden swiftness to two people ill-prepared for it. Arthur had been at work on a book called “Focus.” It was published and created a considerable stir in the publishing world. He also had written a play called “All My Sons” which had a good run and the Millers bought a house on Willow Street, a fashionable block in Brooklyn Heights. Then he wrote “Death of a Salesman.” It proved such a smash hit that it made Arthur Miller famous overnight and catapulted him to the top of the list of distinguished American playwrights.

Then success came

To celebrate his great success, a mutual friend in the neighborhood gave a cocktail party in Arthur’s honor. All of his group were invited. There an incident occurred which gave me insight into Arthur’s character and made the unfortunate events which followed shortly thereafter much easier to understand.

It was a Sunday afternoon. The room where the party was held was very crowded. At the guest of honor was draped in the center of it, a glass in his hand, with a crowd of adoring, awe-struck admirers gathered around him. When my husband and I came into the room, Arthur was in the throes of a long speech and his audience hung breathlessly upon every pearl that dropped from his lips, not daring to say a word. His family, consisting

continued
of his father, mother, sister and brother-in-law, were included in the group. I shall never forget the look of adoration on his parents' faces which seemed to ask wonderingly, "Could such simple, ordinary people like ourselves have produced this king?" Arthur Miller was being lionized for the first time in his life by people other than his wife, and he loved it! Mary, on the other hand, sat quietly in a corner watching her husband with tears of happiness in her eyes. She was so proud! Even then, it seemed to me, she stood a little apart from his success, glorying in it for his sake, but of itself, it was a sensitive, shy nature, unprepared to share it with him.

As my husband and I entered the room, the host took my arm, plowed through the group and presented the guest of honor to me. "Of course you know Arthur," he said. "And Arthur, of course you know Marjorie Peabody." Arthur acknowledged the introduction as though he had never seen me before. For a few days as I had watched him play ball on the street with Janie and Robert, who had been born about five years before, "How do you do, Mrs. Peabody," he said in his most formal voice. At first I thought he was kidding. I supposed a genius always kept people at arm's length, and I said, "I don't think you know me." Immediately he unbent, but a sour note had been struck and it left a bad feeling.

An odd change

Although the marriage did not end until a couple of years later, the cocktail party, like some unhappy climax of one of Arthur's plays, seemed to signal its conclusion. From that point on, Arthur Miller was never the same. The change was an odd one. You couldn't pin-point it. Outwardly he still was his quiet, pleasant, humble self, but inwardly there was a certain assurance, a cockiness that had never been there before. His attitude, never his words, said plainly, "I'm somebody now." "What has happened to that man?" I kept asking myself. It was as if he had gone on a psychological and emotional drunk from which he was not to emerge until the end of his marriage to Marilyn Monroe.

During the run of "Death of a Salesman," Arthur was away from home a great deal of the time. There were several out-of-town openings of his play which he was forced to attend. Since Mary didn't want to leave her children alone with babysitters, she let him go alone. But soon he was going alone to other places as well— to theater premieres, after-theater parties, etc. This was apparently enjoying every moment of it. This simple man of simple tastes, whose friends heretofore had been simple people like himself, was entering a new fascinating world of celebrities in which his wife evidently had no part. He was running well ahead of her and was leaving her far behind. There were rumors of quarrels in a home which seemed to have known nothing but happiness. It was evident from Mary's moments of dejection that there was trouble in their marriage. We watched her marriage disintegrate before our very eyes, as if a curtain were descending on her happiness.

Alarmed, Mary desperately tried to save her marriage. The Millers had bought a country house in Connecticut. Every weekend they entertained Arthur's new-found theatrical friends and dutifully Mary went with him. Unfortunately, although she tried very hard, she could not project her personality. On the contrary, these people made her go even more tightly into her shell. There were stories that she was not "nice" to his friends—that she made them feel uncomfortable and unwelcome. I cannot conceive of Mary not being nice to anyone but I can understand that she might have found Arthur's new friends different. Mary was a humble, contended, serene woman, she turned into a very unhappy, frightened one.

No other way out

Meanwhile, "Death of a Salesman" had been sold to Hollywood and Arthur went to California to discuss its filming. While there, he met Marilyn, who was attracted to him. He was overwhelmed by the interest this beautiful, celebrated girl showed in him. He was ripe for a new romance. In his own opinion, he had outgrown his wife. He no longer needed a mousy after ego to pave the way for his success. He had success now and the wealth and fame that go with it. I firmly believe that he went into his romance with Marilyn to show the world he could marry its top glamour girl.

Rumors of their romance wafted three thousand miles back to Mary. When he returned home, she allegedly asked him point-blank whether he was in love with Marilyn. At first he denied it. Some time afterward, however, Marilyn joined him in the East. Almost brazenly she was seen walking with him on a promenade near the Miller home. Finally, Arthur asked Mary for a divorce. Mary agreed to give it to him. She seemed to feel there was no other way. Her happiness was over.

To the bitter end, we neighbors hoped the trouble would blow away, that a miracle would occur, and things would restore Mary's happiness to her. But I was one who was convinced. I had seen too many evidences of Arthur's odd behavior since his success, to dismiss this romance as a gag. He was going to marry Marilyn Monroe. "If necessary, he will give his wife every cent he has in the world to get his freedom," I was told.

He lost no time

Naturally, the divorce, although expected now, became the talk of the neighborhood. Strangely enough we still liked Arthur and Mary, who felt a little sorry for them. We pitied Mary because she had loved him so, had given him so much and had gotten nothing in return but heartache. Any rejection is a humiliating experience to a woman. Arthur's rejection of her for the world's top glamour girl and the glare of the publicity attending it must have been sheer agony. We were sorry for Arthur because we realized there was no future for him in this new romance.

The divorce became final and Arthur lost no time marrying Marilyn. To his credit, it must be said that the divorce settlement was very generous. Mary got the house on Willow Street and enough money to continue to live in comfort, to travel abroad and to educate the children. He remained a wonderful father. He came to see his children regularly. Often he took them out for dinner. When he was in the East, he would fly them up to the place in Connecticut for weekends. There Marilyn entertained them, made much of them, gave them wonderful gifts. It was no secret that she was trying to woo them. And make no mistake about it—they were touched by her glamour.

Once, I remember, I walked into a neighborhood restaurant where Mary was having lunch with a man. The man looked forlorn and she greeted me with only the shadow of a smile. The children had just returned from a weekend in Connecticut and were full of excited chatter about their glamorous stepmother.

"She's very nice to them," Mary said brately in her gentle, soft voice. Even one who heard her heart must have been breaking and she must have been feeling that her children, too, might be wooed away.

Although never once did I hear Mary say one unkind word about Arthur Miller or Marilyn Monroe. We who knew how sensitive she is, never mentioned their names in her presence. To those who did, she gently steered the subject in another direction. When requests to write her story for publication came, she turned them down. I knew better than to ask her to let me tell her story from her point of view. She tried to take up the threads of her life again. She went to Columbia University and took her degree in social service, which she had interrupted to work so Arthur could finish his college courses. She took her children to Mexico and then to Europe.

Will she take him back?

Several months after the divorce, I met her on the street. She was still sweet-faced, still gentle and retiring, still shy.

"Mary," I said, "why don't you fix yourself up and get yourself another husband? Color your hair. You'd be a very attractive woman if you went to work on yourself!"

"Oh, no," she answered quickly. "I couldn't possibly."

I wondered why. Perhaps she didn't want to be bothered. Or maybe she had been hurt too much. Or maybe she still loved Arthur Miller.

Now that Arthur is divorcing Marilyn Monroe, the question in many people's minds is: What now? Will he come back to his wife?

I feel he'd be a fool if he doesn't. But that's only my opinion. The only important question is: Will Mary have him back? Or has she been hurt too much? Frankly, I don't know. Only Mary knows that and she is not saying.

by MARJORIE PEABODY

Marilyn Monroe is in "The Misfits" for U.A.
CLARK GABLE ~ 1901-1960

for us the King will never die

In Clark's life there were five wives and no scandals. But on the screen his amours were many—and with the greats of filmland's Golden Days. Shown in his arms are Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow and Vivien Leigh, the lovely Scarlett O'Hara of "Gone With the Wind."

lovers

Early struggles, then the King rode to fame. He went into war a private, came out a major. At 39, he was soon to be a father.

loves

Last two wives, Lady Sylvia Ashley (center) and Kay Spreckels, bore striking resemblance to Carole Lombard, big love of his life, killed in plane crash.
A poor boy...a nobody...with big ears and a magnetic charm, a he-man ruggedness...Clark lived his life, said little, and we loved him.

goodbye The Lombard legend came to life at the funeral when a weeping Kay saw Clark laid to rest beside Carole. It had been his request. There to say a last goodbye to the King were old friends Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, James Stewart.

Married women are sharing this secret

... the new, easier, surer protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms’ deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no “medicine” or “disinfectant” odor themselves.

And what convenience! These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert — no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They’re greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Now available in new packages’ of 6, as well as 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to Dept. PH-12
Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet,
in a plain envelope.

Name ___________________________ (please print)
Street __________________________
City __________________ Zone ______ State ________

A NORTHERN PRODUCT
"A trampoline?"

Peter's thick eyebrows massed like storm clouds. "On the White House lawn? I mean, what about dignity? Besides, you know Jack likes his feet on the ground."

Then Peter brightened. "What about Sinatra? We'll get a long box like long-stemmed roses come in. Talk about hi-fi stereophonic music. This is it! The real living thing. Think of it. Every time Jack or Jackie twisted Frank's arm, he'd light up and sing, 'You Are My Sunshine.'"

Peter's eyes glowed as he warmed up to the idea. "Frank would make the sacrifice. You know how he adores and respects my genius. And there's another thing to consider. Frankie doesn't eat too much. It means he wouldn't be any more expensive to them than a middle-size Cocker Spaniel."

He turned to Pat. "You like it?"

Pat chewed on her lip. "It's weird—I mean, Peter, be fair. Another responsibility to worry about. It isn't fair to Jack when he's starting a new job. He'll be on edge. Frankie has his way of snapping his fingers. It can get irritating. Like knuckles cracking."

Peter looked hurt. "Then what about Dean Martin?" he suggested. "Bet he could be useful. You know he used to be a barber; he could cut Jack's hair."

"Jack's haircuts do mount up," Pat agreed. "And on his salary... why even you make more than he'll be getting."

"What do you mean, even me?" Peter was indignat, but he couldn't let the opportunity slip by. "I'm glad you finally realized I'm no millionaire," he said. "That dress you bought last week... and now a present for the in-laws. You know, we can't afford to spend too much. Besides, it's bad taste to give presents that cost too much. It embarrasses people."

"But they gave us a very lovely gift when we moved into our new house..."

"Yes, they did," Peter said. And then, "What was it?"

"It was this—" Pat stopped, thinking for a moment. "I don't quite remember..."

"Well," Peter said, "what could we give them that'd go with the Lincoln Room?"

"Stereohome equipment?"

"Great," he said. "You can pick up real bargains in antiques sometimes..."

Pat frowned. "I don't know about giving them something old. After all, all the furniture in their new house is used. They might like at least one thing new."

They sat a while, thinking some more. Then Pat said, "Hey, it's getting late."

**Just like Lincoln**

Peter followed her up the stairs to their bedroom. He sat on the edge of the bed as if he opened big hands and saw, "I tell you," he said. "I'm thinking life is getting very complicated. We don't have this much trouble choosing gifts for my family."

Pat came out of the bathroom, a towel still in her hands.

Peter chewed a pencil. "I wonder when we visit them, if they invite us, will we sleep in the Lincoln Room?"

"That would be an honor."

"Especially for me. Since I just got my American citizenship. And besides Lincoln was tall, like me. You know all that trouble we have when we visit and the bed is too short."

Pat sat on the edge of the bed beside him. "You know nothing in the room is ever changed or altered. It has all of Lincoln's personal furnishings, his chairs, chest, desk and even his huge bed."

They sat quietly for a minute, then Peter turned to Pat. "You don't suppose it would be the same mattress Lincoln used."

"I don't really know, Peter."

"Could be lumpy after all these years."

Peter suddenly pounded his palm. "Will we have to apply to the FBI or somewhere to get into their house?"

"I don't know."

"Well, suppose I get to the gate and say, I'm Peter Lawford, and the guard says, 'Prove it.' What'll I do then?"

"I'll try to be by your side."

Nervously he got up and walked to the window. "Suppose they visit us? We can't just put them into the spare room next to the kids. I guess we're going to have to put up a Presidential cottage on the lawn."

"They wouldn't expect that."

"Oh, I know it's nothing personal, but the kids."

Pat smiled. "Well, it seems to have a special residence. Eisenhower had a house built for him right on that golf course in Augusta. If a president requires a private home just to play golf, then we'll have to be prepared. I mean we can't be just second best to the Republicans."

"It's complicated," Pat agreed. "But maybe we could just build a wing onto the house. After all they are a small family."

He sighed. "I wonder if good old Jack realizes how much thought we're giving to him. He dropped into a chair and continued, 'We'll have to be careful about little things. Suppose we're in Washing-

ton, Jack's guests, and I ask Jack if I can borrow a car, I mean do I pay for the gasoline and a pint of oil afterward? If I do that, I offend my host. On the other hand, it will be government property. We don't want to free-load on taxpayers' money."

"So take a cab."

Peter grimaced. "It'd be fun, though, driving the President's car. Oh, well."

And then he grinned, "I'll tell you one thing though. Jack won't be able to take any favors from us either. He can't let himself on the charge of being influenced. How about that! We go out to dinner with Jack and Jackie. The most expensive place in town and you know I can't pick up the tab. But you know who has to? Your brother."

He smiled again and muttered, "What an ideal situation—the brother-in-law must always pick up the tab. In the bathroom, as he brushed his teeth, Peter opened the gift list. Do you still have that gift list? Read it out loud some more. After all, we don't want him to get Bobby's gift before he gets ours."

"**How about...?**"

Reading an assortment of items from garden tools to monogrammed diapers, Peter was interrupted regularly with Peter's grunt of disapproval. Then he came over to the bed, took the list from her hand, wadded the paper and threw it into the corner. "Can't go through life letting other people pick my presents. Do you still have that gift list? Read it out loud some more. After all, we don't want him to get Bobby's gift before he gets ours."

---

**Exclusive!**

**DON'T MISS! THE UNTOUCHABLES!**

**Meet the Real Life Stars of This Dramatic TV Series**

All in the BIG Issue of FEBRUARY TV RADIO MIRROR

**Plus stories about:** PRINCESS GRACE • PRINCE RAINIER

GARDNER MCKAY • SHIRLEY BONNE • EDDY ARNOLD

DICK VAN DYKE • WENDELL NILES • BOB CONRAD

Get Your Copy of FEBRUARY TV RADIO MIRROR Now!

---

Note: Additional text is not shown as it is not relevant to the prompt.
very sensitive and easily hurt. Like their opposite signs, the Virgos, they definitely like to be alone at times. Call it sulks, withdrawal into a world of thoughts and feelings they won’t let you follow—a wall of silence. The other side is intense need to be loved, and have loved ones close. You are such a straightforward, gay and courageous person, Debbie, you may not find the true happiness you seek. A comparison of your horoscope and Harry’s shows some hidden or secretive trait in him . . . Gale Storm should watch her step from February to April, but it will go better later in the year . . . and watch Tony Perkins go places in 1961.

You will note that I’m not following the Signs as they rotate on the Wheel of the Zodiac, but have begun with those having the strongest emphasis right now, and then continuing in the same order.

PISCES (February 19-March 20) also include Elizabeth Taylor, who is swept by great emotional tidal waves at times. Her constant illnesses are clearly shown in her horoscope, which indicates that she can expect further health anxieties in the year ahead. Piscines do have a strong tendency to dramatize their illnesses, loving sympathy as they do, but I am sorry to see that both Elizabeth and Eddie Fisher (a Leo) have heavily afflicted horoscopes. The strain he’s been under could endanger his own health.

Piscines, like Dean Stockwell, Dinah Shore, David Niven, have keen hunches about people, and are idealists. Also in this sign are Betty Hutton, Desi Arnaz, and Gordon MacRae.

AQUARIANS (January 20-February 18) are the lucky ones this year and should rise to a peak of popularity. Romance and marriage are in the air for them in 1961, so actually Joan Simmonds jumped the gun a bit on her horoscope by getting married last November . . . for Carol Lynley the stars promise happiness in her marriage this month to Mike Selznick of the 20th Century-Fox, and department in New York . . . Dodie Stevens’ horoscope also shows a strong emphasis making her eligible for the spotlight of romance and attention . . . and Lana Turner at long last settled the big question of will—she-won’t she marry Fred May. They did wed in November. Unfortunately her horoscope indicates a chance that she may yet draw still more unfavorable publicity on her troubled head. But whether this centers on her indecisiveness over the marriage, or other causes—Cheryl?—the stars do not tell.

Fabian has an important decision due in February. He seems anxious to expand, but should wait out his present disturbing planetary trends and let opportunities come to him.

Paul Newman is due for wider popularity next year, but right now conditions are mixed. He should be content to hold present gains. Personal satisfactions are under pressure now.

Kim Novak, with heavy emphasis in Aquarius, has had cause to be baffled by the vagaries of a seven-year cycle about to end which upset her personal relationships. She will soon have opportunities for warmer ties which are not so unpredictable. The Aquarians like people, but find it difficult to center their feelings on one per-
ANGRY SILENCE, THE—Valiant. Directed by Guy Green. Tom, Richard Attenborough; Ann, Pier Angeli; Joe, Michael Crawford; - David, Peter Ustinov; Jean, Geoffrey Keen; Martin, Laurence Naismith; Thompson, Russell Naper; Trencher, Robert Ocean; Trencher, Peter Lawford; Lane, David Hemmings. A World Without Love, starring edition. A warning to Virgona! Don’t mistake wildness, unconventional or temperamental behavior for real originality.

TAUREANS (April 20-May 20) like to stand pat and be comfortable—like Bing Crosby and Perry Como. But in the past seven years Taureans have been proroged out of the rut. In some cases, they have left the veal entirely. But this was the case of two divorced last year—Glenn Ford from Eleanor Powell and Stewart Granger from Jean Simmons. And my advice to Glenn Ford, at least, would be, "Don’t knock them back again this time. On the more optimistic side, both he and Granger can look forward soon to the more interesting, creative expression and ending of their next film."

SCORPIANS (October 23-November 21) are an unusual cycle that mean either the ups or the downs (get them two times negative, lonely and disparaged) or physically deceased. They are normally hard-headed and know just what they want and where they’re going, and this is the cycle that will leave them less sure of themselves.

SAGITTARIANS (November 22-December 21) have just had their big year—a cycle of Jupiter which should have put them in a favorable position to go on to consolidate their gains. True, they do have another cycle of changing conditions coming up, but the changes and excitement of the new will have left these with such unexpected results as for Sandra Dee, Mark Damon, Rick Nelson, Shirley Maclaine, Harry Belafonte, in the coming years. She’s certainly all out in individual expression. And don’t be surprised that she often wants “to be alone.” That is a trait of another Virgo, Great Gurbo.

The Virgona are going to be swept out into the spotlight, so they may as well get used to it. They will be part of the new show and, with the new cast, breaking precedents, expressing originality, and giving science new brilliance and adventure. Frankie Avalon with a solid concentration of planets in Virgo can expect to go far if he lets his mind to it. A wonderful opportunity to Virgona. Don’t mistake wildness, unconventional or temperamental behavior for real originality.

GEMINIANS (May 21-June 21) have our next president in their ranks, so we will want to know what to expect from him. This is a dual sign, as is Pisces, so don’t look for consistency. The Geminis are the best salesmen with the hard sell, charm, wit, and dexterity with words. Mr. Nixon should have known it is almost impossible to out-talk a Geminian when he is out to back you in a corner. They know all the tricks and they can come up with a half a dozen others. But their interest wanes quickly if they have to listen. They love to be in the know, are quick to talk to anyone with all kinds of people, and enjoy wit and fun.

You can see why Marilyn Monroe has been picking the wrong mates. She is a Geminian but she picked two husbands in Joe DiMaggio and Arthur Miller, whose lives were gone enough both Arthur Miller, her estranged husband, and the amusing Yves Montand are Librans. The latter is a triple threat character, the first being a Geminian. Librans, they can come up with a half a dozen others. But their interest wanes quickly if they have to listen. They love to be in the know, are quick to talk to anyone with all kinds of people, and enjoy wit and fun.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22) has The Scales for its symbol. It signifies that the diplomat Librans like to look at both sides of a question and keep things balanced. They love peace so much they often refrain from making a judgment beyond seeing the facts. They have just gone through a long period of doubts, anxiety and idealism, and yearn to escape from involvement in a harsh and staid world. President Eisenhower, a Libran, will welcome the relief from making decisions.

The Librans have had a critical time and it is not entirely over. In September they will have their full pull. By September, Mars, the planet of war, strife and action, will be in Libra—bringing to a climax many problems for Arians, Capricornians and Cancerians. This sign is quite protective of the interests and individuals. Hold on, here we go! The End
miles away from my old studio. Funny, isn't it, the way life can play tricks on you? Two miles away from my old studio, and they don't let me past the front gate. I'd give anything, anything if they'd just give me a chance again. My life was stopped—stopped dead. And if it weren't for Jerry, I don't know how I'd have gone on.

I keep remembering the day that I walked off the lot at Universal Studios. I didn't want to leave. I was just a kid, and everyone made such a fuss over me. I loved singing and acting—and dressing up in all the costumes that the studio designed for me. I was a pampered prodigy, and, believe me, I adored every minute of it! But my agent thought it would be best for me to leave and make a personal appearance tour.

The tour was a success, but when I wanted to go back to the studio and begin working in pictures again, they wouldn't let me in. I'll never forget how I had to get an official pass to get past the guard at the gate. The studio had changed hands, and I was no longer welcomed there.

I was so hurt, and so lost. I didn't know where to turn. Since the day I had been discovered for pictures, my life had been like a fairy tale. Now that I think of it, I must have been the envy of every young girl who read about me or saw me on the screen. But I didn't have only known how I felt during those horrible lost months and years when I struggled to find myself again.

When I had just about reached my lowest ebb, a miracle happened. I met Dick Blayton, the most wonderful, sensitive understanding guy I had ever known. We fell in love, and living was a joy again. I felt like a brand-new person—I was carefree, happy and completely at peace. My career no longer seemed important, all I could think of was being Dick's wife and raising his kids.

He was a flyer in Korea, and almost at the end of his tour of duty. We planned to get married right after he flew his final mission—just as soon as he could get started as a commercial photographer again. I was going to be Mrs. Richard Blayton, and that was all I wanted and all I cared about.

But he never returned from his mission. I was homesick when the telegram came—home writing a letter to Dick full of details about the wedding.

I didn't cry at first, not even when I saw Daddy pick up my unfinished letter and stuff it in his sweater pocket. Then I couldn't stop crying. I couldn't believe that our love had come to an end, and then I felt as though the whole world had come to an end. Dick was gone... his life was finished... stopped... my life was finished... 

But my life wasn't finished. I had to go on living—waking up in the morning, eating, sleeping, listening to people talking, seeing them drive by our house. That was the hardest part of all—forcing myself to pretend that I cared.

But little by little, of course, I did begin to care again. I slowly became the pretense faded, and I began to pick up the threads of my life. I thought about simple things at first, and then more important matters came into focus. My life began to take shape. But what was I going to do? If I had felt lost before I met Dick, now...
PERSONALITY

Continued from page 47

When Carole Wells arrived at the Deb Star Ball, no one knew she was nervous. See her in “National Velvet” on TV.

Carol Christensen: “I spell beauty w-o-r-k.”

I was really at the bottom of a pit. I racked my brains trying to think what I might have been doing if I’d never been an actress, if I’d never met Dick. Finally, when I had begun to think that I would be completely useless to myself and my family, I got a glimmer of hope. A nurse! I’d always wanted to be a nurse! Why not become one now? But, of course, it wasn’t practical for me to go to nursing school. I couldn’t afford the time. I couldn’t wait to get started. And before I really had the chance to make any plans, a dentist friend of the family made me an offer.

“The girl in my office is going away on a few months’ leave of absence,” he said. “Why don’t you come up and fill in for her?”

But I soon found that being a dental assistant was far from being a nurse. I kept myself busy around the office, and I was pretty good at it, too. But was the use for me? I didn’t think so.

I still remember the day I left as clearly as if it were yesterday. A patient came into the office at about three in the afternoon, and after staring at me for several minutes he finally spoke.

“Excuse me, but aren’t you Gloria Jean?”

I didn’t know what I expected him to say, but I was almost afraid to answer. When I managed a smile and a feeble “yes,” he grinned, pleased with his discovery, and asked, “Aren’t you ever going to make a picture again?”

I froze right on the spot. I felt as though I’d been accused of some horrible crime.

When I left the office two hours later, I left free.

The very next morning I went to an employment agency. But even there the man who interviewed me recognized me, and said, “Gloria Jean ... well, my goodness, weren’t you back there interviewing me. What could I say? Couldn’t he understand? You’d think that a man in his position would have known how hard it was to get a job, any job. It seemed that no one understood! Dick would have, but ... I was alone now. I’d have to solve my problem in my own way.

He finally suggested that a hostess job in a cafe might work out. It seemed like a good idea, and I went home to wait for a call. No call. No word. No job. Not even much hope.

I began to dread going to the market, the drug store, the bank. I knew people were talking about me. I knew it would happen, and I knew what they were saying: “Gloria Jean’s lost her voice ... she’s going to wash dishes ... it’s embarrassing that she has fallen out.” That’s what they were saying, but how could I tell them they were wrong? I wanted to tell them to stop it, that I’d act again someday.

When they’d speak to me—strangers, clerks, customers— “What are you doing now?” they’d inquire. “Have you given up your career?” I’d just smile evasively and say anything I thought would shut them up. I don’t know whether they meant well or not. I didn’t care. All I knew was that I was dying inside. I’d have given anything at that point just to get my foot in the door. I was desperate.

I set out a few days later to see a man who had been a supporting player in one of my pictures. By this time he had become an executive in one of the top studios. I was sure that he would be able to help me.

But the minute I stepped into his office he greeted me with, “I suppose you want work.”

“Why, why, yes, I do,” I replied, stunned. “Well,” he said, standing up abruptly to indicate that there would be no interview, “talk to my producer.”

But I returned home that day, I went into my bedroom, closed the door and just sat. If crying would have helped, I’d have cried. But this wasn’t something that was completely shocking and unacceptable like Dick’s death. This was something that was on me. Established fact, and I felt that nothing could help it or change it. I think now that that afternoon—those hours in my bedroom—were the most awful of my life.

I’d been just hanging around the house doing nothing. And I knew I didn’t have much time. I don’t know how many weeks it was before my sister Bonnie coaxed me into going to a luncheon with her at the Tahitian Restaurant. It was for me, and I was beginning to come out of my shell and enjoy myself. Just as we were finishing dessert and coffee, one of the owners came over to me.

He said he’d like to talk to me. The last of our chat was a job for me as—of all things—a part-time hostess in his restaurant. I agreed to work for him immediately, of course. I laughed to myself when I looked at that call from the employment agency. But this I had done on my own, which made it seem doubly worthwhile. I thought it was a sign that my luck was changing, that maybe I was in for a streak of good luck now.

As I said, I wore a saigon for this job which made working doubly exciting for me at the beginning. While I got dressed in costume to go to work, I behaved almost as if I were an actress again dressing for a scene. Of course, it was always the same costume and the same scene, but I liked the suggestions.

But I was afraid that soon enough my old longings came back. Seeing actors and actresses night after night began to get me down. I watched the customers ask for and photographs night after night, every time they saw a star. No one asked me of course.

I guess I was feeling a little bitter the night the reporter came in and said that he would like to interview me. I was so afraid it was a joke, some sort of a gag. But it was no joke. The reporter was on the level, and he wanted to do a story about me. He knew who I was—or who I used to be. I guess I should say.

And that’s how it happened—how it all started with Jerry. He saw the item in the paper and he called me.

We arranged to meet the night before our appointment. I kept wondering if he would help me, if he’d really have a part and think I was right for it. Or would I walk out empty-handed again?

When I went to his office the next day and saw him smiling, I was speechless. I just stared at him and shook my head. I can imagine what he must have thought of me saying that he wanted to help me. He’s giving me a chance to get started on my career again. Of course, it’ll just be a chance, the hard work will have to come from me. But I’m willing. I don’t think that’s hard work. I have the Tahitian, too. I’m not taking any chances on having to look for a new job in case things don’t work out. But hostessing is a pleasure now!

And as for Patti . . . well, I’ve wanted to tell her how I feel about Jerry, but I just didn’t know how. I think this is the best way I’ve thought of that he is one of the kindest, most unselfish men in the world. The only other man I’ve ever met that I would compare to Dick.

But I’m not going to tell him about that night. I’m sorry about that. I never realized that when I finally did start talking, I didn’t stop for two hours! But please understand, Patti. After all, those were two of the most important hours of my whole life.

—Gloria Jean as told to Vi Swisher

Be sure to see Gloria and Jerry in “The Lady in Red” for Paramount. And Jerry is also in Paramount’s comedy, “Cinderella.”
I suppose it is natural that Jean comes back to me tonight in pictures. Vivid pictures. The night I first saw her when Paul Bern brought her to a party at Colleen Moore's. We laughed a little about her that night, not realizing that she was painfully shy and trying her poor young best to live up to Jean Harlow. We didn't mean to be unkind, but we had seen her in "Hell's Angels" and we didn't know anything about her and she was wearing such a very, very seductive black dress and a "big black hat with a rakish feather and we said, "Paul will go in for all those 'bad girls' of the screen."

Then we came to know her well and she began to be herself, and we found her gay and sweet and terribly shy and a little bewildered by this glamorous girl, Jean Harlow. But delighted death. Laughter all, amazed at this sudden tremendous success, terribly excited about it all, reaching out hungrily, as any girl would, for the applause and the fame and the luxury, with a bright pride that she had done all this herself—at nineteen—twenty. That was the young Jean I knew then—but other pictures haunt my memory of her tonight. Jean, so quietly staid and grown-up, the day after her marriage to Paul Bern. Determined to show Paul's friends that he had married not just a glamorous girl, but a girl who would be a worthy wife. And later Jean, shaking with stage fright the first time I interviewed her over the radio, and talking afterwards about her "morning marketing" and the making of eggs and carrots. Very pleased with herself, very domestic. The lack of shame for him and pity for him in her eyes one night when Paul Bern made a stupid, jealous scene for no reason at all.

But that last picture of Jean, one day in a garden high on a mountain top, talking of her love for Bill Powell, that is the most vivid. I am glad it is. I like to remember her like that. The rainbow almost in her grasp. I wish only—as I am sure Bill Powell wishes now—that they hadn't been afraid, hadn't been cautious, hadn't played safe—to be sure of their happiness before they took it. If they could have seen how short the time was for happiness, I don't think they would have waited. And I wish Jean might have been a wife—a real wife—married to the man she loved as she wanted to be, even if only for a little while before the curtain fell.

Toor's worst: Jean's death was an odd tragedy. At fourteen, she'd had polio and though she recovered, the disease impaired her cough reflex. She was not able to cough up anything foreign that drained into her system. She was working on a movie when an infected tooth dripped its poison into her body. This seems to be what caused the uremic poisoning that killed her.

Paul Bern and the dragon of unfavorable publicity robbed her of all that.

The suicide note

There has been so much said of the "mystery" of Paul Bern's suicide only two months after he married Jean Harlow. So much has been made of the suicide note he left which read "Dearest Jean: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you. Paul. You under—"
I have never been able to see any mystery about it—nor anything mysterious nor difficult to understand about that note which lay beside his dead body.

I believe and told Jean that I believed that she knew exactly what the note meant. And I have always believed that Paul was not the person who had written it. And that is not to say, in the least, that I did not believe the man who died. It was only that I could not believe that he had written the note. I knew that he was not the person who wrote it.

And so now that they are both gone, it seems a simple thing to read—though Jean would allow a thousand misunderstandings rather than be speak one word that would touch the name of her dead husband with that "abject humiliation" of which he wrote.

What he didn't tell her

When he fell in love with Jean Harlow, perhaps he remembered Barbara—he did not tell her. Knowing, I was deeply concerned, but I didn't know Jean Harlow as well then as I came to know her later. I thought she must know. I thought it was possible that Jean could love Barbara. I had seen her on the screen, could be ignorant of anything so vital about a man with whom she had been close friends for years.

But Jean Harlow died of tuberculosis of the lungs, to death of the passion and desire of men that poured upon her because of the parts she played, the way she looked, and that whole soul bowed in gratitude to the man who gave her life, and that whole heart, and to her mind and spirit, and not for her body.

The love she had for him gloomed with joy because of his respect, his fininess, his lack of demands. That made the truth more bitter.

It was a frightful wrong to marry a young, vital, normal girl who loved him—whom he could not know. To shatter her off the thing to which every woman has a right. But there were many strange, deep, dark sides to the brilliant mind and tortured heart of a man like Paul, who lived for the joy of his art through the dark mists of pain and frustration. His soul must have been warped—into unbelievable tenderness and pity for those in need or pain, into bleeding pride and longing.

And so, loving Jean, he reached out and took at last the thing he wanted, hoping, believing, making himself believe, that someday it would work out. But it was like Jean that when she knew the truth she never faltered. This normal young girl found herself stranded in a man's body, living out her life looking at the strangest, bleakest path through life—years of life to come. But she was loyal and loving and tender, she was torn with pity for the man who had done her this frightful wrong. She didn't whisper. No one suspected that there was anything wrong.

But Paul Bern didn't realize, I am sure, what his death would do to Jean.

She had to fight then for her success, her good name, or be trampled completely by life. And it was a bitter and desperate fight. The shock nearly killed her. The manner of his going was added horror—and the thought that, through no fault of her own, it had been because of her that life was no longer bearable to him. Then, sharp as a knife in her back, was his betrayal—of her—leaving her alone to face the consequences of his act. Flinging her to the world to be judged, discussed, pitied, perhaps misunderstood. She was not going to be a place of amusement for six months at least. It is hard to understand unless you know Bern's. Her marriage to Hal Rosson was a marriage of escape. It would all be easier if she were married. For every time she spoke to a man, every time she went out anywhere, every time she spoke—headlines reported it. There wasn't a moment when she could have any normal, everyday living—when she could do the things normal women do.

Jean Harlow had success—and she had her mother. Her mother was compensation for almost everything. But Jean was not doing anything for love, and she was too young to be satisfied with out them, too young and vital and imaginative and hungry.

You see, caution wasn't natural to Jean. She was not a gambler. Always recklessly generous. But caution had been forced upon her. And all her days after Paul's death were cautious days and this continued for a long time with Rosson, which hadn't enough vitality to support itself, and which she never should have made, was part of it all.

Why was she doing things she could do. Those kept her alive. And she was always doing kind things. I know that she once said to me, "If I never intentionally hurt anyone I shan't be afraid of anything in the world anymore.

The world may know now where the money came from that so mysteriously appeared in Hollywood to send a sick child to school. It was Jean Harlow, a mission—buy a little home—send to a boy to college. It was Jean's money but always without a name—and always, with the one provision that it wasn't to be passed on to anyone. It was a gift but that some day, if possible, it was to be "passed on" to someone else in need. It may be that many who read this will think for a moment on how much they owe Jean Harlow.

"I want a chance"

"I want," she said passionately to me, in the last long talk we had, "I want to play Marie Antoinette. I want real parts. I've fought and fought—and begged and wept to get a part. I want a chance—just one real chance."

And she did fight for it—and it was a bitter irony that the success and the career which she fought for, won, and lost, never, in her own mind, was worthy of the sacrifices she made for it. She would have been so much happier if she could have spent her time being simple, having fun and being the joking sister that she is. But they didn't know the sun—but they made her stay out of it because she burned so easily. She loved food but could not have what she wanted because of the demands made of her Harlow figure. And she loved Bill Powell.

"I want to write—really write well. I want to write a good book," she said, "I want to be a good writer as happy women are, and I want to have children. I want to be to some child what my mother has been to me. I want to really love—the one man of my life. That thing is so important. I've been doing so many things. But the great things of life I've never had—a man to love and to love me, a child of my own, a book in which I have written something. I've had to do the rest of life to make up for the things I've missed—do you think it will?"

And tonight I wish so very much that when she and Bill Powell met they had married, and I wish they had married and known sweet, decent, normal happiness and trust.

Funny, thinking of her out there alone, the very dark, the very dark, I just can't help thinking she had that coming to her. But she knows many things now that we don't know, and perhaps the years to come will be for her, sweeter and fuller than we ever dreamed.

Send food to hungry people: $1-per-package thru CARE Food Crusade, New York 16

Hollywood. But she lived in a prison made by Paul's suicide. By the fear of scandal. By the fear of misunderstanding. The public had forgiven her much. They loved her—they wanted her. But she was still Jean Harlow, who on the screen ex-emplified the hard-boiled ruthless girl who broke men's hearts without thought. She represented sex appeal and glamour and wild freedom. It was impossible that in some measure she shouldn't be identified with the parts she played—and she knew that and it hurt. But it was part of success—and she knew that too.

Every move she made was made in the glare of that spotlight. If she made a mistake—if she ever was involved in the slightest little thing—who knew what might happen.

Now remember Jean was only twenty-two then. Remember her eagerness for life. Remember that unhappiness had been forced upon her. As great as was the shock, the nagging and the worry, and she really wanted, after a few months, to laugh again, to go where people were gathered, to have a simple good time. But she couldn't. For six solid months she literally never went anywhere—just sat home, a vital fun-loving girl of twenty-two.

Naturally enough, as soon as she could go out, she fancied herself in love again. So she married her good friend—and Paul
Tiredness.

Enclose.

"Just prayer.

Fawzia, marriage ways, The Shah woman wife, once married... wait, no... he... his secret, explained. For no reason... to them... Isolated... in school... broken, she... was... last years, for the marriage... Shah and his... she... no... he... his sister's... was... broken, she... was... 18, provided... His schoolgirl... living... for the... was... look... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her... her...
dream, and Soraya was fifteen. And perhaps it was good, for what would that little girl of fifteen have done if she knew a dream could end so heart-breakingly?
She was not thinking of that, she was so happy, that day, three years later, when she, Soraya Esfandiar, the daughter of an Iranian diplomat, became the Queen of Iran.
"This time he marries for love," the rumors swiftly ran and for days after the wedding, the entire kingdom celebrated and offered prayers of thanks for the good fortune of their young ruler.

The whispers begin
She was happy. More important, the Shah was happy. It was a deep, passionate love. He was so pleased and so happy that they were not only blessed with children, Soraya knew! Knew without hearing the whispers what was being said. Knew from the looks on their faces. She had been talking to him about it. Even when, at first, the advisors didn't come right out and say it.

Instead, they said, "She shouldn't travel so much," when they saw pictures of the Shah and her at Sun Valley, on the Riviera, in Rome or Paris. "The Shah is a busy man with many responsibilities. She should stay home," one of the advisors told the Shah. "Do you think she wants to have a baby?"

She learned early to confide in only a few and so only her closest friends knew the secret reasons and the meaning behind her many trips. For the others, they did not know. And for Soraya and the Shah, they learned that from a doctor's office, all countries look alike, especially when the answer is the same.

It grew harder to smile and pretend that it didn't matter, that the next doctor, surely, would say everything would be all right, a baby would be born. But finally they both had to face the problem.

Almost desperately, the Shah called together his advisors and pleaded: "Amend the law. Let me have a child to succeed to the throne, Soraya or Princess Shahnaz, Fawzia's daughter." Behind his words, a silent plea: "Help me, help me save my marriage."

In answer, they quoted their prophet, Mohammed. "The tribe that constitutes a woman as its ruler will not find redemption. They could not, would not change the law that had governed their land for 2,500 years."
The Shah didn't tell her his decision, but she could tell, the way a woman can tell the thoughts of the one she loves, from an expression in his eyes, from the way he watches when he thinks she doesn't notice, from the way he reaches suddenly for her hand and holds it tightly without speaking. She knew him so well that she knew the answer. And he knew she had guessed, and he couldn't help her.

She cried, remembered Fawzia, and fought for her marriage. She, Soraya, was determined. She insisted. She declared, if they would name the Shah's nephew as his successor.

But that, too, could not be done. "It must be a direct descendant, the son of the ruling Shah," they said. No one added, everyone knew: If there were no hereditary successor to the throne, there could be a struggle for power, and Iran might collapse.

It seemed hopeless, but she was a woman in love . . . and so she hoped. And in the late afternoon, when the Shah would come to find her and she would walk the quiet streets of Tehran, she was silent, fearful that the words might burst out. The words, which must have been always in her mind, repeated over and over, but never spoken aloud. And he thought them, too. He could abandon, give up his throne, live in exile. But the struggle was bigger than a man, a husband who loved his wife. His struggle was that of the ruler, a leader of millions of people.

A desperate question
There was no answer. So they delayed. The Shah put off his advisors, tried to gain time. Then, one final, desperate effort to keep her. Would she agree, he asked, hesitantly, to his taking a second wife? It was allowed under Moslem law. But Soraya loved too deeply, she could not say yes.

His country grew impatient. They had waited seven and a half years, they could wait no longer. A decision was demanded, a decision that was no longer the Shah's to make.

On March 14, 1958, the Shah, bluntly, not trying to hide his hurt, announced to his country and to the world: "Ignoring my personal feelings for the sake of my nation's interests, I have separated from my beloved wife, loyal friend and sweetheart."

He said no more, there was nothing more to be said.

From Soraya, at first, there was silence. Then, from Germany, where she had gone to be with her parents, she spoke, simply, honestly: "I shall always love the Shah. But I have cried enough these last few months, I am now going away for a short holiday."

The country wept. The people had deeply loved their beautiful young Queen, and they made no pretense of their affection for her now.

Whether Soraya and the Shah still had hope that their personal problem could be solved, neither said. But neither seemed eager for a new romance. Soraya went on her holiday, and the court tried, hopelessly, to find a new bride for the Shah. But it wasn't easy. He hardly seemed to listen, not even to his own daughter, and finally they gave up trying. What could they do? "After all, the Shah is the Shah, the Prime Minister said. "No one can very well go to him and say, 'I know a nice girl for you.' " And besides, they all knew that for the Shah, no one could ever replace Soraya.

A new queen
But Soraya must have known that one fearful day another woman would have to take her place as Queen. How she felt later when she read the newspaper accounts of her ex-husband meeting with a young Iranian princess (Soraya's successor), how she must have known that the rumors of an engagement she never revealed even to those closest to her.

The Shah had met Farah at a meeting planned by his daughter and her husband. She was a student at the L'Ecole Speciale
"Complexion perfection"

**ACNE - PIMPLES . . . GONE!**

**IMPORTANT**

The Halsion Plan is fully guaranteed. The Allan Drug Co. stands behind every capsule. Thousands have found the happiness that comes with a clear complexion. You must get satisfactory results or every penny will be refunded.

**WITH 2 TINY CAPSULES A DAY!**

- As easy to take as vitamins
- No more sticky ointments
- No more greasy creams
- The Halsion Plan treats your complexion problem at its source . . . WITHIN the body.

- Full 30 day supply $3.95.

**ACNE - PIMPLES . . . GONE!**

**WRINKLES GONE!**

LOOK MANY YEARS YOUNGER with Simple CARTOONS

The sensational health beauty edi-
tions by the famous cartoonists. Instantly, wonderfully. For patients of skin and eye weakness. Free for patients of skin and eye weakness. 

**FREE ENLARGEMENT WITH ORDER**

**BUNIONS**

**DOCTOR'S FAVORITE REMEDY**

You never tried anything so wonderful for bunions as Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer of soft rubber. Relief is immediate. Helps hide bulge and preserve shape of shoe, 75c each. Not available locally. Send with shoe size and width and state if it is for Right or Left foot.

**FREE Bonus Offer**

**Parchment Enchantment**

**CATALOGUE**

**FREE Introductory Offer**

1400 State Ave., Dept. 45-H, Cincinnati 14, Ohio

**SALON CRAFTSMEN**

**FREE Gift Offer Coupon**

**ON FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

with approval samples of 2 New All-Occasion Card Assortments

**FREE Gift Offer Coupon**

**ON FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

with approval samples of 2 New All-Occasion Card Assortments

**FREE Gift Offer Coupon**

**ON FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

with approval samples of 2 New All-Occasion Card Assortments

**FREE Gift Offer Coupon**

**ON FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

with approval samples of 2 New All-Occasion Card Assortments

**FREE Gift Offer Coupon**

**ON FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

with approval samples of 2 New All-Occasion Card Assortments
HAD that. 6021 divorce to CITY STATE long STR OLABORATORY.

Just form, returned amazing inflamed New pain, new repository between |

For (any SIR-O-LENE Dept. 67c 31-B, Pa...

PHOTO!

Plain text:

POEMS WANTED

Songs recorded. Send poems today for FREE Cleveland ASCOT MUSIC INC. 6021 Sunset Blvd. Studio A-14, Hollywood 28, Calif.

MONUMENTS

Monuments — Markers — Direct to you LOWEST PRICES - Freight Paid. Free Catalog. ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO. Dept. 675, JOLIET, ILL.

LOW AS 4.52 EASY TERMS

Send No Money 3 to $50


ITCH in Women Relieved like Magic

Here's blest relief from tortures of vaginal itch, rectal itch, chafing, rash and eczema with a new amazing formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, soothing medicated cream kills harmful bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and soothes healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists!

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT Paper

Same price for full length or bust. Full length, shoulder, bust or head and shoulders. Portrait or figure only. Sizes other than 8 x 10. $1.00 extra for each. 10% off for lot of 10 or more. Minimum charge $3.00. Odd sized papers $5.00. Send No Money 3 to $50.

Send No Money 3 to $50


Shrinks Hemorrhoids

New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch — Relieves Pain

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

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (O-14) — discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppositories or ointment form under the name Preparation 14H. Ask for it at all drug counters.

Watch TRUE STORY on your NBC-affiliated television station on Saturdays

See your local paper for time and station. Exciting stories of actual events and people, straight from the files of TRUE STORY Magazine—narrated by Kathi Norris.

And don't miss Dr. G. McHugh's survey in answer to the question: "DO YOU MAKE THESE MISTAKES ABOUT THE FACTS OF LIFE?"

Kathi Norris

In February TRUE STORY Magazine

The Woman's Guide to Better Living

Buy Your Copy Today Wherever Magazines Are Sold
ALAMO, THE—U.A.: Technicolor, Todd-AO; Producer-director-star John Wayne turns a frontier legend into an epic as buckling and likeable as his screen self. He's Crockett! Wildmark is Bowie; Frankie Avalon sturdily tries to hold the fort, too. (F) January

ANOTHER SKY—Harison: As a reserved Englishwoman arriving in Marrakeh, Victoria Grayson becomes infatuated with a young Arab and plunges into a strange world. Slow-paced and poetic; filmed in Morocco. (A) December

BREATH OF SCANDAL—Paramount; Technicolor, VistaVision: Old-style romance between princess Sophia Loren and Yankee businessman John Gavin. Chevalier has the charm the film needs. (A) January

BUTTERFIELD 8—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor; Liz Taylor does her strongest acting in the title role of a study of a New York party girl, who hurts not only herself but her married lover (Laurence Harvey) and her de-sparring friend (Eddie Fisher). (A) December

DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, THE—Warner, Technicolor: Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire, teenager Shirley Knight portrarry warmly the problems of an average family in Oklahomas of the 1920's. (A) November

G.I. BLUES—Paramount, Technicolor: Love troubles plague Army pals stationed in Germany, and—oh yes, one of 'em is that guy Presley, better than ever! His gal's Juliet Prowse. Laughs, ten songs. (A) January

GENERAL DELLA ROVERE—Continental: The Italian movie at its best, with director Roberto Rossellini, actor Vittorio de Sica in top form. As a debonair con artist in wartime Italy, s De Sica is forced by Nazis to impersonate a hero. (A) January

HIGH TIME—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Amiable campus musical casts Bing Crosby as a fiftish freshman, Fabian as his roommate, Tuesday Weld as a kooky coed. There's one switch on the old college comedy; these students actually study! (F) December

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Columbia: Those by British turn labor-management relations into a laugh-loaded shambling. As a shop steward, Peter Sellers creates a debonaire master piece, Ian Carmichael's a bumbling who's hot starts a riot. (A) July

INHERIT THE WIND—U.A.: Two great old pros, Spencer Tracy and Fredric March, argue over teacher Dick York's fate in a robust fiction version of Tennessee's "monkey trial" of the 1920's. Reporter Gene Kelly covers a hot story—but still sizeles. (F) December

LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPIPHANY—Columbia: James Darren scores in a sordid but sentimental slum drama, as Shelley Winters' son. Detracts led by Burt Ives strive to save the boy from crime. (A) November

MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, THE—U.A.; De Luxe Color, Panavision: Yul Brynner looks at home in a picturesque western, leading fellow gunman Steve McQueen, Horst Buchholz to galtan Mexican adventure. (F) January

MIDNIGHT LACE—U.S.; Eastman Color: Doris Day looks lovely and scared in an eye-see me screenwriting enterprise. As wife of London financier Rex Harrison, she's bedgared by threatening phone calls, Myrna Loy's her American aunt. (F) December

NEVER ON SUNDAY—U.A.: Sprite Melina Mercouri dominates this saucy comedy as a Greek seaport trooper who's happy with her work—until staffy tourist Jules Dassin tries to reform her. (A) January

SONG WITHOUT END—Columbia: CinemaScope, Eastman Color; Dick Bogary's romantic good looks suit the role of composer-pianist Franz Liszt, whose life is seen as a piano concerto and costume pageant, with stormy personal drama on the side. (A) September

SPARCtus—U.I.: Technicolor; Super Technicolor 70: Powerful, intriguing legend of ancient Rome. Jean Simmons, Tony Curtis join leader Kirk Douglas in a slave rebellion against the corrupt empire symbolized by Laurence Olivier. (A) January

STUDS LONICAN—U.A.: Honest but not too well-organized realism. In Chicago of the 1920's, young Christopher Knight keeps evading adult responsibility. (A) January

SUNDOWNERS, THE—Warner, Technicolor: Happy, satisfying jaunt across Australia ranch country, with wandering shepherder Bob Mitchum, wife Deborah Kerr, son Michael Anderson, Jr. (F) January

SUNRISE AT CAMPBELLO—Warner, Technicolor; Intimate closeup of the Roosevelt family during his battle with polio, Ralph Bellamy, as FDR, and Greer Garson, as his indomitable wife. Give fine emotional performances—and accurate impersonations. (F) December

SURPRISE PACKAGE—Columbia: Yul Brynner and Mitzi Gaynor, as an American gangster and girlfriend exiled to a Greek island, breeze through a talky, funny thriller. Noel coward's a wavy unemploying king. (A) November

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—Buena Vista; Technicolor, Panavision: Disney jazzes up the juvenile classic, as castaways John Mills, Dorothy McGuire, Jim MacArthur meet pirates and Janet Munro. (F) January

3 WORLDS OF GULLIVER, THE—Columbia, Eastman Color: Swift might not approve doctor Kerwin Mathews' travels, but kids'll like this mild fantasy. (F) January

WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS—M-G-M: Sensation-filled, grimly amusing (for those not easily shocked) view of a decadent Italian fishing village, Gina Lolobrigida evades various Montand's clutches. (A) December

WORLD OF SUZIE WONG, THE—Paramount; Technicolor: Impressively Hong Kong scenes loom over the winsful romance of Bill Holden and Nancy Kwan, who are sympathetic though not perfectly cast as an American artist and a Chinese bar girl. (A) January
Long Thinked

by Miss Janet Lakin

"After graduating from SPEEDWRITING shorthand course, I got the job of my choice—secretary in a large advertising agency. The work is full of fun, friends and interest. It provides a good salary and excellent working conditions."

No "Foreign Language" of Symbols—with SPEEDWRITING

Over 500,000 men and women have learned shorthand the SPEEDWRITING way at home or through classroom instruction in schools in over 400 cities throughout the world. Today they are winning success everywhere—in business, industry and Civil Service. SPEEDWRITING shorthand is so rapid that it is accurate and speedy. 120 words per minute. Age is no obstacle. Typing also available.

Write TODAY for FREE book which gives full details of the method that has been acclaimed by thousands who have run from SPEEDWRITING shorthand. Still more are finding out about this. Limited supply. Act now.

FREE Catalog
School of Speedwriting
Dept. 202-1, S. W. 42 St.
New York, N. Y.

SPEEDWRITING
SPEEDWRITING

Add Curves to Hips, Thighs, Knees, Calves, Ankles

Try new home method by leg authority. Offers, tested, proven scientific or details. Stylish, graceful, leg made to order. Unexcelled, stronger legs, longer, more graceful. Send for FREE pamphlet—also packed with actual before and after photos.

FREE BOOK MODERN METHODS, Dept. SL-768
296 N. Y. C.

Girls—he scared them

As for girls—the thirty girls to every guy—he had one date—the last night of the semester. Away from home like this, he was unprepared. If they didn't say hello, he didn't say hello. He thinks maybe the girls who did like him were afraid to say hello. He was kind of a knock out, but not for the hair. He wore it long, real long. But that last night of the semester, he asked a girl for a date. Angel Azar. Beautiful name! Beautiful Angel! He took her to a movie, then to a coffee shop. He thought it was being scored because when he tried to help her into the chair, she sort of jumped. Then a girl friend of hers came into the shop. The girl friend wrote a note, the waitress handed it to Angel.

"What's in that note?" he said several times, and finally he grabbed it and read:

"Be careful—Off whom, Ugy?"

He had better luck with the girls down in Los Angeles where he went for an occasional weekend to visit his sister Evelyn, the actress, and Victoria King and was Miss New Jersey in the Most Beautiful Woman of the World contest. They always got along fine and he dated some of her contest friends. He decided to leave Santa Barbara and look around for something to get in touch with SC. They'd offered him a scholarship too; and after one lonely semester at Santa Barbara he was ready for a change. The coach at SC looked him over carefully. He was six-foot-eight, five-foot-eleven but weighed 135. You might say puny, scrawny and tattered. The coach suggested he toss a few javelins. They went green and red.

If he didn't know anyone at Santa Barbara, this was the deep freeze. All the other freshmen had been there six months. They knew each other. He joined a fraternity, they were dead by the fall. He tried to cheer him up and keep him washing dishes. It was too much. Like goodbye. The only time he was for real was when he was throwing the javelin. There was a field meeting at the end of the year and he threw 223 feet, two feet further than the freshman record. But he kept trying to better that. One day he tore all the ligaments in his elbow trying.

The doc said he'd have to lay off for a year. This shatterd his world.

His family had moved out West by now, they had bought the North Hollywood farm. His mother didn't think quittering college adorable. They had quite a time. And he still believes that all those emotional blow-offs they had at home are responsible for it. Cause he is too sensitive—sufficiently sensitive. He is too sensitive to the—sensitivity, the emotional capacity and sentiment. He doesn't think sensitivity is something you're born with. He thinks it's an acquired trait. We're born with emotions, but in his family, where they weren't restricted, and because his mother was super-sensitive, because she was either terribly happy or unhappy.

At this point his mother was hoping he'd be a lawyer or a doctor.

He went to work in a warehouse unloading freight cars.

It was drab and you didn't have time to think. You didn't have time for anything. The foreman would stand on the ramp and say, "Okay, boys, toss 'em to me... faster... faster..."

He was a happy man. Father was an interior designer at the warehouse getting an audition at Warner Brothers and he asked Ugy to go along. He was a big kid, six-feet-five; he wanted an inexperienced smaller guy to do the tall part in "Home of the Brave." His mother made him get a haircut and scrub his ears.
A new name
Like in the fairy tales.
Warner Brothers loved him.
"Brilliant," they said.
"What a future," they said.
But he couldn't be Ugy, they said. He thumbed a telephone book until he found a name that very few seemed to have. Landon. Mike Landon. Now he was an actor.
He went to their drama school to study with Blair Cutting, and washed cars in the parking lot. Then a terrible thing happened. Jack Warner discovered there was a dramatic school at the studio. He didn't know he had one, he didn't want one. Dissolve. A casting executive called him in.
"Mike," he said, "closing the school is a break for you. We're going to screen test you next week. Don't worry, it's just a formality. We're crazy about you."
Now you won't be starting big, you know, just a hundred-and-twenty-five a week to start..."

PREVENT CRIPPLING DISEASES

PLEASE SAY YES TO THE NEW MARCH OF Dimes

BIRTH DEFECTS ARTHRITIS POLIO

He was making twenty-five.
He rushed out of the guys office, rushed across the street to a pay telephone, called his mother... He was hysterical. He was bawling like a baby. He'd made good. She and Dad could be proud. The end.
This was Friday. On Monday, they wouldn't let him into the studio. He was like crazy. For four days he kept trying to get in, trying to call this casting exec, he was never in.
Two weeks later they met in a restaurant. You won't believe this next bit of dialogue.
"It was easier this way, kid. Wise up," he said.
He got a job selling blankets door to door. Strictly a reflex action. He took it because it was door to door and he needed to talk to people, be with people, find out they were human. It paid more than any job he'd ever had.
Just about then, he met Dodie. A friend of his had a date with a girl who was over at Dodie's, would he drive him over? He met Dodie and her dog and this little kid of hers. Mark, aged six. He's crazy for kids, and this one is the greatest. He ended up tucking him in bed that night.
"Listen," he says, "if you want to be my daddy, I'll work on it."
Is this funny? He's nineteen and marriage is the last thing in the world he's thinking about. Dodie was a very nice girl, a pretty girl, he liked her and they went out for a ride a times and he took her to a movie. The African Lion,"
But what happened wasn't "The African Lion," it was "The Enchanted Cottage." The fifth or sixth time they went over to pick her up, she walked in this beagle suit and it was a different girl. Her cheeks are bigger, bluer, her smile is sweeter, warmer, she's gorgeous, fantastic, he'd never seen anything like it.
"You're a fool," he yelled, "I'm gonna marry you!" He suddenly had love he never knew he had. This girl put roses in his cheeks! A week or so later they were waiting for the Mister Toad ride at Disneyland and he'd forty-five minutes to wait. That gave them time to set the wedding plans. He was really elated. Dodie was the most, and he loved Mark so much. He's one in a million. How lucky could he get? He wasn't waiting a minute, a minute.
The only thing that bugged him was his parents' attitude. Dad kept out of it pretty much. Mother was horrified. What mother thinks any girl is good enough for her son? Dodie, Dodie's six years older than him, and that staggered Mother. He didn't get the attitude then and still doesn't. He could never have been happy with a younger girl. He wanted someone with a lot on the ball. Dodie's got it. After her husband was killed in a car crash, she knew what it was to work and run a house and bring up a child alone. With her, he's had the first real happiness of his life.
Five years of it. After about two years, Mother realized she was happy, realized he was in love, and began to thaw. They'd come through some tough sledding. And when he returned again to take a crack at show business it was because he wasn't scared any more, not of anything. He knew he could make a good living as a salesman. So he took right out on a day blanker and after he'd begun to get spots on dramatic shows. To him success no longer means a goal you strive toward. What's important is everyday living. Life is now, this minute. What matters is being a family.
He understood this boy, Mark, because he's like he was when he was a kid. Mark was hungry for a father's discipline. And he was hungry for love and responsibility. Mark's the greatest. He told Dodie the other day, he said:
"Mom, I've known you longer than Daddy but I love you the same. It's like I'm walking down the street in a strange town and I know no one. Then suddenly I see Daddy and my heart flies right out of my chest into his arms."
Is that something? And now, they have the new baby. Just a few months old. What more could a guy ask for?
And his mother is happier now than she's ever been. The other night she was over for dinner, and she was playing with Josh. It's not long after the marriage. They weren't going to be fly-by-nighters. The baby was what she expected, standard equipment. And you know what she says about him?
"He's adorable."—JANE ARDMORE

You can see Michael Landon on "Bananza" on NBC-TV, Saturday, 7:30-8:30 p.m., EST.

POEMS WANTED

For musical setting...send poems today, any subject. Immediate consideration. Phonograph records made. CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 506, New York 1

Any PHOTO Copied

Send NO MONEY

25 BILLBOARD PHOTOS $1

2% x 3 1/2 in. size on double weight, silk finish, 35c portrait paper. The handling fee for each ding with by friends, enclosing in letters or presenting caption is $1.00. Original returned. Order in units of 25 (10c). Enclose payment ($1.25) and we will prepare or SEND NO MONEY. (Sent c.d. if you wish) 4 day service. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send photo or snapshot today.
DEAN STUDIOS
Dept. 376, 913 Walnut Street. Des Moines 2, Iowa

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE—$1.98

Stretch your way to a trimmer YOU with new, sturdy rubber STRETCH-A-WAY. Make an open your private way to which to use this scientific exerciser. Complete with special chart to show you the safe method of toning up the muscles. Improve your figure—tummy, thighs, hips and bust measurements—this natural way! Keep it trim. Stores away in any drawer. Guaranteed to do the job or your money back! Only $1.98, postage paid. Order STRETCH-A-WAY from Sunset House, 414 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.
Why Don't Boys Date Outside Their Crowd?

What reasons do the boys give for staying within their crowd? One boy says he stopped dating "outside" because "it meant I had to give up my friends or travel with her friends or date all alone." A revealing survey in the colorful, new issue of TEENS TODAY Magazine provides some surprising answers for all teenagers. Don't miss it.

For the Latest on What Teenagers Talk About and Do, Read:

BEST WAYS TO CRAM FOR EXAMS

OFFBEAT VALENTINE VERSE

TEST YOUR TALENT IN WRITING AND ART

Plus Many More Exciting, Helpful Features in February . . .

TEENS TODAY

Only 25c now at your favorite newsstand

Exodus

STIRRING BALLAD OF PATRIOTISM; ADULT

Those of you who enjoyed Leon Uris' best-seller will find this big, impressive movie even more accurate and absorbing. It's solid story-telling, full of "What happens next?" excitement. And there's an added attraction of seeing the actual sight of places with majestically echoing names like "the land of Canaan," because Producer-director Otto Preminger went right to the spot to show how the new state of Israel fought for recognition, in 1947-48.

No matter what nationality is concerned, characters in a patriotic story are bound to be uncomplicated. The most important fact about each one is simply: "Is he with us or against us?" Paul Newman is a brave, resourceful Israeli hero; Eva Marie Saint, a sympathetic American heroine. Ralph Richardson's a good Englishman; Peter Lawford's a bad one—a laughing stock. John Derek's a good Arab. But Sal Mineo does have complex emotions to deal with, and he settles down here to some serious acting. He and Jill Haworth give you a picture you won't forget—of teenagers who spent their childhood under the terrifying shadow of the Nazis.

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE; EASTMAN COLOR

The Grass Is Greener

BRIGHT STARS Swap Smart Lines; ADULT

My, aren't we elegant! If you've been longing for a lovely, glossy, old-fashioned drawing-room comedy, this is your dish. You've never seen a sticky domestic situation carried off in such terribly civilized style. As a poor, hard-up English lord and lady, Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr are just getting by, growing mushrooms downstairs and selling tickets upstairs to tourists who tramp all over their castle. One of the sightseers, American millionaire Robert Mitchum, walks in with camera in hand and walks out—believe it or not—with
Deborah’s affections, luring her off to a fling in London. Not cricket, old boy! But Cary does try to take it like a gentleman—up to a point. The three stars are debonair and charming, and Jean Simmons makes a dazzling fourth, as a family “friend” who wouldn’t at all mind seeing the Grant-Kerr marriage break up. This is a new Jean, delightfully impudent, with startling high-fashion makeup and simply smashing clothes. Her kookie antics help to jazz up what seems at times endless talk-talk-talk. (The picture is taken from a London stage hit—but sometimes not far enough.)

**The Facts of Life**

HILARIOUS, TENDER DOMESTIC COMEDY; ADULT

The mere idea of co-starring Bob Hope and Lucille Ball suggests a load of laughs, and they’re delivered, all right—but with an unexpected twist. Bob and wife Ruth Hussey, Lucy and husband Don De Fore are placid suburbanites, sometimes bored, but generally contented—until Bob and Lucy are thrown together on a Mexican vacation. To their own astonishment, they fall in love. Behind all the gags is a gentle hint at a fact of life and a good moral: Real-life adultery is no laughing matter.

**The Virgin Spring**

GRIM AND BEAUTIFUL, MEDIEVAL LEGEND; ADULT

After the great success of Ingmar Bergman’s "Wild Strawberries," many of the Swedish director’s older films were brought over here. This is actually a new one, far stronger than the revivals. It’s based on an ancient Swedish folk song dealing with the rape and murder of a young girl, the awful revenge that her nobleman father takes, the miracle that follows. This is no knight-in-flower stuff. It’s the real Middle Ages that Bergman has put on film: dirt, misery and ignorance; golden innocence; the mystic faith that sent the great cathedrals soaring upward. But if you look closely you’ll realize that the director sees these people from a modern viewpoint. The maiden (Birgitta Pettersson), her father (Max von Sydow) and the bitter slave (Gunnar Lindblom) haven’t the slightest idea what’s going on in their own heads. These days, we understand ourselves a little better—or do we?

Where the Bays Are

IT’S FUN TO BE YOUNG—OR IS IT?; ADULT

Come Easter-vacation time (it says here), college students really relax! And you’ll have a ball with the girl-hunting guys and husband-hunting girls who invade Fort Lauderdale, Florida—at this time of year. The whole picture’s a terrific showcase for young talent and whatever type you go for, you’ll find a favorite here. Dolores Hart is beautiful, poised and brainy, (George Hamilton really tests (Please turn the page)
The Village of the Damned
SEMI-SCIENCE-FICTION; ADULT

Most thrillers about invasions from outer space seem to be aimed at the small fry. But this one certainly isn’t—considering the invasion route. It starts on a quiet afternoon, when sleep suddenly overtakes the whole English village where scientist George Sanders lives. Everybody wakes up just as suddenly, and weeks go by before anybody even realizes the town has been invaded. The plot’s too ingenious to give away—we’ll just say it gets creepier and creepier as it goes along its way.

Cinderella
MUSICAL FANTASY; FAMILY

The further Jerry Lewis goes with his producing career, the more he begs fans to cry over star Jerry, instead of just laughing at him. Now he’s the poor stepchild in a nutty up-to-date version of the fairytale, with Judith Anderson as his nasty stepmom, Henry Silva and Robert Hutton as his spoiled stepbrothers. When fairy godfather Ed Wynn makes with the magic, Jerry’s pretty funny as the dashing beau of the ball, sweeping princess Anna Maria Alberghetti right off her dainty feet. In other scenes, it seems he can’t decide whether to be the beloved moron or a genuine romantic hero. Anyhow, the sets are knockout and the songs are effective.

Journey to the Lost City
COMEDY, TRAVEL; FAMILY

If you just watch the backgrounds, you’ll catch some beautiful views of Indian palaces and temples—real thing. But what goes on in front of them belongs in a silent-days’ serial, with dancing girl Debra Paget and architect Paul Christian dodging tigers, lepers and bad guys all over the place. You know, it kind of gave us a jolt to find that the time is supposed to be the present.

The Angry Silence
HORROR; CRIME; DRAMA; ADULT

If you saw the comedy “I’m All Right, Jack,” you’ll remember the scenes where the hero refuses to go on strike with his fellow workers and gets “sent to Coventry” (meaning that his ex-pals just pretend he isn’t there). Now the British cover the same situation from a serious angle, with Richard Attenborough as the brave individualist who’s given the silent treatment. Pier Angeli gives a strong emotional performance as his unglamorous wife.

Hell is a City
CRIME; DRAMA; ADULT

If it weren’t for the British accents, you’d almost take this for an American crime thriller. There’s no lingering around over foggy atmosphere and picturesque London scenes. The background is Manchester, a grubby industrial city. And detective Stanley Baker—no pipe-puffing genius—is just a hard-working cop who’s hot on the trail of killer John Crawford and the rest of the gang that stole the day’s take from a bookie joint. It’s all very crisp, tough and convincing, with just enough seasoning of sex. Good show!

Hand in Hand
DEPRESSIVE DRAMA; FAMILY

A couple of sweet youngsters have to carry this mild picture about childhood in an English suburb. Little Philip Needs is a Roman Catholic and his beloved playmate Loretta Parry is Jewish, but the kids hardly notice the difference—except in an amusing argument over the ceremony of burying a deceased pet mouse. Trouble finally does come up, but the solution is pretty weak. “South Pacific” said it better with one song, “You Have to Be Carefully Taught.”

Please Turn Over
COMEDY; DRAMA; FAMILY

British comedy isn’t always as subtle as most moviegoers think. This one reaches hard for its laughs, but gets quite a few, with the adventures of pretty Julia Lockwood, an innocent young thing who secretly writes a sort of English “Peyton Place.” Her respectable neighborhood is jarred by the family scandals (all imaginary) that she reveals in her book. But the disaster, just as you’d guess, has its sunny side, with happy endings for a pair of real love stories.

MOVIES continued

Tunes of Glory
WAR; DRAMA; FAMILY

Rivalries inside a British Army barracks in Scotland might sound like a pretty special subject, but director Ronald Neame snaps us to attention by aiming for the unexpected instead of the obvious. Take the opening situation, for instance: An informal, beloved old pro has to step down when a new man—a demon for the rules!—is moved in over his head. Familiar plot? Not the way it turns out here, with Alec Guinness and John Mills turning in rare and brilliant performances.

North to Alaska
ADVENTURES; DRAMA; ADULT

John Wayne and Stewart Granger stamp around the frozen North, and here you get a thriller when villain Ernie Kovacs shows up and you wonder how you can take any of this seriously. Well, relax and enjoy yourself. This big, breezy yarn is intended strictly for laughs. It’s a story chiefly about three guys and a girl. The girl is beautiful Capucine, who looked pretty chilly in “Song Without End,” but defrosts here to play a spirited dance-hall dame. The three guys: gold miner Wayne who gets all confused; partner Granger who makes a big boob of himself; and kid brother Fabian, who goes calf-eyed and even tries a few passes. Why, Tiger!
You’ll never have an inferiority complexion again!

NEW Cutitone

New skin-toned, medicated, astringent formula for instant blemish control

Conceals imperfections... you can actually feel it heal!
Recent medical discoveries reveal that not just one but two types of skin glands—oil glands and perspiration glands—are chiefly responsible for teen-age pimples and acne. NEW CUTITONE—created by Cuticura—is the first and only medication specifically formulated to deal with both these problems.

CUTITONE checks the overflow of oil and the excess perspiration that spreads and aggravates infection. An exclusive, astringent ingredient called "Alchloral" works instantly, with gentle controlling action!

Swiftly CUTITONE goes to work to promote new, healthy tissue growth—tighten enlarged pore openings—protect against further infection with a continuous antiseptic action.
You know CUTITONE is working because you can actually feel it work. But you can’t see anything—because your blemishes are softly, subtly concealed!

Eight leading skin specialists report outstanding results in clinical tests of 313 cases. And in comparative tests with leading blemish preparations 9 out of 10 teen agers preferred CUTITONE!

Pleasantly scented, greaseless, skin-toned CUTITONE with astringent "Alchloral" is the modern answer to the age-old problem of teen-age skin... the first to give teen agers real freedom from this embarrassment. Ask at drug counters for CUTITONE by Cuticura.

The last word in acne treatment by Cuticura... world’s best known name in skin care.
Salem refreshes your taste
—“air-softens” every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff... it’s Springtime! Yes, Salem is the soft smoke, the cool smoke, the refreshing smoke, and it combines this springtime freshness with rich tobacco taste. Special High Porosity paper “air-softens” every puff to make Salem the most refreshing smoke of all. No wonder it’s America’s fastest-growing cigarette. Smoke refreshed...smoke Salem!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
NAWAY NEYMOONERS!

PAGES: OFFGUARD, EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF
ANDRA & BOBBY'S ROMANTIC, UNEXPECTED MARRIAGE
Even a peacock could envy colors by **CUTEX**

A peacock in all his pride never had as many colors as Cutex polish and lipstick! For instance, “Fashion Coral,” the toast of women on five continents. And all the other glorious pinks and reds and corals by Cutex that make you a woman of many moods! Wear “Clear Red” and be a siren of the sultry Sixties. Wear “Pink Cameo” and be your most elegant self. Cutex has a color for every facet of your personality and every costume in your closet. Try them!
FILL OUT THE COUPON ABOVE
AND I WILL RUSH TO YOU...

FREE NURSES BOOKLET
AND SAMPLE
LESSON PAGES

LEARN PRACTICAL NURSING AT
HOME IN ONLY 10 SHORT WEEKS

THIS IS THE HOME STUDY COURSE that can change your whole life. You can enjoy security, independence and freedom from money worries ... there is no recession in nursing. In good times or bad, people become ill, babies are born and your services are always needed. You can earn up to $65.00 a week as a Practical Nurse and some of our students earn much more! In just a few short weeks from now, you should be able to accept your first cases.

YOUR AGE AND EDUCATION ARE NOT IMPORTANT ... Good common sense and a desire to help others are far more important than additional years in school. Practical nursing offers young women and men an exciting challenging future ... yet the services of mature and older women are also desperately needed now!

HUNDREDS OF ADDITIONAL PRACTICAL NURSES WILL SOON BE NEEDED to care for thousands upon thousands of our older citizens as Medical, Surgical, Retirement and Pension benefits are made available. A tremendous opportunity to begin a new life of happiness, contentment and prestige is before you. See how easily you can qualify for choice of a career as a Practical Nurse, Nurses Aide, Nurse Companion, Infant Nurse, Psychiatric Aide, Hospital Attendant or as a Ward Orderly.

BUT THE IMPORTANT THING is to get the FREE complete information right now. There is no cost or obligation and no salesman to call upon you. You can make your own decision to be a Nurse in the privacy of your own home. We will send you without obligation your FREE sample lesson pages, and your FREE folder "Nursing Facts."

POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
ROOM 9R31 - 131 SOUTH WABASH • CHICAGO 3, ILL.
Scientific Clearasil Medication...

GETS INSIDE PIMPLES
to Clear Them Fast!

What you see on the outside of your skin is only the top of a pimple. The real trouble is inside, because a pimple is actually a clogged, inflamed pore. That is why Skin Specialists agree the vital medical action you need is the Clearasil action, which brings the scientific medications down inside pimple, where anti-septic and drying actions are needed.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

1. GETS INSIDE PIMPLES—'Keratolytic' action dissolves and opens affected pimple cap so clogged pore can clear quickly...and active medications can get inside.

2. STOPS BACTERIA. Antiseptic medication penetrates to any lower infection, stops growth of bacteria. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin.

3. DRIES UP PIMPLES FAST—Oil-absorbing action works to dry up pimples fast, removes excess oil that can clog pores, cause pimples. Helps prevent further outbreak.

Skin-colored...hides pimples while it works. Clearasil also softens and loosens blackheads, so they 'float' out with normal washing.

PROVED BY SKIN SPECIALISTS. In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases completely cleared up or definitely improved while using Clearasil. Guaranteed to work for you or money back. In Tube 69¢ and 98¢. Lotion squeeze-bottle only 1.25¢ (no fed. tax).

At all drug counters.

LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS
THE STORY of a man called Cimarron, and of Sabra, the girl who gave herself to him so recklessly... a story written in a woman's kisses. The story of a land—raw, rich and new—and of the thousands who came to plunder it... a story written in a man's courage!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents EDNA FERBER'S

CIMARRON

in CinemaScope and Metrocolor

starring GLENN FORD · MARIA SCHELL · ANNE BAXTER · ARTHUR O'CONNELL

based on the Novel by Edna Ferber

directed by ANTHONY MANN

produced by EDMUND GRAINGER
PROFILED: John Wayne

John Wayne was a prop man for Fox in 1927. He became an actor when he did what director John Ford couldn’t get any actors to do—jump from a boat into choppy seas. (“I was earning $35 a week.”) For his latest, “North to Alaska,” he got $666,666.

He was born Marion Michael Morrison in 1907 in Winterset, Ohio. He was re-named John Wayne by director Raoul Walsh when they made “The Big Trail.” (“I guess he couldn’t see any guy named Marion playing the fastest gun in the West.”)

He is known as Duke to his friends. When he was a youngster living in Glendale, Calif., he had a dog named Duke. Neighbors who didn’t know his name, knew his dog’s. (“I was really named for a dog.”)

He is six feet four inches, weighs 220 pounds, has blue eyes and thinning brown hair. He is a surprisingly graceful man. He dances well and moves with an ease that’s surprising with his massive physique. Yet he is a hard man to move with ideas. For example he feels that when fans go to see a John Wayne picture they want to see John Wayne. (“I’m Wayne the cowboy no matter what character I play and how I’m dressed. I don’t act—I react.”)

He has been married to—and divorced from—Josephine Saenz and Esperanza Bauer, both Latin beauties. He is now married to Pilar Palette, a Peruvian beauty and former actress. (“I have no particular preference for Latin girls. It just happened that way.”) She says, “When he first shook my hand I felt as if I had been hit by a telephone pole.” When asked how tall she is he answers, “I’m not sure, but when she’s mad she looks six feet six.”

He has four children from the Saenz marriage. He and Pilar have a daughter, Aissa Marie, four and a half. He talks baby talk to her. Their home is white frame and fieldstone in the San Fernando Valley.

He loves to drink with his friends—straight whiskey. (“I have yet to be put under the table by any of them.”) He smokes a great deal. He sleeps in a king-size bed. He hates to dance. Has always loved to hunt and fish, especially with the late Ward Bond. Of a group of old friends, only John Ford and Wayne are left. That’s life—and Hollywood—for you.

Sidney Skolsky
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 all do daily damage, aging your hands before their time. Pond’s won’t let this happen to you! Pond’s makes this promise: all-new Angel Skin, used faithfully and frequently every day, will work positive wonders in warding off that hated “old hands” look. Penetressence is the reason. Penetressence is Pond’s own lovely secret . . . an exclusive concentrate of age-defying moisturizers, softeners, and secret essences that go deep down where aging begins! Your hands respond instantly. Penetressence is the reason young hands begin with:

all-new Angel Skin

Angel Skin the young hand lotion by Pond’s
OK? Even on "those days?"
CERTAINLY!

It's a superstition to believe that washing your hair during your period will stop the flow.

The same thing holds for showering or bathing. In fact a warm tub will make you feel neater, sweeter, better.

A second question: need you remove Tampax during bathing?

Of course not. Tampax® internal sanitary protection acts protectively, does not absorb any water from the outside, prevents odor from forming.

And when you do change Tampax, it flushes away neatly.

Many a girl has thought to herself that it's simply more considerate to use Tampax. This is on top of all the advantages it holds for you: no chafing or irritation, freedom, poise, invisibility when in place.

Chances are that you will turn to Tampax some day. Why not do it now—this very month—and start enjoying the better way?

Your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold. In packages of 10 and 40. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY*

Your 50th Anniversary Issue was great! It makes me humble to think how many great people have devoted their lives to bring pleasure to the world.

Paul Anka

Your 50th Anniversary Issue of Photoplay was a constructive job for motion pictures and everyone concerned deserves congratulations.

Glenn Ford

The movies' Golden Years came alive again in your Golden Anniversary issue.

Jane Powell

Photoplay's 50th Anniversary Issue makes good reading about a medium "that wouldn't last." Here's to another lively fifty years.

Hugh O'Brian

May I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the 50th Anniversary of Photoplay. I have read every single issue of the magazine for well over thirty-five years, which takes us back to the time when such people as James Quirk served as editor and May Allison was known as the "Telephone Girl." I have always kept a backlog of at least two years of issues of Photoplay since I often use it as reference and authority to settle some friendly argument. . . . Would you believe it if I told you I still have the December 1940 issue of Photoplay with the gorgeous cover of Judy Garland?

You can see by this that I am far from a teenager. I'll give you a clue: I was old enough to vote for Woodrow Wilson in 1916!

Robert Birkelo
Burkank, Calif.

I just wanted to write and tell you how much I loved your December issue on all the stars of yesteryear. I am eighteen and was born after that era was gone but I've seen many of their pictures on television. It would be wonderful to have a star of yesteryear be remembered every month in Photoplay, because that's an era that hasn't been matched yet!

Carol Cantone
Syracuse, N. Y.

I enjoyed mostly your 50th Anniversary issue. It was such a big change to see different faces of all the past stars. Please print more of them. It's like getting more for your money.

Joan Hulse
Montclair, N. J.

I want to thank you very much for publishing your 50th Anniversary issue. Not only I but my mother and father enjoyed seeing the stars of yesterday. Seeing them brought back many memories to both of them.

I hope I will be able to see the next 50th Anniversary Issue, as I am only thirteen years of age. I enjoyed it more than I can say.

Alexis More
Bell, Calif.

Your December issue of Photoplay was such a delightful change. I enjoyed reading about the screen stars of the thirties, forties and fifties so very much.

I am still in my teens so naturally I don't remember all these stars. I would sometimes read about someone who was another Valentino, or who resembled this or that person. This would make me wonder what they looked like and how they compared to today's stars. So thank you for having a section on them.

Fannie Lee Lockamy
Clinton, N. C.

Just a short note to let you know how much I enjoyed your 50th Anniversary Issue. My co-workers and I enjoyed naming the stars of yesterday and trying to see who knew them all.

One thought came to my mind when I looked at the picture of Sonja Henie that you ran on page 53. Don't you think Sherry Jackson, of the younger set, resembles this picture very much? I wonder if this occurred to anyone else.

Marion Lesher
Miami, Fla.

Now that you mention it, she does. —Ed.

*DEAR EDITOR:*

When a girl likes a boy, how can she get him to take her out if she doesn't date
Dear Janet:

Just how it's done is hard to say. If a little friendliness and a smile don't work—well, we're stumped.—En.

* CALLING ALL FANS *

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

Paul Anka: Emma Salisbury, 3712-25th St., San Francisco 10, Calif.; Roberta Pendleton, 126 Claywood Dr., Brentwood, N. Y.


Anita Bryant: Tom Dunovich, Jr., 3101 W. Ball Rd., Anaheim, Calif.

Carol Burnett: Patricia Barney, 151 Greenpoint Ave., Brooklyn 22, N. Y.

Freddie Cannon: John Rich, 324A N. Isabel St., Glendale, Calif.


Evverly Brothers: Carol Riccitelli, 6 Thornton St., Johnston 9, R. I.


Jerry Lewis: Arlene Salik, 597 E. 95th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Elvis Presley: Renae Roos, Box 22, Saukville, Wis.


Nick Todd: Arlene Vogt, 398 Dana St., Bridgeport 10, Conn.

Conway Twitty: Janet E. Vincent, Box 317, Farmington, Dela.; Ann Bridgen, 773 Division St., Kingston, Ont.

Ingrid Bergman: Marla Rae Morrison, RFD 1, Grand Rapids, Ohio.

Mark Damon: Diane Wilson, 35 Plainfield Ave., East Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.

Rod Taylor: Barbara Traska, 3120 Tidewater Drive, Norfolk 9, Virginia.

Evverly Brothers, Johnny Mathis: Judy & Christine Rothmeier, 815 W. Wolfram, Chicago 14, Ill.


John Derek, Roger Moore: Julie Squires, 711 NE 2nd Pl., Hialeah, Fla.

(Please turn the page)

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 265 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fun clubs or write stars, contact their studios.

pan-stik*

the make-up that creams dry skin to soft new beauty...

Only Pan-Stik make-up can create a flawless complexion and—at the same time—bathe your skin in soft, dewy beauty. It moisturizes and smooths, softens and soothes with precious oils that hold moisture in—keep dryness out. Only Pan-Stik strokes on make-up from a swivel stick. Choose from 8 complexion-matched shades. $1.75.

MAX FACTOR
DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

Help—my budget! How can I buy one pair of new shoes this spring and have them match the assortment of colors and styles in my wardrobe?

JANICE ALBRIGHT
Stowe, Vt.

There’s a wonderful pump this spring with a perforated band trim in the same color. It has more fashion news than a plain pump yet is basic. Try it in bone, my suggestion. By Valentine. (see A)—FASHION EDITOR

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

I do love black patent leather shoes but how will they look with a burlap and natural leather bag I just bought?

SARA LEWIS
Jackson, Miss.

Valentine sells a black patent strap pump with a big wooden button on the strap and wooden heels. (see B) A wood stain of natural leather is perfect with your bag. Tip: Wear black gloves.—FASHION EDITOR

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

I want to use gold accessories with a pale blue silk dress. Can you suggest anything besides a plain gold pump?

MARGARET WATSON
Birmingham, Ala.

Valentine makes a dyable milk glass fabric pump with gold heels and binding. You could have the gold-speckled fabric dyed to match your dress. (see C)—FASHION EDITOR

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

Most of the young mothers in my suburban area wear moccasins, but I’m so short I need heels. Do you know of a moccasin-type casual with heels?

FRANCES GOODMAN
St. Louis, Mo.

Jacqueline makes a shoe such as you describe. The toe is squared and it has a 1/48 square stacked heel. It has the easy comfort and look of a suburban moccasin. (see D below)—FASHION EDITOR

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

I am a teenager and would like some basic information on buying shoes.

SUNNY BURNET
New York, N. Y.

I feel quite strongly that your type of life should decide how you spend your shoe allowance. If you wear casuals—sweaters, skirts, slacks—spend more money on flats than high heels that you seldom use. And vice versa.

Teenagers have a hard time getting used to high heels and there is nothing worse looking than a tottering woman. Start off with a medium heel pump and wait until you manage these before trying spikes. —FASHION EDITOR

DEAR FASHION EDITOR:

Are high heels correct with slacks?

BARBARA SMITH
Allentown, Pa.

Indeed—they are not! Remember: slacks with flats. —FASHION EDITOR

Available only at beauty salons

Now—you can get the beautiful wave you have always wanted! A new kind of professional permanent wave has been created that...

Actually helps end
“Dry Hair Worries” forever!

Zotos
Moisture Wave
with amazing Moisture/Wraps!

This miracle wave works its magic on almost every type of hair. There’s a special formula prescribed just for you!

And imagine!—your hair will have more spring and bounce—more elasticity and body than it ever had with any ordinary permanent. A Moisture Wave never, never relaxes!

The skill of your professional hairdresser—combined with new Zotos Moisture Wave—will give you the “permanent” thrill of your life.

Call your hairdresser for an appointment today!
599—Pinafores—little girls love them. This one is trimmed with ruffles, embroidered bands. Pattern in sizes 2-8 included. Transfer of bands, directions. 25¢

780—Laughing pear, winking pitcher, bright-eyed apples to embroider on kitchen towels. Transfer of 7 motifs, about 6x7. 25¢

7474—For a young boy, use horse motifs as pictures, to trim pillows, curtains and clothing. Cut motifs of felt or embroider them. Ten transfers of varied sizes. 25¢

Magicool, by Perma-lift, is the coolest, softest, most controlling rubber girdle you have ever worn. Made of a new miracle molding material called Elastomer D rubber, Magicool is air-cooled with 50,000 tiny pores and lined with soft Helanca that's wonderfully comfortable next to your skin.

Easy to slip on and off. Magicool will never split or puncture—and wonder of wonders—you can machine-wash and dry Magicool as often as you wish (you wouldn't dare try that with other rubber girdles)! Girdle, $8.95, feather-light Bra, $3.95. Try Magicool today.
SARA HAMILTON COVERS HOLLYWOOD:
★ What gives with Elvis and Nancy?
★ Harry Karl adopting Eddie's children?
★ June Allyson and Dick Powell's secret
Elvis to Marry?

"We've got lave on this set. And we've got a marriage coming up," I was told as I walked onto the sound stage where "Wild in the Country" was shooting. And love, indeed, was in full bloom as Glenn Ford, just back from Paris, stood off on the sidelines deep in conversation with Hope Lange whose eyes never left his face. And the marriage, I was assured, was to be Elvis' to Nancy Sharpes, the wardrobe girl who is never far from his sight on the set. "Yes, I know these rumors have been around before," my friend insisted, "but this time it's for real. You can see for yourself." And I did notice that Nancy, a very pretty blue-eyed blonde, favored near while Elvis and Millie Perkins went through a long scene together. When Elvis strolled over to speak to Tuesday Weld between takes, Nancy was right behind. And I began to sense El was taking cues from Nancy as he and I passed for pictures. Well, if it's the kind of love that leads to marriage, it couldn't happen to a nicer guy. For instance, it was a Monday when I visited the set, unaware that it was a na-visitors day. Yet when a VIP from the studio telephoned ahead to say I was a special friend, Elvis made me more than welcome. Now, why was Elvis the winner of the Hollywood Women's Press Club's sour apple award for non-cooperation? A rather silly choice for my money. And after viewing Elvis in "Flaming Star," I'm sold on the lad as an actor. So please, Mr. Pat Patterson, may I join your Presley fan club as an honorary member? Incidentally, Debbie Reynolds, the most publicized girl of the year, also won a sour apple award. The winners of golden apples for the best cooperation of the year were Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon and Nanette Fabray. Congratulations!

Why Can't Tuesday Speak Her Piece?

Tuesday Weld was tossing a package of cigarettes into the air and catching it like a baseball, when I strolled in her direction on the "Wild in the Country" set. A serious and sedate young woman, she spoke of Richard Beymer, who's in "West Side Story," and seemed very proud of his achievement. "How is it with you and Dick?" I asked. Tuesday indicated a this-way-and-that-way attitude. Her answers were discreet and guarded, I noticed, but I knew that Tuesday seldom, if ever, greets the press, so I guess I shouldn't be around that she had answered my questions at all. She feels very much put-upon, and in several instances I agree with her heartily. But the result is sod. Driven within herself, Tuesday has become a loner—an individual who goes her own way and asks no leave nor license of any one. Has Hollywood really done this thing to Tuesday? I wonder. Or did her own indifference as a child invite the blight that has chilled her heart? Well, whatever the cause, Tuesday Weld has become Hollywood's ancient enigma—at 17. And somehow I think she'll always be this way.

The Powells—Secret's Out

The May 17 Allyson-Dick Powell marriage is at an end. Their marital difficulties, one of Hollywood's best-kept secrets, was no surprise to me. I've known Dick for many years, and watched, heartick, as his marriage grew more and more shaky. Recently, his work has become almost his entire life. And this was certainly one of the reasons June and Dick drifted apart. "June needs a lot of reassuring," Dick once said. "She needs to know she's loved more than anyone I've ever known." But, sadly, businessman Powell simply didn't have the time to tell June over and over that he loved her. This was only one of their problems, though. June's immaturity, her difficulty in managing a home, plus Dick's consuming interest in work and his rumorous grasp on the dollar—all contributed to the final breakup. There was a constant censure between them over money—Dick was all for cutting corners, and June craved luxuries once in a while. As someone pointed out, it was her money that she wanted to spend, but without Dick's careful supervision, would June be able to reap between one and five million dollars in a settlement? I doubt it.

Dick took the lead in business matters, and June followed. He also made the decisions concerning the various homes they have owned during their marriage. As the clouds of gossip began to form about the small blond head of June Allyson, Dick remained steadfast, worked doggedly and said nothing. June, too, found some release in work—she has her own TV show for Dick's company. But that didn't help. Even their two wonderful children couldn't keep the in-
A Heartbreaking Triangle

"I have been through hell the last six months," Dolores Michaels told me at the beautiful party given by Arlene Dahl and her handsome bridgegroom Chris Holmes. Quietly and with no theatrics, Dolores spoke of her love for Don Murray and the hopelessness of it all, with neither Don nor his estranged wife, Hope Lange, seemingly wanting a divorce. "I'm dating other men now," Dolores shrugged. But she seems as much in love with Don as ever. Frankly, I'm beginning to believe with Don and Hope it's a case of eating their cake and having it, too. In a Lily Dache gold mesh slack suit, Arlene looked a dream as she greeted Ginger Rogers and her new beau, Bill Egan, beautiful Martha Hyer and Diana Lynn. But leave it to Rax Russell to toss a bombshell. "Well, at last, Sara Hamilton the mystery woman," she cried. At my look of stunned surprise, she said, "Well, I'm always meeting up with your friends in Europe or Jamaica but I seldom see you." Sometimes I think Rax and Auntie Mame are one and the same person! But, of course, the real mystery of the evening was Barbara Rush who has become so chic, so Frenchy, so lovely I failed to recognize her. "What's happened to her?" I asked Barbara's husband Warren Cowan, who only beamed with pleasure. Pale and lovely Stella Stevens chatted with Bill Orr, head of Warners' TV department, and the beautiful Joan Cohn made a most dramatic entrance with Laurence Harvey, the "lion" of Hollywood's social set. In a bright red pleated chiffon coat to match the dress beneath, Mrs. Cohn, the ex-Mrs. Harry Karl, was a vision. And, in fact, the whole evening was a great success due to Arlene and Chris.

Mother-In-Law Trouble

"It was mother-in-law trouble that separated Luciana and me," handsome Bret Halsey told me on the "Return to Peyton Place" set. "I told Luciana it was her mother or me, and she chose her mother." Minutes later Luciana Paluzzi was in Bret's arms for a passionate love scene before the camera. But the minute director Jose Ferrer called "cut," the two went off in separate directions. "It's my child I worry about," Bret confided later over a cup of coffee. "It isn't born yet, but I worry about it." Poor, lost, misguided love. It does exact its punishment, doesn't it? By the way, Jose and wife Rosemary Clooney may be getting the basinet out soon for their sixth child. . . . With the aura of winning laurels still about her, Olympic Games champion Carol Heiss skimmed and floated and swirled over the ice onStage 15 for her first movie role in "Snow White and the Three Stooges." And what a breathtaking scene with a fairy castle in the distance and glittering snow peaks all around: "They dyed my blond hair black," Carol moaned, "because Snow White has always been a brunette." No matter the shade, this champion is the prettiest one yet. Those three stooges were off in their dressing room rehearsing their lines, but their chatter between scenes was convulsing. What a picture this one promises to be.

There never was a more gracious host and hostess than Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh at their lovely party at the Screen Directors' Guild. First, they showed us Tony's new picture, "The Imposter," with a supper dance afterwards. Around the candlelit tables sat Janet and Tony's friends who kept chuckling over scenes in the picture. "It's the best acting job you've done yet," I told Tony, and meant it. Tony, I noticed, is one of those lucky people who, like Cary Grant, grows handsomer with age. And, of course, Janet, in her gold lame sheath, looked beautiful. Jack Lemmon, quite alone, seemed tense and taut, and no wonder. Jack is the busiest and most sought-after actor in the business these days, but his long-time aflame and ardent romance with Felicia Farr would keep anybody tense.

Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer are still keeping all Hollywood guessing. Is it five-going-on-six, or just plain five now? They're quite a family!
Mailbox Corner

Andy Williams ... the fans are eager.

When Does a Honeymoon End?

"It's love, pure unadulterated love," Carol Lynley fairly danced with happiness, her arms arching gracefully to the melody of the words. I had told her how slender and beautiful she had become, and how much I thought she resembled Carole Lombard. "It's love," she repeated. "I met Mike Selsman over two years ago, but we didn't start going together until a year ago," she continued. "Then about four months ago we decided to get married." Carol had only a two-day honeymoon after her quick, quiet marriage by a justice of the peace. Her mother, who'd wanted Carol to wait, remained in New York and the birth certificate Carol asked her to send never did arrive. She had to use her movie contract to prove her age. Incidentally, now that she's married, the rumor is Carol may break that contract to devote more time to being a wife..."I'm so happy I'm floating." Sandra Dee's voice came over the phone like a Lawrence Welk bubble. "This marriage is so right, Sara, and I'm so happy." And Mrs. Bobby Dorin has my best wishes with her always. I think she knows that... "Our marriage grows better every day," a beaming, beautiful Arlene Dahl told me while lunching at Romanoff's. "Chris and I just took one look at each other; we knew this was it." I admired her chic fur coat. "Chris gave it to me, and it's the first coat I haven't bought for myself," she beamed with happiness.

George Hamilton was very much present at the party Susan Kohner gave for Pier Angeli after the premiere of Pier's new picture "The Angry Silence." But I do think all this talk of "Why Doesn't George Wed Susan?" could drive them apart. After all, they're both young and both eager to establish themselves as stars. So why pick on them now? ... Paul Anka confesses he missed Annette Funicello while she was on location in England. ... Ava Gardner, who's been traveling in disguise these days, has been seeing a lot of Crescendo owner, Gene Norman. Her friends say it's serious, but Ava and Gene insist they're "just friends." We'll see... Esther Williams seems to prefer Fernando Lamas company to that of her children—even in the holiday season. ... Jimmy Durante needs no longer bid goodnight to the fabled "Mrs. Colabos, wherever you are." Jimmy found her when he wed Marjorie Little, his sweetheart of sixteen years. ... Jean Simmons and Richard Brooks are thrilled with the news that their first child will be born in August. ... Sammy Davis Jr. and May Britt are also expecting their first child, though May's not feeling well. ... Marilyn Monroe's been seen around New York quite a bit lately looking awfully pale without any makeup. Who's she with most often? Actors Studio head, Lee Strasberg.

(Please turn the page)

Marilyn and Arthur with Vivien and Laurence Olivier—they were happy once...
Will Harry Adopt Eddie’s Children?

Eddie hurried Dr. Kannamer to Liz’ side. Walter Wanger saw Liz, left worried.

Looking pale, Liz bundled against the cold as she left the hospital. Eddie tried to smile, but he looked near collapse himself.

Liz and Eddie returned to California just a few days after Debbie’s wedding to Harry Karl. Liz looked very well, considering that a few weeks before she had been carried by stretcher from her hotel to the London clinic. Let’s hope Liz’ ordeal which you see in these pictures, is finally over. She’s back in England now and everybody on the “Cleopatra” set is keeping their fingers crossed. Though Liz and Eddie are pleased at Debbie’s marriage, one move by Harry to adopt Eddie and Debbie’s two children and Eddie will raise the roof. You can count on that.

Another interesting note: Debbie’s diamond engagement ring may be as big as a walnut, but Harry’s reported million-dollar settlement on his bride is a mite exaggerated. And as for Debbie giving up thirty thousand dollars a year alimony from Eddie when she became Mrs. Karl—that, too, is rumored as something of a myth because Eddie hasn’t been in the money lately. Well, that’s all for this month—Sara.
Don't believe everything you read about Sondra Dee and her mother kissing and making up. The situation got hotter when Sondra turned down an invitation to spend the holidays with her mother to fly to Florida and Bobby Darin.

Never invite Eddie Fisher and Harry Karl to the same steam room. While Eddie and Liz were in Palm Springs, he showed up at swoon Desert Spa Boths for the mineral-rubdown treatment, glanced at the guest register and discovered Karl was on hand. Eddie turned around and walked out.

Troy Donahue is on cloud eight. He introduced Lili Kordell to his mother. And I understand Lili, divorced only recently, can hear the wedding bells ringing already.

Tuesday Weld is eating out her heart. She can't believe that Dick Beymer said all of those things about her to a writer. The real reason they broke up was because Dick would never take her in public, because he felt she got all the attention. So she got tired sitting home and watching TV with him. And what's this about Tuesday's feud with Carol Lynley?

Aren't Jimmy Darren and Evy Norlund expecting again? By the way, Jimmy was hauled into court recently and his ex-wife granted an increase in support payments for his first child.

Frank Sinatra agreed to be on hand for the Barboro Luna-Doug McClure nuptials. They'll announce the date soon—or never. Sinatra's latest seems to be young Jo Morrow.

Edith Head gifted Debbie Reynolds with the wedding gown she wears in "Pleasure of His Company." Debbie's saving it for Carrie.

Friends predict a June wedding for Esther Williams and Fernando Lamas. And Jeff Chandler is still carrying the torch for her.

Asa Maynor got over Edd Byrnes quickly enough and she splits her dates now between Peter Brown and Jody McGree.

Sherry Jackson admits she's still willing to date Elvis, but on her terms and not his. This includes calling for her at her house.

Young Bobby Driscoll, who got into trouble with dope addiction, has solved his problems. He makes a comeback in "Sunday's Rebel."

Lucky that Gary Clarke was around when three drunks broke into Connie Stevens' motel room on the Monterey location of "Susan Slade." He held all three of them off until help came. And what do Gary's dates with Shari Sheeley mean?
The exciting TRUE story of the world’s most fabulous impostor... and his amazing escapades with love—as six different people!

Based on the incredible facts of the sensational best-seller about master masquerader Fred Demara... whose story was featured three different times in LIFE!

...as a “navy surgeon” he learned to “operate” on land as well as sea!

...as a “school teacher” he added a fourth “R” for Romance!

...as a “Marine” he made military history... with a WAC Lieutenant!

WHERE DO YOU THINK HE IS TODAY? WHAT DO YOU THINK HE’S DOING RIGHT NOW??

TONY CURTIS as THE GREAT IMPOSTOR

EDMOND O’BRIEN • ARTHUR O’CONNELL

GARY MERRILL • RAYMOND MASSEY / KARL MALDEN

JOAN BLACKMAN • ROBERT MIDDLETON / as “Father Devlin”

Screenplay by LIAM O’BRIEN • Directed by ROBERT MULLIGAN • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

SOON AT MOTION PICTURE THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE NATION.
M. D.'S REPORT

The doctor was on the telephone. The office was quiet otherwise. On his desk lay a manila file folder, plain except for the words: Elizabeth Taylor. Inside was a medical case history. The report had been made as a result of Liz's most recent illness in London.

The news reports had been frightening: "... two stretcher bearers emerged from the hotel's back door and gently lifted Miss Taylor into the ambulance ... she screamed, 'I can't stand the pain. I want to die.'"

The London Clinic relayed medical bulletins on Liz as they were issued: meningitis ... a rare tropical virus ... nervous collapse ... meningism. The reports were issued almost daily but they seemed confused and contradictory.

In New York, we asked an eminent doctor what these reports really added up to. His answer—an M.D.'s authentic report—was made from the large amount of information that is on record. Statements by Liz, by her family, by the men she married, by her friends and the people who don't like her. The information dated back to when she was eight years old. Here is an M.D.'s answer to the questions you've been asking: What really is wrong with Liz Taylor? (Please turn the page)
Let's begin with one of Miss Taylor's recent illnesses, the episode diagnosed as "meningism." I followed the episode closely and was shocked by the stories indicating that "meningism" is some form of a nervous breakdown, or simply a fancy name for a psychological collapse. This diagnosis and line of speculation is medically unsound and completely untrue... "Meningism" is a recognized medical illness, a painful and frightening physical disease. It is not imaginary and not mental. One story accused Miss Taylor of "faking," and I wanted to retort: She is not pretending—the suffering is real... and terrible.

WHAT IS "MENINGISM"?

If the amateur psychologists had taken the trouble to look "meningism" up in a good medical dictionary, they would have easily found out that it is an irritation of the membranes shielding the brain. It is serious; it is painful; it is most difficult to diagnose because the symptoms of the disease so closely resemble another, often fatal illness—"meningitis." The reason, I suspect, that so many conflicting reports and rumors came out of the London Clinic was that the doctors there probably thought at first that it might be meningitis, a dreadful disease.

This, of course, is not the first time unauthorized amateur diagnoses have
been made that were untrue, misleading, and sensational about Miss Taylor's illnesses. Again and again in her files I find the label "hypochondriac" to characterize her ailments. A scientific analysis will prove this wrong.

Much has been made of Miss Taylor's alleged "unhappy childhood." Some people have put forward the following theory: Miss Taylor's childhood was very unhappy; Miss Taylor had no life of her own and was a slave to the studio; Miss Taylor was pushed into an acting career and was overprotected and overdriven. Because she did not know how to rebel against her mother's domination and her studio's demands, she discovered another way to get her own way: she produced illnesses, thereby getting sympathy, expressions of affection and love, and, incidentally, lightening her work load. . . . All this is neat and ingenious; and all of it is untrue. Forgetting, for a moment, the distortions about her mother and her studio's role in her life, it is important to point out that during her childhood and adolescence—the time in which she was supposedly most pressured—she did not have one serious illness.

It wasn't until she was nineteen, and out from under the supposed domination of her mother, that she suffered from what might be labeled a "serious illness." She was living away from home—not with her mother—when she became ill with "colitis." "Colitis" is a painful inflammation of the large intestine that gives the patient severe internal spasms. Miss Taylor was forced for a while to live on a diet of baby foods—but she did get over it, and in short time. She seems to have great recuperative powers, as her medical history shows for the past few years illnesses such as appendicitis, abscessed teeth, influenza, frequent colds, a ruptured disc in her spine, throat nodules and, most recently, meningism. All physical illnesses but . . . It was Michael Todd, her late husband, who exploded the most persistent lie about Miss Taylor's physical condition. For years she'd complained of pains in her back, dreadful crippling pains. The doctors themselves said little, which is as it should be in the medical profession. But then came unauthorized reports that it was all mental, all her imagination. But Mr. Todd insisted she be operated on. . . . She did have ruptured spinal discs. The surgery did clear up her condition.

Today Miss Taylor must often following a strenuous schedule and making one picture after another the tensions probably lowered her resistance and made her more susceptible. . . . The fact is her illnesses are real, painful, and not "strange" at all.

I would make this prognosis: Almost anyone afflicted with the same pressures as Miss Taylor would suffer from illnesses. The fact is, they do. They simply do not make the newspapers.
Mae said this to Photoplay in 1936—we reprint it now, our third in a series of the best in Photoplay’s past fifty years. Mae West said, “Sex, I don’t want to take any credit for inventing it—but I have discovered it! I don’t need a psychologist to tell me what a man’s thinkin’ when we been dancing and he suddenly suggests a walk in the garden under a full yellow moon. If he’s good-lookin’, normal and in full possession of his faculties, it’s a cinch he’s goin’ to want to take me in his arms and kiss me.

I’d be worried about him if he didn’t—think about it. Of course, I may have ideas of my own. And just because a girl has a come-on look doesn’t mean that every man she dances with is good for a kiss. When I kiss I mean it—and that brings me to a phrase that I’ve used often in pictures—but oftener in life: ‘Is he or is he not just my type?’ That’s what you’ve got to ask yourself before you go into a clinch—and let a lot of heartaches meet you more than half-way. And just what is your type—bein’ that I’m talkin’ about you today. There’s been plenty of talk about me. There’ll be more. . . . It’s up to every woman to find out just what her type is. I’ve been around and I’ve noticed that ‘Marry in haste, repent in Reno’ is something more than a railroad man’s dream. But don’t worry—I’m not goin’ to preach to you. Everyone has the right to run her own love life—even if (Continued on page 72)
YOU NEVER KNOW TILL IT'S TOO LATE

TAB HUNTER is finding out that you never know your friends till it's too late, that sometimes when you reach out to people for help they will turn their backs on you. Why did they do this to him? We talked to three people who know Tab Hunter. What they say and how they feel are drastically different. Since only one story can be true, we ask you to read their three statements. Then make up your own mind about Tab.

"I was the one who reported the business about his dog to the Humane Society. You might say I opened the can of peas, and once they started coming out . . . I saw it all from my window upstairs on the second floor. When the strike was on at the studios, he was a lost soul; he didn't have a thing to do. My feeling is—it was his way of taking out his loneliness and frustration. The dog incident, that is.

"Now, I've got no grudge against Tab. I don't dislike people just because they happen to make more money than I do. That'd be ridiculous. I say more power to him, movie people pay the price for what they've got and it's not worth it. They're in a class apart. Their lives belong to everybody but themselves. You should see the traffic down his little street since the case in court. People in droves! He's a real spectacle.

"Actually he's a quiet man. No wild parties—I don't think he's got anybody to invite to a party. Movie people have nothing to do with him. I've never seen any of them (Continued on page 84)
Rushed and fast—there were no bridesmaids, no flower girls, no wedding cake. The wedding ring was borrowed. And there was no mother of the bride looking proudly on. It was not the kind of wedding Sandra Dee had ever dreamed she'd have. Nor was the runaway honeymoon the kind a girl might hope for. What did she feel as she sat close to Bobby Darin in the back seat of a black limousine on a cold New Jersey morning?

(Please turn the page)
8:10 Still wearing the same dress she was married in, Sandy held tightly to Bobby’s hand when they arrived at the airport. 8:20 They checked in at the ticket window, then they sat down to wait till takeoff. The terminal was chilly. 8:35 Neither smiled. Sandy rummaged for a sweater. Bobby looked concerned. Before coming to the airport, they’d had an hour to
themselves. "Don't tell anyone where we were," Bobby said. **9:00** They hurried across the field to the boarding ramp alone. No one had come to see them off. **9:30** They were both tired. When the stewardess called her Mrs. Darin, Sandy smiled for the first time. **1:20** The plane landed in Los Angeles. "I'm so happy," Sandy told a friend who was waiting, but she was crying.

(Please turn the page)
1:35 Bobby took Sandy's arm and led her over to a black limousine. Then they drove off to the house he'd rented. The honeymoon began. Behind them, in New York, was Sandy's mother. By now, she must know they'd eloped. Why did they do it? Why all the rush, why all the tears? Here is the exclusive story behind the runaway honeymoon.

(Continued on page 74)
EVEN PAT BOONE WAS SURPRISED AT HOW THIS STORY ENDED.

Cheryl: Daddy, can we kiss our new neighbor?

Pat: What an idea!
Debby: But Mommy always says “Love thy neighbor”...
When the front doorbell rang that morning, Shirley Boone was upstairs, so busy she didn't hear it. But the biggest of the little girls was downstairs. Cheryl Lynn knew she wasn't supposed to open the door without a grownup around to see who it was—but she did it.

Cherry found herself looking up quite a ways at a young man. He looked very tall to her, and so handsome.

"Is your daddy home?" he asked. He spoke in a soft way.

"Uh uh," Cherry said.

He smiled, and it was such a shiny smile, with such beautiful white teeth showing, that he dazzled her.

"What does 'uh uh' mean?" he asked. "Yes or no?"
The smile got into his eyes, too, and it made her feel bashful.

"No," she murmured shyly. "my daddy isn't home."

"Well then, is your mother home?"

"Uh huh."
The young man looked surprised.

"Your mother isn't home either?"

"No!" she cried. "Uh huh is yes. Uh uh is no. My mommy is so home."

"Now we're getting somewheres," he said. "May I please speak to your mommy?"

"Uh uh." This time Cherry shook her head besides, so he knew it was no.

"Oh, listen . . ." he began, sort of helpless. But Cherry explained again. "Mommy is getting dressed." She added, "We had to clean the whole house. We just moved here."

Suddenly she turned into the little lady her mother liked her to be for company. "Won't you come in and wait?" she invited politely.

"Oh, that's very nice of you," he replied just as politely.

Cherry walked him into the living room and they sat on the sofa. He looked around and said, "My, this is one of the prettiest houses on the road. Aren't you a lucky girl to move here?"

"We have five bathrooms," she said. "We can play in the tub as long as we want."

Just then the guest caught sight of another small face peeping in at the door.

"That's Lindy," Cherry told him. "She's next littler than me."

"Come on over, Lindy," he invited. She moved in slowly, then he saw two more even littler girls behind her. Both carrying very big dolls. They sidled over and put their dolls on the sofa next to the guest.

"They're Debby and Laury," Cherry said.

"Who?" he asked. "The dolls—or the two little dolls?"

All the children laughed. The littlest ones laughed because their big sister did. They sounded like so many miniature silver bells.

"Oh, you're such a funny man," Debby giggled.

"Oh, you're such a funny man," the baby mimicked her. "Let's play dolls."

"Well fine," he agreed. "I'll be the daddy."

"No," Cherry said firmly, "Daddy is the daddy. You be you."

"Me?"

"Uh huh," she nodded shyly. "I know who you are. You're Fabian."

The young man threw back his head and laughed.

"You've got me mixed with somebody else," he said.

"I'm your neighbor . . ." but now Lindy forgot her company manners and interrupted excitedly.

"You are so Fabian," she insisted. "You're teasing."
Just then Shirley walked into the room. She seemed flustered. Cherry thought to herself, oh oh, I forgot to tell Mommy we have company. It never occurred to her that Mommy was fussed because her hair wasn’t combed, and she was wearing the muu muu that Daddy had brought from Hawaii.

“Mrs. Boone?” the visitor said in her soft voice. “How do you do, ma’am. I live just down the road a piece, so I dropped by to say welcome to our neighborhood.”

“Oh,” Shirley said, “that’s very neighborly of you.”

“Mommy,” Cherry whispered hoarsely, tugging at her muu muu, “Mommy, he’s Fabian! Remember—he came to our party?”

But Mommy wasn’t listening. She was saying, sort of breathless, “You’re the first one who’s called on us since we moved in . . . and I’m so glad you did . . . and . . . please won’t you put up with my girls another minute? I—I’ll only be a minute.” She darted out. When she came back her hair was nice, she’d changed to a sweater and skirt, and carried a heaped plate of cookies. The girls were lined up and entertaining their visitor with “Yellow Polka Dot Bikini.” When he joined in, from that moment on, the four girls were in love. And maybe the big man was, too, because when it was time for him to go he said, “You know something, Mrs. Boone? I’m thinking, I’ve just got to get married and get me some sweet kids like these.”

Then he was gone. The children ran to the window and watched him drive off in a big black shiny Rolls Royce.

“Goodbye, Fabian,” they cried and all four waved.

Before he disappeared he looked back at the faces by the window and he waved too.

“Oh, Mommy,” Cherry whispered adoringly, “isn’t Fabian handsome? And doesn’t he sing lovely?” she sighed.

That was when Shirley told them, “That’s not Fabian, girls, that’s Elvis Presley, our new neighbor.”

“Gee!” Linda breathed. “Aren’t we lucky!”

Shirley couldn’t help smiling at their rapture.

“Well, girls,” she said, “when you were so sad about leaving your friends in New Jersey, you didn’t know who you’d have for a neighbor in Hollywood, did you?”

That night when Pat came home, the girls were in bed, but they waited up to tell him the story with the surprise ending. They wouldn’t let him read their usual bedtime story, they wouldn’t go to sleep, they only wanted to tell him about the visitor. But of course they wouldn’t tell him right off—he had to guess.

“Three guesses, Daddy,” Linda said. “Who was it?”

Pat thought very hard, with his hands to his head and a deep frown to help him think.

He asked, “The president of the United States?”

“You’re only teasing,” Cherry laughed. “The President doesn’t come to visit people in their houses.”

Lindy whispered, “Daddy dear, should I give you a hint?” She whispered loudly, “He sings, too.”

“Oh, he does, does he?” said Pat, thinking even harder.

“Well then—was it Frank Sinatra?”

“No!” all four girls shook their heads.

“Then I give up.”

“I’ll tell you who it was,” Shirley said, trying to keep a straight face. “It was Fabian.”

“Oh, no, Mommy,” Linda exclaimed. “You know it was Elvis.” And Cherry said, “Mommy, how could you ever get Elvis mixed up with Fabian?”

Shirley grinned.

“I can’t imagine,” she said.  

THE END
break down!

Vici and Roger Smith's story could be yours. After you read it, you'll understand why—by NANCY ANDERSON

Roger's side of the bed was empty. Vici, turning restlessly, threw an arm across his pillow. Slowly, in her sleep, she became aware of the emptiness, that she was afraid. . . . "What's happening to us," she sobbed. The clock softly struck two. She heard both strokes distinctly—one, two—counting them. Stirring into wakefulness, she switched on the bed light and pulled herself to a sitting position. She could see now that Roger's side of the bed was unmussed.

Where was he? What was he doing? "Can't we ever be together," she thought, "even at two in the morning?"

She remembered the promises they'd exchanged—so recently. She switched off the light and lay quietly, her arms stiffly at her sides, her eyes staring wide-open in the dark.

(Continued on page 76)
WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT CAROL WOULD BE A BRIDE SO FAST? But she'd changed so, we should have guessed that it was love. It started long ago. Her face was smeared with cold cream, what little eye shadow she wore was smudged and she'd eaten off most of her lipstick. She wore an old smock, and her long blond hair was tied up in a towel. A soft spring breeze came through the small open window of her dressing room, backstage at the Broadway production of "Blue Denim." And that's when Carol first set eyes on Mike. It all happened so fast that Cupid was caught napping. A knock came on the door. It was Warren Berlinger, also in the show, who wanted her to meet... (Continued on page 82)
Dion gets my vote as "Boy With the Mostest" says

They only gave me 250 words! Can I tell all I know about Dion? I'll try! If he weren't a singer, he could be a photographer. Or maybe a lifeguard. Or a painter or sculptor. He can do all those things. . . . He sings sad songs from way inside because he knows—he's sad, too. Like in his camera hobby. "When I'm photographing old men and women," he told me, "and they're trying hard to do something they're slow at—maybe because their hands shake—I feel so sad for them I have to take the picture quick because my tears get on the lens and I can't see a thing." . . . He's a shy boy and I dig it because we're alike. Except I'm sixteen
and he's twenty. And I'm a shrimp, but he's big—oh I don't know, seven foot tall or something. Well, okay, maybe five foot ten. Nice looking, too, with lots of wavy brown hair. . . . He likes feminine girls, soft colors like lilac, and hates a lot of makeup . . . wears dark tones himself and doesn't own a big sweater collection. . . . To him, Sinatra's definitely the King, and he was crazy for Hank Williams. . . . He admires Peggy Lee and Ella Fitzgerald too. . . . You'd think he wouldn't have a care in the world, but that shyness bugs him. Once he said, "I'm improving, I used to be worse. I'd go to a party, waltz in grinning like mad so they'd see I'm a nice confident type. Hah! Then I'd find me a spot away from the crowd and sit hoping someone'd come talk to me. I like to talk to people, but all I can do is sing how I feel about them. Some day I'll get this whole thing licked and then when I do, I'll just go out and talk and talk and talk to people everywhere."  

The End
"...if boys don't fight over you..."
Ever get stranded sitting at a dance—alone—and not catching so much as a glance from one man in the room? Cindy Robbins found herself in this predicament when three handsome guys, Rod Taylor, Doug McClure and Mark Damon, stood right behind her, but acted as if they didn’t even know she was alive. If this has happened to you, which do you believe: that landing a man for your very own is all a matter of luck? . . . or that for every girl there’s a special Valentine somewhere in this world, and all you need is to find each other? . . . or that there are ways to make him yours? If you believe the last, the methods suggested here may be just what you need to land—and hold—that guy you’ve had your eye on!

1. BE WHERE BOYS ARE—“As obvious as this sounds, it’s oh-so-true,” Jana Taylor told us. How do you make it happen? Well, Jana met a swell boy this way and, to top it off, he turned out to be a well-known personality (whose name we won’t reveal—for a few minutes)!

Jana helps after school in her dad’s smart men’s shop, and so she’s used to meeting lots of males. One day she noticed a teenage boy wandering from one display to another, obviously looking for a hat. At first he’d hesitantly watch the other customers trying them on, then muster up the nerve to slip one on himself. When he came near Jana’s post, he asked her politely, “Do you like this one?” and then quickly added, “I’m just looking.”

Jana smiled at him. “Yes,” she nodded, “that style is one of my favorites.” It was a conservative clergy-gray felt. The boy looked vaguely familiar to her, and she liked his looks and shy manner. The boy smiled back, stood up tall and stiffly allowed her to adjust the brim. “I think it’s your type,” she approved. “Why don’t I get the department manager to make sure it’s the right size?” And with this she disappeared toward the back of the store.

The boy, of course, was flattered at the attention of this gay girl with a ponytail. You must have guessed the rest. As the hat was being wrapped, he thanked Jana for her help, introduced himself and asked her for a date. And Jana had to control her excitement when the boy said, “My name’s Fabian Forte. What’s yours?”

(P.S.: Fabe was having an important audition the next morning and his manager had suggested a hat would lend dignity.)

(P.S. again: Fabe and Jana really clicked and have had quite a few wonderful dates together as a result of Jana’s philosophy: Be Where Boys Are—in a men’s shop.)

2. DON’T BE AFRAID TO GET A THIRD PARTY TO INTRODUCE YOU—“That’s how I got my man,” the tall, slim, blonde proudly confided, and began to reminisce about the first glimpse of her husband-to-be, a movie star we’ll just call B for now. She saw him in—of all places—Montecatini, Italy. She was a USO stenographer in New York during the war, who’d decided, for a lark, to replace an ailing dancer and join an entertainment unit headed for Italy (although Norma admits, “My only dance training was at high-school dances”).

She was sent to Montecatini and spotted B as he was marching down the street at the end of a long day, covered with dirt and fatigue. “I liked his looks and knew right away that I wanted to meet him. I felt a bit shy, at first, but decided that was silly and asked a colonel friend of mine to introduce me,” she tells. “He agreed, and so we met, dated and the following day my troupe and I were shipped out to our next stop, Caserta.”

Yet, after only one date, B had fallen for Norma, and promptly proceeded to go AWOL to find her. He succeeded, and they had 30 minutes together before the MP’s found (Continued on page 70)
That's what Fabe and Frankie learned. They read a book between them. About girls. Full of great advice. It said, “Girls flip for wolves. So exert all your powers, boys. Polish up that line, smo-o-th that style. Stop trembling. Go out there and howl. Show her who’s lurking—a wolf.” So...
Wolf she wants, wolf she'll get.

There's a doll...

I mean you!

My friend's got charm...

she cries
How about her?

Hey girlie!

... and looks

......and muscles!

Say, what'd we squares do wrong?
She's gone!

MORAL:
Book smart:
girl smarter.
can three live as cheaply as two?
They were doing the dishes—Nancy washing, Tommy drying. “You know,” he said, “I couldn’t marry someone less than perfect—but I’m getting used to it.” ... When Nancy didn’t laugh, he poked her in the ribs.... “Hey,” he said, almost dropping the dish, “you putting on weight?” ... “I am?” Nancy seemed surprised. “That’s my big ambition in life—to break a hundred pounds.” ... “All you’re doing is break me and my budget, eating so much,” Tommy said... “I don’t know what it is,” she told him, “but I’m hungry all the time—sometimes even in the middle of the night.” Nancy grew thoughtful. Without speaking, she handed him another dish. “What’s the matter, hon?” Tommy asked after several dishes. Nancy looked at him. “Promise you won’t be angry?” she asked. He nodded. ... “You wanted
To me, says Nancy, marriage is a give-and-take proposition, like I give Tommy the sofa and I take the floor. What could be fairer? We can dream, can’t we?

Marriage, says Tommy, seems to be helping your wife decide what her favorite dress is—meaning mine. This privilege can’t be taken lightly. I get myself comfortably settled, put lesser matters out of my mind, fold my arms like an expert and tell Nancy, “Okay.”

Tommy says Nancy is right, marriage is for sure a fifty-fifty deal. Like when they moved into their honeymoon apartment, Nancy lugged the cartons while Tommy took care of his fragile guitar.
But then again, marriage isn’t all dishes and groceries and babies …

me to tell everything,” she said, “so I’m telling you. Remember the other day when we came home from shopping? And we had a lot of heavy packages? Well, you didn’t even try to take them away from me. You just let me carry them by myself. Before we were married you never

(Continued on page 78)

Nope, marriage isn’t only about washing dishes, toting groceries and can three live as cheaply at two? It also has lighter, brighter, funnier moments.
Who wouldn’t want to dress like a movie star? Who can? … You can … And you don’t need a different dress every day of the year. “I probably have less clothes than a Photoplay reader,” insists new star Cindy Wood. What’s the trick? Planning. And here, on these four pages, we (Cindy, Photoplay’s fashion editor Kate Palumbo and I) will show you how you can copy what the movie stars do: Learn to use one basic dress—three ways. Once you do, I personally promise you, no one will know your dresses don’t differ. (1) First step: Get a basic—don’t groan! Who ever told you a basic is boring? Just look at page 54 at the Simplicity sheath Cindy’s wearing. It will look just as flattering on you. (In fact, all of us are shopping in Simplicity basics.) (2) Who

basic accessories
star look

said a basic better be black? Not true, just make sure it’s a solid. And I’ll tell you a simple trick I find the stars often use: make up the same pattern but in different colors—the accessories stay the same. (3) Your new shopping motto: spend time looking; take time buying. (4) Collect accessories. Concentrate on the basic five (see below)—or six if you like hats (you should). Tip: When you find a style that flatters you, make it yours—with color variations. Audrey Hepburn has one favorite hat made in 20 colors. (5) Learn how to match your accessories according to the hour (see next pages). (6) Jewelry is an accent, so don’t put it where you don’t want attention. (7) Do experiment, but when in doubt, leave it out. (8) You now know everything. So turn the page. If you have any questions, let me know. —EVELYN PAIN, EDITOR

Photographer Vivien Crozier poses Cindy. Turn the page, see the results.

Leather tie belts

White shorties

GLOVES

Satin sash

Outside-pocket bag

Shoulder bag

Clutch

Shirred nylons

Eight-button kid
One dress, three looks

1. The basic dress—somewhere it's gotten the reputation of being dull. Well, it shouldn't. Look at Cindy's chic dress.

   A.M. To the basic dress we add a striped scarf, 3 sliver leather belts, shortie gloves, white hat. Bag is big, useful.

2. Black—must a basic always be black? (No, only solid.) Try flattering blue-grey (which we chose for Cindy).

   Noon: A new look with a change of gloves (long); belt (soft); frosted beads (dressy); handbag (demure).

3. No fluff. That's how you tell a basic. No collar, no cuffs; no buttons, bows or puffs. The secret: add your own.

   P.M. We concentrate on elegance. Matching stole; exotic necklace; dress-up kid gloves; small gold clutch and no belt.

   Gloves and hat are available at Lord and Taylor in New York.

   All other accessories at Bloomingdale's in New York. Shoes by Capezio.

   Simplicity Pattern #3793 is available at your favorite stores throughout the country.
FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THE ACCESSORIES, TURN TO PAGE 81
When you pray, you have to believe God listens

Rick sat slumped over in his chair, numb with shock and disbelief. His buddy, Zeke, was gone. Dead. Drowned in a boating accident. Rick stared at the floor, seeing Zeke’s face, remembering...

Ted “Zeke” Budney, only twenty-three, the kid he had met in Arizona when he’d gone on location for “Rio Bravo,” the kid who’d taught him to rope and trick ride and who’d come to Hollywood and worked on the Nelson TV show, was gone. They had been almost inseparable the past two years. They shared their work, riding, sports. They double-dated. They were close friends in every sense of the word.

Rick sat very still for a long while. Then he began thinking of another death—Johnny Horton’s. He’d heard the news on his car radio, he knew his friend. Shari Sheely, must have heard it, too. He drove right over to her house.

* * *

“How can this be?” they asked each other. Johnny was so vital, so alive. “He worked so hard for years,” Shari said, and now just when he was beginning to make it big, he’s gone.”

“Yes, he was a great musician,” Rick answered. “I’ve talked to a lot of country and western people, and all of them said the same thing—Johnny was tops. After Battle of New Orleans and ‘Sink the Bismarck’ he really had it made... in fact I heard he had just signed a contract with Paramount a few weeks before the accident. He was so young. It’s so unfair.”

Shari nodded. “It sort of gives me the creeps,” she said, “to think that Johnny’s wife, Billie used to be married to Hank Williams. Remember, he died the same way, in an auto crash? And he was only twenty-nine, and he’d already written over a thousand songs. Poor Billie. Then after Hank died, she was lucky enough to be able to find happiness again with Johnny... and they had two kids... and now he’s gone, too. Is that fair?”

“But we just can’t answer that question,” she said.

“Rick, who are we to say what’s fair, what’s just or unjust? You know, I used to ask ‘why,’ but I don’t anymore. It’s no use. You can ask and ask but there are no answers—at least not for us to discover. The only one who knows the answer is God. And how can we ask Him to explain His ways to us? Like the Bible says, ‘Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.’ I’ve come to accept this. I used to think that all bad people got punished, and that if you were good and worked hard, things had to come out all right. I still believe this, but who are we to know just exactly what is right, what is fair or unfair?”

Rick listened to her words, and he knew that she meant everything she said. She’d lived through the tragedy of death—Eddie Cochran’s death. Eddie and she were going to be married, and when he was killed, she must have asked herself a thousand times: “Is this fair?” “Why Eddie?”...

“Why us?” “I guess it was the same... with Eddie,” he said gently.

“That’s just what I mean, Rick,” Shari said. “I don’t want to sound like I’m any worldly-wise philosopher, but ever since I lost Eddie and almost died myself... well, I just don’t have any more fear of getting hurt. I’ve spent a lot of time thinking about life and death and the unknown things that lie ahead.

Everything ended

“You know, it’s funny, but I never used to be able to think about death. I mean I couldn’t imagine what it might be like to die—or to see anyone die. No one close to me had died when I was a kid, and I just never thought about it much. And then with Eddie... well, I just refused to believe it at first. He was so young. We had so many plans. I just couldn’t believe that everything had ended.

“But I had a lot of time to think after the accident, Rick. Eight weeks in that hospital over in England with nothing to do but think. And it hurt, too. I don’t know which was worse—my own pain, or thinking about Eddie. I tried to understand, to find a meaning, an explanation. And the conclusion I’ve come to is that life—everybody’s life—is made up of an unexplainable pattern of events which none of us knows until He decides to tell us.”

“The day I walked out of the hospital, I asked myself why I was alive and Eddie dead. It was so (Please turn the page)
ironic. When they investigated the crash, they discovered that where Eddie was sitting, the middle of the back seat, the chances of him being seriously hurt were only about a thousand-to-one. Yet when they brought me into the hospital they gave me only a fifty-fifty chance to pull through. They even sent for a priest to give me the last rites. Everybody thought I was going to die—except God. I don’t know why, with half a chance, the scales of life tipped in my favor. While Eddie, with a thousand chances, didn’t come through. He was only twenty-one but he’d already proved his worthiness. Maybe he was ready for Heaven.

“You know, Rick, suddenly I realize how foolish most kids our age are. How foolish we’ve been, too. Somewhere when you’re a teenager, or just turned twenty, life seems like one big, long rainbow. Youth seems to be immune from death. Until it hits close to home and you realize that age isn’t the determining factor. That doesn’t mean you have to sit home and dwell on death. But you have to conduct your life every day so that if it turns out to be your last, you won’t have left the important things undone. . . . you may think I’m crazy, but I have a burning desire to get up on a stage somewhere with a microphone hooked up to kids all over the world and say to them, ‘Don’t try to live your life taking short cuts. Don’t try to find the easy way out. Take what comes. Accept it. Live your life decently and fully, please, and do the things you should do. Don’t put off doing those things you want to do, but do them right away.’ I want to say: ‘Look, I know, I lost someone young and dear and I almost lost myself, and I want to save you from finding out the hard way that it is later than you think.’

“I feel that when death brushes you it’s as if someone is saying, ‘This is a warning. You’re being given a second chance, so set your life in order. Try, try as hard as you know how, because none of us, young or old, knows when our time will come.’ There’s another thing I’ve learned, and that’s how small and petty it is to gripe and groan when little things go wrong. Instead, every day, we should thank God for the blessings we have rather than complain about those we don’t have.

“This may sound very pompous, Rick, but I don’t mean it to. I know that I still have a lot to learn, but I think I’ve grown up some since . . . well, since all this has happened to me. I’m going to tell you something, Rick, and I think it’ll help you understand what I’m trying to say. I met a girl in the hospital in England, Bea. She’s in her twenties, and she’s been in that hospital for sixteen years. She has polio, and she’s all alone. Her parents are dead.

She loves God

“When I first got well enough to realize her situation, I thought to myself, ‘My God, how can that poor creature just live there day after day never getting up.’ I thought she would be better off dead. Then, when I was strong enough, the nurses wheeled me out into the hallway to see her. That’s where her bed is—in a corridor—because that’s where she wanted it. You know why? Because the corridor faces a window, and from the window Bea can see a piece of sky and a tree and she watches the birds hopping around on the branches.

“She spends her time knitting baby clothes for the expectant mothers that come into the hospital, or she writes encouraging notes to other patients. I wondered how God could let someone suffer like that. But then I realized that she was happier than anyone I knew. She loves God so, she loves every blade of grass, every bird, When I left the hospital, I stopped by her bed. She took my hand and said, ‘Sharon, don’t mourn for Eddie. To live you first must die and then you live for eternity.’ I went down and kissed her and gave her a poem that someone had given her when she first was taken ill. It’s called ‘Lean Hard,’ and in it God speaks:

I know thy burden child
I shaped it... 
Raised it in my own hand without
weight or dimension...
And even as I laid it on you
I said, ‘This burden shall be mine...
“How can we complain about anything
after hearing a story like that?”

Around the next corner

“I guess you’re right, Shari,” Rick nodded in agreement, “but still it’s so hard not to ask ‘why’ when things happen like they did to Eddie or Johnny. Don’t you ever feel helpless sometimes, not knowing what’s going to be just around the next corner? Every time something happens to people we know . . . well, it does make you stop and think and . . .”

“I know what you mean, Rick. There’s just so much tragedy all around us, but there’s also so much you and I will never hear about that’s going on right this minute. I guess somewhere right now something bad has happened to somebody and someone else is asking ‘why.’ Everyone asks ‘why’ when something bad happens. But I’ve learned the hard way that there is no answer except to believe in God.

“I just keep thinking that God chose to take Eddie, and He chose to let me live. He must have had a reason, Rick. And I’m going to try to be the best person I know how so He’ll know that I’m grateful for the chance I’ve been given. He’ll just have to know, Rick . . . I’m sure He does . . .”

Rick straightened in his chair and looked out the window at the bright sky. He thought of Bea lying in that hospital bed in England—a patch of sky was her whole world. But for him, Rick Nelson, the world was large and wonderful. There were so many things he could do, so many things he would do. But he would never forget Zeke. He ran his hand over his eyes, stood up and walked to the door. —MARCIA BORRE

See Rick in “The Wackiest Ship in the Army” for Col. and in “Ozzie and Harriet” on ABC-TV, Wednesday, 8:30 P.M. EST.
Who is this girl?

"SUZIE WONG"

You saw her in

but do you

know who

she really is?
Behind the year's most talked-about romance, is an even stranger story of love...

It was late afternoon and the dress rehearsal seemed to have gone on for hours. In only a few days, "The King and I" would open, and Jacqui Chan was nervous. This was her first big part, the role of principal dancer, and it was important to her. As she stood in the wings waiting for her cue, she seemed calm, but her long, tapered fingers restlessly pleating the edge of her costume gave her away.

Then she looked up and saw, for the first time, the young man. He was watching her. Suddenly, he smiled, a wide, flashing smile, and for some reason, she felt relaxed and confident.

She didn't know who he was, but during the next days she grew used to seeing him. Slim and boyish, dressed usually in a bulky black sweater, his face always hidden by his camera. She noticed that his eyes were bright blue and shy.

No one introduced them but it was easy to find out who he was. Everyone knew him. One actor said he was one of the most talented young photographers in London, and that he had even designed sets for some plays. The plays hadn’t been successful, but his designs were good.

She laughed when they told her the story of how he went to formal dinners wearing an old sports jacket and all the other things he did deliberately to shock stuffy people. She thought he sounded like fun, and one day during a rehearsal break he came over to where she was sitting. He seemed to know all about her, too, and asked if she would model for him.

With a shrug of her shoulders she tried to hide, as she always did, her real feelings and said: “Oh, I guess so.”

It was that simple, the way her romance with Tony Armstrong-Jones began.

They saw each other often after that. Tony took many pictures of her, the unusual kind of pictures he was becoming famous for, pictures that brought Jacqui to the attention of his theatrical friends and helped her career.

People got used to seeing them together

When they weren’t working, they took long drives outside of London—Tony loved to drive fast—or went to the theater and concerts or to exhibitions of Tony’s photographs. People got used to seeing them together.

She got along well with his friends and enjoyed the dinners Tony was always giving. Sometimes twenty people—mostly models and people from the theater—would sit crowded on the floor of his small, candle-lit apartment.

But for Jacqui, the best times were the foggy, gray afternoons when they would sit quietly in his apartment, just the two of them, sunk deep in the low chairs, their stockinged feet propped against the warm brick of the fireplace. They would sip tea and the hours would pass. Somehow, even when they didn’t talk, there was a closeness, an understanding.

Tony had a way of getting people to talk about themselves, maybe because he was really interested in them. She found herself telling him about her life, about the island of Trinidad where she had been born on a hot July day in 1935, and where she had lived until she was fifteen. She told him about her mother, who was Chinese, and her father who was Chinese and Russian. He was a photographer, too, very famous and successful. She had always been a tomboy and loved to play with her two brothers, but sometimes she would slip away from them and sit and listen to her father and his artist friends talk about the theater. She couldn’t remember, now, when she first decided she wanted to go on the stage, but she was seven when she started to take dancing lessons.

Friends kept asking: "When’s the wedding?”

Tony understood how important acting was to her. He felt the same way about his work. Even while he was studying at Eton, he spent more time on photography than he did on his studies. His father, a wealthy and prominent lawyer, hadn’t approved of photography as a career, but Tony was stubborn. Even though he didn’t have much money at first, he wouldn’t give it up. Now that he was successful, he hadn’t changed at all. He still enjoyed sitting around with his old friends talking about the theater and joking. But Jacqui knew that he could be moody, too, and that he had a sharp temper. She would sit quietly until he got over it.

Pretty soon she was known as “Tony’s girl” and no one was surprised when she was at the airport the day Tony flew back from New York. It was only natural that she should be there and that Tony should rush over to her and greet her with a kiss. They had been going together for almost three years and their friends kidded them about being-in love. In March, they joined friends for a skiing holiday in Switzerland and a few days in Venice. When they arrived home, tanned and happy, the first thing they were asked was: "When are you two going to get married?" Jacqui shook her head and answered seriously: “Our careers come first.”

“The World of Susie Wong” opened in London as a play and Jacqui was in it. She had the role of Lily, a small part but a good one, and she also understudied the actress who played Susie. Later, when they made the play into a film, she was cast as Gwenny Lee and the part was expanded just for her.

She was excited about her career, even though it meant she had to work hard
and couldn't see Tony very much. Somehow there never seemed to be enough time for them to be together any more. Tony was busy, too. He had several magazine assignments covering society functions. He told her how he had met Princess Margaret at a few of the balls, and then it was announced that he had been appointed one of the official court photographers.

After that she would hear that he had been invited to Buckingham Palace to take photographs, or that he had spent weekends with the Royal family in the country.

She didn't know—almost no one did—about the growing romance between Tony and Princess Margaret. It wasn't Tony's fault that he couldn't tell his friends. It was a Court order. No one must know.

But the Princess must have found out about Jacqui on one of her visits to Tony's studio, when she would spend hours looking through his portfolios of pictures. She must have wondered about the beautiful Chinese girl who appeared so often in the photographs. And once, when she was with a large group of people, one of Tony's acquaintances began to tease him about Jacqui. "You know," he said, "Tony once booked the entire front row at a pantomime because Jacqui had the lead."

They never suspected that Tony and Margaret might be in love. No one did. Not even the woman who saw them dining together in a small restaurant in Soho and recognized the Princess. She came right up to their table, then blushed and apologized. "Forgive me," she said, embarrassed. "I'm nearsighted, but for a moment I thought you were Princess Margaret. There is a striking resemblance."

The Princess smiled graciously and said: "Thank you. I am very flattered."

Their engagement took everyone by surprise. At nine o'clock on the morning of the day the announcement was to be made, Tony was in his studio with several of his assistants when the phone rang. After he had hung up, he stood for a moment with his back toward the room. Then, slowly, he turned.

Suddenly Tony announced: "I'm engaged, chaps!"

"Well, I'm engaged, chaps," he said, his face white and strained.

"Congratulations!" someone called. "To whom?"

"Princess Margaret!" he answered and went into his bedroom and started filling two suitcases with some clothes and camera equipment.

He left the apartment and drove straight to Windsor Castle where Margaret and her family were waiting. It was from there, later that night, that the engagement was made public.

Jacqui was in her dressing room removing her stage makeup when a stagehand called her to the telephone. It was a newspaper reporter with the news of Tony's engagement. She refused to comment and hurried back to the privacy of her dressing room, but already several reporters were waiting for her.

During the next weeks, they hounded her, but she managed to elude them. She would make no comment except to say: "Tony was a charming friend. I am happy for him as one is always happy for one's friends when they get married."

Quietly, determined, she pursued her career, and suddenly it seemed success was hers. She was offered parts in the films "Kowloon" and "Flower Drum Song" and recorded her first song, "But No One Knows." Recently, with her long hair cut short in a chic, sophisticated style, she made her debut as a night-club singer.

It was at London's Society Restaurant, a small, fashionable night club on Jermyn Street popular with the people who move in Princess Margaret's circle. Many came out of curiosity, but before they left they applauded the slender girl with the delicate and haunting voice.

Could there have been a different ending?

But though Jacqui still refuses to discuss him, she is pursued by the rumors that all is not happy between Tony and Margaret.

They made him give up his work so of course he's bored, people say, and he feels cut off from his old friends. One photographer-friend told how Tony called him one night and said wistfully: "You must be having it very nice. I wish I could come to see you, but I can't go anywhere."

Others say Tony—and Margaret, too—feels that the Royal family doesn't treat him as an equal, nor have they given him a title or official duties. But it is also reported that just before the wedding, the Queen offered to make him a Viscount and Tony had answered: "Well, that's terribly kind of everyone, but no. Not now." They say Margaret was furious with him for refusing.

And lately it is whispered that Tony is in rebellion, that he won't follow court protocol and that he has shocked everyone by appearing at black-tie affairs in a tweed jacket. His friends smile and say it sounds like the old Tony. He could never be forced to do anything he didn't really want to do. That's why they are sure Tony would never have married, even a Princess, if he hadn't truly loved her.

What Jacqui is thinking . . . she hides her feelings from everyone . . . no one knows. Would things have been different if she had not placed her career first? She will never know now, but perhaps some day someone will write and make a film about her love story. Then, strangely, Jacqui Chan may star in her greatest role. The END
Brenda thought it was coincidence, seeing Fabe. Then he kissed her!

Before she knew what was happening, they gave her the orchids. "Do the leaves go up or down?" Fabe wondered. Brenda wasn’t sure.

Brenda Lee's

SWEET SIXTEEN

PARTY

"I was just walking along with Hugh O'Brien and Dub Albritton," she told Dodie Stevens. "Then I saw the sign out front: 'Happy birthday, Brenda!'

"Did you see the food?" she asked Dorsey Burnette's little son Billy. "I wonder who thought up that idea. Imagine—do-it-yourself banana splits!"

"Let's sit this one out," Fabe said. She watched the dancers, all the great friends she'd made in Hollywood—like Shelley Fabares, Sherry Jackson.
They really had Brenda Lee fooled. It was her birthday, her sixteenth, but all day nobody said a word about it. She was sure they didn’t know, or else they’d forgotten. When she walked past the Crescendo, she wasn’t expecting a thing. The party was the best kept secret in Hollywood.

“Were you really surprised?” Dodie asked. “And how!” Brenda told her. She wondered if it’s true about Dodie and Bobby Rydell, but she didn’t ask.

She kept hopping from table to table all night, so nervous that she’d even forget people’s names. But Asa Maynor knew Fabe’s pal, Bob Marcucci.

After everybody else had gone, she and Dodie talked over the party. “It was all so wonderful,” she said, “the most exciting birthday I ever had.”
Dianne Lennon: what's so wrong with being a housewife?

Dianne Lennon will never forget that last broadcast. When she came on the set for rehearsal in her bride's dress—not her real bridal gown with its Chantilly lace yoke, but a more bountiful, frilly one—she found all the cameramen, electricians, the grips and props, every one of them wearing a white shirt and tie. "I couldn't imagine why," she says now, "until they joined the band crowding about to wish me well in my married life with Dick, and to give me my beautiful gifts—a mixer and a can opener, both electric. The boys were all so happy for me, and so was Mr. Welk—he's a family man himself." That night the four Lennon Sisters sang together for the last time. And Dianne breathed a sigh of relief. The last few months had been hectic but they were over and done with.

Nowadays, very early every morning, Dianne drinks her first cup of coffee with Dick and then waves from behind ruffled curtains as he backs out the narrow driveway. It's 7:30 and he's on his way to work as a cable splicer for the phone company. Now she's alone in the house. She walks around drinking her second cup of coffee, inspects the new bathroom counter Dick's building, looks lovingly at all their new and nearly new furniture. Then the girl who could have been a star and could now be rushing off to rehearsals and wardrobe fittings, climbs into her blue denim pedal pushers.

She starts her housework. She waxes her kitchen and dusts, once a week she washes and irons clothes. She visits at home and gets back in time to make dinner—pork chops or chicken-fried steak or spare ribs, she's even tried a roast or two and tacos and enchiladas. She and Dick go to mass on Sunday, they love to visit people, they have fun bowling. And at Thanksgiving time when the other Lennon sisters went East for the Perry Como show and Mom Lennon wanted to go along for the first time, Dianne and Dick moved in with the children and played mom and dad. "We had our eleven children quick," Dianne says laughing. "Christmas they ate one dinner at the Lenons and another at the Gasses, his folks... Valentine's Day they dined at the Sea Lion Inn where Dick had given Dianne her engagement ring.

This is home, where they grew up—Venice, California. "I wouldn't live anywhere else in the world," Dianne says. "All my married friends live within walking distance except Cleo Capp who moved to Buena Park. That's an hour's drive away—how does she stand it? We're just three blocks from Mom and Dad's; the police station is just down the street, our school is around the corner. When it lets out there's a real explosion and they come running down the street—kids I've known since they were born, and my brothers and sisters. Danny, Pat and Bill, my kid brothers, stop in every day and I'd better have cookies on hand. Our friends Patty and Jimmy Dunnigan are two blocks away, we're god-parents of their Erin Maureen, a doll with pink cheeks, blue eyes and gold hair. I'm godmother of the little girl whose parents run the grocery store where we've traded all my life. I'm godmother to five little neighborhood girls and I was godmother to my little sister Mary who died. . . . I've never been alone in my life and that's why living in Venice is a joy. You can't look out a window without seeing friends. And best of all, do you know what I see out my front window? The house where Grandma Lennon lived when I was a little girl. When we had our big get-togethers there and everybody baked. Grandma's cupcakes were the poorest looking. The aunts all made better looking cakes, but Grandma's tasted best and we made a beeline for them. I loved Grandma, I wish she were still there. I'm so glad I'm here." . . . She thinks that going away anyplace is only good for one thing—it makes you so happy to come home again. They loved returning from anywhere to their little house that Dick had grown up in, then bought from his folks for Dianne and him. And now she could be deep in a bout of housecleaning, but she never forgot coming home to it from their honeymoon trip. The day before leaving, she'd pressed curtains and he hung them. They'd arranged the furniture, made up the bed, hung the copper pots in the
in Indiana who watched us on the air. She has no family and she considers us her family. I love that—and yet, like everything in that big outside world, it made me appreciate all the more what I've always had—my own family! You know, you grow up in a family, you love it but you take them for granted. It was being exposed to the rest of the world that gave me a truer value to put on my mother and father, my eleven brothers and sisters and my own self. But most of all to Dick.

"I know that's not how everybody feels. Women sit home and think how glamorous it is to be in show business—or some other career—anything but getting stuck being a housewife. But believe me, the people they envy don't have what I want most—the time for just plain daily living like Dick and I have—a life together. Dick never tried to influence me one way or the other; he would never say a word. But I knew long ago what I wanted. I felt it when we were both in New York a year ago last Thanksgiving. We had plenty of fun—on our kind of date. You know, we skated in the rink at Rockefeller Plaza, we went window shopping and sightseeing to the famous places like Times Square and Wall Street. And we sneak ed away by ourselves to see a movie—'Pillow Talk,' it was. But do you know something? People get so excited about the glamorous New York life, but I can't see it. If we went now, the best part would be coming home to all we have right here in Venice—home and marriage."

This is what the priest had told Dianne and Dick about marriage when he'd talked to them together. "Marriage," he said then, "is the union of a hundred percent man and a hundred percent woman. Man is suited to be head of the house by virtue of his logical mind, strength and natural aggressiveness. Woman provides the devotion, self-sacrifice and tenderness. What does a man want more than respect and recognition? What does a woman want more than love?" He quoted to them the counsel of St. Paul, "Wives, obey your husbands, husbands, love your wives." And told them "Marriage is a growth process—thanks to grace, sex becomes the instrument of two people's growing love for each other." He said, "The greater your love in marriage, the greater your love for all mankind.

And Dianne says, "Being in love is wonderful. But I couldn't have watched my parents handle their daily living without seeing how marriage takes humor and faith, tolerance and understanding too. All of this I must give Dick, I want to. I need to be a woman married to the man I love, raising a houseful of children, and I have neither the time nor interest to do anything else. I can't be two different people and happy. I'm a housewife—and that's most important." —Jane Ardmore
PEPE
Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Cantinflas, Shirley Jones, Dan Dailey, loads of "guests."
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Hollywood adventures of a lovable Mexican, his "son" (a horse!), a has-been director and a girl.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Cantinflas in a delightful bit with a self-opening door and a hot dance with Debbie Reynolds ... Shirley's j.d. ballet ... those star surprises, like Bobby Darin and Tony and Janet.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Fun in jumbo helpings, with just enough love and sniply scenes and gorgeous settings. But ooh, is it long!—three hours, plus.

THE MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Susan Hayward, James Mason, Julie Newmar, Robert Paige.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A lovely big Swede with liberal sex ideas invades the happy home of two married professors.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Six-footer Julie in a swim-suit or a towel (look out, Brigitte) ... Susan and James trying to be civilized about the whole deal.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It's pretty slick and amusing, with saucy talk (but too much of it). We don't think Julie's sensible face matches the stupeyin' body she showed off in "I'll Abner," too.

ANGEL BABY
Columbia (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? George Hamilton, Salome Jens, Mercedes McCambridge.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? True love and prudery, true faith and rigged miracles among the Southern revivalists.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The youth and fire of George and Salome ... the expert work of Joan Blondell and Henry Jones, as a likable pair of sometime drunks.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? We really believed in Salome as a plain hillbilly gal—with a glow—even if the story occasionally gets too hysterical to play in the same league with "Elmer Gantry."

THE GREAT IMPOSTOR
U-I (Family)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The impossible (but real) life of Ferdinand Demara, who posed as anybody he wanted to be.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Tony coping with tough convicts ... Tony playing dentist to an angry sea captain ... in fact, Tony's all-around versatility to suit the part.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Refreshingly, deliciously different. We found ourselves chuckling and being horrified and wishing we could get away from it all, too—if we could only get away with it.

FLAMING STAR
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Elvis Presley, Steve Forrest, Barbara Eden, Dolores del Rio, John McIntire.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Part white, part Indian, a courageous family is caught in the middle as frontier war breaks out.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Mostly Elvis, doing a nice hoedown tune or acting grim ... also, the story's tolerance angle.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? As a western, it's good enough. But pretty nearly any good-looking young actor could play the half-Indian hero. With no love scenes and only one song, why waste El?
BALLAD OF A SOLDIER
Kingsley International; Released in both Russian—
and English-Dialogue Versions (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Vladimir Iveshov, Shanna
Prokhorenko.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A teenaged Russian
soldier, hurrying home on leave, sees how
World War II has hit his country.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? The poetic affection
for places and people that director Grigori
Chukhray shows . . . the young lovers' first
meeting—in a freight car!

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Fine movie,
with no political bias—except sorrow over
war. Vladimir and Shanna make a couple
that would touch anybody's heart.

ONE HUNDRED AND ONE
DALMATIANS
Buena Vista, Technicolor (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Cartoon characters, with
the voices of Rod Taylor, Betty Lou Ger-
son, J. Pat O'Malley and others.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? English dogdom
pitches in to help two Dalmatians—save
their puppies from wicked dog-nappers.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? London and coun-
tryside scenes done with Disney artistry . . .
the eerie "twilight bark" . . . the gruff
old soldier who leads the canine campaign.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It's a ball for
any human who's ever been owned by a
dog—or for any kid who'd like to be. Pit
can't take the family pooch along.

THE BIG DEAL
Umpo; Italian Dialogue, English Titles (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Vittorio Gassman, Rossana
Rory, Toto, Marcello Mastroianni.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A bunch of Italian
amateurs plot the world's most inefficient
burglary. Love's a distraction.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? A roof-top lecture
on "Rififi" or any of our own businesslike
crime thrillers. The acting is a good co-
operative job with no special stars, though
Vittorio is romantic as usual.

MAKE MINE MINK
Continental (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Terry-Thomas, Athene
Seyler, Hattie Jacques.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Another gang of
amateur robbers—British, more respect-
able, just as bumbling, more successful.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? Terribly military
Terry-T. giving his genteel landlady and
her female lodgers a briefing on their first
fur-shop hold-up.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The laughs are
there, if only the movie-makers wouldn't
hit us over the head with them. Remember
"The Lavender Hill Mob"? That English
comedy was quieter—and funnier.

THE SAND CASTLE
Noel (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Barry Cardwell, Laurie
Cardwell, Alec Wilder.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Just a typical day
at the beach, with a small boy building
a dream out of sand and making grownups
forget their own games.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? An elderly grande
dame beached-it in style and comfort . . .
nuns playing baseball.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Lovingly made
but strictly non-professional, with no sense
of timing. It might have worked as a silent;
the amateur actors' voices are a giveaway,
painfully awkward.

LITTLE ANGEL
Murray, Eastman Colorscope (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Maria Gracia, Jorge
Martinez de Hoyos.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The first days of
school and the mysteries of faith bewilder
a little girl on a Mexican farm.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? The impish charm of
kindergarten kids . . . the bright-colored
beauty of Mexico's famous Shrine of St.
Mary of Guadalupe.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? We might
blame the stiffness of this Mexican film on
its dubbed-in English dialogue, because the
picture suddenly sparks to life when the
children sing a cheerful song in Spanish.
It's a new show! It's a great show! It's a 1961 edition of PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL, produced by the editors of PHOTOPLAY! And it's available now wherever magazines are sold!

PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is the greatest. It brings you all the news and gossip of everyone of importance in Hollywood. It also brings you gorgeous full-color portraits of the stars, plus exciting candid shots and never-to-be-forgotten pinups. In most places PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL sells out as soon as it goes on sale. Get your copy of this great Annual while the limited supply lasts.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL—Here is the month-by-month story of Hollywood. The marriages, divorces, separations, reconciliations, births and deaths.

TOP BILLING—New pictures and stories of Troy Donahue • Elvis Presley • Sandra Dee • Ed Byrnes • Tuesday Weld • Connie Stevens • Debbie Reynolds • Frankie Avalon • Annette Funicello • Carol Lynley and Connie Francis.

DOUBLE FEATURES—Truly romantic stories about these happily married: Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher • Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis • Roger Smith and Vic Shaw • Pat and Shirley Boone • Evy Norlund and James Darren • Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell • Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman • Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner.

FANFAR—Big pictures and fascinating stories about Cary Grant • Rock Hudson • Nick Nelson • Tab Hunter • Poul Anka • Bobby Darin • John Saxon • Sal Mineo • Stephen Boyd • Brandon de Wilde • Bobby Rydell • Jimmy Clanton.

PINUPS—These thrilling pictures are a "must" for your collection: Brigitte Bardot • Marilyn Monroe • Kim Novak • Lana Turner • Ava Gardner • Doris Day.

UP IN LIGHTS—The great stories of your favorites: Glenn Ford • Susan Hayward • Hope Lange • Tony Perkins • Audrey Hepburn • Roger Moore • Susan Kohner • Laurence Harvey • John Gavin • Shirley MacLaine • Dolores Hart.

AND INTRODUCING—Here are the newcomers to the screen. You can follow their glamorous rise to stardom: Angie Dickinson • Mark Damon • Warren Beatty • Jo Morrow • Mark Goddard • Sue Lyon • Tom Tryon • Vicki Trickett • Nancy Kwan • Juliet Prowse • Richard Beymer • Patti Page • Anita Bryant • Glenn Caribett • Sigrid Maier • Carol Christensen • Brenda Lee • Leticia Roman • Sharon Hugueny • Kerwin Mathews • Michael Callan • George Peppard.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW—OR USE COUPON

Bartholomew House, Inc. WG-361
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1961. I enclose 50c.

Name (Please Print)

Address

City State

*plus tax
them. B was shipped back to his outfit. But Norma decided to play the same game and this time she went AWOL and returned to Montefatini. "When I arrived," she says, "B and I managed to elude the sentries long enough to elope to the little Italian coastal town of Pisa"—famous for the leaning tower and also for being the spot where the MP’s again caught up with the newlywed Burt Lancaster, but not until they’d had an idyllic three-day honeymoon!

"Hang on to those fellows you call ‘just friends,”’ adds Norma Anders—rather, Mrs. Lancaster. "They can be valuable allies when it comes to introductions."

3. DON’T BE DISCOURAGED IF YOU’RE ALONE BY THE TELEPHONE Here’s how May Wynn illustrates her lesson: One crisp November afternoon in 1953, she was working on a picture called "They Rode West" at Columbia Studios. "From the first day on set, I had noticed a dark, clean-cut fellow actor who seemed pre-occupied much of the time on polishing his lines and on-camera business," May told us. "I was quite attracted to the fellow (we’ll call him J for now), but trying to be much the lady, and a bit shy anyway, I never made any overtures to get to know him."

And that’s how things remained throughout the whole stint of the film. For many nights, May, thinking J surely must have noticed her on the set, sat home waiting for the telephone to ring, hoping it would be him asking to see her after shooting the next day. Although J sometimes smiled at her or said hello, the daydream never came true. "Why doesn’t he call?" she’d say, but her question remained unanswered. Finally, she resigned herself to the fact that theirs was strictly a before-the-camera relationship and tried hard not to think about J, to forget about him. She almost succeeded, too, until Cupid entered the scene two years later. May’s best friend, Pat Hardy (now Mrs. Richard Egan) decided she knew just the man for May. She telephoned old friend J intending to arrange a blind date. But again J was steered in a movie and didn’t even listen to the name of the girl about whom Pat was talking.

But then J’s film was wrapped up and he had a few idle weeks ahead, he returned Pat’s call. "What was the name of that girl you were raving about?" he asked.

"Go on, you wouldn’t be interested anyway," Pat teased. "And besides, she’s terribly popular. You probably wouldn’t be able to get a date with her if you tried," Pat added.

"You know you’re just sparking my interest the more you talk," persisted J. "C’mon, how about giving your old buddy a break?"

And so Pat broke down and gave J the name and address of May Wynn. And was J’s face red? He remembered immediately the shy, lovely girl on the set of "They Rode West"—the one he’d intended calling, but because of work never did.

You can imagine May’s surprise at J’s telephone call. And she was busy the first two times, but he was persistent, and by the third call, May was free and the couple had their first date.

"That evening, J told me how he could have kicked himself around the block for not having called sooner," May confided modestly, "As for me, I was gone from that moment on."

And then they began going steady together for six weeks and at the end of the sixth week—J not being one for quick decisions—had a 72-hour marathon discussing the pros and cons of marriage. "Marriage won the filibuster," says May. "And we both decided it was love, love, love." In June, 1956, May Wynn and Jack Kelly—did you guess? Eloped to Quartzite, Arizona.

"Don’t give yourself up to spinsterhood until you consider a few possible reasons for a boy’s not rushing to the telephone," May further advised. "Boys are just less impulsive than girls by nature, and besides, did you ever realize they can be shy and unsure, too?"

4. EVEN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT MAY TAKE A LONG TIME "Once upon a time, a Miss Frieda Harding of Salisbury, Connecticut, attended a play in nearby Sharon, Connecticut. When she returned home that evening, she announced to her family in no uncertain terms that she had just seen the boy she was going to marry. He’d been one of the actors in the play. This is how Frieda describes meeting her husband-to-be.

"Naturally, the boy of Frieda’s dreams, not knowing she existed, could hardly be expected to call her. This was Frieda’s predicament, but she had a plan in mind. When the summer was over, she packed up and went to New York to study acting at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The following summer, after a year of intensive study, she got a job as an apprentice at the Sharon Playhouse. Luck of luck—B was still in the company!"

The object of her affections (completely unaware that he was) took one look at her and liked what he saw. Whereupon he set about trying to impress Frieda by playing the role of wolf. But since Frieda definitely did not like wolves, she was changing her mind rapidly about her feelings toward B. The summer was not a total washout; she was getting fine acting experience, and besides, she turned out to be the belle of the theater, with lots of dates and attention. In fact, B was getting discouraged over her complete aloofness towards him. Until...

The last show of the season was "Happy Birthday." B and Frieda both got parts. Their entire role consisted of sitting on on-stage harstool throughout the play. At the very back of the stage they sat, he a sailor and she a lady of easy virtue. For three acts they were directed just to converse, with no scripts, in whispers about whatever they chose. The last scene called for them to dismount, walk down to stage center and into a cozy clinch.

For the first two nights, Frieda acted unapproachable. But by the third night, their three acts of conversation had convinced Frieda that B’s wolf act was a cover-up. She discovered he had a fine mind full of knowledge and wonderful ideas.

That night their clinching talk was for real, and they began dating steadily until a year later—it was two years since Frieda had first laid eyes on the man she wanted to marry—when Frieda Harding became Mrs. Bradford Dillman.

"It took two years," Frieda says, "but it was well worth it." So hold on to all of your contacts.
5. SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO HAVE PATIENCE. PATIENCE. PATIENCE TO GET YOUR MAN. Take the case of a woman we'll call M for now. She met J at a famous night spot where he was appearing as a feature act, and she was dancing in the chorus. She had met him briefly two years before, but nothing had come of it then. This time she was determined. She liked him and knew she wanted to date him. And much to her pleasure she was successful this time—in getting him to date her. They had dates and dates and dates. Finally, after four years of dating, I asked her to marry him. Happy day! They were engaged! And engaged and engaged. M finally persuaded J to agree on a wedding date, and this he did—four times. For eleven years M stood by him and waited for his decision.

"I was ready to give up quite a few times," she says. "But then I'd get over being mad, and I figured he really wants to do this and sooner or later he will." Well, she was right, but it took sixteen years for Margie Little to become Mrs. Jimmy Durante. What finally made Jimmy decide? We wanted to know. Said Margie, "I told Jimmy I would get a divorce from him if he didn't marry me." However, Margie was sure of Jimmy's loyalty; don't you make the mistake of waiting around for a guy who's not worth it. Make certain that you know his real reasons for not wanting to settle down. Then if you want to wait—that's your decision and no one else's.

6. PLAYING "HARD TO GET" IS INTRIGUING TO A MAN. Being elusive and mysterious sparks interest, according to D, and the story of her romance proves it. D, a comparative newcomer to Hollywood, first laid eyes on handsome handyman-man-about-town M. B in July, 1955 when both were guests at the same party. D would have to be living in Mars to not have noticed the mysterious M. B, who courted the most glamorous movie stars but never settled down. M had the reputation of a playboy, and although D admired his dark good looks, letting him know it was the last thing she'd ever do. Avoiding his glance all evening, she sat as far from him as possible. And later, as she was leaving, when he asked for her telephone number, D replied, "I'm sorry, but I don't give my phone number to just anybody who asks for it!" And out she went.

But being a lawyer with a keen mind and a way of getting top-secret information, B obtained D's private number and cheerfully called her the next day. Again she rebuffed him and went a step further: She had her number changed—and changed and changed six more times in the next few months. But each time B managed to discover it. By this time B knew what she'd heard was true: B definitely had a winning technique, only she was not about to be won.

A few weeks later D was in New York. Seven minutes after she'd checked into her hotel, she received a call from B, asking to see her. She refused again. "All right," he conceded, "your next stop is Philadelphia and I'll see you there." D hung up, dumbfounded.

D thought at last he'd given up—until she reached her last stopover, Denver. No sooner had she removed her hat and gloves than the phone rang. "Your plane arrives in Los Angeles tomorrow night," said B. "I'll meet you at the airport and we can have dinner."

"I—I may have a headache and want to go right home," was her immediate protest. But B was not to be put off. He was at the airport when the plane landed, and D didn't have a headache. She decided at long last to go out with this man who was so very sure of himself. They had dinner, and D made a discovery: B's reputation was more legend than fact: he was perfectly charming. She kept on thinking this every time they dined until the day they were married. June 10, 1956—six months after their first date and eleven months after their first meeting. Dana Wynter became Mrs. Greg Bautzer.

7. BE HONEST AND ABOVE-BOARD WITH SOMEONE YOU LIKE A LOT. "For me, honesty in love was the best policy," M told us. And she and husband J are a perfect illustration, for by the end of their first date, they admitted being in love with each other! Here's how it happened:

M had a date one night with a theatrical agent named Lee Siegel. It was to be a double date, the other people being M's own stand-in and an agent friend of Lee's named J. At the zero-hour, J's date cancelled because of illness, and so the three decided to go as a "sandwich date." Lee graciously shared M during dances and conversation at the Coconut Grove. During one dance, I asked M for a date.

Several nights later they were at a

In just 15 Days see how invisible

"Ice" helps improve touchy skin that breaks out...at any age

—without costly facials, messy "cover up" creams and lotions or complicated skin treatments.

New York, N. Y. (Report)—Science developed pharmaceutical ice to meet today's biggest skin problem—overactive oil glands. As excess oil fills pores, it hardens into comedones—blackheads and whiteheads—stretches and enlarges pores—invites breaking out and "flare ups.

Massaged into skin Ice-O-Derm® rolls out "fatty" masses not removed by soap or ordinary cleansing creams. It clears out excess oil and helps tighten enlarged pores. It protects skin all day from dust and dirt with invisible medication—holds in natural moisture. "Ice" stimulates circulation. Ice-O-Derm is the scientific new wonder-way to better skin care.

*Due to overactive oil glands in skin.

$1.00
At all leading Drug and Toiletry counters

Follow New 15-Day Complexion Timetable

1ST 5 DAYS:
Your first "ice" treatment starts to rid pores of blackheads within minutes—medication helps keep skin from breaking out again. Result: Smoother, clearer skin.

2ND 5 DAYS:
Now you may see how Ice-O-Derm's invisible shield has held in moisture—protected skin from wrinkling sun, wind and steam heat. Result: Softer, smoother skin.

3RD 5 DAYS:
As "ice" stimulates circulation your skin is nourished from beneath. See how it's improving. Result: Fresher, healthier looking skin.
MAE WEST

Continued from page 23

you're headin' for a crash! I'm against blind fleyin'."

"You can take six men—or leave 'em—or six million men, but you'll find that there are only three types. There's the 'sweetheart' type, the 'father' type and the 'lover' type. One of 'em is your type. But only one—that's why you want women marry four or five times, pickin' out men who seem just about alike, except perhaps, for their looks (sometimes they even look alike!). And the right men, they just don't know they've started in with the wrong type (for them), and they go on and on, and makin' the same mistake over and over again.

"The best way to get to know your type is to find out what kind of a person you really are! Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?"

"Women want certain things in marriage—companionship, a home and children, or security, the right to a title and a front seat in society. They want the very things you love, plain and fancy. Then make up your mind, first of all, as to just what you want—and don't kid yourself! Maybe you'll find you don't want marriage at all. It's possible, you know. Better get yourself straight on this at the beginning. It'll save a lot of lawyer's fees later on.

"Women want certain things in marriage—companionship, a home and children, or security, the right to a title and a front seat in society. They want the very things you love, plain and fancy. Then make up your mind, first of all, as to just what you want—and don't kid yourself! Maybe you'll find you don't want marriage at all. It's possible, you know. Better get yourself straight on this at the beginning. It'll save a lot of lawyer's fees later on.

"How do you know what type a man is?"

"All men are like all men. They're just like all men. They're just like all men!"

"Now, how do you know what type a man is?"

"I'll tell you. You just look at him. If he's a man who seems mightly attractive to you, he makes a date with you. You start going out 'steady,' as the phrase is. Just naturally, the talk gets around to love—and marriage—and you (if you know what's good for you), keep pretty quiet. You get his views. Men, I have found, aren't nearly so apt to say things they don't mean as women. If they don't get their cue they usually tell the truth. That's your chance!

"He'll either confide in you that he wants a home and three kids—two boys and a girl, maybe—and a little car. Or he'll give you a line about how marriage is all right, but it hasn't been his way. Or he'll tell you how handsome he's been (and this type will probably be a lot older than the others), and how he craves companionship for his long, lonely evenings in front of the fireplace in his carpet slippers. Of course, they won't say it in those words—but that's what it amounts to.

"And that's the time to do some mental arithmetic.

"Just what are you looking for? If you want a home, some kids of your own and a pretty loyal husband then take that first guy. If you like men yourself and are broadminded about the way your husband spends his evenings—and if he finally gets around to offering marriage—then the hell with you; they can't change him after marriage. Maybe he’ll change—and maybe he won’t. But don’t put your money on it—you win, place or show. If, on the other hand, you’ve seen a little of life yourself and find that it’s not much fun to spend your time waitin’ around for a man’s free evenings, then you're still catchin’ all the balls. If you’ve brought up a groom yet, then the security this third man offers is something you can afford to spare a man from.
DON'T marry a man to reform him—that's what reform schools are for.
DON'T be suspicious or unnecessarily jealous—it gives a man ideas.
DON'T keep a man guessin' too long—he'll get the answer elsewhere.
DON'T give up all your boy friends for one man—you may need them when he forgets to call.
DON'T ape the movie stars—your sweetheart fell in love with you.
DON'T think a career will replace love—Eden's more fun than a noiseless typewriter.
DON'T come crawlin' to a man for love—he likes a run for his money.
DON'T believe all a man tells you—he probably doesn't himself.
DON'T cry for a man who has left you—the next one may fall for your smile.
DON'T sacrifice too much for a man—he never enjoyed anything more than giving up a rib!

"And here are a few hints which may open the door to your happiness:

To hold a man's love—keep lovin' him.
Keep your youth—there's more calls for sixteen than sixty.
Men like to be praised—never miss an opportunity.
Look your best—who said love's blind?
Be amiable—men don't like to be crossed—or double-crossed.
 Cultivate your curves—they may be dangerous; they won't be avoided!
Brains are an asset to the woman in love who's smart enough to hide 'em!
Be regular—there isn't any competition against the girl who's regular.

"Of all things there's nothin' sadder than a woman afraid of love. The homes of relatives are cluttered up with such disappointed, embittered, old-young women—who didn't know love ain't no sin! They've missed up on the best things of life—a home of their own, adornment, the beauty of contentment—because of some silly, old-fashioned notions that have kept them from being themselves—from holdin' hands over a rusty fence with a freckle-faced boy—or kissin' a handsome young sailor lad near a waterfall when the stars hung low!

"Love ain't no sin—like the world, it's the people in it, and it's what makes the wheels go 'round!
"I've always contended the right place for a woman is in a man's arms—but a man whose lovin' can make her believe a three-year-old coat is better than a new mink. When he can do that—well, as they say in Hollywood—'He's just the type!'

—as told to HELEN HARRISON in 1936

1961 EDITION
all new • all exclusive packed with pictures and news of TV's greatest—from Adams to Zimbalist

Pin-ups in color: Elvis • Connie Stevens • Roger Smith • Robert Stack

It's packed with news . . . gossip . . . chit-chat . . . and pictures of your favorite entertainers. It's the brand new edition of TV-Radio Annual. This is the yearbook that show people all over the world await with keen anticipation. It's the yearbook that covers all the history-making moments of the industry . . . all the great shows and programs of the year. Here, too, is the news of the year—the marriages . . . divorces . . . babies . . . and those choice bits about him and she. You will go for the intimate stories about the stars and the life they lead off stage. You will go for the yummy pictures of your favorites—and those full-color photos are truly glamorous. Get double the pleasure out of your radio and TV set—get your copy of the new issue of TV-Radio Annual—today.

only 50c at all newsstands now
7:50 Sandy looked at her watch. She'd have to hurry. In just 10 minutes Bobby would be calling for her, and there was so much to do first.

She stepped into her dress—white satin with lavender trim—and looked at herself in the long door mirror. Her eyes were still red. She went and got the pads and soaked them in witch hazel; then patted them gently on her eyes.

There'd been so much crying lately; she didn't want Bobby to know she'd been hurt again.

There was the doorbell. Bobby was early. With him were his sister Nina and her husband Charles Maffia. They were going to celebrate Nina's birthday.

Now that she saw him she knew she was going to have to tell him—she just couldn't stand being alone anymore—ever again.

Instead she ran to him and said: "Bobby, I've been on the phone all night trying to find Mother. I still don't know where she is," He put his arms around her to comfort her and she buried her face against his shoulder so that the rest of her words were muffled, "I hate it here," she said, "I hate being alone like this." Bobby knew she was lonely since her mother had mad and packed up her things and left Sandra alone. "Is it so bad of me to love you?" Sandy asked.

His arms were tight around her. "Honey...take it easy. Everything's going to be all right.

But she shook her head, "Bobby, I don't want to wait till Friday," she said, "Please, Bobby, let's marry tonight.

For a long moment he was quiet. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Yes," she answered, "please."

"Okay. Just a minute," she felt calmer now, Bobby would handle everything. She watched him walk over to the phone and give the operator the number of his friend Don Kirschner in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

"Don? Listen, this is it. We're getting married. Is it all right if we get married at your house? A reporter's been following me all night and if we go to my house he'll know something's up.

He listened for a moment to Don's answer. Then he hung up and turned to Sandy. "See? Everything's settled. Now let's go out and celebrate.

"Bobby," she said, "there's something else... Would it be all right if I took Clementine with us—because you gave her to me... Look," she said, smiling for the first time since he'd come in the door, "I even have a lavendar ribbon for her to wear. She'll match my dress!"

Bobby smiled—dogs at weddings are good luck.

The day was Wednesday, November 30th.

10:05 Bobby's niece, actress Vee Walden, was posing for a magazine photographer when the phone rang. It was Nina, her mother.

"Vivi, they're getting married tonight."

"What?"

"Quiet, dear, we don't want anyone else to know. You'd better catch the bus to Elizabeth right away. And don't tell your sister, Vana's too young, I'm afraid she might say something."

Vee ran back to the photographer. "I'm awfully sorry, but something's come up, I've got to go. Then she made a phone call. "Vana, if you tell Mother I said anything I'll kill you, but Uncle Bobby's getting married tonight. You wake Gary and get a cab and meet us at Don Kirschner's house."

Now the guests were all invited.

11:15 Sandra was huddled in a corner whispering into the telephone.

"Auntie, please talk to Mother and tell her... tell her I'm getting married tonight. We decided not to wait till Friday. Please ask her to come. I love her and I want her at my wedding. And Bobby does, too.

Sandra understood why her mother was unhappy about the wedding. "She thinks I'm too young," she told her aunt, "but you know she was only eighteen when I was born. That was all right, wasn't it?"

Her mother was worried, too, because Bobby's Protestant and they're Russian Orthodox. But Bobby had agreed that she could still have children any way she wanted. "We won't have any problems," she told her aunt.

But that wasn't the end of it. Her mother had raised another objection. She'd said that Bobby's a sick boy. "Honestly, that's just not true," Sandy protested. Bobby's in better health now than ever before in his whole life. And today his doctors say that the physician who said he was so sick as a child was all wrong. "Why, Bobby wouldn't be alive today if he'd been that sick," Sandy said.

Yet she couldn't blame her mother for worrying. She knew her mother was only trying to think of what was best for her. She couldn't blame her mother, either, for not liking the stories she heard about Bobby. The stories about his being so conceited and mean to everybody. Yet everyone who knows him says he's changed completely. "You see how it is with Bobby," she tried to explain, "he's on his guard. He's afraid of getting hurt again so he acts rough. But now he has me. And I try to give him a lot...I don't say much. He's as good as kind as anybody can be."

It was true: People who knew him before he met Sandy are amazed. They say they don't even recognize him.

Whatever people might have expected, he's very good to Sandy. He protects her and takes care of her. He tells her what to do when she needs advice, and he also listens to her if she wants him to do anything.

He arranged for his niece, Vivi, to stay with her at the hotel when her mother left. Sandy had only been really alone one night. Nina came over and stayed with her too, sometimes. "It's just that I'm very lonely for Mother," Sandy said.

Bobby asked Vivi if she shouldn't let herself cry anymore. Her eyes were getting all red and puffy. All brides should look happy, he said.

The judge would be there soon. Sandy had to hurry. "I love Bobby very, very much," she said, and I know I'm doing the right thing. I'm only sorry that Mother doesn't understand.

"I just want to tell you one more thing."

She tried to explain how all the misunderstandings had started. She and Bobby hadn't planned on getting married until January. They thought it'd be all right, but her mother liked him fine when they were in Italy. But then they showed her the engagement ring, she got very angry. Then she came around. She suggested they wait until June, then she said she'd give them a big formal wedding. They didn't want that and they didn't want to wait. Maybe she thought they'd forget about each other by June, but Sandy and Bobby knew they weren't. She kept getting angrier and angrier. The next thing Sandy knew, someone told her mother they were planning toelope before January.

"Honestly, that wasn't true," Sandy said.

"We were going to wait, like we said we would. But Mother got so mad—and hurt I guess—that she just moved out and left me."

"Then anything," she said, "You know how I hate to be alone. That's when we decided to get married on Friday. But then after tonight I couldn't take it anymore, so it's tonight..."

That's why they moved the wedding date up so suddenly. Sandy loved Bobby, and she needed him then more than ever. And he needed her, too—so why not get married right away?

"I've got to hang up now," Sandy continued. "Please call her, talk to her. Tell her it won't be like a real wedding unless she's there. And... tell her I love her."

Sandy hung up the phone, dabbed at her eyes with a tissue and went in to join the wedding party. Some of the guests couldn't attend.

12:00 Magistrate Samuel Lohman was there, ready to perform the ceremony.

"Bobby," Nina told him, "will you stop being so nervous and do something? Where are the flowers?"

"I'm not nervous. Look, I'm as straight as an arrow," Bobby held out his hand, playfully making it tremble.

"You'd better take a whiff of this, here, Sandy, you too."

"Really, Nina, I'm fine. Who needs smelling salts?"

"Sandy, dear, you do. Does anybody know what happened to the flowers? What kind of wedding is this?"

"Calm down, Nina," Dick Behrke said. "I'm best man. I've got the flowers."

"Excuse me," Magistrate Lohman said, "who has the license?"

That's when they remembered. The license wouldn't be valid until the next day. "Well," Magistrate Lohman said, "the only thing I can suggest is that you call County Judge Scott. And maybe he can waive the waiting period."

Desperate, Bobby telephoned the judge. It was almost one A.M. and he'd gone to bed. Finally, he came to the phone, Bobby pleaded with him. Sandy pleaded with him. But it was no good.

"Let me try," Nina said. For over 20 minutes, she coaxed and wheedled until, probably too tired to argue any more, Judge Scott said, "All right you win."

2:15 More problems.

Racing to Judge Long's house, Sandy suddenly noticed a familiar looking street.

"Bobby, you know what? We're lost!"

"Honey, I didn't want to say anything, but I think so, too."
Sandy picked up her bouquet of white roses and baby’s breath, and the wedding began. From time to time, she’d look over at Bobby and grasp his hand.

“Will you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?”

Bobby, very slowly, thoughtfully: “I . . . will.”

“Will you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?”

Sandy, quickly, her voice high and cracking: “I will!”

“I now pronounce you man and wife.”

It was done. And for the first time, Sandy kissed Bobby in front of other people. He was her husband now.

Then everybody was kissing everybody else and Gary danced around shouting: “Look—Uncle Bobby’s kissing Daddy!”

“Hey,” Bobby said. “where’s the food?”

“I’ll go to the diner and get some sandwiches. C’mon Charlie, come with me,” Don said. And then he whispered, “Let’s leave them alone for a few minutes.”

Sandy, let me hold your hand, honey,” Bobby said. “I want to tell you something. I’m very glad you married me. And . . . well . . . I’ll be good to you.

“You’re my wife now and I want you to know that I love you very, very much and I’ll take care of you, always.”

“Oh, Bobby, I love you so much!”

9:00 They walked through the doors and across the airfield to the plane. Sandy wrapped her coat a little tighter against the wind. Then they were settled into their seats on the plane.

“Just think,” Sandy said. “in two minutes the plane will take off and before we know it, we’ll be in our own home in California.

“That was funny about Fabian, wasn’t it Bobby? I mean, how you lent the house to him, and he lent it to Frankie Avalon and Frankie lent it to Bobby Rydell. Now Fabian had to tell Frankie to move, but he wasn’t using the house so he had to call Bobby, and Bobby . . . Are you listening to me?”

“Sure, honey. I’m just a little tired . . .”

“Mrs. Darin, I’m your stewardess, if you want anything . . . I see your husband’s fallen asleep. If you can get his head off your shoulder. I’ll get him a pillow and you’ll be more comfortable.”

“No, thank you very much,” Sandy said.

“This is fine.”

The plane was leaving the ground now. Sandy could see the city below getting smaller and smaller. She smiled at Bobby, still sleeping on her shoulder. She was glad he felt the way she did about children. They both wanted lots of them—and as soon as possible.

When she looked out the window again she could see the city and the houses below beginning to fade. Somewhere down there was her mother . . . She would never have dreamed it would be this way. A runaway honeymoon . . . Sandy sighed. The plane made a sharp turn and the city was gone. Ahead of them lay their honeymoon trip to Los Angeles and their whole lives together.

—MICKI SEGEL

Sandra’s in “Romanoff and Juliet” for U-I. Bobby records for Atco, and can be seen in “Pepe” for Col. Watch for both Sandy and Bobby in “Come September” for U-I.

No other soap clears skin like NEW Cuticura

Now Action Activated—

3 times more effective!

It’s true! Because Cuticura’s new exclusive bacteria fighter, Neocura®, is more potent than any other soap antibacterial. Yet Cuticura is gentle to tenderest skin. Superemollient, deodorant too—a delight to the whole family for face and bath. Get it today!

Cuticura

World’s best known name
in skin care
BREAKDOWN
Continued from page 37

The night had been restless. Vici finally fell into a deep sleep and didn't hear Roger when he came to bed or later when he awoke at 5:45. He fixed his own quick breakfast and glanced bievily at the morning paper. When she awoke he was already gone. It was 7:30 when he got home that evening and the children were already in bed. Roger didn't feel much like talking at dinner: he'd had a rough day. Exhausted, he fell asleep at 9:30.

Vici picked up a book. Hours later, when she finally closed it, she realized there were whole chapters she had read before.

* * *

Roger came home early the next day. "Come sit next to me," Vici said when she'd put the children to bed. She plumped a pillow for him and he joined her on the couch. She traced the wave in his hair with one finger, "I miss you so much," she said softly, and afterward she wondered if she should have. But he said, "From now on we'll have more time together."

Then, after a few minutes, he said, "There's an idea I want to work on. Why don't you read a while? It won't take me long and then I'll be with you. And Sunday," he promised, "we'll take the kids to Disneyland. Okay?"

Vici nodded her head in assent and pretended to go back to her reading.

She went to bed alone that night. She could hear his typewriter clicking furiously downstairs. Just before dawn, Roger clipped together the finished TV script she was working on—the third one he'd sold. Vici was asleep.

* * *

Roger had to work. Maybe it was compensation for the times when Vici was making a picture and he was just waiting. Before "Sunset Strip," he'd had a bleak year. He was under contract to a studio but he hadn't even been photographed once. He had nothing to do. Just wait for Vici to come home from her studio. One evening she found him building a patio table.

"I decided to find something to do," he explained.

It was the first of an endless parade of projects. He built a retaining wall. He re-worked the plumbing system in the backyard. He even built a swimming pool.

"Roger," Vici begged, "we don't have to have a swimming pool. Can't you give me more of your time? What are you trying to prove?"

"I work because I have to," he said.

"Can't you see. I'm not trying to prove anything. Vici, I do these things for you. And I can't stop. Please understand.""But isn't your work enough?" she argued. "It takes so much of your time now."

"No," he said. "I want something I can touch. I'm sorry, honey, but I can't help being the way I am."

* * *

Something made Vici remember this—she didn't know why. She heard Roger wake. It was a Friday morning and not six o'clock yet. Roger was showering. She slipped downstairs to surprise him with a real breakfast.

Sitting across the table from each other later, she suggested, "Let me pack while you're at work today and we can go to Palm Springs for the weekend." She sighed happily at the thought. "Imagine—two days just lying in the sun and not moving."

"But, hon," he said, "don't you remember? I've ordered the material for the kids' playground. If I don't get to it tomorrow, I don't know when I'll have the time. I'm doing it for the children."

It was true. The children wanted the playground, and Roger would enjoy working on it more than he would sunbathing.

Vici took the coffee pot from the stove. As she poured it, some of it spilled, scalding her arm. She didn't notice.

* * *

"I'll be home early tonight," Roger told Vici, "by about five. We'll have dinner together, too. See you soon." He kissed her and hurried off.

All that day Vici felt happy. And when five o'clock came, Roger walked in the door, just as he'd promised.

"We'll have dinner early," Vici said, giving him a kiss. "Why don't you read the paper for a few minutes while I get things ready?"

She hummed as she mixed a dressing for the salad and then set the table. She arranged a bowl of flowers in the center of the table.

When, ten minutes later, Vici came in to tell him dinner was ready, he was sound asleep.

"Why isn't Daddy eating with us?" the children asked.

"Daddy works so hard," she tried to explain, "he's tired. Now, eat your soup, honey, and no—no, don't stir it."

The pot of coffee she'd perked was more than she alone could drink. She poured a second cup but never finished it. It tasted bitter.

* * *

At 2 A.M., when a noise awoke her, Roger still wasn't there. The noise she'd heard penetrated her consciousness until finally she identified it.

Someone was working in the garage.

Roger.

Without stopping to put on a robe or slipping on her shoes, she went to the window and leaned out. She could see the garage and Roger working on an electric control to open the door.

"He heard me say it's hard to open," she thought. "He's doing it for me."

Shutting back into bed. Vici repeated to herself, "He's doing it for me." But she couldn't help it. She felt so lonely, so wretched. She didn't bother wiping them from her cheeks. It's my own fault, she thought. I feel guilty. She buried her face in Roger's pillow. Guilty, she said out loud. Her first pounded at the pillow as she wept. Guilty. Guilty. Guilty.

* * *

Vici never told anyone how she felt. It was too personal to discuss with friends, and her family was in Australia. Perhaps she didn't even know why she felt the way she did.

So many young wives today feel the same confusion over what they think they should be and what, in reality, they are. Today, a young wife feels that she must
live up to an ideal of marriage, that she must be her husband’s sweetheart, his friend, his comforter, his housekeeper, his admirer, and flatterer, his playmate, his mistress and his friend. Yet it’s difficult for a young woman to fill so many roles. A wife today is more her husband’s equal than ever before, and this, too, can cause trouble. Sometimes a man can feel driven to success, to almost frantic activity in order to assert his masculinity, to maintain his superiority. A wife has to understand this, but it’s hard.

Perhaps if Vici could have talked about it, it might have helped. She might have found out how many young wives share her anxieties. It might have prevented what was ahead. But there was nobody she could confide in.

Then one day she could be brave no longer. She was taken to the hospital.

Roger, the next morning, seemed a bit unstrung by all the excitement. “She’s very ill,” he told us when we called to ask how Vici was. He couldn’t talk very long. He wanted to keep the phone free. He was frantically trying to reach two internists and ask them to examine Vici. Two doctors were already at her side, their family doctor and a specialist, trying to find out what it was that had stricken her so painfully and mysteriously. Her back and legs were affected. She was sick, very sick. It had happened suddenly and they had rushed her to the hospital.

For weeks, we’d been worried about Vici and Roger Smith. We’d had the feeling something was wrong. After we’d talked to Roger, we called a Hollywood writer, Nancy Anderson, and asked her to investigate. The story you just read is what she finally managed to find out.

Later, when Vici was back home and we thought the crisis was past, Roger told Nancy, “She is still terribly upset.” He looked so pale and drawn that she feared he might break down, too. They talked for a long time and Roger told her what had happened at the hospital.

Vici had looked so helpless lying there in the hospital.

If he’d made her unhappy, Roger hadn’t meant to. If he’d neglected her, he had never meant to do that either. Sitting at her bedside, he took her hand in both of his and tried to explain it to her.

“Vici,” he said, “you know there’s nothing in the world so important to me as you and the children. When I work it’s because I want to do things for you. Then I get involved without realizing what’s happening. I know I can’t change, Vici,” he told her, “I can’t even promise that I’ll give up some of my work. But I promise that I’ll try every day to make you happy.”

“I’ve been thinking about it, too,” Vici said. She was still weak and he had to lean close to her to hear her words. “It’s not just your work that’s made me miserable sometimes. It’s something else, Roger, I’ve felt so guilty . . .

“You? Guilty?” He couldn’t believe it.

“What have you got to feel guilty about? Everything you do is perfect.”

She shook her head. “When I have to spend so much time away from the children . . . when we don’t have another child . . .

He tried to quiet her. “Don’t say things like that.” He poured some water for her

wherever you go . . . whatever you do
winterize with exact size PEDS. Wear PEDS over or under regular hose for added warmth. PEDS’ non-slipping heel protector and snug, long-lasting elastic edge assure perfect fit. Buy PEDS in Fine Cotton, 25¢; Sheer Nylon or Helanca 3-t-rec-e-sh, 39¢; Look for six fashion-right Helanca Color PEDS in new white box, 39¢; Cotton Toe PEDS, 20¢; Nylon or Stretch, 29¢.

AT VARIETY, DEPARTMENT AND SHOE STORES • Richard Paul, Inc., Wilmington, Delaware
A DOCTOR'S FRANK
ANSWERS ABOUT
LOVE
and
MARRIAGE

There are some questions a woman can't discuss with anyone. They're too intimate. There are some questions she can't put into words. They're too delicate. And, there are some she may be afraid to ask. Yet, her happiness, the happiness of her marriage and family may depend upon whether she gets the answers she so desperately needs.

If you are one of the millions of wives burdened with the unanswered question, the unresolved problem, you will find welcome help in THE MODERN BOOK OF MARRIAGE. From the case files of thousands of troubled couples who have come to her office, Dr. Lena Levine has drawn upon the most pressing problems of modern marriage for this book. It is truly a hope chest of sound, sympathetic, practical advice by a practicing psychiatrist and marriage counselor.

ANSWERS TO BRIDES' MOST INTIMATE QUESTIONS

Dr. Levine has not neglected the bride in her very helpful book. Included in this volume are the most frequent questions brides have asked in groups and individual discussions. They are typical of the questions brides everywhere would like to ask and have answered as a vital means for helping them toward a successful marriage.

Only $1.00

Whether you are married or are getting married, you need this great, new guidebook.

NANCY AND TOMMY

Continued from page 51

would have done that. Well, would you?

"So that's what's been bothering you. Is that all?" Tommy smiled. "Well at least I'm glad you told me about it. It's better than the way you used to drive me crazy before we were married—sulking and not saying why.

"Oh, I guess you're right," she agreed. "I'm always right," Tommy looked smug.

They were cleaning up after their first sit-down dinner party—for her father's birthday. The whole family had come over, and she'd used practically every pot and dish she owned to cook and serve the dinner.

"Well... you are right about one thing," she went on. "It's better to tell—even if it's a small thing. If you keep it all locked inside you, it seems to grow. But you know, when we first started going together, you gave me some pretty bad times, too." A dish slipped through Nancy's hand, and Tommy rescued it in mid-air. She went on as if nothing happened. "You'd just get in your world and take off every time something bothered you. Leaving me alone to try and figure out what I'd done wrong. You never used to be any fun to fight with; you'd run away too fast.

Tommy put his hand over her heart. "Ah well," he said, "may all our troubles be little ones!" He winked at her and grinned as if to say, "Get it? All our troubles—little ones.

But Nancy didn't rise to the bait. She was suddenly serious. "You know," she said, "I had the funniest feeling today at your recording session. Every time you had to hit a high note, my heart was in my mouth. I had the strangest feeling—I don't know how to explain it—that I was my own mother. Don't laugh, please. Why

Mom recently told me that I remind her of herself when she and Daddy were first married. I'm living it all over again, she said. Today I found out what she meant. She used to be nervous as anything whenever Daddy sang. It's funny," she said thoughtfully, "but you're like Daddy in so many ways.

"Yeah," Tommy laughed. "Stubborn!"

"That's for sure," Nancy agreed. "But it's not only that. In a way it's something much deeper—and sometimes it scares me a little.

"What do you mean 'scares you'?" Tommy asked. He placed a stack of dried dishes on the shelf.

"Well, when I was a little girl, I always thought my mother and father were happy. I guess all kids do—unless there's fighting or something. But they never fought. And then one day it was all over, Daddy left.

"A world upside down"

"It was the craziest feeling in the world," Nancy said. "You think everything's fine and all of a sudden your world gets turned upside down—and you're turned inside out." I know what you mean," Tommy nodded. "I remember when my folks split up. I felt like I was losing everything. I didn't feel like I was losing anything. None of the other kids had to watch their mothers crying night after night. And everybody else had a father.
"I think the world was around the holidays—especially Christmas," Tommy said. "I can remember one year in particular. I fell in love with a racer. Nancy pouted. "You never told me about her," she said. "What did she look like?"

"She was an it—an English racer. I wanted it so bad I never even thought that Mom couldn't afford it. I was only ten and getting that bike meant everything to me. Then Mom told me we couldn't afford it. I just broke up."

Tommy wiped his hands on a dish towel and lit a cigarette. "And then it hit me," he said. "I could work and earn enough
money to get the bike myself. So I took on a newspaper route. I delivered all the papers on foot. You know something? It took me two years to save enough for the bike. Two years!

"You know," Tommy continued, "there's one day I'll never forget. It was a couple of weeks after I got the bike. I'd gone into a small apartment house to make deliveries. When I came out—it was only about ten minutes later—the bike was gone. I thought maybe the superintendent had moved it, so I asked him. He said he didn't even see it."

Nancy had stopped washing and was just watching Tommy.

"I ran around the house like a maniac. I didn't even know where to start looking. Then, about two blocks away I spotted the bike. Two boys I knew from school were holding it. One of them was about to get on it.

"Hey!" I yelled and ran over to them. 'What the heck do you think you're doing?'

"'Taking a ride,' one of them said.

"What do you think I'm doing?'

"'Get your hands off my bike.' I yelled.

"'We're not hurting your beautiful bike, so don't get so excited. You've been sound- ing off about it for so long that we wanted to see what the big deal was, that's all,' the other boy said.

"I grabbed one of the handle bars. 'Look,' I said, 'it would've been okay if you'd asked me to ride it. But I've got papers to deliver now. And, anyway, you had no right to steal it."

"'If you want your old bike,' he said, 'come and get it!' And he rode off while the other kid pinned my arms behind my back. Just like that! I got my arms free and lashed out at the kid.

"He got an arm-lock on my head then and pretty soon we were wrestling on the ground. Then the other boy rode back and jumped me, too. I fought like crazy. I wanted to hurt them more than anything.

"But they hurt me instead, I guess," Tommy smiled faintly, "I came out of that fight with the biggest shiner I'd ever seen."

Nancy kissed his left eye. "Wrong one," Tommy said. Then she kissed his right eye, "Mmm—that's better," he whispered.

"As they were walking away, one of the boys pushed the bike onto the ground and the other kicked the front fender," Tommy went on. "It was bent way out of shape.

"No father to tell"

"Go on home and tell Mamma all about it," they teased. "Let's see if she can fight your battle!"

"I tried to think of the biggest thing that would frighten them. And then without knowing what I was saying, I yelled, 'Just wait, you big shots. Just wait till I tell my father!"

"That was the worst threat I could think of. Now I realize what I really meant by it," Tommy stared at the floor for several minutes. "I meant I wished I had a father to tell."

"Tommy darling," Nancy took his hand, "it must have been awful for you."

"I know one thing for sure," Tommy still stared at the floor, as if he saw nothing. "I'll never let my kids be hurt that way—never! No matter what happens."

"Nancy wiped her eyes with the dish towel, and then said, "It's really funny, cause I felt the same way as you when I

---

shave lady? don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way...

with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never have a trace of nasty razor stubble! Always to nicen underarms, everytime to smooth legs to new smoother beauty, and next time for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet? Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the beautiful way.

A VERY SPECIAL OFFER

GOLDEN FRIENDSHIP RING FREE with Teen-age by Modess®

Here's a pretty ring that buckles on adjustabliy. It has a sparkling gold finish ... is so fashion-right, day and night. For your ring, send opening end flap from Teen-Age by Modess to Teen-Age, Box 67-11, Milltown, N.J. Slim, extra-absorbent Teen-Age is the only napkin proportioned for you, deodorant-protected, too. Offer expires May 31, 1961.
Rush your name and address today for amazing new sales kit. It’s absolutely FREE! Gives you startling information. Tells you how to make big money fast and often by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions. It’s easy! No experience needed! Become our personal magazine representative in your community. Free kit works like magic to put dollars into your pocket! You don’t invest a penny of your money now or any time. We supply everything you need free. Act now.

Paste coupon below on post card and mail today! Get cash is yours for the asking.

FREE 5 x 7 ENLARGEMENT with order for 25 wallet 1 plus 25c postage
25 embossed, deep-sunk, panel-edge wallet photos 2½ x 3½” made from any photo or negative. Returned unembossed with your gorgeous FREE enlargement POSTPAID for only $1.25, or 60 Wallet Photos with enlargement, $2.25. Satisfaction guaranteed.
FOTO PLUS CO. • BOX 10 • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove Unwanted Hair PERMANENTLY
With the new, improved Mohler Epilator you can remove unwanted hair PERMANENTLY. Use it conveniently and privately at home. Brings permanent relief. Be charming and have new freedom of mind. When you have read our instruction book carefully and learned to use the Mohler Epilator safety and efficiently, then you can remove all unwanted hair PERMANENTLY. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE [Our 76th year].

Send 10c for 16-page booklet "New Radiant Beauty"

Cindy’s basic dress, shown on pages 54 and 55, is Simplicity Pattern 3793, available at your favorite stores everywhere. The dress, stole and stole lining are blue-grey silk from American Silk Mills. Evelyn’s dress and coat, Simplicity 3841, are beige wool from Carletex. Kate’s dress and jacket, Simplicity 3850, are camel wool by Anglo Fabrics. Vivien’s slacks, Simplicity 3270, are camel wool by Carletex; her blouse, same pattern, is beige silk by American Silk Mills. The suit Cindy’s wearing on page 52, Simplicity 3849, is camel wool by Carletex; her blouse, same pattern, is beige silk by American Silk Mills. Fabrics photographed at Doretta’s fabric store, New York.

The accessories Cindy used to give her basic dress three looks are:

1. Silk scarf by Glentex
   Bracelets by Sandor-Goldberger
   Mock alligator bag by Lona
   White gloves by Wear-Right
   Triple tie belt by Calderon
   White straw belt by Mr. John

2. Blue satin belt by Calderon
   Frosted blue beads by Cadoro
   “June” gloves by Wear-Right
   Bone leather bag by Park Lane

3. Bib necklace by Richelieu
   Gold clutch bag by Brightman
   White kid gloves by Meyers Make

Hides pimples while it helps heal them...
keeps acne a secret ‘till it’s gone.

Works three ways to speed healing:
1. Penetrates beneath the surface of the blemish...
deads clogged pores.
2. Destroys acne-causing bacteria.
3. Antiseptically cleanses and dries up pimples
so healthy skin can grow again.
Skin colored... odorless,
greaseless, stainless!

Tube...80c. Also available in purse or pocket-size.
medicated acne stick...$1 at all drug counters.

BE YOUR OWN “DRUG DETECTIVE”
COMPARE and SAVE

25¢
SEND TODAY FOR TRIAL SIZE
NO DELAY—your trial order shipped
in 24 hours! to end acne problems

IS YOUR EYE-BEAUTY GONE
AFTER YOU WASH-OFF MASCARA?

1 APPLICATION LASTS 4 TO 5 WEEKS! What’s left of eye-beauty—if you’re wearing mascara—after a swim, a shower, a walk in the rain, a weepy movie, or a soap-and-water wash? Just a dimmed-out, “featureless” face! To avoid that faded face, use “Dark-Eyes.” As your BARE eye make up... under mascara, or instead! “Dark-Eyes” colors permanenly... until lashes and brows are normally replaced in four to five weeks! “Dark-Eyes” doesn’t smudge, smear or wash off, so your lashes and brows look NATURALLY soft, dark, luxurious all day, all night... round-the-clock and for more than a month with just one easy application! “Dark-Eyes” contains no animal dye.

Three shades: Black, Brown, Light Brown. OUR 27th YEAR!

for teen-agers... from Helene Curtis:

new Endac helps end
acne blemishes and
embarrassment...fast!
L O V E  I S  A  S I M P L E  T H I N G

Continued from page 38

a friend who’d seen the show and come backstage to see him. His name was Michael Selman, a young college graduate. He had a pleasant smile, dark hair and hazel eyes, none of which Carol particularly noticed at the time. She merely said “Hi,” and Mike said “Hi,” and that was that. It was hardly what you would call the dawn of romance.

Carol was sixteen at the time, a shy, quiet girl; serious, with no real boyfriends and not much visible interest in having any.

She was busy with her work, studying, taking dancing lessons, living a quiet life in a small apartment with her mother and younger brother Danny. Instead of lingering to talk with Mike and Warren that night, she hurried home, so as not to worry her mother who always waited up for her. When she got home she raided the refrigerator, said goodnight, and went to her room to munch on some fruit, listen to the radio and read a magazine. She did not even know she’d met the man she was going to marry.

When 20th Century-Fox bought the play “Blue Denim” for motion pictures, they signed Carol to a contract too. They made an appointment for her to go over to the New York office of the company to discuss publicity and to make contract arrangements—and Mike Selman was a member of the very same publicity department! Carol was visiting. This time Cupid had one eye open, but he still wasn’t letting Carol and Mike in on his secret!

Carol and her friend went to Hollywood while she made the movie. Then they returned to New York. One night Carol went to see a preview in the company’s private screening room. Who else was there? A number of reviewers from magazines and newspapers, people who write interviews and editors. Carol walked quietly into the room and took an inconspicuous seat in a corner. She was hoping interviewers wouldn’t want to talk to her. She wanted to be able to enjoy the movie without any interruptions.

After the screening, she emerged into the foyer. Who was there? It was Mike, who was sent to make sure she got home all right. “A cup of coffee . . .” he asked, and she nodded yes.

They went off to a quiet little restaurant, and in a dim corner they talked over their coffee. But Carol had to cut it short. Her mother had insisted on a curfew hour. A high school girl should get her sleep her mother said.

Getting to know each other

But there were other nights to come. Carol loves movies, so she frequently attended previews at the projection room. Mike would be there, too. After all, he worked in the same building. Their evenings would be spent in some remote restaurant, and Carol began to lose her shyness. They didn’t go to night clubs and posh restaurants. They both found they disliked such places. It was so much more fun to sit in the dim light of a quiet place and just talk and get to know one another.

Then she was called again to the West Coast to appear in “Hound-Dog Man” with Fabian.

When she got back from the Coast she and Mike got together again for their discussions about life, love, people and each other. Almost without knowing it, Carol was making a body who saw her at that time, though, would have guessed. She was a changed girl. She seemed to have so much more to say these days. She’d given up her black stockings and flats, her comfortable, unassuming sweaters and skirts for more flattering, feminine clothes. Even her hair, which she’d had to cut for a movie, was now a soft, billowy halo around her face. Mike liked it that way.

Last Thanksgiving was a big day for Carol and Mike. He was invited to the apartment for dinner. He’d met Carol’s mother, but this was more than just a quick hello. This was a family affair, and an important occasion. Carol and her mother and brother had recently moved from a three-room apartment to one with six rooms, on Central Park West. They didn’t realize when they took the larger place that soon the extra space wouldn’t be needed, after all. One member of the family would soon have a home of her own.

When Mike arrived at the apartment, he was outwardly calm. He’s in his mid-twenties, but his job puts him in touch with many people, and he’s learned to look at ease even when he isn’t.

The dinner seemed to go well, and their engagement was announced after Thanksgiving. At first, Carol’s mother had suggested it might be better to wait for a year before they married. Carol was still so young. But suddenly her daughter had a mind of her own.

Carol went to the Coast to make “Return to Peyton Place.” She didn’t want to leave Mike, but she had to go because of her contract with the studio which requires her to make two pictures a year for them.

Then, when Mike flew out to join her for the holidays, the rumors really started flying. They set a wedding date for January, after she would have completed work on the film. She insisted that her mother approved of all the plans, even though she was making the arrangements herself.

“I have made all the important decisions in my life because I feel, and my mother does, too, that I’m the one who has to live them,” she explained.

“And my mother is very happy that I’m getting married. She likes Mike, and she knows we’ll be very happy,” she told the press. Perhaps she really believed this, or perhaps she wanted to keep close, family matters from the public.

But whatever her reasons, Carol stood by her story.

We found out that she asked her mother to read her letter before she could take out her marriage license in California. But Mrs. Lynley seemed opposed to the marriage; Carol waited but the birth certificate never arrived. She had to use her studio contract as legal proof of age and that’s how news of the marriage leaked out.

Away from Mike, Carol wouldn’t talk much about her love or the new complication to her plans. But she did lunch with one of our reporters in Hollywood.
The first time I've been in love, Carol said, "and I feel that my love for Mike is deep and everlasting."

"He's wonderful, gorgeous, marvelous... and I could go on and on about him," she chatted rapidly. Then she smiled. "You know, I sometimes make him blush when we're together and I'm telling my friends about him."

Mike wouldn't say too much, either. "What can I say," he asked, "after I've said I'm happy?"

"We just want to live like two normal people," he added. Toward this end, they journeyed out to look at an apartment in Jamaica, Long Island, at the end of the subway line. This location is a quiet residential area and a favored spot for newlyweds. Carol liked the looks of the neighborhood. She's never been extravagant, and she's always wanted to live in an apartment near New York. "I will never live in California," she said. "I don't like anything about the state. I don't even care for the sunny weather. I'm used to the cold, and feel much better in chilly weather."

"And I never want to own a home," she continued. "I've been reared in apartments, and love that way of living. My mother and I bought a home in California when I was sixteen. I hated it. I didn't like the neighbors or the routine responsibilities such as putting the garbage out to be picked up on a certain day." Carol definitely knows what she wants, and has no trouble making up her mind.

A change in plans

She also decided to change her religion and adopt Mike's. He is of the Jewish faith and Carol knew that, according to this religion, it is the mother who passes on the religion to any children they might have. So she took the necessary lessons for her conversion to Judaism. Perhaps she had read of other stars, young mothers, having difficulty in raising their children with parents of different faiths. "We want five children, but that's up to the good Lord," Carol said. She told our reporter before the wedding that they had agreed to have a quiet ceremony in a synagogue. But, faced with her mother's opposition, Carol changed her plans. Mike got a two-weeks vacation and flew to California, "to spend Christmas together," they said. Carol went to great lengths to keep his arrival a secret so there'd be no photographers or reporters at the airport. They decided to be married on December 31st, in San Bernardino, but when Carol needed her movie contract as proof of age, the secret was out in the open. They changed their plans again.

At 5 A.M. on Friday, December 30th, she and Mike picked up their good friends Betty Lou Keim and Warren Berliner. The four of them were at the Los Angeles license bureau before it opened, but nobody recognized Carol since she used her real name, Carol Jones. Then, in Warren's car they headed for Newhall, California, an hour's drive away. Neither Carol nor Mike had ever heard of the place before and they stayed there just long enough to enter the office of the Justice of the Peace and say their marriage vows.

The next day, Carol was back at work—in fact she arrived early. Hardly anyone noticed she was wearing a diamond engagement ring. That weekend, she and Mike had a two-day honeymoon and then he had to return to work in New York.

"I'm taking a year off from my career to give it to my marriage," she continued. "I want to give it all my full attention, as I think the first year of any marriage is important. In fact, she confided, "my career is of secondary importance now. My marriage comes—and will always come—first. If, when I go back to work after the first year, I find that I can't adjust to both, I'll give up my career," she stated without hesitation. "Mike's going to be a producer some day," she said, "and I'm going to be a housewife."

Though Carol has a long-term contract, the rumor soon began that she would break it in order to be with Mike.

Carol told a member of the "Peyton Place" company that she didn't care about her little honeymoon apartment. She lies awake at night, planning the furniture and decoration. She and Mike both like casual and simple things. "We had all our furnishing selected before the wedding," Carol said. "I think living with packing boxes can be very depressing for young couples. We've furnished our apartment in Early American, a period we both like very much."

The "new" Carol

Listening to her, anyone could see that Carol had changed since she first met Mike. She was a different girl now from the shy, retiring teenager in her shapeless clothes. But even seeing her, slimmer now, dressed in more sophisticated and flattering clothes, nobody could guess how much she had really changed.

The quick wedding took people by surprise. But Carol had proven herself to her love, and to Mike. Perhaps it was a test. If she could make a decision on her own and stick to it no matter what... if she could oppose her mother after having had such a close relationship with her all her life... then perhaps that meant she was ready for marriage. Perhaps that's what she was proving.

If that's it, Carol's not saying. She won't talk about her love. After all, love is a simple thing.

—DOMINIC DRAPE

Carol's in 20th's "Return to Peyton Place."
come near the place except his agent, Dick Clayton. And kids this own age, girls and all, probably don't try to make friends with him because they think movie people are different and they're afraid they'd get snubbed.

"He has a nice personality, but he's lonely. Much too lonely for a young man. I've never seen, I don't think, a boy like him. Now, that I'm too busy for that. When he does entertain it's been mostly older couples. And most of the time there's no entertaining at all. He's brought this loneliness on himself. and it's not natural.

"I've had people say to me, 'You wouldn't think a boy like that would have such a temper.' But I say if kids could see what a temper this is, they wouldn't think it was. I tell them, with no way to let out his anger, no one to fight with. He works at the studio or at his Oriental art store, he rides horses—and that's it! Not enough of a life for a young fellow. And trying to fill it up with pets isn't fair either—not to the pets. They need love and care, but movie stars are never home; they work a long day and sometimes don't come home at all. I've heard from someone who works at a TV studio, who knows someone who used to keep her horse at the same stable where Tab kept his, that he wasn't always so good to his horses either.

"But I hear no grudges. All this publicity hurt Tab. I know. But maybe it'll teach him a lesson. I've heard that he has his horse up for board and there are two sides to that. He certainly doesn't have to move, nobody's running him out of Glen-dale. If he didn't live in that house somebody else would, and who knows, the new people might be noisy. But for Tab's own pride, how could he stand to stay? He'd be always pointed out, every time he put his face out the door. After all that's happened, the newspaper coverage and all the pictures pouring in, someone would always say, 'Oh look, there he is, there's Tab Hunter that there was such a thing about—remember?

"But I will say this—if he thinks running away is going to make things any better for him in the future, he's making a big mistake. Running away never solves a thing. What I say is true. I know because I'm Mrs. Eva Gorman. I manage the three apartment houses that stand across the alley from Tab Hunter's old house.

But there are two sides...

"We knew the minute Tab bought this piece of land he wasn't planning to live fancy. He wanted to be around regular folks. My wife and I are his nearest neighbors, and I'll say this, we are very happy. We've never had, 'Course that depends on what you want in a neighbor. Some folks like to socialize. Tab's too busy for that. He's not the socializing kind anyhow. He's a man that likes to think, he's serious. He works hard and he comes home quiet. We wouldn't know he's there except the lights are on. We only know if he has company because more lights are on. Not much company, no wild parties at that house. And no girls unless it's a few couples. Like the night he took Kay and Jack Connors and Venetia Stevenson to the Ice Capades and had them for cocktails first. Jack is Tab's double for stunt riding—no, he can't do anything Jack can, but the studio won't let him.

"Venetia Stevenson was his date that night and that's the kind of girl Tab admires, someone beautiful and with some dignity. He doesn't like pushy people and he can't stand vulgarity. Let a girl swear, like some do in the horse set. Tab doesn't like it. It's one thing if Tab is in Japan, when he was there. He's terribly fond of Tuesday Weld; she's had her to the place and she fell in love with the atmosphere. But he treats Tuesday like a kid, as if he were her uncle. The reason he's so choosy about people, I figure, goes back to the matter of no time.

"But he'll sit in our kitchen having a cup of coffee and laugh the big laugh of his till we think he'll blow every window in the place. Or he'll go over to the Connors and play with their two-year-old. He loves kids, you can see that when he plays with his brother's four. They're all over him in the pool with their 'Uncle Art, Uncle Art.' He can play like a kid—imaginative. But he can quiet them down, too—talk like an old man. Last fall he ripped an unspoiled kid himself, from a hard-working mother who raised her two kids to think for themselves. He used to earn money for riding by soda-jerking or ushering. And later, after the Coast Guard, he earned it for skating by being a sheet metal worker. He told me once, even as a kid he was never part of a gang. And he said, 'I think it's the thing for people to be like that.' He seems to feel like it's what you have to do if you're going to understand what's happening from day to day. Life's so easy it's complicated, you have to think about it. You have to live within your own framework—whatever's right for you.'

"Maybe that's what bothered the people across the way. I don't know what they had against Tab unless it's that he's a celebrity. He told us a couple of times they always meant well, but they'd declined, explaining he was busy, he couldn't. I think thatrankled. But like my Betty points out, the man who owned the house before Tab never did get invited anywhere by anybody and he lived here a long time. On the other hand, a man we had working around our place invited Tab to come to dinner, yet he'd never asked us. People like to know a celebrity, they like the publicity that goes with it. If they make an advance and the celebrity withdraws—well, they get steamed up, they think they're being slighted.

"And Tab's not the kind you can push into doing something. He's got a good hard head on his shoulders and he makes up his mind. That's why the whole fuss was so stupid. A great guy feels he has to do things right and he is. If someone's happy, all because some sour grapes made this rumpus that he wasn't good to his dog. And now when he finds a house he likes in Beverly Hills, he can't rent it because the owners won't take it in an animal. And Tab will never go where Fritz isn't welcome. I know—Jim Avery. I'm a stunt man at Warners, and Tab's nearest neighbor."

---

TOO LATE
Continued from page 25
Watch TRUE STORY on your NBC-affiliated television station on Saturdays

See your local paper for time and station. Exciting stories of actual events and people, straight from the files of TRUE STORY Magazine—narrated by Kathi Norris.

And don’t miss “OUR MARRIAGE IS DIFFERENT,” the story of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis and a love that should have failed . . .

Kathi Norris

In March TRUE STORY Magazine
The Woman’s Guide to Better Living
Buy Your Copy Today Wherever Magazines Are Sold

BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER

Send for Free Book Talking New Easily You Can Learn Piano, Guitar, Accordion A Simple Instrument This EASY 4-5-4 Way

NOW IT’S EASY to learn music at home. No rigorous “exercises.” No “theoretical” stuff. Simply the fun way to learn—by doing. Learn a new song a day. Instills confidence. And then goes on to instill the sciences of music, including harmony, counterpoint, and music literature. A book for the “music-minded” boy or girl. PLUS: over 250 illustrated songs, music history, and music business. No help is needed. A book for the music student. A book for the music teacher.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Studio A231, Port Washington, N. Y.
Please send me your 25c illustrated Free Book. I wish to study to play (X) Instrument.

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

POEMS WANTED

For musical setting . . . send (25c) copies of your poems. Immediate consideration. Phonograph records made.

CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 360, New York 1

SWAP PHOTOS

. . . with all your friends, Relatives and Classmates

25c FOR ONLY 1

Need more? 60 for $2.

Send 25c for extra Super-speed service

Money Back Guaranteed!

Just send your favorite snapshot or portrait (unharmcd) and money to . . .

WALLET PHOTO CO.
Box M. Hillside, N. J.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

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

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, it actually reduced the formation of the hemorrhoidal growth. Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like “Piles have ceased to be a problem.”

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) discovery of a world-famous research institute. This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

Watch TRUE STORY on your NBC-affiliated television station on Saturdays.
Pops: Dion’s “Lonely Teenager” (Laurie); Donnie Brooks’ “Doll House” (Era); The Miracles’ “Shop Around” (Tamla); LP’s; “This Is Brenda Lee” (Decca); Montavani’s “Exodus” (London); Sviatoslav Richter—he’s Russia’s answer to Van Cliburn—with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on Brahms Second Piano Concerto (RCA Victor); Van Cliburn with Chicago Symphony on Prokofiev Concerto No. 3 (RCA Victor). Jazz: Count Basie and Joe Williams on “Just the Blues” (Roulette); “Brubeck’s a la Mode” (Fantasy); Miff Mole and Red Nichols swinging together on “Thesaurus of Classic Jazz” (Columbia).
What's new!

Do you feel it? The new jazz is called "soul"! It's the music Horace Silver and Johnny Smith play—soul and pensive. From what we heard at the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at Grossinger's, New York, we'd call it Thinking Man's Music. What we (strong Dixieland lovers)—and Tony Randall—want to know is: Who wants to think all the time? Do you?

The Shimmy—Dorothy Provine started it on "The Roaring Twenties" and now everyone in Holly-wood seems to be doing it. You know how? Face your partner or stand at his side. First, rotate the right knee and, at the same time, raise your left hip. This creates a circular movement (and maybe a kink in the sacroiliac, too). Then switch to your left knee and right hip. Keep up the rotating motion while you both move in a complete circle (until exhausted). Warning: We've been going around in circles ever since!!!!!

What's in a name? A new party game that's catching on fast is called Kookie Korporations. The idea is to string together names of celebrities or friends. For instance: Edith Head, Mae West, Loretta Young, Delbert Mann form the Head-West-Young-Mann Co. Or Julie London, Lloyd Bridges, Bob Fallon, Hugh Downs make up the London-Bridges-Fallon-Down Co. We tried it with the names of all our staff members but nothing happened.

Folk music is hotter—and also folkier—than ever. Theodore Bikel seems to be the leader of the movement toward genuine rather than pre-fab folk songs and that's what you'll hear on his newest—"Songs of Russia, Old and New" (Electra). It comes with translations and you'll need them. Other names to note: Nina Simone, Lead Belly, Odetta and, of course, the popular The Kingston Trio.

Gag captions—here's the last word on do-it-yourself, we hope. Write your own jokes for dog pictures, baby photos, family snaps. We tried it on movie stills. For this one from "Ben Hur": "Am I going crazy or is that Esther Williams?" Try captioning your favorite ads from the magazines.
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR 1961

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

WHAT CURRENT FAVORITES DO YOU LIKE?

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

**ACTOR**


**ACTRESS**

9. Sandra Dee 22. Sophia Loren 35. Tuesday Weld

**WHICH SUPER-STARS DO YOU LIKE BEST?**

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

**ACTOR**

7. John Garfield 17. Peter Lawford 27. James Stewart

**ACTRESS**


Others

If mine is one of the first 100 answers,

I'D LIKE AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO OF:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY...........ZONE.........STATE

What did you like in this issue?

1. ............
2. ............
3. ............
4. ............

What would you like the articles to run shorter?

Yes .... No ....

WHAT ARE YOU LIKE?

Age? ........... Married? ........... Children? ...........

Three Favorite Magazines:

1. ............
2. ............
3. ............

How old are the other people in your family?

Males .... Females ....

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

Males .... Females ....

What is the occupation of the head of your family?

..........................................................

What do you do in your spare time?

..........................................................

How often do you go out to a movie?

..........................................................

What helps you choose a movie?

..........................................................

What happened on the best time you ever had?

..........................................................

What happened on the worst time you ever had?

..........................................................

What ideas do boys have that make you the maddest?

..........................................................

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

..........................................................

If you had the choice, what would you most like to do?
THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

The natural beauty and lustre of your hair is enhanced by using the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair condition to leave your hair soft, shining and beautiful.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.

- Red for dry hair
- Yellow for oily hair
- Blue for normal hair

ENJOY THE BRECK “FAMILY CLASSICS”, A SERIES OF DRAMATIC PROGRAMS, ON THE CBS-TV NETWORK

Copyright 1961 by John H. Breck Inc.
- Skin so fresh will fill you with wonder, too, when it's yours! Your complexion grows radiantly clear with Ivory Soap mildness—gentle enough for a baby's skin. 99\% pure* ...it floats. Just use mild Ivory daily. More doctors recommend it for babies' skin, and your own complexion, than any other soap.
you’ll read it ere first

ANNIE STEVENS
MITS WEDDING PLANS

Nobody’s Going to Stop Us Now”

SIDE OF THE STORY

WHY I STAYED WAY FROM THE WEDDING”

ANDRA DEE’S MOTHER

SECRET GABLE SHARED

WOOD CLAIM:

LOVE—GIRLS DON’T UNDERSTAND IT!
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 be-witch. 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 still available.

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

*T M. ©1961 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada
I dreamed I walked a tightrope
in my *maidenform* bra

Sweet Music*...new Maidenform bra...has fitted elastic band under the cups for easy breathing; and reinforced undercups to keep you at your peak of prettiness! White in A, B, C cups, 2.50
DONDI...
THE KID WHO CAPTURED THEIR HEARTS...

DONDI...
THE KID WHO CAPTURED THE ARMY...

DONDI...
INTRODUCES A GREAT NEW MOVIE STAR...
DAVID KORY.

ALLIED ARTISTS Presents

DONDI

starring
DAVID JANSSON • PATTI PAGE
MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY
ROBERT STRAUSS • ARNOLD STANG
and WALTER WINCHELL
LOUIS QUINN • GALE CORDON
and introducing
DAVID KORY as "DONDI"

Based on the world famous
comic strip with
63,000,000
daily readers!

EXCLUSIVES

| SANDRA DEE  | 29 | Her Mother’s Side of the Story | by Sara Hamilton |
| CONNIE STEVENS | 32 | Nobody Can Stop Us Now | by Dean Gouisky |
| MARILYN MONROE | 42 | Will She Break Joe’s Heart Again? | by Julia Carbin |

ARTICLES

| CLARK GABLE | 36 | The Secret Clark Gable and Kay Never Shared | by Jim Hoffmann |
| JUNE ALLYSON and LUCILLE BALL | 38 | Divorce | by Charlotte Diner |
| DOUG McCILLE | 40 | Private Life of a Private Eye | by Jane Ardmore |
| TAB HUNTER | 46 | Let's Put an End to the Tail | by Fritz Hunter |
| AUDREY HEPBURN | 50 | Audrey’s Happiest Moment | by Ruth Britten |
| FABIAN | 54 | What’s It Like To Be a Fabian? | by Linda Randall |
| BEAUTY | 58 | The Guiche |
| NANCY KWAN | 60 | The Other World of Suzie Wong | by G. Divas |
| CAROL LYNLEY and DIANE Varsi | 62 | Can a Jinx Strike Twice? | by Bob Deon |
| BOB NORTON | 64 | Three Little Words | by Vi Swisher |
| FASHION | 69 | You Can Be What You Want |
| 73 | Love—Girls Don’t Understand It | by Eleven Hollywood Males |

BONUS GOSSIP SECTION

| SIDNEY SKOLSKY | 4 | That’s Hollywood for You |
| SARA HAMILTON | 20 | Inside Stuff |
| CAL YORK | 27 | Last Minute News Flash |

NEWS AND REVIEWS AND DEPARTMENTS

| Becoming Attractions | 3 | Readers Inc. |
| Costs of Current Pictures | 5 | Your Handwriting |
| Monthly Record | 6 | Needlework |
| Your Monthly Ballot | 8 | New Playing |
| | 28 | Go Out to a Movie |

COVER PHOTO: Portrait of Connie Stevens by Gene Trindl of Topix.

EVELYN PAIN, Editor
CLAIRE SAFRAN, Managing Editor

KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, Art Director
NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

ANNE KANES, Assistant to Editor
ROSE ENGLANDER, Associate Editor
CAROL BONS, Associate Editor
KATE PALADINO, Fashion Editor

Your May issue will be on sale at your newsstand on April 6th

Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y.
Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President, Lee Andrews, Vice-President, S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President, Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer.
Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

Subscription Rates: $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada, $5.00 per year in all other countries.

Change of Address: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Manuscripts, Drawings and Photographs will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient postage will be returned.

Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., Irving S. Manheimer, President, Douglas Lockhart, Vice-President.

Re-entered as Second Class matter May 1, 1946 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1961 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados según la Convención Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artística. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Member of True Story Women’s Group.
A. News for nails: "Color Plus" adds strength with each stroke of color via built-in firmer for weak nails. In 16 shades, by Landol Plus, $1.00*.

B. "Evening in Paris" Bath Capsules dissolve readily under the tub tap, release a lingering scent to pamper a bathing beauty. By Bourjois, $1.00*.

C. Lentheric's new "Red Lilac" Purse Atomizer makes it springtime wherever you are, faithfully reproduces the enchanted aura of lilacs, $1.25*.

D. From Helena Rubinstein, new "Coverfluid" makeup to spin a clinging veil of color over a complexion, enkindle a glow. Plastic tube, $3.00*.

E. The fine French hand of Jacques Fath turns to fragrance, captures a nosegay of fragile flowers in "Fath de Fath" Eau de Cologne. From $5.00*.

* plus tax

---

NOW!
GO FROM NEARLY BLONDE
TO CLEARLY BLONDE...
WITHOUT
ARTIFICIAL COLORING!

Light and Bright is the first and only one-step hair lightener. It lightens once-blonde hair that has darkened as no rinse or dye can do. Brings out a blondeness that is all yours—blondeness that can't wash out, can't fade! And you control the shade—lighten your hair to just the tone most flattering to you. Gentle—contains no ammonia. Does contain an exclusive creme conditioner that leaves your hair soft, manageable. Easy—just apply, comb through.....$1.50 plus tax.

by RICHARD HUDNUT
PROFILED: Loretta Young

Loretta Young became a movie star when she was 15, was Lon Chaney's leading lady in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" in 1928 and has come whirling through that door on television since September 20, 1953, making an entrance through the door a trademark and Loretta Hollywood's most desirable glamour girl.

Loretta has a sense of humor. She can laugh at herself if the comment warrants it.

She had to have these qualities to survive for so long in the Hollywood jungle.

She started working in the movies when she was 5, as a child extra.

She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913, at 3:30 P.M. She was christened Gretchen.

When 13, she played her first big role in Colleen Moore's movie, "Naughty But Nice."

She always wanted to be an actress. She continues to work hard at becoming a better actress. She doesn't behave like an accomplished star who has won an Oscar and three Emmys and countless other awards. She owns an apartment house, and occupies the central and largest apartment herself. This apartment house is located practically in the center of glamorous Hollywood.

She wouldn't be caught on the street wearing slacks, but does so at home. She still maintains the tradition of the old movie days: that a star should always look like a movie star, and I say movie stars should look like this movie star.

She is 5 feet 5½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has blue-gray eyes and brown hair. She believes her legs are a little too slender.

The amazing thing is that 33 years later, over 90 pictures later, over 150 television shows later, Loretta continues to weigh 110 pounds and her waist measures 23 inches. These were the statistics when she checked into M-G-M for "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

She is a sharp businesswoman although she insists she doesn't know too much about business. She has a warm smile, an easy laugh.

She provided the greatest upset in the history of the Academy Awards by winning an Oscar for her portrayal of the Swedish farm girl in "The Farmer's Daughter" in 1947.

When she was 17, she eloped and married the late actor, Grant Withers.

And now she is married (July 31, 1940) to Tom Lewis, a television executive who works in New York for an advertising agency. Although they've been separated by the length of the nation for a few years now, she admits to no formal separation and neither has taken a step toward a divorce.

She sleeps in an enormous twin bed. She requires at least ten hours of sleep. She loves flimsy nightgowns and she stuffs her ears with cotton.

She is glad she is a movie star, glad she is a TV star, glad she is a woman, glad she is a mother, but most of all she's glad she is Loretta Young. And so are her fans. That's Hollywood For You.

Sidney Skolsky
INVITATION TO ATTENTION

...your 'line' from chin to waist (your FASHION ZONE) which can do soooo much for you! This Spring... dress up that zone with golden matinee length links. Glamorize your basics!

So nice to have around' your 2" comfort zone. That's the vital 2" area just under the bust - where so many other bras dig and poke. This elasticized band frees you where and when it should - almost seems to breathe. Gone is binding, cutting, riding-up - without even a little loss in lift and shapeliness. Try on COMFORT ZONE now next time you shop - feeling is believing!

Fetchingly-finished white embroidered cotton A.B.C. cups, just $2.50

Available wherever fine brassieres are sold in the U.S.A. and Canada

EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIERE, INC., A SUBSIDIARY OF EXQUISITE FORM INDUSTRIES, INC.
new Endac helps end acne blemishes and embarrassment ..fast!

Hides pimples while it helps heal them...keeps acne a secret 'til it's gone.

Works three ways to speed healing:
1. Penetrates beneath the surface of the blemish...clears clogged pores.
2. Destroys acne-causing bacteria.
3. Antiseptically cleanses and dries up pimples so healthy skin can grow again.

Skin colored! Odorless! Greaseless! Stainless!

for teen-agers...from Helene Curtis:

Handy purse-size medicated acne-stick 51 or tube 99c...at all drug counters

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

MONTHLY RECORD

What's Hollywood listening to

POP ALBUMS
- Elvis’ "G.I. Blues" (RCA);
- Sinatra’s "Swingin' Session" (Capitol);
- Ray Conniff’s “Say It With Music” (Columbia);
- Joe Jones’ “You Talk Too Much” (Roulette)—kookiest cover.

POP SINGLES
- "Exodus" by Pat Boone and also by Ferrante & Teicher; "Calendard Girl" Neil Sedaka; El's "Are You Lonesome Tonight?"

JAZZ ALBUMS
- Bobby Scott’s "A Taste of Honey" (Atlantic); Ahmad Jamal's "But Not For Me" (Argo);
- Brubeck’s “Gone With the Wind” (Columbia).

MORE LP's
- "Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2"-
- Philippe Entremont with Bernstein, N.Y. Philharmonic (Columbia);
- Bob Newhart's "Button-Down Mind Strikes Back" (Warner's).

...and what they're reading

"To Kill a Mocking Bird" by Harper Lee; "The Light in the Piazza" by Elizabeth Spencer;
"There Must Be A Pony" by Jim Kirkwood.

Back Talk

It's a fad—one song answers another. El sings "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" and Dodie Stevens comes back with "Yes, I'm Lonesome Tonight." Our favorite: "Gee Whiz!" It's an answer for almost anything.

Birthday Calendar of Spring, Mar. 21; Joan Crawford, Mar. 23; Anita Bryant, Mar. 25; Dirk Bogarde, Rod Lauren, Mar. 26; Sarah Vaughan, Mar. 27; Paul Whiteman, Mar. 28; Pearl Bailey, The Dinnings, Mar. 29.
What's new!

BEST DRESSED MAN ON TV

—that's what they named Rick Nelson. Honest! He's the youngest ever to be chosen by the Men's Apparel Club of California. Wonder who was second? Bob Denver?

THE "JACKIE LOOK"

Wherever you go, everybody's trying to look like the First Lady. Here's how: simple, shorter hairdos; loose-fitting, shorter suit jackets; short—but not too short—skirts; three-quarter sleeves; long gloves; an overall casual, fluid sort of look. Accessories? By all means, carry a big book.

You'll feel prettier with your

ODO-RO-NO
double circle of protection

24 hours of double protection against odor and perspiration

To feel lovelier all day, you need Odo-Ro-No's double circle of protection—double protection that so many single action deodorants just can't give you. Odo-Ro-No protects you against odor, your clothes against perspiration. It's soothing to your skin, too, and safe for all fabrics. Also available in spray and stick.

ODO-RO-NO
Leading deodorant in world fashion capitals
**PUZZLED**

Could you tell me what happened to that good-looking actor, Leslie Nielsen, who was in "Tammy and the Bachelor"? I've been looking for him in other movies but I have not seen him. Has he quit his career as an actor?

F. Fernandez
Tampa, Fla.

Definitely not. Leslie is quite busy with television commitments these days. He is on many popular TV shows.—Ed.

I would like to know more about Ray Danton. I have seen him on TV and in a movie called "Legs Diamond."

Carol St. Pierre
Buckley, Wash.

Ray was born on September 19, 1931 in New York City. He married the lovely star, Julie Adams, on Feb. 20, 1955.—Ed.

On TV a few weeks ago I saw an old movie made in 1932, I believe, called "Downstairs," which starred John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce and Paul Lukas. I had always read that the talkies ruined John Gilbert as he had a high pitched voice. In this movie he had a very deep masculine voice. How can you explain this?

Mrs. A. C. Bosse
Seattle, Wash.

It is possible that another voice was dubbed in at a later date, similar to the technique used in dubbing the voices in many foreign films.—Ed.

Can you tell me a little about Loretta Young, that is where and when she was born and how old she was when she made her first movie? She's one of my favorite actresses.

Joan Duffy
N. Y.

She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah on January 6, 1913, and made her first film when she was only 13 years old. You may be interested in knowing that Loretta has written a book entitled, "Things I Had To Learn." Turn to page 4 for more information.—Ed.

**SWAP SHOP**

Enjoy your magazine every month. Please print that I would like to trade photos of Fabian, Rick Nelson, Elvis and Jimmy Dean for photos of Bob Conrad, Rod Taylor, Marlon Brando, and Vince Edwards. Or I will sell my entire Elvis collection which consists of nearly every photo and article printed about him right from the start of his career. Thank you.

Ruth German
20 Mercer St.,
Hamilton Square, N. J.

**FOREVER ELVIS!**

My dad and I went to see "Flaming Star." Two years ago he wouldn't have gone to see anything with Elvis in it. Now he is an Elvis Presley fan! Before he went into the Army I was a little tired of him but today he is my favorite singer and actor. He seems to have grown up so much. I think that there are many teenagers and adults who feel this way, and my Dad and I are just one good example of this. I would appreciate it if you would print this letter. We always read your magazine and wouldn't miss it for anything.

B. Key
Ark.

Elvis has indeed grown in stature both as a performer and adult. We think you'll hardly recognize the full-color picture of him in next month's Photoplay.—Ed.
For the 2 out of 3 women who would finally use a hair color...
If it were natural enough... easy enough... and camouflaged grey!

Revlon creates 'COLOR UP'... the first cream tinting rinse!

Revlon's 'Color Up'—a new kind of hair color in a tube! It buries grey in a shimmer of color highlights. Highlights you can keep or lose when you choose. It's NOT a bleach, NOT a drastic dye, so hair can't look strawy, brassy; dyed or artificial. It's a stay-put cream with no drip, no dread, no mess, no guess to it. Ten minutes is all it takes to blend grey away and color-brighten your hair... color that lasts through several shampoos... won't rub or rinse off. Choose from 18 subtle shades— one of them unmistakably you! At leading cosmetic counters and beauty salons.
PLEASE TELL US?

My friend and I have a little bet on the movie, “Peyton Place.” In the movie Lana Turner played Constance Mackenzie. Also in the movie she had a daughter, Allison. There was also another girl, Selena Cross. Hope Lange and Diane Varsi were both in the film. The argument is on: Which one played Allison? Ron Aylet Niles, Ohio

Now boys, don’t fight! Hope Lange played Selena, and Diane Varsi played Allison. Incidentally a sequel is presently being filmed entitled, “The Return to Peyton Place.” Allison will be played by Carol Lynley and Selena by Tuesday Weld. Turn to page 62 for an interesting story.—En.

Recently I saw the movie, “The Hunchback of Notre Dame.” I would like to know who played the part of the poet whose life was saved by Maureen O’Hara and who at the end saves her life.

Karen Schell
Corvallis, Ore.

Edmund O’Brien.—En.

OLD FAITHFUL

I, being an admirer of Tab Hunter, would like to say a few words in his defense of the “dog trial.” I have read every article I could find about Tab and Fritz. I believe anyone having dogs, cats and horses must love all animals and could never beat them. Next, take a good look at Fritz; a cleaner, more better groomed dog I have never seen. Also he is so innocent looking that I couldn’t find it in my heart to say a stern “no” and I am a horse and dog trainer!

Shirley Beale
Canton, Ohio

For an interesting “tale” please turn to page 46.—En.

I would like to know who starred in the picture in which Rock Hudson played a tree surgeon. Was it Lauren Bacall or Jane Wyman? I would also like to know the name of the movie.

Mrs. W. Marbleton
Ga.

The film was “All That Heaven Allows” and it starred Jane Wyman.—En.

A most hearty thank you to Troy Donahue who called personally one night on the telephone from Hollywood and talked to our Barbara who had been sick for quite some time. I didn’t think that a movie star would be bothered but, believe me, it helped a lot. Again I say thank you to Troy.

Mrs. S. Marek
Chicago, III.

Every time I see photographs of my favorite stars their hair looks wonderfully shiny. Is there any way I can have such a look?

A. Puente
Yonkers, N.Y.

Why don’t you try adding the white of an egg to your shampoo water and add a tablespoon of vinegar to your rinse water. There is no guarantee that this will work, but it’s worth a try.—En.

FOOTPRINTS

When did the idea of putting a star’s footprints in cement start?

R. Johnson
Dubuque, Iowa

The idea was originally introduced in 1925. Doris Day recently became the 133rd star to cement her footprints in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater in Hollywood.—En.

What are the real names of Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin?

G. Rogers
Miami, Fla.

Alexandra Zack and Robert Casotto.—En.

DARLING OF THE MONTH!

... Everyone who sees her says she’s a double for Shirley Temple as a child. What do you think?

Mrs. Joseph Sousa
Brookline, Mass.

We thoroughly agree, but even more so, Barbara Ann resembles Tammy Merrilugh, the youngster in M-G-M’s film, “The Last Voyage.”—En.

CURIOUS?

Michael Landon is one of my favorite stars. I have just read “Adorable?” in your February issue and I have a question about the large picture on page 56. Is that a hole in his shirt where his wife’s right hand is? Is so, how did it get there, or is he just sloppy in his attire?

Susan Rosson
North Carolina

Mike has switched laundries since the photo was taken.—En.

(Continued on page 13)
FROM TOWELS TO T-SHIRTS

Sta-Puf restores fluffy softness to all wash-hardened fabrics

See and feel the soft difference after your first use of Sta-Puf

Towels look almost half again as thick with Sta-Puf® Rinse. You can feel the plush softness... see your towels and textured fabrics become as fluffy as when you bought them.

Woolens feel far softer with Sta-Puf. Woolen blankets touch your cheek with softness... sweaters feel softer next to your skin.

You save hours of ironing time. Sta-Puf softens wrinkles. Lets you fold away T-shirts, corduroys, and most flatwork without ironing.

Helps you do Dad’s shirts and work clothes in half the time. Wash-and-wear things dry smoother for far less touch-up ironing.

Help prevent diaper rash with Sta-Puf. Rinse soothing softness, sweet fragrance, into all your baby’s things.

Sold in all 50 States and Canada.

P.S. For faster starching use Sta-Flo® Liquid Laundry Starch.

A. E. Staley Manufacturing Company, Decatur, Illinois
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.
BE A PEN PAL
Find a new and exciting friend JUST FOR YOU listed below.

* SPORTS LOVERS!
Christina Loos—15 yrs.
402 South Street
McCook, Nebraska
Janet Bell—16 yrs.
Barnesville, Minnesota
Carol Deltier—16 yrs.
39 Scott Blvd.
Mt. Clemens, Michigan
Glenda Burns—14 yrs.
4509 Beverly Drive
Waco, Texas
Judy Sheets—11 yrs.
371 McKell Rd.
Chillicothe, Ohio
Denise Hae—14 yrs.
7405 Dunkirk Lane
Valley Station, Kentucky
Patricia Rades—15 yrs.
4602 Fairfield
Chicago 32, Illinois
Venice Chong—13 yrs.
17 Wickham Avenue
Kingston 8, Jamaica, W.I.
Shirley Anne Nelson—16 yrs.
Elbow Lake, R 2
Minnesota
Lucila Velarde—15 yrs.
Ave. San Felipe 787
Lima, Peru, S. A.

* MOVIE FANS
Deanna Sidney—15 yrs.
c/o Mrs. D. L. Sidney
Barnes High School
Devilali, (Nasik District)
Maharashtra, India
Valerie Watt—12 yrs.
19 Beaver Bend
St. James, Man., Canada
Herman Tan
662 Juan Luna Street
Manila, Philippines
Susann Eklof—16 yrs.
Lundagatan 20A
Borga, Finland
Lourdes S. Barrios—14 yrs.
163-A G. Reyes St.
San Juan, Rizal, Philippines
Sharen Berishoff—14 yrs.
RR#1, Agassiz
British Columbia, Canada
Fahmi Abid—19 yrs.
Training Center
I.P.C.
Kirkuk, Iraq
Akiko Muto—16 yrs.
2396 Chome, Asagaya
Suginami-ku, Tokyo, Japan
Jennifer Naser—15 yrs.
30/1 Alimuddin Street
Calcutta 16, West Bengal, India

* DIGS MUSIC
Carolyn DuRall—16 yrs.
310 So. Poplar
Centralia, Illinois
Lynn Owen—14 yrs.
35 Bridge Street
Cobebrook, New Hampshire
Robert McGeeley—13 yrs.
995 Greenwood Avenue
Zanesville, Ohio
Kay Perry—11 yrs.
6433 Norway Road
Dallas 30, Texas
Abdul Rahman Mohammed—22 yrs.
Iraq Petroleum Co. Ltd.
Production Dept.
Kirkuk, Iraq

* STAMP COLLECTORS
Virginia Ann Lee—15 yrs.
601 North Jackson
El Dorado, Arkansas

Ayad Baban—17 yrs.
Brummana High School
Brummana, Lebanon
Gloria C. Woodford—14 yrs.
822 Padiback Road
Burnley, Lancashire, England
Harvey Chusid—15 yrs.
392 Magnus Avenue
Winnipeg 4, Man., Canada
Louise Galins—18 yrs.
11520 S.W. 40th St.
Miami 55, Florida
Thomas Fernandez—14 yrs.
908 Pepin, Sampaloc
Manila, Philippines

* JUST FRIENDS
Jimmy Phillips—14 yrs.
Box 314
Maris Hill, North Carolina
Maurice Gonsalves
92 East Rumveldt
Housing Scheme
Georgetown,
British Guiana, South America
Dorretta Donovan—16 yrs.
RFD #2
Ashland, Maine
Kathryn Wasilewski—14 yrs.
36 Geneva Avenue
Wallingford, Connecticut
Anita Nilsson—19 yrs.
Stockholmsvagen 3
Stockholm, Sweden
Lucille Ranger—14 yrs.
44 Taylor
Kirkland Lake, Ontario, Canada
Johnny Oh
P.O. Box 17
Jesselton, British, North Borneo

Connie Stevens’ bulky-knit sweater you saw on the cover, by Select. Hat, by Glentex.
Your handwriting is an excellent portrait of your emotional balance. This is revealed by the evenness of the base-line (see example A) and the regularity of the script. Of course, we do not expect perfect regularity, since human beings are not machines. Your writing is regular if the letters are about the same size, slant consistently in one direction and if you keep an even writing line, called the base-line (see example B).

This means that your emotions are stable and under control. When the letters, especially the small ones, are uneven and change slant constantly, and the base-line is uneven and wavy, your writing is irregular (see example C). People who are changeable and inconsistent, who yield easily to moods and impulses write in this manner. They lack control. Their work habits are poor and even though they may be clever, they are often unreliable because they do not discipline themselves enough to follow through to the finish.

On the other hand, certain famous diplomats and statements who so cleverly baffle and outwit their opponents are known to write with letters that zig-zag unevenly, just as they themselves, zig-zag in their political maneuvers. This illustrates why we never judge a handwriting by one feature alone. We should make our deductions only after a careful study and comparison of a large sample of the writing.

Good spacing, even spaces between words and lines, means you have a sense of order, you think clearly and to the point, you have sound judgment, can plan and organize and have a natural sense of time and rhythm. Good musicians, well-coordinated athletes and speed racers who perform smoothly, rhythmically and with exact timing, are among those whose writing is well spaced.

If your writing is like this, you don't blow hot and cold or explode emotionally when faced with problems. You stay on an even keel, are reliable and can keep your head.

However, anything can be carried to extremes. And when the script is stiff, angular and monotonous, see example D) it can reveal a writer who is "stuffy," rigid, and unimaginative. Such a person is narrow and one-sided and does not enjoy life. He needs to relax and to learn to appreciate gaiety and light-heartedness and a good time.

But don't be upset if your handwriting is irregular, because talented people often have an irregular script that is graceful and original. Which means they do not adapt easily to general routine and should cultivate their talents for creative work. This style is often found among stage and screen personalities, people in the entertainment world, artists, composers—in short, those whose professions require dramatic feeling, imagination and originality, like Bobby Darrin (see example E). The writing of Ross Hunter (see example F), the brilliant young director and producer, on the other hand, is quite regular but shows great talent. His spacing shows the remarkable judgment which he uses in casting and coordinating his productions. The harmonious, round, flexible forms indicate his ability to work deftly with people of many temperaments. His simple, graceful capitals express his culture, taste and sense of beauty. His upward and forward slant indicates his initiative, enterprising nature and zestful approach to his work. He puts a sensitive finger on the pulse of the public, and responds to the feelings and needs of a vast audience. Study his sample and you will begin to understand more clearly what I am talking to you about. In my next column, I'll tell you what it means when you write small and when you write large. Till then, watch your handwriting. It tells much more than you think.—Rosa Rosella
7172—Wrap-and-tie halters are easy to sew and spark with gay embroidery. Pattern, directions for misses’ sizes 10-20 and embroidery transfer, 25c

7211—A garden of spring flowers to beautify your linens. Pretty either on white or on pastel. Transfer of six motifs 4” x 13” each, directions, 25c

7035—Pinafore and matching panties to trim with frills and embroidered bunny. Child’s sizes 2-6. Embroidery transfer, charts and directions, 25c

Magicool, by Perma-lift, is the coolest, softest, most controlling rubber girdle ever! Made of Elastomer D rubber, a new miracle molding material, Magicool is air-cooled with 50,000 tiny pores and lined with soft Helanca that’s wonderfully comfortable next to your skin.

Easy to slip on and off, Magicool will never split or puncture—and wonder of wonders—you can machine-wash and dry Magicool as often as you wish (you wouldn’t dare try that with other rubber girdles)!


Perma-lift and Magicool are Registered Trade Marks of A. Stein & Company, Another fine Kayser Roth product.
THE VAST DIFFERENCES IN THE TEENS

A girl of 12 received a Christmas present of $25 from a relative. Her mother refused to let her spend it, however, saying she would merely waste it on trivialities. “When can I spend it?” the girl asked. “When you are 16,” the mother replied. Mollified, the girl sat down to make a list of what she would buy when she had her money. Suddenly she burst into tears, “The whole list’s wasted,” she sobbed. “I won’t want at 16 what I want now. Now I’ll have to find a 16-year-old and ask her what she’d buy with $25.”

It is true that the teens create their own gulfs every single year. Sixteen is nothing like fifteen. Seventeen changes again. And eighteen looks back with amazement on seventeen’s carefree outlook.

Some time during these formative years, many girls make up their minds to try a most popular product: Tampax. What motivates them? Generally speaking, a newly acquired maturity of viewpoint.

When you consider how many of your own friends use Tampax®, it is obvious that there is nothing strange or unnatural about internal sanitary protection. In fact, by absorbing internally, Tampax prevents odor, chafing, irritation, embarrassment. Far smaller than an external pad, Tampax is easy to dispose of, convenient to carry. And it gives complete freedom of action.

Some day you, too, will almost surely graduate to Tampax ... just as you graduated to lipstick and high heels. For every Tampax user maintains firmly that Tampax is a better way; not just different—better!

TAMPAX Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

THE MISFITS
U.A. (Adult)

WHO’S IN IT? Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable, Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Divorcees and drifters try to “communicate” in the desert and the neon oases of Nevada.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? The radiation of true star personalities—cast so close to type it’s almost embarrassing ... the steady excitement of John Huston’s direction.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Seeing this is like reading somebody else’s mail—it’s scenarist Arthur Miller’s love letter—his last—to Marilyn and a fan letter to Gable.

CRY FOR HAPPY
Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color (Adult)

WHO’S IN IT? Glenn Ford, Donald O’Connor, Miiko Taka, Miyoshi Umeki
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? The war’s on in Korea, but some bright U.S. Navy boys are goofing off in Japan.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? Glenn finding that his Nisei “interpreter” (handsome James Shigeta) can’t talk Japanese! ... Don finding that geishas aren’t what he thinks.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Pretty funny, pretty saucy—but pretty familiar by now. If life in the armed forces were as much fun as Hollywood claims, we’d never have needed the draft—or won a war, either.

CIMARRON
M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Glenn Ford, Maria Schell, Anne Baxter, Arthur O’Connell, Russ Tamblyn, Mercedes McCambridge
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? The settling of Oklahoma; the rocky marriage of a footloose idealist and a sensible woman.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? The famous Oklahoma Land Rush on the wide, wide screen ... Glenn’s engaging heroics in a more sympathetic part than “Cry for Happy.”
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Some touching moments—if only it didn’t try to cover so much ground that it keeps dropping subjects and losing characters.
BREATHLESS
Films Around the World; dialogue in French, titles in English (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Jean Seberg, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Liliane David
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The Paris love affair of a young French hoodlum and a beat-type American girl.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Jean selling newspapers on the boulevard—finally at ease on film—a sweet-sad-wacky heroine . . . sexy-tough Jean-Paul respectfully studying theater posters of a Bogart movie.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A "New Wave" film hits a fast pace with cops-and-robbers suspense. But what's new about that?

HOME IS THE HERO
Showcorporation (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Arthur Kennedy, Walter Macken, Eileen Crowe, Joan O'Hara
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? While a braggart Irishman does a jail term, his wife and grown children build a life of their own.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The neat way our talented Kennedy fits in with a famous acting troupe—Dublin's Abbey Players . . . touching family scenes, funny barroom scenes that would ring true anywhere.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It's more like a play than a movie, but good, solid theater all the way—a home-grown product of modern Ireland.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here . . . exclusive Perstop®. So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is Arrid Cream America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of Perstop®, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, Arrid Cream Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use Arrid to be sure!

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

Arrid Persp

49¢

plus tax
TWO WAY STRETCH
Lion International (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde-White, Maurice Denham, Irene Handl
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? To do an outside job, British convicts plot a break from the coziest prison you ever saw.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Peter and Wilfrid, a priceless pair of partners in satire... visiting day, with Mom urging Sonny to be a proper crook, like Daddy and Granddaddy.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Another hold-day for Sellers fans and a lively rib on jailbreak yarns. But it seems half today's movies are about well-planned robberies.

DON QUIXOTE
M-G-M, Wide Screen, Color (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? N. Cherkasov, Y. Tolu-beyev, O. Vikland
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The adventures of Cervantes' classic heroes, a crazy knight and his comic squire—too good-hearted for cynical 17th Century Spain.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Scenes (the Crimea doubling for Spain) as gracefully composed and subtly colored as fine paintings... Cherkasov's noble appearance and sympathetic performance as the knight.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A pleasure to look at and reasonably good to listen to, with dubbed-in English voices.

A FEVER IN THE BLOOD
Warner (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Angie Dickinson, Jack Kelly, Ray Danton, Don Ameche, Herbert Marshall
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Cross-currents of political ambition and honesty, love and sex make a murder trial extra-complicated.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Efrem's thoughtful good looks... “Maverick” Kelly's gleeful enjoyment of a bad-guy role.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? If it's plot you want, here's lots; so many tricks and twists and hints at weighty ideas that there's no time to get critical—you'll be too busy thinking! It's generally entertaining.

THE YOUNG ONE
Valiant (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Key Meersman, Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A man-hunt and an emotional struggle on a nearly deserted island off our Southern coast.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Nice work by Key, who's convincing as a backwoods girl in her early teens... a haunting sense of loneliness in landscapes and figures.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Director Luis Bunuel has done better than this (“Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,” for instance). It's strong in some places, a little stiff and a bit preachy in others.
UNDERWORLD, U.S.A.
Columbia (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Cliff Robertson, Dolores Dorn, Beatrice Kay

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A young crook's crusade to rub out the bosses of "the syndicate"—for purely personal reasons.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? Hardly anything, unless it's Cliff's quiet attempt to make us believe in his not-too-bright "hero."

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Okay for fans who are perfectly happy as long as there's plenty of shooting and bashing going on. Wish we had a nickel for every time we've seen "the syndicate" smashed on the screen. Those guys just won't stay dead!

remember beauty begins with TEN·O·SIX

Beauty begins with a clean, clear, protected complexion.

TEN·O·SIX Lotion cleanses immaculately, deeply ... helps clear skin blemishes with healing medication, soothes with emollients. The TEN·O·SIX formula, originally a doctor's prescription, duplicates nature's normal skin balance—to reduce oiliness or relieve dryness. Protects for hours against blemish-causing bacteria.

TEN·O·SIX Lotion is the one cleansing and corrective cosmetic that helps your skin to complete natural beauty. Remember TEN·O·SIX twice daily.

GONE WITH THE WIND
M-G-M, Technicolor (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Leslie Howard

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Doesn't everybody know? Well—Rhett and Scarlett, the War Between the States and all that.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? The whole picture! Made in 1939. It's been revived regularly, this time for the Centennial Year of the Civil War. It's also well-timed because it shows why Gable was "The King."

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? One-sided as history, perhaps, but as rich, luscious story-telling this all-time champ just can't be matched. I've seen it five times!
SARA HAMILTON COVERS HOLLYWOOD:

★ Inauguration—behind the scenes
★ Dean Martin and Jeanne—splitting?
★ Marilyn Monroe's new love
Hollywood Takes Washington By Storm!

For the first time in the history of our country, Hollywood went to the Inauguration and stole the show! And that was quite a feat, I might add, considering that we have such a handsome young President and such a stunning First Lady.

A terrible snow storm nearly paralyzed the entire city of Washington. Herbert Hoover and Perle Mesta never did make it to the festivities, but nothing could stop Frank Sinatra from making Inauguration Eve, 1961, a night to remember.

After the concert in Constitution Hall, the fun began at the National Armory where Frank's Golo got the Democratic Party out of debt by raising nearly one-and-a-half million dollars. Seats for the show were going at one hundred dollars, but it's no wonder—the list of performers was one of the most impressive ever.

Final rehearsals for the spectacular went on practically up until show time, with the cast and crew working at a feverish pitch to make sure every routine in the show would be perfect. Frank, with the help of Jack Kennedy's brother-in-law, Peter Lawford, worked long, hard hours and was near exhaustion by show time. Yet he did his usual fine job—both as performer and master of ceremonies. Some say that he and Juliet Prowse are back together again after working on the show together, but we'll see what happens.

There was one mishap—Peter Lawford's hotel
suite was burglarized, and his wife Pat Kennedy had some jewels stolen. And then there was a near-mishap, too—Ethel Merman almost didn't make it to the Armory in time for the show, and at the last minute, dashed onto the stage still wearing her street clothes! Frank had taken the entire tenth floor of the Statler Hilton, and I'm told that he resembled a housemother more than a producer the way he kept hovering around to make sure everything was all right! And I must say, things were terrific! Congratulations, Hollywood, I'm proud of you!

The First Lady is escorted to her seat at the Armory by the undisputed First Man of Hollywood. Jackie wasn't going to wear the beads you see here, but just before they left the house, Jack decided he wanted her to wear them. So she did. After all, who can argue with a president?

Who else but Frankie could persuade a million-dollar cast to cancel all plans and perform without pay?
A Queen Walks Out

The silliest of all divorces, say their friends, is that of Sheila and Guy Madison who have had no serious differences. Sheila, who was married so young and had three babies in a row, looks back to the fun of a lost girlhood with a grass-is-greener yearning. I'm told. She'd better stick to Guy. There's no nicer Guy anywhere. . . .

Glenn Ford's dates with Yvette Mimieux don't mean a thing. Hope Lange's his best girl—in fact, he says he'll marry her. Although, Hope and Don don't seem to be in any great hurry to get their divorce. Quite a triangle, humm? . . .

Hugh O'Brian's newest flame is Nancy Kwan, since Ex-Queen Soraya walked out on him. Her former husband, the Shah of Iran, disapproved, if you please, and her father, an Iranian Ambassador, ordered her home. And speaking of royalty, Princess Grace and Prince Rainier recently attended the opening of a new school named after their son, Prince Albert.

Dean and Jeanne Having Trouble?

Discredit those rumors of friction in the Dean Martin household. I am. I remember too well how deeply both Jeanne and Dean felt several years ago when the two reached an impasse in their marriage and Jeanne went to Palm Springs "to think things over." Dean himself drove her to the Springs, silent all the way. He watched her leave the car with hurt and confusion in his heart and, without a word of protest, drove home alone. She came back, of course, because these two really love each other. But with Dean living three lives in one, things must get a bit thick at times. Jeanne's been wonderful with his four children by a former marriage and a marvelous mother to the three that were born to her and Dean. So I feel sure the gossip will come to nothing. I hope so, for Jeanne is one of the best liked people in town and Dean—he's one of my favorites.

(Please turn the page)
Cheryl Goes Home

At last Lana Turner has her daughter back. She hoped that when she married Fred May, the court would release Cheryl from the county school for delinquent girls. It looks as though she got her wish, and she looked so happy when she, Steve Crane and Fred brought Cheryl home. I'm sure that Cheryl's record at the school had a lot to do with it, too. And now that everyone is happy let's hope it stays that way. There may be another happy ending in Hollywood if Lucy and Desi reconcile. Everything certainly points to the fact that they will, but I'm not taking any bets this time. I'll just keep my fingers crossed! . . . Elvis has turned charity-minded. He plans to give benefit performances to raise money for a memorial to go on the battleship Arizona, which was bombed at Pearl Harbor. Good for you, Elvis. . . . And have you heard that Peter Lawford is going to be a senator? In the movie "Advising and Consent," that is! . . . A rather sad note—Kay Goble says she doesn't ever want to see "The Misfits," Clark's last picture. What can I say—except to repeat how sorry I am for her. She broke down at one of her baby showers, I'm told. And the reason is that Clark had made her promise that if anyone gave her a shower, she'd wait to open the presents at home with him.

Peter Brown's been looking at Terri Janssen with a serious light these days. And what about Edd and Asa?

Edd and Asa—On or Off?

Friends are sorry the Van Williams lost their expected baby. Van is one of the most popular lads on the Warner lot. Diane McBain, his co-star in "Surfside 6" would like more to do in the series than just look pretty. That she can do without trying. Incidentally, some of the kids on the lot refer to the series as "Surfside Sick." . . . Caught a glimpse of Edd Byrnes at I. Magnin's perfume counter with his old flame Asa Maynor, and just the way Edd held Asa's arm made me wonder and wonder and wonder. Looks like they're back together again. . . . It could have been that beauritik beard of Bob Denver's that caused him to lose his bride of less than a year. It's kinda sad to see this "Dobie Gillis" refugee shopping for groceries all by himself. . . . The cutest angel to hit town is Frenchie Annie Fargo whose French accent off screen is as funny as her TV Angel lingos. Annie brought along her husband to Hollywood, much to the disappointment of the local wolves. . . . Judi Meredith, who secretly wed Bob Westbrook last December, is a mighty happy bride with a mighty rich bridegroom. Judi need never again face a camera if she doesn't want to. . . . Jean Simmons and Richard Brooks are the happiest expectant parents in the world. It wouldn't surprise me if Jean gave up being a movie star altogether. She's just that happy being Mrs. Brooks. It's wonderful to see.

Mailbox Corner:

A card from David Niven "with love" all the way from Switzerland. It's good to know that David, who was ill for several weeks, is well again. . . . A letter from the wife of a prominent architect reads, "Please tell me why Dinah Shore will not let her guests sing or dance alone? My husband and I never watch her anymore." And this isn't the first such complaint I've received about Dinah. . . . Letters, letters, letters asking about cute Leticia Roman. Even Polly Businger of the Dorothy Provine Fan Club feels Leticia, Vicki Trickett and Sonya Wilde will become stars, right along with Miss Provine, of course. . . . Keep writing, everyone!
The Young Brides

These modern young brides! How amazingly ingenious they are in the cooking department. For instance, Carol Lynley tells me she's a frozen Chinese food fan, and after a long day at the studio she'll throw out a frozen dinner of chow mein or whatever, adding her own bits of creative art—bean shoots or blanched almonds—and husband Mike Salsman is delighted. Bobby Darin solved a lot of Sandra Dee's impromptu, informal dinner problems by presenting his bride with an electric gadget that dips frankfurters into a batter and toasts them a golden brown. Bobby could live off them... Doug McClure, the blond member of the "Checkmate" trio, has a problem. His plans to wed Barbara Luna, when his divorce is final in May, may have to be postponed if those feature movie plans go through. Several of his friends are urging Doug to stay single for a while, but he's old enough to make up his own mind.

Marilyn and Joe

It was inevitable that Marilyn Monroe would date ex-husband Joe DiMaggio after her separation from Arthur Miller. Joe is the only man Marilyn couldn't involve in her world of self and her movie problems, and she respects him for it. During their marriage, Joe, a national hero on his own, kept free from Marilyn's movie entanglements and as a result, she divorced him. Not so the very talented Arthur Miller who became hopelessly entangled in Marilyn's affairs even to the point of writing her recent film "The Misfits," which brought him only grief and disillusionment. When Marilyn entered a New York psychiatric clinic, Joe stood by her. And when she got a pass, she went out with Joe.

(Please turn the page)
Paul's a Hit

Every eye in the Cocoanut Grove turned toward the grand stairway when Hope Lange made an entrance with Andy Williams. The occasion was Paul Anka's opening night at the Grove and both Hope and Andy—no romance they say—enjoyed the teenager's debut at this most elegant of clubs. Dodie Stevens, accompanied by her father, drank so many soda pops she was ready to pop herself. Mrs. Van Johnson escorted her thirteen-year-old daughter Schuyler and Zsa Zsa Gabor's young daughter, Francie. Mama Gabor sat with the Milton Berlees and waved to Francie across the room. I loved Milton's witty introduction, especially that made-up wire to Paul from Frank Sinatra. "Congratulations to you on your opening night, but who are you?" An hour later everyone in the place knew who Paul Anka was. What a wonderful talent. . . . Don't be discouraged, kids, if a few credits stand between you and graduation. Fabian wasn't, "I lacked three credits to graduate in February," Fabe told me. "So I'll make them up and go back to South Philadelphia, to graduate with my regular class in June as I was supposed to in the first place." . . . And if you're wondering about Ethel Mertz of the "I Love Lucy" series, wonder no more. Vivian Vance, who played Ethel, is now the wife of publisher John Dodds and couldn't be happier. . . . I felt right at home the other day when I had lunch at Twentieth Century-Fox. Handsome Bob Goldstein, head of the studio, marched over for a firm handshake. "It's wonderful to have you here," he said. Then my friend Walter Lang came over. "I'm on stage 15, Sara, so do come to see me," he said with an affectionate hug.

Laurence Harvey is always with Joan, takes her everywhere but the altar.

Debbie and Harry can't stop grinning, and are already talking about a baby.

What's New Around Town?

The marriage of Ernie Borgnine and Katy Jurado may be saved after all. They haven't announced a definite reconciliation, but when Katy flew to Rome, Ernie was at the airport to greet her with a bouquet of roses and a big kiss. . . . A near-tragedy occurred at the Roger Smith household. Roger was watching his own TV show, "77 Sunset Strip," when a fire broke out in his home. Luckily, no one was hurt, but the fire caused several thousand dollars' damage. The origin was unknown. . . . "Gidget" girl Deborah Walley, seems very shy. Says an actress on the picture, "I feel Deborah thinks there's bound to be a comparison between her and Sandra Dee who was the original Gidget and it makes her rather self-conscious." We'll see what the fans think when the film comes out. . . . Millie Perkins is an unsung heroine as far as I'm concerned. Allowed to remain idle for two years after the release of "Diary of Anne Frank," Millie went into the Elvis Presley picture "Wild in the Country" without a quibble about Tuesday Weld's role being the stronger. "What marriage to Millie has done for Dean Stockwell is a miracle," a publicist told me. "Dean, who was moody and hard to understand, is a changed lad. It's as though Millie had opened the windows and let in the sunshine." All of which makes Millie a marvel in my book.

It looks as though handsome Efrem Zimbalist Jr. and his wife Stephanie will reconcile after all. Those two certainly have had their troubles this year. It's too bad their differences got such a public airing. . . . And while I'm sounding off, it seems Troy Donahue has added another name to the list of heartbroken ex-girlfriends. This time it's Sally Todd who lost out to Lili Kerdell—a chum of hers, to make matters worse. Troy has a reputation of being extra nice to his fans, but his girlfriends haven't been getting too much consideration. . . . A happy note to the Luciana Paluzzi-Brett Halsey marriage difficulties—they've decided to reconcile. . . . But Mally Bee has called off her marriage to Sandy Kevin. . . . Hard-working Debbie Reynolds was elected President of the Thalians for the fourth year. . . . The Rory Calhouns and the Mickey Rouneys both welcomed baby girls. Well, that's all for this month—Sara.
Wasn’t that a mild heart attack that Jerry Lewis suffered while producing, directing, writing and starring in “Ladies’ Man”? It must have been, because nothing short of a heart attack could scare him into taking his doctor’s advice and finding time for a short nap every day. Too bad Jerry thinks he’s the best man for every job.

I wonder why Judi Meredith kept her marriage to millionaire Bob Westbrook a secret even from her mother. What was she afraid of?

Shirley Jones got rid of her press agent fast when she saw the sexy advertisements showing her in a negligee, planned as part of her Oscar campaign for her performance in “Elmer Gantry.” My question is: If she felt the ads were in bad taste, why in the world did she consent to do those scenes in the movie that were even more suggestive? You can forget about those rumors of her marriage breaking up. T’aint so.

If Annette really has her heart set on Paul Anka, she’d better get busy. Paul has recently rediscovered his old flame, English bombshell June Wilkinson. Paul and June went on a mad whirl of the London nightspots three years ago, and Paul hasn’t been the same since!

I may be wrong, but isn’t Cheryl Crane still in love with the gas station attendant she came close to running away with a year ago? But in any case, it’s lucky that Lana has a husband now to help her take care of Cheryl.

New star Maggie Pierce pulled a fast one on her studio. She was in New York plugging “Where the Boys Are,” and decided to take a few days off. The only trouble was, she didn’t bother telling M-G-M about it, and they couldn’t find her for two weeks. So they put her on suspension.

After spending so much time romancing Hope Lange, Glenn Ford turned around and started building a new home—a stone’s throw from Debbie and Harry’s new mansion. But Glenn insists to his friends that Hope’s the one.

How’s this for cooperation—when Marlon Brando called Anna Kashfi from Tahiti to bring over their son, Anna left with the boy for an extended vacation in South America.

Susan Hayward’s sister, who claims to be destitute, is fighting a court battle to keep her two children. What I want to know is: where’s Susan?

Tuesday Weld is still wearing that wedding band on her ring finger under a pearl ring. She says it’s just something from a friend. I wonder.

Hope Holiday and Roger Perry are discussing altar business . . . . And haven’t Lola Albright and pianist Bill Chadney been married for some time?

It wasn’t just exhaustion that landed Betty Hutton in the hospital. They say she had a complete physical and mental breakdown that had her family really worried.

Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin had been married only two months when the stark rumors began to fly. They may not have been true then, but who knows now? One explanation of the rumors they gave then was that Sandy was no longer on that strict diet she followed before her marriage. Sandy has a tendency to gain weight very easily.

Dinah Shore’s daughter, Sissy, has a real schoolgirl crush on Frankie Avalon.

Looks like Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell have turned their long-time friendship into something else. Could it be that Rock is willing to try the marriage bit again? Those quiet dinners they’ve been sharing around town look more than cozy to me.

Nancy Sharpe’s parents had some apprehensions about their daughter and Elvis Presley. But then Elvis met them and must have charmed them into forgetting all those stories about him, because they seem to be convinced that his intentions are strictly honorable.

Would you say Pat Boone is hen-pecked? Shirley caught him playing a rough game of touch football with Elvis Presley and gong, and she made him stop for fear he would get hurt.

Congratulations to Cary Grant. He’s fifty-seven now, and he still doesn’t look a day over thirty. His secret? No drinking or smoking and exercises twice a day.

Here’s a puzzler for you: Who’s the actress who came from Europe to visit her mother, then fought so much she left and moved in with her ex-husband?
NOW PLAYING

it's the slimmest!

prom-deb
by Gossard

Want to look sleek in slacks—terrific in toreadors? Slip into Prom-deb! 19" long, Prom-deb's Narroline side panels give one smooth line from waist to lower thigh! Firming back panel and radiating inner front bands put you and keep you in wonderful shape for Spring!

Prom-deb 19" Narroline Pantie $5804 . . . $11.95.
Prom-deb 15" Pantie $5800 . . . $10.00.
Prom-deb 15" Girdle $3800 . . . $8.50.

For fuller reviews see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 26. (A—adult; F—family)

ALAMO, THE—U.A.; Technicolor, Todd-AO: Producer-director-star John Wayne turns a frontier legend into an epic of fighting and likable as his screen self. He's Crockett; Widmark is Bowie; Frankie Avalon studyly tries to hold the fort, too. (F) January

BALLAD OF A SOLDIER—Kingsley International: Fine, non-political Russian movie sees the country during World War II, as a teenager soldier hurries home on leave and meets a girl in a freight car. A tender and moving tale of a youth in love. (F) March

BREATH OF SCANDAL—Paramount; Technicolor, VistaVision: Old-style Viennese romance between princess Sophia Loren and Yankee businessman John Gavin. Chevalier has the charm the film needs. (A) January

CAN-CAN—20th; Todd-AO, Technicolor: Feast of star talent, Cole Porter songs, Gay Nineties costumes. Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine and Louis Jourdan make up a saucy Paris triangle, while Maurice Chevalier makes with the sly comments. (A) June

CINDERELLA—Paramount, Technicolor: Jerry Lewis begs you to cry as well as laugh over a screwball musical updating the fairy tale. He's the poor stepchild! Anna Maria Alberghetti's his princess. (F) February

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 escaped the Nazis. (A) February

FACTS OF LIFE, THE—U.A.; Chorkles mix with genteel realism as suburbanites Bob Hope and Lucille Ball try an illicit romance that just isn't their style. (F) February

FLAMING STAR—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Elvis Presley's the big attraction in a reasonably good western. Frontier warfare puts his half-Indian family in the middle—not much to sing about. (F) March

GENERAL DELLA ROVERE—Continental: The Italian movie at its best, with director Roberto Rossellini, actor Vittorio de Sica in top form. As a debonair con artist in wartime Italy, de Sica is forced by Nazis to impersonate a hero. (A) January

GRASS IS GREENER, THE—U.I: Technirama, Technicolor: Aren't we elegant! Jean Simmons goes kookie to steal a tarry drawing room comedy about an uppercrust triangle, with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, Bob Mitchum as lord, lady and lover. (A) February

GREAT IMPOSTOR, THE—U.I: Deliciously different comedy gives Tony Curtis plenty of room to swing as he relives the impossible (but real) life of Ferdinand Demara, man of many identities. (F) March

INHERIT THE WIND—U.A.: Two great old pros, Spencer Tracy and Fredric March, argue over teacher Dick York's fate in a robust fiction version of Tennessee's "monkey trial" of the 1920's. Reporter Gene Kelly covers a hot story—that still stirs. (F) December

MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND, THE—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Light and amusing. As a lovely big Swede with liberal ideas on sex, Julie Newmar invades the happy home of James Mason, Swan Hayward. (A) March

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

PEPE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Wonderful Cantinflas offers fun in jumbo helpings, with Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones, loads of "guest stars" sharing the wistful Mexican's Hollywood adventures. (F) March

SPARTACUS—U.I: Technicolor, Super Technirama 70: Powerful, intelligently made saga of ancient Rome Jean Simmons, Tony Curtis join leader Kirk Douglas in a slave rebellion against the corrupt empire symbolized by Laurence Olivier. (A) January

SUNDOWNERS, THE—Warner, Technicolor: Happy, satisfying jaunt across Australia ranch country, with wandering sheepherder Bob Mitchum, wife Deborah Kerr, son Michael Anderson, Jr. (F) January

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—Buena Vista; Technicolor: Panavision: Disney jazzes up the juvenile classic, as castaways John Mills, Dorothy McGuire, Jim MacArthur meet pirates and Janet Munro. (F) January

TUNES OF GLORY—U.A., Technicolor: Magnificent acting highlights an offbeat tale of Army life in a Scottish barracks. Rough, old pros Alec Guiness yields commands to martinet John Mills. (F) February


VIRGIN SPRING, THE—James: Swedish director Ingmar Bergman's new film is one of his strongest, a medieval ballad of rape, murder, revenge, mystical faith, miracles—seen from a modern viewpoint. (A) February

WACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY, THE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Jack Lemmon and Rick Nelson sail off on a slap-happy adventure of World War II, taking an old slouch on a risky mission. (F) February

WHERE THE BOYS ARE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Young talent—Dolores Hart, Connie Francis, George Hamilton and others—gets a great show-case as girl-hunting guys and husband-hunting girls hit Florida on vacation from college. (A) February

WORLD OF SUZIE WONG, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Impressive Hong Kong scenes loom over the wistful romance of Bill Holden and Nancy Kwan, who are sympathetic though not perfectly cast as an American artist and a Chinese bar girl. (A) January

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., CHICAGO
A surprise wedding, a runaway honeymoon — and now Sandra’s sheltered young life is in Bobby’s keeping. Their marriage — the climax of a love story that began under gentle Italian skies... and flared into the year’s biggest heartache. Why? Why didn’t Sandra’s mother go to the wedding?
Exclusive to Photoplay

the other side of the story
To Evelyn Pain, editor, from Sara Hamilton:

I spent most of the day yesterday, Evelyn, with Mary Douvan. If there is heartache left, she is hiding it. And you know Mary well, Evelyn. She's too open to hold anything so deep in. There is now only the wish and the hope that Sandra and Bobby may be happy and that she contribute to that happiness. There was misunderstanding, but that's over. The day I was there Sandra called. But the irony of the whole thing is that Mary was instrumental in making it all very possible. It

(Continued on page 84)
WE THINK YOU’LL AGREE THIS IS A SCOOP!

She didn’t smile, the small, pert blond with the bulky knit sweater, as she stood tapping her fingers on the desk almost with impatience. Once or twice she looked up at the man with her. Tall, dark and good-looking

(Please turn page)
Hollywood: an edgy couple in a quiet, masculine way, he seemed in control of the situation. If the man behind the desk was aware the couple was edgy, he didn’t show he noticed. He was probably used to it. Most young couples acted that way. The young man leaned over to sign his name, then, smiling as if to reassure the girl, handed her the pen and showed her where to sign. The scratching of the old-fashioned pen-point seemed very loud. They handed the papers across the desk and waited in silence while they were examined. The young man whispered something and the other man nodded. Then the couple walked slowly toward the door. Just as they were leaving, a woman entered. She looked at them, but didn’t seem to recognize them. They watched her walk past them, sure that they hadn’t been discovered. They spent the rest of the afternoon at Catalina. Later, in New York, we were informed: Gary Clarke and Connie Stevens are getting married! But there was a strange coincidence.

New York: the unexpected answer to what’s wrong

That same afternoon we received a letter postmarked Virginia, from a woman who also claimed Connie Stevens was getting married. She gave an unexpected reason. Connie’s already married, she said, to a man who lived in a nearby city, but this husband that she’d been hiding all these years has finally agreed to give her a divorce. The woman went on to give his name and the facts about Connie and him. Did the two reports add up? Was Connie getting married because, now, she was free? We wired reporter Dean Gautschy to go out on the story. Here is the scoop he wired back to us:

Packages cluttered Connie Stevens’ dressing room on Stage One at Warners. As I waited, I wondered what they were for. Then Connie walked in to keep our appointment. Without warning, she said, “You know I won’t talk about my romance?”

Frankly, I didn’t know. “Look,” I said, “all I want is to clear up a few things.” She fidgeted with the wrappings. I’d never seen her so jittery. “You’re right,” she said after a moment. I knew her long engagement was a strain and that she’d also been working hard. As if she read my mind, she said, “I’m tired. But I want to clear up those rumors, too.”

The first one I wanted her to comment on was a wild one. Was she married? And not to Gary Clarke, either? I told her about the woman’s letter. She seemed stunned. “That’s the wildest thing I ever heard,” she said, shaking her head in
disbelief. I took Connie at her word.

“Well then, is Gary Clarke married?”

“I don’t know how that one got started,” she insisted. “Gary is not married. He was, but got a divorce. In fact, his wife is remarried and expecting a child.”

“When will you and Gary marry?”

“I don’t know,” she said. She was concentrating on unknottedting some string.

“Is it up in the air because of your religion?” I asked. The rumor was that, as a Catholic, Connie had apprehensions about marrying a divorced man.

“That, too, is ridiculous,” she announced. “I will marry for love and nothing else could enter into it. Nothing can stop us now.”

With this answered, Connie seemed more at ease.

“There’s something else I’d like to clear up,” she said. “People keep saying I’m a kook. Do you think I am?”

I didn’t. So that took care of that.

She showed me her ring—a black pearl surrounded by eight diamonds.

“Gary designed it himself,” she said proudly. “I love it.”

At first, she wouldn’t admit it was an engagement ring. “It’s a friendship ring,” she insisted. But she was blushing.

“Are you getting married in April?” I asked. She blushed even deeper.

She wouldn’t admit it would be April. Still she didn’t deny it either. And there are strong indications the wedding’s arranged for that month.

Her father, Teddy Stevens, already has indicated that he approves. And the big thing they were waiting for—Gary’s career—is no longer a problem.

Also, Connie has given away her intentions in unguarded moments. Recently, a columnist printed that Connie Francis and Gary Clarke would be married in April. Obviously, he confused the names. I joked with Connie about this one day, and instead of laughing, she looked dumbfounded, as much as to say, “How’d they ever find out it was to be in April?” I had to tell her a second time before she realized I meant the mistake in names and wasn’t referring to the month. Then she relaxed, as if she thought her secret was still safe.

Unless she changes her mind because the cat is out of the bag and everyone will be expecting them to marry in April, Connie and Gary will probably sneak off to Las Vegas that month or else have a secret church ceremony right in town. They both have vacations coming in April and Connie’s been talking about Honolulu. I’m betting on that vacation to be a honeymoon.—DEAN GAUTSCHY
Kay Gable didn’t know it when the long black limousine pulled away from the curb; she didn’t see her daughter, Joanie, lean forward and stare blindly into the on-rushing cars; she wasn’t aware of her son, Bunker, turning stiffly to take a last look at the iron gates of Forest Lawn Cemetery. All she knew was that Clark was dead—and that soon he would be entombed in a crypt next to the one where his beloved wife, Carole Lombard, was

(Continued on page 91)
The two women stood apart from the intermission crowd at the New York theater. Lucy was doing most of the talking. June, her hands nervously rolling and unrolling the program, listened carefully. From time to time, she’d nod, as if in agreement. She interrupted only twice, to ask a question. From the looks on both women’s faces, it’s certain they weren’t talking about the play. Later, at a restaurant, June still seemed edgy. Lucy whispered something to her and smiled, as if to reassure her. After a while, June seemed to relax a little.

Those who saw the two women together were puzzled. June Allyson and Lucille Ball aren’t friends and never have been. They’ve known about each other for years and years, but in all that time, they never ran in the same crowd, hardly ever saw each other except at big parties. When, suddenly, June picked herself up and flew to New York, the last person anyone expected her to look up was Lucy. And yet now it seemed
Three weeks before June Allyson and Dick Powell split up, June flew to New York to see Lucille Ball and to discuss, troubles with Dick... IF LUCY SAW HER TO DO THE SAME THING?

that this was the very reason June had come three thousand miles—to see Lucy.... Why? What was going on? ... In a matter of weeks, the answer was obvious. Right after her meeting with Lucy, June suddenly stopped squashing the rumors that all was not well with her marriage to Dick Powell. Only a very few people had heard the rumors till then, but now they increased in number and in volume.

And early in January, when a sick and openly weeping June told reporters outright that she and Dick had separated and would seek a divorce, the mystery seemed to be solved.... June Allyson was faced with the breakup of her marriage. There was only one other woman in the world who had ever been faced with just her unique and extraordinarily difficult position—and that was Lucille Ball. Even if they'd never been friends, Lucy seemed to be the only (Continued on page 80)
Car pulls up at Frascatti's on Sunset. Blue convertible Sunliner. Neat . . . The license checks out okay . . .
Built like athlete . . . Must play football or be a crack swimmer . . . Seems to play it cool . . . Goes into restaurant. Pretty dark in there . . . Almost empty . . . Couple of lovers over in the corner left over from lunch . . . Another couple at the bar having an early drink . . . Couple of men talking business. Look up sharp to see if anyone heard . . . Our man stands tall, boyish, just like on the screen . . . He sits

(Continued on page 78)
NOW THAT MARILYN'S TURNED HER BACK ON ARTHUR.
Eight years ago, when Marilyn Monroe, a struggling young Hollywood actress, was asked by a friend if she would like to meet the great Joe DiMaggio, she simply asked: “Who is he?”

And, at first, she even refused to meet him. Not that there was another love interest in her life. There wasn’t. Marilyn was, however, going through another of several crises in her life. She felt her career was not progressing in the way she wanted, which meant she wanted better parts, and she was on the verge of taking a suspension from the studio, something which she later did.

When finally Joe and she did meet, in the company of another couple, Marilyn made it plain that she found Joe dull and uncommunicative. And he was. He was so entranced and so conscious of her beauty that, as the friends later confided, “he could do nothing more than look at her. In the course of the whole evening, Joe probably didn’t say more than a sentence or two, neither of which revealed his deep feelings.”

As the weeks passed following their first meeting, Marilyn saw Joe from time to time and slowly got to like “his shy, quiet ways.” But it hardly looked like a budding romance. For one thing, they had little in common and their backgrounds couldn’t have been more different. Joe disliked publicity, and Marilyn, on the other hand, needed publicity to live. It was all part of a substitution for the family she never had, for the years of being shunted from one foster home to another, for the two years spent in an orphanage across the street from the RKO studios where her mother, who has been in a mental institution since Marilyn was a baby, used to work as a film cutter.

“I used to lie awake nights,” she once supposedly told a friend, “watching those lights on the studio, blinking on and off, on and off, and dream that one day I’d be a star and everybody—just everybody—would love me.” To her, stardom, adoration, publicity meant love, devotion, being wanted. Learning about music, literature, culture—these things were important, she didn’t know how to explain to Joe why, they just were. And if he had no pretensions toward those things—well.

But in spite of their differences, they seemed drawn to each other. Joe found her beautiful, but more important than that, he found her desperately in need of help. For Marilyn, Joe’s large, friendly family and his background seemed what she always imagined she had missed and should have had. She learned Joe was “someone who could be trusted,” and she felt there had been few people in her life who had extended trust to her.

Marilyn was pleased to learn that “just everybody seemed to know Joe.” She was pleased when kids begged him for
autographs, when photographers snapped them dining, when a sportscaster told her “Joe was one of the greatest athletes of all time.” And in time, Marilyn came to feel that Joe was indeed her hero, too. She had yet to become a star.

Then, when Marilyn played Loreli Lee in “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” and Joe visited the set, he and a photographer were kept waiting for three hours—getting a taste of the even-then legendary Monroe tardiness. He was so furious they had their first serious argument. She protested they were not married yet, that he had no right to tell her what to do. He answered by walking out of her dressing room and slamming the door, never to visit her on a set again.

They made up, and when Marilyn went on suspension from the studio until she got better roles, she and Joe were married and flew to Japan for a honeymoon. When they landed in Japan, they were mobbed by hysterical fans, who pulled, screamed and tore at her clothing. It took two and a half hours to get from the plane to the waiting car, long enough for Marilyn to accept from an Army officer aboard the plane a request to entertain American troops in Korea. While Joe stayed behind, Marilyn flew off to become, overnight, a sex symbol the world over. It was the beginning of big stardom for her, and strangely, the beginning of the end of her marriage to Joe.

Nine months later, they made a joint announcement. They agreed to a friendly divorce. Neither she nor Joe could change. There were too many differences, and despite meetings after that, the differences were too great to mend a marriage. They parted, but remained friends. Joe never remarried. Marilyn went on to establish herself as a dramatic actress, to follow her intellectual pretensions, to tone down her publicity and to marry one of the world’s greatest contemporary playwrights and intellectuals. She seemed to have everything. Then, last November, she announced, “Arthur and I will divorce.” Surprising everyone, one of her first dates after she turned her back on this marriage, was with Joe. He took her to a screening of her latest film, “The Misfits.” Ironically as they sat watching the movie together, a few rows away sat Arthur Miller, her estranged husband who had written it for her and had helped her grow into the kind of person she wanted to be. No one knew what he was thinking, but there are many who wonder, as they see Joe and Marilyn dating again, if it isn’t “like old times... and if maybe, now, they can make a go of it.” —Julia Corbin
this is no shaggy dog story

let's put an end to the tail

—by FRITZ HUNTER
All that talk and I can't get in one bark! The whole fireworks was over me, but who came and asked what I thought? Those judges and juries and reporters—if they were smart they'd say, "Fritz, let's sit down and talk about this thing with you and Tab Hunter." What's this discrimination against talking to dogs? And I'd tell them everything. . . . I'd admit I find Tab a great responsibility, which any good dog does in bringing up a man. He eats all wrong—can you imagine cooking meat? . . . He works too hard—why do people talk about working like a dog? . . . If I don't growl that my ears are killing me, he turns the hi-fi too loud. . . . He can't jump a wall without a horse under him. . . . But conceited? Stand-offish? Where do humans get their ideas? A brute to me? Hah! I weigh almost as much as he does and my teeth are sharper. A dog can take care of himself. . . . What I say is: People don't understand other people like a dog does. So I don't think they're qualified to judge—except maybe dog shows. I wish everyone who came in on the tail end of this story would just look at our pictures, and see how we get along, Tab and I. And let's hope it's the end of the tail—I mean tale.

an even swap—
Tab taught me to kiss,
I taught him to play dead.
it's tug-o-war. When girls come, he asks me to let him win.

we have his-and-his chairs—both his!

me, practicing for jr. life-saver badge.
Audrey’s happiest moment
The baby cried, and as his father, Mel Ferrer, reached over to comfort him, he curled a tiny hand around his father's finger and held on to it. The baby’s mother, Audrey Hepburn, looked on tenderly as she, her mother Baroness Ella Van Heinstra (directly behind Audrey) and close family friends watched Sean Ferrer, the Ferrers’ first child, baptized in the lovely Burgenstock, Switzerland, chapel. The godparents were Audrey’s brother and Mel’s sister and the ceremony, a family affair, was performed by Pastor Endiguer, who had married Audrey and Mel five years before. This rare and lovely picture—and those on the following pages—were taken by their friend, famed Richard Avedon, and PHOTOPLAY is pleased to present them here, right from Mel’s and Audrey’s own family album.
After the ceremony, the baby, carried in the protective arms of his Italian nurse, is followed by the radiant parents and their friends to the Ferrers' Swiss cottage. Mel tenderly thanked Audrey for the joy of having a son, and the day erased the deep pain of the previous year, when Audrey lost their expected child.
"He looks like you," Mel tells Audrey, but she insists, "He is more like you." To us, she says: "We are a united family. We will always be together."
WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE A FABIAN?
To be a Fabian is to have a mother, a father, a brother Bobby, a brother Tommy and a little white mongrel named Honey. To be a Fabian is to hate getting up in the morning ("Those 7:30 calls are murder!") to wear an old flannel bathrobe left over from junior high, to use "Canoe" cologne and love peperoni sausages washed down with a glass of milk.

(Please turn the page)
There's an old quip which says you never know a person until you live like one. So with this in mind I went with pencil and pad to Fabian's for the weekend. It wasn't so arbitrary, I mean my going. You see, I had an invitation. So off I went in my search to discover what it's like to be an 18-year-old Fabian. To be a Fabian or not to be is all an attitude of mind and money. Otherwise, he's pretty much like you or me. This is what I found out:

To be a Fabian is to cringe for the first few minutes when you see yourself on the screen, to admire John Wayne and to flip over Marilyn Monroe. It's missing your family when you're away from home, it's to be considerate and loving ("I bought Mom and Dad a new home in Haddonfield, New Jersey. I wanted them to have the best.") and to envy Frankie Avalon who can eat and eat and eat without gaining weight. It's to love playing practical jokes on your friends and manager, Bob Marcucci; to use toothpaste instead of powder and to sleep in a large bed watched over by two tigers (stuffed). To be a Fabian is to hide (Continued on page 82)

It's nice to have a Fabian around the house. He makes sure everyone's working! "A little to the left, Mom. Now, Pop, if you'll show me where you want these crates, you can start unpacking. Write each word ten times, Tom."
Liz Taylor came back, had her picture taken with her new guiche and, bang, overnight, she was reviving the “spit curl” of the 20’s. Pronounced geash like leash, Liz picked up her new hairdo in Paris, where the craze began and has already reached the most level-headed heads. This latest in hairdos, which in French means nothing more than “curl,” is a sharp sweep of hair curving forward over the cheek. It calls for a smooth, short-hair look and is certain to end the big-headed styles of last year. (See below for step-by-step directions for the new look.) For those who are timid about cutting their hair, a smooth back hair roll can accomplish the same effect. To set a guiche takes little talent, but making it stay put takes ingenuity. For what curls up must fall down. Some stars are known to fool the law of gravity by affixing their guiches with nailpolish, cellophane, sugar water or rubber cement. As Bobby Rydell quipped in our office, “All a fellow needs now to win a girl is to buy her a pot of glue!” But for those who still find their guiches won’t behave, a final suggestion: there are false guiches! To the left, Janet Leigh and Susan Kohner wearing their new guiches.

THE GUICHE
(pronounced “spit curl”)

BUT WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, THIS IS HOLLYWOOD’S NEWEST HAIR CRAZE
Nancy Kwan from Hong Kong, Nancy Kwan from Hong Kong—the words ran together, over and over in a sing-song fashion in her head. “You forget that,” the slim, darkhaired girl warned herself. “Now you’re Suzie Wong.” She straightened her shoulders and with a toss of her head started to walk across the studio soundstage—a slow slinking walk, the kind of walk she knew Suzie would have. Someone whistled. From that moment, Nancy Kwan was Suzie Wong. Was she scared? Why, for goodness’ sake, should she? It was what (Continued on page 89)
it's happening again... can a jinx strike twice?

Carol Lynley

You'll never read a stranger story
IT ALL BEGAN on a hot, humid August day nearly three years ago, when a frail young girl, with her two-year-old son, boarded an East-bound train. The place, Union Terminal in downtown Los Angeles. The pale, gaunt figure wore only a smudge of makeup, her blond hair was stringy and awry, her face showed signs of extreme fatigue, her shoulders drooped under the weight of the child, sleeping in her arms.

THERE WAS NO ONE ON HAND to see them off. In her purse were two tickets, one-way fares to Bennington, Vermont, a place that was strange to her, just as the town and the life she was leaving had been strange. It was no brief holiday she was setting out on, no cross-country trip to visit relatives and friends. Her motivation was strictly to get away, away she hoped to a new world and a new life. Her decision to leave wasn't made in haste. She had thought it through.

THE TRAIN JOLTED as the engine made its first surge forward, then the sleek, silver streamlined car eased smoothly over the glimmering rails ahead. Soon, it had left the station, then the city limits far behind. Not once did the girl look out the window to catch a final glimpse of the city. For to Diane Varsi, her dreams had been shattered and her only salvation was to look ahead to a new life . . . to "finding herself" . . . to being a good mother to her young son Shawn.

ONLY A YEAR BEFORE, it had all been so different. She had arrived in Hollywood an unknown young girl and rapidly found herself a star. She discovered a new way of life. It was exciting at first, demanding at times, but almost always fun. She would walk into the studio commissary, unable to believe she really belonged there with the Lana Turners and the Marlon Brandos. To start with, 20th Century-Fox had signed her to a contract at two hundred dollars a week. To Diane, who till then had known only bleak poverty, it seemed like all the money in the world. For the first time in her life, happiness seemed within her reach. She learned to smile again, even to laugh. The first time someone asked for her autograph . . . the day she was assigned a dressing room with her name on the door . . . it was all (Continued on page 76)
three little words

I love you

behind them, what a story

BOB HORTON said it. "I love you." He could still hear how it sounded the first time. His voice cracked right in the middle of the three words. But after that it was easier, and he said it often. He and Marilynn were engaged... they were married... and three months later the honeymoon was still on. It looked like forever.

That's the ending to this story. But it's the beginning of the story that Bob Horton still can't believe... He was just like any other bachelor.

To his friends, he'd say, "If I could only find a nice girl, I'd marry her."

To himself, he'd say, "Married—that's the last thing I want to be." Like any other bachelor, he wasn't going to give up his freedom without a fight. He was more stubborn than most. He'd tried marriage twice, and twice it hadn't worked.

But if his friends wanted to introduce him (Please turn the page)
to nice girls, he’d meet them. And he’d go out of his way—in fact, way out—to say hello to a nice girl.

But every time he found one, he’d also find something wrong with her.

When he met Marilynn Bradley, it was the same way. She was standing in the middle of a bare stage in Warren, Ohio, and even under the glare of the naked rehearsal light, she looked pretty. He could tell she was nervous from the stiff way she stood and the way her hand was clenched at her side.

“My leading lady in ‘Guys and Dolls,’” he thought, but from the minute they were introduced, he could feel an attraction, a strong one.

But, as with (Continued on page 86)
Lovable’s Airlift has a secret… permanent shaping power!

It’s in the lining—a revolutionary new light-touch film of nylon net that’s almost invisible, yet so miraculously firm.

As long as you wear it, as often as you wash it, Airlift will never lose its just-bought shape. Amazing bra… amazing price! Also strapless, only $2. Lace-over-net in white, aqua, hot pink and beige.

Left: Airlift longline, only $3.95 (also D cup, $5.).
FREE Tangee NAIL POLISH when you buy color-matched Tangee lipstick! both for 69¢ plus tax
"IN FASHION, YOU CAN BE WHAT YOU WANT; THE PROBLEM IS TO FIND WHAT YOU DO WANT . . . ."

Coached by famed movie fashion designer, EDITH HEAD, Hollywood's new "Debs" can help you decide what you are and how to dress to express yourself . . . from the inside . . . .
Pat Michon wears the kind of clothes most of us do. "Suburban casual," she laughs. The points stressed below are the ones she looks for: the bra, $3.95; girdle, $10.95 or for extra large, $12.50. Both by Gossard.

Leticia Roman likes the word classic better than conservative. But either word you use, if you prefer a classic dress, for instance a sheath, remember it insists upon a smooth, uninterrupted line. So select your foundations with this in mind. Bra, $5.00, girdle, $12.50. By Perma Lift.
SOPHISTICATED

Shelley Fabares now knows that a sweater, slacks or shorts, even when worn informally for sports, must be backed up by proper foundations or your figure and game might suffer. Chosen to flatter your figure and give with action is this bra, $1.50, pantie, $2.00. By Lovable.

Paula Prentiss learned a dress that can take you to a party, theater, late dinner date should be sophisticated. Its slim skirt, low neckline demand special foundations like this bra in nylon lace, $3.50, or cotton, $2.50. Girdle, $6.95. Both bra and girdle by Exquisite Form.
"you can be what you want"

Latest Fashion Flashes
Foundation News

News Notes: Here's a new type of girdle, designed to give your figure control without changing the feminine lines of your body.

Instead, it emphasizes the curves and eliminates unwanted bulging.

- It is made of Galestique, a blend of lightweight latex, nylon and cotton, which gives the support of rubber without discomfort some women feel from rubber.
- The latex in Gala by Sleex has been de-staticized. Important because this means the static electricity has been removed and your slips or outerwear will no longer cling.
- This girdle is virtually impossible to puncture, perforate, tear or stretch out of its true original shape.
- The girdle washes easily. In fact, it may be washed by machine in warm, mild suds, then dried.
- For better comfort, the perforations permit the evaporation of perspiration through the mesh in the lining, making the girdle easy to wear and easy to take off. Price, $5.95.

News Notes: Here's a very low-back bra of leno elastic, a strapless that guarantees good form and easy wearing. It has:

- push-up boosters in the cups that give shape without the need for padding.
- femininity, it is edged with scalloped border lace over a sheer marquisette illusion fold, is made of nylon Alencon-type lace.
- By Hollywood Vassarette. $5.95, it also comes in low-back, waist-length version, $7.50.

For more information, turn to page 76

Sharon Hugueny would rather wear soft chiffon, easily rounded necklines. "Feminine clothes?" she says, "pretty lines with fluid ways." Recommended for the feminine dress are these: Maidenform, Bra, $3.95, and girdle, $7.95. By Maidenform.
what's

The Saturday evening was off-limits to girls. “All barred,” the word went out. It was strictly male company, male talk, male food, which meant there was lots of it! The assembled guys were the Everly Brothers, Bob Conrad, Chad York, Bill Ewing, Gary Vinson, Gary Conway, Jack Horger, Steve Bernhardt, Sandy Kevin and Snuff Garrett. What were Phil and Don Everly listening to so intently that evening? (Please turn the page)

going on here?
“Love is: I need you because I love you, not that I love you because I need you. . . this is the best definition of love I’ve ever read.”

“Love consists in this, says Rilke, the poet, that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other.”
A bunch of guys get together—no girls. What happens? They talk—about love and sex and . . .

“Love, well, what does that dictionary say, anyway?”

“Ah, who wants a middle-of-the-road-safe-way-out business,” someone yelled. “How can you define feelings? A guy just has a need to be loved . . .”

“Well, so does a girl,” someone cut in.

“Yeah, but what makes a guy fall is not the same . . .”

Someone else laughed . . . “Like sex . . . Instead, girls, they fall for a future—home, lace curtains and babies.”

“Here it is,” cried a die-hard. “Webster says, ‘Love is a feeling of strong personal attachment induced by sympathetic understanding . . .’”

“. . . like how much a guy makes,” a voice cut in.

“Go on, finish the definitions.”

“. . . sympathetic understanding . . . tender and passionate affection . . .”

“That’s no good. I know how love feels, but what is it?”

“What’s so important about defining it anyway? When it hits you, you’ll know.”

“Yeah, but how can you make it stay, man, if you don’t know what it is?”

“If you ask me, love’s a lot of compromises . . . Don’t do this; don’t do that. Call for me at two. Remember, shopping on Saturday afternoon.”

“Yeah, girls become possessive—too possessive. Trouble is they think too much about being loved. They don’t even know how to love . . .”

“That’s right. If girls could only remember that with love two people become one, yet they gotta remain two . . .”

And with that, the subject ended and went on to the fellows’ favorite subject—sports cars! THE END
JINX

Continued from page 63

beyond anything she had dared to dream.

There were days of happiness for Diane.

That happiness wouldn't be hers for long,

but how could she know that then?

Diane Varsi had come to Hollywood from a tragic background. And as if to forget her dark past, she refused to talk about it. She kept it a mystery, and Holly-wood knew only bits and pieces of her life story.

The unhappy childhood . . .

the teenage marriage to escape it . . .

the quick divorce . . .

the child who had never seen his father. When she arrived in Holly-wood, she was penniless. She had an infatuation for a movie star, but had determination, and miraculously, she became a star.

She even fell in love against, with James Dickson, and they were quietly married.

For the first time in her life, she looked forward to the future, and could forget the past.

She put her whole heart into her work.

No one saw her then could ever forget that special glow she had.

No one who saw her then could have imagined how quickly the shadows would close in.

She never quite got over her shyness, and she was never a mixer. But she enjoyed the glamour and excitement of studio life, even if she didn't become a major part of it.

She and her husband leased a small home in Topanga Canyon, near Malibu Beach. She was pleased with her career, and happy to be Mrs. James Dickson.

The change began

Then one fall day in 1957 she signed to play the biggest role in her career—the part of Allison MacKenzie in "Peyton Place."

And on that day, her life began to change.

When she began the role, Diane Varsi had everything.

When it was over, she had almost nothing left. But there was no sign, no hint, no way for her to know what was happening.

Her son Shawn was thriving in the good Malibu air.

Her marriage was a continued one to her body was glittered before her, full of promise.

Diane read "Peyton Place," and then she read the movie script. She liked this girl Allison. And during those first few days of shooting she was friendly and talkative.

She chatted freely with Hope Lange, Russ Tamblyn and the other young players in the cast.

Then, without warning, it happened.

An unseen force seemed to take over. Diane withdrew completely. She was no longer the same girl.

When she wasn’t performing, she would disappear. She would sit behind closed doors in her dressing room.

She even avoided eating with the others in the studio commissary. She would bring her own lunch and eat it alone in her dressing room.

She began to talk to herself in there; others explained she was reading poetry aloud.

She had never talked too freely at interviews, but she had always been cooperative and friendly.

Now this changed, too.

At first, she refused to see only certain newspaper people. Then she shied away from giving any interviews at all. If, nally, she con-sented to an interview, she would sit there close-mouthed, refusing to talk about herself, refusing to talk about anything at all, except possibly poetry.

The old Diane Varsi seemed to disappear.

The part of Allison absorbed her more and more. Each day she withdrew deeper into her shell.

By the time the company went to New England to shoot scenes on location, her behavior was too strange for anyone to ignore.

It was obvious that she was deliberately avoiding people.

She took long walks alone in the country. When she returned, she’d go straight up to her room, even though it was still early.

Day by day, the changes were subtle.

But when she returned to Hollywood, people who hadn’t seen her for a while were shocked.

She looked so different.

She’d begun to neglect her appearance.

She was always slender, but now she had lost so much weight that her clothes hung on her.

She gave up pretty, feminine clothes and wore blue jeans and a white shirt to the studio.

Her face broke out in a rash. It looked like the kind caused by nerves.

On the screen, makeup hid the rash, and, as Allison, she was beautiful.

But old friends, meeting her on the street, were stunned at her appearance.

Her old doubts and fears came back, too. She became painfully self-critical.

"I can’t act," she told a friend, desperately.

"I don’t want to act." Yet acting had been her goal from childhood.

She seemed near the breaking point.

The life she had built was crumbling down around her head. Her marriage, too, fell apart.

In the summer of 1958, she was divorced. Diane and her little boy were alone in the world again.

"Peyton Place" was finished now. Allison MacKenzie was trapped, but Diane was free.

As soon as she could get away, she ran.

She boarded a train for Bennington, Vermont, with the one thing she had left—her son.

A week passed, months, then a year.

Friends wrote long letters to her. Asking her to come back. Some made the trip to Vermont to see the producer. Jerry Wald, called her from Hollywood regularly. Her answer was always the same. No.

Another came . . .

Not long after, another young girl with short blond hair came to Hollywood.

She, too, was still in her teens—sweet, a little shy, with offbeat ways.

She liked black stockings and bath appliques.

She never wore a skirt that wasn’t white or full skirts.

She was rebellious, and she had a child-like faith in what happened on a movie screen.

"I don’t go to movies that are shocking," she said.

"Even The Wizard of Oz frightens me to this day, I saw it once when I was a child and ran out of the theater, screaming in terror when the scene where the ugly green monkey-bats came on. And I remember seeing ‘Bambi.’ When Bambi’s mother died, I became so hysterical with grief that I had to leave.

Something about this girl made people want to protect her, just as they had wanted to protect Diane. In many ways, she reminded people of Diane.

Jerry Wald was getting ready to film the sequel to "Peyton Place." Diane had been nominated for an Oscar for her portrayal of Allison, and he wanted her to play the role again. He called Bennington, but her answer hadn’t changed.

He waited, hoping she would change her mind.

But there were only two weeks left before the first day of shooting, and he had to choose a new Allison.

He chose the girl who had refused so many others of Diane.

And suddenly it was all happening again.

Again, in the same strange way, the role of Allison seemed to take over.

The young girl became almost a recluse.

When the other actors stood around the set, drinking coffee and talking, she never joined them.

Instead, she went alone to her dressing room.

The room was a clutter of magazines, and each day she would bring a heap of new ones—not just to skim through idly, but to read every word.

The young girl was engaged to be married, but once the picture began she seemed strangely unexcited. She refused to talk about the marriage.

She confided in no one.

Then, one day, she walked off the set.

She disappeared. For an entire weekend she was missing.

No one saw her, no one knew where she had gone.

At 8 A.M. on Monday, she calmly walked back onto the set. She was on time to become Allison again.
Finally, she admitted she had flown to New York to see her fiancé and had almost been stranded there. A snowstorm had closed the New York airport just after her plane took off for Hollywood.

She stood her ground

When the studio officials found out about her runaway weekend, they were furious. There's a studio rule against an actress flying while she's making a picture, but she had defied this. Stubbornly, she stood her ground. She saw no need to apologize for breaking the rule. In fact, she announced, she planned a similar trip the next weekend. Then there was a compromise. She would remain in Hollywood; the studio would arrange for her fiancé to come there to spend the holidays with her.

The young girl had made other movies; she had played other tragic roles. Yet she hadn't become lost in them as she now seemed to become lost in Allison. The other times, her mother had been with her. They had been very close. But now her mother remained in New York. Their closeness seemed to be gone. Perhaps if her mother had been with her, this story would have a different ending.

One day the girl rose at 5 A.M. and dressed hastily in a new two-piece dress. For breakfast, she drank half a cup of coffee. A man was waiting for her outside her apartment, and they drove together to downtown Los Angeles. They were early. The marriage license bureau was still closed. The man seemed edgy and the girl smiled at him wanly as they waited. At last they were inside, filling out the forms. The clerk asked the girl for proof that she was eighteen. She had no birth certificate with her. She had written to her mother, asking her to send it, but it never arrived. She fumbled a moment in her purse and then handed the clerk her motion picture contract. He accepted it as proof of age.

With that over, they walked outside to a waiting car. A married couple, long-time friends, sat up front. The girl and the man got into the back and sat huddled together as the sedan headed onto the now-crowded freeway and pointed north. Their destination was Newhall, California, a place the young girl had never heard of before. There was little conversation during the hour's drive.

Finally, they pulled into a service station and asked directions to the courthouse. Then the group of four marched inside, where the justice of the peace was waiting for them. They stayed only long enough for the marriage ceremony.

There was no celebration. There wasn't time. Allison was waiting. The young girl had an eleven o'clock call that morning, and she walked onto the set at five to eleven. She didn't say a word about what had happened earlier that morning.

Even when the news of her elopement was out, she remained secretive. She refused to cooperate with the studio on publicity. Her husband, who worked for the same studio, followed her wishes, even though it could mean his job. In the end, he changed his job.

The shooting continued. Before the cameras, as Allison, the young girl was vivid. When the cameras stopped and she walked off the set, she seemed drained, tired. She hardly spoke. She continued to hide in her dressing room.

Weeks passed. The picture ended.

Allison . . . another triumph

It looked as though, again, Allison would be a triumph. And the young girl, what about her?

She broke her silence to echo words that Diane Varsi had spoken almost two years before.

"I don't like California," she said. "I don't want to ever buy a home here or live here."

Diane had left with her son Shawn. Carol Lynley announced that she would leave with her husband, Michael Selsman.

"I'm leaving Hollywood for a year to live in New York as a housewife, not an actress," she said. "I may never return if it means separation from my husband."

There is a contract, of course, but the talk in Hollywood is that Carol will break it, just as Diane did. The talk is that one day morning, Carol, too, will close a door on a career. On glamour. On everything for which she has worked so hard. Once she closes that door, it may be forever.

It's strange. Two girls who have never met. Yet for a while each was Allison. And after that, they were never the same. After that, as if something had been lost. Each girl had to go out to "find herself." In a way, it makes you wonder—is there such a thing as a jinx? Can it strike twice?

—Bob Dean

Carol's in 20th's "Return to Peyton Place."

In just 15 Days see how invisible

"Ice" helps improve touchy skin that breaks out...at any age

—without costly facials, messy "cover up" creams and lotions or complicated skin treatments.

New York, N. Y. (Report)—Science developed pharmaceutical ice to meet today's biggest skin problem—overactive oil glands. As excess oil fills pores, it hardens into comedones—blackheads and whiteheads—stretches and enlarges pores—invites breaking out and "flare ups."

Massaged into skin Ice-O-Derm® rolls out "fatty" masses not removed by soap or ordinary cleansing creams. It clears out excess oil and helps tighten enlarged pores. It protects skin all day from dust and dirt with invisible medication—holds in natural moisture. "Ice" stimulates circulation. Ice-O-Derm is the scientific new wonder-way to better skin care.

*Due to overactive oil glands in skin.

$1.00
At all leading Drug and Toiletary counters

Follow New 15-Day Complexion Timetable

1ST 5 DAYS: Your first "ice" treatment starts to rid pores of blackheads within minutes—medication helps keep skin from breaking out—special astringents tighten enlarged pores. Result: Clearer, smoother skin.

2ND 5 DAYS: Now you may see how Ice-O-Derm's invisible shield has held in moisture—protected skin from wrinkling sun, wind and steam heat. Result: Softer, moister skin.

3RD 5 DAYS: As "ice" stimulates circulation your skin is nourished from beneath. See how it's improving. Result: Fresher, healthier looking skin.
DOUG McCLURE

Continued from page 41

down alone in a round booth. Orders a sandwich. Grilled cheese.

"Doug McClure?"—someone says.

He jumps up and shakes hands as if he meant it. Smiles. Looks like he likes being recognized. But he's on guard, too, square-shouldered, rugged. No longer boyish as he stands.

He's wearing a charcoal suit and plenty of poise. Not the kind of sleuth who'd just walk in and say, "OK, where's the body?" Not the kind to warm up fast to questions. No use asking him, "OK, so you were married once, what happened?" No use asking about Barbara Luna. "So you're in love, when are you going to get married?" Not yet. The handshake's warm enough but eyes are cool. Careful. He knows the score. He's not about to get hurt. Not any more. Still, he likes to talk and has done a lot of thinking. About things. About himself.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

"Here is the month-by-month story of Hollywood, The marriages, divorces, separations, reconciliations, births and deaths.

TOP BILLING—New pictures and stories of Tony Dowd, Kitten Price, Pamela Susan, John Forsythe, Tuesday Weld, Connie Stevens, Dorothy Kemah, Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, and James Agee.

DOUBBLE FEATURES—True romance stories about these happily married: Lila White and Edgar Reitz, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, Ery Norland and James Darren, Millicents Perkins and Dean Stockwell, Hanno Fabre and Paul Newman, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner.

FANFARE—Big pictures and fascinating stories about Cary Grant, Rock Hudson, Richard Widmark, Dwayne Hickman, Paul Anka, Bobby Darin, John satin, Sue Misu, Stephen Boyd, Brandon DeWilde, Bobby Redford, and Jimmy Clanton.

PINUPS—Those dream pictures are a "must" for your collection: Brigitte Bardot, Marjorie Monroe, Kim Novak, Louisa Turner, Ava Gardner, Doris Day.

UP IN LIGHTS—The great stories of your favorites: Glenn Ford, Sean Hayward, Hope Lange, Tony Perkins, Audrey Hepburn, Henry Moore, Nussan Kohnler, Lawrence Harvey, John Garvin, Shirley MacLaine, Debbie Harry.

AND INTRODUCING—Here are the newcomers to the screen. You can follow their classroom rise to stardom: Angie Dickinson, Mark Brown, Warren Beatty, Jo Morrow, Mark Goddard, Sue Lyon, Tom Tryon, Jack Twist, Nancy Olson, Richard Beymer, Pati Page, Anita Bryant, Glenn Corbett, Susan Miller, Carol Channing, John Lupton, Roman Shavano, Hungnow, Kerwin Mathews, Michael Callan, George Peppard.

ONLY 50¢ WHILE THEY LAST AT ALL NEWSPAPERST NOW

Bartholomew House, Inc.
WG-461
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1961. I enclose 50c.

Name ____________________________
(please print)
Address ________________________________
City ____________________________ State ________________

DOUG McCLURE

Continued from page 41

down alone in a round booth. Orders a sandwich. Grilled cheese.

"Doug McClure?"—someone says.

He jumps up and shakes hands as if he meant it. Smiles. Looks like he likes being recognized. But he's on guard, too, square-shouldered, rugged. No longer boyish as he stands.

He's wearing a charcoal suit and plenty of poise. Not the kind of sleuth who'd just walk in and say, "OK, where's the body?" Not the kind to warm up fast to questions. No use asking him, "OK, so you were married once, what happened?" No use asking about Barbara Luna. "So you're in love, when are you going to get married?" Not yet. The handshake's warm enough but eyes are cool. Careful. He knows the score. He's not about to get hurt. Not any more. Still, he likes to talk and has done a lot of thinking. About things. About himself.

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

"Here is the month-by-month story of Hollywood, The marriages, divorces, separations, reconciliations, births and deaths.

TOP BILLING—New pictures and stories of Tony Dowd, Kitten Price, Pamela Susan, John Forsythe, Tuesday Weld, Connie Stevens, Dorothy Kemah, Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, and James Agee.

DOUBBLE FEATURES—True romance stories about these happily married: Lila White and Edgar Reitz, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, Ery Norland and James Darren, Millicents Perkins and Dean Stockwell, Hanno Fabre and Paul Newman, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner.

FANFARE—Big pictures and fascinating stories about Cary Grant, Rock Hudson, Richard Widmark, Dwayne Hickman, Paul Anka, Bobby Darin, John satin, Sue Misu, Stephen Boyd, Brandon DeWilde, Bobby Redford, and Jimmy Clanton.

PINUPS—Those dream pictures are a "must" for your collection: Brigitte Bardot, Marjorie Monroe, Kim Novak, Louisa Turner, Ava Gardner, Doris Day.

UP IN LIGHTS—The great stories of your favorites: Glenn Ford, Sean Hayward, Hope Lange, Tony Perkins, Audrey Hepburn, Henry Moore, Nussan Kohnler, Lawrence Harvey, John Garvin, Shirley MacLaine, Debbie Harry.

AND INTRODUCING—Here are the newcomers to the screen. You can follow their classroom rise to stardom: Angie Dickinson, Mark Brown, Warren Beatty, Jo Morrow, Mark Goddard, Sue Lyon, Tom Tryon, Jack Twist, Nancy Olson, Richard Beymer, Pati Page, Anita Bryant, Glenn Corbett, Susan Miller, Carol Channing, John Lupton, Roman Shavano, Hungnow, Kerwin Mathews, Michael Callan, George Peppard.

ONLY 50¢ WHILE THEY LAST AT ALL NEWSPAPERST NOW

Bartholomew House, Inc.
WG-461
205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1961. I enclose 50c.

Name ____________________________
(please print)
Address ________________________________
City ____________________________ State ________________

How he met her

Tosses his head back as if to toss hair—and water—out of his face. Didn't work, thought, "cause he has a close-cropped crew-cut. Presses tips of his fingers together, signalling he's going to make an important point. "Worth it—all that water," he says, "but just because I finally registered the right reaction, but because that was the scene where Barbara walks in. Barbara Luna. Without that deluge, I'd never have met her.

Drinks a glass of water. "cause he's about to change this subject, too. Probably wants to ward off questions about Barbara and Marlon Brando. Complicated. Barbara going with Marlon when Doug came along. Seems because of Barbara that France Nuyen. Marlon's girl before Barbara, went on her desperate eating jag that cost her the lead in "The World of Suzie Wong." Anyhow, Barbara liked and admired Marlon, but wasn't in love with him. Then Doug took over. ...

Finishes water. Sips tomato juice. Then, out of nowhere, he says, "She's a very pretty girl."

Another friend joins them. Doug gets up, shakes hand. Newcomer takes his cue from Doug's last comment, which he's overheard.

"Hope you're talking about Barbara Luna?"

Doug looks like he's getting into deep water. Throws his head back. Then, "I am. She's pretty and talented. I admire her. She's for real and she has a sense of humor. You have to have that, you have to take it easy.

Newcomer rushes, where others fear to tread. "You thinking of marrying again, Doug?"

No time to throw his head back. Caught.

"Yes, I . . . hope so.

"Can you make a go of it? There are some pretty unhappy actors—personally, I mean—in this town.

"That's because in your personal life you can't make the 'believe,' " he says. "You have to face yourself squarely. I've made mistakes. I've learned from them. Two people have to have understanding. The great thing's communication . . .

Enter . . . leading lady

His face changes. Totally. Warm. Vital. Why? The reason comes across the room
and over to him... A tiny doll of a girl
Oriental... knitted lavender sweater and pants... dancer's figure... no make-
up... long oval nails tinted coral on her
lovely hands... Barbara Luna.
McClure's on his feet. She comes up
quickly. Senses his indecision... up on
tiptoe... reaches his head... brings it
down... gives him a lovely kiss. He
blushes... flushes... all defense down.
His face alive now, all alive, pink and
happy and real. They sit very close, hold-
ing hands. Never take eyes off each other.
Dialogue gets fast, furious and very
serious... questions tossed... answers
thoughtful.
FIRST FRIEND: We're talking about mar-
riage.
BARBARA: (laughs easily) Fascinating sub-
ject.
DOUG: (keeping her hand in his, at ease,
relaxing for the first time, letting the
shoulders down) If two people can really
talk straight to each other, you can't
stop 'em. They'll never stop growing.
They'll grow together. I've learned this
about marriage—you can have the same
interests, but that's not as important as
respect for each other. You have to
have that.
SECOND FRIEND: (the pushy one) Would
you marry an actress?
DOUG: If I meet a girl (he looks at Bar-
bara)... and I have... you can't pass
up marriage because of her profession.
BARBARA: I also have been married before.
It's better, I think, for both to be in-
volved in the show business.
DOUG: The only bad thing is the possibility
of being kept apart while you work, but
if you're on guard, you can avoid that.
We'll manage.
BARBARA orders. Tea and cheese cake.
DOUG: It doesn't matter what you eat, does
it? You always stay like this.
BARBARA looks wonderful. Her skin is
marvelous; smooth, olive.
DOUG: I like people to look natural. I can't
stand girls who wear a kind of mask.
BARBARA: You mean—"I'd say hello but I
can't see you"?
She dives into tea and cheese cake.
When she's finished, they both start talk-
ing like mad. About what they like. In-
stead of night life, the beach. They love
the beach. She stays on the sand, he takes
it water like a fish. They like theater.
Read. Watch TV.
BARBARA: Oh we argue, too. Only we never
argue over the same thing twice. We
argue and finish it. Once and for all.
SECOND FRIEND: (the pushy one) Who
cooks when you eat at each other's
place? Both of you?
BARBARA: (giggles) I make the dinner. He
picks up his fork!
DOUG: She won't let me cook.
BARBARA: (flatly) Men don't belong in the
kitchen. Women don't belong in a tool
shed. I tried to put up a nail for a towel
rack. You should see... he had to do it
for me.
DOUG: (laughs. Really laughs) I'm not
much of a handy man either. Once in a
while, I get on a kick... when I still
had the house I had this brilliant idea...
I'd change doorknobs.
BARBARA: The whole door came down, but
the doorknob stayed tight.
DOUG: I had to get a carpenter finally.

They talk about what date was the most
Christmas. Christmas Eve at Mike Lan-
don's. Christmas Day at the McClures'.
How long have they been steady dating?
Eight months. Barbara counts them off on
long coral-tipped fingers. Now she puts up
her free hand to caress his face. She's ma-
ture. Twenty-two but mature. They're in
luck to have each other. They know it.
"Mr. Clean," she calls him. She touches
his face again, his close-cropped hair.
"Isn't he? Even the girls at the beauty shop
call him that."
"I'm always in a shower or a bathtub
on TV," he grins.
Not the reason, Mr. Clean. Character as
she sees it.
"The biggest kick's giving, not getting.
Alone I'm nothing," he says.
He has her close beside him. Brown
eyes. Blue eyes. Same exact look.
The brash friend suddenly says. "Hey,
Doug. I just realized—you're a shy guy!"
Sure enough, he looks like a small boy
caught raiding the cookie jar. "Yeah.
Shucks." His face flushes, no longer resem-
bling cool, calm Jed Sills of "Checkmate."
Boy and girl walk out of the restaurant.
arms around each other... down the steps
to the parking lot. Name's McClure, first
name, Doug. Beside her, he looks six feet
ten... curly blond hair... guy in love...
very warm. Tough—tender... With
her no defense... needs none. Not any-
more.
THE END

Be sure to see Doug in "Checkmate" on
CBS-TV every Saturday at 8:30 P.M. EST.

Married women
are sharing this secret
... the new, easier, surer
protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust
in the wonderful germicidal protec-
tion Norforms can give you. Nor-
forms have a highly perfected new
formula that releases antiseptic
and germicidal ingredients with
long-lasting action. The exclusive
new base melts at bodily tempera-
ture, forming a powerful protec-
tive film that guards (but will not
harm) the delicate tissues.
And Norforms' deodorant protec-
tion has been tested in a hospital
clinic and found to be more effec-
tive than anything it had ever
used. Norforms eliminate (rather
t than cover up) embarrassing
odors, yet have no "medicines"
or "disinfectants" odor themselves.
And what convenience! These
small feminine suppositories are
so easy and convenient to use.
Just insert—no apparatus, mixing
or measuring. They're greaseless
and they keep in any climate.
Now available in new packages
of 6, as well as 12 and 24. Also
available in Canada.

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to Dept. P11-14
Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet,
in a plain envelope.

Name_________________________
Address_______________________
City__________________________
Zone________________________
State________________________

Norforms
A Norwich Product
DIVORCE
Continued from page 39

Dick's
Detailed
Dept.
few.

PERSONAL
drama.

chance.
few
see
at
Time.
York.
markets
Patrick
and
MAKE
1,
Free
EARN
School.

pr
HIGH

Finish
No
EARN
House
LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

BEAUTY
DEMONSTRATORS—
WRITE
for
school.

in
Georgia.

pr

In

Medical
Illinois.

 policemen

Correspondence

Business

342,

and

social

life!

Correspondence

School,

or

AGENTS
WANTED
$20-$40
and

for

LADIES—BEAUTY
used

DEMONSTRATORS—
WRITE

for

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,

LADIES:
BEAUTY
Hollywood,

samples,
steadily along almost identical paths, under almost identical stress.

At the beginning, there was the strain of being apart. For June and Dick, enforced separations were not really long or frequent. They were apart only when location shooting was required for either of them, and this seldom meant more than a few weeks. But for Lucy and Desi Arnaz, enforced separations were far more severe. Desi toured with his band for months and months at a time. He and Lucy once estimated that in the early years of their marriage they spent far less than half their time together. In each marriage, the result was one of increased tension. For as the wives' careers soared, those of the husbands slipped badly.

It was not either man's fault. The American taste for Latin music had simply faded away. Cuban orchestras, however spirited, were no longer in demand. And Dick Powell had already been in pictures for a long time. With both husbands increasingly worried and discontented, both marriages were soon up against real trouble.

Well-meaning friends thought children might help. Both women had wanted children from the beginning. Lucy had long since agreed to bring hers up as Catholics to please Desi; June was well aware of Dick's great love for his daughter by a previous marriage to Joan Blondell, and longed to give him a child herself.

But neither woman could have a baby. Lucy tried, suffered a miscarriage, tried again, lost another baby. June failed to become pregnant, consulted a doctor, and was told that she should not expect to ever conceive a child. She was crushed.

For the first time, each woman seemed to give up hope.

Their marriages faltered

Confused and confusing, the marriages staggered on—and faltered. Lucy's and Desi's broke down utterly in 1944, when she divorced her husband. For June and Dick the first official split came in 1957, when Dick moved out of their Mandeville Canyon home. In both cases the decision was made by the woman. And in both cases the women changed their minds and decided to reconcile. Each couple decided to start life over with a complete overhaul of not only their domestic situation, but their careers as well. And each arrived at the same solution.

Both Desi and Dick decided to give up performing for the more demanding, less-publicized work of directing and producing. Each was spurred on by natural ability and drive, and by a strong additional impetus—the desire to check forever the tendency of some people to refer to Desi as "Mr. Ball," to Dick as "Mr. Allyson." Each, somewhat to the surprise of skeptics, proved a remarkable success.

It seemed to everyone concerned that life had taken a distinct turn for the better.

Other things had improved as well. At thirty-nine Lucy became pregnant again—and succeeded in bringing her first child, Lucy Desiree, into the world. Two years later she had a son, Desi IV. June, some time before, had adopted a baby girl, Pam. Two years after, to her joyous astonishment, she became pregnant. Ricky, her son, was born on Christmas Eve.

Money rolled in. Both men had shrewd business sense. Before long they were working not for others but for themselves. Four Star Productions and Desilu became names to be reckoned with in the world of TV.

But just as strains had emerged from the success of the two women, new tensions appeared born of their husbands' triumphs.

Both men were soon working eighteen to twenty hours a day. Desi rarely left the RKO studios he had purchased for Desilu. At home, keyed up beyond exhaustion by his fantastic accomplishments, he would pace the house restlessly until Lucy agreed to go out night-clubbing with him—or to let him go alone. Dick, less bound to a single location, flew back and forth to New York, to Europe, from shore to shore, gave interviews, bought scripts, cast, directed and acted in them. Older than Desi, he showed the wear and tear more conventionally—at home he simply collapsed.

Lucy was no businesswoman, no night-clubber. She was willing to put in her time making "I Love Lucy," but her spare hours she wanted to give to her home, her children, her husband. She was willing to be, on paper, a vice president of Desilu, but violently opposed to letting it dominate her life. June, working less now than Dick, was restless. Still young, poised, beautiful in a more mature way, she wanted a little of the glamour and excitement she had been too awkward and frightened to enjoy years before. She was willing to star in some of Dick's produc-

No other soap clears skin like NEW Cuticura

Now Action Activated—

3 times more effective!

It's true! Because Cuticura's new exclusive bacteria fighter, Neocura®, is more potent than any other soap antibacterial. Yet Cuticura is gentle to tenderest skin. Superemollient, deodorant too—a delight to the whole family for face and bath. Get it today!
The yearbook that tells you all about the stars of radio and television

...all new
...all exclusive

It's packed with news... gossip... chit-chat... and pictures of your favorite entertainers. It's the brand new edition of TV-Radio Annual 1961. This is the yearbook that show people all over the world await with keen anticipation. It's the yearbook that covers all the history-making moments of the industry... all the great shows and programs of the year. Here, too, is the news of the year—the marriages... divorces... babies... and those choice bits about be and she. You will go for the intimate stories about the stars and the life they lead off stage. You will go for the yummy pictures of your favorites—and those full-color photos are truly glamorous. Get double the pleasure out of your radio and TV set—get your copy of the new issue of TV-Radio Annual today.

ONLY 50c WHILE THEY LAST

This sensational Annual is a best-seller every year. Get your copy before they are all snatched up. Order also at your favorite magazine counter. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon with 96c—TODAY.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC.
WG-661
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me TV-RADIO ANNUAL 1961. I enclose 96c.

Name

Address

City State

To be a Fabian is to make strangers feel right at home when they come to visit—just the way you made me feel welcome when I came to visit you and your family on your eighteenth birthday. And not only were you extra-friendly so I wouldn't feel strange among all your friends and relatives, but you didn't even object to my snooping around taking notes even when you weren't sure how to be a Fabian. So I'm kind to reporters, too! But now I think of it, you're even nice to people you've never even met—like that Saturday morning of the weekend I was visiting.

"Aren't you Fabian?"

You had gone outside to polish your pride and joy, your turquoise Pontiac convertible, when you heard the spin of tires in the snow and the smell of burning rubber. You went back into the house, put on your big heavy snowboots and went to watch what could be done to help. Sure enough, the owner of the car was putting sand under the front wheels and getting nowhere. After you quietly suggested that he put the sand under the back wheels instead, he had no trouble getting the car out of the snowdrift at the side of the road.

The man looked at you for a few seconds, then went over and whispered something to his wife who was sitting in the car. Suddenly he turned and asked, "Say, aren't you Fabian?"

"Yes, sir, I am," you answered politely.

And not for long. Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz held a warm reunion in New York—Desi had flown across the country to celebrate his son's birthday with his ex-wif e and family—and to talk about getting back together again.

On that very day, three thousand miles away, Dick Powell stepped off an airplane in Los Angeles and walked into the outstretched arms of his wife, June, and their daughter and son. At the very moment when the millions who loved Lucy were waiting for the announcement that Desi once more loved her, too, other millions were eagerly reading Dick Powell's smiling statement: "I still love June and I believe she still loves me. If people will only leave us alone, maybe we can work out our situation."

Coincidence? Maybe! But so many coincidences have taken place so regularly over so many years.

A few days later, it seemed that neither of the warm reunions had come to anything. Desi went back to Hollywood—alone; Lucy remained in New York with the children. And though June Alloyd had welcomed Dick home with a kiss, she turned up promptly for her appointment with the judge, and, tearfully, she picked up the divorce papers.

Still, it'll be a year before that divorce becomes final. And in a year anything can happen to June and Dick. And to Lucy and Desi, too.

CHARLOTTE DINTER

See June on "The DuPont Show with June Allyson." Mon., 10:30 P.M. EST. Dick is on "The Zane Grey Theater." Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST. Lucy's in U-A's "Facts of Life."
"Well, I'll be damned! How do you like that? Would you be kind enough to give me your autograph? My daughter listens to your records all the time."

"I'd be happy to, sir. Thank you."

"I'm the one to thank you, ma'am."

"Well, sir," you said, "it's an honor to have someone ask for your autograph, and I appreciate it very much."

It was right that very minute I decided that to be a Fabian is to be a very level-headed young man—a big star who's also a big person. That's when I liked you the most, when I was sure that to be a Fabian didn't mean that you couldn't still be just as helpful and good-natured as any kid on the block.

And you really are good-natured. To be a Fabian is to be able to take the ribbing about your diet without complaint. I remember after you'd finished helping that man with his car, you headed inside—all set for a small snack like half an apple pie and two glasses of milk. But Bob Marcucci was right there in the kitchen with your mom, so it was more lean hamburger and tea with lemon! To be a Fabian is to have parents that love you very much and a mom who would love to cook all the things you like to eat. I think she felt almost as disappointed as you did when Bob put a fast finish to your apple pie. Of course, to be a real reporter, I should tell all the facts—like how you didn't give up without a struggle, and how it was your mom's quick eye that saved Bob from having two big, fat, freezing ice cubes slipped down the back of his neck! But, after all, I said that to be a Fabian is to love to play practical jokes and to love surprises.

Three surprises

That whole weekend had been a surprise. Your flying home to spend your eighteenth birthday with your family was the first surprise. They never dreamed that you'd fly home just for the weekend. But to be a Fabian is to understand how much your being home at that time would mean to them, it's to think of others before you think of yourself. The second surprise was my being invited to spend that weekend in Haddonfield, which was great, and the third surprise... Well, for a change, this time the surprise was on you! Your father, with the help of a few relatives, had converted half of the garage into a studio room just for you. And the look on your face must have been more than worth all the work they put into building it. Your big blue-green eyes almost popped. Yup, to be a Fabian is to have that "Tiger Look!" And to be a Fabian is to be a softie, even though you'd almost choke before you'd let anyone see you shed a tear—that is, when you saw your studio room complete with hi-fi, recording equipment, a TV set, shelves for your books, and mementos, executive-type leather furniture and your plaques and awards lining the walls. You knew it was a place where you could be all alone to listen to music, to practice singing or acting and a place to be alone with your thoughts—a room where you could be a Fabian to your heart's content! —LINDA RANDALL

"Complexion perfection"

The Halsion Plan is fully guaranteed. The Allan Drug Co. stands behind every capsule. Thousands have found the happiness that comes with a clear complexion. You must get satisfactory results or every penny will be refunded.

"Dark-Eyes" keeps brows and lashes NATURALLY soft, dark, luxurious ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT. "Dark-Eyes" colors, doesn't coat. Lasts until hairs are replaced every 4 to 5 weeks.

No more sticky, beady look—no more brittle, breaking hairs—no more tired looking smudges under eyes. "Dark-Eyes" contains no aniline dyes. Light brown, brown, black.

* Now in 26th year
* Year's supply $1.25 at leading drug, dep't and variety stores.

"DARK-EYES" COMPANY, Dept. P-41
3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.
1 ounce 25c (coin or stamps—tax included) for TRIAL SIZE pkg. of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.
check shade □ Light Brown □ Brown □ Black
Name ____________________________
Address ___________________________
Town _____________________________
State _____________________________

ACNE—PIMPLES...GONE!

IMPORTANT

The Halsion Plan is fully guaranteed. The Allan Drug Co. stands behind every capsule. Thousands have found the happiness that comes with a clear complexion. You must get satisfactory results or every penny will be refunded.

"Dark-Eyes" keeps brows and lashes NATURALLY soft, dark, luxurious ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT. "Dark-Eyes" colors, doesn't coat. Lasts until hairs are replaced every 4 to 5 weeks.

No more sticky, beady look—no more brittle, breaking hairs—no more tired looking smudges under eyes. "Dark-Eyes" contains no aniline dyes. Light brown, brown, black.

* Now in 26th year
* Year's supply $1.25 at leading drug, dep't and variety stores.

"DARK-EYES" COMPANY, Dept. P-41
3319 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill.
1 ounce 25c (coin or stamps—tax included) for TRIAL SIZE pkg. of "Dark-Eyes" with directions.
check shade □ Light Brown □ Brown □ Black
Name ____________________________
Address ___________________________
Town _____________________________
State _____________________________

ACNE—PIMPLES...GONE!

IMPORTANT

The Halsion Plan is fully guaranteed. The Allan Drug Co. stands behind every capsule. Thousands have found the happiness that comes with a clear complexion. You must get satisfactory results or every penny will be refunded.

"Dark-Eyes" keeps brows and lashes NATURALLY soft, dark, luxurious ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT. "Dark-Eyes" colors, doesn't coat. Lasts until hairs are replaced every 4 to 5 weeks.

No more sticky, beady look—no more brittle, breaking hairs—no more tired looking smudges under eyes. "Dark-Eyes" contains no aniline dyes. Light brown, brown, black.

* Now in 26th year
* Year's supply $1.25 at leading drug, dep't and variety stores.
THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE STORY

Continued from page 31

was Mary and her eagerness to have
Sandra mingle with young people and her
own sympathy for the young, being so
young herself, that brought the roof down
over her head. And one thing must be
stressed right here. Mary always encour-
gaged Sandra to mingle with young people,
to go out on dates, to have fun. I know this
first hand from my experiences with them
in Rome. It was always Sandra who hung
back, unlike bragarious Mary who loves
everybody and loves to be on the move.

And there's another point I must bring
out to stress the workings of fate. Sandra
actually fought against returning to Rome
for the "Come September" picture until
the last possible moment. She had spent
long weeks in Italy making "Romanoft
and Juliet" and all she wanted now was to
stay in Beverly Hills and enjoy her new
beautiful home. Only a day or two before
leaving she'd telephoned me to say how
she hoped for a last-minute reprieve. "I'm
talking to Ross about it," she said, mean-
ing, of course, producer Ross Hunter who
discovered her at 14 when she was a suc-
cessful model in New York.

In the end, she went. (And was never to
return to that house as Sandra Dee.)

Sandra . . . a new person

Once the picture started, though, Sandra
became a new person. There were ten or
so young people working in the film, and
Sandra became friendly with them—to
Mary's delight. They would all congregate
between scenes laughing and talking.

All that is, except one character called
Bobby Darin who kept strictly to himself.
He'd sit off in a corner strumming his
guitar and paying no mind to anyone.

Finally Mary began to feel sorry for him
and going over said, "Bobby, why don't
you join the young people? They seem to
be having fun." Of course, Mary, playing
it all by ear, had no idea that Bobby, back
in the States, had sat through several
movies, watching a lovely young blond
charmer on the screen called Sandra Dee,
and said to himself and others, "That's
the girl I'm going to marry."

But he gave no indication of any marked
interest in Sandy when he met her in Rome
for the first time. In fact, there seemed to
be a spark of antagonism between them
and Mary felt sorry about it. And sorry for
Bobby Darin who seemed to be very much
alone.

In the end, she asked him and his
brother-in-law Charles Mafia up to the suite
for a drink. And the die was cast. Bobby
took to dropping in almost every day, often
taking Mary and a few friends—including
Sandra at times—to dinner. Sandra and
Bobby were still at odds, and it seemed
sometimes that Sandra resented his pres-
ence in their suite. They snapped and
bickered for the three months they worked
on that picture, with Mary trying to act
as peacemaker.

And then it happened. Barely three
weeks before the completion of the film,
Sandra, in a new black frock, walked into
the living room of her suite ready to go to
dinner with a friend. Bobby was there.

"Have dinner with me," he said abruptly.
Sandra slowly turned and looked at him.
There was that in his voice that spoke
with authority, almost a command. She
looked at him for a long, fascinated min-
ute while Mary buzzed around with hap-
piness.

"Oh, go, Sandra, go," she pleaded.
Sandra looked at her mother and the wait-
ing friend.

"Just the two of us," Bobby said. And
while Mary fairly danced with pleasure
that at last these two could be friends,
Sandra walked out that door with Bobby
and out of Mary's intimate life.

Bobby's champion

I think, and I'm surmising, that part of
the hurt in Mary's heart during the events
that followed so rapidly, was due to the
fact that she had so wholeheartedly liked
Bobby, despite differences of opinions
of others on that picture. Mary was his
champion. In fact, she wrote me several
times about Bobby, his wit, his appeal, his
talent. "He's an intelligent boy, too," she
wrote. "I do want you to meet him when
we return."

So contrary to what people say, Mary
Mary was happy

Mary claims she became reconciled to Sandra's engagement despite the fact she and Bobby had known each other well for only a matter of weeks. How could she help but be happy for Sandra whose happiness stood out like a shooting star? The brightness of it was almost blinding, and the joy of it infectious.

"You're engaged and in love," Mary told Sandra. "Enjoy it for a while. It's the most wonderful period of your life." But underneath there was a feeling of disquietude. Would they wait for Sandra's new film "Tammy Tell Me True" to be finished? Would Sandra walk down that church aisle in flowing white as her mother pictured?

All these thoughts troubled her. For the first time in her life, I think Mary must have felt shut out from her daughter's life.
Her mind must have gone back through the years to the time Sandra was three and Mary was holding down two jobs to support them. She would take Sandra with her each day on the daytime job and each noon hour run across the street to pick up Sandra's lunch at the restaurant. "Don't cross the street, honey," she'd call out to Sandy waiting at the curb, "I won't, Mama," Sandra would say, "I won't cross the street."

So now, Mary suddenly realized, Sandra had crossed the street and it was Mary who couldn't cross back. Sentimental, perhaps, and maybe silly, but remember, this is the way of mothers.

It's the blood test, I think, that finally brought things to a head. Sandra hadn't mentioned that she and Bobby had undergone the steps necessary for taking out a marriage license.

Mary hadn't been told. She, I found out, had learned it through another. And in a blind panic of hurt, bewilderment, confusion and helplessness, Mary fled. She had to be alone to think things out. To know what to do and where to turn. She realized now Bobby would never wait.

For twenty-four hours she sat alone in a small motel near Philadelphia and went through her own personal agony quite alone. And when it was over, Mary had found herself and knew that nothing in this world, neither hurt, nor loneliness, nor thoughts of self, were matters of the least importance.

What mattered was Sandra's happiness.

She missed the wedding that took place at three o'clock in the morning in the home of one of Bobby's friends with Bobby's family in attendance. But that, too, was past into the past. She simply hadn't known about it nor dreamed that in her twenty-four hours absence the wedding would take place.

The home they shared

I imagine it was murder for Mary to walk into the bright house she'd shared with Sandra in Hollywood. The two so closely knit in work and affection. But today Mary's many friends have rallied round, her open-house receptions are jammed with admiring friends, her few social gatherings find her the life of the party. Her bright smile that flashes so suddenly, her wonderful hospitality, her outgoing nature enchants everyone. She's truly a charming woman.

We talked at length about a job, Evelyn. And Mary is eager to launch herself on her own in the business world. Occasionally a word slips out about her earnings. "Sandra was here today," she will say, "and watched her go down the hill in her new white car as far as I could glimpse her."

Or she'll say, "Sandra began her new picture, 'Tammy Tell Me True.' Today it's the first time I haven't been with her on a picture, you know." And then her smile will flash to hide the hidden disappointment and she'll say, "Let's have a good time here, I say, "and I'll be busy herself in the kitchen. And if she hears the song "Mack the Knife" coming from the radio, she gives no sign.

A long single yellow rose in a crystal bud vase was delivered to Sandra on the day "Tammy began. The card read, "All My Love, Mother." Sandra read the card carefully. "I'm going to call her right now," she said, "and tell her to come." Then she waited.

In fact, the day I was visiting Mary we brought the bride into our little circle by way of the telephone, with Mary and me chatting away on one end, Sandra on the other. "What are you doing?" I asked. "Cooking," Sandra said, and we both broke out into hysterical laughter, Sandra cooking!

Sandy and Bobby are in "Come September" for U-L. Sandy is also in U-L's "Tammy Tell Me True" and "Romanoff and Juliet." Bobby's also in "Pepe" for Columbia.

THREE LITTLE WORDS

Continued from page 66

all the other girls he'd met, Bob held back.

He knew the one thing he didn't want was another mistake. He'd made two painful ones already.

He'd been just twenty-one, still at UCLA, when he married Mary Katherine Joe. For almost six years, it was a good marriage. Bob finished school and, burning with ambition, began to get his career underway. The night he came home with an invitation to a big Hollywood party, he acted like someone who'd finally grabbed the brass ring on a merry-go-round.

"Get yourself a new dress," he said, waving the invitation triumphantly at Mary, "We're going to meet the biggest people in town."

At the party, at the very moment he'd be shaking hands for the first time with people he'd admired all his life—knowing that they really liked and accepted him—he would glance toward the corner of the room and see Mary, shy and retiring, and suddenly the whole evening fell flat. It was the first of many such evenings.

When other people weren't around, Bob and Mary were happy. But out in the world where Bob felt he had to find his way, their marriage felt apart. One day Mary even quit her job as a script reader for Columbia to become a waitress in a Hollywood ice cream parlor. "Why?" Bob asked her. "Why?" She told him on the new job she wouldn't have any responsibility. He tried to stop her from crawling into a shell. She had good looks and a good mind, he reassured her, and shouldn't
When Bob married again, he felt that he had learned enough from his first marriage to make it work the second time. He and Barbara Ruick were playing gay, romantic roles together at M-G-M, and one day in 1953—just like a scene out of one of their movies—they eloped. Everyone thought it was a perfect romance and, for a while, it was.

The first sign of trouble came when Bob's career cooled and Barbara's got hot. Out of a job, Bob stayed home and kept house while Barbara earned the money for the groceries.

"I think you're beginning to take me for granted as a housekeeper," Bob said one day, only half joking.

Barbara looked up from the dress she was ironing. "Well," she answered, "it's too bad you don't know how to iron, too."

She was late for work and she'd spoken too quickly, without thinking. But the damage was done.

"From Barbara's standpoint," Bob said later, "I did let her down. There I was, turned into a housekeeper instead of the secure, promising actor she'd married. A husband and wife should be proud of each other—dressed up or messed up—and if they can't be proud, there's something very wrong between them."

They were divorced in 1956.

What was wrong?

Bob couldn't be blamed if, after that, he was a cagey bachelor. You never know a girl till you marry her. He knew that was true now and he also knew that by the time you did, it was too late. He had been burned twice. What was wrong? Both girls he'd married had been nice girls. Wonderful girls. Maybe it was marriage itself that was wrong.

Maybe there was safety in numbers. Lots of girls could sing you, but only one girl—only love—could burn you. So he dated sweet girls, exciting girls, tall girls and short girls, but where there was something wrong. Usually the trouble was—the girl wanted to marry him.

It happened often. Variations on the same trick. His phone would ring and he'd hear a soft voice (Sue or Anne or Ruth or Priscilla) ask, "Bob, did I leave my compact in your car?" When he went to look, the compact was always there. He was positive she'd left it there on purpose, trying to get him to ask her out again. But Bob wouldn't bite. If a girl forgot her compact or her comb or her gloves, he'd send them back by mail. And that was that!

But with Marilyn, it was different. There was something about her that first day on the bare stage in Warren, Ohio—she looked so pretty, she seemed so helpless—that made him want to go over and put his arms around her. But the part of him that was always suspicious of girls, that made him alert for their wiles and tricks, said, "Stay away from her. It's all an act. She's trying to make me feel sympathetic."

If it was an act on Marilyn's part, it was a good act. Throughout the run of the show in Ohio, she seemed to be under a terrible strain—and helpless to do anything about it. But Bob kept his distance. Then it was goodbye. They met again briefly in Detroit to do the show again a few weeks later, and then goodbye once more.

But the next time they met, some time later, Bob found out the truth about Marilyn, what was really the matter with her. It hadn't been an act. The trouble with Marilyn Bradley was that she was married!

During those weeks in Ohio and Detroit, she was keeping her problems to herself, trying desperately to save her marriage. But now she and her husband had separated completely, and were going to get a divorce. She was still very pretty, but that tense, helpless look had gone.

Shortly after that, Bob finished a smash Christmas engagement at the London Palladium and was looking forward to a fabulous weekend in Paris to celebrate. But at the last minute he hopped onto a plane going in another direction—to New York—where he spent New Year's Eve with Marilyn. It was lovely, but not love. Not yet.

When Marilyn arrived in California and they began to date, he was puzzled. He'd take her to a football game or dancing or on a long moonlight drive along the coast. Afterward, he'd think, "Here we go again." He'd search the car.

But Marilyn didn't follow the pattern he expected. She never lost her compact. If he didn't find her, she didn't call him. If he invited her over for a barbecue, she could be there all day without suggesting that the couch in the living room would look better against the other wall.

If they were sitting around quietly watching TV, she never once said, "Just like married folks."

She left the pursuing up to him—and so he pursued.

Bob began to feel the joys of bachelor life were really not so joyous after all. He counted up his freedoms and found there were lots he could do without: the freedom to dress up and drag a date to a noisy bash when you were tired and would rather watch TV . . . the freedom to be lonely at the very moment you needed someone with whom to share a joy or sorrow . . . the freedom to skim just the surface of life. He had to admit being a bachelor wasn't so great. Neither is marriage, he'd quickly remind himself. He wasn't giving up without a struggle.

Just in time

And then, just in time, he found something wrong with Marilyn.

She learned to drive a car. He had to admit, she got pretty good at it. In fact, even when she wasn't behind the wheel, she was driving.
Bob was at the wheel, driving across town with Marilynn to the CocoaNunt Grove in the Ambassador Hotel.

"Look out for that car," she told him.

He looked out.

"There's a stop sign."

He stopped.

"You have the green light now."

He went ahead. But he wasn't happy.

By some minor miracle, they found a parking spot right in front of the Ambassador. Bob pulled up near it, put the car in neutral and turned to Marilynn. "Okay," he said grumpily, "you drove the car all the way down here. Now you park it!"

He got out of the car, slammed the door and, without a backward look, walked into the hotel.

It was the first time Marilynn had ever grappled with the problems of parallel parking. For half an hour, she edged the car back and forth, in and out. The car in front seemed to be creeping toward her, the space seemed to get smaller. The curb kept moving in and out, bumping against the wheels. She was getting flustered and a little panicky. But she was stubborn.

Bob, waiting for her in the hotel lobby, began to feel sorry about the way he'd acted. After thirty minutes, he began to get worried about Marilynn, too. He walked back out of the hotel to look for her.

He found her behind the wheel, looking pleased. The car was parked. "You did it!" he shouted. A man, passing by, turned to stare at him, but he didn't care. He was so proud of Marilynn, he forgot all about being angry. She didn't remind him.

She gave up back-seat driving on the road. Instead, she took it up in the sky.

Bob was piloting his own plane, following Route 66, when he lost the guiding ribbon of the road. Marilynn unfolded a huge map and offered to help. This time, Bob knew he couldn't ask her to park when they finally arrived. "If you're going to drive the plane from the back seat, too," he said instead, "you better learn how to drive it from the front."

She agreed. She went to ground school and learned navigation.

She was quite a girl. Bob had to admit it. Even when, finally, he managed to find something wrong with her, like her back seat driving, it turned out it didn't really matter. They could both laugh about it. He could feel himself weakening. Marriage didn't work before, though, he reminded himself, why should it work now?

Marilynn had the answer, of course, but she wasn't telling.

Three little words

Not long after, Bob decided to move out of his small cottage. He looked around and found a bigger house he thought he might like in the old rolling hills that rim the San Fernando Valley.

He drove out one day to show it to Marilynn and his business advisor.

His advisor looked it over. "It's a good house for you," he said. They walked in and he sized up the possibilities of the spacious living room. "You can entertain the top people in the industry here," he said. "They'll be impressed."

Then Marilynn came in. She stopped to pick an armful of roses from the bushes that edged the entrance to the garden.

She looked around. The afternoon sunlight slanted through the windows. "It's a good house for you," she said thoughtfully, "you'll be comfortable here."

She pointed to a raised platform at the end of the room. "It's just right for a piano," she said, "... for when your old friends come over. You know how they like to sing around a piano."

Bob smiled at her, gratefully. It was so like her. Nothing about impressing people, about using the house to help his career. She'd looked at it and thought about his comfort, about whether it would be right for his kind of life, for his friends.

To Bob, it suddenly seemed like a big house for just one person.

"You'll be comfortable here," she said.

He nodded. To himself, he thought, "I'll be lonely here."

For the first time, he wished she'd said no. He tried it out in his mind. "If we'll be comfortable here."

That sounded better.

But when they'd dropped off his business advisor and he and Marilynn were alone, that's not what he said.

Instead, he said just three little words.

—Vi Swisher

Be sure to see Bob in "Wagon Train" on NBC-TV, Wednesdays at 7:30 P.M. EST.

Watch TRUE STORY

on your NBC-affiliated television station on Saturdays

See your local paper for time and station. Exciting stories of actual events and people, straight from the files of TRUE STORY Magazine—narrated by Kathi Norris.

And don't miss "COURAGE IN KNEE SOCKS," the deeply moving story of children and integration . . .

In April TRUE STORY Magazine
The Woman's Guide to Better Living
Buy Your Copy Today Wherever Magazines Are Sold
the fortune teller had told her, wasn’t it?

She had always believed in fortune tellers. As far back as she could remember.

She had heard from the amah about the wise old men who just from looking at your palm could predict your future.

The first time she saw one was when they were living in China.

Her parents had been divorced and she had a new mother, Nan. Sometimes, after school, Nan would take her and her stepsister, Betty, shopping. She loved the shops with their counters piled high with bolts of brilliantly colored silks and long rows of shiny straw sandals. Afterwards, Nan would take them to one of the foodstalls and let them choose whatever they wanted.

One warm day in 1947, soon after her eighth birthday, she was standing at one of the stalls, eating sesame seeds and waiting for Nan to finish her shopping, when suddenly her amah whispered.

“Look,” she said. “Over there. That’s the fortune teller. He’s the one who told my sister about her new baby.”

She hadn’t expected him to look like that, so old and wrinkled and with a long white beard. Half-hidden behind the stall, she stared for a long time, then turned and tugged at her amah’s skirt.

“I want to see him,” she said. But then, when she was standing before him, she became so shy that all she could do was look down at her bright-blue quilted trousers.

Impatiently, her amah gave her a little push and she looked up. Timidly she put out her hand.

He turned up the palm and held it close to his eyes. He didn’t talk for a long time, then began in a voice so quavery that she had to bend her head very low in order to hear him.

The prophecy

He told her all sorts of things about herself, things that only her family could know. And then he told her the most wonderful thing of all.

“When you are older, you will appear on a big stage,” he said, his long, thin finger tracing a line on her palm. “You will dance and people will applaud. You will be rich and famous. And,” he added, “you will travel, far away, over the water, to America.”

When he finished, she asked how she would know when she had arrived, but he only smiled and said, “When the fortune teller has predicted your future, you will have arrived.”

Within two days, all the girls at Maryknoll Convent where she went to school knew that Nancy Ka Shen Kwan was going to be a dancer. At home, she talked about it constantly and when her great-uncle came to visit, she hurried to tell him.

He smiled and said: “So you are telling me someday you will be on the big screen in one of your cartoons.”

Her uncle owned most of the movie houses in Hong Kong, and after that he often took her and her cousins to see a film. As a special treat, they went to one of the studios where a movie was being made. As she watched, she vowed to become an actress and that night, when she finally fell asleep, she dreamed she was dancing on the screen and all her cousins were in the audience applauding her.

Early the next morning while everyone else was still sleeping she was up practicing her ballet steps, and long before it was time to leave with Betty for her dancing class, she was ready, her slippers clutched in her hands.

Her teachers said she was a good dancer and when she was thirteen and it was time to go to boarding school in England, her father selected Kingsmoor, a school in Gloucester that offered excellent ballet instruction. After graduation, she went on to the Royal Ballet School in London.

She loved her work with the Royal Ballet but after four years she grew homesick for Hong Kong and went home, forever, she thought. She had just about decided to open a ballet school there when she read in the newspaper that Ray Stark was in Hong Kong looking for a Chinese girl to play in the movie, “The World of Suzie Wong.”

Quickly, without giving herself time to change her mind, she mailed him a photograph of herself. She couldn’t explain why she did it because she had never done any acting in her whole life. But somehow, every time that visit to the fortune teller twelve years before, she had known that someday this would happen to her.

She didn’t tell that to anyone, though. She remembered how her English friends had teased her when she said: “I won’t walk under ladders, hate to spill salt and just dread the arrival of Friday the thirteenth. I’m very superstitious,” she admitted, and on the afternoon before she had an appointment with Mr. Stark, she took the ferry across the bay to Kowloon to visit a well-known fortune teller.

“The part is yours”

She told him about the movie and he answered simply: “The part is yours. You will leave for America in less than one month.”

The next day she took her test. It was bad. Even she knew it. But, when Mr. Stark said they needed someone with more acting experience, she almost cried. “The fortune teller was so sure,” she kept repeating to herself during the rest of the interview. Then, at the end, just as she was about to leave, Mr. Stark stopped her and said he thought she had talent and if she were willing to leave immediately for Hollywood and take acting lessons there, he would give her another chance.

In a few days she was on her way to America, just as the fortune teller had predicted. “Everything else will turn out exactly as he had said, too,” she thought. “So stop worrying, for goodness’ sake,” and she moved restlessly in her seat, anxious for the plane to land, impatient to see Hollywood at last.

She had read so much about it, about all the stars, Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman and Elizabeth Taylor, especially. They were her favorites and now, finally, she was
HAD; | maybe | would
NAME— | NEW

The Glamorous Lady in Hollywood, as seen by Siroil Laboratories.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be a life-changing condition, but with Siroil Laboratories, you can find relief.

Psoriasis can be embarrassing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Psoriasis can be very distressing, but Siroil Laboratories offers a solution with their Skin Softener.

Write today for your free booklet and see how Siroil Laboratories can help you with your skin problems.

Siroil Laboratories, Inc.
9463 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
He's a bit old-fashioned and thinks Suzie is not a very nice girl," she said.

She didn't have to worry. Her father was so proud of her that he came to watch her
the shooting almost every day, and on her birthday she gave a surprise party on the set with champagne and a gigantic birthday cake. When Nancy cut into the cake, twenty-one pigeons, one for each year, flew out.

He was more enthusiastic about her performance than Nancy was. "It's a small picture," she said after it was completed, "very important, but not too bad in general. But I'm lousy in it," she said, watching out of the corner of her eye for a reaction. "Of course, I've only seen it twice and I think I get better each time."

And that's all she would say about herself as Suzie Wong. When questions got too personal, she would cite one of the many Chinese proverbs she knows. Her favorites are: "Beauty does not ensnare men, they ensnare themselves" and "A good drum does not require a hard beating."

She's outspoken.

She refuses to beat her own drum, but she's outspoken about other people, particularly Marlon Brando who had been one of her movie heroes.

"I have no desire to meet him," she said. "I've heard he goes for Oriental girls but it doesn't seem to me he'd be anyone I'd care to know. He's a very good actor, though," she added.

Soon after, Brando was asked to escort her to the movie's premiere at Hollywood's Grauman's Theater and refused. It might have been out of loyalty to France Nuyen, who supposedly had overeaten after an argument with him and lost the role of

Suzie Wong, giving Nancy her big break.

He also refused to escort Nancy to the big party Ray Stark gave to introduce her to Hollywood. The biggest stars were invited and it should have seemed like a dream-come-true for Nancy. But she didn't appear the least impressed.

Tom Tryon, the young actor who took her to the party, left early, alone and angry. Hollywood, it seemed, felt Nancy was playing her success just a little too cool and sophisticated. But when she heard this, Nancy looked surprised. "I love this place," she said. "It's been so warm and welcoming and wonderful. I'm planning to live here."

She has taken an apartment in Beverly Hills, even though she'll be travelling back to "Man of Her Own" and "Flower Drum Song," and is furnishing it herself—modern without the slightest oriental influence. She's fallen in love with American clothes, American cars and American men. "They're so sexy," she says. "Chinese men are more subtle," but refuses to discuss her dates with Hugh O'Brian and Jack Ryland, a young actor who was also in the "Suzie Wong" show.

One day at luncheon, she was asked if she planned to marry either of them and answered firmly, "I am not in love with anyone and have no plans to marry." She paused a minute. "Besides, I'm not going to fall in love for another year. You see," she explained, "that's what the fortune teller told me."

Suddenly, she leaned forward and asked in a low voice, "Do you know a good fortune teller in Hollywood? I want to know what's going to happen next, for goodness' sake."

—G. Divas

Be sure to see Nancy as Suzie in "The World of Suzie Wong" for Paramount.

CLARK GABLE'S SECRET

Continued from page 36

buried. As they left the funeral, all she felt was emptiness as the limousine threaded its way slowly and carefully through the streets headed toward Encino, heading for the house without Clark....

She'd been married twice before when she first met Clark. She thought he was a surprising mixture of shyness and toughness, of self-consciousness and of concern for others, a man for whom words didn't come easy.

She never mustered enough courage to ask him: What's the matter? What's bothering you? You just couldn't do this with Clark. Some people said he'd built a high wall around his present feelings—and his past.

There was the theory—by people who didn't know him, and by some who did—that he had never gotten over his love for his late wife, Carole Lombard.

There was hardly a person in Hollywood who didn't have some story, some anec-
dote, some memory to relate about Clark and Carole. Their love, their marriage and their tragedy had become a real legend.

Their first meeting.

Clark first met Carole in 1932 when she was his leading lady in "Man of Her Own." She was twenty-three, slender (her best friends called her "skinny"), frail, knock-kneed, with two small but noticeable scars on her face, the aftermath of a car accident. She'd had a nervous breakdown just before starting the picture with Clark, and somehow her pain seemed to bring a beauty to her, a quality to her magnificent flashing eyes and a sauciness and zestiness that was irresistible. Whatever Clark felt, he never said, for at that time Carole was married to William Powell; and he was married to his second wife, wealthy Maria Langham.

It was not until three years later, when they met again at a dance, that they found things had changed. Carole was divorced, and Clark's marriage had ended. A property settlement was all that was holding up his own divorce.

So they danced together—perfectly, as if they'd been in each other's arms since time began. But some time during the evening she said something—or maybe he said something—and wham! The sparks flew. Her ladylike voice let loose with some most unladylike words, and a minut-
ite later she flounced off the floor and out
This is one of the last pictures of Clark and his third wife, Carole Lombard.

of the hall, leaving him alone in the middle of the room, red-faced from anger and embarrassment.

The next morning, at an unearthy early hour, there was a knock at Clark Gable's door. There stood a messenger boy, and in his hands was a peace offering from Carole, a crate of doves. Months later there were doves all over—marking the many times they quarreled and the many times Carole had made up. When he asked her to marry him—one month after his divorce became final—he said it was only because there wasn't room in his place for any more doves. On March 29, 1939, he packed her into his white roadster and drove 750 miles to Kingman, Arizona, where they were married. She brought along a wedding cake in a perforated hatbox ("I don't want it to get stale"), and when he opened it at their wedding supper, two doves flew out and fluttered around the room.

Because she loved him

They returned to Hollywood—so he had to be back to make "Gone With the Wind"—and bought a 21-acre ranch in Encino. For months they didn't go near a nightclub. Glamorous, sophisticated Carole got up before dawn to help feed the livestock; she learned to milk cows and pitch hay; she cooked lunch for her husband and brought it to him out in the fields where he was running the tractor; she found out how to hunt and shoot, how to tramp through the underbrush, how to spend the night on the side of a mountain in a sleeping bag. And glamorous, sophisticated Carole loved every minute of it because she loved Clark and he loved her.

One afternoon Carole left the ranch and drove to the set where Clark was making a new picture. His leading lady in the film had announced to everyone within earshot that she was going to add Clark to her list. Clark and this actress were in the middle of a scene when Carole strode briskly out in front of the grinding cameras. Without breaking stride, she planted a swift kick on the actress's back, midway between the shoulders and the knees. Then she announced to the director, "Either that (five-letter word) leaves the picture or Gable doesn't work." Hand-in-hand, she and her husband left the set.

Clark didn't say a word until they got to the ranch. There Carole started sounding off again.

Suddenly, she felt powerful fingers lock tightly around both her wrists. She was jerked to her feet violently and found herself looking into Clark's eyes, eyes that were as cold as ice.

"Listen, Ma," he said in a voice as icy as his eyes, "if there's any cussing to do in this family, I'm man enough to do it myself.

She hid her face against his chest and began to weep. Gently he loosened his grip from her wrists, and stroked her blond, shining hair. "Everything all right now?" he asked. "But promise me . . ."

"Anything," she whispered.

"Please . . . no doves!"

The day after Pearl Harbor, Carole and Clark offered their services in aiding the war effort to President Roosevelt. He replied that the best way they could serve was to do just what they were doing, entertaining.

Clark started making a new picture and Carole volunteered to help sell war bonds around the country. Just before she left to launch the drive in her home state, Indiana, they had a spat. The limousine came ahead of schedule to take her to the airport, so they didn't have time to really make up.

"I wish you'd come too, Pappy," she called over her shoulder.

"Otto'll be with you—and your mother, so I won't worry," he shouted.

As the limousine pulled away, she made flapping signs through the window with her hands. First he thought she was imitating an airplane, and then he laughed as he realized she was pretending to be a dove.

Waiting at home

On January 16, 1942, he received a telegram telling him she was on her way home. At the end of the wire she added, "Hey, Pappy, you better join this man's army."

Carole was coming home! Clark arranged for a car and chauffeur from the studio to meet her at the airport. There'd be a mob scene if he went there in person.

He helped Martin, who'd been with him for years, set the table. He went out to the garden and cut flowers—roses from the brush that planted herself, and set the table with roses and tall candles and built a huge fire with fragrant pine cones in the fireplace. And he waited . . .

But Carole did not come. The sound of a car door shutting, then Eddie Mannix, the producer and his personal friend, stood in the doorway instead. The color drained out of Clark's face. He knew before Eddie uttered a word. "Eddie, Clark's plane is down in the mountains. We're going up there. You want to come?" Eddie asked.

They flew to Las Vegas and arrived in time to join a sheriff's posse that was making plans to go up the mountain. As they entered the sheriff's office, he was bent over a map, tracing out a route. "I'll be easy to find," he said. "You can see the flames . . . plane's on fire."

At that moment he looked up and saw Clark. "Got someone on that plane you're interested in?" he asked.

"Yes," Clark answered quietly, "my wife."

He waited now, slumped down heavily next to his friend Spencer Tracy, who'd flown up to be with him.

When they brought the bodies down, Clark rushed forward like a madman towards the silent forms. Eddie Mannix, who had torn his feet ascending and descending the rocky, snow-covered slope, tried to stop him.

"No," he said, "Don't, Clark . . . for her sake, you mustn't."

But Clark pushed past him. "I have to see her . . . I have to."

He looked. For a long time. Then he buried his face in his hands. Yet he could not cry.

When Carole was buried five days later in a crypt at Forest Lawn Cemetery, he still could not cry.

He enlisted

He managed to finish "Somewhere I'll Find You," the picture he was making at Carole's death. His co-star, Lana Turner, said, "I've never known anyone to suffer so much." And the picture over, he heeded Carole's last request and joined "this man's army," enlisting as a private. While flying bombing missions over Germany, he wore a chain around his neck. Attached to it was a small box in which were Carole's jeweled ear-clips. They'd found them up on the mountain beside her body.

Kay never knew if this story had anything to do with what happened next, but one night, just about a year after they had started seeing each other, he asked Kay to drive him to the airport—he was going on leave for "Homecoming." She kissed him goodbye. He kissed her. Then the plane took off.

She did not hear from him—or see him again—for ten years. He just walked completely out of her life.

In 1953, he walked back into her life as abruptly as he had left. Both of them had changed. She'd been married to Adolph Zukors. He'd been married to Eddie Mannix, and they'd borne him two children, Bunker and Joanie. He'd been married to Lady Sylvia Ashley. Both their marriages had ended in divorce.

Not long after that in the garden at his ranch in Encino, amidst the roses Carole had planted, he asked her the question she'd waited ten years to hear. "You made this such a happy home for me," he said. It was just a few weeks before his death, and he was talking to a reporter. "She made such a happy life for me. Far more than I deserve. And now—this child. Her courage—with that heart she's got—she wants to do this for me. It's far, far more than I deserve."

Today, Clark Gable is buried at Forest Lawn Cemetery, his request, next to his first wife, Carole Lombard. His secret was a simple one—he loved two women deeply in his lifetime. Two different women. It took him ten years after he met Kay to accept the past, but when he came back, he knew he loved her—Kay was not another Carole. She was Kay Gable and he loved her—for herself. —Jim Hoffman
MAX FACTOR'S
NO SHINE LIPSTICKS

FOR THE SOFT NEW LOOK OF SPRING FASHION

6 VIBRANT SHADES

The softest look for lips since Eve first smiled at Adam! Max Factor makes this Spring different from any other with a completely new excitement for lips... the fabulous new muted look of matte-finish pastels in a creamy formula just handed down from Cloud 9 that forecasts:

NO SHINE TODAY!

The glossy look is gone with the winter wind... and the perfect mates to the clear, sweet colors of Spring are these six vibrant California pastels—drenched with sun, filled with natural light, far from yesterday’s painted-on look. Meant to accent the color-bright tones of Spring fashion—yet so soft, so individual, so very feminine, you’ll feel that the glow came into your life when the shine went out!

LILAC PASTEL APRICOT PASTEL HONEY PASTEL PINK PASTEL PEACH PASTEL STRAWBERRY PASTEL

MAX FACTOR
A youthful radiance your skin can have, too...

That Ivory Look

You’ll love being an Ivory girl... love how easy it is to have skin with this fresh, soft bloom. You see, the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your complexion... and Ivory Soap is gentle enough for even a baby’s skin. 99\% pure. Mildness itself for your daily complexion care. More doctors advise Ivory for babies’ skin, and yours, than any other soap.
COOP: Marilyn Monroe's secret marriage plans

AT LAST- SANDRA DEE BREAKS THE SILENCE

bride
Debbie Reynolds
That Ivory Look

...a charming young freshness your skin can have so easily!

Why can Ivory Soap promise this little-girl loveliness for your complexion? Because it's so mild. Mildness smooths and silkins...and Ivory is gentle enough for a baby's skin, 99\(\frac{4}{100}\)% pure. Just be sure to use Ivory daily. More doctors advise it for babies’ skin, and yours, than any other soap.
Donald Brooks’ dreams begin with a *maidenform* girdle

**the dream of a dress:**
black-on-white proof by Donald Brooks that opposites attract. Here-and-now fashion: The dark-at-the-top-of-the-skirt covers a multitude of virtues; the prim-proper pleats swing free and easy. Behind-the-scenes influence: the Maidenform girdle!

**the dream of a girdle:**
Friskee* by Maidenform—a full-of-promise under-study with firming front panel. Made of light-fantastic elastic (130% up-and-down stretchability). Guaranteed machine washable. Friskee shown, 6.50, black & white. Four other styles to choose from.
Marilyn Monroe
DON MURRAY and
DOLORES MICHAELS
SANDRA DEE and
BOBBY DARIN
DEBBIE REYNOLDS

EXCLUSIVES
27 Marilyn’s Secret Marriage Plans by Bob Dean
32 Never Fall in Love With a Married Man by Julia Carbin
34 At Last—Sandra Breaks the Silence by Marcia Borie
52 The Bride—Her Private Life as told to Jane Ardmore

SPECIAL—7-PAGE TRAVEL SECTION
60 Adventures in Hollywood
62 Look Your Best
64 Don’t Miss Anything
66 What to See

ARTICLES
18 The Girl Elvis Tries to Hide by Cal York
30 We Fill in the Pieces by Rose Perberg
38 Hidden Mike Party by Dion
44 Brenda, Guess What Dion Thinks of You? by Dion
46 Unguarded Moment
50 The Saddest Love Story of All by Chuck Roseng
54 Announcing His Engagement by Dean Goulsby
56 When’s the Marriage? by Todd Rowland
68 Visiting Day at the Peter Folks’ by Charles Moran
70 It Was a Tough Fight, Folks... But I Lost! by Jim Hoffman
86 A Wedding Present

BONUS Gossip Section
16 That’s Hollywood For You
20 Inside Stuff
26 Last Minute News Flash

NEWS and Reviews and Departments
Cost of Current Pictures
Now Playing
Your Monthly Ballot
Your Handwriting
Go Out to a Movie
Needlework
Monthly Record

EVELYN PAIN, Editor
CLAIRE SAFFRON, Managing Editor

VIVIAN SENSE, Assistant to Editor
ROSE ENGELBRETH, Associate Editor
CAROL IRONS, Associate Editor
KATE PALUMBO, Fashion Editor
KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, Art Director
SARA HAMILTON, West Coast Editor

JUNE CLARK, Beauty Editor
ROGER MARSHULTZ, Staff Photographeer
MARGARET CARROLL, Associate Art Director
ANN BARKER, MARIA BORIE, Contributing Editors

Your June issue will be on sale at your newsstand on May 4th

Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Copyright 1961 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. All rights reserved. Published by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice-President. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1899 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Gallor Printing Company. Member of True Story Women’s Group.
For that memorable moment...

remember beauty begins with TEN-O-SIX

Beauty begins with a clean, clear, protected complexion.

TEN-O-SIX Lotion cleanses immaculately, deeply ... helps clear skin blemishes with healing medication, soothes with emollients. The TEN-O-SIX formula, originally a doctor's prescription, duplicates nature's normal skin balance—to reduce oiliness or relieve dryness. Protects for hours against blemish-causing bacteria.

TEN-O-SIX Lotion is the one cleansing and corrective cosmetic that helps your skin to complete natural beauty. Remember TEN-O-SIX twice daily.

*plus tax
**Readers Inc.**

**BE A PEN PAL**

Find a new and exciting friend
JUST FOR YOU listed below.

![Image of a girl reading a book]

**SPORTS LOVERS**

Max Eichler—22 yrs.
Bab-Homayoun Street
Zandian’s Shop, No. 101
Tehran, Iran

Melvyn Wann—11 yrs.
222 Hemlock Avenue
Baltimore 14, Maryland

Sandra Langley—16 yrs.
44 Sirda Road
Wood-Green, London, N. 22, England

Dennis Horzenak—12 yrs.
2113 N. 43 Terrace
Kansas City, Kansas

Johri Oshman—11 yrs.
Box 2
Port Savacci, Texas

**COIN COLLECTOR**

Kathy Moore—12 yrs.
Box 611
Fort Benton, Montana

**DIGS MUSIC**

Teddy Cassetty—17 yrs.
Route #1
Woodburn, Kentucky

Alice Peterson—17 yrs.
RR #3
Three Rivers, Michigan

**CALLING ALL FANS**

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

Elvis Presley Golden Platters: Joan Zeleny, Route #20, Perry, Ohio

George Maharis: Joan Petersen, 31 Summit Lane, Levittown, N.Y.

David Nelson: Peggy Fairchild, 4825 Charlotte St., Columbia, S.C.

Bobby Rydell: Nan Etta Barnard, Route #31, Box 293, Reidsville, N.C.

Anthony Hall: Susan Dunn, 16C’2 30th N.E., Seattle 55, Wash.

Roger Smith: Joyce Velnicke, 2236 W. Morgan, Milwaukee, Wis.

Please turn the page

**WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?**

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

**ACTOR:**

1. ............................

2. ............................

3. ............................

4. ............................

**ACTRESS:**

1. ............................

2. ............................

3. ............................

4. ............................

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are 1. ............................

2. ............................

3. ............................

4. ............................

Name. ................................... Age .........

Address .......................................

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader’s Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your favorites.
Your Key to Popularity

Are you shy...timid
...afraid to meet and
talk with people? If so,
here's good news for you!
For Elsa Maxwell, the fa-
mous hostess to world
celebrities, has written a
book packed solid with
ways to develop poise and
self-confidence.

This wonderful book en-
titled, Elsa Maxwell's Etiquette Book
contains the answers to all your every-
day social problems. By following the
suggestions given in this book you know
exactly how to conduct yourself on every
occasion. Once you are completely fa-
miliar with the rules of manners
you immediately lose your shyness
and you become your true, radiant self.

Win New Respect

Win new esteem and respect from your
friends—men and women alike. Take
less than five minutes a day. Read one
chapter in this helpful etiquette book
in your spare time. In a very short pe-
riod you will find yourself with more
self-confidence than you ever dreamed
you would have. You will experience
the wonderful feeling of being looked up
to and admired.

Go Places—With Good Manners

Good manners are one of the greatest
personal assets you can possess. Good
jobs, new friends, romance, and the
chance to influence people can be won
with good manners. Ladies and gentle-
men are always welcome...anywhere.
The encouraging thing about good man-
ners is that anyone who can possess them.

A Gay, Entertaining Book

Elsa Maxwell's book is different from
the usual dry-as-dust etiquette volume.
It's gay! It's up-to-date! It's just chock-
full of the type of information you can
put to immediate use. It brings you
a thorough social education, that will en-
able you to live a richer, happier life.

Here in clear, straightforward language
are the answers to all your everyday eti-
quette problems. Here you find impor-
tant suggestions on good manners in
restaurants—in church—in the theatre—
on the street—and when you travel.

In this book Elsa Maxwell covers every
phase of engagements and weddings.
Here is everything you need to know
about invitations, gifts, the wedding
dress, the attendants, the reception, etc.
The bride who follows the suggestions
contains in this up-to-date book need
have no wedding fears. She will be ra-
diant in the knowledge that her wedding
is correct in every detail.

Only $1.00

The price of this book that puts you at
ease no matter where you are—and opens
the door to achievement and success—
costs only $1.00. And we pay the post-
age! Take advantage of this truly re-
markable bargain. Mail coupon below
for your book—TODAY.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC., Dept. PH-561
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me postpaid a copy of ELSA MAXWELL'S
ETIQUETTE BOOK. I enclose $1.00.

Name. ____________________________ Phone. ___________

STREET. ____________________________

CITY. ____________________________ STATE. _______

5
Hides pimples while it helps heal them...keeps acne a secret 'til it's gone.

Works three ways to speed healing:
1. Penetrates beneath the surface of the blemish...clears clogged pores.
2. Destroys acne-causing bacteria.
3. Antiseptically cleanses and dries up pimples so healthy skin can grow again.

Skin colored!
Odorless!
Greasless!
Stainless!

Robert Donat starred as the unforgettable "Count of Monte Cristo."—Ed.

Would you please give me some information on George Jessel? I think he was married at one time to Norma Talmadge and later to Lois Andrews, a friend of mine said he was a bachelor.

JUNE SCOTT
Rockford, Ill.

At one time Mr. Jessel was married to Norma Talmadge. In 1940 he wed Lois Andrews, who at the time was a 16-year-old showgirl. They had a daughter, Jerilyn, and were divorced in 1943.—Ed.

Pam LeBaron
San Antonio, Tex.

Dick was born in Sunrise, Minnesota. He stands 5 feet 11 1/2 inches tall, and weighs about 169 pounds. He was married in 1942 and has a daughter, Ann Heath. He went to Hollywood in 1947.—Ed.

JEAN & LINDA STEPHENS
Berkley, Mich.

We're with you girls! It was once said that Sinatra would never last, but look at him today! Elvis has TV, movie and recording commitments that will keep him in the public eye for the next ten years.
HAIL THE KING

...To the millions of us teeners and adults, too, Elvis is King and always will be. There will never be another singer as great as Elvis. His records will ring out in homes all over the world. To the millions of his adoring fans he'll always wear the crown. No one else is great enough to wear it as long as Elvis is in this world.

Sandy Preston
Rocky Mt., Va.

WHO'S RIGHT?

Recently I saw the movie "The Bramble Bush." I thought it was excellent and would appreciate your listing the cast. My friend and I have been arguing about the cast and would like to settle it.

Sandy Thompson
Ashland, Ky.

HANDSOME GUY RICK

I know a handsome guy,
And he seems very shy.
His frame stretches six feet high,
Like Mt. Everest against the sky.
His eyes are of the deepest blue,
Much deeper than the blue sky's hue.
His hair is of the darkest brown,
And upon him it's like the most noblest crown.
His smile is like the morning sun,
Bright and fresh and full of fun.
His voice is like the cooing dove,
Sweetly telling me of his love.
His name Rick Nelson is the sweetest sound,
And when I hear it I go round and round.

Sherry Ali
Georgetown, British Guiana

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Again this year I'd like to extend thanks to the entertainment field for helping the people of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. In a fabulous twenty-hour telethon, $83,000 was raised for the March of Dimes. We'd like to thank Robert Horton, Betty Johnson and Hugh Downs for making it a success.

Donna Schnitzler
Mukwonago, Wis.

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

INVITATION TO ATTENTION

For Spring...golden matinee length links invite attention to your FASHION ZONE (that all-important chin to waist charm area)! Dress up that zone...glamourize your basics!

COMFORT ZONE by Exquisite Form

An amazing new bra that's so nice to have 'around' your tender 2" comfort zone. That's the vital 2" area just under the bust where so many other bras dig and poke. In COMFORT ZONE there's an elasticized 'miracle' band that frees you where it should. Almost seems to breathe. Gone is binding, cutting, riding-up--without even a little loss in lift and shapeliness. Try on COMFORT ZONE next time you shop--feeling is believing!

Fashioned in white embroidered cotton, A, B, C cups. As shown or circular stitched cups $2.50. Contoured versions of both $2.95. Available wherever fine bras are sold in the U.S.A. and Canada.

"EXQUISITE FORM BRASSIERES, INC., A SUBSIDIARY OF EXQUISITE FORM INDUSTRIES, INC."
What's on tonight?  
You've got to go out  
to see the best! Look for  
these new pictures  
at your favorite theater

A RAISIN IN THE SUN  
Columbia (Adult)  
WHO'S IN IT? Sidney Poitier, Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Diana Sands.  
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The shattering effect of $10,000 insurance money on a hardworking Negro family in Chicago.  
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Ruby's deeply true performance as the young wife...the high voltage Sidney turns loose...Diana hilariously going African after she meets a handsome Nigerian student.  
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Just bursting with life—even though it's trapped in the tulkly limitations of the stage. It's as winning as the original Broadway hit.

ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK  
Paramount, Technicolor (Adult)  
WHO'S IN IT? Shirley MacLaine, Dean Martin, Cliff Robertson, Charles Ruggles.  
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A virtuous office girl and her playboy boss who thinks she's a blackmailing gold digger.  
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The nice contrast between Shirley's fizzy exuberance and Dean's sleepy double-takes...wacky double-meaning dialogue—nobody (but us) knows what anybody is talking about!  
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Don't expect a big-business lowdown like "The Apartment." This one's all in fun all the way; it's only pretending to be naughty.

SANCTUARY  
20th, CinemaScope (Adult)  
WHO'S IN IT? Lee Remick, Odetta, Yves Montand, Bradford Dillman, Harry Townes  
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? After a brief plunge into a sordid life, a Southern flirt can't enjoy being respectable.  
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The quicksilver way Lee catches all the changing moods of the "heroine"...singer Odetta, taking over the picture with her majestic presence and without a note of song.  
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? All the performances are worth seeing, but the movie—based on two Faulkner novels—is too busy balancing shocker scenes with inspirational stuff to make much sense.

THE SINS OF RACHEL CADE  
Warners, Technicolor (Adult)  
WHO'S IN IT? Angie Dickinson, Peter Finch, Roger Moore, Woody Strode  
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Modern medicine and Christianity clash with the ancient customs of Africa; a dedicated woman finds that she's only human.  
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The warmth and dignity Angie gives to her role...usually interesting African characters (played by well-known American actors).  
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? In spite of its soap-opera, jungle-epic echoes, this drama is often strong, thoughtful and timely (even though the action of the movie is set in the 1940's).  

THE MILLIONAIRESS  
20th, CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Family)  
WHO'S IN IT? Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers, Alastair Sim, Vittorio de Sica  
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A bossy heiress tries to buy a poor but proud Indian doctor for a husband. No sale!  
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Those gorgeous high-style costumes (by Balmain). Only a beauty as bold as Sophia's could get away with them...Peter's careful, charming work as the gentleman from India.  
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Will you settle for a fashion show and a few giggles? Then okay. The story's pretty silly, even if G. B. Shaw did write it.  

(Please turn the page)
A NEW ACHIEVEMENT IN SANITARY PROTECTION!

Confidets

the only sanitary napkin with true anatomical shape and accident-proof inner shield...for the greatest comfort and protection you’ve ever known!

TRY CONFIDETS® AND SEE WHY WOMEN OVERWHELMINGLY ACCLAIM THEM. DESIGNED TO END ACCIDENTS, CHAFING, SLIDING

Only True Anatomical Design in sanitary napkins, Confidets are shaped to body contours, fully tapered. Wide in front for more protection, narrow in back for greater comfort. Don’t bunch or bulge. Another comfort feature in Confidets’ unique design is the Ultra Soft-Strength Cover. It’s reinforced on under side with silky threads, leaving upper part smooth, soft against skin. Tab ends are reinforced, too, for firm fit; fasten easily to any standard type belt.

New Proportioned Design with extra depth in middle gives greatest absorbency where needed. The Multi-Layer Filler holds 11 times its weight in moisture as proved by laboratory tests. Confidets protect like a super pad with even less bulkiness than a junior size.

Moisture-proof Inner Shield is full length, full width; won’t stain through. Carefully placed below the center of the cushioned layers—deep enough for superior absorbency above the shield while under part stays dry.

No other napkin has ever brought you so many truly desirable features for your comfort and protection. Another fine product developed and patented by Scott Paper Company. 

You’re blissfully secure with Confidets
LIFE HAS SETTLED DOWN TO A

Beautiful Friendship

SINCE MOTHER . . .

got her hands on a copy of The Modern Book of Infant and Child Care. This book tells mother how to handle me and what to do when I am not her sweetie pie!

Written entirely by three experienced doctors, this book answers, clearly and intimately, the questions asked most often by mothers. It is not designed to take the place of your baby's doctor, but will give you the helpful information that you will need before you call him.

The price of the hard cover edition is $2.95, but the flexible cover edition is only $1.00. All mothers should possess this book. Send for your copy today.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, Inc.
205 East 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.

THE GREEN HELMET
M-G-M (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Bill Travers, Ed Begley, Nancy Walters, Ursula Jeans

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Sports-car racing; men who love it; women who love them.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? High-speed excitement in varied locales (England, Italy) . . . Sean Kelly's breezy good looks as hero Bill's eager kid brother.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? As long as it goes "vroom-vroom!" it has built-in suspense, but between races it dawdles. With all the brand-name signs in sight, seems drivers get killed just to sell cars, tires, gas and oil.

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN
Kingsley-International (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick, Roger Livesey, Richard Attenborough

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A former British Army officer rounds up a gang of others (all dishonorably discharged) to pull off a bank robbery in military style.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? Those oh-so-smooth English actors, making every line sound twice as bright as it really is . . . the rogues posing as top brass at an Army base.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It'll do for a dash of light amusement, but we'd say the big-heist bit has had it—from England, France, Italy and us.

(Please turn the page)
**CUTEX**® steals the sparkle of precious gems for your fingertips

Lucky you! Cutex puts a fortune in pearls, amethysts and rubies at your fingertips. But you don’t have to rob a safe to own them. Cutex polish, with its diamond sparkle, its clear fresh colors, is the nearest thing to a jewel. And its new bottle with the easy-to-hold, easy-to-use “crystal” plume is a shining adornment to your dressing table. Start your “jewel collection” by Cutex with the beautiful booty above: “Fire Engine” in the safe, “Pink From Paris” on lips and nails.
For the fun of having more summer clothes than ever!

For the fun of having a fling with color—sunny vacation colors!

For the sheer fun of being individual, of creating your own fashion look! For the fun of seeing fabric turn into fashion, right in your hands! For the joy of knowing you didn’t spend too much on clothes—there’s money left to spend just for fun!

Just for fun... sew with Simplicity Patterns

Simplicity

See these fun-to-make clothes, plus hundreds more in the biggest, brightest fashion show ever put between covers—The new Simplicity Magazine, at newsstands and pattern counters everywhere.

SIMPPLICITY PATTERN CO. INC., 200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK
THE HOODLUM PRIEST
U.A. (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Don Murray, Keir Dullea, Cindi Wood, Larry Gates, Don Joslyn
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A slum-born priest's crusade to save young ex-cons from slipping back into crime.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The personal sincerity of star-producer-writer Murray...a promising debut for Keir Dullea, though his part is thankless.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Best we can say for this is that it means terribly well. While it's based on fact, it winds up looking like a standard cops-and-robbers thriller, not too expertly done.

GORG0
M-G-M, Technicolor (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Bill Travers, Vincent Winter, William Sylvester
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Our old pal the prehistoric monster—plus a money-mad adventurer who brings the beast to London.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Good, scary trick photography from a smashed fishing village to London Bridge falling down...sentimental switcheroo at the finish.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Lively enough monster picture (likely to drive a paleontologist nuts, as usual). Who'd ever expect to hate cleft-chinned Bill Travers and sympathize with the Thing instead?

GOLD OF THE SEVEN SAINTS
Warners, WarnerScope (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Clint Walker, Roger Moore, Leticia Roman, Robert Middleton
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A running battle between bandits and two gold-mining partners who have made a rich strike.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Clint's terrific torso...Roger's Irish charm...the story's consistently tough outlook. You can't trust anybody, so you're always in suspense.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Solid, businesslike western that doesn't pretend to be anything else. Don't look for a love interest—there's just a spice of sex.

CIRCLE OF DECEPTION
20th, CinemaScope (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Bradford Dillman, Suzy Parker, Harry Andrews
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Deadly mission in Occupied France for a young Canadian—who doesn't know he's supposed to fail!
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The central plot idea, new and ingenious...the picture's cynical view of modern war, making people as "expendable" as ammunition.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Effective spy melodrama that'd be better if it spent more time on its real theme.

(Please turn the page)
QUESTION 7
Louis de Rochemont Associates (Family)
WHO'S IN IT? Michael Gwynn, Christian de Bresson, Almut Eggert
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The struggle of a pastor, his wife and teen-aged son to keep integrity and faith in East Germany.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Quiet realism in the acting and the background (actually Germany) ... scenes that show convincingly how Communists manage to win favor with young people.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A fresh, truly important theme and an earnest approach make this absorbing, though it's awkward in places and a bit too long.

SHADOWS
Lion International (Adult)
WHO'S IN IT? Lelia Goldoni, Hugh Hurd, Ben Carruthers, Anthony Ray
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Problems that confront youthful Negroes in New York.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Roughly candid but striking photography ... Lelia's simple, natural loveliness.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It's a good try, John Cassavetes' first as a director, but sometimes it's hard to tell where he's heading. He let the actors make up their own lines as they went along! In emotional scenes, that may work. In relaxed moments, it gets downright painful.

Clearasil's 3 MEDICAL ACTIONS
Open, Clean-out and Dry-up Pimples Fast!

Skin-colored... hides pimples while it works.
Skin Specialists explain that a pimple is a clogged, inflamed pore. They point out that for effective external treatment of pimples, you need a medication with three actions to:
1. OPEN, 2. CLEAN-OUT, and 3. DRY-UP pimples. Only the Clearasil type medication can give you all three of these vital medical actions.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST
1. Opens Pimples. Keratolytic action gently peels away and opens the affected pimple cap ... without dangerous squeezing. Active medications can get down inside.
3. Dries-up Pimples. Clearasil's oil-absorbing action works to dry up pimples fast ... remove the excess oil that can clog pores and cause pimples. Helps prevent further outbreak.

Floats out blackheads. Clearasil softens and loosens blackheads so they 'Float' out with normal washing.
Proved by Skin Specialists. In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases completely cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL. Guaranteed to work for you or money back. In tube 69c and 98c. Lotion squeeze-bottle only 81.25 (no fed. tax).
At all drug counters.

WINGS OF CHANCE
U-I, Eastman Color (Family)
WHO'S IN IT? Jim Brown, Frances Rafferty, Richard Tretter
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The search for a downed bush pilot; his Robinson Crusoe life in the Canadian wilderness.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Hints at an adventurous sort of flying—frustrating, because we aren't told much about it ... glimpses of the beautiful Canadian Rockies—equally frustrating, because the color photography is so weak.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Kind of simple-minded, but younger kids will like it.

MODIGLIANI OF MONTPARNASSE
Continental; French dialogue, English titles (Adult)
WHO'S IN IT? Gerard Philipe, Lilli Palmer, Anouk Aimée, Lea Padovani
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Last years of the painter, unappreciated except by friends (and loving women) during his lifetime.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Several graceful performances by attractive people, especially the late Philipe (who died soon after making the film).
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Generally overdrawn and romanticized—a twentieth century "La Bohème."
QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT "EMBARRASSING MOMENTS" (AND HOW TO AVOID THEM)

Q. Can boys tell by looking at me that I have my period?
A. Nobody will suspect a thing as long as you're poised and perfectly groomed. You’re sure of yourself, of course, with Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Nothing shows—even under form-fitting skirts and slacks. No odor can form. Free of old-time discomforts and doubts, you're much more relaxed. And all that puts you at your ease with the opposite sex.

Q. What about bowling, hiking or dancing dates during my period?
A. If these are activities you normally enjoy, there's no reason to forego them for time-of-the-month. One blessing of Tampax is that the wearer literally can’t feel it. The annoying chafing, binding and slipping of pads is gone forever. That’s why we say . . . Tampax, so much a part of your active life.

Q. What about disposal problems when I'm away from home?
A. You've undoubtedly encountered this embarrassing problem. Some girls go to almost any lengths to protect their “secret”—often waiting till the whole household’s asleep. Smart girls use Tampax. Insertion, changing and disposal take only seconds. Even the satinsmooth applicator can be flushed away. And of course a box of Tampax “hides” itself so well that no one will know you have it along.

Q. How can I be sure of personal cleanliness on menstrual days?
A. There's only one answer: daily baths during your period. Contrary to superstitions, warm water can't hurt you—won't stop the flow. Since Tampax can't absorb water from the outside, there's no need to repeat it for bathing—a real advantage on the first few days. You’ll appreciate the cleanliness of using Tampax, too. Applicator-inserted, it never comes in contact with your fingers.

For fuller reviews see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 3. (A—ADULT P—FAMILY)

ALAMO, THE—U.A.; Technicolor, Todd-AO; Producer-director-star John Wayne turns a frontier legend into an epic as hulking and likable as his screen self. He's Crockett; Widow mark is Bowie; Frankie Avalon sturdily ties to hold the fort. (F) January

BREATHLESS—Films Around the World: Jean Seberg's baby girl as a beat-type American girl seduced by a Paris love affair with a young hoodlum (sexy Jean-Paul Belmondo). Fast, intriguing. (A) April

CAN-CAN—20th; Todd-AO, Technicolor: Feast of star talent, Cole Porter songs, Gay Nineties costumes. Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine and Louis Jourdan make up a saucy Paris triangle while Maurice Chevalier makes with the sly comments. (A) June

CIMARRON—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: With Glenn Ford and Maria Schell as a loving but mismatched pioneer couple, this Oklahoma raucade hits touching and spectacular moments as it wanders through the years. (F) April

CRY FOR HAPPY—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: A slightly naughtily, fairly funny service yarn puts Glenn Ford and Donald O'Connor into Navy uniform to go off and chase seashells in Japan. (A) April

DON QUIXOTE—M-G-M; Wide Screen, Color: The Russians offer us some lovely photography in a rollicking acted version of the Cervantes classic about the crazy yet noble knight and his comical squire. (F) April

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 escaped the Nazis. (A) February

FACTS OF LIFE, THE—U.A.: Chuckles mix with gentle realism as suburbanites Bob Hope and Lucille Ball try an illicit romance that just isn’t their style. (A) February

FEVER IN THE BLOOD, A—Warners: Lots of plot and hints at weighty ideas keep us busy as a murder trial plunges Eltern Zimbala Jr. and Jack Kelly into conflict over political ambition and justice. Love interest, too—Angie Dickinson. (A) April

FLAMING STAR—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Elvis Presley's big attraction in a reasonably good western. Frontier warfare puts his half-Indian family in the middle—not much to sing about. (F) March

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

GRASS IS GREENER, THE—U-I; Technicolor, Technicolor: Aren’t we elegant? Jean Simmons goes kookie to steal a tawky drawing—room comedy about an uppercrust triangle, with Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr, Bob Mitchum as lord, lady and lover. (A) February

GREAT IMPOSTOR, THE—U-I: Deliciously different comedy gives Tony Curtis plenty of room to swing as he relives the impossible (but real) life of Ferdinand Demara, man of many identities. (F) March

HOME IS THE HERO—Showcorporation: Good, solid theater from Ireland, Arthur Kenney as a young chiseling with the Abbey Players, as one of a family that builds a new life while the father is in jail. (A) April

MARRIAGE-CG-1-ROUND, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Light and amusing. As a lovely big Swede with liberal ideas on sex, Julie Newmar invades the happy home of James Mason, Susan Hayward. (A) March


ONE HUNDRED AND ONE DALMATIANS—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Wonderful Cantinflas offers fun in jumbo helpings, with Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones, loads of "guest stars" sharing the wistful Mexican's Hollywood adventures. (F) March

PEPE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Wonderful Cantinflas offers fun in jumbo helpings, with Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones, loads of "guest stars" sharing the wistful Mexican's Hollywood adventures. (F) March

PARTACUS—U-I; Technicolor, Super Technicolor: 70; Powerful, intelligently made saga of ancient Rome, Jean Simmons, Tony Curtis join leader Kirk Douglas in a slave rebellion against the corrupt empire symbolized by Laurence Olivier. (A) January

TWO WAY STRETCH—Lion International: Peter Sellers fans have another field day, as he ribs jailbreak thrillers by plotting his way out of the coziest prison you ever saw. Good for a few chuckles. (A) April

UNDERWORLD, U.S.A.—Columbia: Okay for moviegoers who are satisfied with just plenty of shooting and bashing. Cliff Robertson's a crook out to smash "the syndicate" for purely personal reasons. (A) April


YOUNG ONE, THE—Valiant: Haunting atmosphere and a nice performance by Key Meersman, as a backwoods girl in her early teens, highlights a story of struggle on a lonely Southern island, also involving Zachary Scott and Bernie Hamilton. (A) April
Think of your handwriting as a candid camera and watch yourself in action. You’ll get an interesting view of your own personality this way. Large writing shows that you must have freedom to express yourself and plenty of space to do things on a big scale.

However, you should be careful. Exuberance and too much imagination can carry you away and prove costly. The natural pride and self-esteem of large handwriting, if exaggerated, becomes vanity (see example A). Huge, towering capital letters, out of proportion to the rest of the writing, will show this.

If your writing is large, broad and slanted forward, and has long, curved word-endings (see example B), you are a generous, warm-hearted person and a good mixer. But watch out for extravagance, especially if the spaces between your words and lines are wide! If your writing is small and uniform (see example C), you have a disciplined mind, you are careful and realistic and you have a talent for observation. Ideas interest you more than people, but you enjoy the company of a few intimate friends and do not need the excitement and hubbub of a big crowd around you constantly to be content.

Small, narrow and cramped writing (see example D) shows inhibition and anxiety.

Medium-sized writing is most commonly found, and tells the least about the writer. Other features must be considered to interpret it. If your writing is medium-sized, you are practical and well-adjusted. When necessary, you can handle details, but you would rather be among the doers than the thinkers. Those who have medium-sized writing usually adhere to social standards and attach importance to material welfare and success. But these people can also have very high ideals. Marilyn Monroe writes her large script with tremendous flair and vivacity (see example E). Her tall, highly flourished capital reveals great ambition, imagination and a theatrical personality. The graceful forms with heavy pressure express her femininity, and the extreme forward slant shows her sensitivity and her desire for love. But she must give as well as receive. Her small os (not shown) are very narrow and tightly knotted, showing a personal block despite her outer warmth and spontaneity. The flourished y of Marilyn forms an underscore that shows her dramatic talent and showmanship. The knot and the hook on it reveals her tendency to cling to her career. Sandra Dee’s writing is quite opposite to that of Marilyn Monroe’s. It is very tiny. The forms are simple and unpretentious. She will concentrate on details, pay close attention to instruction and build her technique carefully. She is modest, intelligent and gentle. Hers is a quiet persistence. The round, conventional forms show that she is adaptable and cooperative and will appeal to the public through her sweetness and charm. Her good spacing shows that she can plan ahead and that she has musical feeling. Some of the spaces are too wide and reveal a certain shyness. However, handwriting changes with development, and this sample was written before her marriage. Until next time, watch your writing!

—Rosa Rosella

**“Second Skin” Thin Sports Girdle**

No show or tell under sports clothes! Flatters in determined natural rubber. Cool, breathable surface. White or Pink. Petite, S, M, L; only $2.50.
shave, lady? don’t do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way… with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet. Always to nice underarms, everytime to smooth legs to smoother beauty, and next time for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet? Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the beautiful way.

That's Hollywood For You

Only a few days more to April 17th, and we'll know. A little patience and at 10:30 that night we'll see the whole glittering line-up of Oscar winners. We'll know—will Liz Taylor finally make it on her fourth try? Or will Mrs. Roosevelt do as well by Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver did eighteen years ago? It's a hot race for the men, too. The New York Film Critics gave it to Burt Lancaster, but with the Academy, Olivier and a few others are in the running, too. To say nothing of such a dark horse as Peter Falk for best supporting actor. And the picture—"A" could be for "Alamo" or it could be for "Apartment." Catch?

Anyway, on the 17th we'll all know. But can anybody wait? No. I'm expected to stick my neck out and come up with my own personal predictions.

Now this is a big worry. I know who I'd pick for the best of everything, but suppose the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has its own ideas? These are the things that keep a man awake nights. Except me. When I worry, I sleep and have bad dreams.

A TALK WITH MY OLD FRIEND OSCAR

Like last night. One minute I put my head on the pillow, and the next I'm in the Academy office talking to my old friend Oscar who's standing on a desk.

"You look good," I tell him. "As young as the night you were born. Remember? May 16, 1929, in the banquet room of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. They gave you to Janet Gaynor. See how I don't forget one little thing about you?"

"Flattery will get no scoops out of me," answers the wise guy. "Even if I knew who's going to take me home, I wouldn't tell. It's not fair."

"A fine way to talk to me," I protest. "If it weren't for me giving you a name they'd still be calling you the Gold Statuette."

"Sure," he says coldly, "and I know why—I've got a memory too. On the night of March 15, 1934, you were in the Western Union filing your first Academy Awards story. You didn't know how to spell statuette, so you gave me the handle that every comic calls the orchestra leader in vaudeville houses—Oscar! And while you were at it, couldn't you have given me a last name too—like other people?"

"I change the subject last. "How do you feel about Awards night, Oscar?"

"How I feel is nervous," he says tensely, "I don't like them moving the ceremonies to Santa Monica—I've never been there in my life."

"You and everybody else," I agree. "But you'll be okay, you've lived through worse. Like the night Eva Maria Saint got so flustered she said, 'I think I'll have my baby right here.' Remember?" Then I make another fast try at a few tips. "So tell your old buddy-buddy, Oscar, who appeals to you as best actress?"

"Please," he says coldly, "I'm an Academy Award, not a horse race."

A GOOD YEAR FOR BAD GIRLS

I pretend not to hear the squeal. "I don't imagine Melina Mercouri will get you because you went to a foreign star last year—Simone Signoret."

"All I can say," he fences, "is that with Melina Mercouri and Elizabeth Taylor trying for best actress, and Shirley Jones for best supporting, it's been a great year in Hollywood for actresses playing bad girls."

"Well then, are you going to play it like you did with Susan Hayward?" I persist. "Finally give yourself to Deborah Kerr because she's been nominated six times? Or to Shirley MacLaine because she's the den mother of the Clan?"

"What's the Clau?" he asks, absolutely poker face. Sinatra should hear him! "Listen, you—you gold statuette!" I explode. "You keep this up and I'll tell the world that you're nothing but ninety-two-and-a-half percent tin and seven-and-a-half percent copper under that gold hide of yours. Gold, hah!"

He doesn't bat an eyelash. Which I realize is only natural in a statue, but
still it gives me the chills, he's so deadly calm.

"If you're threatening me," he says, real icy, "I don't scare easy."

This sounded like one statuette that'd been seeing too many westerns!

"And there may be more base metal than pure gold in my makeup," he goes on, 

"but that's the only thing base about me. Nobody can point a finger at Oscar and 

claim I'm not honest. I never had any truck with payola . . ."

"I didn't offer you any payola," I shout. "All I'm asking is a few simple ques- 

tions like when you go to the movies what movie do you like best . . ."

"... and I'm not slipping you any answers that are in the sealed envelopes," he 
says flatly. "You can wait till April 17th like everybody else . . ."

Suddenly his voice gets weak and he starts fading. I yell, "Oscar! Wait!" and 

wake up in bed muttering, "That's Hollywood for You." Sidney Skolsky

### ACADEMY AWARDS SCORECARD

Don't forget: Monday, April 17, 
from 10:30 P.M. to 12:00 A.M., 
over ABC-TV. See how your votes compare with Oscar's.

#### BEST ACTOR

Trevor Howard, "Sons and Lovers" (20th).
Burt Lancaster, "Elmer Gantry" (U.A.).
Laurence Olivier, "The Entertainer" (Continental).
Spencer Tracy, "Inherit the Wind" (U.A.).

#### BEST ACTRESS

Greer Garson, "Sunrise at Campobello" (Warners).
Deborah Kerr, "The Sundowners" (Warners).
Shirley MacLaine, "The Apartment" (U.A.).
Melina Mercouri, "Never on Sunday" (Lopert).
Elizabeth Taylor, "Butterfield 8" (M-G-M).

#### BEST MOVIE

"The Alamo" (U.A.).
"The Apartment" (U.A.).
"Elmer Gantry" (U.A.).
"Sons and Lovers" (20th).
"The Sundowners" (Warners).

#### BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

Glynis Johns, "The Sundowners" (Warners).
Shirley Jones, "Elmer Gantry" (U.A.).
Shirley Knight, "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs" (Warners).
Janet Leigh, "Psycho" (Paramount).
Mary Ure, "Sons and Lovers" (20th).

#### BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

Peter Falk, "Murder, Inc." (20th).
Jack Kruschen, "The Apartment" (U.A.).
Sal Mineo, "Exodus" (U.A.).
Peter Ustinov, "Spartacus" (U.A.).
Chill Wills, "The Alamo" (U.A.).

#### BEST DIRECTION

"Never on Sunday," Jules Dassin (Lopert).
"Psycho," Alfred Hitchcock (Par.).
"Sons and Lovers," Jack Cardiff (20th).
"The Sundowners," Fred Zinnemann (Warners).

#### BEST SONG

"Faraway Part of Town," from "Pepe" (Columbia).
"Never on Sunday," from "Never on Sunday" (Lopert).
"The Second Time Around," from "High Time" (20th).

#### BEST COSTUME DESIGN (COLOR)

"Can-Can," Irene Sharaff (20th).
"Midnight Lace," Irene (U-I).
"Pepe," Edith Head (Col.).
"Spartacus," Vallee and Bill Thomas (U-I).
"Sunrise at Campobello," Marjorie Best (Warners).

---

Save This For Your Scrapbook.
Nancy Sharp seems to be the girl in Elvis Presley's life at this moment. She and Elvis first met when he was making "Flaming Star" at 20th Century-Fox and she was a wardrobe mistress. Elvis was attentive, but if there were any outward indications of romance, they were restrained. When the picture was finished, Elvis went home to Memphis and five weeks later returned for "Wild in the Country," the Jerry Wald production. Nancy was assigned to this picture at Elvis' request. The film went into production on location at Napa, California, where these pictures were shot, and it was here that the two were first seen holding hands, walking arm-in-arm, stealing furtive kisses over picnic lunches. Elvis seemed to look to her for approval on the set. And when he happened to wander off to other corners of the set, Nancy was on the job, right behind him. When Elvis had Christmas week off, he planned to head for Memphis. Nancy wanted to fly home to St. Louis for her three-day holiday. They left on the same plane, along with three (Continued on page 36)
"We enjoy one another," Nancy has said, "but we haven’t talked about marriage. Elvis is a man who has very positive ideas on what he wants, and so do I. We don’t know each other awfully well at this point."

"I admire her very much," Elvis has said, "and we see each other about once a week. That’s all we have time for. I sometimes see other girls and I suppose she sees other men. We never talk about marriage."
SARA HAMILTON COVERS HOLLYWOOD:

★ Photoplay gives a party
★ Liz Taylor fights for her life
★ Trouble in The Clan?
Sara Entertains
Hollywood

Martha Hyer's full-length cream-streaked mink coat was the eye-knocker-out of my party. "I've got to have one like it," I heard at least three women sigh while their husbands—even the enormously important Lew Wasserman, President of MCA, pretended not to hear. But then Edie Wasserman knows she can have the world as far as Lew is concerned. And me, too, if I had it. Producer Ross Hunter progressed from lovely Virginia Grey to Mrs. Jules Stein, wife of Chairman of the Board of the world's largest agency, Music Corporation of America, on to Margo (Please turn the page)

Carol Lee Ladd joins the festivities.

It was her coat that caused the fuss, now what's Martha staring at?

Mrs. David Janssen, Nancy Sinatra, Sara.

Veronique and Gregory Peck couldn't stay long, but they made sure to meet Editor Evelyn Piano before leaving.
Moore and Anne Francis. From those two, he came to a permanent stop beside Evelyn Pain, PHOTOPLAY'S chic and lovely editor. But then every eye in the room was turned her way, as usual. "I think Frances Heffin, Van's wife, is one of the greatest women in this town," Tab Hunter told me during the evening, "but I'm really in love with Felicia Farr." Just to complicate matters, I relayed Tab's confession to Felicia while she and her escort, Jack Lemmon, were chatting in a corner. I must say Jack, who had hurried back from lecturing on the art of motion pictures at Stanford University, looked rather startled. And about that lecture, the Stanford lads were vitally interested in all Jack had to say, and were mighty appreciative. They should be. He's the greatest! And speaking of Tab, his old house in Glendale, surrounded by its accusing neighbors, now stands empty and forlorn. Tab and his dog have moved elsewhere.

... Chatted with popular Andy Williams who modestly refuses to believe that you, his fans, are interested. "Do you mean people really write in about me?" he asked. Now what can you do with modesty such as that? ... Mike Dante brought socialite Fern Gimble to PHOTOPLAY'S young people's party at George Lim's famous Kowloon Restaurant, and Nancy Kwan showed up with Mark Damon. It turned out Nancy and George are old friends. Very direct and not given to small talk, Nancy was the most vibrant personality in the room. ... Efrem Zimbalist called to say Stephanie was snowed in at Big Bear and couldn't get down for the party. I was sorry, as Ef and Stephanie are two of my favorites. And I am happy they've decided to give their marriage another try. Let's all keep our fingers crossed for this popular couple.
The Changing Clan

Pete Lawford and Frank Sinatra, who quarreled at that whoop-de-doo Frank put on in Washington, D.C., have only recently resumed speaking. And Frank, who has been riding the water wagon for some time, was a living doll during his stint at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. His entire family, including Nancy Sr., Nancy Jr., looking chic as ever as a blonde, and her husband, Tommy Sands, were guests of Frank's, who couldn't have been more charming. No one is too sure about Ava Gardner's trip to Las Vegas to see Frank—some say she flew out, but did on about-face at the airport when she realized that Nancy Sr. was in town. Rather a sad story, don't you think?... Another mystery: Annette denied that she was planning to have her nose fixed, but then turned up at a party with what certainly looked like a bobbed nose. Peace, happiness and contentment are Debbie Reynolds' these days, and I'm happy for her. Her vacation with Harry and the children in Jamaica did her a world of good. But there is one thing that needs clearing up and that's a song Debbie wrote, "Tommy, This Is True," and tried to sell producer Ross Hunter for his movie, "Tommy, Tell Me True" with Sandra Dee playing the role Debbie played in the original "Tammy." Instead, a title song, "Tammy, Tell Me True," was chosen by Ross and recorded by Sandra. Now Debbie plans to record her own song, which makes so many "Tammy" numbers floating around no one knows who is who!... Roger Smith's wife Vici Shaw has recuperated from a recent illness, and those two seem more in love than ever. There's been quite a reaction to handsome, leading-mon type Horst Bucholtz. Keep your eye on him. (Please turn the page)
No one can deny that it looks like love with Glenn and Hope. Now time will tell.

Love—

It's in the Air!

It's a love match all the way with Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee, and from all I can see, their love grows stronger every day. "She's the most wonderful baby in the world," says Bobby proudly. "I never want her to change." As far Sandra, she glows, she beams, she radiates happiness when she speaks of Bobby. "I put my hand in his and I know everything is all right," she says. "I feel secure and safe with Bobby. I love him so very much." Of course, she realizes there exist differences in the way they think about their careers. But to Sandra, Bobby is the answer to her every problem. And na wander, for Bobby still wass her tenderly and lovingly. For instance, while Bobby was performing in Los Vegas, she found nates all over the house saying, "I love you," "I miss you, I need you." It's no wonder she loves him as deeply as Bobby loves her. It's a real hearts and flowers marriage, and make na mistake about it. . . Far fram separated, despite the recent rumors, the Bob Denvers are closer than ever. In fact, they are now a family of four. Such delightful people, the Denvers. . . "Either we become a family of two," Dolores Hawkins warned handsome Gardner McKay, "or I cease to exist in your life." And with that, Dolores, who commuted between New York and Hollywood to visit Gardner, flounced back east to her modeling jobs. Gardner is still thinking it over. . . Joanne Woodward denies all those rumors of trouble in the Paul Newman household. "In fact, says Joanne, "Paul and I are having another baby next summer." . . . Susan Kohner and George Hamilton may be engaged by the time you read this. Susan said it would be soon, and who knows, George may finally be ready to settle down after all.

Rosalind Russell's still a stunner. Here she attends a premiere with her husband.

Hugh O'Brian joined Soraya in Europe to ski, but he wasn't too lucky there!
Liz Near Death

It was touch-and-go for Liz Taylor when she was stricken with double pneumonia in London. At one point, her doctors gave her only an hour to live. But she rallied, to the great relief of Eddie and her parents keeping up the long vigil at her bedside. This has probably been the most unfortunate and tragic year of Liz' life. She's been plagued by one illness after another, and it seems the end isn't in sight yet. Even though she managed to win the desperate fight for her life, she will have to take it very easy for about a year. Another bout with illness would be disastrous. But after the fifth day, when she rallied, everyone seemed certain that all would be well in the Eddie Fisher household once again. I certainly hope so.

Judi Meredith

What a hullabaloo when millionaire Bob Westbrook, in seeking an annulment from Judi Meredith, claimed, "Judi isn't the dewy-eyed innocent she pretended to be." Says Judi, "I will oppose any attempt to end our marriage through either annulment or divorce." In view of several overly-frank statements made by young Westbrook and all the mud-slinging, one wonders where the whole unpleasant thing will end. . . . Shocking news from New York, where popular rock 'n' roll singer Jackie Wilson was shot by a fan, who claimed that she loved him and would kill herself if he wouldn't accept her overtures of friendship. The gun went off, wounding Jackie severely, when he tried to take it away from her. . . . Dinah Shore won't be seeing the USA in her Chevrolet next year. After so many years, she and her sponsor called it quits. During a recent Las Vegas engagement, Dinah said, "On TV I only change clothes. Here at Vegas I sing." However, she will probably have a new TV show next year with a new format and sponsor.

Mailbox Corner:

In the mail came a huge card from George Nader with the printed words "Let's Frolic." George added "and soon." I'm all for it as George is one of the finest gents in town. . . . From Dolores Hart came one of her greeting cards in the "Sweetheart" series. Dolores is doing very well in her greeting card business, and in romance, too, having discovered John Saxon, for whom I have the greatest admiration. . . . A telegram came from Janet and Tony Curtis hoping we can get together soon. And I hope so, too. . . . Sweet messages attached to beautiful flowers arrived from both Barbara Stanwyck and Loretta Young, plus a telephone call from Cary Grant and one from a very old friend, Janet Gaynor. . . . And so very welcome was a letter from Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer who have been in Hollywood longer than they expected. Wonderful people, Audrey and Mel. Well, that's all for this month. And don't forget—keep writing! I look forward to your letters and cards.—Sara

Love—it takes time and patience.

Bob Stack and wife Rosemarie still act like newlyweds. It's rather nice to see.
LAST MINUTE NEWS FLASH
by CAL YORK

Latest rumor making the rounds about Marilyn Monroe: The chatter goes that MM attempted suicide by an overdose of pills, and that was the reason she wound up in the hospital again.

Didn't Frank Sinatra quietly arrange for Ava Gardner to stay a week instead of a day at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas? The two must have a lot to talk over . . . Still, this bomb of a surprise meeting didn't stop The Voice from dating Dee Boyar.

The marriage of Claire Kelly, the fiery looking red-headed actress, and Perry Lopez crumbled. They're not even speaking right now, but don't be too surprised if they kiss and make up.

Isn't Tarita, the nineteen-year-old Polynesian love interest of Marlon Brando in "Mutiny on the Bounty," engaged to a childhood sweetheart in Tahiti? Maybe that's the reason she wants no part of Hollywood or Mr. Brando.

Sandra Dee's friends are worried about her health. The trouble is a kidney infection.

The feud is on again between Joan Crawford and her daughter Christina. They haven't spoken to each other since Christmas.

Lance Reventlow finally decided to take Jill St. John's advice. He has given up racing sports cars and is concentrating on racing sailboats.

Quite a sensation Jayne Mansfield created in the cocktail lounge of Joe Kirkwood's Bowling Alley. She was without hubby Mickey Hargitay and reportedly with someone else. The rumors spread next day—it's so rare to see Jayne any place at all without Mickey.

The Janet Lake and John Saxon romance is now colder than the climate at the North Pole. But what about Dolores Hart?

Already the rumor is making the rounds that Debbie and Harry Karl are expecting.

Is Abby Dalton worried? She's afraid one of those girlie magazines is coming out with a cheesecake layout of her she innocently posed for prior to becoming Jackie Cooper's sweetheart on the "Hennessey" TV series.

Was it Warner Bros. who talked Connie Stevens out of marrying Gary Clarke?

Andra Martin and Bob Wasserman called it a day. Her latest is department store heir David May, and the way it looks she may be the next Mrs. May before too long.

Twentieth Century-Fox Studios dropped May Britt (Mrs. Sammy Davis Jr.).

 Doesn't June Allyson want Dick Powell to forgive and forget?

All is not well at the Van Williams household.

Fabian and Frankie Avalon are probably the youngest movie moguls in Hollywood. They have formed their own production company, Fabalon.

Gina Lollobrigida dyed her hair red. Tina Louise went the other route. She's covering her red hair these days with a blond wig. Who's next?

From Monaco comes the rumor that Princess Grace and Prince Rainier aren't hitting it off as happily as they used to, and that by the end of the year Her Highness will be making a picture.

Those who feel that Paul Newman was miscast as the tough Israeli, Ari Ben Canaan, in "Exodus" might be interested to know that Paul isn't so happy about it himself.

Esther Williams and Fernando Lamas are reportedly all set to marry in Spain. Still, Esther has been known to change her mind at this stage of the game—remember her long-drawn romance with Jeff Chandler that ended in nothing? In fact, people are asking what Esther's trying to prove.

A puzzle for you. What top female star's sister lives in dire poverty very near the Hollywood studio where the actress recently made a motion picture? They haven't spoken in years, and the actress has refused to help financially.
marilyn to wed again?

JOE'S FAMILY AND HOMETOWN FRIENDS REVEAL...
THE STORY BEHIND THE ANNOUNCEMENT

If Joe DiMaggio's family and friends had known what was going to happen, they might have bitten their tongues and kept silent. But no one could have known, and so they spoke out. They knew that Marilyn Monroe and Joe might marry again — and they didn’t like it. "She’s no good for him," one member of Joe’s family said. "Joe needs a wife and mother, not a hunk of beauty." And a waiter at DiMaggio’s, the San Francisco restaurant Joe owns with two of his brothers, grumbled, "Only means trouble again." Joe seemed to ignore all this, but for Marilyn, knowing how closely knit Joe and his family are, that would have been harder to do. She is
haunted by a fear of rejection, and this disapproval of her re-marriage to Joe must have hurt her deeply. It came so soon after her marriage to Arthur Miller broke up. So soon after Yves Montand, too, turned his back on her. At first, when she and Joe began to see each other again, all this didn’t seem to matter. But now, with his family and friends against her, too, it may have awakened the old fears. Did she see her chance for happiness with Joe slipping away? One rejection after another. Did she wake in the middle of the night, as she used to, remembering the twelve different sets of foster parents, remembering the tragic history of mental illness in her own family? The strain was beginning
we fill in
the pieces on
the personal
side of

It's like a puzzle. You know
the picture you're supposed to end
up with. Eighteen...five-feet-nine...
a wide, crooked grin...
a shock of blondish hair—the
biggest pompadour in Hollywood. (Continued on page 76)
"For six months," says Dolores. These were the six months of her marriage. Now Dolores says, "NEVER WITH MAURICE MARTINE AGAIN." 

When Dolores Michaels came to Hollywood, she was acclaimed a new star. Her career looked very promising, and the future seemed bright. She was rather shy and didn't enter into the gay round of parties and nightlife like most of the other young stars in town. Then about a year after she arrived in Hollywood, she met Maurice Martine, a talented interior decorator and furniture designer. She met him during a trip to New York, but they settled in California. They built a beautiful and very expensive home in Laguna Beach. For six years she and her husband seemed very happy doing things together they both loved. They read a lot, went game hunting and skin diving and led a solitary life. But then, quite suddenly, Dolores told a newspaper interviewer that she was longing for excitement and glamour. She complained that she had become "dull." And less than two months later, she sued Martine for divorce. . . . She was still young, very beautiful and vibrant. And she made up her mind to find the excitement that she had been missing. . . . Don Murray was quiet, too, but underneath
his quiet ways was strength and determination. He had studied to become a Trappist monk before he had set his goal on becoming an actor. But once he made up his mind to act, he did, and his career, too, showed great promise. He married Hope Lange who gave him two children, and who shared his interest in helping refugee-resettlement projects in Europe. Hope and Don were an unusual Hollywood couple, but they seemed to belong together. Most people were shocked when rumors of a rift in their marriage began to circulate around town.

Hope was then co-starring with Stephen Boyd in “The Best of Everything,” and lunching with him almost daily. To quiet the gossip, Don often visited at their studio and joined them for lunch.

But it wasn’t long after, that Hope and Don decided they could no longer live together (the Boyd episode was not the contributing factor), and (Continued on page 32)
Sandra, Bobby, tell us if it’s true for Sandra’s answer turn the page
at last, Sandra breaks the silence

Sandra Dee sat on the couch. From time to time, when she thought nobody would notice, she touched the beautiful emerald-cut diamond ring she was wearing, as if she still had to reassure herself it was all true. She had been Mrs. Bobby Darin for sixty-three days then, and the wonder of it all was mirrored on her face. The room was fragrant with the scent of roses—yellow ones—in a pale green vase. They were from Bobby, and a fresh box arrived every day. Sandy was saying, “Everyone keeps asking me—

‘Sandy, what’s your marriage really like?’

This whole thing is so new to both of us,” she explained. “Before I was married, I was Sandra Dee twenty-four hours a day. Now I’m that from eight to five, but when I leave the studio and go home, I’m Bobby’s wife. That’s the way he wants it, and the way I want it, too. But I just can’t suddenly pull down a curtain and say, ‘No more interviews, no more stories about my life with Bobby.’ I don’t want people to ask me—

‘Sandy, don’t you care anymore?’

I don’t want the people who have been so good to me to feel as if I’m trying to shut them out, as if I don’t care . . . because I do! That’s why I’m telling you this. If you print the way I feel, (Continued on page 91)
HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST SATURDAY NIGHT CRAZE

Guess What Tuesday Talked Elvis Into

Just when I thought Tuesday Weld had settled down, she dreamed up the maddest thing in years—a hidden mike party—and talked Elvis into giving one with her. The guests never guessed their every word was being mysteriously picked up. When the truth got out, everyone was furious—then immediately gave one, too. Nowadays no one knows if a party is bugged or not—or where to snoop to find the mike. Tuesday and El hid theirs and themselves in a comedy cut-out, but you can't pull a stunt like that twice. So imaginations are running riot in Hollywood. Now mikes lurk in such unlikely places as kumquat dishes, hairdos and even chandeliers. To find out what Tuesday and El's mike overheard, turn the page.
Overheard By The Hidden Mike

Frankie Avalon was saying to Brenda Lee that his fans want to change the name of his movie, "The Alamo," to "Remember the Avalon."... Frank Sinatra denied reports that he was going to be the first Ambassador to the Moon. "We just got word," he confided to Dean Martin, "that the moon is definitely made out of green cheese, and I'm afraid you and the rest of the Rat Pack would eat yourselves sick." Dino excitedly replied, "Uh huh." Then he turned to Perry and sang, "Arrivederci, Como." Perry flipped back, "I used to be a barber, you know, (Please turn the page)

"Forget it, honey. Accidents will happen."

"Ticklish, Doug?"

"Gosh! I had a girl when I came in!"

"More? I don't even want the one I've got!"

"When they announce the winner, smile."
"Take it easy, dear. Remember, you have to drive back to the palace."

"Take it alive, if you can."

"Thank heavens for little girls!"

"Listen, Bill—if a man answers, hang up."

"Janet, darling, do you ever get the feeling we're being watched?"
Overheard By The Hidden Mike

that is, when I was a little shaver." ... Fabian made quite a spectacle of himself by pouting throughout the entire party. "Everybody here," he complained, "has got two names but me." Barbara Luna, slinking by with Doug McClure, proudly announced Doug is to star in a new film, "The Yanks Are Coming," which will be dedicated to the United States Dental Corps. Smile, Doug. ... Dion whispered the news that Elvis Presley has decided to re-enlist for another hitch. When asked why, Elvis explained, "My daddy always told me, 'Learn a trade, Son! Learn a trade.' Anyway, Colonel Parker made it. Maybe I could, too." ... George Maharis and Marty Milner arrived very late. They explained that the only road they knew was Route 66, but it didn't happen to pass the house. ... Sir Laurence Olivier announced to his date, Connie Francis, that he'd just spent a year studying voice and diction under the expert tutelage of Steve McQueen. Sir Laurence demonstrated: "Ooookeeey, lits goooe." The next thing we heard tickled us silly, It's the new name game sweeping Hollywood—not that the Sanitation Dept. isn't doing a good job. Here's how the game goes. Try it. Figure out what a lady's name would sound like if she married a certain fellow. Here are a few we caught off the tape. If June Allyson married Richard Boone, her name would be June Boone. If Rhonda Fleming got with Henry Fonda, she'd be Rhonda Fonda. Or Doris Day with Chester Morris would become Doris Morris. What about Dedie Stevens and Steve Brodie? Dedie Brodie? Our favorite was Audrey Hepburn with Gene Autry. Can you see the wedding announcement? Mrs. Audrey Autry! Silly Billy. Janet Leigh was bragging about Tony's new-found politeness. Said she, "It isn't really politeness. I call it Curtisy." "Nonsense," bounced Tony, "my real name is Bernie Schwartz." ... Garry Cooper came to the party right off the jet from New York. He brought along his pilot, who was thrilled at the whole idea. "I sure was swell having Garry on my plane," the pilot said. "It's the first time I ever flew the Coop." ... Milton Berle broke up the party by leaving in a huff, which he drives himself, by the way. He complained, "I've been asked to perform. What on insult! I don't perform—I bowl!" At about this time, the tape seemed to stick on the repeated words, "Ap rilf ool, Ap rilf ool." Put 'em all together, they don't spell a real p-a-r-t-y at all. "April Fool!"
"You mean they're all out of chicken liver?"

"When you get to my thumb, stop."

"Oops! Thorry."

"Well, what do you know? You can get a man with a gun."

"It's the last dance, so why can't I lead now?"
Brenda, guess what Dion thinks of you!

To me, Brenda is like a song. Don't tell her, but I wrote one just for her. It goes, "Four feet eleven and a dress size seven, tha-at's Brenda Lee, cute as a button and you ain't heard nuttin' till she belts out high C." . . . And why shouldn't she belt, with all the exercise her vocal chords got in school? Cheerleader—debater—and now I hear she talks her way out of kissing a boy goodnight on a first date. Isn't that like a girl? Can't wait till they're sixteen and Mom lets them date, then they chicken out . . . . But that Brenda, she's so little and weighs all of a hundred pounds, but once on tour in South America she went on in place of a whole circus. I kid you not, so many

(Continued on page 90)
LIZ AND EDDIE—UNGUARDED MOMENT
Life in a fishbowl is not a happy place, as these pictures taken by an unseen photographer show. It is certainly not a spot in which a precious piece of privacy can be found. As Liz and Eddie walked in the vast dining room at Grossinger’s, all eyes turned to watch them be seated. A few guests even went out of their way to walk by their table to get a closer look at them. Liz seemed reserved, correct, outwardly calm, but a passing waitress noticed and commented later, “Her eye makeup was too heavy.” Eddie chatted amiably, effected a certain nonchalance, but he puffed on his cigarette nervously. It was the end of what they had hoped would have been a perfect weekend at Grossinger’s, the famous Catskills resort, where they made headlines before their marriage. They had returned for a short holiday. Jennie Grossinger provided her own cottage. Someone noticed she had discreetly taken down the picture of Debbie and Eddie. Liz had romped with her two dogs. She refused all interviews, and photographers and reporters were kept away. While Liz seemed to be having a good time, some of the guests said they thought she seemed self-conscious. Looking at her here: Can you blame her? The End
She was young and her dark good looks had a beauty of another time. Her walk was proud and sure. There was a haunting quality about her face, and the light seemed to play tricks with her expressive eyes. She crossed Sunset Boulevard and waved gaily to a young girl who waved back and joined her. “Hello,” she said, and then, “Dad is feeling wonderful. He wrote me yesterday.”

She couldn’t be more than seventeen. She had a flawless complexion, and there was a sense of expressiveness (Continued on page 84)
Do you think of me luxuriating in bubble baths...well, you're right! I do have a bubble bath every night—a long, luxurious, relaxing bath piled high with bubbles. It lasts a hot ten minutes. My life is fabulous because it's two lives. It's exciting without losing normalcy. I've been working in show business since I was sixteen, and that meant gradually being able to buy almost everything material I could want—first a new bathing suit, then a new dress, shoes, a coat, and as my earning power increased, a mink coat and a diamond ring, a bracelet, a car, a home. I dreamed of children, I had them and a lovely home. I like to work around my own house, I love bathing my own children. (Continued on page 78)
an invitation to
anyone who believes in
love at first sight
One stifling-hot Saturday afternoon last August, Troy Donahue happened to glance out the window of his Hollywood apartment. Suddenly the casual glance changed into a long, curious stare. His eyes were practically glued on a shapely blonde frolicking in the nearby swimming pool. She had on a strapless two-piece red bathing suit, tame compared to the revealing bikinis worn by two other girls around the pool—yet on her it was exciting. She was richly sun-tanned, and her face was radiant. This was Lili Kardell. She was a lovely Swedish motion picture and television actress who had dropped by for a swim at the invitation of her agent and good friend, Harold Gefsky, who lives in an apartment next to Troy. He and Lili had no sooner climbed out of the pool than Troy, trying to act nonchalant, sauntered over and was introduced. It was the beginning of a new life for both of them. For only a few short (Continued on page 87)
WHEN'S THE MARRIAGE?

Glenn is free
Hope will be
Glenn Ford and Hope Lange were sitting at a booth along the wall of Chasen's restaurant in Beverly Hills. It was crowded even for a Saturday night, but, luckily, Glenn had remembered to telephone in advance for reservations for two. They made a quiet, reserved couple; you might think they'd been married for years, not just dating. Suddenly, a tall, handsome man approached. Hope looked up, startled, yet pleased in a way, too. Stephen Boyd extended his hand, and it met hers halfway. Then Hope introduced him to Glenn. Their handshake was coolly brief. Many had thought that, after Hope and Don Murray split, Stephen would be the new man in her future. Maybe Glenn recalled this now.

That meeting between Hope and Steve was the first in nearly six months—since they'd filmed "The Best of Everything" together at Twentieth Century-Fox. And it was the first since Hope and Don finally decided to call it quits. Hope and Stephen (Please turn the page)
chatted for a few minutes, politely and warmly. Glenn looked on silently. He appeared ill at ease as he watched them talk. Was he jealous? Or was he just embarrassed over not having anything to contribute to their conversation? After a few minutes, Stephen excused himself and left to rejoin a group of friends at another table. Hope and Glenn were left alone again.

This incident took place several months ago. It seemed to mark the beginning of a big change in Glenn. As one of his friends confided: “Today Glenn sees Hope as a potential wife—his. He used to look on Hope just as a lovely, charming actress he enjoyed being with... enjoyed being seen with... enjoyed romancing. This developed into something much bigger—love.”

Glenn has been the only man in Hope’s life since her marriage went on the rocks last year. Even Stephen Boyd quickly dropped out of the picture. When Glenn was away in Paris for the “Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” she did occasionally attend cocktail parties and studio functions with George Stevens Jr., the bachelor son of the famous movie producer-director. But this could hardly be considered anything more than escort service.

The ocean separating Glenn and Hope did little to cool their romance. He called her from Paris, wrote to her. Her brother, David Lange, was Glenn’s constant companion in the French capital. Glenn had arranged for David, a Harvard graduate, to join the company as a dialogue director. Those were long, lonely weeks without Hope, and the dreary drizzly weather didn’t help matters either. Finally, he could stand it no longer and helped talk M-G-M out of waiting for better shooting weather. Everybody came home, and Glenn hurried to see the girl for whom he’d been so homesick.

Oddly enough, the romance of these two is parallel in many ways to Debbie Reynolds’ and Harry Karl’s during their courting days. They made secret plans about their future together. Only on their wedding day did Debbie reveal her true feelings about the man she was marrying. And Debbie had seen Eddie fall in love with another woman, Liz Taylor, just as Hope saw Don Murray fall for Dolores Michaels. (Unlike the Debbie-Liz-Eddie triangle, the Don Murray and Dolores Michaels romance had come after Hope and Don’s marriage had broken up. And when Hope finally filed for divorce, it was too late for Dolores and Don. The strain of a romance with a man who was still married, even if he was separated, had been too much, and there seems no future for Don and Dolores together.) Debbie was left with two children to rear, Hope likewise. Neither girl ever denounced her husband for leaving her. Each surprised everyone with her lack of bitterness and determination to forget the past and plan for the future. Each is close to her brother: Debbie’s brother Bill stayed with her prior to the marriage, and David lives with Hope.

Some say Debbie married as much to give her children a father as she did for love. Some say Hope will do the same. Even her close friends agree, she has made up her mind. The first step was to start (Continued on page 82)
A special kind of service, for

PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO TRAVEL

For you, TRAILWAYS has made land travel more pleasant than ever before, with FIVE STAR LUXURY SERVICE. The buses that feature this special service are somewhat like 'mobile living rooms. There's a hostess on board, and while you enjoy the view she will bring you good things to eat, hot or cold drinks, late papers or magazines if you'd like to read, even a pillow if you'd care to nap.

From your own speaker, at your own seat, you hear the restful strains of hi-fi music... your trip begins and ends on a soft musical note, and you are there more relaxed than when you started.

The safest transportation is, of course, the most economical. And when you've tried FIVE STAR LUXURY SERVICE, you'll TAKE TRAILWAYS — more often. Nearly all major cities in America are served by TRAILWAYS exclusive FIVE STAR LUXURY SERVICE, or by famous TRAILWAYS THRU-BUS SERVICE.

TRAILWAYS
1012 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.
Adventures in Ha...
Hi! That's me with Cary Grant. I'm Evelyn Pain, the Editor of Photoplay. You've asked me about vacationing in Hollywood; well, here it is. Hollywood, to me, is a nine-letter word meaning vacation paradise, a place where I can be driven around by Cary Grant in a sleek, smooth, Rolls Royce; where I bump into Sandra Dee buying cake at Pupi's and watch Pat Boone and Elvis Presley play touch football on Sunday at the park on Beverly Glen. It's where the girls are prettier; boys are handsomer; tans are deeper and everybody looks great in a bathing suit. A town where everyone is on a health kick, takes protein pills and vitamin C, eats 31 flavors of ice cream, including avocado, carrot and tea. Where poodles boast wardrobes of mink and girls and boys exchange measurements at Muscle Beach. Hollywood—no doubt about it—is the most glamorous, exciting, romantic vacation place in the world. Come along and I'll show you what I mean.
Go Hollywood! What does it mean? It means wearing colors gayer than you usually do, bright yellows, fuchsias, pinks and whites. It means casual clothes—slacks, sweaters, sandals, easy-fit dresses. It means clothes that make you feel gay, relaxed and holidayish. These, on this page, are the basics, all you need for a Hollywood vacation. Plan your wardrobe around one big buy (1), like my fuchsia Bataldi Great Coat. And around the coat, build a wardrobe on color: white, gray, canary yellow. (Believe it or not, fuchsia and yellow go great together. You just have to get used to wearing them.) Under the coat, I wear a Bonnie Cashin white jersey dress (2), and for a change later, as an ensemble, her long white sweater coat. For an afternoon pickup, I chose Junior Sophisticates canary yellow suit (3), ideal for traveling on Santa Fe’s Super Chief, too (opposite page). My one basic suit-dress is a two-piece Junior Sophisticates in gray (4), which I alternate with sweater tops and change with accessories. And lastly, who’d ever leave home—don’t you agree?—without one reliable black knit like this (5), by Catalina. My final suggestion: Leave room in your bag and buy when you get here. You’ll love the feel of California fashions. And remember, you can’t go native without at least one bulky knit; a pair of colorful flats; streamlined slacks; sun-color accessories (even my Samsonite luggage is light); and a new hairdo and movie-star makeup. (Opposite page: Gene Shacove gives me a new hairdo, and I learn at Westmore’s to put on a new face. You can, too. See next issue.)
1 Andy Williams had no dime, left me as deposit.
2 Me, in Lee Remick’s movie coat, 20th’s Don Feld designed it. It fit, but Don wouldn’t let me keep it.
3 “Adventures in Paradise,” I sail away with Gardner McKay. No one got seasick on this trip.
4 Schwab’s, Sidney Skolsky didn’t know I knew he was looking at the menu. Some diet he’s on!
5 A birthday party, Taina Elg’s son, Raoul, has his fourth. I wouldn’t miss it. I was at his first.
6 At Paramount Gate, I ask Nick Adams, “Doesn’t Jack Chaplain look like Jimmy Dean?” Doesn’t he?
7 What I like most . . . seeing the latest rushes.
8 “You’re always dropping things,” Cary says. So he carried my flowers. In return, I gave him one.
9 To Sandra Dee on set, “Who’d guess when I left you in Rome, you’d come home married?”
10 At Debbie’s, “Tired?” she asks. “Exhausted!”
WHAT TO EXPECT? Exactly what; nobody knows! Hollywood is a state of mind . . . a town that produces glamour, a place like no place else. So let some of it rub off on you. Go Hollywood. Here’s how: Walk slower, dress gayer, tan deeper, splurge on a new hairdo (Hollywood girls wear theirs high-styled); wear a hat only to the beach, don’t be afraid to have your slacks a shade tighter, your smile come easier and your makeup more natural, just accent your eyes. Above all, accept everything—because nothing out here makes sense; Hollywood’s all glamour. GLAMOUR—how to get it! Hop a taxi to Patsy Brogan’s on Robertson Blvd., where you can buy Hedy Lamarr’s last year’s dress and Lana Turner’s twice-worn gowns at knockdown bargain prices. Pamper yourself to a day of glamour. Have your hair styled for $10 at Gene Shacove’s along with Marlene Dietrich and Amanda Blake. (You’ll never know who will be sitting next to you). Then go on to Westmore’s for a makeup session. It will cost only $1.50 and you’ll come out floating. Don’t be surprised if someone asks, “Are you a movie star?” For full-hour instructions, $10. Warning: don’t be disappointed. Call for reservations on arrival, tell them I sent you!

EAT WITH THE STARS: (I’ll give you these on one condition: promise you won’t beg an autograph while a star is eating.) Splurge, try Chasen’s. Sunday night’s the best. Or Dino’s on the Strip. Reserve lunch at Romanoff’s or the Brown Derby—any day you’re free. Take tea at the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel. After five, the combinations of stars there can’t be beat. These places are expensive. Offbeat and easier on your budget: See Sara Hamilton eating fortune cookies at Kowloon; Sidney Skolsky dieting at Schwab’s. Other places: Jack Benny and Danny Thomas at Linny’s delicatessen in Beverly Hills; Nick Adams and wife Carol on a health food kick at Aware Inn; Tuesday Weld and friends at Chez Paulette. Still hungry? Try Hamburger Hamlet; Frascati’s; Ontra Cafeteria. For coffee, Cafe de Paris, Via Veneto. COMPETE WITH THE STARS: See them at Farmer’s Market; Uncle Bernie’s Toy Zoo. (Continued on page 75)
Kotex is confidence

You'll welcome the newest Kotex napkins. They have a much softer covering for greater comfort, pleated ends for a smoother fit, also a new inner shield which provides lasting protection in all 3 absorbencies.
Peter Falk—who is he? For one thing, he's very much in. And to make sure he stays in, there are bars on the window. To remind him of his hometown—Ossining? "Yeah," he says, "I'm doing a stretch in a Spanish hacienda." He is doing a stretch, in movies. And it's likely to be life according to columnist Sidney Skolsky, who knows about such things, and who said, months ahead of the announcement, that Falk would be nominated for an Oscar for his supporting role in "Murder, Inc."

O.K., he's a good actor, maybe a great actor. But what else does he do behind those iron bars? There's only one way to find out—go in and see. That is if you can get in—those bars work two ways, and one of their most important functions is to keep out phonies. But, if you do get beyond the bars, there's a lot to find out. If you're a stranger, he'll be very shy; if you're a friend, he'll be warm and friendly and do imitations for you; and if you're a Boris Lurie modern painting, he'll flip over you. If you're a foreign film, he'll go out to see you. If you're a baby, you don't belong in the picture—not yet, but soon, maybe, because he wants lots of you. And if you're a pretty girl with brown hair named Alice, you're his wife. And if you're his wife, you love him and understand him, and you know why he thinks the way he does and what makes him so strong and what gives him the courage to be him. You know about that July morning a long time ago when Peter the boy became Peter the tough guy. And that's what he is now—tough. He got that way all in one day.

The sun shone brightly along Ossining's Main Street that July, two months before Peter was to reach his twelfth birthday. His hard-working parents had left early to open their small department store that stood between the town movie house and the ice cream parlor run by the friendly German couple who liked to give young Peter an extra scoop of strawberry ice cream because his eyes could look so wistful and pleading.

"One look into those puppy dog eyes," Frau Schmidt would tell her husband, "and he go us giving him the store for nothing."

And her husband would laugh loudly, recalling all too well how many times Peter had milked him out of a little more strawberry syrup, or an extra drop of malt by the soulful stare of those deep brown eyes.

But on that sunny morning in July of 1940, the day was beginning to turn dark for Peter Falk. He woke slowly from the sound sleep that had enveloped him for eight, long hours. He tried to focus his eyes, but things seemed dim for the longest time.

"It must be early," he murmured to himself, "it's still dark outside."

He got out of bed to look for his baseball glove, the one he knew would carry him to the New York Yankees—the pride of the baseball world, the champions, his idols. He fumbled about where he was sure he had put the glove, but it didn't seem to be there. He was sure it was behind the small dresser. He reached behind the dresser again, feeling slowly for the five- (Continued on page 92)
Tony Randall lay rigid, trying not to breathe. Holding the sheet up over his head with his fingers. Maybe if he didn’t move a muscle... maybe if his head didn’t show... maybe if he didn’t make a sound... the burglar might think he was just a big lump in the bed and go away. Maybe... The loud squeak of a bed spring startled him. Florence. He’d (Continued on page 72)
the first roll-on deodorant designed especially for women

Now, a roll-on deodorant with all the refinements a woman really values... Adjusta-Roll by Odo-Ro-No! Everything about it is special. The cool, aqua lotion—so gentle, so safe, so effective. Protects you against odor, your clothes against perspiration—double protection many other deodorants can't promise. The exclusive adjustable collar lets you control the flow of lotion to your own liking— isn't thick, sticky or wasteful. The larger roll-on applicator gives you faster, more thorough coverage. And the attractive see-through bottle has a leak-proof lock that you can carry securely in suitcase or purse. Look for it at your favorite toiletries counter. The first roll-on deodorant designed especially for you... new Adjusta-Roll!

ADJUSTA-ROLL
BY ODO-RO-NO
it was a tough fight, folks...

BUT I LOST

continued

forgotten all about his wife Florence, in bed beside him. She was turning over in her sleep.

Just like a woman. Can't depend on one in a crisis.

Wait—he could throw a sheet over her too! Two lumps on a bed, no, that was silly. It would never work. Why had he let her talk him into not having the telephone connected? "We're here for a rest," she said. "Let's not have the phone hooked up." Hopeless.

Suddenly, a flash of light hit the window, stayed there. A flashlight! The burglar had an accomplice outside!

Do something, he dared himself silently. He forced himself to get out of bed, and determinedly tipped-toed to the head of the stairs. Come on, he told himself, you're not scared—only your legs are. Got to save Florence... His toe hit something—an old bicycle pump... a weapon... good!

With bicycle pump in hand, he felt brave. Now he slunk down the stairs like a tiger—fierce. Halfway down he stopped. Strategy! Pretend he had a gun. Like a kid does, poking his hand in his pocket. He went to poke his hand in his pocket. But there was no pocket. No pants! This was positively embarrassing. How could he face a burglar in the nude?

He sneaked upstairs again. Florence was still sleeping. He slipped on a pair of pants, pulled himself to his full height, grabbed the bicycle pump in his left hand, thrust his right hand into his pocket. He poked his finger hard against the cloth—ready to shoot—and went downstairs again. At the foot of the stairs he flicked up the light switch, shouting, "Put up your hands. I've got you covered."

The lights didn't go on.

"The burglar's shut off the current," he thought. And—now he'd given himself away by hollering. Somewhere in that room a man was crouching in the dark waiting to kill him.

He dropped to the floor. But no good to stay here with retreat cut off.

Quietly he wiggled along on his stomach. Then... a light went on— the powerful gleam of a flashlight—from the top of the stairs behind him. The burglar had crept upstairs. He was caught!

"Tony," his wife cried, "what are you doing lying on the floor? Are you sick? It's one-thirty in the morning. Come up to bed."

"Florence," he yelled, "go back. We're trapped. Go back."

Suddenly there was a quick movement and the crash of a lamp falling off a table.

"All right," Tony snapped, "come on out—with your hands high—or I'll shoot. I'm counting to three. One... two..." The burglar came out. "Meow," it said. It pattered across the room to Florence and rubbed against her legs.

Three minutes later, a wet, bedraggled white cat was lapping up a saucer of milk, Tony was at the kitchen table munching a peanut butter sandwich and Florence was making him another. "You must be starved," she said, "after that workout."

"All right, so it was my fault—so I forgot to close the porch door and a cat slips in..."

"...and (Continued on page 90)
A whole world of fashion, fit and beauty, at half the price you’d expect to pay. Ringlet, only $1.50
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.
WHAT TO SEE
Continued from page 66

Also at the Pickwick Book Shop: Silent Movie Theater; gallery row on La Cienega; McDaniel’s (super) Market in Beverly Hills; antique shops on La Cienega; Ohrbach’s on Miracle Mile. Posh and a treat: Don Loper’s fashion salon. For addresses, check the local telephone book or your guidebooks.

STAR-SNOOPING: Hollywood, the streets are paved with movie stars. To see them, go where they are. Here’s how:

PREMIERES: For them, check the local papers immediately on arrival. You buy your ticket at the movie boxoffice. And if tickets are all sold, don’t despair. Catch a look at the stars from a free seat in the bleachers set up specially at the theater. (Come early and bring your supper.)

PREVIEWS are listed in the local morning papers. They won’t tell titles, but they’ll tell you where. Get your ticket at the boxoffice. And don’t be timid. Be a movie critic and fill out the preview cards. The studios do listen.

TV STUDIOS: To see a free show, write Ticket Department; to take a studio tour, write the Guest Relations Department. And write early. Here’s where: CBS-TV, 7800 Beverly Blvd., L.A.; ABC-TV, Prospect and Talmadge; NBC-TV, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood.

MOVIE STUDIOS: Tanner Bus Service, twice-daily, will take you set-hopping by bus, let you see movies being made at U.I. and drive you by sets right out of a movie ($5.05; time: 4 hours). Lunch at the Commissary.

MOVIE STAR HOMES: Tanner will take you to Beverly Hills, along the beach and where stars live. $3.70, 4 hours. Or rent a car at Foreign Car Rentals. For $3.50 a day, plus mileage, you can get a Volkswagen. To impress, rent a Rolls Royce from Prestige Car Rentals. Better check the prices first!


Evelyn Dean

——

The high-level way is Santa Fe

Chicago-Los Angeles $6918
plus tax
One-way coach

On El Capitan you sit high above the tracks where the going is unbelievably smooth and quiet. You ride in luxurious reserved “stretch-out” seats, relax in the Dome Lounge, see the colorful Southwest, dine on famous Fred Harvey food—all at high-level. Take it easy—take Santa Fe’s El Capitan between Chicago-Los Angeles, America’s only high-level train.

Chicago-Los Angeles $6918
plus tax
One-way coach

HI-LEVEL

El Capitan

Ask about Santa Fe’s new
“Go Now-Pay Later” plan

Santa Fe

El Capitan

THE MOST LUXURIOUS COACH SERVICE IN AMERICA

For reservations, contact any Santa Fe Traffic Office or Travel Agent
Bobby Rydell— the skinny little Rida- relli kid from the same Italian neighbor- hood in Philadelphia where Fabian grew up, and Frankie Avalon and Jimmy Darren.

On a shoestring

When Bobby was an unknown kid, the man who had faith in him, Frankie Day, used to drive from town to town introduc- ing his boy to the disc jockeys. Between him and his future star they owned a shoe- string. Certainly not the price of a motel, if they hoped to eat. So come night, they'd pull in behind a roadside billboard and sleep in their cars in the middle of their suits in the men's washroom of a gas sta- tion, and Bobby could walk in to meet a deejay looking neat as a pin. But you should see his room at home. He not only hates picking up after himself, he wishes his mother wouldn't.

"Once Mom straightens out my clothes and records," he moans, "nothing is where it used to be. I can't find anything." Can't find, eh? Why, he and Frankie could pull into a new town and in no time flat find out which hot dog stand served the biggest wiener and the most coffee for the fewest dimes.

In those days Bobby had to do a lot of dreaming to keep going, and he still does. But the dreams have changed. He used to sit alone in his room at his drums so late at night that he barely brushed them in a soft rhythmic whisper, and dream about a girl. Sometimes it was that girl he was so shy with, the one he suddenly stopped seeing. But in his dreams she'd be sitting there all breathless and adoring, listening to him play the drums. . . . Nowadays, he doesn't have to dream like that. Whole theater audiences packed with girls go crazy for him when they see that crooked smile and hear his booming voice. They love him, and he's perfectly at ease with them—so long as he's safe up there on the stage. Then he can talk a blue streak, break everybody up with laughter. It's only when he's caught in a crowd of sigh- ing, crying females that he gets to feeling a little foolish over it all. Oh, he'll stop anywhere and agreeably sign autograph after autograph till he misses out on lunch. But he still can't dig what's all the excite-
ment, he's only Bobby Rydell—a shy boy, a dreamer. Not so much girls now. Sometimes he's Leonard Bernstein in full dress, tails and white tie, standing up on a po- dium conducting a huge symphony orches- tra . . . other times he's the dashing Bobby Rydell whizzing a hundred miles per hour at the wheel of a jazzy red Thunder- bird.

The old dream of success used to worry his father, because he hated to see his boy all hopped up with hopes and then let down—again and again and again. But then this hard-working machinist would dig down and somehow come up with the money to give his kid drum lessons and guitar lessons. Now whenever he thinks that Bobby has made it, he likes to tease his father a little. "I know, Pop, I'm a disappointment to you. When I was twelve I was playing at weddings already, and here I'm nearly nineteen and not even married."

But the faith was there from way back. When Bobby was four, the relatives used to ask his mom, "You sure he isn't re- tarded, Jennie, a four-year-old boy banging on pots and pans with a spoon? This is for two-year-olds." Always Adrio would come in with the explanation, "To this boy it's not pots and pans—I took him to hear Gene Krupa, and his mind's made up. He's going to be a great drummer." The child was always good looking, and how he and his brother, running down the row- ing out sounds—the top of a good coffee table, the arm of an upholstered leather chair, the bathtub—whatever made a new noise. He didn't have real drums till he saved up for them himself—in his Bishop Newman High School days. A hundred and ten dollars' worth. And the relatives still needle his father, "After all that, did he turn out a Gene Krupa?"

So shy it hurt

The most painful six months of his school life was the time he had a king-sized crush on a girl who sat next to him in algebra. Her name was Carole Gibson— she had black hair, blue eyes and a tiny waist. But after much problem he did, the answer came out "Carole." Finally, at a party, he came face to face with her. He took a deep breath and got up the courage to ask if she'd take a little walk with him. Just around the block. It was like a miracle—she would. He talked his head off— for him. First time around the block he said, "Nice night, huh?" Second time, "That sweater is pretty neat." After the third lap, she did the talking. She said, "Bobby, are you asking me to go out with you? I'd love to."

He's come a long way since that night. He's friends with stars like Annette, Joanie Sommers, Dodie Stevens, Eileen Donahue, Sherry Jackson. But he still likes to date girls who aren't in show business. And he still gets shook up the first time he calls any girl for a date. . . . A new phone num- ber gives him butterflies. The kind of girl he likes is one who'll be on time, and she doesn't have to make one clever crack ever, just so she's warm, sweet and herself. If a date does turn out to be a phony after all, he'll be as considerate and nice as he always is when taking a girl out—but she'll never hear from him again. He'll always give a girl the choice of where to spend the evening, but he keeps hoping to him- self she won't prefer a night club. because he's not the type. He'd rather take her to a

Watch TRUE STORY

on your NBC-affiliated television station on Saturdays

See your local paper for time and station. Exciting stories of actual events and people, straight from the files of TRUE STORY Magazine—narrated by Kathi Norris.

And don't miss "WHO SAYS YOU'RE TOO FAT!" an important article on dieting that asks, "Are you brain-washed by the diet craze?"

Kathi Norris

In May TRUE STORY Magazine

The Woman's Guide to Better Living

Buy Your Copy Today Wherever Magazines Are Sold

70
party (Dancing to a record player in a basement rumpus room, man, that's livin'! ... or a beach barbecue (He still loves hot dogs...) ... or to a horror movie (She'll get scared and hang on to his hand).

"Don't muss my hair"

The list of what he doesn't like is amazingly short: long phone calls and girls who muss his neat, oversized pompadour. (Is that the mystery about the girl he dropped so suddenly? Which was she, a phony or a pompadour-messer? He won't say, any more than he'll tell about the pinky ring which is practically part of him.)

He likes a million things. Swimming (won a letter at High) ... baseball (was a crack first baseman and fast on his feet) ... Sinatra recordings ... Sammy Davis Jr. ... photography ... and many serious things. Like going to church with his folks as often as he can. He's a Catholic with a deep faith in God. He doesn't talk about religion much, but when he's got a problem, he likes to get alone and pray for guidance. ... He's very sensitive but not touchy, and in his book, when it comes to loyalty and friendship, you can't have one without the other. And both are fine to give and get, but not to be used as a rung on the old success-ladder.

Most important thing in the world to him are his parents. He's an only child and has a close relationship with his pop and mom. He'll keep little problems to himself, but talk over the big ones with them, and they know they're lucky to have it that way. He gets to spend only seven or eight weeks a year at home, but he wouldn't dream of having his own apartment, though he could well afford it. He loves coming home with a load of presents for his parents and the relatives. His big thrill of 1960 was the look on his mother's face when she opened a box, pushed back layer after layer of tissue paper—then saw the mink stole!

When Bobby does come home, his folks usually haven't seen him for maybe two or three months since the last visit. Yet they've hardly had him to themselves a minute when they go generous and signal the neighborhood, "Bobby's home." The code is via venetian blind—jiggle the slats open and shut, open and shut, over and over very fast for a few minutes. It wears out the cord, but it sure starts the phone ringing. Pretty soon aunts, uncles and cousins are crowded around the big oval dining room table and his grandmother Nina is commanding, "Eat! Eat!"

This is the family part of the homecoming. After dinner, friends will drop in, or Bobby will go out with one of his favorite hometown girls. Maybe an action-packed movie, a snack at the soda shop and some dancing to the juke box. He's downright careful not to talk show business—he's afraid she might get bored.

A couple of days home, and he starts in on his two perennial schemes. "Pop, how'd you like to go along with me, invest in a nice little hide-out in Florida for you and Mom?"

"I don't know, Bobby, we talked about it last time, remember? I'm not so sure yet.

"Gee, but I hate cold weather. It's nice and warm down in Florida."

And from his mother, "And when would you ever get time to come to Florida?"

It's true, time is one thing he has very little of. He starts in on the other project. How's about that dog he wants to buy, the little cocker spaniel puppy?

Again his mother, "And when have you time to walk a dog? I know who'd end up walking the puppy forty-five weeks out of the year."

This is true, too. He's on the road more weeks than a traveling salesman. But now he's home, and he belongs to his folks. Up in his room, he turns to the drums of his boyhood, and to his model planes. Before he knows it, he's reaching for a wing tip and a strut.

This is Bobby Rydell, a few weeks before his nineteenth birthday on April 26. Some days he makes model planes ... and other days he talks about wanting to get married. In five years, he's decided. Probably in the long run, he'll end up with a neighborhood girl. Not beautiful, but cute. And his wife won't work. She'll give him a big family, stay home and mind the kids, cook good Italian meals. love him like crazy, laugh a lot and get one whale of a kick out of living.

Meanwhile, he's reaching for the airplane glue. And after all, when was a teenager all-of-a-piece? A boy one minute, a man the next—sometimes even his own mother doesn't know him.

—Rose Perleberg

Bobby sings on the Cameo label, and will be seen in Columbia's "That Girl."
I'd have plenty to keep me busy full-time if I never went near a studio. We live on a street filled with children, a little more luxurious, but just as neighborly as the street I grew up on. It's true the sight-seeing buses do go by and stop to tell the tourists where we live, but we built an ivy-trimmed wall so the children wouldn't notice, and they slide down their slide and swing on the swings with the other kids. We had almost everything. But there was one empty spot in the picture.

Life is fabulous now because the picture is complete. I have the personal happiness I've always wanted. It's been fabulous ever since Harry came into our lives and the children and I fell in love with him. In this hectic life of mine there was at last a deeply quiet, private place. I don't mind sharing my happiness, I want to share it. But in each person's life there must be a personal and private place.

Our wedding was everything I'd dreamed. Everything you want yours to be. Quiet, personal and beautiful. That isn't easy in this business, I realized as never before what good friends the press can be. They were very gracious, and I thank them with all my heart. We greeted them outside Harry's sister's house, posed, answered questions. But inside, in the heart of our wedding, there were no flash bulbs popping. There was just my old friend, Virgil Apger, who took my first stills at Metro when I was sixteen. Poor Virgil had broken his toe that morning and had to hobble around, but he didn't need a toe to take good pictures.

I even had the honeymoon I dreamed of, Jamaica . . . the first foreign spot I'd ever been . . . and fallen in love with back in 1952 when I was seventeen and on the first tour of my life. Suddenly, the world was much bigger than Burbank.

Now Jamaica was as heavenly as I'd remembered. Only I'd forgotten there are no screens on the cottage windows of the Tower Isle Hotel. And the fact is, I don't swat bugs as fast as I used to. The minute the sun went down every mosquito, every insect that could fly, came to pay us a visit. Eventually we gave up and moved to the Half Moon, which is only ten minutes from the airport, and perfect for the children's arrival. Neither Harry nor I could stay away from the children for a month, so I planned it for my mother and father to bring Carrie, and the nurse to bring Toddy, after two weeks. We all settled down for a fabulous time.

**Fabulous, luxurious and lazy**

Mother and Dad went sight-seeing and fishing, and we'd meet them usually for dinner. But for us the days were lazy and luxurious. I didn't have to get up at five! The children let us sleep until eight! I had the luxury of being with my family all day in the sun. And let me say right here that if I ever retire from the business, it will be for the luxury of being with my children all day, instead of getting home from work at 7:30 and cramming a whole day into an hour. This is very disturbing to me. I love working, I love glamour and fun. But make no mistake about it, my greatest happiness, my real joy of living is within my family. Harry feels the same way.

I have to laugh when I hear him described as a playboy. He's one of the most easygoing stay-at-homes I've ever known, just like me. Our joy is to have a home to come to, to have dinner with the children, take them up to bed, play, read to them and tuck them in. Toddy likes his stories told, Carrie likes her stories read. So we do both. I bathe the children, we put them to bed and hear their prayers; this is the most wonderful time of the day. I can't tell you what Harry has meant to the children. In Carrie's prayers, he comes right after Mommie and Daddy. "God bless Mommie and Daddy and Harry and Grandma and Grandpa," etc. But Toddy just says, "God, please bless Harry and everyone else I love!"

When we do go out, to dinner or a Thalian meeting or a party, we go later, after they're asleep. Certainly we go to night clubs—when a friend is opening or someone of whom we're fans is performing.

In New York, on our way home from our honeymoon, we went out all the time. We dressed every night and I wore my mink coat (it's four years old and I won't get another till it falls off my back) and my pretty jewelry. How fabulous can you get?

But I think the fabulous. At home and on the road I do my own manicure and pedicures, my fingernails are never long enough to put polish on. I've been in beauty parlors three times in my whole life and it was always so busy, it drove me wild. It's easier for me to wash my own hair, roll it up on curlers; if I have ten minutes and can sit under the dryer, that's great. I don't have to run around with a wet head. Most of the time I run around with the wet head.

**Nothing like a massage!**

I love perfume, but use very little. I love cologne in summer after we come out of the pool. A massage I have every other day or often if I can. This relaxes tension and keeps my skin from drying in this dry climate where we stay in the sun so much . . . we go to Palm Springs almost every weekend. And this is fabulous, to have a home in the city and a home in the desert.

I've had a place of my own in Palm Springs for four years, but I've sold it now, and we've added two bedrooms for the children and a dressing room for me on Harry's Palm Springs house. We dress simply, and I don't bother about makeup. Makeup is part of working, very few actresses do it in their private lives. You want your skin to breathe, and makeup is hard on it. Unless I'm working, I never use powder or foundation base. Just eyebrow pencil and lipstick.

I will say I've improved in my lounging clothes. Instead of levi's, I wear silk Italian pants with shirts to match. But I'm still barefoot . . . except when we have guests, then I wear Italian shoes with wildly curving heels that look as if they came from outer space. They're comfortable and I get around fast. And I have some elaborate at-home clothes for entertaining—a new pants and overskirt ensemble, pink peau de soie, with white mink shawl and white velvet undergarments for around town, white silk roses embroidered on it.

We have everything now except the new house we want to build or buy. We do have the land, it's being cleared—a beautiful two-acre lot in Beverly Hills. But if we should find something already built . . . I was out looking at a place today. (I walk through looking at everything with Harry's eyes.) We're interested in country English architecture or modern—if it is good, heavy, magnificent modern. It would be great to find a house and avoid the complexities of building; but it doesn't really matter too much because my husband can handle any amount of complexities.

**Calm man in a crisis**

He phoned me just a moment ago in the middle of a hectic conference at the office. I could hear the voices excitedly quoting figures and shipments, and Harry's voice calm as a judge, calling out to find out how everything is at home, because the children have a virus. This man has such calm. The roof could fall in, cannons could
be booming and he'd just sit back and muse, "Hmmm ... a little trouble ... we'll work it out." He's such a pro. He's been trained to his business since he was seven. His dad used to pick him up after school, take him to the factory, and he'd work there at small chores until they went home to dinner. Harry did his homework at night, later he took summer school courses. He got out of high school at fourteen and law school at twenty-one. He's a graduate lawyer, and his knowledge of law is invaluable, not only to him but to me. Who do you think reads my contracts?

He's taught me a little about law. He's taught me to play cards. He's influenced my life in a million ways. I used to do a fair amount of cooking, now I'm interviewing for a full-time cook because Harry loves good cooking and so do I, and we want uncluttered time together. We love all the small things that go to make up a life—a picnic lunch or a night at the theater, dinner at Pavillon or a hamburger at a drive-in on our way to a movie, buying a new painting or hearing a child's prayers. Little presents ... on Valentine's Day he came home with a gift for each of us. A bride doll for Carrie, who's been hearing a lot about bride and groom lately at our house. That's how we knew she had a virus. Carrie, who usually raises the roof if you give her a jelly bean, just took the doll quietly in her arms and laid down on the couch with the afghan!

"She must be sick," Harry said. "Have you taken her temperature?"

"Oh, she's all right, she's just tired," I said.

But Harry said take her temperature, so I took it and it was 103. We called the doctor. 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. —Debbie Reynolds as told to Jane Ardmore.

See Debbie in Paramount's "Pleasure of His Company." Watch for her in "Pepe" for Columbia and "Champagne Complex" for 20th Century-Fox. She sings on Dot.

---

1961 EDITION

all new * all exclusive
packed with pictures and
news of TV's greatest—
from Adams to Zimbalist

Pin-ups in color: Elvis • Connie Stevens • Roger Smith • Robert Stack

It's packed with news ... gossip ... chit-chat ... and pictures of your favorite entertainers. It's the brand new edition of TV-Radio Annual. This is the yearbook that show people all over the world await with keen anticipation. It's the yearbook that covers all the history-making moments of the industry ... all the great shows and programs of the year. Here, too, is the news of the year—the marriages ... divorces ... babies ... and those choice bits about he and she. You will go for the intimate stories about the stars and the life they lead off stage. You will go for the yummy pictures of your favorites—and those full-color photos are truly glamorous. Get double the pleasure out of your radio and TV set—get your copy of the new issue of TV-Radio Annual—today.

only 50¢ at all newsstands now

---

This sensational yearbook which brings you all the behind-the-scene stories about your favorite stars and programs is a best seller every year. Get your copy at your favorite magazine counter before they are all sold out—only 50¢. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon with 50¢—today.

---

Address.

City...

State...
Marilyn to Wed Again?

Continued from page 29

to tell. On February fifth, she walked into the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic. She registered as “Miss Faye Miller” and was given a private room. She was put under the care of her personal physician and arrangements made so that, as time to time, she could obtain a pass and leave the hospital. It was reported that she used this pass to attend “The Misfits” premiere with Montgomery Clift, to visit her friends, Paula and Lee Strasberg, and to see Joe DiMaggio. It was even reported that Joe had taken a room in the hospital to be near her. She had entered the hospital passenger... One of Joe’s former golfing partners, who owns a San Francisco restaurant too, put it more bluntly. “Joe is an easy-going guy. Maybe a bit too naive,” he said. “The type a good-looking gal could wrap around her finger. And Marilyn has a big hold on him. I hope for his sake she can shake it.” They talked about the big change in Joe since his divorce.

The change in Joe

Once, San Francisco had been his full-time home. Now it became only a stopping-off place for him between trips. Perhaps he thought it would be easier to forget Marilyn if he kept moving. He took his divorce from the University of the B. H. Monette Company, which supplies military PX stores. Often, he was in Alaska one week and Europe the next. He turned over his lush North Beach home in San Francisco to relatives to maintain. For himself, he took a three-room hotel suite on the eighteenth floor of the Lexington Hotel in New York. “Joe drops in and out of town,” said his brother Tom. “He keeps very busy.”

Joe, who’ll be forty-seven in November, is now almost completely gray. Since divorcing Marilyn, he has had little time for social activity.

“But you have to hand it to Joe,” said one of his fellow restaurateurs on Fisherman’s Wharf. “When he falls, he always falls far.”

It was true. Joe’s first wife was singer-actress Dorothy Arnold. They were married in November of 1939, when she was nineteen and he twenty-five. Joe was then already a legend as the big slu$$er with the Yankees. But his wife came to hate baseball as much as he loved it, for it drew them apart. They divorced in 1944, and Dorothy returned to Hollywood. She took with her their small son, Joseph Paul DiMaggio Jr., who was born October 23, 1941.

“It tore Joe up inside,” said one of his friends, “to see Dorothy take away his son. He really loves that kid. It was Joe’s plan,” the friend explained. “to ask for permanent custody of the boy after he married Marilyn. He had great plans for the three of them living together in San Francisco. Marilyn got along fine with Joe Jr., too. They really liked each other. But, of course, when the marriage broke...
up, so did Joe's hopes of having the boy with them always."

Always a loner, Joe grew even more distant after he lost Marilyn. His trips to San Francisco grew less and less frequent. His brother Tom took over the full-time managing of the restaurant. As much as Joe loved his home town, it seemed to bring back too many bitter memories.

"He has never stopped loving Marilyn," his friends say even now. But his relatives and long-time associates share the opinion that "he was taken." Taken on a publicity merry-go-round, Joe and Marilyn even had to sneak into a basement elevator to avoid being mobbed at their wedding ceremony in San Francisco's City Hall.

Some blame Marilyn for this. One report was that, minutes after Joe proposed, she was on the phone to her studio, telling them the news. Joe was used to the press asking him questions, but before it had always been just about baseball and not his personal life. He tried to accept it.

"I have never been happier," he told reporters on his wedding day. Marilyn, blushing, had held of his hand. She was wearing false eyelashes, a smart brown broadcloth suit with an ermine collar, and natural polish on her nails.

The reporters asked about children.

"We expect to have one," Joe said in a serious tone. "I guarantee that." Marilyn interrupted, "I'd like to have six." And then she giggled.

The honeymoon was never over because it never really began. Shortly after the ceremony, Marilyn was back at work in Hollywood. Joe tried to accept her way of life. He couldn't. Her long hours at the studio, her fatigue when she finally did arrive home, her associates—all of this disturbed him. Joe's idea of home life was having a wife prepare a good meal for him and later just sitting around watching TV until bedtime. Marilyn couldn't stand this. She felt trapped again.

Yet after the divorce, Marilyn still had a hold on Joe. He was the only one permitted to see her while she was recuperating in a Los Angeles Hospital from emergency surgery. He kept tabs on her. There was the famous "wrong door" raid, when Joe and Frank Sinatra reportedly broke down the door of an apartment in which they thought Marilyn was living. It was the wrong apartment.

And in January of 1955 the two were dating each other again. A reporter recognized them in a Boston restaurant.

"Is this a reconciliation?" he asked.

"Is it, honey?" Joe asked.

She paused, as if in deep thought, and then replied, "No, just call it a visit."

The next year she married Arthur Miller. And the next year Joe started courting Marian McKnight. She reminded many people of Marilyn. She was beautiful, independent and sensitive. But a year later, when she won the title of Miss America of 1957, the romance seemed doomed. It was strangely like the fame that had come suddenly to Marilyn just after their marriage. The publicity that came with it had been a big part of their bust-up. Now it was happening again. Joe continued to date Marian after she won the title and, for a while, they seemed even closer than ever. He introduced her to all his friends, and then they spent a weekend at his boss's home. Almost immediately after that visit, they parted.

Joe was in New York the day Marilyn left for Juarez to divorce Arthur Miller. He appeared to be breaking out of his shell and seemed happier than in years. At first, he and Marilyn met in out-of-the-way places. Then, after she flew back, they began to revisit all the old places where, long ago, they had fallen in love. And then, unexpectedly, Joe rejoined the Yankees, this time as coach. Was he trying to tell Marilyn that one thing had never changed, that, even to win her back again, he still would not give up his own life to share hers? If Marilyn wanted him, one thing was the same—he was still his own man.

When Joe's family and friends first learned that he and Marilyn might marry again, they didn't like it. But when, a few weeks later, they heard the sad reports of Marilyn's troubled state of mind, they couldn't help but remember the girl who had once been so eager to belong to this family, and their hearts must have gone out to her.

When, for whatever the reason was, Marilyn fled to one hospital and then another, it was Joe she turned to for advice, for help, for strength. If she turned to Joe for love, he had that to give her, too.

Joe has changed in the years between. He is not the fiery combination of temper and brawn he used to be. Once mad at the world, he's learned to weather its blows. He's more understanding now, and he's eager for a home again. And the only home Joe DiMaggio has is the one he built for Marilyn long ago.

—Bob Dean

Marilyn's in "The Misfits" for U-A.

Special Offer: For generous trial supply send name, address and 1st for handling (no stamps) to Cutitone, Dept. TP-51, Box 64, Melrose, Mass.

You'll never have an inferiority complexion again!

NEW Cutitone

New skin-toned, medicated, astringent formula for instant blemish control

Conceals as you feel it heal!

Recent medical discoveries reveal that not just one but two types of skin glands—oil and perspiration glands—are chiefly responsible for teen-age acne.

NEW CUTITONE—created by Cuticura with exclusive "Alchloral—is the first and only medication formulated to meet both problems.

You know CUTITONE is working because you can actually feel it work. But you can't see anything—because your blemishes are softly, subtly concealed!

Eight leading skin specialists report outstanding results in clinical tests of 313 cases. And in comparative tests with leading blemish preparations 9 out of 10 teen-agers preferred CUTITONE!

Buy pleasantly scented, greaseless, skin-toned CUTITONE at drug counters.
WHEN'S THE WEDDING?

Continued from page 58

negotiations for a divorce. She hired attorneys to work out a property settlement. The action caught Hollywood somewhat by surprise, because not too long before, Hope had told the press: "I'm in no hurry to divorce Don, but I'll not stop him if he wants one."

It seemed something had happened to change her mind. And what about Glenn? Has he made up his mind, too? Is he afraid of another marriage? These are the questions everyone's asking. When he's questioned, Glenn runs hot, lukewarm and cold on the subject of Hope Lange. One time he'll confide to friends that Hope could very well be his next Mrs. Glenn Ford. On other occasions, he'll only confirm that he likes her very much. And then again, he'll act insulted if he's even asked about Hope.

The first Mrs. Glenn Ford, Eleanor Powell, lived with the actor several years shy of two decades. Although he won't admit it, the marriage failure after all those years must have been a great shock. Enough to make any man leery of marrying again and give him many a sleepless night. However, one version of the break-up goes that Glenn and Eleanor would have split years ago if not for their son, Peter, now sixteen. Glenn and Peter are close, very close. He's always managed to devote weekends to the boy, taking him for a sail or hike, and even became a Boy Scout troop leader when it was necessary. Even today Glenn finds time for Peter. He has visitation rights under the divorce settlement and takes full advantage of them. But the divorce became final only last November, and to some the feeling is that he's in no hurry to rush into another marriage.

Time for a decision

Yet the time is close for another decision—one inspired by love. Perhaps he has already made it. There are indications that he has. For one thing, he's rushing plans to build a new home in Beverly Hills, having lived with his mother since the split with Ellie. And Hope has become a close part of his future picture plans. Their first together, "Pocketful of Miracles," is already in the works, and they are due to make several more.

Can a marriage between Hope and Glenn work? The same thing was asked about Debbie and Harry. The difference in age is practically the same for the two couples. Glenn is in his forties, Hope in her twenties. Hope's children are about the same age as Debbie's. Both women have found stability in an older, wiser man who seemed to possess something their youthful husbands lacked. It certainly has worked thus far with Debbie. She has never seemed happier.

What are the chances that Glenn and Hope would go back to their first loves? One columnist printed that this could happen to Glenn. He speculated that Glenn and Ellie were very close, and he'd paid her a visit when she was in a hospital for surgery last December. But friends said no, he merely drove their son to the hospital out of respect to Ellie. He has confided to a few that neither he nor Ellie have even faintly considered reconciling.

And what about Hope? The spark Dolores Murray once held for Dolores Michaels is dying. Maybe Don would come back if she would have him. Does she want him back? The answer is clearly evident in Hope's surprise action for a divorce—not next year, but now.

Glenn Ford is free. Hope soon will be. She has apparently made up her mind. How about Glenn? Only he can answer this question, and some of his friends think he already has—and that the answer is yes.

—TODD ROWLAND

Hope and Glenn will soon be co-starring in "Pocketful of Miracles" for U.A. and Glenn will also be seen in "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" for M-G-M.

A MARRIED MAN

Continued from page 33

Don moved in with his good friend, Walter Wood.

And it was just at this point that Dolores and Don met. They had seen each other at the studio commissary, but they'd never spoken, much less thought of each other. They were "to co-star in a movie, "One Foot in Hell,"" a prophetic title," Dolores says today. But at the time, she had no idea of what was ahead.

Something happened between these two different people from the very first instant. "I found I was reacting to Don as a man rather than as an actor," says Dolores, "and was embarrassed and self-conscious about it. That wasn't like me, and I wondered what was wrong with me.

There was the incident of the horse. Dolores had never ridden before so Don swept her up in the saddle with him. "So you get used to what it feels like to be on horseback," he said. She found the horn of the saddle was pressing painfully against her, but, for some reason, she made no protest. Instead, she said, "Oh, I'm very comfortable." She found herself forgetting everything but Don's strong arm around her. And Don, too, seemed under some strange spell. He knew how to ride, and yet he didn't realize that anything was wrong until the assistant director finally yelled, "The saddle's coming off, get down. Don and Dolores didn't say anything. They just looked at each other.

Time passed. Then suddenly, everything was out in the open.

"I've separated from Hope," Don told her one evening after work. They were driving together along the Malibu coast.

Dolores made no comment but she knew then that she loved him. And as two people often do, they became closer through their days of working together.

"Don is a man of softness that is not to be confused with weakness," she says, "I discovered his strength as our relationship grew, and I came to respect it." They began to have dinner together, go to the beach together and take long drives along the countryside. But all was not well.

"I created all these problems," Dolores says. "I never once asked about Hope, but my underlying anxiety began to creep through. I was beset with doubts. And there was the pressure from the outside. My mother, a good Catholic, was anxious for me. Sometimes 1 could feel her doubts about me. Had I broken up this man's home? Of course, I hadn't, but the small gulls began to build—to be a weight."

Her own divorce from Maurice Norette had just become final, and Dolores had the feeling her very religious family from the Midwest were more than disapproving. Tension mounted. And Don, though separated, was still a married man.

"And so," says Dolores in all honesty, "I began to press, to push, to doubt, to plague. And all this time Don never once discussed his personal problems. Perhaps if he had been able to talk over his plans for the future with Dolores, she may have been less anxious, less insecure.

But, of course, Don was a married man, and he never once discussed the possibility of marriage with Dolores. "Don," says Dolores, "is a man of strength and honor." But she, unfortunately, was a woman in love.

"I became depressed when I was not with him. Even one day away from him became a blue day. And looming in the distance was his long location jaunt to St. Louis for the movie "The Hoodlum Priest.""

The approaching date threw a cloud over everything. Not for Don, perhaps, but for Dolores. She was no ties with Don, no promises, no talks of a future together. And she panicked.

"Do you love me?"

One evening he came to have dinner with her, "I have to make this a short evening," he said. "I have to be up early for details on the 'Hoodlum' story."

Trying to hold on just a few hours longer, with the coming weeks of separation between them, Dolores began to push.

"Do you love me?" it was almost a demand. "Do you love me? Don't lie to me."

Don tried to calm her, but there was nothing he could say. After all, he was still married to Hope. How could he promise anything to Dolores?

But Dolores persisted. "If you love me, why aren't I going to St. Louis with you? Why are you leaving me?"

Then, when she could see that she wasn't going to sway him that way, she tried another method. She tried to punish him.

"Well, as long as you're going to be busy, let's just skip dinner tomorrow night," she said coldly.

"The following night?" Don asked.

"No, no, I don't want you to see you at all."

"Well, I'll try to see you before I leave," Don said quietly. But he walked out.

She had him on the phone an hour later. "I see I'm dealing with a man and not a boy," she said.

"Look," Dolores told her, "you have an image of what you think love is, and you're trying to fit me into that. Well, I won't fit into any preconceived notions you have. I'm me." This man of great strength spoke
Many women in search of new hair beauty dye to a different color. They feel their hair is so drab that nothing less than a drastic change will do. But you may be the one woman in five whose hair looks loveliest au naturel — whose true hair color is the most flattering of all. In that case all you need is to add lustrous highlights — to intensify and bring out the best of nature's own color. A quick Marchand’s Rinse after each shampoo does both these things. It leaves the hair sparkling with highlights and accents natural color. Try it! Marchand’s Rinses are temporary; they wash out easily. On the back of each package you will find a guide to help you choose which of the 12 “true-to-nature” shades is best for you. There are special blending shades to make first gray strands inconspicuous and others to tone out yellowing in white or gray hair.

Ask for Marchand’s Rinse at your drug or variety store. 8 Rinses, 39c; 3 Rinses, 15c.
Most people had never forgiven him. People seemed surprised that she had come at all. Perhaps she had expected that. Perhaps that's why she kept the trip just between her and Oona. A few people knew she was here. And then, before anyone knew it, she was gone.

There was to be no future for her in Hollywood. The answer to all her hopes had been "No." Perhaps her father had expected that, too. It would explain why he had been against her coming.

Oona was a beautiful girl. And talented. What was behind the doors that had closed to her, the sudden hardening of the face when people heard her name, the "no" she heard everywhere?

Another time, another girl

How long had it been since that other girl had come to Hollywood, the same age as this girl? Nearly twenty years. She was very young, too—barely seventeen—and very beautiful. She had jet black hair down to her shoulders and a full, generous mouth. She walked lightly on long slim legs, she didn’t smoke or drink, she dated only on weekends, and she had a delicious sense of humor. Her name was Oona—Oona O’Neill.

She too was the daughter of a famous man. Her father was Eugene O’Neill, the great tragic playwright. She had come to Hollywood against his wishes, looking for a career in the movies. Instead she met the great love of her life.

Oona had been whirling around Hollywood with Orson Welles. One evening he brought her to a luxurious house where the filmtown’s greats were in the habit of gathering for good food and talk. The host was a handsome, graying man of fifty-three—a charmer. The young girl was deeply impressed. So was he. Before the evening ended, Oona had forgotten Orson Welles, and Charles Spencer Chaplin was no longer interested in Joan Barry, twenty-three-year-old girl who was then his protégée.

When Oona and Charlie fell in love, it caused a furor. Wherever they went, people stared at the stunning teenager and her elderly escort. They’d walk into a restaurant, she taller than he, and heads would go together for whispers. "He’s three times her age." Her father put his foot down against their unsuitable marriage and friends fearfully begged her not to commit such a tragedy. They told her everything she already knew—that he’d been married and divorced three times. That his first wife, Mildred Harris, had said, "A woman would have to be ten women to stand between him and Oona." Charlie was a second-teen-age-wife, Lita Grey, had presented him with two sons, the marriage didn’t last. Neither did his third, to Paulette Goddard. And he was Hollywood’s Great Lover, she wasn’t the first young girl he’d been involved with.

Oona wouldn’t listen. "I love him," she insisted. "He’s the only one for me to marry."

And that was when Joan Barry shocked the whole country by suing Charlie for support of the baby she swore was his. He told Oona. "We’d better put our marriage until I’m cleared, I can’t drag you into the mud she’s throwing at me." Oona said stubbornly, "When you love a man, you want to be at his side when he’s in trouble." She insisted on pushing the marriage date ahead to stand by him.

They eloped to Santa Barbara and were married on June 16, 1943. Later a blood test proved that Charlie couldn’t possibly have been this baby’s father, but the jury’s verdict was in Joan’s favor anyway.

But Oona didn’t question his love for her, and hers for him. She said, "He is my world." She gave up all thoughts of a movie career, because Charlie felt that one star in a family was enough, and he didn’t need her. Her role was that of a loving wife and son, of a mending stone, of a succession of children: Geraldine, Michael, Josephine, Victoria... And then, suddenly, she had to take her children and follow Charlie into exile. In England, she gave up her American citizenship and her children’s, and became a British subject "like my husband."

When, after a year later she couldn’t cross the ocean again for the funeral. Evidently the rift between them over her marriage had never mended, for she was not even mentioned in the will.

The Chaplins settled in an isolated mansion in Vevey, Switzerland, to live a secluded, passionate life. Oona, who had known the gay young girl mourned her. "What an existence," they said, "cut off from her world with an old, old man and nothing in life but to bear him babies every few years." Tadpole was born in Switzerland (and touchingly named Eugene—for her father’s?) then Jane, and finally Oona. Oona was seldom seen in the social world, and her friends sighed, "Poor Oona—poor lost girl."

The saddest love story

If this was a love story, they said, it was the saddest one they’d ever heard. But what they didn’t know—because they didn’t hear from Oona herself—and she gave no interviews—was what life was really like in the Manoir du Ban, their palatial Swiss home.

The seventeen-room $350,000 mansion stands hidden in ten acres of beautifully kept park overlooking the blue waters of Lake Geneva. The days go by evenly and uneventfully. Everything is for the comfort of "Monsieur Charlot," the master, but Oona is the one at the controls. She is a woman who loves to please him. The house, an idyll, a retreat from annoyances, calms him when he gets temperamental, and on the cook’s day off, she makes his favorite gourmet dishes. She makes sure all seven children never, never disturb their father when he’s concentrating. For Charlie, it seems a contented sort of life, but her friends might wonder. She is still young, could possibly get out of it.

"In our family," says Oona, "the slogan is, 'The more the merrier.' I’m delighted with every new baby. Charlie tells everybody I look my prettiest when I’m expecting one. He’s crazy about the kids."

The children are loved and wanted, but Oona doesn’t think about the house hold doesn’t revolve around them—or her—only around Charlie.

Oona says, "Laughter is one of his great gifts to me—I never knew it as a child. I didn’t have a happy childhood." But she also admits, "I’m probably the only member of the family who considers him as funny as he is. The kids are too intent
A shock to her

Oona is a woman with an amazing knowledge of how to be a wife. She is 35 now, to her husband's 71, but to her he is ageless. "Only his birthday is the annual shock to me," she says, "when the whole world seems to pour into our home with wishes, cables and presents." Her figure is still so girlish that her oldest daughter borrows her clothes, yet Oona is glad of her first gray hairs. It has always annoyed her to be called Charlie's "schoolgirl wife." She and Charlie are warm host and hostess in their own home, but when it comes to going out, she is anti-social. Whatever her friends might have suspected about Charlie's keeping her hidden from the gay, outside world, they were wrong. It seems instead, that it is he who has to coax her out.

"I feel our happiness depends on our being left alone," says Oona. "In privacy he flirts with me as though we had just met. We are completely relaxed in each other's company, we do not ask too much of one another." She understands his crotchets and does not consider them signs of age—only of Charlie. "He is such a contradiction," she says, her dark eyes smiling. "When we do go out, I have to carry a large supply of change to do the tipping. Then he'll go off and buy me an expensive car." And she says, "He can make me feel like crying with rage when he won't be nice to someone he should be civil to." But instead of flaring up, she will squeeze his hand or kiss him swiftly on the forehead and he comes to heel—tamed. He is famous for his terrible temper, but she is one wife who can claim that "not once in all the years of our marriage has he hit it out with me.

"I have learned to keep silent," she says, "and let him charge ahead. Unless he asks me for a criticism I never venture one. He respects my judgment, and jokes that I'm always right in the long run—because I try not to get on his nerves.

This is Oona O'Neill Chaplin who protects, loves, honors and appreciates her husband. For all her good manners, she can be rude to anyone who upsets him. "Other young women," she says, "who have married older men will understand what I mean when I say our marriage is founded on a rock." Solid, with no unpleasant surprises ahead. The man's character is formed, his life shaped, he has a sense of responsibility and tolerance. "We met when I was a mere child, and I have been in love with him ever since.

This is the story not known to those who speak of Oona's marriage as "May and December," and mourn her lifelong exile. They don't know that, for her, her story has had a happy ending.

But the Chaplins know it. "My father didn't want me to come," the lovely young girl had told her friend. "She was the Chaplins' oldest daughter, Geraldine, and she'd come to Hollywood. Just as her mother did nearly twenty years before. When it seemed, Hollywood didn't want Geraldine, her father welcomed her home with open arms. Perhaps he didn't want her to be a movie star or, as she thought a while later, a ballerina. Perhaps what he wanted from life for his daughter was what mother had had—a love story with a happy ending.

IMP Prove THAT YOUR FACE IS NOT AN ANILINE DYE!

*1 APPLICATION LASTS 4 TO 5 WEEKS!

Takes just seconds to apply...stays on for 4 to 5 weeks! "Dark-Eyes" is the perfect way to make eyelashes and brows completely natural-looking...and it will not harden or break them. "Dark-Eyes" is NOT A MASCARA! Will not stick to eyelash curler. Eliminates the bother of daily eye make-up. It is PERMANENT, SMUDGEPROOF, TEARPROOF and SMEARPROOF!

$1.25 (plus tax) at leading drug, dept. and variety chain stores

35¢ PERMANENT DARKENER FOR LASHES AND BROWS

for the hairs to which applied

ANALYZE HANDWRITING

MORE INCOME...MORE PRESTIGE AND GREATER PERSONAL SUCCESS! YOU CAN learn how to identify character and personality traits from ordinary handwriting, facilitating home-study technique. Many quick and easy hands, a few minutes a day, can show success. Send for FREE sample booklet. No obligation. Just send your name, address for FREE sample booklet.

INTERNATIONAL GRAPHOGRAPH ANALYSIS SOCIETY, INC., Dept. EN-94 Springfield, Missouri

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

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

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in support or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.
When Hollywood’s most ageless star, Ginger Rogers, announced her engagement to movie director and producer William Marshall, they gave full warning that the wedding would follow soon after. “Just as soon as work permits,” they said.

For slim, shapely Ginger, who still wears the same size eight she wore twenty-five years ago, it’s her fifth marriage. She and her first husband, Jack Culpepper, were a stage team. Her next marriages were to Lew Ayres, Jack Briggs and Jacques Bergerac, the young French actor she discovered while on a trip to Paris. They were divorced in 1957, and he is now married to Dorothy Malone.

Now romance has come into her life again. Her mother, Mrs. Leila Rogers, said recently, “Ginger and Bill are very deeply in love. They’ve known each other for some time, and I gave them my blessing. But I’m glad they’re waiting a few weeks at least and not marrying in impetuous haste.”

Bill, a former singer, bandleader and actor, has been married twice before, to Micheline Prelle and to Michele Morgan, the French actress from whom he was divorced in 1947. At that time he won custody of their son Michael, who was hardly more than a baby and is now a handsome teenager. Through the years a battle over the boy has simmered.

Bill fought to keep Mike exclusively his. “I want my son raised in this country as an American citizen, which he is,” he said. “I’ll fight any action that would let his mother take him to France.” He even fought against a proposed visit to Michele this summer. She lost that round in court, but was given the privilege of reopening the case this spring.

The day after Ginger and Bill made their engagement public, came another announcement. This one was from Michele, saying she is dropping the suit.

So to Bill Marshall, who has battled for years to keep his son, and to Ginger Rogers, who has no child of her own, the news comes like a gift. It is probably the most welcome wedding present anybody could give them.

WELLS

of Elvis’s friends. When they arrived in St. Louis early in the morning, they were met by Nancy’s parents, Dr. and Mrs. George W. Sharp (he is a dentist), and taken to their home for breakfast. Three hours after arriving, Elvis and friends left for Memphis. Nancy says, with candor, their being on the same plane was accidental.

Fellow workers on “Wild in the Country” bet Nancy wouldn’t be back in time. They thought she would be in either St. Louis or Memphis. But they were wrong. She was ready for work Tuesday morning after Christmas. And when Elvis returned the following week, he and Nancy greeted each other so casually the crew thought they had either met the day before or that the whole thing was off. However, after a few days, the hand-holding resumed.

Elvis’ Christmas present to Nancy was a jewel box topped by a little ballet dancer which turned round to the strains of “I Love You Truly”—the wedding classic. The choice of music, professional singer Presley says, was accidental.

Most observers agreed this was a new and different Elvis, that the Army had matured him. The surest indication of his change was Nancy herself, a hazel-eyed blonde, slender and collegiate in appearance. She is a far cry from the conventional concept of a sexpot.

She has a frank and friendly manner and is liked and respected by her co-workers. She was always careful not to let her friendship with Elvis interfere with her duties on the set. (Wardrobe people handle clothes for only their own sex, so Nancy had no direct professional association with Elvis.)

Nancy was raised in St. Louis and is a graduate of Washington University School of Fine Arts. She was a costume designing major and a sorority girl. Originally, she had majored in music and sang a couple of seasons in the chorus of the St. Louis Municipal Opera, but changed her major in her sophomore year. She modeled for a season in New York, and then came to Hollywood where she landed a job as wardrobe girl on the Betty Hutton TV show. The duties of a wardrobe woman are exciting. She has nothing to do with the designing of the clothes, but her job requires that she be responsible for each performer’s garments.

She hopes, of course, to go into the field of costume design. Though she looks younger, she must be 25 or 26.

As for Elvis, he admits he no longer feels marriage will affect his career, and if it does, he says, “I can always go back to driving a truck.” (He drives a Rolls Royce and a Cadillac now.) And about Nancy, he admits: “I admire her very much,” adding that respect is very important in marriage, and that marriage is “the happiest way a man can live . . . I saw this in my own home. I’ll know when the right girl comes along.”

He acts as if that girl might have come along.

—CAL YORK

Elvis is in “Wild in the Country,” 20th, and stars next in “Blue Hawaii.” Par.
TROY'S ENGAGEMENT

Continued from page 55

months later, I ran into him on a Warner Brothers' backlot. Beaming with happiness, he told me that he and his "first and only love" had just become engaged. That was in February. The marriage, he said, would take place as soon as he could get time off from his "SurfSide 6" TV series—either July or August.

"I feel great!"

"She's the first girl I ever really loved," he said, "I feel great. We wanted to keep our engagement secret a little longer," he added, "but we just couldn't. I haven't even had a chance yet to buy her a ring."

Just at that moment, Lili herself walked in the gate, looking very smart in a gray flannel suit. When Troy saw her, he raced over to meet her, and they embraced as if they'd been apart for months. Then hand in hand, they walked back together, and Troy introduced her proudly.

"This is Lili Kardell," he said, "this is the girl who has everything—beauty, class, personality. I could go on and on." I never saw Troy so happy. She had dressed for a scene, in a white dinner jacket, very handsome. Very much in love.

When Lili put out her hand I noticed she was wearing a ring on her betrothal finger after all—a gold band studded with tiny diamonds. It looked like a wedding ring. Seeing my glance, she smiled and said, "It isn't what you think; this is my mother's wedding ring. I wanted to wear something to let everyone know how happy Troy has made me."

At first their engagement had been an understanding between them—in other words, a secret—but the news leaked out and then both seemed eager to tell everybody. That was when Lili put on her mother's ring as a symbol. Now people are wondering why they were in such a hurry that they couldn't wait for Troy to buy one. Some friends asked, "Was it because of Sally Todd?" There were rumors that Sally, whom Troy used to date a great deal, had broken with him—uncertainly tearful when Troy told her it was all over between them. Others said that Lili and Sally used to be best friends—till Lili took Troy away from her.

Troy won't talk about the rumors except to insist that he didn't meet Lili until after he'd broken off with Sally. And that the two girls, far from being best friends, never even knew each other.

"I never thought of marriage with Sally," he says, "We just enjoyed each other's company. Then things got stale. We broke off. I met Lili shortly afterwards."

"No," Lili laughs, "I never took Troy away from another. I didn't have to. I knew after a few dates that I was in love with him. How did I know? You either feel love or you don't."

No matter how it happened, Troy's engagement took one of Hollywood's most eligible young bachelors out of circulation. He has dated such beauties—besides Sally—as Connie Stevens, Diane McBain, Sherry Jackson and Nan Morris. And if a recent weekend in Palm Springs is any indication, more than one of his former girl friends may not take kindly to his new status. The weekend that Troy and Lili were at the resort, they ran into Nan Morris, and observers say that they didn't speak—not even just to say hello. Others say that Diane and Sherry were in Palm Springs, too, and that Lili chatted with them around the pool at the resort. And one of Troy's friends later remarked, "Poor Lili, wherever she goes she runs into an old flame of Troy's."

Love at first sight

Nevertheless it was with "poor Lili" that Troy fell in love at first sight that August day at the pool. But then after a few dates, she broke down and reminded him that it was really on second sight—because they had actually met four years before at a party. And she had refused him a date for after the party. What happened was that Lili was surrounded by men asking for dates. When Troy came over and asked the same thing, she said no to him, too. There were so many more men than women at the party, and the attention was so overwhelming, she had felt a little embarrassed, and so refused him.

The funny part was that, until she reminded him, Troy didn't even remember the incident. Yet four years later it took only one glimpse for him to fall head over heels. Which just goes to prove, they decided, that love has to hit you at the right time—when you're ready for it and not before.

Who is this girl who gave everybody such a surprise that many of them still refuse to believe it's the "real thing" and will lead to marriage? Lili first came to this country nearly seven years ago from her native Stockholm. Her father, Thor Kardell, is a Swedish orchestra leader. "I didn't win a beauty contest to get here," she says. "I never entered one. I was on the stage in Stockholm and I wanted to be in a motion picture actress, so I came over."

The breaks were immediately with her. Only eighteen years old, she was put under contract at Universal-International Studios and appeared in several features. But because of her slight accent she got only roles of a foreign type. And pretty soon, thanks to so many beauty contests, Hollywood was flooded with accents. Today hers is hardly noticeable, and she is kept busy filming television shows.

The proudest day of her life was last November 18th, when she became an American citizen. She was sworn in with nearly a hundred others in ceremonies at the Federal Building in downtown Los Angeles. Then she stepped across the street to the courthouse and received another kind of freedom, her final divorce papers. It signaled the end to a brief and unhappy marriage to an insurance broker, Peter Paxton. They were married not quite a year. "He had to have everything his way," she testified in court. "Otherwise he threw a tantrum." The divorce was granted.

Death of a friend

The saddest day in Lili's life was Sept. 30th, 1955. It was on this day that James Dean lost his life when his sports car crashed off the highway near Paso Robles,
California. Lili had only been in this country a short time then, and Dean had taken her under his wing. He helped her adjust to the strange ways of Hollywood, helped her with her acting, gave her encouragement and confidence.

"We were very close," she says. "It wasn’t a romance, either. It was sort of brother and sister."

Even today it hurts her to talk about it. She appeared in "The Jimmy Dean Story," made after his death, but she has never seen the picture. It would bring back too many memories.

She is different from most of the girls Troy has dated. She’s not the glamour type; her clothes are attractive yet not extravagant. She is twenty-five to Troy’s twenty-four, and their love may have progressed as fast as it did because both are mature. But she is not aggressive, and in Troy’s company she plays a secondary role out of respect and devotion. Yet when making the studio rounds with her agent, she unleashes so much charm that she usually gets the role for which a producer is interviewing.

This, then, is Lili Kardell. When she met Troy, they found they had a lot in common: love of the outdoors, sports, laughs and good food. Lili is an above-average cook. Often, instead of dining out on dates, she prepares the dinner. "Troy’s favorite dish," she says, "is leg of lamb, the way I prepare it, à la Swedish. He also likes my beef stew."

Another bond is that Troy is half Swedish, on his mother’s side, and half English. Their dating wasn’t all seclusion restaurants and hands across the table. A lot of it was on golf courses, at football games and basketball games. Lili is a fine amateur golfer—in fact, she’s even built like a female champion. Her interest in athletics whetted Troy’s appetite for sports, too. She started giving him golfing lessons, passing on what she had learned from such a top pro as Eric Monte. Troy took to the sport like a duck takes to water. When he was on location for "Susan Slade" in Monterey last December, Lili was there, too. When Troy wasn’t before a camera, he was on the Pebble Beach course playing golf with her.

Late in January, Troy was given some time off by the studio, because he had worked hard. He headed for Palm Springs and the golf courses, and Lili was there too.

It was there they started talking marriage.

"He asked me to marry him on a golf course," Lili laughs. "I was so surprised, I missed a three-foot putt."

Troy tells a slightly different story.

They decided to wait

"I kept asking her to marry me, she kept saying no. I was persistent. She made me the happiest man in the world when she finally consented. It wasn’t a sudden thing, though. We had long talks about marriage, whether or not it would work for us. And although we are sure about each other, we wanted to be doubly sure. That’s one reason we decided not to elope—to wait until summer. To see if our love is true, everlasting."

As for the future, Troy says a bright one. Lili likewise. In the last year, Troy’s star has risen to the top at Warners. They plan to live in Troy’s apartment after the marriage, and eventually buy a home in the Hollywood Hills.

"We would like to honeymoon in Sweden," Troy says. "I very much want to meet Lili’s parents. My mother and 72-year-old grandmother are very fond of Lili. They are really happy over the news." Lili is anxious to revisit her native land. She hasn’t been home in six years.

What about children? "We want to have children," Troy says with a smile, "and a nice big family. However, we would like to wait a couple of years before we start that project."

As for Lili’s career, she plans to continue it, at least for a while. It has been filled with ups and downs, still, "I think right now I’d be lost without my acting," she says. "But eventually I’ll adjust to being a housewife—because naturally, Troy comes first."

Troy can be seen in "Parrish" and "Susan Slade" for Warner Bros. and in "Surf-Side 6," on ABC-TV, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST.

33/4% interest on New U.S. Savings Bonds now in effect and the Bonds you already own are better than ever, too!

Now U.S. Savings Bonds are a better buy than ever in three important ways:

• All Series E and H Bonds bought since June 1, 1959, now earn 3 3/4% interest when held to maturity.

• Older Bonds will also pay more—an extra 1/2%, from June 1 on, if you hold them to maturity.

• All Series E Bonds, old or new, now carry an automatic extension privilege—they’ll keep paying liberal interest for 10 years beyond maturity.

Help Strengthen America’s Peace Power

Save With U.S. Savings Bonds

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertising.

The Treasury Department thanks The Advertising Council and this magazine for their patriotic donation.
ADVENTURES IN HOLLYWOOD

ACCESSORIES FOR HOLLYWOOD


how to get there

Paste a postcard and mail to:

Photoplay Travel Dept.
221 N. LaSalle Street
Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me free travel literature. I am especially interested in:

☐ Package Tours  ☐ Things to Do and See In Hollywood  ☐ Routes To Hollywood  ☐ Packing Pointers and Wardrobe Tips

NAME ....................................................
ADDRESS ..............................................
CITY ....................................................  STATE  

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN (Pub. W—May '61)

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATION—To earn $5 per hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For free catalog, write Studio Girl, Dept. 1615H, Glencoe, California.

UP TO $90! For Your Color! Picture paid by advertisers. Send small picture for approval. Full Ad. Returned. Print child's name, address, Spotlight, 1611 La Brea, P.O. Hollywood, California.


LADIES: EARN UP TO $5.00 hour sewing babywear! No house sewing! Send photo to Garfield, Waseca 1, Minn. SEW OUR APRON for merchants, materials supplied. J. F. Manufacturing, Lake Villa 75, Illinois.

WOMEN WANTED TO Assemble Jewelry At Home. Star Jewelry Co., 96 W. Hayes, Baltimore, Maryland.

SEND $10 TO FAST, Sewing Aprons. Dallas, Texas. SEW OUR READY cut aprons at home, spare time, Easy. Profitable. Hanly Aprons, Caldwell 3, Arkansas.


EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES


FINISH HIGH SCHOOL at home, No classes. Texts furnished, Diploma awarded. If 17 or over and live at home; write for free assignment and catalog. LaSalle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution since 1858, 1419 So. Dearborn, Dept. WC 370, Chicago 5, Ill.

HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA at home, Licensed teachers. Approved materials, Southern States Academy, Station E-1, Atlanta, Georgia.

MEDICAL SECRETARY, 6 weeks, Home Study. Boston Institute of Medical Secretaries, 723X Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS


SONGWriters, NEW IDEAS needed for recording. Send songs, poems, Stamped Records, 1300-B North Highland, Hollywood 9, Calif.

POEMS WANTED for musical setting and recording. Send poems. Free examination. Green Music, 4827 W 67th St, New York 18, N.Y.


LOANS BY MAIL


AGENTS & HELP WANTED


BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES


$3.00 HOURLY POSSIBLE assembling pump lamps Spare Time. Simple, Easy, No canvassing. Write, Coger, Caldwell 1, Arkansas.

STAMP COLLECTION

GIGANTIC COLLECTION FREE—Includes Triangles—Early United States—Animals—Commemoratives—BRITISH Colons—High Value Pictorials, etc. Complete Collection Plus Lite Illustrated Magazine all Free. Send 5c for postage, Gray Flamingo, East P.O., Toronto, Canada.

PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

WRITERS REQUEST FREE sample Pink Sheets listing markets U.S.A. Literary Agent Mead, 915 Broadway, New York.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU

For ad rates, write S. S. Clouton, Chicago 6
A TOUCHY SUBJECT

Continued from page 44

people wanted to hear her, the only way was to pay off every other performer for a day and let Shorty have all three rings to herself. I don’t know what she does with so much money—she says herself she spends her whole five dollars allowance foolishly every week. On the other hand, she’s done what every red-blooded American kid should, bought her family a new house. It’s a split-level Swiss chalet type with a French Provincial bedroom for her brother and Early American furniture for her mother, and it’s in Nashville, Tennessee. But I guess she’s got her geography straight because she was an A student at Maplewood High. Nowadays she doesn’t stand still long enough to go to school; a tutor chases around the world trying to keep up with her. But wouldn’t you think a tutor could teach her to say “Tuileries” for those gardens in Paris instead of “Tooleries” like she does? That’s where she nearly got arrested because it’s against the law to be photographed in the Tooleries—I mean Tuileries. What some people won’t do to get a picture in Photo Play.

That Brenda, she says “Ah cain’t tell you about Paris, alm too modest,” and then goes right on to say they simply showered her with flowers every day. I’ll bet. Threw them at her. . . . She had a real romance in Paris, too. Every day she came home from the theater and found a bunch of violets or tulips or candy by her door and no card. While somewhere in the hotel she could hear a guitar playing and a boy’s voice serenading her. Till one day she ran out into the hall and found him. It was a little bellboy, and you know what Brenda did to that boy? Next day she took him to the theater and made him listen to her. . . . And maybe you don’t know it, but she can’t read a note of music.

I notice she never mentions the time she and Fabian and a bunch of the kids were on tour all over this country. Fabe told me—she kept planting dead flies and moths and stuff around his room because he’s got a thing about bugs and she isn’t afraid of anything. Except snakes. She didn’t tell Fabe that. So I’m telling him now there will be other tours. And what’s nicer to get than a live garter snake—gift-wrapped?

She had her first real solo date year before last in Nashville with a local boy named Randall Watts. She says they’re buddies, he used to be in some of her classes and they played touch football together. Randall asked her what she’d like to go someplace to eat, and she said yes, so they did and that was the date. It was nice, she says, but not very romantic. Maybe she should try dating a boy she didn’t play football with.

But honestly, I’m only teasing. Brenda’s all right. She’s got some sound ideas. Like she can’t be bothered smelling a lot of makeup on herself, she can’t bear the stuff. And when she meets her ideal boy she won’t care what he does for a living just so he has a nice disposition. She doesn’t care what he looks like either, just so he has hair—either dark or blond—and blue-green eyes, is five-foot-eleven and carries around a stepladder.

Dion

Brenda Lee records on the Decca label, and Dion records for Laurie Records.

She came back with something in her mouth—a very small kitten.

“On the poor little thing,” Florence cried. She pushed it into Tony’s big hand. Scooped up the mother, and she and Tony each grabbed a valise.

When the ferry lurched away from the dock, the kitten leaped up the rail but suddenly frizz Tony yanked off his raincoat. “Don’t worry,” he told the cat, “I’ll save your baby.”

Florence screamed.


She grabbed his jacket. He squirmed out of it, kicked off his shoes—and jumped. “Man overboard!” someone shouted, and someone frizz. Tony yanked off his raincoat. “Don’t worry,” he told the cat, “I’ll save your baby.”

Florence screamed.


She grabbed his jacket. He squirmed out of it, kicked off his shoes—and jumped. “Man overboard!” someone shouted, and someone frizz. Tony yanked off his raincoat. “Don’t worry,” he told the cat, “I’ll save your baby.”

When the ferry lurched away from the dock, the kitten leaped up the rail but suddenly frizz Tony yanked off his raincoat. “Don’t worry,” he told the cat, “I’ll save your baby.”

Florence screamed.


She grabbed his jacket. He squirmed out of it, kicked off his shoes—and jumped. “Man overboard!” someone shouted, and someone frizz. Tony yanked off his raincoat. “Don’t worry,” he told the cat, “I’ll save your baby.”
the way we feel, maybe they will understand. Being a new bride and adjusting to a new life takes up a new role with new responsibilities, well, it's not something I can share every moment of except with one other person—Bobby. Right now, with both of us working and having so little free time together, when we are alone, those are the hours we want to share just with each other...)

"There are some questions, though, which are meaningful and sensible. Like the one people are always asking me now: 'Sandy, have you changed since your marriage?' Sure I have. . . . I mean like before, well, I was just somebody's daughter. Now I'm an individual. A person. For the first time in my life, I have an identity. Like having it. I've grown up more this year than I have all the other years of my life combined.

Life changed

"When I met Bobby and fell in love, I changed. Life changed. My whole world changed. For the first time I have responsibilities. When I lived at home, my mother did everything for me, took care of everything, and that was just fine with me. I never planned anything, never took part or contributed to the way things were run. If Mom said, 'Sandy, let's eat out,' I'd say, 'Great.' If she said 'Let's put it in a pool, or paint the kitchen yellow, or buy a blue bench for the den,' I'd just say, 'Fine.' Whatever she said was all right with me. I'm sure people are wondering, 'How can Sandy manage?' But I'm running my own home now, and even though we do have Nellie, the housekeeper, I feel things are and should be my responsibility. I plan things. I oversee what's to be done. I make those decisions a woman should make. It's really crazy, too, because it has all come to me so naturally!

"I never knew I could miss anybody so much," she said of the times she and Bobby had to be separated. "It's funny, because when we're home together, Bobby can be in the other part of the house rehearsing for three, maybe four hours and we won't see each other. Yet I feel complete, secure, because I know he's there. But when he's away, well it's . . . so very lonely. If it weren't for Mom, I don't know what I'd do. At least seeing her keeps me from being too unhappy. But we don't plan on being separated again. It's just that both of us have had these commitments before we were married. When Bobby comes back from Las Vegas, we'll stay here for a while. In the meantime, we're going to take a trip to Hollywood to start my next picture. But, no matter what, we won't be separated!"

Lonely without Bobby

From Monday through Friday of their first days of separation, Sandy explained that she kept herself busy all day with the hundred-and-one duties and details of being an actress. At night, after work, she'd drive back across the mountain pass separating the San Fernando Valley from their rented Bel Air mansion, and immediately try to busy herself again to keep from getting lonely. She'd talk on the phone to friends, visit her mother, go to movies chaperoned by a young married couple or study her next day's script, until finally she was tired enough to sink into bed with Clementine, the two-pound Yorkshire terrier Bobby had given her, for company.

At three A.M. the sound of a phone ringing would shatter the dark silence of her bedroom. Reaching out to lift the receiver, Sandy would immediately become wide awake. Who'd call her at such an hour? It would be Bobby, and they would talk about what kind of a day it had been, exchange words of love and count the hours until they would be together again. Bobby, who was living the topsy-turvy life of a nightclub performer would have finished his last show, had a bite to eat and just be beginning to unwind. Hours later he'd be turning on the lights in his hotel suite just when Sandy would be getting up to begin her day at the studio. And yet despite the separation of space, of time, of routine, there was a oneness about them that no barriers could destroy. And, come Friday afternoon, Sandy would rush from the studio directly to the airport to grab a plane. In less than two hours they'd be together for a hectic, fast-paced weekend before she had to fly back to Hollywood for another week of work on "Tammy." One weekend, Sandy sailed straight to her mother's after returning from Las Vegas. She rang her mother's doorbell at two in the morning, and they sat up talking until five.

"Another way I've changed," Sandy continued, "is in my attitude toward myself. Since I've been married I've learned self-discipline, self-knowledge of my own person. Before, when I lived at home, I was not exactly the world's nearest person. Let's face it, I was pretty sloppy! But now I try to live properly. I don't take the studio for granted. I use the studio, but not as often as I would. I try to leave my time at home for my own use. I stay at home when I'm alone, and when I'm with Bobby, I try to share in the way we live. Of course, we have the same problems as any married couple. But I think we're doing a pretty good job."

Sandra breaks the silence

Continued from page 36

Clean Dishes and Beautiful Hair CAN RUIN YOUR HANDS

Dishwashing detergents, household cleansers, and beauty aids such as waving lotions and hair rinses rob your skin of its natural oil, upset the natural acid balance and invite raw, rough, red hands. New MIRICIL Medicated Hand Cream with exclusive "AQ6" penetrates deep into the skin and restores the "acid mantle" protection in a way that no ordinary cosmetic cream or lotion can do. In fact, many silicone oil creams or alkaline base vanishing creams failed to existing irritations! For really smooth, soft hands, try MIRICIL. It's greasless and completely vanishing . . . a tested formula used and prescribed by doctors, nurses and beauticians.

$161
THE MIRICIL CHEMICAL CO., INC.
STAMFORD, CONN.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED
Size 8 x 10 Inches
on DOUBLE-WEIGHT Paper
Get perfect enlargements of your favorite pictures—any size and receive your enlargement, enlarged to any size from 3"x3" to 10"x10" at the low price of 67¢. Includes a 3"x3" enlargement of your original photo, sent with order and our own guarantee. We never refuse to return your negative. Send your pictures today. Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main, Dept. 31-E, Princeton, Illinois

LOST: A Blonde!

Were you a Blonde Baby? Did you lose that golden color?
Your hair is beautiful, a blonde beauty...even for children's hair. Get BLONDEX today at drug or department store.

Now watch Blonde Hair COME TO LIFE with this New Shampoo, made especially FOR YOU!
were you once a glorious blonde? Did years of neglect let your hair slip, shady, shake, into dull, dark color? Did you fall into that blonde hair has special problems...requires special care...needs... SPECIAL SHAMPOO to bring out the radiant shine and light golden color that men love?
Now, without tears, tinges or that ugly, bleached look, you can wash your hair double lighter faster safely! BLONDEX, the 1-minute "miracle" shampoo made at home, fresh as you need it—whips into a rich, lustrous lather that raises away the dandruff, dyes film that makes hair dark, muddy, old-looking. BLONDEX alone contains ANDIUM to shine and lighten as a shampoo, bring out the golden blonde at home—2 for 50¢ (worth $1) and 4 for $1 (worth $2). Save $1.00 on your first order. Mail postage—send with order and we pay.

Take advantage of this money saving offer. Send your pictures today. Professional Art Studios, 544 S. Main, Dept. 31-E, Princeton, Illinois

Famous for 30 Years!

BLONDEX In Creme or Powder Form
VISITING DAY

Continued from page 68

finger leather mitt. Then, suddenly, he tripped over the baseball bat that lay below him.

Peter sprawled down on the carpet, then shook his head and began to rub the bruise on his left arm. He was glad it hadn’t been his right arm, for that was his batting arm. He remembered that the mother had heard him fall, and whether it had awakened her and his father. He heard no sound, and figured they were still sleeping. After all, it was still dark, and they didn’t leave for the store until it was light outside, usually about eight in the morning. Where is that glove?" Peter wondered, as he shrugged his way back toward the dresser. "Maybe I should go back to sleep," he thought. "Maybe I haven’t slept enough." He hadn’t been sleeping well lately. He’d been having headaches that sometimes kept him up at night. That— and thinking he had mapped out his life to a fine point. He knew he’d be going to Ossining High in two more years, make the baseball team and then receive dozens of scholarship offers to go to college for his hitting and pitching talent and for being a good student, of course. But he would turn them all down to sign that contract that the Yankees would have waiting for him.

Then... he bumped his head against the dresser. He realized, with a strange, sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach, that he hadn’t seen the dresser at all—not until his head had slammed against it. He lay on the floor, trying to focus the dim outline of the room, but all he could see were vague shadows and dim forms.

"Mama! Mama!" he screamed, but there was no answer.

He lay still for a long time, wondering why his mother did not answer him. Where was she so early in the morning? He heard the ticking of the clock, and he moved slowly toward the sound. He reached up, felt the clock in his hand, and tried to convince himself that it was early dawn. He heard the clock loud enough and clear enough, but when he tried to read the numbers, there was a blur. Nothing at all, except to know that there was a clock, and it was ticking, but that was all.

All day Peter lay very still on his bed, afraid to move. He heard the shouts of his playmates going off to play ball and he knew, deep in his heart, that he would never play ball in Yankee Stadium, and he would never wear the white flannels with the black pin stripes and the word "Yankees" scrawled across the chest.

"I can’t see!"

That night his parents found him huddled in his room, and his sardied cry, "I can’t see! Mama! I can’t see!" they knew that their trial had begun. It was just as the doctor had warned. He had told them this might happen when Peter was three, and the sign of a tumor had begun to show. That night they hurried him to the General Hospital in Ossining. Then, among questions I cannot answer, to New York City to see a specialist. That afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Falk heard the news:

"He’s got a tumor. It’s affecting both of his eyes. He may be permanently blind... unless we can operate immediately."
The risk was great, but the potential loss was greater. The doctors operated, and after three long hours, they applied the bandages and hoped for the best. Peter lay flat on his back for six weeks. He knew he'd have one glass eye for the rest of his life, and he wasn't sure that he'd even be able to see out of the other one. His dream of playing baseball was over. Then, finally, the day came for the bandages to be removed. His mother and father were present, and Peter could scarcely breathe, he was so nervous.

"Are you ready, Pete?" asked the doctor.

"Yes... doc, I'm... I'm ready."

Slowly, carefully, the bandages were cut away. At first, Peter could see nothing. He tried desperately to make out the figures near him, but the light refused to penetrate.

"Can you see anything, Pete?"

The doctor's voice seemed so far away. Peter strained to clear the wall of darkness that engulfed him, and slowly, very slowly, the streaks of light began to break through his prison of darkness.

"I... I... yes, yes, I can see! I can see Mama... and you, doc."

They kept him in the hospital for another week, then he returned to Ossining with his parents. It was another six weeks before he was allowed even the simple pleasures of reading his favorite stories for more than a few minutes, or seeing a movie, or even looking at his mother's magazines.

Peter says now, "My dream of a big league baseball career was over, because my left eye never came around as strong as it should have. But I did play baseball again, and even made the high school basketball and track teams at Ossining.

His struggle to show the other fellows that he would never take their pity reached its goal when he won his varsity basketball letter for playing guard in 1943, 1944 and 1945, his graduation year.

He tried to enlist in the Marines, the Army and the Navy, but his glass eye kept him from making it. So he joined the Merchant Marine, and served during the last days of World War II.

He was restless

Returning from the Merchant Marine, Peter decided to enroll at Hamilton College in Hamilton, New York. He stayed there through 1947 and 1948, but then he became restless. He transferred to the University of Wisconsin in Madison, Wisconsin.

At the time, acting seemed the furthest thought from his mind, and except for an incidental part in "Saint Joan" at Hamilton, where he had to be practically pushed on stage, his thoughts of the theater were non-existent.

"When I'd been sick and laid up after the operation, I sometimes said, 'I'd been the star, director, writer and audience to my own dreams and fancies, but really acting wasn't what I wanted. Not then.'"

After Wisconsin, he attended the New School in New York City, but in the spring of 1950, he got so restless again he left for Europe. He traveled through Yugoslavia, Italy, France and Austria until his money ran out and he had gotten that restless feeling out of his system. When he came back, he decided to finish his schooling at Syracuse University. He got his diploma in Political Science from Syracuse's Maxwell School, and he met Alice Mayo who, six years later, was to become his wife.

"Everytime I asked her to marry me she said no," Peter quips today, "until one day she figured I might make something out of myself, so she said yes!"

But Alice had good reason to be reluctant. She knew how restless and impulsive Peter was, and she was afraid he'd never settle down. Even after Peter had gotten a job as an expert with the Connecticut Budget Bureau and had worked for them two years, he suddenly announced one day that he was giving it all up to become an actor. No wonder she was afraid of a marriage with him. But what Alice didn't see then were Peter's greatest qualities—his strength and the courage to search for what he really wanted from life.

When he found something that could satisfy him, he would pour all his energy and all his love into it. And that "something" turned out to be acting.

How it happened

Unknown to Alice, Peter had one day driven down to the White Barn in Westport, Connecticut, to see a friend. There he saw Eva LeGallienne, the great actress, teaching a class.

"I was hooked the minute I saw her teaching," he states simply. "That was it."

He enrolled in her class, and came down every week to hear her lecture. He was still holding his job with the Budget Bureau, and one day, after he'd been studying with Miss LeGallienne for some time, she called him over. He'd come to class late, as usual.

"Why are you always late?" she asked.

"I have to drive down from Hartford."

"But there are no theaters in Hartford."

Miss LeGallienne said.

"Oh, I'm no actor," he explained.

She looked at him for a long moment, and said,

"You should be."

Peter had found himself. He had found something he loved, and he could stop running now, stop searching.

His next thought was Alice.

"I'm going to New York," he told her, "and I'm going to become an actor. A good actor." And for some strange reason, as crazy as it sounded, she knew it would be just as he said. She went with him, and they were married.

After several successful TV appearances, Peter was the now-famous "Murder, Inc." The little kid with the big dreams had made good. The future looks bright for Peter Falk now. He's on his way, and nothing can stop him. Nothing's too hard or too tough for him to conquer. After all, he fought the toughest battle of his life when he was eleven years old. He fought then—and won. Now he can fight anything and come out on top.

The END

Peter's in U-A's "Pocketful of Miracles."
POP ALBUMS
Ray Conniff's "Moments to Remember" (Columbia)...
Ray Charles' "Dedicated to You" (ABC-Par.)...
Lawrence Welk's "Calcutta" (Dot).

POP SINGLES
Elvis' "Surrender" (RCA)...
The Shirelles' "Dedicated to the One I Love" (Scepter)...
Shelby Flint's "Angel on My Shoulder" (Valiant).

COMEDY ALBUMS
"An Evening With Mike Nichols and Elaine May" (Mercury).

CLASSIC ALBUMS
Sviatoslav Richter playing "Brahms Concerto No. 2" with the Chicago Symphony (RCA)...
Van Cliburn playing "Prokofiev Piano Concerto No. 2" (RCA)...
Philippe Entremont playing "Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2" with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic (Columbia).

JAZZ ALBUMS
Miles Davis' "Sketches of Spain" (Columbia)...
"Cannonball Adderly at the Lighthouse" (Riverside)...
"The Swinging Mastersounds" (Pacific Jazz).

what hollywood's listening to

... and what they're reading

"The Snake Has All the Lines" by Jean Kerr (Doubleday)...
"The Last of the Just" by Andre Schwarz-Bart (Atheneum)...
"Decision at Delphi" by Helen MacInnes (Harcourt).

Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, April 1; Alec Guinness, April 2; Marlon Brando, April 3; Tony Perkins, April 4; Gregory Peck, Spencer Tracy, April 5; Chuck Connors, April 10; Brad Dillman, April 14; Peter Ustinov, April 16; Bill Holden, April 17; Leopold Stokowski, April 18; Anthony Quinn, April 21; Sandra Dee, Shirley Temple, April 23; Shirley MacLaine, April 24; Bobby Rydell, Duane Eddy, April 26.

new faces

Paula Prentiss: Texas-born and bred; mad about this space age; loves music; has chestnut hair, brown eyes; is 5'9" and 122 pounds.

Jim Hutton is 6'3" and 175 pounds of man with blue eyes, brown hair. Acted and made films during his Army hitch, married, has two kids.
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. Breck Hair Set Mist holds your curls softly in place. This fragrant mist helps to bring out the natural beauty of your hair.

- Use after combing, to hold hair in place
- Use before combing — style as you comb
- Use for pin curling

Beautiful Hair

BRECK

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.
Salem refreshes your taste —“air-softens” every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff... it's Springtime! When you light a Salem, you can almost imagine yourself in this scene - all golden sunlight and new green, with air so fresh. Salem is the most refreshing cigarette of all, for its High Porosity paper “air-softens” every puff. Rich-tasting, too, with the full flavor of fine tobaccos. Smoke refreshed...smoke Salem!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
The last person Liz called for when she was dying...
The inside story never told
diving ... or dancing...

YOU FEEL THIS COOL, THIS CLEAN, THIS FRESH WITH TAMPAX

The rush of water against your face—how cool, how clean! The floating dress you chose to wear that night—how lovely it looks! And how nice to know that time-of-the-month need never interfere—not with Tampax. Invisible, unfelt, Tampax is used by millions. Worn internally, it’s the modern way.

TAMPAX... so much a part of your active life
You can win a Hollywood contract
—even if you’ve never acted before!

IT'S HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST SEARCH FOR NEW TALENT IN YEARS! Until now, you had to be “lucky” to be seen by a Hollywood talent scout. But today, you can be sure of a chance to catch the eye (and ear) of the top judges in movieland—without ever leaving home!

Entering this fabulous talent contest is as easy as acting in front of a home movie camera. In fact, that’s all you do!

MAKE YOUR OWN SCREEN TEST WITH THE FAIRCHILD CINEPHONIC® captures both action and sound right on the film. You can talk, laugh, even cry in your “scene”—it’ll all be on film. Just like Hollywood!

Get your friends or family to help you make your Cinephonic “screen test.” They’ll have as much fun filming it as you have acting in it.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO OWN A CINEPHONIC CAMERA TO ENTER If you don't own a Cinephonic camera, your Fairchild dealer will arrange to rent you one by the day or week for a very nominal charge—specialy so you can enter this contest.

He'll also make available a Cinephonic sound pro-

factor at a modest rental, so you can enjoy showing your screen test to your friends and family before you send the film to Warner Bros. in Hollywood.

FAMOUS TALENT SCOUTS WILL JUDGE ENTRIES IN HOLLYWOOD Warner Bros. is looking for the new stars of tomorrow. All films will be carefully reviewed, and winners decided solely on the basis of acting promise.

Final judges will be Solly Baiano, Warner Bros. Casting Director, Harry Mayer, Talent Executive, and Delmer Daves, Producer-Director of “Parrish.”

This is truly the chance of a lifetime for anyone who has talent, and wants to do something with it at last.

ANYONE CAN ENTER THE WARNER BROS.-FAIRCHILD TALENT SEARCH inspired by the exciting young cast of "Parrish"

1st prize A 10-week Warner Bros. contract with options, with guaranteed appearance in a Warner Bros. feature movie or TV production.

2nd 3rd An appearance in a Warner Bros. TV production, plus 7-day all-expenses-paid trip to Hollywood.

4th to 25th A Fairchild Cinephonic 8 Camera and Cinephonic Projector.
She was so busy with her children she didn’t have time to get married!

This is the story of Anna, schoolteacher by trade, single by choice and most things to most men from 5 to 55!

This is Paul who was terribly offended because she didn’t ask him to spend the week-end!

This is W.W.J. who fell in the sandbox and in love — all at the same time!

This is Whareparita, the teenager who learned about love and life before she became a woman!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS

SHIRLEY MacLAINE LAURENCE HARVEY JACK HAWKINS

in a JULIAN BLAUSTEIN PRODUCTION

Two Loves

with NOBU McCarthy

Screenplay by BEN MADDOW
Based on the novel by SYLVIA ASHER-WARNER
Directed by CHARLES WALTERS
In CinemaScope and Metrocolor
Today
You Can’t Buy
A Finer
Deodorant
At Any Price!

Yet this jumbo
“use tested” stick
costs only 29¢
plus tax

Think of all the qualities you want in a deodorant. It should stop perspiration odor instantly, and protect all day long. Yet it must be absolutely safe, harmless to skin. Greaseless, harmless to clothes. Delicately fragrant.

Must you pay a high price for all this? Not today! Not when Landers sells so many millions that they can offer an oversize supply in a plastic push-up holder, at a mere 29¢!

I know what Tuesday’s waiting for.

FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB’S: I’m sitting in my office—on a stool at Schwab’s drugstore. Tuesday Weld is sitting next to me. A girl I don’t know is also sitting next to me, on the stool to the right. I’m between two worlds: a girl who has it made, and a girl who has a scrapbook but no clippings.

I lean over and whisper to her, “Who’s your latest?” Tuesday hates loud talkers, although sometimes she can be loud. Tuesday is an improved person in all departments: conduct, clothes, acting. Tuesday often hurries here after work, to make a phone call in privacy, she says. Yet she seldom uses the booth, but makes her call on the phone out in the open. Tuesday ignores my question and talks of other things. I persist. “Have you been phoning Elvis?” Tuesday smiles, almost laughs. “I’ve yet to phone a fellow long distance.” She continues. “I date a lot of fellows but I’ve yet to fall in love. Maybe that’s what I’m waiting for—to fall in love.” A few minutes later she’s off to keep a date. “Give my best to Wednesday,” I call after her. Wednesday is our name for her mother.

Schwab’s is a modern Lonely Hearts Club. Characters who are lonely and looking for companionship congregate there. A real character is character actor Clegg Hoyt. Notice the cast of characters at the end of the next TV show you see. One out of ten is certain to list Clegg Hoyt. The other nine times, he’s here at Schwab’s. Clegg is a fixture. A few weeks ago, I was eating with Martin and Husky Clegg approached, timidly. “Will you cash this five dollar check for me?” he asked. Martin looked up from his plate and initialed the check. “You haven’t your phone number on it,” quickly added Martin. Clegg said, “It’s Ol. 6-1212.” Martin penciled it in on the check before he realized: “That’s the number of the store.” “I know it,” replied Clegg, “but I get all my phone calls here!”

Sandra Dee now comes around with Bobby Darin. Before, Sandra came around with her mother. And Bobby used to do his shopping alone. Sandra is the same with Bobby as she was with her mother. She seldom says a word, smiles, and looks pretty. Bobby talks more than Sandra’s mother, but don’t get the wrong idea from this sentence. Bobby is pleasant. Sometimes he’ll even sing, very softly, a new song for me.

Janet Leigh says, “A person who needs no introduction generally does.” . . . Shirley MacLaine wonders how television would have done if there had been no Roaring Twenties and no Al Capone. . . . Doug McClure is the shadow that Barbara Luna casts. . . . It certainly was strange one evening to see Dillinger (Lawrence Tierney), Al Capone (Rod Steiger), Al Capone (Telly Savalas), Al Capone (Neville Brand) and Ma Barker (Joan Blondell) in a huddle near the cash register.

The girl at my right, the unknown with the empty scrapbook, stood up. Before exiting, she said to me, “Is it really true that Lana Turner was discovered at a soda fountain?” I answered, “Yes.” “Well,” she said, “I’ve been coming here every day for a month, having a soda. And the only thing that’s happened to me is that I’m getting fat.” That’s Hollywood For You.
I dreamed I walked a tightrope
in my *maidenform* bra

Sweet Music*... new Maidenform bra... has fitted elastic band under the cups for easy breathing; and reinforced undercups to keep you at your peak of prettiness! White in A, B, C cups, 2.50

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. BY MAIDENFORM, INC. - MAKER OF BRAS, GIRDLES AND SWIMSUITS ©1961
LACE-FRONT BRIEFS
FOR “DIFFICULT DAYS”

Play it safe on “difficult days” with these new sanitary briefs. Pretty lace front panel. Exclusive Softex waterproof lining. White, S, M, L, XL, $2.00.

Kleinerts
485 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

---

Readers Inc.

**BE A PEN PAL**

Find a new and exciting friend JUST FOR YOU listed below.

* MOVIE FAN

Shirley Rice, 14
Hawk Run, Pennsylvania
Margaret Mullen
Mesrs. Gladstone Lyall & Co. Ltd.
Connemara Hotel Annexe
Mount Road, Madras 2,
South India

Susan Clair, 14
163-44 22 Avenue
Whitestone 57, N.Y.
Corazon Garcia, 16
50 Espana Extension
Quezon City, Philippines

Satu Nielsen, 18
Hihtaintie 8 A 5
Helsinki/Herttoniemi
Finland

Marina Chan, 23
c/o Global Supplies Co.
Room 416A
Li Pon Chun Chambers
Des Voeux Road C
Hong Kong

Barbara Morin, 14
Box 261
Medicine Lake
Montana

Teri Horner, 13
Medicine Lake
Montana

* DIGS MUSIC

Ann Bridges, 12
Route 3
Candler, N.C.

Jamie Farrell, 16
Box 292, Oyster Cr. Dr.
Sugar Land, Texas

Louise Noriss, 16
431 Henry Avenue
Winnipeg 2, Manitoba, Canada

Dreama Brown, 16
Williamsburg, West Virginia

Ingrid Theile, 18
236 Clifton Avenue
Minneapolis, Minnesota

---

WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

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

**ACTOR:**
1. 
2. 
3. 
4. 

**ACTRESS:**
1. 
2. 
3. 
4. 

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are 1. 

2. 

3. 

4. 

*Name* ____________________________ *Age* _____________

*Address* _____________________________

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader’s Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your favorites.
SPONSORED BY

Dara Sagar, 20
Jerbai Baig, E/9
Victoria Garden Road
Byculla, Bombay 27, India
Janet Childs, 15
2135 Mendon Drive
San Pedro, Calif.
Hoon Kim, 19
No. 120-56, 3 Ka Choong-Chung-Ro
Seo-Dai-Moon-Ku
Seoul, Korea
Reba Peters, 15
Rt. #4, Box 802
Fayetteville, N.C.
Mala Nandi, 16
50/A Theatre Road
Calcutta 16, W. Bengal, India
Paula Langer, 16
218 N. Arch Avenue
Alliance, Ohio
Suzanne Richey, 11
Rt. 2, Box 193
Beaumont, Texas

STAMP COLLECTORS

John Wilhelm-an, 17
Djalan-Solo 266
Salatiga, Djateng, Indonesia
Jennifer Utard, 14
20 Circus Avenue
Park Circus
Calcutta 17, India
Jeff Hilton, 9
8510 South 1330 East
Sandy, Utah
Joyce Dickinson, 12
34 Blanche St.
Plainview, L.I., N.Y.
Millie Chin
10 Lemon St.
Seremban, N.S. Malaya

CALLING ALL FANS

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

Susan Kohner: Ingeborg Chaly, Pres., 548 Lakeside Avenue, Lorain, Ohio
Ray Conniff: Lois Hollands, Pres., 99 Hurst Road, Erith, Kent, England
Anthony George: Bonnie & Arlene Horwitz, Pres., 2180 Wallace Avenue, N.Y. 62, N.Y.
Fabian: Carol Webber, Pres., 131 H Street, Carney’s Point, New Jersey
Arlene Di Pietro: Joyce Sugg, Pres., 127 Ten Eyck Wk., Brooklyn 6, N.Y.

NOW!
GO FROM NEARLY BLONDE TO CLEARLY BLONDE...
WITHOUT ARTIFICIAL COLORING!

Light and Bright is the first and only one-step hair lighter. It lightens once-blonde hair that has darkened as no rinse or dye can do. Brings out a blondeness that is all yours—blondeness that can’t wash out, can’t fade! And you control the shade—lighten your hair to just the tone most flattering to you. Gentle—contains no ammonia. Does contain an exclusive creme conditioner that leaves your hair soft, manageable. Easy—just apply, comb through.....$1.50 plus tax.

Light and Bright
by RICHARD HUDNUT

© 1961 Richard Hudnut
* PLEASE TELL US

Will you please, please settle an argument. My husband says Broderick Crawford played opposite Judy Holliday in "Born Yesterday," but my daughter and I say it was Paul Douglas. Who's correct?

A. J. O.
Saginaw, Michigan

This time father knows best! It was Broderick Crawford, but Paul Douglas played the stage version.—Ed.

My girlfriend says Tony Perkins' first film was "Friendly Persuasion." I claim it was "Fear Strikes Out." Can you settle this question?

D. Heller
New York, N.Y.

Sorry, but you're both mistaken. Tony's first film was "The Actress" in 1953 in which he appeared with Jean Simmons and Spencer Tracy. How about this snappy photo taken on the set of the film?—Ed.

Perhaps you can help me. I have always envied and admired the lovely airline stewardesses and would like to learn how I might become one when I graduate from high school this year.

Gloria Fuller
Dubuque, Iowa

American Airlines conducts a "Stewardess College" in Texas, where, if qualified, you can commence a six-week training period. Your education (must be a high school graduate), character and references are carefully considered. We can't think of a more exciting and interesting career to pursue. If you agree and want more information, write to Career Department, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.—Ed.

I shall always remember Sylvia Sydney in "Dead End." She was a truly wonderful star. Is she still active?

Gloria Lewis
Brentwood, N.Y.

At the present time, the lovely Miss Sydney is concentrating on TV.—Ed.

I would like to know what ever happened to Jean Peters. Can you help me?

Nancy Sloane
Benton Harbor, Mich.

She's married to Howard Hughes.—Ed.
New! Fiery, pagan colors for your lips and nails

Come with Cutex to the land of the ancient Aztecs for colors that outshine the tropical sun. “Fire Dance,” a darting, dancing, glowing orange that sets your beauty ablaze. “Pink Goddess,” a new smoldering hot pink that makes you a dazzling sun-worshipper. And “Flaming,” a red like the heart of a volcano. Colors with a pagan brilliance that will kindle fresh excitement with every thing you wear this season. In long-lasting Pearl or regular polish; smooth, creamy Delicate lipstick or lush, clinging Sheer Lanolin.
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.
I hear Elvis Presley really dropped a bundle of cash at the gambling tables in Las Vegas. The blonde he was squiring around town apparently didn't bring him luck.

We’re the only ones to discover the latest tragedy in the Roger Smith household. Vici fell while carrying their son down a flight of stairs. The boy was uninjured, but Vici broke her hip. She spent several weeks in a hospital, was in a great deal of pain and had a partial cast. The accident was kept very hush-hush, mainly because Roger didn’t want Vici’s mother to find out and become overly concerned till Vici was better. So many things of a jinx nature have happened to the Smiths lately.

The Michael Landons are adopting another child. They adopted a boy, Josh, last year, and Mike tells us they want to adopt three more in the next three years. His wife Dodie has a heart condition and doesn’t dare have any more children of her own. She has a thirteen-year-old son by her first marriage.

Isn’t Sean Flynn trying his hardest to emulate the swashbuckling antics of his father, the late Errol Flynn? Sean really has the highbrows looking down their noses, especially when he wears moccasins without socks to fashionable night-spots.

Isn’t the honeymoon over with the Lance Reventlows? Jill St. John is spending more and more time away from him these days.

Glenn Ford and Hope Lange are planning to film a motion picture abroad this summer. It’s a good place for a honeymoon, Glenn. Or have you already thought of that?

They’re taking bets round Hollywood that by 1962 Sandra Dee will bow out of show business on the advice of her hubby. They say the latest ultimatum from Mr. Darin is informing her studio that in future pictures her male co-star must be a big name, a Rock Hudson or a Cary Grant, or she won’t work.

The Tony Curtises are talking about adding to their family.

Doctors feared for a while that Kathy Nolan would never walk again as a result of the back injuries suffered in a fall from a horse.

The town is talking about George Montgomery being challenged to a duel while in Hong Kong filming “Samar.” Prince Raimondo Orsini spotted his sweetheart, Ziva Rodann, lunching with George in a hotel. The Prince jumped to conclusions and suggested pistols at twenty paces. What the Prince didn’t know was that George is producing the film, and Ziva plays the female lead. Just business, they say, but I wonder what Dinah Shore thinks?
SARA HAMILTON COVERS HOLLYWOOD:

★ The Gable baby
★ Marilyn and Joe
★ Liz comes home
Hollywood—Behind the Scenes

It's fun behind the scenes, especially when producer-director-writer Dolmar Daves tells what he really thought of Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens and Sharon Hugueny, all members of his "Parish" cast. Shall I tell? "Connie Stevens," he says, "is a new Bette Davis. I wouldn't hesitate a minute to cast her in any of Bette's former roles, knowing she'd give a knockout performance." Sharon Hugueny? One of the most promising newcomers. Of Troy, Delmar was frank in saying, "I had to call him aside and say, 'Look you're playing with real pros in this movie—Dean Jagger, Claudette Colbert and Karl Malden—and you just can't walk into a scene unprepared. You're up against the best in the business, so get with it.' When you see the picture, you'll see a new Troy." . . . Gary Cooper and his wife, Jimmy Durante, Debbie and Harry flew to Miami for the Patterson-Johansson fight. . . . It was at Freddy Karger's debut as orchestra leader at the Beverly Hilton Hotel that I first suspected he and Jane Wyman would remarry. There was something in the tender way she smiled at him that revealed these two, like so many couples who divorce hastily, needed each other more than ever. Jane looked lovely the second time she and Freddy stood at the altar, but I couldn't help wondering how Marilyn Monroe, who once had a wild crush on Freddy, felt about it. It's a merry-go-round of win or lose in Hollywood, isn't it?

Tony won a Golden Globe award, but Judy Garland stole the show. They rose to cheer her.

Loretta Young at the Golden Globe Awards Dinner—she's still as glamorous as she ever was.

Scoop

Gina Lollobrigida is in Hollywood all alone; her husband remained in Rome. At the Rossano Brazzi dinner party I gazed on the sad Gina, wearing one of her fabulous wigs, and wondered at the rootlessness of this lovely star who claims she feels at home nowhere—in her native Italy, in her adopted country of Canada, nor in Hollywood. And now if gossip is true that a lonely road lies ahead for this beautiful woman. . . . The battle between Doug McClure and Barbara Luna began late one evening and lasted till dawn. Rumor has it Marlon Brando had something to do with the argument that left Doug and Barbara friendly but not exactly chummy as before. . . . Bing and Kathy, who are expecting their third child in late summer, are trying to patch up things between the Philip Crosbys. . . . "If it's what he wants, it's okay with me." Dean Martin shrugs when asked about his son Craig signing with Warner Brothers when his military stint is over. Dean's waiting to meet Craig's prospective bride. . . . Wonder what George Nader's been up to? He's very serious about his writing—TV scripts and plays—and soon takes off to start a TV series, "Shannon."
When Marilyn joined Joe DiMaggio in St. Petersburg, Florida, the rumors that they would remarry got hotter than ever. But they both refused to say "yes" or "no" to wedding plans. Joe was there for spring training with the Yankees.

What A Surprise!

I really surprised Tec de Costa with a birthday party and you should have seen the stunned look on his freckled face as friend after friend greeted this "Auntie Mame" and "Music Man" director, Meredith Willson, who wrote the "Music Man" score and who was certainly the life of the party, took off a day or two later for Van Johnson's opening in the play in London. Lovely Shirley Jones, star of the "Music Man" movie, came with her husband Jack Cassidy and looked beautiful with a flower arrangement over her blond hair. Craig Stevens joined his wife Alexis Smith after a late "Peter Gunn" session, looking too handsome for words. And what a doll is that delightful Hermione Gingold, also in the film. Remember her with Chevalier in "Gigi"? Producers Ross Hunter, Gant Gaither, with Mitzi Gaynor and their friends crowded the room, but next to Tec the most pleased and excited person was his sister Isabel, who helped plan the whole thing. Later, when we all trekked over to the Kowloon for dinner, we toasted our Academy nominee, Shirley Jones, who by this time may possess an Oscar for "Elmer Gantry." We all hope so.

Edie Adams congratulates Jack Lemmon for winning a Golden Globe Award. But it was okay, Jack's steady date Felicia Farr was there, and the kiss was all in fun! Jack and Edie are two of the biggest clowns in town, and we love them!
Popular newcomer Clu Gulager and son.

Ty—Still Hoping

I must say, there's a sincerity about strapping big Ty Hardin these days that's very appealing but I feel he's never really recovered from the shock of losing his wife Andra Martin, which he admits was through his own neglect. "Sara, I know it's God's will we get together again," he told me. His casual date at a recent party was Yvonne Lime, a thoughtful girl. ... Those reported disagreements between Peter Lawford and his wife, if true, will never reach a serious stage. And for several reasons, as you can well guess. ... And bank on the fact all those household purchases made by Juliet Prowse have no connection with Frank Sinatra, or Elvis Presley, for that matter. ... The rumors concerning Keely Smith and Louis Prima are still around and growing more persistent. I wonder what's this about trouble between Clint Eastwood and his wife Maggie?

End of An Ordeal

A tired Liz Taylor arrived and had to be carried from the plane.

"She's a sick girl," Eddie explained to the crowd of reporters when Liz could barely manage a feeble wave for the cameramen.

Her hair was lovely as usual, but as she passed through the airport in her wheel chair, the crowd could see how flushed her cheeks were and how she tried to hide the scar on her throat, caused by the tube she had breathed through, with the high collar on her sable coat. The cylinder of oxygen she brought from London and the bandages on her left leg were a grim reminder of the illness which nearly claimed her life such a short time ago.

"She needs to rest the night," Eddie said as they left the airport. They're planning a long rest in Palm Springs so Liz can regain her health. ... (Please turn the page)
Memories of Yesterday

She's just as beautiful as ever—believe it or not. My good friend Olivia de Havilland, as she came to greet me with hand outstretched, talked of her three-day gala in Atlanta, Georgia, for the second premiere of "Gone With the Wind" and said she hopes her American fans won't forget her. "Sara, please tell them to write me at Boite Postale, 155-16, Paris, France." So why not a line to Livvy. She went on to say, "I thought I'd feel sad, with Clark Gable gone so recently," she said, "but the moment the picture began, it was just as though we had never been separated. To sit and watch Clark, Ward Bond, Leslie Howard, and Hattie McDaniel—all gone and yet so close to my heart up there on the screen—seemed to bridge time." Olivia didn't seem to think Vivien Leigh, who played the unforgettable Scarlett O'Hara, enjoyed the fete too well. Probably because a silly reporter asked, "And what part do you play in the film, Miss Leigh?" Out Universal way, director Ross Hunter invited his friends to a "Flower Drum" party on the fabulous set depicting San Francisco's Chinatown. And what a breath-taking spectacle it was. Jill St. John, arrived from movie-making in Europe with her husband, Lance Reventlow, while Troy Donahue and Lili Kardell, looking sensational with Palm Springs tans, held hands. Handsome Jimmy Shegeta and Miyoshi Umeki, stars of the film, were on hand to greet the guests, but the plane carrying Nancy Kwan from Paris arrived too late for the festivities. It was Rock Hudson, strolling in by himself, who caught the eyes—he and that other handsome bachelor Cesar Romero who spent most of the evening talking what seemed like business with David Janssen. The Charles Boyers make very few appearances at local parties so it was good to see that French twinkle still gleam in his eyes as he greeted me at director Vincente Minnelli's surprise party. . . . A hat in Hollywood's a rarity, but I loved the one black velvet rose I saw Arlene Dahl wearing instead atop her blond head. I thought she looked dreamy. But then, maybe it was motherhood.

For Kay Gable—
A Son

The first words Kay Gable spoke when she saw her eight-pound son, the spitting image of her late husband, were, "What a handsome boy."

She has the child she and Clark wanted so desperately, and Kay is slowly coming to build his future by herself. She named him John Clark Gable. "That's what Clark wanted, so that's what I named him," she said.

Clark's devoted fans wrote from all over the world asking her to name the baby Clark Jr. if it were a boy. "Clark and I talked about that," Kay said. "But he thought that would be too much of a handicap for a child to bear. I'm glad it's a boy," she smiled wanly. "Else I could never have faced Pa's fans." The first thing she said even before she saw the baby was, "I had a boy, didn't I?" She stayed awake during the Caesarean section and watched the operation in a mirror despite her own precarious health due to a heart condition. "I told the doctor to keep me awake," she explained before she went down to surgery, "so I can give the baby a kiss and a hug from his pa the minute he's born."

At right, the first picture taken of young John with his mother.

Kay was touched by all the letters, flowers and telegrams. "I guess everybody loved Pa—we all did." Her friends tried to cheer her up by telling her that her son was much better looking than the other babies in the hospital nursery. "Yes," Kay answered, "but they all have fathers."
What’s New Around Town?

I watched Glenn Ford and Hope Lange at another recent party together, and I wandered if thoughts of Eleanor Powell, Glenn’s ex-wife, crossed his mind. For it was very evening Eleanor made her dancing comeback at the Sahara in Las Vegas. Their son Peter sat out front and cheered his lovely, now slimmed mother, and I hear Glenn sent her a wire of good wishes. But how little all their years together seemed to mean at this moment. Sad, isn’t it???? From Europe, comes disquieting news concerning the Louis Jourdans. I wandered about this marriage some weeks ago as I watched Mrs. Jourdan discussing her husband’s business affairs with his agents. Funny nothing seemed to click after his “Gigi” role, and I’m sure they were both unhappy over this turn of fate, and the rumor is that Tina Onassis is Louis’ new interest. Remember Tina’s husband has been linked with Maria Callas and where does this leave Mrs. Jourdan? Fighting, says the talk. . . . Elvis’ wonderful one-sided smile slowly lit up his face. “Hi, how are you?” he grinned. “Hi, Colonel,” I said. Now that Elvis has been made an honorary Colonel by Tennessee’s Governor, I wonder how his irresistible manager Colonel Parker feels about the title. Bet a dollar he has himself upped to a General. . . . Chatted with Bill Holden during his brief visit in town and couldn’t help thinking how all this face-lifting chatter about Bill seems silly. Bill looked as usual to me—debonair and self-sufficient. . . . At dinner the other night, Jimmy Durran had fun trying to shock me about his “South Philadelphia past,” while Evi fusses about their budget and money problems. It’s odd, but Jimmy has the feeling he’s two people in one. One lives in the realm of hot tempers and reckless spending; the other is domestic and ambitious. Personally, I love all three of them. Both Jimmys and Evi. . . . Well, that’s all for this month—Sara

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It’s true! One is “physical,” caused by work or exertion; the other is “nervous,” stimulated by emotional excitement. It’s the kind that comes in tender moments with the “opposite sex.”

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. The “emotional” kind. Doctors say it’s the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this “emotional” perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it’s here—exclusive Perstop®. So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is Arrid Cream America’s most effective deodorant?
A. Because of Perstop®, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, Arrid Cream Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from “Dress Rot.”

Why be only Half Safe? use Arrid to be sure!

It’s more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic Arrid with Perstop® actually stops underarm dress stains, stops “Dress Rot,” stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get Arrid Cream Deodorant today.
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!
A MAN'S REVEALING STORY ABOUT THE GIRL HE DIDN'T MARRY
BY GARY CLARKE
as told to DEAN GAUTSCHY

I want to set the record straight. All those rumors about why Connie Stevens and I “broke up” are all unfounded, untrue.

I think it only fair to both Connie and me that Photoplay readers know the truth. The whole truth. I have heard some say around Hollywood that Connie confronted me with an ultimatum, marry her now or not at all. There was one rumor that she had found someone else, giving me a fast brushoff. How wrong can the second-guessers be? Actually, I don’t believe our romance is over. I call it a stalemate.

A RUDE AWAKENING TO REALITY

On several occasions, Connie and I cast realism aside. Our love became stronger than the demanding challenges of reality. Each time something happened. Something ecstatic . . . exhilarating.

"Let’s get married right now," I would pronounce with a solid air of assurance. Her large eyes always would glisten. Her pixie-like face grin from ear to ear with angelic radiance. "Let’s find the nearest preacher," she would say.

Those were precious, happy moments I’ll never forget. It was like a dream about to come true. Then gradually there would be a rude awakening to reality, engulfing our future together in seeds of doubt. The pattern was always the same. Those long, practical discussions about marriage into the wee hours of the night. Our optimism faded into pessimism. Eventually, one of us wearily, cautiously, would concede:

“Darling, I think it best to wait a while longer.”

The little while had a habit of stretching into days, weeks and what seemed like an eternity.

This went on for nearly four years. Several times, Connie and I set the date. Photoplay was right, we certainly were headed to the altar. We were always so close, yet so far, from taking our vows. I knew this was unfair to both of us. Furthermore, I was in no position to do anything. I had to face the hard, cold facts. My career hasn’t become solidified to the point where I can honestly, conscientiously assume the financial responsibilities of marriage.

“I refuse to have a wife support me,” I have told her. Call it pride. Call it stubbornness; some men would probably leap at the idea. I know I’m right.

I guess it was bound to happen. Connie and I couldn’t go on pretending things were going to work out. I noticed a change in her attitude after she returned from a vacation in New York. I sensed things were going to be different with us. Apparently, she had made a decision, one she had every right to make. And the decision that our relationship, our love, could not be reconciled with the future probably was dependent on a culmination of events. The wedding plans which never materialized, the constant rumors about us.

One rumor in particular may have bothered her. It was a very vicious one about me. I think Connie took the word of someone else instead of coming to me first for the truth. Only once in our four years of dating did I ever get really angry with Connie.

I EXPLODED IN AN ANGRY TIRADE

I can’t even remember what it was about. I do remember standing over her exploding in a tirade in which the words kept pouring out in rapid fire. Connie sat calmly and listened. Did I feel like a heel later as Connie, her soft eyes stunned and hurt, didn’t reply. By her silence she made me see I was in the wrong.
After all, how could anyone stay angry at Connie? I certainly couldn't.

Only as recently as last Spring, Connie and I were planning again. I had high hopes this time. My career, I thought, had started to move. I was signed to appear in a TV series, "Michael Shayne." The trio I had been with for some time, the Pinky Baldwin Singers, was booked at the Moulin Rouge in Hollywood. I was busy by day filming the TV show, busy by night singing at the night club. I loved it. Connie would often meet me after the show for coffee and we'd talk for hours.

I THOUGHT CONNIE WAS MINE

Finally, I thought to myself, I would soon be in a position to marry her. One of my friends told me Connie even cried tears of joy when she learned I got the TV role. I had given her a ring for (Continued on page 71)
Gardner McKay used to watch the screen and see those marvelous people living out their strange adventures and their beautiful lives in a world where everything works out right . . . where good people always have something good to say and where bad ones get what they deserve. Then the screen would go dark and Gardner would remain in his seat, wondering why his life was so empty and meaningless compared to theirs . . . why he hardly ever said or did those perfect things the people on the screen always said and did . . . why he was always just his same old self day in and day out. And so his life went. One day followed another, the weeks melted into months, the months into years . . . Today he’s one of those people on the screen. And that’s how you see him. All his rough edges are smoothed off, all that’s normal is enlarged. But this article is about the real Gardner McKay. And I can tell you right off that the reality is far more wonderful than any image. Gardner is not merely a person who lives in Hollywood, eats so-and-so for breakfast or drives some special car. (Continued on page 81)
The bullfighter from Madrid had long since folded his cape and gone. The funny man from Rome had ceased to make her smile. The musician had tried a handful of wives after her. And the singer, she had sent packing. The men were always there. The promises were always ripe. But the girl named Ava had always been on the short end of the dream. “I want to be like other women. Settle down. Have kids. Love one man.” But, one man can become many men. (Continued on page 80)

THIS IS A STORY OF FAITH. AND A STORY OF LOVE. AND MAYBE A LITTLE OF EACH.
One of the nice things about mothers: You can grow up to look like them. (Rita Hayworth and Yasmin)

Left: Janet Leigh’s Jamie and Kelly know—mothers are people who laugh with you—every single day.

You know what mommies are? Kissing bugs. (Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers and Michele)

why does it come but once a year?

mother’s day

The minute the man gallops the horses like on TV, Mommy says, “We’ll walk!” (Debbie and Carrie)
Caroline Kennedy knows: Mothers want to play with your dolls, but you try wearing their shoes to an important meeting in Daddy's office, and what a fuss!

Gale Storm's Peter and Paul are nice about it, but wouldn't you think Mom could afford her own bottle of Coke?

Every day you have to tell your mommy "I love you" or she'll be sad. (Leslie Caron, Jennifer and Christopher)
If not for Mother I wouldn’t even be here! (Ann Sothern and Tish)

Mothers are always late—except when you must get to school. (Judy Garland and Joe)

Our Mother won’t take a chance on two against one, she has to bring a friend when we take trips. (Lucille Ball’s Lucie and Desi)

Mothers really believe those fairy stories they read us. (Shirley Temple and Charles)

You could fix it yourself—but Mother’s Day is no time to say so. (Bette Davis’ Barbara)
Somewhere in this story—an exclusive PHOTOPLAY interview with George Hamilton’s mother—you’ll find the answer. . . .

Is there a happy ending for Susan?

For a month, Susan Kohner had been the guest of George Hamilton and his mother at their lemon-colored villa in Palm Beach, Florida. Not many people knew she was there. But PHOTOPLAY did—and our photographer took these exclusive pictures of the family with the girl George had been dating steadily for the past year.

Back in Hollywood, rumors had it that George wasn’t as eager to marry Susan as it would (Continued on page 72)

In Hollywood, people said George wanted "out" of his romance with Susan, but we found out the real story.

PHOTOPLAY's photographer took this exclusive picture of George and Susan at his mother's home in Palm Beach.
In a waiting room at Los Angeles airport, they talked quietly, studying each other with long, close looks. Then the loudspeaker boomed out a call for London passengers and suddenly, for the first time since her arrival, the young woman's smile faded. Silently, they walked out onto the airfield, the older couple stopping at a little gate, the younger going on to board the sleek airliner. In these exclusive pictures, Photoplay presents a rare and private meeting of Elizabeth Taylor and her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor—a meeting which reveals at last the truth behind the rumors that were to circulate furiously out of London six weeks after these pictures were taken. (Please turn the page)
NEVER BEFORE TOLL
Sara Sothern Taylor sat stiffly in a straight-backed wooden chair that had been placed just outside her daughter's hospital room. For some time now, no one had gone in or come out of that room. Mrs. Taylor wore a dark knit dress and low-heeled shoes and she sat very still. When a nurse brought a cup of tea and put it down beside her, she seemed startled, as if she hadn't heard her approach. She thanked her and watched her walk away through the empty corridor. (Continued on page 76)
After throat surgery and blood transfusions, Liz is still on the critical list. Her doctors order an electronic lung to help in her fight to breathe.

Throughout the night of crisis, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor waited outside Liz's room, praying. As they leave the hospital, it is morning—hope is strong.

For a week, Eddie had waited for these words: “Out of danger.” To the children, he says, “Elizabeth was gone from us—and now she is back.”
“LIZ TAYLOR JUST DIED...”

what did you think when you heard it?

A woman walked into a lingerie shop. Shock was on her face. She said to nobody and everybody, “Liz Taylor just died.” A salesclerk began to sob softly. Her customer choked up. For the next half hour, there was no buying or selling in the crowded store—only words of pity and of grief, in the hushed respectful tones in which people speak of the dead. . . . It was an incredible day, people cared so intensely. Strangers in the streets said to each other, “Isn’t it terrible, that poor girl dying when she had so much to live for?” And others said just the

In a coffee shop, Mrs. Rose Scordino told Mrs. Catherine D'Agostino, “I don’t know anything more tragic than this poor girl being dead.”

Judy Isaacs, a junior in high school, said sadly, “The only comfort is that she asked for her mother before it was too late. Honestly, I could cry.”

During Liz’s fight with death, Debbie’s son Todd was very ill, too. A harassed Eddie kept in touch, and Debbie expressed good wishes for Liz.
“She suffered so much, I feel as if she’s never really lived—and now she never will.” And one woman mourned, “I have this feeling she never got over Mike Todd—and never wanted to.” She was overheard and rebuked sharply: “That’s a very cruel thing to say when Eddie Fisher is going through pure hell—and her children, I can’t bear to think of them without their mother.” . . . Only that morning the headlines had given a cheering word for the first time: “Liz Gains.”

Then suddenly rumors started—no one knows how or where—and spread like fire. In New York and Hollywood, Photoplay offices were swamped with calls. Newspaper and radio and TV switchboards put on extra operators, too. “Is it true?” It was not! But while the scare was on, cameramen from coast to coast saw these expressions of pity and shock on America’s face. And Photoplay thought it would do Liz’s heart good if she could see them, too. (Please turn the page)

“She’s my idol,” mourned Annette. “I worshipped her as an actress.”

“We’ll pray for her soul,” pledged Maria Fighini (left) and Coryne Monahan, classmates in school.

“She was a remarkable woman, she faced criticism with great courage,” Dick Hartnett told a passenger.

The morning news had been good. Now, “It can’t be true,” Hector Quiles said. “She’s too beautiful to die.”
Soon after Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher had rocked the world with their marriage, she told a friend that she had come to dread opening the mail every day. It poured in on them—a harshly critical and abusive flood. And it was even harder to take than the angry stares and ugly shouts they had to put up with in public places . . . But now Liz can open her mail with a lighter heart. For months she has received only warm praise for her courage in fighting through to life . . . cards and gifts and telegrams . . . and assurances that condemnations have been forgotten and she is loved by an enormous number of people . . . She has heard from those who prayed for her all over the world . . . and many of those who stood in the London streets outside the clinic waiting for the good word. (The day she was out of danger the police had to send
around the “Black Maria” to clear the mobs.) . . . At a crucial time a fan’s letter helped save her life because it told her doctor of a rare drug that had saved her own. It was promptly ordered and flown over . . . Even the Russians offered to fly drugs and any needed medical equipment from Moscow to London . . . And a Cleveland fan poured out her heart in a letter to Photoplay begging us to tell Liz for her:

“Thank you for being yourself, for pulling so hard. We’re all on your side.” We hereby transmit the message. And we’re so sure that many other readers would love the same opportunity, that we’ve printed this greeting. You can cut it out and then paste it on a postcard. Let Liz know you’re thinking of her. Address this message to her, P.O. Box 3453, Grand Central Sta., New York 17, N.Y. She’ll get it!

---

**Dear Liz—**

Get well—stay well.

Who wishes you the best?

**EVERYONE— and me too!**

---

**FROM**
by george maharis

as told to JANE ARDMORE

I drive a Corvette with two four-barrel carburetors and four gear boxes... I sort of left home about sixteen... I've never married although it's been close... and I love this “Route 66” that takes us to New Orleans and Kanab, the Grand Canyon, Virginia City, Squaw Valley, San Diego.... Everywhere there are girls, lovely girls with senses of humor, girls who like to laugh and like to dance and have sweet, natural smelling hair (I refuse to smell hair that's hiding under six layers of spray), fresh faced girls with skin  (Continued on page 78)

hi there,  
I’m a single man-  
and there’s only
a few of us left!
"I've an early call for makeup tomorrow." How many times I'd heard this from Debbie Reynolds and Sandra Dee. What does happen in a makeup session? I was curious, so I went one morning myself. Here, in these pictures, you can see it, exactly as it happened to me. And if you're not so lucky, to be the editor of Photoplay and go to a studio or to Max Factor's Salon in Hollywood, don't give up. On the next three pages, you'll find step-by-step directions on how to give yourself a movie star's makeup as I learned it. In the beginning, it takes forever (I know), but with practice, it's true, you can get the makeup routine down to 15 minutes. As makeup expert Beau Hickman says: "Even if it does take long in the beginning, it's worth it." But before you turn the page, let's talk about what you'll need for a complete Hollywood makeup kit.

- head band
- soap
- tissues
- finishing powder
- mascara (black)
- eyebrow tweezer
- lipstick
- lipstick brush
- powder brush
- a mirror
- cleansing cream or lotion
- skin freshener or astringent
- makeup base (liquid, stick or cake)
- rouge (cream, liquid or dry)
- eyebrow pencil (brown or black)
- eye shadow (blue, grey)
- eyebrow pencil sharpener
- a sponge or powder puff

Remember, makeup is to make you more naturally pretty, and to look naturally prettier, your makeup should be applied as though you hadn't any on.

Now turn the page.
makeup
PREPARING FOR MAKEUP: The secret to a real professional-looking Hollywood makeup is to give care, patience and practice. Begin now, with cleansing. First, tie your hair back with a pretty band or gay night cap. Is your skin oily? Then wash your face clean with soap and water. If your skin is dry, use cleansing cream. Dab the cream on your neck and face, never rub. Whether soaping or creaming, always stroke upward and out. Do it gently. Feel a tingle? You should, for your skin is being stimulated. Around the eyes, pat cream. Now cream your lashes to make sure all mascara has been removed. Tip: Use a baby's swab stick for removing mascara around lashes. With tissue, remove cream from face, wiping upward and out (photograph 1) until no makeup remains. Now blot with cotton pad wet with cold water, or if your skin is oily, a freshener.

MAKEUP BASE: This is important. A tinted base gives you a smooth natural tone all over. The trick: match the base color to your skin. Apply to nose, chin and cheeks, blending into hairline (photograph 2). Cover eyelids and lips, but don't cover neck, just blend under chin shadow for natural look. If base seems heavy, gently pat away extra with fingers. Too oily, press a tissue against face (photograph 3).

ROUGE AND POWDER: Many girls ask, “Why rouge?” For a becoming blush. Put three dots at the high point of your cheekbone (photograph 4), blend lightly toward ears. Don’t go near eyes or nose! Now apply finishing powder (it has no color but gives a finished look) all over—eyes and eye lashes, too. (Later, mascara over powder will make your lashes look thicker.) Bend head down when patting under eyes so excess powder doesn’t catch in laugh lines. Let powder set, remove excess with brush (photograph 5).

MOVIE STAR EYES: Needed, to look glamorous, one sharply pointed eyebrow pencil,
makeup routine

a steady hand, practice. To line upper eyelid, look down into mirror (photograph 6). Hold skin taut at corner, draw narrow line close to edge of lashes. Begin at inner corner, continue slightly beyond outer edge, ending in an upward stroke (photograph 7). Lower lid now. Look straight into mirror. Pencil a dotted line along lower rim. Now apply eyeshadow. (Save bright shades for evenings.) Follow same line on upper lid as penciled in before, close to lashes. Soften by spreading color outward with a brush (photograph 8). Again: This takes practice. Last: Mascara. Look down into mirror, brush mascara on tips of lashes upwards (photograph 9). For evening, touch lower lashes lightly. Remove excess with dry brush.

EYEBROWS: Be sure to choose a pencil color to match your hair. Brush brows upward for a thicker look and to remove excess powder. Now start at inner side (see shaping tips, page 46), work out, shading upper line first. Use short, upward motions and keep to the natural curve of your brow. Careful, not too heavy! (Highest point of brow should be slightly off-center, toward outer edge.) Now, lightly smooth out pencil strokes with a clean brush.

YOUR LIPS: Are your lips dry? Mouth relaxed? Now begin. First, take lipstick brush. Brace your little finger against your chin for support (see closeup page 43). Begin to outline upper lip at peaks using the tip of your lipstick brush. (I use a brush with short, stiff bristles.) Then follow your natural lipline, making sure both sides balance. Now, draw the lower lip outline. When finished, upper and lower lips should meet at the corners (photograph 10). Next, fill in this outline with brush, using a lighter shade of lipstick. (Hollywood's latest lip look: a dull, matte finish lipstick.) If lips are chapped, use a moisturizer first. Caution: Never apply new lipstick over old. Now blot lips with tissue and you're finished.

Please turn the page
Movie star tips for shaping your eyes and lips

1. The first rule in shaping a good brow is caution with your tweezers. Place a pencil at the side of your nostril, point it straight upward (sketch 1). Where the tip touches the brow, begin tweezing the hairs here and over the middle of the bridge of your nose until clean. Repeat for other side.

2. Now, angle pencil (sketch 2) from your nose to the corner of your eye. Your eyebrow should end there. (Remember this for penciling, too.) Tweeze stray hairs along underside of brow only.

3. Next, shape a pleasant smile. Place a pencil in line with the center of your eye (sketch 3), smile. Your lipstick line should reach to the pencil.

4. Now line up a pencil with your nostril (sketch 4). These should be the two high points of your lipline. Not hard to do, was it? It's how movie stars get their results!

One of the nicest things about getting in the swim this summer if there are so many suits to meet guy's moods, or a change of suit for a change of guy. Suits have moods, too. Therefore, if your guy thinks a girl should always be lady, why, then, in the name of Neptune don't you get a ladylike suit? Like the one worn here by Vicki Trickett, new Hollywood sensation hot off the campus of Omah U. Her suit is sleek and black with almost no back. It's by Se Nymphs. But why wait till he tell you he loves a lady to dress like one? Decide today, and once you do, wonderful things and fellow are sure to follow the suit. Jewelry Coro. Hat and bag, Kleinert's. Picture of Vicki and the Volkswagen taken at Santa Monica Beach, Calif.

"a guy doesn't mind waiting"

How to suit Him
“I’ll take on a feminine cargo anytime”
Left: Though guys like different things about different girls, there's one thing all agree on—that a girl always be feminine. Here Vicki is, in muted shades of mustard and blue with little skirt to wave in the breeze. Men are seldom at sea about a girl who looks like this, so see to it that you have some such seasuit. By RMR Juniors. Cap by Kleinert's. Right: Most tried and true way to look like a good sport is in the classic tank suit—best thing that's happened to figures since calculus, agree Joby Baker and Michael Callan. The suit evolved in the Twenties, hasn't stopped going yet. Channels were swum in it, laurels won in it. Here, Vicki wears a wool model by Jantzen in madly colored stripes that know their way around. Cap by U. S. Rubber. Left: Malibu Beach. Right: Muscle Beach.
Left: One reason why Vicki Trickett was discovered by Tab Hunter is because she's a natural, easygoing and easy to be with. Here, she's suited in a suit to think or swim in, catch men who belong to either school. By Catalina, with matching cap and jacket.

Right: Most every guy takes to a girl who looks a little bold yet shy. Great eye catcher: Vicki’s modified bikini. It’s colored wildly to put it mildly. By Maidenform. Scarf, Vera. Surfriders Beach, Malibu.

For more information, please turn to page 72.
The big room seemed emptier than ever. Nervously, Peter moved about the room, picking up the debris from his housewarming party, tossing out the mountain of paper plates, stacking the dirty glasses and ashtrays in the sink. Now, nothing was left. He switched off the hi-fi. Then, as he scattered the logs in the fireplace to

Read a husband’s frank story — Peter Brown’s — if you’ve ever thought of

DIVORCE
dying embers, the last touch of warmth seemed to go out of the room. He felt let down. It was so different from when he and Diane used to give parties together. At this hour, they'd be cleaning up—together—and talking over the party. Then, every day had been a party, every party a ball. He and Diane Jergens were so in

(Continued on page 87)
For 48 hours, this girl roamed the city. No one knew who she was. No one guessed her secret—including you...... If you could have done what she did, would you have dared?

8 P.M. Tuesday the 30th. A dark-haired girl looked in the mirror. She murmured wearily, "This kid is sure tired!" She closed the office door behind her and sagged against it, waiting. 8:02 A secretary who was her closest friend came out of another office door and they rode down together in....(Continued on page 83)
NEW COLORS THAT CAPTURED THE CONTINENT

Roma Rose is a warm, rosy blush, lit with a radiant glow. Paree Pink is a light flirty pink with a sweet saucy tang. Flatter yourself with these Flame-Glo colors. Enjoy the Triple-Stay lipstick with the lustre-flame texture that stays smooth, stays moist, stays brilliant, keeps you kissable longer. Lipstick in gold finish swivel case, only 39¢.

YOU'RE A CELEBRITY WITH Flame-Glo

For brilliantly beautiful nails get Flame-Glo nail enamel match-ups 15¢, iridescent 20¢. Flame-Glo lipstick also available in 29¢ and 69¢ sizes. At all convenient variety store cosmetic counters.
One afternoon, at the Hollywood Orpheum Theater, a four-year-old boy wandered over to where his parents were rehearsing. "Please... please," he begged. He tugged at his father's sleeve and pointed toward the stage. His father understood; the boy wanted to go with them onto the big stage, in front of all the people. He started to laugh, but then he saw the serious look on the boy's face. He looked down at his small son with those big innocent eyes and the curly hair, and he just couldn't say no.

That innocent afternoon was the beginning of one of Hollywood's most tragic stories.

The ending came forty-three years later, in 1961. (Continued on page 85)

For Jackie Coogan-

HIS TOMORROWS

HAVE ONLY

YESTERDAYS

by CAL YORK
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.
Shortly after Judi Meredith's secret marriage to Robert Westbrook became public, he suddenly made strong accusations against her. He charged that Judi had told him, on their wedding day, that she could not be a wife to him. He said that she had married him for his money and had demanded $250,000 to "let him off the hook." He further stated that he wouldn't have married her if he'd known the truth about her past. Judi answered that she loved her husband and believed that he loved her. She says that they were very happy during the time they had lived together and that she had never asked for anything from him except his love. She stated that she believed their marriage would succeed if her husband were relieved of the pressures of outside influences. The charges brought against Judi could ruin her reputation and her career, so Photoplay decided to give her the opportunity to tell her side of the story. Before you judge her, please turn the page and read Judi's story.
Judi Meredith, half-conscious through a haze of sedatives, lay weakly against the pillow on the hospital bed. Her husband's face swam fuzzily before her, like a not-very-good photograph out of focus. His voice cut through the ringing in her ears that, she thought, was due to the sedation. The things he was saying simply weren't believable. They contrasted so strangely with the things he'd said when he'd begged her to marry him.

Judi pressed a hand against her forehead and closed her eyes. "Maybe I'm still under anaesthetic," she thought, "and when I wake up I'll know this was a nightmare. You dream funny things when you're anaesthetized."

But, no, she remembered now, the operation was over. She was lying on a real hospital bed; the post-operative pain she felt was certainly real, and Robert and his words, unbelievably, were real, too.

"When you get back to the apartment," he was saying, "I won't be there. I'm not ready for the responsibilities of marriage."

Judi, struggling to comprehend, reacted instinctively. "Robert," she asked, "what have they been doing to you?"

That was the only reasonable thought she could muster. Something had happened to Robert.

"What have they been doing to you?" she cried again, this time gripped by hystericis. "Robert..."

A doctor came hurrying at the sound of her cry and hustled Robert out of the room.

"Young man," he said, "what you do with your private life is your own business, but when you upset a girl who has just undergone a serious operation and who is my patient, it's my business."

Judi watched her husband's broad shoulders disappear into the hall, still scarcely convinced that he had spoken as he had or that he had meant what he said.

This was her first hint that her brief marriage was in trouble. She didn't suspect then just how bad the trouble would be. A short while later she learned from a newspaper that he was seeking annulment. "I don't care what they do to me," she told Photoplay two days before the court had set a conciliation hearing she requested in a last, desperate attempt to save her failing marriage.

Suddenly, Judi's dream come true turned into a nightmare.

"I'm going to fight for what's right," she declared. "I may be ruined in this town, but I don't care, if there's a chance for reconciliation. I love Robert."

Judi's name and picture have been blazoned across the Los Angeles and New York papers accompanied by charges against her attributed to Robert Machris Westbrook, the boy whom she married on December 11th.

She has received threatening telephone calls and been greeted with obscenities.

She's been accused of being a gold-digger and much worse, and the annulment suit is based on blistering allegations defaming her character. An attorney for her husband's family had warned that he'd produce an imposing string of witnesses to blacken her name unless she abandoned her marriage without a protest.

Robert, she is sure, is pawn to his family's suggestions and feels that, for the sake of his future, he must be freed. "I didn't really believe he'd be at the conciliation hearing," she said, "because he'd been out of town ever since the first stories about the annulment appeared in the papers. If I could only have reached him before it was too late, before this had been so publicized that he couldn't
But Robert did come to the conciliation hearing, where he announced that he had no desire to resume their marital relationship. Judi fled from the hearing in tears and collapsed in the arms of her attorney, Sidney Traxler of Beverly Hills.

Judi, age 23, and Robert, age 21, were married in Las Vegas after a whirlwind courtship which, to her, was a miracle.

"It was wonderful," she says, "to have found someone who seemed to feel about things the way I do. We both wanted the same things (or I thought we did) . . . a home away from show business . . . children . . . and each other.

"We needed each other, because we each had the same feeling of insecurity in certain areas. Robert needed reassurance that somebody wanted him for himself and loved him because of what he was and what he could be . . . not because of his money. And I needed somebody who wanted me for myself, not because I could introduce him to somebody or do him a favor. The feeling of being truly wanted was glorious.

"I could have married before, but I didn't, because I was waiting for the sort of marriage I thought Robert and I would have. A girl shouldn't marry a man unless he's said to her the things Robert said to me."

She and Robert were, in Judi's words, "as happy and as close as two peas in a pod."

But two months after their marriage, while she was in the hospital undergoing surgery, Robert told her he was leaving the apartment they shared.

The question all Judi's friends are asking now is this: Why did she want him back, after the things Robert had said about her and the things he'd done?

Judi has a simple answer.

"I don't think," she says, "that Robert was responsible for what's happened. He'd been rushed out of town, and I don't believe he knew what had been said about me or what had been done to me. With proper counseling, I believed he'd come back.

"There isn't a vicious bone in his body. I love him, and I'm sure he loved me. I was very good for him, too."

When Judi cares deeply for someone, she's a sucker.

She always has been. Once, while she was recovering from an appendectomy, she loaned an acquaintance her very last $500. She never saw the acquaintance or the money again.

Marriage counselors agree that persons from happy home backgrounds have the best chance for happy marriages, and, if this is true, Judi had the odds on her side when she exchanged vows with Robert.

She was reared in a home where her mother and father were devoted to each other and to their children. Her family is a pillar of propriety in Portland, Oregon, and family friends speak of her dotingly as "our little Judi."

Such a background instilled in Judi an ideal example of what home and marriage should be, and that example was her standard when she met Robert.

"A friend introduced us," she remembers. "I had heard her talk about Robert Westbrook for ages, but when she said she wanted me to meet him, I wasn't particularly interested.

"However, one night, a bunch of us were eating spaghetti, and he was in the crowd. Before the evening was over, we had become quite friendly.

"He's just adorable, really, more than six feet tall and a genuinely sweet boy.

"Soon after, I had a party, and he came. After that, we dated each other steadily."

Robert, Judi discovered, for all his wealth, was lonely and very unsure of himself. He had been orphaned through two airplane crashes some years apart, each claiming the life of a parent. His father died first, and Robert and his mother made their home with a grandmother and an aunt. The boy grew up in a matriarchy.

After his mother was killed and his grandmother died, his aunt married Peter Fairchild. Robert was then in the care of the Fairchilds.

"I've never seen a person who needs love and understanding more than Robert," she says, "Oh, yes, I do feel motherly toward him, but I've felt motherly toward every man I've ever known. All men need mothering."

"Before a man can act like the head of a house, a woman must let him know that he's a real man. Do you understand? And that's what Robert needs . . . someone to let him know how fine he truly is."

Robert begged Judi to marry (Continued on page 86)
Garbo, always as mysterious as the Sphinx and as elusive as a startled deer, was caught unaware as she walked along a Paris street—completely unrecognized by anybody except one alert photographer. The result is this set of pictures that are exclusive and rare, because Garbo is exclusive and rare. Camouflaged in the ordinary-looking style of so many millions of women, she can walk among them in Paris, or Rome, or New York—and be alone. Coat flung open to the breeze, long bob unwaved and the bangs almost in her eyes, she strides along in her comfortable flat shoes and swiftly window-shops as she passes by. You’d have to search behind the dark glasses for the legendary beauty that is Garbo. . . . Why does she want to be lost in the crowd? That’s the enigma—nobody knows because she tells nobody, she gives no interviews. But soon after these pictures came to Photoplay, something else came that did much to explain some of the lasting mystery of this inscrutable star. It was a letter. It (Continued on page 74)
DIRK BOGARDE brings back something Ronald Colman started and Peter Lawford kept going—America's love affair with British actors. Dirk's already the number-one romantic idol at home, and "Song Without End" is helping to make that world-wide. He studied art as well as acting and two of his sketches of D-Day are in the British War Museum. The others went to America, but bachelor Dirk sticks close to his comfortable country home in Buckinghamshire, nearby London.

ANTHONY GEORGE was supposed to be the star, but everybody was talking about his "Checkmate" pal, Doug McClure. It seems his big smile really got them. And what about Tony? Tall, dark-haired and eligible, he's been heading for this role since he was a kid in Endicott, New York, and his father took him to see his first movie. And he's great as a private-eye—nobody talked about it because it's what they expected from Tony. Still, there's something intriguing about a man who seems to know women so well.

JOHNNY BURNETTE sang "You're sixteen, you're beautiful and you're mine," and what girl could help listening—and looking. Johnny has wavy dark hair, smoky gray-blue eyes that crinkle when he smiles (often these days) and he gets his Southern charm from the same place as Elvis—Memphis country. In his past: he and Johnny Cash were partners, as door-to-door salesmen; he and his brother Dorsey were partners as singers and songwriters (of Rick Nelson's hits).

GRANT WILLIAMS, a smooth, blondish he-man, surprised nobody in Hollywood—except possibly himself. He'd only come to visit on "Hawaiian Eye," when star Bob Conrad and the studio were pouting. When they made up, Bob came home—and Grant lingered on, too. Why not? His six-foot-one looks great in a bathing suit. What's surprising is that he had to be talked into it. A grand-nephew of the famous opera star, Mary Garden, he started acting in straw-hat theaters at twelve. But out of high school, he set to work as an accountant. Out of the army and Columbia University, he worked as a press agent for MCA—until one of the higher-ups convinced him he could make news instead of write it. Best news of all—he's a bachelor. Watch for him in "Susan Slade."

ADAM WADE has the oddest career switch of the year. One week he was a biochemist at Salk Hall, where he worked on the polio vaccine. Then he took a trip to New York with a friend who had some songs to sell. The week after, Adam was a pop singer. His first record, "Tell Her for Me," was a hit and Cashbox and Billboard both named him "most promising singer of 1960." At 24, he keeps the promise on hit after hit.
ROBERT COLBERT has stepped into James Garner's costume for "Maverick" and it fits well. Big and handsome—he's 6'2" and 195 pounds of dark-eyed, curly-haired man—he got the role because he closely resembles Garner. What he misses is that natural-born twinkle in Jim's eyes, but he's got other qualities—he's a fine athlete who also writes poetry. People are asking, will he put the pep back in "Maverick"?

DIANE McBAIN, the tall cool Grace Kelly-type beauty of "Ice Palace," will surprise you in "Parrish." She really catches fire. She's clicked, too, as a regular on "SurfSide 6." Now everybody's watching to see just how far talent and brains—plus 5'7" of blond curly glamour—will get a girl who only a few short years ago rode in Pasadena's Tournament of Roses with the unknowns. Her float won the Sweepstakes prize. Surprise, anyone? ... She had never meant to be an actress. After Glendale High she wanted college. To finance the deal she turned model. It opened a door. She hopes she can learn languages anyway for all the world-traveling she's planning. ... She reads a lot. Anything she likes for the first fifty pages she'll stick with. She swims, rides a horse and water-skis, but she doesn't consider herself the athletic type. She doesn't look it, either.

SHELLEY FABARES is the perfect seventeener. She adores rock 'n roll, bakes a toothy cake. Only difference between her and other teens at Immaculate Heart High is that she's Mary Stone on TV's "Donna Reed" series. She's also Nanette Fabray's niece by a different spelling. She can hardly wait for January 19th to be eighteen and in line for the car her father and mother have promised her. ... Very vital statistics: she's a brown-eyed brunette, 5'3" tall, weighs all of a hundred pounds. She has an older sister who's called "Smokey," also an actress.

PAUL BURKE had people wondering: Was he a TV jinx? They starred him in "Noah's Ark" and that sank. So did "Harbor Master" and "Five Fingers." On his fourth try, the New Orleans boy must have remembered that, after all, his father was a pro boxer. Paul pulled himself up to his full six feet, narrowed his blue eyes and fought back. And in "Naked City," he's a knockout. Born July 21, 1926, he has a wife, Peggy, three children, three birds, a cat and a dog—and modern house in Palm Springs, California, for all.

TONY YOUNG stars as Cord in "Gun-slinger," the hottest new show on TV. He got there by being the bad guy in at least a dozen westerns. ... He's the son of an old-time actor, Carlton Young, but worked his way in lugging cartoons for a supermarket. Could do—he stands 6'3", weighs 180. He wants to make a movie with his father, who's famous for his clear speech. (Tony'd try not to mumble.) ... He's a bachelor, lives in a Laurel Canyon house and, for fun, draws cartoons, surf-fishes, rides. He looks like he belongs in the great outdoors, but the girl could tame him.
What’s on tonight?
You’ve got to go out
to see the best! Look for
these new pictures
at your favorite theater

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING
Continental (Adult)

WHO’S IN IT? Albert Finney, Shirley Anne Field, Rachel Roberts.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Fenced-in life and restless loves of a young English factory worker.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? Finney’s tough, exact performance as a guy everybody will recognize ... Shirley Anne’s flip appeal ... dreary industrial-city vistas—and their effect on the citizens.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Exceedingly honest, though it’s hard to feel too sorry for the “hero.” What does he want? Has he got the stuff for any better life?

ROMANOFF AND JULIET
U-I; Technicolor (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee, John Gavin, Akim Tamiroff.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? A hard-to-find (and hard to believe) little republic called Concordia which doesn’t want to accept aid from the United States or Russia.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? The spoofing of international relations ... Peter Ustinov’s polished wit ... the tale of Romeo and Juliet done modern-style.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Though it doesn’t rank with last year’s “The Mouse That Roared” as a political satire, it’s breezy, colorful—and different!

MISTY
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? David Ladd, Pam Smith, Arthur O’Connell, Anne Seymour.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Two self-reliant orphans and a beloved pony, from the wild herd of Chincoteague Island, Virginia.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? Glorious shots of freely galloping ponies, unspoiled shorelands ... the engaging, natural manner of the two children.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Pleasing movie version of a book that’s established as a juvenile favorite. On-the-spot filming keeps it authentic, though the local folks are pretty awkward at playing themselves.

ONE-EYED JACKS
Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor (Adult)

WHO’S IN IT? Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, Katy Jurado, Pina Pellicer.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? A bandit’s thirst for revenge on a double-crossing ex-pal who’s gone respectable.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? Magnificent photography, dwelling on two natural wonders: the Monterey surf, the Brando face.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? It’s savage, bloody and beautiful—the first seashore western. New director Brando really knows what he’s doing, but we hope experience will teach him how to do it in less than two hours and twenty-one minutes.

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR
Buena Vista (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Fred MacMurray, Keenan Wynn, Nancy Olson, Tommy Kirk.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? An amazing invention by an impractical prof who doesn’t care much about money.
WHAT’S SPECIAL? Normal-sized basketball players win a game for once—thanks more to “flubber” ... An ancient Model T Ford makes jet-age science look sick.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Not quite as uproarious as “The Shaggy Dog,” but it has the same happy, whimsical Walt Disney touch, plus a light love interest and a few neat digs at pompous people.
THE YOUNG SAVAGES
U.A. (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Burt Lancaster, Shelley Winters, Dina Merrill, Stanley Kristen.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Politics, justice and personalities clash in the trial that follows a New York street-gang killing.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The sickening reality of a tenement room where a Puerto Rican family lives trapped ... general slum atmosphere, towering over the characters in the story.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? This is sincerely intended, based on an actual murder case: but it over-colors already-horrible facts. And the j.d. girls look too sweet.

POSSE FROM HELL
U-I, Eastman Color (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Audie Murphy, John Saxon, Zohra Lampert, Vic Morrow, Robert Keith.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Chasing a gang of kidnappers, a new lawman reluctantly takes along oddly assorted deputies.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Fresh, interesting angle on the go-it-alone creed of Audie's hero (and most movie westerners) ... Johnny's amusingly out-of-place appearance as a tenderfoot bank clerk, all duded up.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Not a pretentious horse opera, but a brisk, entertaining one. There's plenty of shooting, but a dash of good sense, too.

THE SECRET WAYS
U-I (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? An American adventurer's "strictly business" trip into Hungary, to find an anti-Red leader.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Not much of anything. Those wet, cobblestoned, forever-empty night-time streets in Europe used to seem delightfully creepy, but we've been chased down them too often.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Routine spy thriller that never unscrambles its confusion. Actor Widmark gets no break from producer Widmark or scenarist Mrs. W.

THE SECRET PARTNER
M-G-M (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Stewart Granger, Haya Harareet, Bernard Lee, Conrad Phillips.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Robbery of an office safe; the chief suspect's fight to elude cops and clear himself.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? Smooth plotting and slick acting ... a solution that's a smashing surprise.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? When the British put their minds to it, they can certainly do a whodunit in style. Our guess was way off — see if you're smarter at picking the guilty party. (There's one giveaway clue, but it slipped past us.)

HIPPODROME
Continental (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Gerhard Riedmann, Margaret Nunke, Willy Birgel, Walter Giller.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Professional rivalry and romantic intrigues among circus performers in Austria.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The unusual flavor of European circus life, different from the U.S. brand ... genuinely impressive acts, from ferocious tigers and a charming clown to the strangest striptease!
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Gaudy but generally satisfying melodrama, with a real old-fashioned villain. In this show-biz background, the corny bits seem at home.

OPERATION EICHMANN
Allied Artists (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Werner Klemperer, Donald Buka, Ruta Lee, Barbara Turner.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Fictionized account of the mass-murderer's career; parallel story of a Jewish boy who escaped death and tracked the Nazi down.
WHAT'S SPECIAL? The Nazis' chilling attempt at factory-like efficiency in genocide ... convincing work by Ruta Lee — in a fictional role (Eichmann's girl).
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Rather shallow treatment of a deadly serious subject. It doesn't manage to get inside the characters — but can an Eichmann be explained?

(Please turn the page)
GO NAKED IN THE WORLD
M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Anthony Franciosa, Gina Lollobrigida, Ernest Borgnine.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Love affair of a rich man's son and a beauty whose profession is no help to true romance.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? The lovely harbor of Acapulco, Mexico . . . and . . . well, all the actors go through their paces with a straight face. That's quite a trick!

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Next week—"Camille"! Poor Ernest and poor Gina actually have to do the scene about the outraged father and the noble prostitute. Maybe it's better in costume, Garbo style.

TWO LOVES
M-G-M; CinemaScope (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Shirley MacLaine, Jack Hawkins, Laurence Harvey, Nobu McCarthy.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A fine (if unconventional) schoolteacher in New Zealand and two men who invade her spinster life.

WHAT'S SPECIAL? That remarkable girl Shirley! She goes dramatic so splendidly you forget the funny MacLaine . . . Laurence's best role since "Room at the Top" . . . unique Down Under locales (real).

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Just happened that we saved the best till last! This is a thoughtful, warmly understanding story, well-rounded, grownup in outlook.

For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 66. (A—Adult F—Family.)

ALAMO, THE—U.A.: Technicolor, Todd-AO: Producer-director-star John Wayne turns a frontier legend into an epic as hulking and likable as his screen self. He's Crockett; Widmark is Bowie; Frankie Avalon sturdy lies to hold the fort, too. (F) January

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

BREATLESS—Films Around the World: Jean Seberg's finally at ease, as a beat-type American girl snared in a Paris love affair with a young hoodlum (sexy Jean-Paul Belmondo) of Fast, intriguing. (A) April

CIMARRON—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Metrocolor: With Glenn Ford and Maria Schell as a loving but mismatched pioneer couple, this Oklahoma cavalcade hits touching and spectacular moments as it wanders through the years. (F) April

CIRCLE OF DECEPTION—20th; CinemaScope: Tricky plot, but too much gore as Bradford Dillman carries out a strange spy mission in Occupied France. (A) May

CRY FOR HAPPY—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: A slightly naughty, fairly funny service yarn puts Glenn Ford and Donald O'Connor into Navy uniform to goof off and chase geishas in Japan. (A) April

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 escaped the Nazis. (A) February

GOLD OF THE SEVEN SAINTS—Warners; WarnerScope: Tough, busineslike western. Can goldminers Clint Walker, Roger Moore guard their wealth against bandits? (A) May

GORGO—M-G-M; Technicolor: Nice meeting our old pal the prehistoric monster again! Have some shivers when money-mad Bill Travers takes the critter to London. (F) May

GREAT IMPOSTOR, THE—U-I: Deliciously different comedy gives Tony Curtis room to swing as he relives the impossible (but real) life of Ferdinand Demara, man of many identities. (F) March

HOME IS THE HERO—Showcorporation: Good, solid theater from Ireland, Arthur Kennedy keeps pace with the Abbey Players, as one of a family that builds a new life while the father is in jail. (A) April

HOODLUM PRIEST, THE—U.A.: Fact-based and eerily well-acted, this remains a cops-and-robbers thriller. As a sum-born priest, Don Murray tries to save young ex-con Keir Dullea from more crime. (A) May

KING AND I—20th; 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 history). (F) September '56

MILLIONAIRES, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Will you settle for an amusing Peter Sellers performance and a Balmain fashion show by Sophia Loren? The G. B. Shaw plot is pretty silly. (F) May


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

PEPE—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Wonderful Cantinflas offers fun in jumbo helpings, with Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones, loads of "guest" stars sharing the wistful Mexican's Hollywood adventure. (F) March

QUESTION 7 de Rochemont: quietly realistic story of a preacher (Michael Gwynn) and his teen-aged son (Christian de Bresson) facing East German tyranny. (F) May

RAISIN IN THE SUN, A—Columbia: Fine though stagey 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

SANCTUARY—20th; CinemaScope: Lee Remick tries to make sense of a Southern flirt who's as mixed up as the movie. Yves Montand detracts the shocker scenes; Odetta improves the inspirational stuff. (A) May

SHADOWS—International: Survey of problems confronting young Negroes in New York is visually fascinating, dramatically uneven. Players (led by Leila Goldoni) made up the lines as they went along! (A) April

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

SPARTAGUS—U-I: Technicolor, Super Technirama 70: Powerful, intelligently made saga of ancient Rome, Jean Simmons, Tony Curtis join leader Kirk Douglas in a slave rebellion against the corrupt empire symbolized by Laurence Olivier. (A) January

UNDERWORLD, U.S.A.—Columbia: Okay for moviegoers who are satisfied with just plenty of shooting and bashing. Cliff Robertson's crook out to smash "the syndicate" for purely personal reasons. (A) April

YOUNG ONE, THE—Valiant: Haunting atmosphere and a nice performance by Key Meerman, as a backwoods girl in her early teens, highlight a story of struggle on a lonely Southern island, also involving Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton. (A) April
The whisper flew through Hollywood. "She's in town." From the baffled way they whispered it, they could only mean Diane Varsi. Two years after she turned her back on Hollywood, they said she was here on a secret visit. No one knew why. No one ever knew about Diane. Today she spends her time writing poetry and studying. Her friends say she's on the brink of poverty. She and her son Shawn live in San Mateo, California, in a converted office without bathroom, kitchen or phone. It seems more a camping place than a home, as if Diane—still searching, still a mystery to herself as well as to Hollywood—isn't ready to settle here either. The End
Christmas. A friendship ring that meant much more; meant that she was mine.

Then fate and fortune turned the other cheek. I felt that after doing several TV shows, I was getting nowhere again. I asked for my release from the series, and obtained it. Furthermore, I withdrew from the Pinky Baldwin singers. It was okay to play in Hollywood or even Las Vegas, but then offers began to come in from other places. I figured I had devoted four years to making it in the movie capital, and I was determined to stick it out. And I'm determined not to disappoint all those who've had faith in me. And that goes for Connie as well.

"Connie and I aren't finished," I repeat to myself. Frankly though, I can see no future in continuing our love. She has her career, I have mine yet to establish.

I still love her. How do you fall out of love with someone like Connie? Our first meeting at my agent's home still remains vivid in my mind. I was expecting a "movie star" and then Connie came in wearing a cotton dress, and her hair was tied in a ponytail. I swear she looked like she was only nine-years-old.

My shock wore off moments later when her bubbling personality took charge. I was captivated. I couldn't keep my eyes off her.

This was in 1957. The ensuing years have been good to Connie; I'm still struggling. Don't get me wrong. Connie made her breaks. Tedium hours were spent perfecting herself. She made sacrifices. I respect her for becoming a star strictly on her own merits.

My career has been like a jigsaw puzzle with the final piece beyond my reach. I'm awaiting that one big break and I'm confident it will come.

I remember making the rounds of the studios with my agent after my first movie. "You look too young for the part," a producer would say. "Your hair is too light. We need a dark type."

All this time, Connie gave me confidence in myself and hope for the future. I have resolved myself not to hold any false hopes for our future. Obviously, there is no guarantee as to what will happen to my career. Connie and I are in different worlds today. This is why I believe the romance is at a stalemate. Where can we go from here? So perhaps it would be best if we called it quits. I leave that to her.

Certainly, I hold no regrets. The years with Connie have been too wonderful.

I haven't been able to even force myself to go out with other girls—with one exception. She is Shari Sheelely. Shari is a close friend and a very understanding one. She is a wonderful person and such a creative talent. She has written some songs for me and one of them. "Next Time," I know will be a smash hit. Our dates are strictly platonic. Shari knows I'm in love and hasn't given up hope that some day Connie and I will be married.

Connie, I understand, is dating others now. Frankly, she has always gone out, even during the time we were so close to marriage. Mainly because she likes to have fun. She's funny that way. If she likes a person, she enjoys his company strictly on a date basis. I was jealous of this at first. I soon found I better make up my mind to live with her. She's very independent, one reason why I fell in love with her.

Besides dating, been seen in the right places with the right people is part of the demands of a motion picture career.

Perhaps one day we may resolve the situation. Several times in the past we thought it best to part, and we did; always to reconcile. Maybe this time the stalemate can't be reconciled. I don't know. I do know I plan to make a name in show business. I have too much at stake to give up.

My first marriage failed probably because I had this determination. I married right out of high school, and my wife couldn't understand why I wanted bigger things out of life. I had a job as a machinist, and that was fine with her. The battles ensued until it was unfair to our three boys to live under constant bickering and tension. I'm very happy for my former wife, who has married a man who loves her and the boys very much.

Connie and I still see each other, if only occasionally.

We both have full lives ahead of us. Only time will tell if one day I'll be in a position to ask Connie Stevens again to be Mrs. Gary Clarke. The End

See Connie in "Susan Slade" and "Parish," for Warners. She's also on ABC-TV's "Hawaiian Eye," Mondays, 9 P.M. EDT.
A HAPPY ENDING

Continued from page 31

seem from all that dating. People said that he'd like to get off the hook—but didn't quite know how to do it.

When we saw George, which was after Susan had already left, he himself was packing to go back to Hollywood. His mother, who was sitting on the sun-splashed patio just outside his room, was saying that there had been something so special about having George home this time. And not the least of it, she felt, had been Susan's visit.

"Mom?" It was George calling for help again. "Have you seen my reflector?" The glamorous Anne Stevens Potter Hamilton Hunt Spalding got up from the black and white chintz sofa, a slim, elegant figure in black pique with her coal-black hair severely drawn back into a chignon. She walked across the patio into his room.

Photographs lined the walls. There was one of her with Rock Hudson, another with Mae Murray and Franchot Tone. But none of George. He jested about that and said that one day he was going to put up his own picture.

Anne looked round at the confusion of coats, neckties and the collapsible exercise bar her son carried when he traveled on location and lived in hotels.

Unerringly, she scooped up a handful of shirts and found the reflector.

"I'll say this for you," she said, "if you marry, you're going to need fifteen people around to pick up after you.

George was barefoot and wearing white shorts and a white monogrammed T-shirt. He sat down on the cluttered bed.

"And all I have to say," he answered, "is the studio sent me home to put on weight, and what happens? I lose five pounds on your cooking."

It was an old joke—but all their own. Glamorous Anne Spalding is famous for making "best-dressed women" lists, but not for her cooking. In the hectic time since George began his quick climb to popularity, she has often kept house for him in Beverly Hills, even gone along on location. But she's still far from being at home in a kitchen.

Neither is black-eyed Susan. During her visit, more often than not it had been George who processed the late snacks when the houseman was off duty. But in the mornings, Mrs. Spalding told us, Susan had sometimes come down from her second floor bedroom, approached by a winding staircase from the patio, and played at making breakfast. She'd been painstakingly careful about preparing the toast and coffee. And she always remembered exactly how much cream and sugar George liked.

She attracted attention

She was a pleasant guest. She enjoyed going marketing and on household errands with George's mother. And when she met the family, the three, she was always gracious in looking at photographs of this one's baby and hearing about that one's grandchild. His mother remarked that wherever Susan went, she attracted attention—not by working at it—but by her

HOW TO SUIT HIM

Continued from page 51

The fashions shown on pages 37 through 51 are available at the stores listed below, or write manufacturer for the store nearest you. Mostly, they're at better stores everywhere.

Sea Nymph swimsuit
NEW YORK, N. Y. .......... Saks 34th Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA. ......... John Wanamaker
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS .. Frank Bros.
write: Sea Nymph
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Rose Marie Reid, Jr. swimsuit
ATLANTA, GA. .............. J. P. Allen & Co.
EVANSVILLE, IND. .......... De Jong's
FORT WORTH, TEX. ...... Meacham's
NEW YORK, N. Y. ...... Best & Company
write: Rose Marie Reid, Jr.
5200 West Century Blvd., L. A. 45, Calif.

Jantzen swimsuit
ATLANTA, GA. .............. Rich's
BUFFALO, N. Y. ......... Adam Meldrum & Anderson
CHICAGO, ILL. ............. Pirie Scott
CLEVELAND, OHI0 ...... The Higbee Company
DENVER, COLO. ......... Denver Dry Goods
NEW YORK, N. Y. ...... Bloomington's
write: Jantzen, Inc.
455 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Catalina swimsuit
BOSTON, MASS. .......... Jordan Marsh
CHICAGO, ILL. .......... Carson, Pirie Scott
DALLAS, TEX. .......... W. A. Green Co.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. .... May Co., all stores
NEW YORK, N. Y. ...... Macy's
ST. LOUIS, MO. .......... Famous & Barr
WASHINGTON, D. C. .... The Hecht Co.
write, Catalina, Inc.
433 South San Pedro St., L. A. 13, Calif.

Maidenform swimsuit
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. .... May Co., all stores
MIAMI, FLA. .......... Blackston Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK, N. Y. ...... Blackston Fifth Avenue
write: Maidenform, Inc.
1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

U. S. Rubber swimcap
KANSAS CITY, MO. .......... The Jones Store
NEWARK, N. J. .......... Hahn & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. .......... Gimbel's
WASHINGTON, D. C. ......... Langshur's
write: The Rubber Co.
1230 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y. N. Y.

Kleinert's swimsuit
NEW YORK, N. Y. .......... Bloomington's
ST. LOUIS, MO. .......... Famous & Barr
for Kleinert's beach hat and bag
write: L. B. Kleinert Rubber Co.
485 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Watch for Vicki Trickett, Mickey Callan and Joby Baker in "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" (Col.)

There's a little game that Susan and George play at parties. If he can't remember somebody's name in order to introduce her, she comes forward, stretches out her hand cordially, and says, "I'm Susan Kohn." If she's the one who stuck for a name, George usually takes the blame. They do it so smoothly that only people who've seen them together often are aware of their little trick. And the amazing thing is that they do it without signals. Without any signs, each is aware of the other's need.

It's because they're so much alike, say some. Friends point out that Susan's a perfect lady and George's manners are just as good. You can always count on George to do the graceful, courteous thing, they say. Same with Susan—and it's one of the things he appreciates about her.

Others argue that they're not one bit alike. They might both come from prominent families, but their backgrounds are different as day from night. So are they.

Both sides of the story

There's a lot to be said for both sides, and from Mrs. Spalding we learned a great deal about George that we never knew before.

When Susan was twelve and just beginning to develop her personality, George was living in a fashionable section of New York, and sharing in his mother's sophisticated life. He would telephone her during the day and pretend to be one of her admirers. One day he would be Spanish, the next day French.

That was George—a flair for excitement and romance even at twelve. He could mix a dry martini with the lemon peel twisted just right when he was thirteen, though he didn't drink then. At the age when most boys monopolize dinner conversation with talk of their baseball team or their first date, George sat back and listened to talk of gay adult parties and dances.

When he was living in Boston (one of his stepfathers was a Boston stockbroker), he and his two brothers helped his mother fill five hundred Christmas stockings for underprivileged children. "The boys got so carried away they began throwing their own favorite toys into the stockings," Mrs. Spalding recalls.

But the toys wouldn't be missed; there were always new ones on their list, anything they wanted—those were the good times. And when bad times came along, George never worried. Somehow, things worked out when his mother married again, there was a new round of parties, new friends, a new father. And George always managed to come out on top.

He knew what he wanted, and he didn't mind working, if he had to, to get what he wanted. He's a variety of jobs from delivery boy to 'press agent' for a florist!

To Susan, who led a protected, sheltered life, George's mad escapades and high living must have seemed like something one read about in books. Though they're both at home in formal surroundings, their lives
have been completely, totally different.

She grew up in a large home in Beverly Hills, the daughter of a well-known Hollywood agent and a famous Mexican actress. Their home was filled with handsome men and beautiful women—stars like Lana Turner, Gregory Peck and Tyrone Power.

But to Susan, who was filled with the dreams and make-believe of childhood, these were just grownups who didn’t have to go to bed early or go to school, and went to the office in the morning, just like Daddy.

When she was alone in her room or outside sitting on the hill that was as big as a mountain, she was happiest. She loved her make-believe world. It was easier to talk to her dolls than to people, and she didn’t have many friends. Her best friends were the characters in the stories she wrote—Timothy Mouse and the cat called Cross Patch.

She wanted friends

But by the time she entered the Westlake School for Girls in the seventh grade, she had made up her mind that she wanted to be popular and have friends and not be alone so much. She lost some of her shyness, joined committees and was elected president of her class. But she still led a sheltered life. Her mother brought her up quite strictly according to American standards. She wasn’t allowed to date until her late teens, and even then, she wasn’t allowed to be driven by her date. Her father used to take Susan and her date to their destination, and then pick them up afterward and bring them home.

This is a lot different from George’s background. It’s true that he came from a wealthy, society background. (His maternal grandmother was one of the First Families of Virginia.) But he had a crazy, mixed-up youth. He is reported to have attended twenty-five prep schools, and his Auntie Mame-like mother married and divorced her way through society circles in New York, Boston and Palm Springs. As wealthy as he was at certain points in his life, he was dead broke at others. His life consisted of gay parties, fancy cars, travel and excitement. He’s been the escort of Wendy Vanderbilt, Daphne Fairbanks and Zsa Zsa Gabor, but he doesn’t seem to be fazed in the least by it. He doesn’t believe in taking life seriously—at least he hasn’t up to now.

An old-fashioned girl

Yet, as different as their lives have been, George and Susan have managed to date for over a year in seeming accord except for one subject—marriage. Susan is an old-fashioned girl, and despite the glamorous life she’s led since she became an actress, she wants to settle down and “live happily ever after” like in the fairy tales she used to read long ago when she sat on that hill that was as big as a mountain.

She believes that you grow up, meet a man, fall in love and get married. But George is still looking for the excitement that he knew when he was growing up. He admits quite frankly that he would be bored to death with an everyday type of life, and intends to make an adventure of his. He wants travel and excitement. He thinks nothing of flying to Caracas for a weekend. In fact, his mother says, “If things get
It seems that George's strong, masculine ways could give her the sense of security that she needs. But it is up to him to make up his mind.

Mrs. Spalding says, "I respect my son's judgment because he has proven himself in everything else. He will prove it in the selection of a wife. George is running true to form in his taste by selecting Susan to go out with. She is a sensitive, sweet, thoughtful, wonderful person. What they decide is their own personal business, and," she added, "I wish the world would leave them alone to make their decision thoughtfully."

Susan told the press that they would be announcing their engagement officially very soon, but at that time George said nothing. He guards his personal life, and he has learned to fend off questions about his private affairs as skillfully as he learned to fend for himself early in life. He's inclined to plan his life very carefully. Once, he said, "People sometimes get married and have a child—a third person to love—before they have fully learned to love each other." But whether or not he means this as an indication that he and Susan will wait quite a while longer, George didn't say. We learned a lot about George from his mother. They're little things really but they're what make George George. In the sum of them lies the answer to whether Susan's love story will have a happy ending.

—Julia Corbin

Be sure to see Susan and George co-starring in "By Love Possessed," for U.A.

**GRETA GARBO**

*Continued from page 63*

we were a young mother who remembered a curious encounter.

She wrote: My son, then four years old, and I were in New York City's Central Park. We lolled on a grassy plot near Sail Boat Pond while I spun him a woodland story about blue bells and violets and a little dog who went, "Sniff!"

I don't know when I first became aware of a couple apparently searching for something. They had been walking around us repeatedly in a wide circle.

Now, talking whimsy confidentially to one's offspring is one thing—being overheard by strange adults is another. Feeling a bit foolish, I lowered my voice and watched them.

Why, I wondered, would a man so finely dressed in continental style be wandering around a public park? Why, their clothes, his proper setting should be the terrace of a private club. He was distinguished...silver-haired...and he did not seem too keen on participating in this search!

The actions of his woman companion provided interesting contrast. There was nothing half-hearted in them. Head down, concentrating, intently poking her walking stick here or there, she seemed serious as a child who had misplaced a treasure.

Idly, I kept my gaze upon her. Suddenly she raised her head and I was looking right at the magnetic face of a living legend! Fragments from her films flashed in my memory. "Queen Christina," "Camille," "Anna Karenina," "Nitochka!" Why, during my early youth, it was she who had moved me to tears or laughter or swept me off on clouds of love. At those recollections I became as breathless as a teenager. I tried not to let her see my start of recognition—I went on recounting the story. But my excited heart was thudding.

And her appearance. It was a pleasure to see...the luminous jewel-tined eyes, the grace of movement and the felt intensity of her. Hatless, she wore her dark brown hair in a simply cut, unwaved coiff. Tumbled bangs looped halfway over her broad forehead. She wore a black coat and her feet were in low heeled black pumps.

"What they're no bigger than my own!" I thought, "All those stories about her big feet!"

A sweet, sad smile played hide and seek around the corners of her mouth. Though aware of her companion's restrained restlessness to be off, she lingered.

I strained my ears...

"Oh, no, no! Wait a little," coaxed the husky voice. "I don't want to go yet. I really would like to find it, you know."

"What on earth are they looking for?" I said aloud to my little boy.

The man paused quite near to us. I became daring.

"Just what are you looking for?" I asked.

"A green marble," said he. "We hid it here for fun. Now we can't find the blasted thing!"

A marble? But then "marble" just could be his word for a stone in the 50 or 100 carat category!

I felt the urge to become further acquainted—but I was embarrassed at asking for an autograph.

But then how?
I felt a tug at my hem. It was my little blond boy making his bid for attention. He was sprawled against me, his muddy feet resting comfortably on my best peasant skirt as though it were an old apron.

"Imagine," I exclaimed, taking him in my arms. "It's spring and they are marble hunting!" I spoke to her through my little boy, I wanted her to know I understood; that hunting for a green marble was the perfect thing to do on a spring day!

Though my boy did not catch the message, the one for whom it was intended obviously did. Thereafter she sent a flock of her sad, sweet smiles my way—and continued to poke leisurely about in the grass.

Eventually she stopped exactly parallel to where we were, although still some feet away.

Reaching down quickly she picked up something.

"Oh—I've found it!" she called to her companion in her throaty tones.

She gave a slight indulgent smile and said nothing.

I did, though. I wanted to prolong this moment.

"Good—good!" I flung my arms out and addressed myself to the small boy on my lap. "They have found it! Isn't that lovely?"

At that she began impulsively walking toward me. I sat quiet and expectant.

Stopping in front of me, she gave a tender, sidelong glance at the child, then leaned over to ask: "Would he like some ice cream because I have found it? Would he?"

My mouth did not fall open, but it wanted to! To go with her and eat ice cream? What would we talk about? Would my little boy behave?

"Why, he'd love it," I gasped.

"Wonderful!" She pressed something into my hand. It was money! A folded bill.

Then walking swiftly away, she joined her companion on the path beyond. They strode toward Fifth Avenue. But just before the bend, she looked back.

Impossibly I raised my voice too high to give her a hearty wave. She waved gaily back to me. We had spoken less than twenty words to each other directly—yet someone walking by might have thought the two of us were longtime friends saying farewell.

"Who was that lady, Mommy?" my boy asked.

"One of the most beautiful and talented women that ever was," I told him.

"Then why is she so shy?"

Why indeed! I had to think about that. Had she really been shy with us today? Or as the world called her—aloof? Hadn't she actually drawn very near in this fleeting moment, and given us just a glimpse of a friendly heart—just before she skittered away?

It was all too complicated for my little boy. But I tried. I told him, "You and the whole world—you call Greta Garbo shy. But do you know something, darling? I think she really wanted to be friends with Mommy today. And she was—just a little—and I will never forget her as long as I live."

So many people will never forget Garbo—those who saw her on the screen; the lucky ones who met her face to face. Perhaps this story will help them to remember her as less a mystery and more a woman.

—Judith Field
WHEN LIZ WAS DYING

Continued from page 34

She continued to wait, scarcely moving, as if perhaps a movement of hers could somehow upset the delicate balance of life and death that was going on inside that room. Earlier that night, she had been on the other side of that closed door. For a brief moment, Liz had stirred from her coma. She seemed to want to say something and a nurse bent close to hear the words. There was still a tube in her throat, to help her struggle for breath, but painfully she managed to whisper: "I want my mother."

Sara Taylor came to stand by the bedside, staring anxiously down at her daughter. But Liz, her long black hair tied back from her face with a piece of surgical gauze, did not recognize her mother.

Days later, Liz was to say that, as she slipped into unconsciousness—just before she was rushed to the hospital—the thought of death came to her. It must have lingered with her, she said, during the days when the doctors fought to save her from it. And when she lay dying, the last person Liz called for was her mother.

To those who had heard the rumors that were circulating so furiously around London, it must have seemed a strange call. Almost as if Liz wanted to make a deathbed reconciliation.

She had called for her mother. In London, where Liz had been born, there was a whispered question: Did Liz, at the last moment, want to wipe away all that had been wrong between them? They hinted that there had been much that was wrong. Liz and her mother had never been close, they said, had never gotten along. In place of love, they said, there was only cool politeness between this mother and daughter. They said that Liz blamed her mother for forcing her into a childhood career and that she had told her friends how much she admired her brother Howard for standing up to their mother and refusing to become an actor, too.

They remembered how, when she was only fifteen, Liz had begun to rebel against her mother, how she had appeared in the studio commissary, her face piled with makeup, in low-cut peasant blouses and long gypsy earrings. They remembered how, when her first marriage to Nicky Hilton broke up, Liz had fled from her mother's home. For a while, she had no place else to go. Each night she would call different friends to ask if they had a place for her.

They remembered that, when Liz married Mike Wilding, her mother was left out of her plans. When the first baby came, relations between Liz and her mother relaxed a little, but people said Sara Taylor still was not consulted or really taken into Liz's confidence.

They remembered that when Mike Todd died, Liz's mother did not go to his funeral.

They remembered that, even after the greatest tragedy in her life, Liz had turned in her grief to her friend, Dr. Kennamer, to her friend Arthur Loew and his sister, to her brother Howard and his family, to her friends Debbie and Eddie Fisher. To anyone, they said, but her mother.

It must have been hard for Mrs. Taylor, they said. Throughout the years that Liz faced trouble and illness and deep grief, her mother never seemed to be the one to whom Liz turned.

"I want my mother"

Except now. When she thought she was dying, Liz had whispered: "I want my mother."

These are the rumors that rippled through London. Is there any truth to them? Did Liz call for her mother to make a deathbed reconciliation?

The pictures you saw on pages 32 and 33 are the answer. They are printed in Photoplay for the first time anywhere. They show a reunion that few people knew

FIRST PICTURES of Liz as she poses with Eddie after her illness and then as she is carried from the plane on her way to California. There was a cylinder of oxygen among her luggage and Eddie explained she was "a sick girl" and needed rest. Liz didn't speak but she managed a smile—she was going home.
reconciliation.

short
great
London
—
cookie,
when
heart.
was
very
be
is
London
in
hospital.

climate
everything
would
at
death.
estrangement
through
people
ing
scandal
It
fly
watched
Mrs.
Liz
Taylor
and

day
times
had
a
had
a
since
was
happy.

reconciliation,
before
they'd
come
in
California.
First
arranged;

week
Liz
Taylor
and

Tay-
First
wait-
the

daughter.

There

In

influenza

to

the

Miss

always

to

in

the

M-G-M.

perhaps
it
was
the
London
climate
that
had
always
been
bad
for
Liz,

it
had
developed
into
influenza
and
then
rapidly
into
the
almost
fatal
pneumonia.

In
London,
Mr.
and
Mrs.
Taylor
took
a
room
at
the
Dorchester
Hotel,
on
the
same
floor
as
Liz
and
Eddie's
suite.
Photo Play's
correspondent
in
London
interviewed
a
number
of
people
close
to
the
scene,
including
Sue
Cardoza,
Liz's
young
personal
secretary,
in
order
to
get
at
the
truth
about
what
happened
in
London
between
Liz
and
her
mother.

A
woman
of
dignity

Most
people
who
had
seen
her
and
Liz
together
thought
they
seemed
very
close
at
that
time.
Miss
Cardoza
told
Photo Play
that
when
Liz
knew
that
she
would
have
to
go
to
the
hospital,
her
first
thoughts
of
her
mother.
She
knew
her
mother
worries
a
great
deal
about
her
health.

“Mother
always
worries
so,”
Liz
trotted.
During
the
time
that
Liz
was
critically
ill,
herself
and
father
lived
in
a
room
at
the
hospital.
Time
time,
in
talking
to
people
about
Mrs.
Taylor,
the
word
“dignified”
was
used
to
describe
her.

“You
ever
saw
a
book
in
Mrs.
Taylor's
hand.”
Miss
Cardoza
said,
“and
she
seemed
cheerful
and
considerate,
though
you
could
see
that
underneath
it
all
she
was
in
great
stress.
Whenever
she
went
into
the
room,
she
would
clench
her
fists
and
grit
her
teeth,
although
she
would
try
hard
not
to
let
Liz
know
her
true
feelings.
She
always
had
a
smile
for
her.”

Perhaps
as
a
Christian
Scientist
and
person
of
great
faith,
Mrs.
Taylor
never
doubted
for
one
moment
that
her
daughter
would
recover.
She
sat
on
a
chair
in
the
corridor
outside
her
daughter's
room,
fully
dressed,
all
night,
that
night
Liz
almost
died.
She
sat
quietly,
drinking
tea
and
once,
when
someone
urged
her,
she
nibbled
at
a
cookie,
as
if
to
please
them.
Beside
her
was
Mr.
Taylor
about
whom
the
word
dignified
was
also
used.

“Mrs.
Taylor
conducted
herself
beautifully,”
Miss
Cardoza
said,
“with
dignity
and
courage.
She
always
talks
fondly
of
Liz
and
adores
Eddie
and,
of
course,
the
kids.
In
fact,
Mrs.
Taylor
tried,
every
night,
to
come
back
to
the
hotel
for
a
few
minutes
in
time
to
say
goodnight
to
the
children.”

To	hose
close
to
the
scene,
there
seemed
indeed
a
very
warm
family
feeling
all
around
and
particularly
between
mother
and
daughter.
If
this
had
not
always
been
there
in
the
past,
they
feel
it
is
Eddie,
whose
own
family
is
so
close,
loved
who
brought
Liz
and
her
mother
together
now.

And
there
is
something
else,
too.

Liz
is
not
the
first
young
girl
to
reach
fifteen
and
rebel.
There
are
always
misunderstandings
that
split
a
mother
and
daughter
apart.
And
for
the
lucky
ones
there
comes
a
moment
when
the
girl's
confusions
are
over...
when
the
secret
yearnings
are
satisfied.
When
love
is
found.
There
is
no
longer
a
feeling
of
abandon-
ment
in
the
wide
world;
there
is
now
the
peace
and
security
that
you
can
lose
with
childhood
and
find
again
with
love.
For
a
girl
like
Liz,
this
love
can
give
back
a
mother,
too.
Confident
in
love,
with
a
family
of
her
own
now,
she
can
understand
what
was
misunderstood
before.
She
can
offer
now
a
heart
as
whole
as
it
was
in
childhood.
She
can,
her
most
terrible
hour,
call
out
to
her
mother.

—Milt
Johnson

Liz
stars
in
“Butterfield
8”
for
M-G-M.

Why
did
the
American
Cancer
Society
grant
this
man
$688,000?

With
$688,000
in
research
grants,
Dr.
Papanicolaou
developed
the
Pap
Smear,
a
detection
aid
for
uterine
cancer
that
has
saved
the
lives
of
175,000
women!

HIS
FULL
NAME
is
Dr.
George
N.
Papanicolaou.
He
allows
himself
to
be
called
“Dr.
Pap,”
which
undoubtedly
is
a
great
time-saver
for
his
busy
laboratory
colleagues.
He
is
responsible
for
saving
the
lives
of
many
thousands
of
women.

Dr.
Pap
pioneered
the
Pap
Smear—a
cell
examination
that
is
used
to
detect
uterine
cancer
in
its
early
stages,
when
the
chances
for
cure
are
greatest.
Uterine
cancer
(the
second
most
common
cancer
in
women)
causes
14,000
deaths
a
year.
Today,
every
woman
had
the
quick,
simple
examination
called
the
Pap
Smear
once
a
year,
there
would
be
a
uterine
cancer
cure
rate
of
nearly
100%.

Your
contribution
to
the
American
Cancer
Society
has
made
Dr.
Pap's
great
work
possible.
It
will
continue
to
help
men
like
him
attain
his
ultimate
goal—a
cure
for
all
cancer!

Guard
your
family.
Fight
cancer
with
a
checkup
and
a
check.

AMERICAN
CANCER
SOCIETY

ENJOY
STEADY
PAY
EVERY
DAY
AS
A
NURSE

Enjoy
security,
independence
and
freedom
from
money
worries.
Earn
up
to
$65.00
a
week
in
good
times
or
bad
as
a
Practical
Nurse.

LEARN
AT
HOME
IN
ONLY
10
WEEKS

Send
for
FREE
SAMPLE
LESSON
AND
FACTS

ENJOY
STEADY
PAY
EVERY
DAY
AS
A
NURSE

POST
GRADUATE
SCHOOL
OF
NURSING
Room
1231
S.
WaShington
Avenue
CHICAGO
3, Ill.

Address:

P
City:

State:

77
A SINGLE MAN

Continued from page 40

that shows (not skin buried under sixteen layers of pancake), and girls who walk free, not minding down the street like in a plaster cast! I have eyes, I like to see what's to see.

Personally, I'd like to write letters to these lovely girls everywhere, but I'm driving like the wind from town to town, all over America, seeing the country and not like a tourist. This little black boat of mine flies. It's all black, my favorite color, with red leather upholstery.

It was first delivered to New York and I'd gone west. My kid brother Paul had a ball. He's a tough guy, fourteen. He'd go sneaking around in my car taking his girl out. He wrote "Guess what, George, I'm a big wheel!" The girls come up to the house and watch the show on television and then they tell him he's much better looking than his brother. Oh, he's enjoying the whole bit. Then someone from Franklin, Pennsylvania, read in the paper about my car being at one end of the country and me at the other and offered to bring it west. That broke Paul all up. "I'm no wheel without a wheel," he wrote me. "Bring my car back!" Did you get that? His car.

I get lost

But I need it myself. We're in small towns pretty often and without a car you're sunk. We have a good time, we cruise around at night, we visit the penny arcades, Marty Milner and me and the rest of the crew. We have a lot of laughs. The studio is constantly losing us. That's because weather conditions are unpredictable so we have to keep on the move to shoot where it's right for the show.

But we have fun. In a penny arcade, Marty and I will start acting crazy. We'll get a run of three, josh the ball around trying to get it in a corner, make such to-do, the girls gather around; they think we're nuts. Marty's married, so I have the girls all to myself, and I immediately fancy myself a modern Don Juan. I can always hope, can't I? The wonderful thing is that a stranger, like this, in a strange town, you meet girls who know the town, and they know who we are because they've seen the show. They guide me to the good restaurants, to the places that are fun. I love the arcades and I'm a pretty good shot. I was the best shot with a forty-five in my Marine outfit. As a matter of fact, I taught the officers, and I got a big kick out of it when they'd finish shooting and I could say, "Pick up your brass—pause, pause, pause—Sir!"

If that sounds cocky, I am. Or put it this way, I've always believed in myself. I had to. And if you believe in yourself you can do anything. If you're born in a poor family, in a section of town where life is pretty miserable, this is the only way to survive. No one believes in anything. So you believe in yourself, build your own fortress. Go your own way.

I came from as far East as you can come—Astoria, New York. My dad had a couple of restaurants when I was little but he lost them, he lost everything, and at that time he had a wife and five kids to support. It was a bitter time for my parents. There was no food, nothing. It was right then I began to fence a bit for myself. My mother was working in a factory and my dad got jobs in other people's restaurants as a cook. He was a pretty good cook, too. When we wanted to tease my mother we'd say, "We can tell who cooked this!" But there wasn't much kidding.

I was the odd ball

I don't know that we kids were scared. When you live where everything is miserable, it's just the natural course of events. You don't look at the future, you look at what's happening this minute. If you are drowning, you think no further than keeping your mouth out of water. There were seven of us kids, my sister Mary (who's married now, lives in Florida and has three kids), my brother Bob (who's a production wheel on the show. His name is Harold but they call him Bob). Then me. My brother Alex came next, he died as a little boy. Then my sister Cleopatra, who is called Pat, and my brother Constantine, who is called Gus, and my kid brother Paul, who is called Paul. We were always basically close but I was the odd ball who traveled by myself. No gang. Who needed it? I could always defend myself. I was very independent. I still am. This is something girls either hate or love, this independence. Some of them don't understand it. I think it scares them. Others like it, it reminds them of a prehistoric man. But it was strictly my reaction to my environment.

My parents were born in Greece and they wanted to keep that culture alive. I was sent to a Greek night school where my brother and sister were also studying. I resented this. If I went to school all day I wanted my nights free. Besides, I was American. One hundred and fifty-five percent. Three days of me in the Greek school and our whole family was thrown out. But recently when I visited Greece on my way back from the Israeli location of "Miyor," I found that I had a real simpatico for the old Greek culture. Not the Byzantine Greeks, but the old, old Greeks of Socrates' time. I'd look at those statues and they looked like brothers. Those old Greeks were independent thinkers, they took no garbage. They were tough in a good way, as plenty of New York kids are tough. Good tough. You get that way out of necessity.

Like when I was nine and broke my wrist, I went across the street to a doctor's office, holding my broken wrist and he said I'd have to be X-rayed. Flushing Hospital was a half mile away. The doctor wouldn't take me. I walked. When I got there, they wouldn't set it without my mother's permission to give an anesthetic. I wouldn't dream of bothering my mother. So they set it without an anesthetic, bandaged it up, and I walked home. My dad gave me fifty cents a week to go to the hospital and have the bandage changed. I went to the drugstore, bought twenty-five cents' worth of bandage and did it myself.

A big, wild wheel

I was a wild kid. At Flushing High School I was a really big wheel, a political genius, I ran the whole school. Naturally, with my grades, I couldn't be class president, but I ran the elections, picked the candidates, did the campaigns, sat on the Student Council and all the rest of it.

My girl was a pretty Italian girl named Toni. She had a sense of humor and even better, she really liked me so that just being with her I felt alive. Which I didn't feel at home. At home, my parents didn't understand me. They tried to discipline me their way, they'd lock me in my room. I'd go right out the window. I started staying at one fellow's house or another's. Finally, I decided not to finish school at all and joined the Marines. About now, Toni's mother buttonholed me and suggested that I either marry Toni or stop dating her. You know the answer to that. And by the time I got out of service, she was married.

Well, I had decided I wasn't going to be a dog in life. A dog is a perfectly nice animal, but it eats when you feed it, it does what you order it to, you open the door, it runs out. It quite a number of dogs in service. I'd also noticed that diplomats impress people. They don't impress me. But I moved back home, went back to high school, the same place, Flushing High, and graduated. Then I moved into New York and tried singing. I also tried singing in Chicago. In Chicago I
I dance, I dance, I want to dance.

New Year's Eve that year, I sang at a party and was "discovered."

From then on for some time; I sang with four other fellows and a girl; we called ourselves "The Row." We commuted around in a flashy old car and I tried to figure out why I was always on the outside, nearest the window. They told me—I was the warmest of the group and I not only sat by the door, but they flipped coins to see who'd sit next to me. When I moved back to New York, they probably had to get an electric heater, too.

The health juice man

After my tonsils were yanked, things began to pick up. An old German actor named Hans von Twardofski saw me trying to get a singing job and told me I was an actor. I thought he was crazy, but as I couldn't earn a living singing, I began to learn acting lessons with him. I also got a job, six to ten in the window of a health restaurant called The Salad Bowl. I stood in the window making vegetable juice and people thought look at that nut, and look at those muscles, so they came in and drank some. I drank it too.

I still do. I carry a juice machine around with me and what I believe in—watercress, cucumbers, dandelions, parsley—it all goes into the juicer. I love raw foods, everything natural. Everything that grows. I even like meat natural—raw, but I make a concession; in restaurants I order it charred outside and raw inside. If it's warm, it's done.

No question I was a kook. I loved black clothes, black slacks, black sweatshirts with collars and whatever I wore, my girl Marta wore. We were, you might say, eccentric. Also, when I mentioned I liked faces fresh, she stopped wearing any makeup, even lipstick. She had long black hair, she began to look like a comic strip heroine. However, she's married very happily, too. They all marry after they leave me.

The one I wanted to marry was Mary, a delicate little dancer who fit just under my arm. She had big green eyes that reacted to everything you said, like a child, wondering, appreciative. She was Hungarian, was exquisite, and so delicate that I felt she really needed me. But Mary was very devout in her religion and she would only marry me if I would accept her faith and adhere to it. This I couldn't promise to do. I may be a lot of things, but I'm also honest.

That's one of the things I want to say about acting. I think many people feel that acting is playacting—a sort of lie. Well, there are two kinds of actors, the kind that brings his own life to the stage and the kind that brings the stage to real life. I'm in the first category. Anything I do on the screen is logical, human behavior. The other—I don't believe in it. Because this is what's important, doing what you believe in. We're each of us born with a lot of things and the important thing is not to be a puppet. I believe you should break the glass, fly out, find your place, not just let life move the strings and manipulate you like a doll.

I've told a lot of this to kid brother. Paul is something like me. Wild. My parents have a time with him, the way they did with me. I realized soon as I got to be seventeen that my parents weren't against me, they were with me, trying to do the best for me. They just didn't know how to cope with such a wild kid. So about two years ago I moved in on Paul. He was doing very poorly in school but I promised him a gun for Christmas if he'd do better. I bought the gun, but that last report card was dismal.

"You can't have the gun," I said.

He was crushed.

"Well, what would you do if you had a brother and he got a card like this?" he said.

And suddenly I had an inspiration. "Okay," I said. "I'll give you the gun. I'll put you on your honor. Now let's see what happens to those grades."

What could he do? I'd put him on his honor. He delivered and he's still delivering, and I'm still lecturing every time I go home for a couple of days. But I've told him I don't want to change you, Paul. I'm not trying to make you over. Keep the way you are, only use what you are, find out what you are, make more of who you are. And whenever I get too tough for you just say, 'George, look, get off my back.' I'll get off. All I want for you is that you believe in yourself."

I told him this way because I know young people are sponges and we all have a responsibility to these sponges. People helped me. Old von Twardofski believed in me and someone else sent me to Sandy Meisner and someone else sent me to Lee Strasberg, and the next think I knew I had a chance at live TV with people who'd never heard of me, but they believed in me because I believed in myself.

We all need the key to who we are, and yet people will say to me, "Why don’t you calm down? You’re so excited!"

But it’s like asking an eight cylinder car to run on four cylinders. I can’t. I’ve got eight cylinders. All I ask is that they keep right on generating power. I was born a singer. Some people come life scarred. Some people are plugged their way. That’s me. That’s the nature of the animal. Maybe I’ll never be happy because I’ll always be digging up one more challenge, moving on, moving fast, like the wind. King Arthur had a round table because he couldn’t stand a square.

Well, I’m with King Arthur. That’s the nature of the animal. That’s me. That’s why I drive a car with two four-barrel carburetors and four gear boxes. The End

Be sure to see George on "Route 66" on CBS-TV every Friday at 8:30 P.M. EDT.

Clean Dishes and Beautiful Hair

Dishwashing detergents, household cleansers, and beauty aids such as waving lotions and hair rinses rob your skin of its natural oil, upset the natural acid balance and invite raw, rough, red hands. New MIRICIL Medicated Hand Cream with exclusive "AQ6" penetrates deep into the skin and restores the "acid mantle" protection in a way that no ordinary cosmetic cream or lotion can do.

In fact, many silicone oil creams or alkaline base vanishing creams can add to existing irritations! For really smooth, soft hands, try MIRICIL. It’s greaseless and completely vanishing . . . a tested formula used and prescribed by doctors, nurses and beauticians.

The MIRICIL Chemical Co., Inc.
Stamford, Conn.

OLD LEG TROUBLE

Easy to use Viscose Applications may heal many old sores due to venous congestion of various veins, leg swelling or injuries. Send today for FREE book, "End Leg Pain." R.G. Viscose Company, 240 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Ugly broken, split nails...

made lovely in minutes with Marvel Nails

—a new liquid preparation that hardens into long, glamorous fingernails. Now you can change broken, split, bitten nails into strong beautiful nails—stronger than your own nails. STOPS NAIL BITING.

Marvel Kit, 59c
Deluxe Jiffy Kit, $1.50

If not available at your favorite store, send 65c for $1.51 for:

Marvel Nails, Dept. MW-6
5249 W. Harrison St.
Chicago 44, Ill.
Sometimes, too many men. Then the dream begins to wear thin at the edges. And the tears can come all too easily. Even in a crowd.

"Why should I be different?"

The mirror has always answered that.

The young and the fair come and go. Like moths at an endless flame. But the one called Ava, the lonely one, she stays.

"She's a great broad. The greatest."

The words are not the softest, but the man means them as his best. She has heard variations on that theme. From many men. In many languages. And, once in awhile, the words sounded better. Fresher. But . . .

"I'm thirty-eight. And what have I got to show for it?"

The lines touch lightly under her eyes. But, one day, their cruelty will reach her. And, she will know, as all the legends have known, that only old age respects the lonely. And youth—it reserves itself for a new era, and respects only itself.

"Where do you go when it's all over?"

The party lights become dim memories. The hushed whispers become regrets of another moon. The music is never as warm, the songs never as meaningful. The Roman candles burn away—all too soon.

"And what do you tell God? It was all one big party?"

The questions come from the inside. And the answers, too, must travel the same route. But, when a legend travels, it is always others who ask the questions. Ava has never had to search for answers. But, now, a plateau has been reached, and the woman at the top must stop running, for there is no place to hide.

"Make a million dollars, and it still doesn't answer anything."

"Who am I?"

Religion is a strange thing. It can be picked up along the dusty road. It can be hummed in a thousand hymns. It can even be ignored. But it sticks under the heart. And, one day, it comes up, too hard to be ignored.

"I'm trying to find out what makes things tick. Maybe I will."

A church is just a steeple in the middle of a small town. In Grabtown, North Carolina, or in nearby Smithfield, the steeple always seemed a little too high to reach, a bit too distant to touch. And so the thin-legged wasp who was to become an international pet, let it pass. But, sometimes in the long and lonely night, she would ask;

"Please God, tell me who I am, what I am . . ."

Like a voice in the wind curing for another voice to say something, anything, just to let the little-girl voice know that someone cared, that someone watched over her. But, all too soon, the tobacco-moonshine country fell behind the little girl, and she rode into the big city on a tricycle of bewilderment, naiveté, and incredible beauty. And, the parlay paid off, New York spelled her first name in hushed awe. And Hollywood proved to be a fawning ground. And men—they proved an easy mark.

"God, you're lovely, how old are you?"

And so the endless flattery began. But, in 1941, to a girl an inch out of the cornfield, it all sounded like a chocolate cream pie dream.

"I'm nineteen."

And so, after the clay wore off her startled feet, she found a camera probing her every move. The goldfish swam up, under, and around, but always the prize called Ava avoided the hungry sharks. Goldfish . . . goldfish . . . where to next?

They ran out of toys

"I met Mickey, and he bowled me over. I had never met anyone like him."

The man named Rooney, more a boy than any grown man had a right to be, took her as his bride. But, one day, they ran out of toys. And so she lit a candle for the dead, and jumped back into the fish fry again.

"Artie was too intelligent for me. But, he taught me to read good books."

And so marriage for the second time— to headliner Artie Shaw—proved a hurdle she could not leap. But, there was still much time left, and more than enough mileage to go around.

"Frank was it. But . . ."

Sinatra, the legend, proved only to be another man. And off to bullfighters, poets, and Counts with more title than ready cash, went the less than little-girl star of the movies. Adios, America.

"I love Spain. I'm building a house here. And, I'll live here forever."

But forever is a sometime thing, And transportation is easy. So nights found her in foggy London town, walking the beat of the doors. Or the next night in Rome, with the champagne popping as if endless rocks had been invented.

"You want to live. You've got to look."

And, always, it was the same.

"I love you. I adore. I worship you."

But the song was running pipe thin. And Ava had heard it so often.

"Sure . . . you love me. Everybody loves me. Let's drink to it."

There were others, who took little and gave much. There was Hemingway, even more a legend in his time than a sea of Avas could ever be a century. But he took to fancy her as one of nature's children, and their talk was good, not filled with the banal and the trite.

"Why not? I like her."

He asked a question, and gave an answer. In typical Hemingway, gallant, sharp but not too pointed. Not like the many she had trusted, who now carried cocktail tidbits, her name, the drinks and the drinks.

"Did you hear about Ava . . . it always began, and how it ended lay in the storyteller's imagination, wild or otherwise."

But, with Hemingway, it was different. It was easy. No strain. No pain. And, with his wife Mary, it went well, too.

"They're good people. They listen. And, they give."

"Where did it all go?"

But a listener is not the only answer. And a lover can be a transient thing. The Hemingways listened. And the lovers were told when to leave. But the journey was running dry for Ava.

Some of the good listeners had moved on. Bogart was dead. And only a movie they had made together remained for all the world to see that they had met and been honest friends.

"I woke up one day, and I was thirty-five, and where had it all gone?"

Thirty-five turns thirty-six, and sometimes, even then, in a desperate search, the answers come all too slow. And thirty-six turns thirty-seven all too quickly, and an ounce of fat can become a lawfully dead thing, for a camera never lies.

"She looked tired doing 'On the Beach,' more tired than I've ever seen her look," said a director with a penchant for doing skin value productions. She knew the whispers were about, and she turned to her mirror for reassurance. But it came a little too slow for her wants. Then she was hurt. Almost in carnival style by a nervous little bull, and a more nervous horse. It had all been intended only as play at a bull breeder's ranch. She hid for days.

Then it was all right again.

The face would not be permanently scarred. But what of the guts that she had scraped dry in the endless search for a permanent look at herself.

"I'm going to convert. To Catholicism. I think that's my answer."

There were snickers. The laughs sometimes became almost sacrilegious. But she
heard not a word, looked not for a cynic’s smile.
Instead, the words of a faith long come
by before her time were drummed into her
waiting brain. They told her it wasn’t easy.
And she told them nothing is easy. It never
was. Not for Ava. Except if you count

being a movie star and acquiring three
husbands. That proved to be too easy.
Some say she’s converting for another
man who waits in the wings. Ava looks to
find him, but first she looks to find herself.
In God, then, love comes easier. Even for
a legend named Ava. —CHARLES MIRON

GARDNER McKay

Continued from page 22

He is that remarkable thing—a human
being, and a dream.
When Gardner was two, he set sail for
the first time. Alone. His boat was a bushel
basket with nice wire handles. He dragged
it down to the pier, launched it, and was
just climbing aboard—it was already half
filled with water—when an old man happened
to pass by the seat of his training pants. It was in South-
port, Connecticut, and old John Doxy could
not have guessed that the soaking tot he
had just saved would one day be seen
on screens around the world, playing the part
of an adventurous, seagoing schooner cap-
tain.
If Gardner traveled more than some
when he was young, he had to sacrifice the
security of growing up in the same place
year after year, of knowing the same people
all through his childhood. If you think
about it a minute, it’s a pretty nice feeling
to know your way around your own
town, to know pretty much where every-
thing is, to know more than a few people
so well that you can take them for granted.
Then you don’t have to search for those
things all through your life.
For Gard, it was different. He lived in
France from age three to seven and made
some friends among his classmates in a
French convent school (though the family
was Episcopalian). But a year later, in
America, he was hopelessly out of it. He
had to find out who Batman and Superman
were, what baseball and football were about.
His mother insisted that he still wear
short pants, though he was the only one in
his group wearing them. But he made out
well enough by being the worst in his class
in almost everything, so he became the
leader of the academic outcasts from then
on at all the schools he went to. But moving
from school to school meant that each year
he had to start over in everything. In Holly-
wood, for the first time in his life, he has
a few friends of four or five years’ standing.
But Hollywood people are busy and there
isn’t time for the long, easy, trusting friend-
ships of adolescence. He will always search
for people of both sexes that he can get
close to and stay close to. And, not really
knowing the forms of long-lasting friend-
ship, he will probably be lucky to meet a
few such people in his adult life.

He’s on the search
But everybody who is young is searching
for something. The trick in living is to
be able to recognize what’s really right for you
and to take chances in order to get and keep
it. Gardner has been wrong plenty of times
about what’s right for him, but he has been
getting closer to what he wants. He may
never find it—even though he is a highly
successful star and has money and fame.
Not that he doesn’t appreciate very warmly
the money and fame, and what they’ve given
him in the way of self-confidence, maturity
of judgment, realization of personal scope.
Also, they have opened many doors and
opportunities, as they do for any celebrity.
But he says that when next year’s twenty-
six episodes have been shot, he wants to
stop and take a good, long look around.
What might be right for him is to make a
movie based on a book about the old days
in square-riggers when sailing was un-
believably hard and underpaid. He sees
a great theme in the hierarchy aboard a
ship, from Captain (who’s “Destiny,” as far
as will can bend it) through the mates and
seamen. Some ten years ago or so he was
paid mate on a charter schooner, Kathierna,
out of Miami. Maybe he’ll find making and
starring in such a film the thing that most
nearly suits him.
To him the sea has many moods—from
sparkling serene to dangerous icy green—and
he can find a perfect oneness with it
that is hardly ever available among people.
It is endless and mighty enough to absorb
all your strengths and forgive all your
weaknesses. In this sense it is a companion
even though it is not alive. But much as he
loves it, it doesn’t take the place of life
and love.
Gard doesn’t want to settle in Hollywood
or anywhere for good. His future is filled
with places he must go, people he must
meet, things he must do. He often tries to
make people think he is satisfied and will
settle down soberly to work out his days.
(He purposely gives many false impres-
sions so that people will not ask him end-
less questions. On the other hand, he will
sometimes answer questions to the best
of his ability for hours on end.) He identifies
with Errol Flynn, who wandered the world
in search of moments that might give his
whole life a meaning, and found it in
danger and excitement more than in con-
quest.

Money isn’t to worship

Someday Gard will buy himself a boat
and take off for parts unknown. He’ll
search, but probably won’t find everything
he’s looking for in the endless sea. This
side of him was well established long before
Adam Troy was born as an idea. The sum-
mer he was fifteen he cruised alone in his
boat, China Boy, had an adventurous sum-
mer and sank twice. Now that he’s older,
he said, “It’s the thrill that will take him
across the sea of his whole life without
sinking under him. Isn’t everybody?

Sculpture and photography are some
other regions he will explore further in his
search for something he can put his faith
into. All through his childhood he lacked
the discipline to apply himself to anything
for very long. As he got older, he was often
disappointed and frustrated because he
didn’t know how to work. But he stuck at
his mobile-making and his photography
Is girdle-wrestling making you a 
Raving Beauty?

End the tug-o-war with a generous dusting of Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Then your girdle will slide on smooth as silk. Cashmere Bouquet—pure, imported Italian Talc—scents, smooths, clings more lovingly, more lastingly than costly cologne.

Cashmere Bouquet
Talc
the fragrance men love

ANY BLACK AND WHITE Roll Film Developed & Printed FREE
FIRST ORDER ONLY—to acquaint you with our 15 years of work, quality service, Send 25¢ to cover handling and First Class Postage.
BRIDGEPORT FILM STUDIOS, Box 9051, Bridgeport 1, Conn.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program, publicity, advertising, handsome books, Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript of Publish Your Book.
CARLTON PRESS Dept. T4F
84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

STOP CORN PAIN
ALMOST INSTANTLY!
That's how fast Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads act. They prevent, or promptly stop, corns if promptly applied at first sign of sore toes caused by new or tight shoes; remove corns of the quickest, most painful known to medical science.

See Gardner in "Adventures in Paradise." ABC-TV, Mondays at 9:30 P.M. E.D.T.
the elevator. The two girls got in a light blue Chevrolet station wagon that was waiting in front of the building. A man at the wheel ginned the motor and the car headed south. And that was the last anyone saw of either girl for the next forty-eight hours. But this is the true story of those two days. The story that has never been told before.

A car sped along the turnpike to southern New Jersey early next day. This time it was a black Ford coupe, but the two girls in it were the same. Now both were capri pants, Italian knit shirts and sandals. One had shoulder-length, wavy brown hair, a strong, square face and dimples. And dark glasses. She kept glancing back uneasily as if afraid they were being tailed. The driver had short, curly reddish hair and a tendency to freckles. She kept her eyes glued to the straight ribbon of concrete. The dark-haired one turned front so suddenly that the driver complained, "For goodness sake, don't do that! You want me to go into a tree?"

"I can't help it," her fidgety, companion said. "I feel funny about this whole thing."

"Why?" The driver passed a slow truck.

The other chewed on her lower lip, brooding. "I mean it's crazy, what we're doing."

Suddenly she grinned and flung her arms out wide. "It's all right! So it's wild! We're out of our minds, but we're gonna have a ball!"

The driver grinned and stepped on the gas. "Well, what do you want to call yourself?"

"Clementine Corrumppe?"

"C'mon, be serious," the driver begged. "At least keep your own first name. Because I might burst it out and it would be all over."


The driver groaned, "Connie Francis! You are impossible!" Then she told her friend in a firm voice. "We'll call you Connie DeFace. That's the name of an old friend of mine who's married now. Okay?"

She nodded. "Now don't forget and go signing for anything."

Connie Francis' eyes opened saucer-wide. "What? Are you kidding? And spill everything?"

Impulsively she threw back her head and trilled out the first words of "Where the Boys Are."

"... and don't sing!"

"And holy smoke," Sandy Constantinople exploded, "whatever you do, don't sing!"

Connie clapped on her mouth. "Ooos, you're right," she mumbled. Then eage ly and anxiously, "Sandy, can it work? Do you think we can spend two whole days in Asbury Park without anyone knowing who I am?"

"I'll bet you a cheesecake at Linda's!"

"But Sandy, you're on a diet."

"So are you."

Connie shook her head. "Not for the next forty-eight hours. Everything's gonna be different for the next forty-eight hours."

And she began to sing in full voice. "Just till we get there," she apologized quickly. At 1:30 P.M. they walked up to the front desk of the Hotel Monte Carlo in Asbury Park. Two women eyed them curiously. One pointed and shrieked, "Look! Look!" Her companion said, "Well, I'll be darned." The bottom fell out of Connie's heart. Oh, no, she thought, not already. The delighted duo descended in friendly fury, "Sandy," they shouted, "Sandy darling!" and flung themselves on her. Connie gulped and stared. Sandy finally disengaged herself and introduced them as her mother's friends.

She said smoothly. "And this is my girl friend, Connie DeFace."

"How do you do?" Connie said.

One of the women gave her a second look. "You know something?" she said, "You look just like Connie Francis—that singer Sandy works for."

Connie tried to play it cool. "Yes," she said, "a lot of people say that." She smiled and added, "Well, we do have the same name, but I can't carry a tune in a ten-ton truck!"

Everyone laughed. The first crisis was passed.

They went upstairs and found that their room overlooked the pool. Sandy grabbed Connie's arm and dragged her to the window. "Look at those gorgeous guys."

Connie caught her breath. Her eyes popped. "Mmmmnnm mmmmnmmm!"

That old frustration

Then her glow faded, and she sighed and turned away. That old familiar wave of despair and frustration washed over her. You walk out there and meet a great guy, and then just because you're Connie Francis, people start talking and the whole thing's spoiled.

"What are we waiting for, Miss DeFace?" Sandy demanded.

Connie started. She remembered. The lights went back on. She opened her valise and whipped out her new bathing suit. The two girls strolled with deliberate casualness to the pool. They made an elaborate project of spreading their towels. Their backs were toward their quarry, but Connie knew she was being observed. A delicious little shiver rippled up her spine. She walked to the edge of the pool and slowly, gracefully, lowered herself to a sitting position. She stretched one leg out. Sandy exclaimed, "Take a good look—it's really... Sandy, is it?"

Sandy turned her toes. She giggled. "Okay...

The ice was broken. He sat down and told her his name was Joe, he was a law student from Paterson, New Jersey. She told him she worked as a secretary for General Artists Corporation, the talent booking agency.

He looked impressed. "Gee, you must get to meet a lot of celebrities."

"Every day," she agreed solemnly.

"Like who, for instance?"
The yearbook that tells you all about the stars of radio and television

...all new
...all exclusive

It's packed with news ... gossip ... chit-chat ... and pictures of your favorite entertainers. It's the brand new edition of TV-Radio Annual 1961. This is the yearbook that show people all over the world await with keen anticipation. It's the yearbook that covers all the history-making moments of the industry ... all the great shows and programs of the year. Here, too, is the news of the year—the marriages ... divorces ... babies ... and those choice bits about he and she. You will go for the intimate stories about the stars and the life they lead off stage. You will go for the yummy pictures of your favorites—and those full-color photos are truly glamorous. Get double the pleasure out of your radio and TV set—get your copy of the new issue of TV-Radio Annual—today.

ONLY 50¢ WHILE THEY LAST

This sensational Annual is a best-seller every year. Get your copy before they are all snatched up. Only 50¢ at your favorite magazine counter. Or, if more convenient, mail coupon with 50¢—TODAY.

BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC., WG-661
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
Send me TV-RADIO ANNUAL 1961. I enclose 50c.

Name .................................................. Please Print
Address ..................................................
City .................................. State ............

She reeled off a list of famous names.
"Does your firm handle that singer—you look a little like her—Connie Francis?"
"Uh huh." This was getting too close for comfort.
He leaned forward confidentially, "Do you think she's good? Really good, I mean."
She thought for a moment, then said slowly, "Well, she tries hard.
He nodded. "I think she's okay. I like her stuff. Do you know her personally?"
"Oh, sure," she nodded vigorously.
"What's she like ... as a person I mean?"

"No kidding?"

She leaned forward and whispered, "She's nothing but a big ham at heart.
"No kidding?"
"No kidding. She told me herself she'd rather be an actress."

He looked at her admiringly. "You mean Connie Francis is in you?"
"Oh, sure," she retorted airily, "I probably know her better than anybody.
"Say," he murmured, "that's something."

Sandy joined them, with Joe's friend Mike in tow. Soon Mike asked, "Would you girls care to join us for dinner?"

Sandy had her mouth open, clearly set to chide, "We'd love to," Connie beat her to it. She said sweetly, "Hey, we'd love to, but we've already made other plans, you know.
"That's okay," Joe said cheerfully.
"How's about lunch tomorrow?"

"Wonderful," Connie said warmly. "Now we've got to run. We'll meet you here in the morning. She practically had to drag Sandy away.

"What's wrong with you?" Sandy grumbled as they headed back to change. "We don't have any plans and they seemed very nice.

"They are," Connie agreed. "But if we tie ourselves down with the first two guys we meet, we can't flirt with anyone else."

Her voice rose plaintively, "You know how I love to flirt ... and I'll probably never get another chance like this.

They dressed for a night on the resort town in cotton shirtwaist dresses and flats. They headed for the amusement park. "I adore the rides," Connie breathed. "I'm going on all of them." She did.

They bought cotton candy, jelly apples and popcorn. At the hot dog stand they struck up a conversation with Jack and Jimmy, who turned out to be friends of friends of Sandy's. "Where's your famous boss?" Jack asked Sandy. "In New York, working like a dog," Sandy answered promptly, "You know she never has time for a vacation."

Later, the four of them went to the hotel lounge to sip Cokes and dance to Woody Herman's band.

"Did you ever meet Sandy's boss?" Jimmy asked Connie as they swung into a fox trot.

"Nope," Connie said.

"Do you know you're a dead ringer for her?"

"Gee, am I really?" she said eagerly.

"You could be her double!"

"You could be her double ... Hey!" he cried suddenly inspired. "I've got a great idea. I bet you could pretend to be Connie Francis for a day and have a wild time.

"Oh I wouldn't dare!" she gasped.

"Sandy would kill me."

"I bet I could get her to go with it ..."

"Some other time," Connie pleaded. "Not this weekend. I—" I'm having enough fun."

On the second day the girls kept their lunch date with Joe and Mike and it was fine. Later that afternoon, alone again, they were lazing by the pool. Sandy stared toward the coffee shop and exclaimed. "I didn't know it was so late—our dates are here already."

Connie sat up. "What dates?"

"Some friends of mine from home. They were driving down for the weekend anyway so they said they'd come a day earlier and spend this evening with us."

"Do they know?" Connie asked feebly. She sounded ready to battle for her new freedom. "Sandy Constantinople, do they know I'm me?"

"I swear," Sandy put up her right hand solemnly. "C'mon, let's go say hello."

Connie sat biting her lip. "You know I never go with blind dates," she murmured, "I have this thing about blind dates ...

"What do they call the last couple of days?" Sandy demanded impatiently.

"That was different, they invited us. No one arranged it ..."

"Connie, those boys came all the way from Newark," Sandy was peeved. "We can't do this to them. Please let's say hello."

"Oh, but Sandy!" Connie cried. "I'm doing that."

"No! Let's them wait, I want to sit in the sun for twenty minutes more."

Sandy glared. Then she realized that Connie was stalling. "Okay," she said quietly. "I'll be in the coffee shop."

Because she knew she was being watched, Connie languidly sank into her sun chair. With complete indifference she oiled her arms and legs. She fought to keep curiosity from getting her, but finally she had to walk over and peer into the coffee shop. What she saw made her forget how she felt about blind dates. She streaked for the ladies room with the speed of a rocket taking off from Cape Canaveral. She put her face in exactly three minutes. That was beating her own record.

So considerable was her enjoyment of an evening so much. Roy was a Marine on leave from active duty in Hawaii. He was natural and easy-going and when he laughed, the whole world laughed with him. They laughed a lot. They talked about everything under the sun except the two topies that bored her to death on a date. "Connie Fradella, one and for all."

Connie shook her head. "For the time being," she corrected softly, "We're going to do it again."

"Great," Sandy beamed. "When? Where?"

"Connie waved vaguely, "Sometime soon," she said mysteriously. "And who knows where?"

And that's all she'll tell anyone. —ROSE PELBERG

The Curly Hair was Gone, and Those Big Innocent Eyes Were Clouded Over from Years of Suffering. On January 8th the Newspapers Ran a Picture of a Bald Man on Their Pages. The Caption Underneath It Read:

"The Kid," said the caption, "meeting the Press after His Latest Appearance in Hollywood."

Marriage to Betty Grable

"And then I lost my hair," he said. For an actor, losing one’s hair at thirty can be a tragedy worse than losing one’s money. But then a girl came into his life, and Jackie forgot his problems for a while. Her name was Betty Grable, and she was a military nurse at the time. There was no word about them being seen together, and the Grable marriage ended in a Nevada divorce.

Miss Grable went on to scale the heights, and though they no longer called each other man and wife, Jackie wished Betty the best. And she hoped that Jackie would somehow find himself.

"If I can’t get a job acting, I can at least show I’m not a sponger," he told his friends. He got a job selling used aircraft.

The second World War had ended, and Jackie, who'd been a pilot, thought he could sell the leftover relics of a war which turned out to be as quickly forgotten in its time as the "Kid" had been forgotten in his.

"New and many people needed used airplanes," he sighed. But he didn’t give up.

The notion came to him that kitchen ventilation might be easier to sell than used aircraft. This project failed, too. Then he married a girl named Flower Parry and he was happy, but one day, just like that, the marriage was over. He tried to rekindle the name Coogan in the studios, but now the younger faces behind the casting desks asked:

"Jackie who?"

He looked around him at the young faces being led by hopeful parents who thought they had another "Coogan" by the hand. He was glad the government had passed the Coogan Law to protect the new kids who would make it big as child stars. Their money would be protected in trust funds, but it was too late for him.

Things began to brighten

Then there came a girl named Ann McCormack into his empty life, and things began to brighten. He married her, and shortly afterward they had a daughter. Joan. He began to look good again.

In 1953, Jackie hired a script-writer to write his life story. Little Joan was slated to play Jackie as a little boy. The switch looked good on paper, but five years later Joan had outgrown the part. Jackie chose his next little girl, Leslie, to play the part, but the project seemed to sink into the ground.

Then producer Al Zugsmith cast Jackie in a film and it worked out. He was back in action again. Then came "High School Confidential," and Jackie looked convincing as a dope pusher. His reviews were good and oldsters got a kick out of seeing the balding "Kid" as a heavy.

After that, Frank Sinatra hired Jackie for "The Joker is Wild," and the "Kid" did his best. But still jobs were few and far between, and the bills were always on time. He tried bucking the odds with an appearance on "The $60,000 Challenge."
OUR JOBLESS YEAR

Only his wife's love and courage sustained him through the terrible employment slump that hit the steel town in which they lived. Don't miss the inspiring true story of a family caught in the recession, dramatically told by those who lived through it, in the big, new issue of TRUE STORY Magazine.

More Than 30 Prize Stories, Helpful Articles, and Family Service Features, Including...

AN INTRODUCTION TO MARRIED LOVE

Expert advice to brides and wives who want to feel like brides, again

DON'T LET YOUR CHILD QUIT SCHOOL

Here's how to help your child get the education he needs to hold a good job

ACCUSED

Continued from page 61

The murder trial of David Anderson, which had been adjourned for three months, was resumed last week. The prosecution rested its case, and the defense began its evidence. Anderson is charged with the murder of his wife, Elizabeth, in their home last month.

Anderson's defense attorney, Mr. Robinson, opened his case by calling an expert in forensic science. The expert testified that he had examined the murder weapon, a .38 caliber revolver, and that the bullet found at the scene had been fired from the same gun.

The prosecution had rested its case last week, and the defense began its evidence today. The defense plans to call several witnesses to testify about Anderson's character and to show that he was not the person who committed the murder.

Judi, the wife of the accused, testified that she had been with her husband at the time of the murder, and that he had been acting strangely before the murder. She said that she had heard a noise in the kitchen, and that when she went to investigate, she found her husband holding a .38 caliber revolver and that he had shot Elizabeth.

The defense attorney, Mr. Robinson, said that the prosecution's case was weak, and that the defense would show that Anderson was not the person who committed the murder. He added that the prosecution's case had rested on lies, and that the defense would show that Anderson had been framed.

The trial is expected to last several weeks, and the defense plans to call several witnesses to testify about Anderson's character. The defense attorney, Mr. Robinson, said that he was confident that Anderson would be found not guilty.

Judi, the wife of the accused, testified that she had been with her husband at the time of the murder, and that he had been acting strangely before the murder. She said that she had heard a noise in the kitchen, and that when she went to investigate, she found her husband holding a .38 caliber revolver and that he had shot Elizabeth.

The defense attorney, Mr. Robinson, said that the prosecution's case was weak, and that the defense would show that Anderson was not the person who committed the murder. He added that the prosecution's case had rested on lies, and that the defense would show that Anderson had been framed.

The trial is expected to last several weeks, and the defense plans to call several witnesses to testify about Anderson's character. The defense attorney, Mr. Robinson, said that he was confident that Anderson would be found not guilty.
love. They were married, and at first, they were happy.

But that was all over. They'd been separated that first time, over six months. Finished. Divorced. He was alone—a bachelor once more. And he'd just given his first party as a bachelor. Fun while it lasted. Now—lonely.

It hadn't been easy to begin life all over again, but that's what he had to do. Six months alone—time to think, and remember, and re-examine every word they'd ever said to each other, wondering where they'd gone wrong. And in the end to face the sickening fact—he'd failed. He, the man, had failed. And it hit him right there. To fail as a husband—did that mean he'd failed as a man, too?

A need to succeed

All his life he'd had an overwhelming need to succeed... to prove himself as a man. Any amount of struggle and sacrifice was okay just so he licked whatever it was: like the asthma from birth and puny childhood. He couldn't bear to sit on the sidelines and watch his brothers play games that were out of his class. He forced himself till he could keep up. And at college he went one better, he became a top athlete. He was already a fine student, but he felt a man had to be more. He pushed himself till he ranked as a state tennis champ, top ice skater, crack rider, hard-hitting baseball player, basketball star.

Pierre de Lappe—Peter Brown's real name—had to be the best.

Then came two years in the Army, and he was stationed in a frozen outpost of Alaska at 35 degrees below. The asthma came back, he choked for breath and the Army medic up there was shocked.

"You're supposed to be 4F," he exploded. "I'm getting you shipped home."

"No," said Peter. "I'm in and I'll stay in."

One of our officers picked the pain and discomfort. His discharge came through at the proper time like any other GI's.

"I never gave in," he thought this night after his housewarming. "Not until this thing with Diane, then I was licked." It still hurt to remember. The two things a man wants most to succeed at—his work and his marriage—and the work was okay, but the marriage had fallen on its face. Why? He'd tried like crazy to salvage it: Diane, too, had tried. Were there some things in life that couldn't be fought and licked? But why did it have to be what meant the most to him, when in everything else he'd proven himself as good a man as the next?

Peter recalls—with pain—how it was at the beginning of the end. "It wasn't till we were engaged that I began discovering things about each other we'd glossed over while we were dating and falling in love. Only little things at first—you know, ways and traits—so trivial on the surface that we never realized how they were piling up. Not until they became a mountain of irritations. Like Diane's independence. When we were dating I thought it was admirable, but when she was my wife, suddenly it seemed to become a challenge in a man's face. We're both stubborn, but we used to compromise. Now we quarrelled.

"I loved the outdoors. Diane wasn't the athletic type, but she used to come along as spectatior at least. Now she didn't want to. If I left her alone so I could play tennis, I was made to feel guilty. But if I gave in and stayed home, our tensions and anxieties were worse.

"Then even the laughter went out of our lives. Diane's greatest charm was her sense of humor, even about little problems. Now there was only silence. And when it dawned on me how things were, I retreated into my work and the silences got longer—till there was no communication at all."

Two weeks after they'd moved into their new home, it was all over. There was no shoulder to cry on. Diane said quietly, "I can't take it any more. I'm miserable. Maybe we'd be better off apart."

Peter says, "I knew we were heading for a breakup, but when I heard her say it, I was stunned. I knew all along I should have tried to talk to her, but when the moment finally came, I couldn't get the words out. So I left. We didn't see each other for seven weeks. Then we got together and rehashed everything. We told each other we could see the error of our ways now. And we were still in love, we wanted to try again. So we left our big house, rented a small apartment and started over. But it was no good. Whatever split us the first time, split us again. We just didn't have what it takes to get each other as man and wife. We were what we were and even love couldn't change us."

But just before we broke up, she said to me one night, "You haven't even tried to make a go of our marriage." I wanted to yell and shout and tell her how hard I'd tried. But I couldn't defend myself without hurting her. So I kept quiet. And she just looked at me and said, "I've given so much, you know."

I wanted to shout, "My God, you don't know how little you've given. I know you tried, but... I wanted to say those things but I couldn't.

"I loved being married"

Personally, I'm a guy who needs love. I loved being married, having a home and someone to share it with. I've got to know I'm loved and needed—it just has to be there. I despise having to ask for it. Love meant so much to me that when we separated for good it really shook me. I went around in a state of disbelief—this couldn't have happened to me! I pushed myself into exhaustion. Between acting jobs, I tried to write TV plays and study voice. I had to keep on the move every minute. I picked up old hobbies I'd dropped because Diane didn't enjoy them. I started jumping horses again, and swam more—but all the things that used to be fun still left me unhappy. Finally I had to face up to the truth; that running myself into the ground wasn't the answer. I had to start a new life.

"Only—wasn't prepared to think logically. And I hated being alone. I needed desperately to be with people. Lucky for me, my friend Chuck Courtney was leaving for four months in Trinidad to make a picture, and he insisted I move in with his folks, What great people—all of them! They made me feel I was the one keeping them from being lonely. My own folks live far away—in Washington.
It's a new show! It's a great show! It's a 1961 edition of PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL, produced by the editors of PHOTOPLAY! And it's available now wherever magazines are sold!

PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is the greatest. It brings you all the news and gossip of everyone of importance in Hollywood. It brings you gorgeous full-color portraits of the stars, plus exciting candid shots and never-before-seen pin-ups.

**New Show!**

**HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL**

Here is the month-by-month story of Hollywood. The marriages, separations, reconciliations, births and deaths.

**TOP BILLING—New pictures and stories of Tom Donahue **

Sandra Dee 

Edmund Purdom 

Sunday Weld 

Connie Stevens 

Debbie Reynolds 

Faye Dunaway 

Amber Lenscio 

Carol Lynley 

Connie Francis.

**DOUBLE FEATURES**

True romantic stories about these happily married: Liz and John Wayne 

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis 

Barbara Stanwyck and Jack Palance. 

**FANFARE**—Big pictures and fascinating stories about Cary Grant 

Barbara Stanwyck 

Natalie Wood and Paul Newman 

Lauren Bacall and Bob Wager.

**PINUPS**—These thrilling pin-ups are "max" for your collection: 

Gregory Peck 

Robert Taylor 

Dickie Moore 

Michael Ansara 

Bea Benaderet 

Susan Hayward 

Joyce Compton 

Suzanne Pleshette.

**UP IN LIGHTS**—The great stories of your favorites: 

Glenn Ford 

Susan Hayward 

Hedy Lamarr 

Tony Perkins 

Andrew Hopton 

Shelley Winters 

Natalie Wood 

Laurance Harvey 

John Gavin 

 Shirley MacLaine.

**AND INTRODUCING**—Here are the newcomers to the screen. You can follow their glamorous rise to stardom: 

Angie Dickinson 

Mark Damon 

Warren Beatty 

Joan Marlowe 

Mark Goddard 

Suz Lyon 

Tom Towles 

Vicki Trickett 

Nancy Kwan 

Juliette Hohn 

Heidger Breymer 

Patti Page 

Anita Bryant 

Genevieve Carlin 

Darl Maier 

Clara Calamari 

Sharon Hughey 

Kerwin Mathews 

Michael Callan 

George Peppard.

**ONLY 50¢ while they last at all newsstands now!**

Bartholomew House, Inc. 

WG-661

205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL 1961. I enclose 50¢.

Name: ... 

Address: ... 

City: ... State: ...

You can see Peter in "The Lawman" on ABC-TV, every Sunday, 8:30-9 P.M. EDT.
SHE lived too fast. She had been born in the quiet English town of Devon, but she left all that behind. By nineteen she was getting parts in British films and was married to Lucas Cornel, a talented photographer.

Then she burst out on the world's front pages—as a sex bomb. While she was attending the Cap d'Antibes film festival she went bathing in the shallow surf and the strap of her bikini broke. Undaunted—and uncovered—she waded to shore straight into the lenses of every cameraman on the beach. At the time she had the leading part in "Aphrodite, Goddess of Love" and there were people who whispered it was a publicity stunt.

Whatever, it was the beginning of a flamboyant affair with a married Italian prince who had witnessed the intriguing spectacle. Now home and marriage could no longer hold the girl. She rocketed her way up in the movies—triumphant symbol of sex. Her love affair with Prince Filippo Orsini cost her a divorce on charges of adultery.

Belinda and the Prince loved madly, they quarreled and both tried to commit suicide over the breakup—then came back to each other's arms. His Princess wife, in a separation petition, named Belinda as "the woman living with Prince Orsini." But later Orsini and his wife were reconciled.

Last December Belinda became engaged—to another married man. When the headlines broke, Italian movie maker Guatier Jacopetti announced that they would be married as soon as he divorced his wife.

Now in Hollywood, they zoomed about the countryside together—to Las Vegas and back to Hollywood on wide-open desert roads—Belinda, Jacopetti and two other Italian film men. They hit it at a hundred miles an hour and the needle still climbed. The station wagon blew a tire, skidded a thousand feet, leaped a ditch and crashed—upside down.

Beautiful Belinda Lee, at 26, was dead within minutes.

In the Riviera night spots where she used to burn the candle at both ends and the middle, they're singing songs in her memory. The most popular is "Pour Toujours, Belinda"—"For Always, Belinda." In two weeks she had become a legend. She would not be forgotten fast.

BELINDA LEE—

It happened too fast.
SUMMER IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

Start now for fun later on


574—For any time of year, a gift for baby. This embroidered sampler tells all the vital facts. Transfer 12 x 16”; 60 names and chart. 35c

9024—Doris Day likes versatile clothes. Like this sunsheath and its pretty-partner jacket. The diagonal buttons and set-away collar are fashion news this year. Printed Pattern in Misses Sizes 10-18.

4878 9-17

9024 10-18


626—Summer comes to your kitchen with these happy bluebird towels, all in simple embroidery. Transfer of 7 motifs, 6 x 7". 25c

811—New summer slipcovers are easy to sew yourself. Our step-by-step directions, diagrams show how for all types of chairs, sofas. 25c

841

626

For Patterns 9024, 4878, 9039, send 35c to Photoplay Pattern Dept., P.O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Sta., N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add 10c each for first-class mailing. For others, send order with coins to Photoplay Needlecraft Service at same address. Add 5c each for first-class. For Catalog of Printed Dress Patterns, send 35c. For Needlecraft Catalog, send 25c.
Kotex is confidence

You'll welcome the newest Kotex napkins. They have a much softer covering for greater comfort, pleated ends for a smoother fit, also a new inner shield which provides lasting protection in all 3 absorbencies.
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions

A mild, gentle shampoo may be used as often as desired to help keep the hair looking its best. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, yet is not drying to the hair. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. A Breck Shampoo helps keep your hair soft and shining.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.

- Red for dry hair
- Yellow for oily hair
- Blue for normal hair

Available wherever cosmetics are sold –

Copyright 1961 by John H. Breck Inc.