BLACKMAIL:
The man who's trying to take Liz away from Eddie

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BOYS WILL BE BOYS

What can grown men (?) be thinking about when they pull such childish underhand antics as the Sinatra "Clan"? I would not be at all surprised to read in the papers some morning that they had gathered and gone to another section of town and held a rumble against other actors and actresses. They are more juvenile delinquents than the real thing.

R.D. Brewster
Radcliff, Ky.

Why all the fuss about a few fellows getting together for laughs? Sinatra can bust up my party any time.

Alva Pressir
New York, N.Y.

PROS AND CONS

Loved your picture story on Deborah Walley. She's cute as a button. How about more stories on new and rising stars?

Gladys Lowrey
Salem, Oreg.

Hey, where did those cartoons come from? They are great!

Alice Buncie
Hartford, Conn.

Why don't you ever see pictures of Troy Donahue without his shirt?

Anne, Ann, Sally, Bev
Macon, Georgia

Troy catches cold easily ... but see page 30. Gesundheit!—Ed.

I am a faithful fan of Troy Donahue and I'm sure that he's not the kind of man that would "beat up" a woman.

Sandy Cunningham
Silver Springs, Md.

The physical wounds that Lili suffered will fade, of course, but it will take a lifetime to heal the heartache she must feel at this time.

Gloria Greene
New York, N.Y.

KISSING STRANGERS

I wish to thank you and Photoplay for giving me my first magazine break in your November issue. The article on kissing strangers was as much fun to read as it was to shoot. Thanks again.

Pete Mann
Hollywood, Calif.

Kissing strangers may be fun to you, but when I tried it it left me with a black eye. Who writes your stories?

Roland Sandor
Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Kildare!—En.

Saw John Ashley on TV and we think he's dreamy. ... Jessie Mock
Greenville, Ohio

So did Connie Stevens—once.—En.

HATS OFF TO HEDDA

I'm very happy to read that you have joined Photoplay. I'm subscribing to this magazine now!

Hope Dethenridge
San Francisco, Calif.

Thanks, Hedda Hopper, for joining the Photoplay staff of writers. I liked your debut in the November issue.

Charlene Edwards
Harrisburg, Pa.

Loved Hedda in Photoplay—and I don't even like hats!

Windblown
Denver, Colo.

I was so happy to see my favorite columnist, Hedda Hopper, in my favorite magazine. But, Hedda dear, how could you? When you listed the hottest bachelors in town, you missed Hugh O'Brien!

Rosemarie Cutts
Canterbury, Conn.

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POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
ROOM 9R12 - 121 SOUTH WABASH • CHICAGO 3, ILL.
Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer have split, the separation papers are signed, the divorce is underway. You'll be reading a lot of so-called "inside" stories about this. Some will tell you this about the Ferrers and others will tell you that... But the only real whole story is the one you'll read here. What it says—and what you can believe—is that a marriage breaks up for only two reasons. A man and a woman. Don't ask which is to blame—not in this case. Ask instead, what are they each like? Really like!

About the man: Jose Ferrer is not a handsome man, but he is many other things. Even women—for whom he seems to have a remarkable fascination—do not claim that he is a romantic image. His hard, muscular body is short, and apparently he is so sensitive about his baldness, he wears a hat whenever he can. For all his talents—and they're dazzling—opera—in public performance—just to prove to himself that he could do it. His more reverent supporters call him a genius. His enemies—a list like a Hollywood hit parade—agree that he is the "most talented tyrant" in entertainment today.

His many-sided career has taken him away from his wife and their five children often enough to let the trouble-making whispers find their way back home. Back to the other half of this break-up story. The woman...

Rosemary Clooney had been a singing star. Her records made the top of the lists, she was on TV, kids loved her and mobbed her for autographs—and their parents loved her, too. When she and Jose fell in love and married, she was at the peak of her career.

Rosemary wasn't the first girl to put her career second to the love of a strong, dynamic man. But not too many of them have borne boldly that Pamela Tiffin was "solacing" Jose. Immediately, Pamela and her mother—who was on the Dallas trip with her—gave the lie to the report. A simple time-table of her heavy schedule proved how impossible such "solace" would have been.

But for Rosie Clooney, the whole thing had been one rumor too many! Over the phone, she sobbed her decision to stick by her decision! To get a divorce.

"I don't want to, Joe," she wept. "I wish there was another way. But I have to. I've taken too much—I can't take any more."

He pleaded with her. "For God's sake, darling, don't do this thing! I'll be home in a few days. I love you, I don't want a divorce. There's nothing we can't straighten out once we're together."

But she filed. And said—publicly, tearfully, "Joe is a charmer and I admire him tremen-
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Go Out to a Movie

by Janet Graves

KING OF KINGS
M-G-M; Super Technirama 70, Technicolor; Director, Nicholas Ray; Producer, Samuel Bronston (Family)

Who’s in it? Jeffrey Hunter, Siobhan McKenna, Ron Randell, Robert Ryan.

What’s it about? The life of Christ and a planned Judean revolt (part fiction) against the Roman Empire.

What’s the verdict? Serious effort to film a great subject without offending any sect. At the head of a big, talented cast, Hunter gives a performance more modern than poetic; his self-effacing manner keeps Jesus’ words foremost. Biblical scenes often just illustrate the spoken narration; the fiction’s more dramatic.

JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG
U.A.; Director-Producer, Stanley Kramer (Adult)

Who’s in it? Spencer Tracy, Maximilian Schell, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster.


What’s the verdict? Questions still unanswered today give powerful urgency to this somber drama. In a dazzling cast (Dietrich, Garland and Clift in lesser roles), only Tracy comes across as a complete person; most characters just represent viewpoints. The picture’s heavy-handed treatment runs it over the three-hour mark.

THE SECOND TIME AROUND
20th, CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Director, Vincent Sherman; Producer, Jack Cummings (Family)


What’s it about? A young widow’s adventures in ranching, romance and politics in Arizona of 1911.

What’s the verdict? We kept expecting this comedy to burst into song and dance, but all we got was a bit of Spanish stepping by Juliet Prowse. At least Debbie hurls herself into slapstick and western-style action with plenty of enthusiasm; and Thelma’s a joy, as ever. Still, it’s a musical with the music missing.

THE FIVE-DAY LOVER
Kingsley International; Director-Producer, Philippe de Broca; French dialogue, English titles (Adult)

Who’s in it? Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle, François Perier.

What’s it about? Love quadrangle involving a dress designer, her lover, a poor historian and his wife.

What’s the verdict? Ah, Paris! This follow-up to “The Love Game” and “The Joker” is better than either, funny and graceful and tinged with sadness. Cassel’s wonderful clowning is almost overshadowed by Jean’s new vitality as a very odd girl who’s seen with French tolerance instead of Freudian-Puritan disapproval.

BACHELOR IN PARADISE
M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor; Director, Jack Arnold; Producer, Ted Richmond (Adult)


What’s it about? A bachelor writer’s investigation of life and married love in a suburban housing development.

What’s the verdict? As long as you don’t expect much sharp social satire, you’ll get some laughs from Bob’s familiar antics. Lana’s quite decorative and very dignified, except in one lively hula scene. We wish Paula and Jim hadn’t gone and got married (on film); they’re more fun as sweethearts.

(Continued on page 11)
She wears Ivory Angel Face with brown
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Costume colors</th>
<th>Fair skin</th>
<th>Rosy skin</th>
<th>Olive skin</th>
<th>Dark olive</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Red-pinks</td>
<td>Ivory</td>
<td>Natural</td>
<td>Natural</td>
<td>Tawny</td>
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<tr>
<td>Oranges-yellows</td>
<td>Golden</td>
<td>Golden</td>
<td>Golden</td>
<td>Bronze</td>
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<tr>
<td>Greens-blues</td>
<td>Natural</td>
<td>Ivory</td>
<td>Honey</td>
<td>Blushing</td>
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<tr>
<td>Browns-black</td>
<td>Honey</td>
<td>Ivory</td>
<td>Blushing</td>
<td>Tawny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White-neutrals</td>
<td>Natural</td>
<td>Honey</td>
<td>Blushing</td>
<td>Tan or deep tan</td>
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TOWN WITHOUT PITY
U.A.; Director-Producer, Gottfried Reinhardt (Adult)
What's it about? Public court martial of three Germany-based GI's for an attack on a beautiful young local girl.
What's the verdict? Blunt, thoughtful study of an ugly situation. Kirk paces an excellent cast with his complex role of defense attorney—ruthless, but not conscienceless; and Christine's a find. But Dimitri Tiomkin's title song is way off key here. This is no "High Noon."

MYSTERIOUS ISLAND
Columbia; Eastman Color; Director, Cy Endfield; Producer, Charles H. Schneer (Family)
Who's in it? Michael Callan, Gary Merrill, Joan Greenwood, Herbert Lom.
What's it about? Fugitives from a Confederate prison camp wind up on a South Sea Island. Captain Nemo returns!
What's the verdict? Seems Jules Verne really could see the future—he wrote ideal movie yarns before movies were invented. Here's another Verne winner, full of crazy novelties like a jailbreak by balloon and scary monsters that are good to eat. It's wild adventure with a sense of humor and a dash of romance.

THE KITCHEN
Kingsley International; Director, James Hill (Adult)
Who's in it? Carl Mohner, Mary Yeomans, Eric Pohlmann.
What's it about? Personal conflict among the hard-pressed employees of a big London restaurant.
What's the verdict? This explains the low reputation of English cooking. Who could prepare tasty food in the middle of such constant emotional uproar? Acting and details of the meal-time speed-up are savagely realistic, but when the script goes pretentious and fuzzily symbolic, we don't buy it.

THE EXPLOSIVE GENERATION
U.A.; Director, Buzz Kulik; Producer, Stanley Colbert (Adult)
What's it about? High-school students oppose their elders to crusade for freedom of speech in classroom discussions.
What's the verdict? Astonishing idea! For once, movie teenagers are excited about something beside the latest record and the next date. Patty and Billy (and Shatner, as a sympathetic teacher) are as refreshing as the story. But are all teenagers so brave and honest? All adults so cowardly and hypocritical?

POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES
U.A.; Panavision, Technicolor; Director-Producer, Frank Capra (Adult)
Who's in it? Bette Davis, Glenn Ford, Hope Lange, Peter Falk.
What's it about? Tough guys and dolls turn an old panhandler into a "lady for a day" to save her daughter's romance.
What's the verdict? Generous helping of entertainment. A bit corny? Sure, but peppered all the way through with comedy and served up by experts. In addition to Bette at her best, there's a great old pro to play each one of the Damon Runyon characters, plus newcomers Ann-Margret and Peter Mann as the young lovers.

LAD: A DOG
Warner; Directors, Aram Avakian, Leslie H. Martinson; Producer, Max J. Rosenberg (Family)
Who's in it? Peter Breck, Peggy McCay, Angela Cartwright, Alice Pearce.
What's it about? A handsome collie that protects its owners and brings happiness to the neighbors.
What's the verdict? It was wise to set this movie version of the famous Albert Payson Terhune story in a period about fifty years ago, because its sentimentality is that far outdated. Oh well, it may please the small fry. It just made us realize how well Disney does this sort of thing; we prefer his shaggy dogs.
We're proud—and we don't mind saying it—PHOTOPLAY was the only magazine or newspaper invited to join Paula Prentiss and Dick Benjamin on their honeymoon. This exclusive interview took place aboard the Pan-American Jet airliner zooming across the Atlantic, continued over Irish coffee at Shannon Airport and wound up at our honeymoon destination, the Dorchester Hotel in London. If you're counting, that makes three on a honeymoon, one above the usual number, but Paula and Dick have never been the kind to insist on doing things in the routine way. Theirs was a whirlwind wedding, a wacky honeymoon and, we think, a wonderful story. We won't forget it for a long time and we don't think you will either:

"It all happened so fast," Paula told us, "that I almost missed my own wedding. Everybody was there in the judge's chambers. My parents and my sister Ann, who was going to be maid of honor. Dick and his parents, his sister Linda and his best man, Stanley Silverman. But me . . . I was missing.

"I was sitting in my room at The Plaza hotel, looking at myself in the mirror and making faces. I was trying to make a pretty one. I kept thinking, 'I have to be pretty on my own wedding day, I have to.' Only I wasn't. My hair just hung there—straight. I kept looking at the reflection in the mirror. Maybe I was trying to scare my hair into curling. But it didn't get any better. After a while, the reflection stuck its tongue out at me—and then I got scared. I grabbed my floppy Garbo hat—it hides everything anyway—and I ran.

"The funny (Continued on page 14)"
in Photoplay...
"I didn't ever have time to get a trousseau," Paula said, "but I didn't care. I just couldn't wait to become Mrs. Dick Benjamin."

Waiting at the airport for their honeymoon plane to London, Dick and Paula drank a toast to the future. "We had to get married," Paula said. "I was afraid if we waited any longer, I'd start growing again and Dick might change his mind. . . . And I made sure we got here early. I almost missed my own wedding and I wasn't taking any chances on the honeymoon!" There was time to call her mother first, Paula said, "She always knew I'd marry Dick someday, but she expected lots of warning . . . like a week!"

thing was, nobody seemed surprised; I think they all figured that even if I had months to plan my wedding I'd still be late for it. I looked at my sister Ann, and she had the giggles. After that, I didn't dare look at her again. I was so nervous I was afraid I'd catch them. Instead, I just kept looking at Dick—I'd warned him all day about my hair.

"The wedding was Thursday, October 26th. We'd decided on it only thirty-six hours before, on Tuesday night. I'd flown up to Toronto to visit Dick—he was there as assistant director on a play trying out for Broadway, 'The Gay Life.' It's a great play—but everything Dick does is. Suddenly M-G-M called me up there and asked me to go to London for the premiere of 'Bachelor in Paradise.' That did it. Maybe neither of us could stand the word bachelor any more. Dick had been one long enough. Me, too. After all, we've known each other three years and we should have been married long ago. So we decided we'd do it then—right away—and go to London together. Imagine London for a honeymoon? We could see all the sights—especially Laurence Olivier. I adore him because he reminds me of Dick—brilliant, you know

"Dick picked up the phone and called his uncle, Arthur Klein, who's a supreme court judge in New York. He said he could fix things so he could marry us on Thursday. Then I called my mother and told her about it. She didn't say a word. There was just a long silence and I rolled my eyes frantically at Dick. I could picture her fainted dead away on the floor. But finally her voice came through. 'Dear,' she said, 'I have to hang up now. I'll call you back later.' It was just too fast for her. She knew Dick and I would get married one day but she expected some advance warning—like a week!

"Dick and I were back in New York late Wednesday and we had to do everything Thursday morning, just before the wedding. At eight o'clock, we had to get our blood tests. I don't think I even felt it when they took the sample. I just kept pointing to my hair, and Dick just kept saying, 'Don't worry, it'll grow back.' I'd just cut it for my next movie so of course that made me feel just great. I guess Dick's like most men that way—they like long hair. I tried to explain, but Dick just pointed at his watch and grabbed me. Next stop, the judge who set aside the regular three-day waiting period for us. Then our passports. Then our wedding license. There was just time for me to shower back to the hotel in a taxi to get dressed. If there'd been one more red light, I'd never have made it.

"Maybe the reason I was so worried about my hair was that Dick never actually proposed to me. We'd just both agreed that it would be nice to be married to each other some day. I guess it was official when we were doing summer stock together at Eagle's Mere and my family came up to visit. That's the first time they met Dick. Somehow he found himself all alone on the empty stage with my mother. They hadn't said five words to each other up till then, but she looked him in the eyes and (Continued on page 16)
don't stop here...

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"He never proposed," Paula said. "We just decided it'd be nice to be married to each other... It is!"

"I don't think it's any less binding or sacred."

"Anyway, when I finally arrived at the wedding, I was numb. My mother handed me some gardenias tied with a blue ribbon and she also gave me a wonderful big old locket. It had her mother's picture inside and some pressed violets. I carried Linda's little confirmation Bible. It wasn't till much later that I realized my mother must have planned it all out that way. All those things—they were my something old and borrowed and blue. My suit—a tweed walking suit trimmed with fur—was the 'new.'"

"It was all so hurry-up, and it was just a small wedding in a judge's chambers... maybe that's why I didn't think I'd really feel anything. Even though it was my own wedding. But I was so moved... I really was. I didn't cry, not actual tears. But I was crying inside. Especially after the ceremony, when Dick's uncle talked to us. What he said was so beautiful. He stood facing us and he told us that even though this was just a civil ceremony, we mustn't think it's any less binding or sacred."

"Without even looking at Dick, I knew he was feeling the same thing I was. We had a civil ceremony because Dick and I both wanted to be honest. We both have faith, but it's not a formal thing with us. I stopped being a practicing Catholic about five years ago, so I couldn't ask Dick to convert or to promise anything about our children. And we couldn't get married in Dick's religion unless I was converted to Judaism. I'm not ready to do that, at least not right now. We talked that all out long ago. When we have children, we'll raise them the way we feel it then. Probably, we'll bring them up in the Jewish faith. I think that Judaism has the same beauty and tradition that meant so much to me in my religion when I was a child. It's important for a child to have that. But we don't plan on children right away. We want to enjoy things the way they are right now, and a child is such a tremendous responsibility. But, of course, when you have one, even if you haven't planned on it, I'm sure it's like instant love."

"I keep teasing Dick, telling him that after all I always wanted to marry a Jewish boy. My mother's Protestant and my father's Catholic, so I say we might as well get them all in."

"But what I really always wanted—and dreamed of—was to marry someone like Dick, whatever his religion. I've always wanted someone who could teach me the things I want to know, someone I could really look up to. I always wanted someone who would help me, but who wouldn't make me feel inferior while he was doing it. That's what made me fall in love with Dick. He helped me so much at school—not only as an actress but as a person."

"I think that's what love is—helping each other and needing each other. It's not only wanting something from a man, but feeling you have something to give, too. Dick makes me feel that I'm unique, that only I have this thing in me to give—to him, to acting, to everything."

"Before I met Dick, I didn't think I had anything to give; I didn't have any confidence in myself. When we first met, I hated him, probably because he had so much—talent, looks and confidence. I guess it scared me."

"We started off having terrible fights. In fact, maybe that's another reason I fell in love with him. He's so great to fight with—and with Dick, nobody can say I'm not picking on someone my own size."

"We have wonderful fights. They can start about acting or politics or the weather. Any (Continued on page 75)"

The Benjamins napped on the plane, but not for long. "Too excited," she said. They had dinner in the clouds (duck for Paula, roast beef for Dick), breakfast in Shannon (where the fog delayed us), lunch in London ("Look," she said, "the sun's out!").
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IN LIVING STEREO AND MONAURAL HI-FI

The most trusted name in sound
I'm so proud of the Hollywood people who joined and helped the Anti-Commie School which held forth for a week in the Los Angeles Sports Arena and staged a rally for 20,000 people at Hollywood Bowl. It was proof positive that thousands hate Communism and want to do something about it. Pat O'Brien's recitation of "My Country 'Tis Of Thee," backed by Manny Harmon's orchestra, made us realize all over again how important these words are. Duke Wayne led the salute to the flag backed by 350 Boy Scouts who presented the colors. It's a great satisfaction to know that this movement was started in Hollywood and now will continue throughout America. (Editor's note: For more on how Hollywood can help fight Communism, see page 41.)

Rock Hudson's still the top star in Hollywood, but he takes a dim view of the summit. "It means the only way you can go is down," says he. I doubt that he'll be taking the road down for a long, long time. It was just ten years ago that I first met the tall man from Winnetka. Rock had just ended a long romance with Vera-Ellen, and when I asked why he didn't marry her, he replied, "I couldn't make up my mind." I told him I thought that was a pretty un gallant thing to say. "It may be," he said, "but it's the truth." Rock's big ambition then was to meet Rita Hayworth. Some day I must ask Rock if he ever managed to get that introduction.

Piper Laurie's hush-hush romance has to stay that way until the man's divorce is final. But her acting ability is no secret. The gal who used to eat flowers so she could get publicity is now making news with her talent.

Marion Davies' death left a great void in our town. Her kindness was legend. She helped the little-known people in the industry, the props, carpenters, gaffers, and even sent some of their children through college. At Christmas she would get lists of the poorest people in town from
various newspapers and send baskets of food and toys. She loaned her gowns, jewelry and furs to dozens of players who couldn't afford such things. I remember a big costume party at San Simeon. A spoiled brat of a star took one look at Marion's gorgeous costume and became so jealous she refused to come down to the party. She was going to stay upstairs and sulk. Marion took off her own dress and gave it to the star. I'd have punched the girl in the nose. I'm sending along a picture of Marion and me taken a year and a half ago when she was on my TV show. Didn't she look lovely? Hollywood will miss its "Angel."

Don't you believe those stories that Peter (Pentagon) Lawford has made up with his mother, Lady Lawford. He pays her rent, but doesn't fraternize.

Rita Hayworth and Gary Merrill could be married by the time you read this. Both are impatient nonconformists and leap before looking. I'd give that marriage one year maybe, as neither is the kind that gives—or takes. Rita has floated through life flaunting convention and getting by with it because of her beauty. But that won't last forever. A funny situation developed when Vic Mature joined the Coast Guard in World War II. He was tops on the Hayworth date list then, and left her his most prized possession—his bed—for safekeeping. When he got home he found Rita married to Orson Welles; and even Vic, who is no shrinking violet, couldn't find the right words to tell Orson he wanted his bed back.

Edd Byrnes' fans must be getting sick of those will-he-or-won't-he-marry-Asa-Maynor items. I'm all for young stars taking a fair amount of time to decide whether or not they should marry—but not in print. There was a time when I felt they'd never marry, now I think they will.

All those gals who are watching the papers for an announcement of Jim Arness' divorce are in for a rude awakening. Jim tells me he has no intention of remarrying. He and his wife are separated, but the kids need them both. He sees the children just as often as he can.

Maximilian Schell scotched the rumors that he'd marry Nancy Kwan when he said, "I don't intend to marry anybody for at least two years. I'm fond of Nancy, but marriage? That's for the future."

Tony Perkins kept me posted while he was in Greece working with Melina Mercouri. He thinks she's the most exciting woman in the world. They stopped off in Paris (above) before flying to New York. Jules Dassin came with them, of course!

Dolores Hart found a new playmate on "The Inspector" set—a donkey. Bet that burned Stephen Boyd. He tried to convince her he was for her, but couldn't. I hear he's gone back to writing former flame Hope Lange. (Please turn the page)
Shelley Winters' temperament came to life again when she scrappled with designer Orry-Kelly on the set of "Chapman Report." Orry wasn't intimidated in the slightest and, among other things, told Shelley that her kind of behavior went out with high-button shoes. Later Shell admitted she'd lost that round. Well, her classmates at New York's Jefferson High voted her "The girl most likely to get into trouble," so her shenanigans are nothing new. All was sweet and serene after she discovered bronco rider Alex Viespi, who got a screen test while hanging around the set watching Shelley.

Dick Powell invited seventy-five friends to the reconciliation and birthday party he gave for June Allyson. But a week later she had second thoughts about reconciling. "There are still a few minor matters to be adjusted," she told me. When I asked if she loved Dick she said, "Yes, of course I do." "Well, don't you think you belong together?" I asked. To this she replied yes. But when I wanted to know "Why the fuss over some minor issues when you agree on the major ones?" she had no answer.

Rosemary Clooney had Hollywood's sympathy when she hired Jerry Geisler to get her divorced from Jose Ferrer. Rosie, from the time she was a little girl, always said she wanted six children. She had five by Ferrer, but then had to call it quits. Her friends weren't surprised by the action—they were surprised she didn't file for divorce sooner.

Keep your eye on George Chakiris. His "West Side Story" has the whole town talking. When Shirley MacLaine got a look at him she said, "I've got to have him in a picture."

Maria Cooper has been seen around town with Cliff Robertson, who was wearing his neck in a brace. I asked him how long he expected to prop up his head. "Just as long as people like you keep writing about it," he smiled. Maria and her mother, Rocky, will be spending more time in New York and London than in Hollywood. They've been invited to spend Christmas in the East with Angier Biddle Duke, head of protocol under President Kennedy. There are too many memories for them to spend Christmas here in Hollywood.

Susan Kohner's still got it bad for George Hamilton, but he's mighty hard to catch. "I'm definitely in love with her," he told me, "but feel we're too young for marriage." Excuse number one! Then he added, "I'm only twenty-two and have a family to support. And Uncle Sam is breathing down my neck. I wouldn't marry anyone I couldn't support." Excuse number two! Now I don't know what kind of supporting Susie's used to, but she does mighty well in the financial department herself. Besides, people get married on much, much less than what Susie and George earn. Come on, George, stop beating around the bush! Marry the girl if you love her. If you don't, tell her so she can find happiness with somebody else.

When Tony Franciosa was married to Shelley, he carried a perpetual chip on his shoulder. He's a different guy now that he's fallen in love with Judy Balaban Kanter. His whole outlook has changed—he's affable, easy to talk to, gracious, a perfect host. Tony was denied many fine acting jobs when his romance with Judy hit the public print; but now that they are free to marry, the offers are pouring in. She's one of the most charming girls in Hollywood.

Joan Bennett went into a state of shock over the sudden death of Donald Cook. They'd been going together for years. Now Hollywood wonders if she and Walter Wanger will reconcile. (Continued on page 22)
Jerry Lewis as "The Errand Boy"

fractures Hollywood—into a million laughs!
Lovely to look at. Tempting to touch. How sad to let your hands look old before you do! "Old hands" can happen to anyone because housework, hot water, wind and weather drain away the natural moisture that keeps hands young. Pond’s all-new Angel Skin won’t let this happen to you! Penetressence is the reason... an exclusive blend of deep-penetrating moisturizers that work deep down—to replace natural moisture that keeps hands young! Penetressence is the reason young hands begin with all-new Angel Skin Cream by Pond’s.
Now from Scott Paper Company—Confidets ... the new shape in sanitary protection

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

1. Only true anatomical shape. Confidets® are the only sanitary napkin fully tapered and shaped to fit body contours. *Wide in front* for protection—*narrow in back* for comfort.

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

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

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LIGHTS . . . ACTION . . . CAMERA!

. . . on the world of show business and the names that make news in that exciting world.

For 50 years PHOTOPLAY has taken its readers behind the scenes of the entertainment world for exclusive, intimate news, interviews, stories, full-color portraits, and photographs of the stars at work, at play, at home.

For the latest on Liz Taylor, Eddie Fisher, Sandra Dee, Bobby Darin, Debbie Reynolds, Marilyn Monroe, Troy Donahue, Bobby Rydell, and all your other favorites, don’t miss a single issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine

Buy your copy of PHOTOPLAY today wherever magazines are sold.
William Holden and lovely Nancy Kwan, who played the leads in "The World of Suzie Wong," are still prospering in show business. But the actual girl who inspired author Richard F. Mason has had a tough time. When Mr. Mason started writing her story, she was twenty. She is now twenty-seven. According to intimates of Mr. Mason, she is not (Continued on page 76)
Today Natalie Wood is riding the wave of success. It is a tremendous wave. She has been acclaimed for "Splendor in the Grass"—a drama; praised for "West Side Story"—a musical. She rode a success wave once before—and almost drowned.

Today Natalie is also whirling on the merry-go-round of love. Feverishly, she is reaching out for a brass ring named Warren Beatty. Only four years ago she was reaching out for Robert Wagner. She caught him, too. This past July, she decided the catch was a bad one.

Those who know Natalie know that what (Continued on page 26)
she does, on screen or off, she does with every bone in her body. For her life doesn't just go on; for her it burns with a white hot flame. It is this very intensity that has caused her trouble. It is this very intensity that will continue to cause her trouble in the future. And that is what this story is all about.

One of the most serious problems Natalie faces—a problem most of her friends feel she sought to solve by marrying Robert Wagner—is that of proving to herself that she can be all woman and all actress without having one dissipate the other.

Natalie began acting four years after her birth on July 20, 1938. The yearning to be a star has burned deeply within her since she was old enough to know what a “star” was. The fire reached white heat during her deep friendship with the late James Dean in 1954. Some say that when Dean was smashed to death in an auto accident a year (Continued on page 28)
After marriage, mediocre films like “Cash McCall” killed star dream.

“Kings Go Forth” gave Nat “in” with Clan but didn’t help her career.

All time low was Wood-Wagner “All the Fine Young Cannibals.”
later, Natalie’s longing to be “great” came to a tearful, screeching halt. In a way, it did. But because Natalie knew life would go on without Dean—just as surely as it had gone on so beautifully with him—she turned her face to the future with renewed determination.

“It was the only way,” she said at the time. “You don’t grieve for a man like Jimmy. I mean, you don’t cry and carry on and dig yourself a deep emotional depression. Anyone who knew Jimmy knew that he would think the so-called period of mourning was ridiculous. What you do do is remember him. All the funny, crazy things he used to do. And you pocket part of the memory somewhere in a warm corner of your mind and let it be there forever. The other part you tuck away in your heart in the place reserved for all the men you have loved in your life. I think other women will know what I mean.”

Natalie apparently learned a great deal about the heart and mind from Dean. And what she learned she used to the utmost. She went back to work on her career with a renovated and deeply intensified fervor.

The Academy Award nomination she received in 1955 for her performance opposite Dean in “Rebel Without a Cause” prompted many a producer and studio to make attractive offers. She turned them all down for a contract with Warners. They gave her a good role in a fine Western, “The Searchers.” Contract or no, Natalie made it clear that she wanted nothing to do with quickie,
run-of-the-mill movies. She wanted a very special part—a part that would be difficult, one that would tax her talent, drain her dry of emotion and force her to work harder than she had ever worked before in any of her pictures.

Aside from the boost it gave her professionally, "Rebel Without a Cause" did something else for Natalie—it made her one of the few actresses who was able to bridge the gap successfully from lovable moppet to leading lady.

In private life Natalie blossomed, too. Men camped on her doorstep. But because she had her sights set on stardom, she refused to get involved—seriously involved—romantically. She didn’t ignore men, she was too much of a woman for that—but she didn’t date any one man too long.

Her parade of escorts ran the gamut from Scott Marlowe and Elvis Presley to Raymond Burr and Clan leader Frank Sinatra.

The enchantment she held for so many men confused and mystified the women of Hollywood. It is true, there are hundreds of women there who are more beautiful and more voluptuous than Natalie—but they never had the long list of escorts that she did. Never.

The answer is simple. To begin with, a picture of Natalie rarely does her justice. Her petite five-foot-two, one-hundred-pound body is perfectly proportioned. She has small, high breasts, good legs and a nice stride. She moves gracefully and turns her head with her chin up. Her large, dark eyes are always alive and (Continued on page 77)
“When you’re in love, you flip. You throw caution to the winds. You’re alive and you gamble. So you fall over on your head. So what?”
Dede Johnson desperately called around town begging cooperation from other parents on holding down the hi-jinks. Nobody seemed to care. At school Troy goofed off more and more. In algebra class he faced a test knowing nothing. He handed in a blank paper. "What's this?" asked his teacher.

"Invisible ink," cracked Troy. He was bounced from class and flunked. To his harassed mother, all this spelled out one thing—military school. She couldn't (Continued on page 65)
"With Tuesday," says Gary Lockwood, "love isn't just a four-letter word. It's the whole alphabet. It's no affair—it's an adventure..."

That was quite a night," smiled Gary. "It was Tuesday's eighteenth birthday, and a half a dozen of us were at her mom's. Mrs. Weld is the best cook on the Pacific Coast, a real gourmet. After dinner, we sat around to the wee small hours eating chocolate cake and shooting the bull, the same as we've been doing since the first night Tuesday and I had dinner together. We talk about everything... life... working... living (Continued on page 72)
are all Tuesday..."
The man who is trying to take LIZ away from EDDIE.
The man who’s trying to take Liz from Eddie is one of the most hated gang leaders in all of Rome.

He is feared by every actress, every singer, every heiress, every woman who is in any way in the public eye in Italy.

He is clever, ruthless and without morals. When he is after a woman, he is a relentless and merciless pursuer.

He is thirty-three years old.

He is Russian-born but now makes Rome his headquarters.

His name is Ivan Kroszenko.

Sometimes he is a lone wolf. At other times he works with a gang as vicious and pitiless as himself. His favorite lieutenants are Roberto Bonifazi, thirty-one, and Quinto Felic, thirty-five. Bonifazi is easily recognizable by the clothes he always wears—blue shirt and trousers with black sash. Felici is famous ("infamous" would be more accurate) for the way he alternates between racing car and motorcycle as the vehicle in which he chases after women.

In all, there are about twenty regular gang members whom leader Kroszenko can call upon at a moment's notice to help him do his dirty work. He also has a number of handsome actors, impoverished noblemen and playboys available and eager to do his bidding. The mob members themselves are known as the "paparazzi" (English translation: household scum). Recently they have aided Kroszenko in his determined pursuit and successful "capture" of such beautiful women as Brigitte Bardot, Anita Ekberg, Belinda Lee, Ingrid Bergman and actor Edmond Purdom's estranged wife, artist Alicja Darr.

The paparazzi thrive on unhappiness and scandal and are quick to scent trouble—or even the slightest hint of trouble—and come between a man and his wife when they are having difficulty. If there's no real trouble, the paparazzi will go to any lengths to create it.

This past summer, when word got out that Liz Taylor and her husband were coming to Rome where she would make "Cleopatra," paparazzi-leader Kroszenko was overjoyed. Publicly he marked out Liz as his next victim. "We can hardly wait," he said.

His informants in the United States had assured him that Liz and Eddie's marriage was shaky. They sent him reports based on party gossip, barroom rumor and "inside" information.

They also sent him column items that were appearing with more and more regularity in American newspapers:

"In the Hollywood horse parlors, they're laying odds that the E. Fishers will be divorced next year."

"Mildly disturbing is a report—and not the first in recent weeks—from Hollywood. Word there continues to be that Liz and Eddie will call it off before the end of '62."

"Liz Taylor's tragic illness saved her marriage. She and Eddie Fisher had agreed to disagree just before she was felled."

This was all Kroszenko and his paparazzi needed—whispers and hints of trouble between the most beautiful woman in the world and her husband. They'd do the rest.

So the gang leader and his followers prepared their weapons and stockpiled their ammunition. Not traditional guns and bullets. Not knives and blackjacks. But something far deadlier. Something that could not injure or kill a human being, but that could shatter a reputation, destroy a marriage, wound the very soul.

The deadliest weapons and ammunition of all—cameras and film.

For the paparazzi are a gang of free lance photographers who specialize in taking scandalous pictures. . . . The intimate, unflattering shot that will shatter a reputation . . . the compromising shot that will destroy a marriage . . . the intruding, suggestive shot that will penetrate to the core.

These were the types of photographs Kroszenko planned to have taken of Liz. "You'll see photographs of her—intimate ones—with some handsome actor, (Continued on page 82)
who is all Hollywood looking at?

You!

because it's you who are the judge of

Photoplay Gold Medal Awards

(Please turn the page)
FEMALE NEWCOMERS

1. Smith, Pam
2. Brown, Eleanora
3. Stanley, Pat
4. Taylor, Joyce
5. Loden, Barbara
6. Sommers, Joanie
7. York, Susannah
8. Heiss, Carol
9. Wood, Cindi
10. Prentiss, Paula
11. Lee, Brenda
12. Hayward, Brooke
13. Pellicer, Pina
14. Tiffin, Pamela
15. Norris, Jan
16. Lanpert, Zohra
17. Resten, Brigid
18. Luna, Barbara
19. Walley, Deborah
20. Trickett, Vicki
21. Hugueny, Sharon

Look at these newcomers
All Hollywood is waiting for your ballot

MALE NEWCOMERS

1. Marlowe, Scott
2. Chakiris, George
3. Rodgers, Jimmie
4. Lockwood, Gary
5. Hall, Anthony
6. West, Martin
7. Chamberlain, Richard
8. Boyd, Jimmy
9. Douglas, James
10. Eddy, Duane
11. Darin, Bobby
12. Buchholz, Horst
13. Belmondo, Jean-Paul
14. Everett, Chad
15. Gentile, Robert
16. Beatty, Warren
17. Chandler, John
18. Hutton, Jim
19. Dullea, Keir
20. Finney, Albert

For your Gold Medal Ballot, please turn the page.
FOR THE STARS OF TOMORROW
Here Are The Movies

Absent-Minded Professor, The
Ada
Aladdin the Great
All Hands on Deck
All in a Night's Work
Angel Baby
Atlantis, the Lost Continent
Avventura, L'
Babes in Toyland
Bachelor in Paradise
Back Street
Ballad of a Soldier
Big Gamble, The
Big Show, The
Blaze of Silence
Blood and Roses
Blue Hawaii
Breakfast at Tiffany's
Breathless
Bridge, The
Bridge to the Sun
By Love Possessed
Circle of Deception
Claudelle Inglis
Comancheros, The
Come September
Cry for Happy
Devil at Four O'Clock, The
Devil's Eye, The
Dolce Vita, La
Errand Boy, The
Explosive Generation, The
Fabulous World of Jules Verne, The
Facts of Life, The
Fanny
Fever in the Blood, A
Flaming Star
Flower Drum Song
Francis of Assisi
Gidget Goes Hawaiian
Go Naked in the World
Gold of the Seven Saints
Goodbye Again
Gorgo
Great Imposter, The
Great War, The
Greyfriars Bobby
Guns of Navarone, The
Hand in Hand
Honeycomb Machine, The
Hoodlum Priest, The
Hustler, The
Judgment at Nuremberg
King of Kings
Lad: A Dog
Ladies Man, The
Last Sunset, The
Loss of Innocence
Love in a Goldfish Bowl
Majority of One, A
Mark, The
Marriage-Go-Round
Mask, The
Master of the World
Mein Kampf
Millionaires, The
Minotaur, The
Midnight, The
Misty
Morgan the Pirate
Most Dangerous Man Alive, The
Mysterious Island, The
Naked Edge, The
Nikki, Wild Dog of the North
On the Double
One Hundred and One Dalmatians
One, Two, Three
One-Eyed Jacks
Outsider, The
Parent Trap, The
Paris Blues
Parrish
Pharaoh's Woman
Pleasure of His Company, The
Pocketful of Miracles
Raisin in the Sun, A
Return to Peyton Place
Ring of Fire
Rocco and His Brothers
Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone, The
Romani and Juliet
Sail a Crooked Ship
Sanctuary
Saturday Night and Sunday Morning
Savage Innocents, The
Scream of Fear
Second Time Around, The
Secret Partner, The
Secret Ways, The
Sergeant Was a Lady, The
Shadow of a Cat
Shadows
Sins of Rachel Cade, The
Snow White and the Three Stooges
Splendor in the Grass
Strangers
Summer and Smoke
Susanna Slade
Sword of Sherwood Forest
Tammy Tell Me True
Tender, the Night
Thief of Bagdad, The
Thunder of Drums, A
Trouble in the Sky
Truth, The
Tunes of Glory
Two Little Bears, The
Two Loves
Two Rode Together
Two Women
Village of the Damned, The
Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea
Wackiest Ship in the Army, The
West Side Story
Wild in the Country
Wonders of Aladdin, The
World by Night
X-15
Young Doctors, The
Young Savages, The

Here Are The Male Stars

Astaire, Fred
Avalon, Frankie
Beymer, Richard
Boyd, Stephen
Boyer, Charles
Brando, Marlon
Breck, Peter
Cagney, James
Callan, Michael
Chandler, Jeff
Chevalier, Maurice
Clanton, Tony
Clark, Dick
Clift, Montgomery
Cooper, Gary
Crosby, Gary
Curtis, Tony
Darren, James
delon, Alain
Dillman, Bradford
Douglas, Tony
Douglas, Kirk
Fabian
Fonda, Henry
Ford, Glenn
Forrest, Steve
Gable, Clark
Gavin, John
Gazzara, Ben
Gleeson, Jackie
Granger, Stewart
Griffith, Andy
Guinness, Alec
Halsey, Bert
Hamilton, George
Harvey, Laurence
Hope, Bob
Hudson, Rock
Hunter, Jeffrey
Hunter, Tab
Hutchins, Bill
Kaye, Danny
Ladd, David
Lancaster, Burt
Lewis, Jerry
MacMurray, Fred
March, Fredric
Martin, Dean
Mason, James
Marzioanni, Marcello
McQueen, Steve
Mills, John
Mitchum, Robert
Montand, Yves
Moore, Roger
More, Kenneth
Murray, Don
Nelson, Rick
Newman, Paul
Niven, David
O'Connor, Donald
Peck, Gregory
Peppard, George
Perkins, Anthony
Peiter, Sidney
Predley, Elvis
Quinn, Anthony
Reeves, Steve
Ribards, Jason, Jr.
Ryan, Robert
Sands, Timmy
Saxon, John
Scheel, Maximilian
Sellers, Peter
Shigeta, James
Sinatra, Frank
Steiger, Rod
Stewart, James
Tamblyn, Russ
Tone, Francisco
Turner, Rip
Tracy, Spencer
Ustinov, Peter
Walker, Clint
Wallach, Eli
Wayne, John
Weib, Jack
Whitman, Stuart
Woodward, Richard
Zimbali, Efrem, Jr.

Here Are The Female Stars

Aimee, Anouk
Anderson, Bibi
Annette
Baker, Carroll
Balin, Ina
Ball, Luella
Bardot, Brigitte
Bel Geddes, Barbara
Bergman, Ingrid
Blackman, Joan
Blondell, Joan
Bolivar, Claudette
Darrieux, Danielle
Davis, Betty
Dax, Ruby
Dee, Sandra
Dickinson, Angie
Dietrich, Marlene
Ekberg, Anita
Field, Shirley Anne
Fontaine, Joan
Francis, Arlene
Garland, Judy
Girardot, Annie
Greco, Juliette
Hare, Hedy
Hart, Dolores
Hayward, Susan
Hopburn, Audrey
Jones, Carolyn
Jones, Jennifer
Jones, Shirley
Jurado, Katy
Kerr, Deborah
Kohner, Susan
Kwan, Nancy
Lange, Hope
Laurie, Piper
Leigh, Vivien
Leonor, Gina
Loren, Sophia
Louise, Tina
Lynley, Carol
MacLaine, Shirley
Malone, Dorothy
Mansfield, Melvyn
Mancini, Anna
McBain, Diane
McGuire, Dorothy
McKenna, Siobhan
Merrill, Dina
Miles, Vera
Mills, Hayley
Monroe, Marilyn
Montgomery, Virginia
O'Hara, Maureen
Olson, Nancy
Page, Geraldine
Pagan, Debra
Paige, Janis
Palmer, Lilli
Papas, Irene
Parker, Suzy
Patterson, Louis
Paxinos, Karina
Perkins, Millie
Prowse, Juliet
Remick, Lee
Reynolds, Barbara
Ritter, Thelma
Roberts, Rachel
Russell, Rosalind
St. John, Jill
Soni, Gia
Sobell, Maria
Seberg, Jean
Stevens, Connie
Stevens, Stella
Strasberg, Susan
Tak, Mike
Turner, Lana
Vitti, Monica
Weld, Tuesday
Williams, Esther
Winters, Shelley
Wood, Natalie
Woodward, Joanne
Wynter, Dana

MY CHOICE FOR THE GOLD MEDAL WINNERS OF 1961

BEST MALE STAR

BEST FEMALE STAR

BEST MOTION STAR

BEST MALE NEWCOMER

BEST FEMALE NEWCOMER

GOLD MEDAL BALLOT

My choice for the Gold Medal Winners of 1961

Best Male Star

Best Female Star

Best Motion Picture

Best Male Newcomer

Best Female Newcomer

Gold Medal Ballot

P.O. Box 2676
Gran Central Station
New York 17, New York

Don't just wish upon a star—vote for one. Paste this ballot on a postcard—or slip into an envelope—and mail to:
LET'S DRAFT EVERY STAR NOW!

BY PAT BOONE
Exchange of cultures was best part of tour. I sang for Philippinos, they did singkil (court dance) for me.
Last night I got so mad I sat down and started to write a letter to President Kennedy. It began—“Dear Mr. President: I think every star should be drafted—and now!” That's as far as I got. I wasn't writing about a government draft. I'm not trying to tell the President how to run his business. I meant a voluntary draft that could be run by the stars themselves! Yet, how could I put it into words? There was so much involved, so much that was highly personal. But first, I had to calm down and sort out my thoughts. I tore up the letter... picked up the newspaper story that had gotten me so steamed up in the first place. I reread the headline: “Star Arrested for Drunken Driving in Palm Springs.” The article told how a popular actor, who was vacationing in Palm Springs, had been arrested for drunken driving and disorderly conduct on the way home from a wild party. He'd fought arresting officers, tried to break a newspaper photographer's camera, insulted the jailer and loudly claimed his rights were being violated.

It happens that I have great respect for that particular actor's talent. And I'm not the only one. As (Continued on page 79)
For Mrs. Clark Gable, a mother’s worst fears came true

"THEY WANTED TO STEAL MY BABY!"

Kidnap! An ugly, frightening word. To Kathleen Gable, one recent fall morning, it was the ugliest, most frightening word in the English language. From the moment she first heard it uttered over the phone shortly after dawn, it spelled (Continued on page 73)
We run this exposé for only one reason: to show hottest rumor of the year. The next time you read a

To baseball fans—and who wasn’t one, those suspenseful weeks when Roger Maris was inching up to the immortal Babe Ruth’s home-run record?—the columnist’s item packed a wallop as lethal as Maris’ own bat.

"Baseball fan Ava Gardner went incognito to Yankee Stadium, met Roger Maris and had dinner with him (Sunday),” the item read.

The following afternoon another columnist in another paper threw a sneak, follow-up punch. “The word’s around: ‘Ava’s switched from bull-fighters to baseball players,’” he wrote.

By the end of the week, in gossip columns, barroom conversation and locker-room scuttlebutt, the word was definite: Ava Gardner and Roger Maris were a hot item.

That Ava Gardner had turned to Roger Maris—this anyone could believe. Roger was handsome, a superb athlete, on his way to becoming a super-hero. And of course there was the unpredictable, madcap personality of Ava herself. Ever since she’d returned to the United States from long exile overseas, she’d whirled around New York, from place to place and man to man, in a frantic search for excitement and thrills.

The columnists couldn’t keep up with her—her moods and men changed too swiftly. . . . She showed up at the Chateau-Madrid with Tony Pastor’s son Guy. She stormed out when flamenco dancer Raoul started snapping pictures. She was persuaded to return only when assured he was shooting the show, not her. Later, in a sentimental mood, she decided to go home with Guy, his brother Tony, Jr. and their manager, Gene La Brie, to visit their father—an old friend from the days she was married to Artie Shaw. She also dragged along a flamenco guitarist to provide mood music for the reunion. . . . She went to Count Basie’s opening at Birdland and laughed until there were tears in her eyes when Jerry Lewis borrowed the baton and led the band.

During the following week she returned to hear Basie four more times. . . . She dropped into the Chateau-Madrid another night—this time with four escorts in her wake. She danced the pachanga with bandleader Pupi Campo. As they lost themselves in the dance, the other couples left the floor to watch them in amazement.

She showed up at Jilly’s with a bunch of unidentified men—at closing time. But she persisted, she wanted to dance. “I’m Ava Gardner,” she said. “I’ve brought along my own piano player.” Kindly but firmly, she was refused admission. She swirled off into the night with her entourage.
how a casual moment in the night exploded into the
wild item in the newspaper—remember this story.

She brought four—some say five—men to a party given by fashion photographer Bill Helburn. One of her escorts stood on his head in the middle of the floor to amuse her, but she was only bored.

One afternoon she actually got up early enough to go out to Freedomland (the East Coast’s answer to Disneyland). She was like a kid—went on all the rides, stuffed herself on hot dogs and popcorn and cotton candy, vowed she’d come back again soon. . . Late that night, in a complete change of mood, she sat in the Absinthe House eating a sirloin steak. She poured her own special sauce on the meat—heated champagne we were told.

It was a time for grasping at new romance—and it was a time for rekindling old flames.

There was Walter Chiari. Walter, in New York to do the lead in a play, “The Gay Life,” firmly declared, “Our romance absolutely since three years is finished. I respect her because she is the first victim of her temperament. She is the one who, when she hurts someone, she first hurts herself. Every man who has been with Ava has gone on to a better way of life. The men, when they leave Ava, don’t feel a torch, they don’t leave bitter souvenirs. But when she hears of somebody taking a step toward happiness, I think she takes a step toward distrusting life.”

Brave words. Wise, understanding words. But they were uttered before Ava phoned him. Once he heard her voice, the whole thing started again. Dancing at Basin Street East with Ava—Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl were there, too; holding hands with Ava at the Copacabana and singing together as Adam Wade sang “Rudy”; doing the Stork Club once again and making a point of signing his name and her name to every request for autographs; spinning all over the city, uptown and downtown and mid-town, as if nothing had ever changed.

There was Frankie—Frank Sinatra, her ex-husband. She phoned him and he wasn’t there.

He returned her call but she wasn’t in. Finally, after a few more attempts, they got together.

Watching Frankie and Ava, you had to fall back on all the old clichés, especially, “An old flame never dies.” What if they did show up at one place together and later go off separately, each with someone else? That was also like old times. But while they were together, the sparks lit up the room.

That Ava Gardner—lovely Ava, lonely in a crowd, lively with a desperate liveliness that was heartbreaking to see, even as it broke others’ hearts—that she would turn to Roger Maris was understandable. But that Roger (Continued on page 64)
Attention all females!
You are about to
read the wildest story
that's ever appeared.
I, George Maharis,
guarantee that
when you finish it,
you'll either love me
or hate me...
kiss me or kick me!
"I once hit a woman on the head. I did it because she deserved it. Look, I'm strong and I know I can hit any woman I want, any time I want. I usually don't hit them because I don't feel I should take advantage of the weaker sex. But I had to hit this particular dame because she was testing me—you know, she was just trying to see how far she could push me. Well, I showed her! After I smacked her, she became very nice. She turned into a real kitten, all soft and delicate. She was like somebody strong who suddenly had her vitamins taken away and whamo, she suffered a relapse. Well, if she'd been soft and (Continued on page 83)
One girl's reaction to the Berlin crisis

The cold war was going from hot to hotter—and Leslie Caron wasn't helping things. She was on the scene at the urgent invitation of the Berliner Filmfestspiele Committee, perhaps because they remembered her as a calming, quieting influence. Of course, we're just guessing, but certainly they weren't expecting shy, demure Leslie Caron to start her own fireworks. But she did exactly that. After the showing of her latest movie, “Fanny,” Leslie made her personal flight to freedom, slipping off to a refuge picked out in advance. Her escape did not go unnoticed. In fact, on this trip, nothing about Leslie went unnoticed. At the once-peaceful poolside of a friend's home, she made news. Perhaps Leslie only meant to get her feet wet as a sexy siren, but one thing led to another and . . . THE END
things off. Here she is shown negotiating her special brand of personal diplomacy. As you can see, things went swimmingly.

Miss Caron, you've gone overboard!
Fabian whistled into the mirror as he tightened the knot in his tie and ran a comb through his hair. His whistle soured off into a squeak as he saw four extra faces staring back at him. The Fabulous Four had slipped quietly into his hotel room. It wasn’t enough that they accompanied him for recordings and personal appearances—they had to sneak in and watch him dress!... “Got a heavy date, Fabe?” Junior Pirollo asked innocently. Fabe didn’t answer. ... “Your tie clashes with your suit,” Jimmy Testa observed. ... (Continued on page 69)
Do you whisper your love—or shout it from the rooftops? Either way, he'll know you mean it if you make this the prettiest Christmas ever—at home. Mrs. Darryl Hickman shows you how with Simplicity Patterns
I Love You


I Love You

Top right: Say it like an angel—and look like one in a gold lamé dress. Simplicity 3948 (Misses’ Women’s 12-20, 45¢). Lamé by Olympia. Play down accessories, play up your eyes with iridescent gold eyeliner by Maybelline.

I Love You

Bottom right: Say it with a resolution to be pretty all year ‘round in sage-green velveteen pants. Simplicity 4221 (Misses’ 10-18, 60¢). Top by Harvey Mills, pants by Amity Fabrics. Reaction by Darryl: “I love you, too.”
which one is
BARDOTS

lying?

Before you turn the page, see if you can guess.
In the darkness of the theater she dominates the screen. She stands tall and slender, with long legs and long arms, bosom thrust forward. The full seductive body of a woman. Yet her face is something else again. The features of a petulant child. Her smoky, straw-colored hair looks like she didn’t have time to comb it and just ran her fingers through it, which is what she usually does. Her big, long-lashed, hazel eyes gaze out in a sullen stare. Her mouth is large, with prominent teeth and childlike, pouting lower lip.

Now she turns and walks slowly across the screen. Not the wiggling walk of the temptress nor the slinky sway of the siren. A natural movement, yet more lascivious and seductive than the more exaggerated wiggle and sway of the other sex queens.

To the men in the audience, Brigitte Bardot’s body and walk say, “Come here,” and yet there is something innocent about her face which says, “Don’t touch.”

These then are the two Bardots, the petulant child and the seductive woman, each speaking with a different voice. Yet which one is lying? And which is the true voice? Other voices—of the men who have known her best—answer quickly, each sure his is the right answer.

The sad, rejecting voice of the former husband, Roger Vadim: “No, I will not remarry her. Happiness is impossible with her unless we went to live in Labrador on reindeer meat and dried fish. For her, now, being a celebrity has become Hell. She cannot build or keep anything. Everything that is hers is public. She has become the property of the crowd.”

The adoring, jealous voice of the lover, Jean-Lou Trintignant: “She is a lost child. She has everything to make her happy and yet she is unhappy. I think I can lead her to happiness. It is not (Continued on page 85)
Pan-stik* gives you creamy coverage for flawless beauty

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

*Pan-stik (trademark) means Max Factor cream-type make-up • ©1961, Max Factor & Co.
Rock and Marilyn

How They Met

How They Love

Why They Keep It Secret

Right now, five will get you ten in Hollywood that Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell are about to get married • Right now, three will get you five that they will elope within the next six weeks • Right now, everything about them is a bet—but what a delightful bet . . . and what a strange romance it is • To understand the relationship, what they mean to each other and why they keep everything so secret, a little background is necessary • It's background that makes for fascinating reading • Late in November of 1960, Marilyn Maxwell, a beautiful girl with a figure that makes all men yearn, went into court and got her third divorce • She felt pretty low • Nobody likes to (Please turn the page)
be a three-time loser, particularly at love. And this marriage had been distinguished from Marilyn’s other marriages by the fact that she had borne a child, a handsome little boy named Paul. He was four years old that November.

Marilyn was quiet that fall and winter. But by nature she’s a gay, happy person. She always has been, even way back when she was three, the year she started her career as a child ballet dancer. She loves to sing—even if she sings for a living. She loves to dance, which she does superbly. She loves to talk and eat and clown around. She positively has a compulsion not to take herself seriously. And when it comes to laughing at the other fellow’s jokes, she is practically a genius. She laughs and laughs, and means every giga-

gle of it.

However, in November of 1950, divorced and alone, with little Paul to support, she couldn’t think of a single thing to laugh about. Her fame, which had once been so brilliant, had faded. In 1942 she had been proclaimed “the big new star of tomorrow.” Now her career was nearly non-existent. She needed work. She needed clothes. But most of all, she needed something to live for—a new love—a new romance.

And just when she had reached her lowest ebb, the telephone rang. “Hi, Marilyn,” the voice said, “this is Rock Hudson.”

The years had changed them

Eleven years had passed since she and Rock had met. Circumstances were different then, a great deal different. In those days Marilyn, all torso and timessle, was working with Bing Crosby on radio, entertaining at military bases with Bob Hope, making records and rushing from picture to picture as fast as her beauti-

tiful legs would carry her. She was a big star then, and Rock was just a hand-

some fellow. They met quite casually one day at M-G-M, and Rock liked her at first sight. But then all men liked Marilyn at first sight. She was the sort of sight a man dreams about, with her flawless figure, her golden hair and her laughing face. Rock never has been a fast man with a buck, and he wasn’t then either. In fact, in 1949 his dollars were few and far between. But he made a date with Marilyn anyway, and spent a small fortune. They had a wonderful time, but nothing came of it. Marilyn was not only very busy being a big star, she was also in love! The other man’s name was Andy McIntyre—a Hollywood restaurateur, and who was just married, the day before the end day of 1950. And quite soon divorced he was. Ami-

ably, as the saying goes.

Rock was too busy to notice her di-

vorce. Universal-International had discovered what a potential talent he was, and, after the fashion of studios in that state of mind, they had their star’s life all planned. They cast him in pictures that demanded long work days, they gave him dialogue lessons and anything else they could think of to improve him. It worked—they made him a star . . . but they took up his every waking minute doing it.

That was Rock Hudson in the early 1950’s, making a swift stride toward top stardom, but suffering both from fatigue and the shortcomings of the small part he

men with one object: matrimony. Until that day—the day he walked into his agent’s office and saw his agent’s secret-

ary, Phyllis Gates.

Why Rock fell in love with Phyllis Gates and not some fifty other beauties with whom he was linked in the head-

lines is a puzzling room is minute; so solved. Certainly, no one in Hollywood could give you the answer, and today Rock probably couldn’t give you the an-

swer himself.

Two marriages—two divorces

And perhaps Marilyn Maxwell couldn’t tell you why she fell in love with a writer named Jerry Davis at just about that same time. Rock married Phyllis Gates and Marilyn married Jerry Davis. Rock’s marriage lasted a little more than two years, technically, though he wanted out of it long before he went into the divorce courts. Marilyn, probably because of her baby, remained longer—almost six years to the day. Neither of those divorces was amicable, not remotely.

And so it was, that reading in the papers about Marilyn’s divorce, Rock recalled how hurt he had been at the time of his and Phyllis’ splitup. He called Marilyn to tell her how sorry he was, he thought of his own ex wife, and ended by asking her to dinner. She quickly accepted.

That evening, the two of them had the best time they had known for months. Being a sensitive human being, Rock had been reluctant to admit, even to himself, that almost none of his friends had liked Phyllis. And she, in return, had made it very clear that he couldn’t possibly be a good movie star.

At his studio, she had made it plain as a pikestaff that she could get along without most of his business associates. And at home, she made it clear that she wanted to live much more luxuriously than they did.

But Rock was a man of simple, quiet tastes. He still is. He will never belong to The Clan, you can be sure. He will never live with the high style of Tony and Janet Curtis or with the international flavor of Kirk and Anne Douglas or with the opulent simplicity of President and Mrs. Kennedy. He likes to listen to rec-

ords. He likes to swim. He likes to sail his boat. He likes to dine. He likes to talk to his associates with quiet, simple people. Right now, for example, he lives in the Califor-

nia beach town of Newport.

Newport is so small that the houses are expensive there, but they couldn’t be simpler. Rock’s has a tiny patio be-

hind a high wall that hides it from the street. The living quarters of the house are the two bedrooms. And how, with his height, he gets into the kitchen is any-

body’s guess! He does, though, because he likes to cook. He mingles with the
townspeople, of whom he has become very fond, and they obviously have become very fond of him. About the only Holly-

wood people he sees much of are Claire Trevor, who is his fictitious retired wife, and her husband, Milton Bren, who’s an agent.

So, on the evening of his first post-

divorce date with Marilyn, he was deli-

ghted that she was wearing her glasses and openly admitting that she couldn’t see her hand before her face without them. Rock’s getting a bit near-sighted, too, and he could see that it was just as he had arrived, as he saw her eat her dinner with hearty gusto. She made him feel more relaxed than he had since fame came to him. She was so openly glad at his great success and didn’t spoil his pleasure by indulging in any self-pity because she hadn’t at-

ained a similar prominence. The carer-

tage was passing, but it didn’t matter as he saw her with her dinner with hearty gusto. She made him feel more relaxed than he had since fame came to him. She was so openly glad at his great success and didn’t spoil his pleasure by indulging in any self-pity because she hadn’t at-

ained a similar prominence. The carer-

tage was passing, but it didn’t matter

When they parted that first evening, it wasn’t until he had made a second date with her. Then she surprised him by asking him if he’d like to come to her apart-

ment and meet her son. She was a good cook, she said.

Rock found this to be entirely true. She was a great cook, but she made no prime donna fuss about it. As when he saw her with her son, he suddenly under-

stood why she hadn’t remained a top star. She was too womanly for that, for the hard, unrelenting drive stardom necessi-

tates. She was too unselfish for the self-

centeredness and pushing it sometimes takes to remain at the top. She was too re-


cently was a woman of great, simple, sensitive ways who could make him feel at ease.

Marilyn is entirely feminine. She is so un-phony that she doesn’t make any bones about her age. She is a woman of maturity. A mother. And, frankly, a few years older than he.

Rock, himself unsnared by fame, re-

sponded to Marilyn’s honesty and sim-

plicity. He respected her for it. He re-

spected her beauty. He respected her talent. He respected her as a mother. He respected her as a woman. It was a wonderful, tender romance. They did not discuss their future plans. They simply and thor-

oughly enjoyed being with one another.

There was nothing spectacular about the romance. Nothing to make headlines. They went to previews. They dined at Marilyn’s. They dined at Rock’s. So-

metimes they were surprised, sometimes Rock did. They listened to records and they talked. That’s Rock’s way.

Nevertheless, with the subtlety of a completely feminine woman, Marilyn was suddenly persuading Rock that, though the quiet evenings listening to records were perfect, it might just be fun to go out. And if Rock indulgently saw through her wiles, he gave in to them, too. He had never seen comedien, Mort Sahl, but he had a riotous time with Marilyn the night they went. Other evenings he discovered he was enjoying the luxury restaurants of the film colony—Chasens, Perino’s, La Roca, where they were surrounded by laughter. Yet the wonderful part of it was that Marilyn was never “on.” She was never playing the star. She was the appreciator. She was the enchanted listener, and she did it
with such sincerity that, around her, everyone became wittier, happier and kinder than usual.

His heart beat faster

Rock came to the point where he would feel his heart beating a little faster late in the afternoons, because the setting sun meant he was closer to the evening when he would be seeing Marilyn again. But then the studio sent him to Dutch Guiana to a remote native village where they shot "The Spiral Road." At first Rock liked the exotic little village. He liked the script and he certainly liked his work.

But at the end of the first week, he discovered he was homesick. That's what he called it. He had given Marilyn his convertible to drive occasionally so the battery wouldn't run down. He hoped she was doing it. He wrote her a note, full of nothing, because he certainly wasn't a writer. But the note made him feel better.

Then her letters began arriving. They weren't love letters, which might have made him a little tense, made him feel trapped. They were just small gossipy notes. He laughed over them and recalled with longing the laughter that they had shared on their dates.

It wasn't Marilyn who sent him the item from a gossip column that said she was driving a big, black, expensive car—Rock's gift to her. That made him angry for a moment, and then he began to laugh. It was his own car the paper was talking about, and it only proved that Marilyn was doing what he'd asked her to do—keep the battery up!

He wanted to protect her

He realized then how vulnerable a beautiful woman was to gossip, and he found himself longing to be back home to protect Marilyn from the whispers and the insinuations. He thought of her son, and he knew that he wanted to protect him, too.

Finally, the picture was finished. He was packing for home, eagerly and happily, when he got the letter that bubbled over with her happiness. She had a job on TV in "Bus Stop." Oh, no, she wasn't the star, she wrote. She really wasn't important in the show, but it was a good role, a chance at a good characterization. And the very fact that she didn't have to carry the show meant that she wouldn't be a slave to her job. She'd still have time to live life for the sheer, wonderful fun of it.

She was there to meet him when his plane touched ground. Officials from the studio were there, too. Before he could even get through customs, they were asking him if he would host a "Come September" party. He hated that kind of thing, really. He turned and looked at Marilyn. "Will you act as my hostess?" he asked.

He wasn't conscious that he was testing her until he heard her answer. "Sure, I'd love to," she said simply. He had given her the chance to act possessive. He had given her the chance to be coy. She had been neither one. She was accepting the invitation to be his hostess, no more, no less. She'd love to. Of course she would. She loved life, and people, and dancing, and food and music. She lived life to the hilt.

Rock enjoyed the "Come September" party more than any Hollywood party he had ever attended. He danced every dance. He stayed till the last guest had left. A week later there was a block party, dancing on the sidewalks of Sunset Boulevard, to promote the "Bulwinkle" show on TV. Marilyn's TV producers said it would be nice publicity for "Bus Stop" if she'd go —and with Rock Hudson, maybe?

"Gee, I don't suppose..." Marilyn said to Rock.

"Sure, I'd love to," he said in an imitation of her voice. It broke them both up, the way he could mimic her.

So he went to the block party and, as always, he had a wonderful time.

Because Marilyn was with him.

So five will get you ten in Hollywood that by the time you read this, Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell will be husband and wife. Not that either one of them have said so at this writing. They're trying to keep their love secret. They don't talk about their feelings publicly. They've both been wrong before—this time they want to be sure they're right.

But they have that gleam in their eyes, and they walk in that kind of glow that only a singing happiness brings.

—RUTH WATERBURY

Rock's in "Come September" and "The Spiral Road," U-I. Marilyn's in "Bus Stop" on ABC-TV every Sunday at 9 P.M. EST.

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A “family man”

For one thing, he was happily married to his high-school sweetheart, Patricia Carvell, and they had four children—Susan, 4; Roger, Jr., 2½; Kevin, 1; and newborn Randy, whom he adored.

With the entire country caught up in the drama of his battle to break Babe Ruth's record of most home runs in a season, it was nice to have a wife and kids. "I guess I’ll have to get out of there, too," Roger said, "I’m looking for some property out in the country, about twenty miles or so, and I’m going to buy there and build.

Most important of all, he just didn’t believe in fooling around with other women. Once a writer had asked him, "Do you play around on the road?"

"I’m a married man," Roger answered.

"In a married man myself," the reporter replied, "but I play around on the road."

That’s your business," Roger said idly.

Gossip columns were something he never read. His reading began and ended on the sports pages. Night clubs were places he hated. "I can’t afford a hangover," he said, "and anyhow I don’t like that kind of life.

Even testimonial dinners frightened him. "I have a lot of kids to dinners and the like, for pay," he declared, "but speaking of my own affairs, I take it. I like money, but I want to get closer to my family—and I don’t care to get myself out of condition for the 1962 season."

A home-loving, clean-living young man, this Roger Maris. His notion of an exciting evening was to sit by the TV set, drinking a bottle of beer and watching the old movies, especially the Westerns. When the Yankees went on the road he didn’t even leave his hotel to go sightseeing. Night clubs and bright lights just didn’t interest him.

"I was in a museum once in Chicago," he admits, "because my wife and Cerv’s (his teammate) were there from K.C., and we didn’t want to hang around the room all day. They had a lot of old pictures there.

The country boy, Roger Maris, and the sophisticated woman of the world, Ava Gardner—a unlikely couple, yet people remembered that Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe had been unlikely, too. So the rumors and the column items mushroomed, all springing from that first seed of scandal planted by a Broadway columnist: "Baseball fan Ava Gardner went incognito to Yankee Stadium, met Roger Maris and had dinner with him."

When star met star

What really happened that Sunday night when Roger and Ava were seen in a New York restaurant together?

Roger sat there at the dinner table, a well-cut, conservative suit covering his muscular six-foot, 200-pound frame, the initials RM monogrammed in very light blue on his blue broadcloth shirt. He also wore a dark blue tie.

He ate slowly and talked quietly to his dinner companion. As he spoke, his thin lips curved up towards his nose, surprisingly like a Cupid’s bow on his severe, steakily-featured face.

He ordered a shrimp cocktail. Then he attacked a steak (medium rare), a baked potato and a tossed salad with French dressing. For dessert he had a hunk of cheesecake. He drank two cups of coffee and smoked three cigarettes. He was happy and relaxed. He laughed a lot, not just with his mouth but with his eyes, too, and his cold-green eyes warmed.

His companion also laughed a lot. They talked of sports, of food, of the pressures of being constantly in the public eye. They spoke from experience because they had so much in common. After all, they were married in 1954.

For contrary to what a gossip columnist was to report the next day, Roger Maris’ companion that Sunday evening was his teammate and roommate, Bob Cerv.

Oh, yes, Ava Gardner and her escort for the evening were also in the restaurant. And at one point Ava and her date walked over to Roger’s table. Just as celebrities and taxi-drivers and bellhops and bankers had been doing for more than a month, she wished Roger luck in his assault on Ruth’s record.

Roger and Bob scrambled to their feet. Roger shook Ava’s hand and thanked her. And that was all. Roger Maris never saw Ava Gardner again. He had never seen her before, except in the movies.

In the fourth inning of the final game of the season, Roger Maris strode to the plate.

Tracy Stallard, the Red Sox’s young righthander, threw the first pitch. High and outside. Ball one. The next pitch whizzed in. Low and inside. Ball two.

The clock on the scoreboard read 2:43 when the next ball zipped towards the plate. Waist high. A fast ball. A little wide.

Roger swung viciously and hit the ball. High and far the ball sailed over the rightfield fence.

The day of days

In the Yankee Stadium 23,154 fans went wild. Roger Maris had done the impossible. He’d broken Ruth’s record. He’d knocked out sixty-one home runs, more than any other man in any other baseball season.

Waiting for Roger outside the stadium after the game, was his wife Pat. She threw her arms around him and they kissed. He had his arms around her too. "I love you," he said, ("I like to wear my hair simple—not wild and crazy," she’d said.), but she didn’t care. Secure in her husband’s arms, she laughed happily—and then she cried a little. Together they walked toward a waiting taxi.

Just about this time the “other woman” was flying back to Europe. Twice she had made reservations for the flight and twice she had postponed her departure. Now she was on the plane and headed for the Continent.

Ahead, through the window, she could see wonderful cloud formations, beautiful figures and clusters in the sky. The plane flew towards them, faster, faster, but each beautiful promise dissolved into nothingness as the plane plowed through the clouds, the promise of beauty. Then, nothing.

Ava Gardner was flying high, moving fast—again on her way from nowhere to nowhere. For all the whispering of the scandal-mongers, the “scoops” of the gossip columnists, the shouts of the blatherites, she hadn’t stuck out with Roger Maris.

She’d never even been to bat!

—Roy Todd

Ava stars in Paramount’s “The Jackals.”
TROY DONAHUE

Continued from page 31

handle him and he couldn’t seem to discipline himself. But she didn’t pack him off, reform school style. They talked it over. In the clutch, an appeal to reason usually worked with Troy and still does. On location in Connecticut for “Parrish,” Troy turned up too many mornings with obviously weak homework. His unprepared fumblings held up shooting and, with reason, annoyed Karl Malden and Claudette Colbert. Delmer Daves took Troy aside and let him have it. “You’re hurting yourself and humiliating me with these professionals,” he pointed out. “If it happens again, we’ll pack up and go home.”

“Del,” promised Troy soberly, “I give you my word it will never happen again.” And it didn’t.

Back then, going to New York Military Academy made sense to Troy. “I could see myself going right down the drain in Bayport,” he says. “I was lazy, wild, spoiled and the track. I knew I needed something tightening up with formal discipline. But I wouldn’t say I went up there laughing and singing. I knew that what was ahead for me was no bed of roses.”

He was heading for a top-rated military prep school at Cornwall-on-Hudson, right up the river from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. In fact, uniforms were identical with those at the Point, classes as tough, lasting as rugged. Although he entered as a junior, Troy led the dog’s life of the first-year men. He shuffled around double-time, “braced” for upper classmen, shined their shoes, slept on boards and recited ignominious slurs at himself. His blond curls were clipped and with them his teenage cockiness. “I was rough on him and at first I imagine he hated my guts,” says his first year roommate, Owen Orr, now a pal in Hollywood. “But Johnnie” turned into a first rate cadet and a helluva guy—after he settled down.

The first month in school, Ded Johnson paid out $300 in bills Troy piled up for souvenir necklaces, bracelets and charms he sent the girls back home and for flowerers for other girls he slipped off to see in nearby Newburgh. He also broke the school record for piling up extra-duty tours as punishment for various defections. “I hated it at first, but it was what I needed,” he allows. “Gradually I learned that rebelling was defeat. The whole point of the school was to make kids like myself realize that life is competition, that we were competing with ourselves, and that if you’re to win anything, your first battle is right inside you.”

Before long Troy liked military life so well he thought of going on to West Point and making Army his career. Actually, his marks never warranted that; now he paid for the time he had wasted in Bayport High. But athletically and militarily both, he qualified. He made cadet lieutenant. He made the basketball and football teams, and broke all school records in the high jump, soaring 6 feet 6 inches. Ironically, that triumph put West Point out of the question.

One day some joker dropped a brick in the jumping pit and Troy went down on it with a knee knocking it out of joint and tearing the cartilage. After that he knew he’d never pass the physical for West Point. Later, when he put in for his military service, the doctor inspected Troy’s bum knee. “Step out of line, son,” he said. “No point in going on. You’re 4-F.”

Knocked out of sports by a brickbat, Troy concentrated on writing. Nobody could keep him from scribbling, but always before there had seemed to be some deep-seated conspiracy to keep him back in the shadows of any school or church play. He was so tall and gangling that he wound up as an Indian or an Arab. “The nice little kids with the best marks were always Miles Standish or Jesus,” he recalls. It was frustrating. Now, in the most unlikely place, he got his chance.

A squeak with disaster

His class in Theater Arts put on one big school show each year. Troy was already writing for both school papers and had wound up editor of “The Shield,” so his teacher invited him to see what he could whip up for the show. Troy came through with a knock off of the Fawltyards’ a work takeoff on cadet life. He wrote, produced and directed it. Also—naturally—he gave himself a fat part.

“It was really a darned good show,” says Owen Orr, who played in it too. “Even the flint-fined instructors howled.” After that hit, Troy thought he saw his future come into focus. He’d be one of two things, a writer or an actor—for sure. But first he had to do his time. He made it after one last narrow squeak with disaster. As usual, it involved a girl.

Troy had met her at the one formal hop they held each year where, romantically, all the cadets and their dates walked through a giant replica of the school ring. She walked through with somebody else, but a thing like that never bothered Troy. He started writing, and at Easter vacation, when everyone was going down to New Jersey and see her. He talked a pal into going along. Both wrote their mothers that they were visiting each other. The plan seemed foolproof.

Unfortunately, Dedde called where Troy was supposed to be visiting. “I thought my boy was staying with you!” gasped the other mother. The next call Dedde made, anxiously, was to the police. After that, Troy ended up in a Hitchcock thriller. Cops chased them on trains and busses, while the fugitives dodged and double-tracked. They were never caught, but finally scurried home to safety after they’d seen the girl. Luckily, the authorities at NYMA didn’t hear about this.

Troy graduated in June of 1954, and now feels ready to tackle the theater. His mother, while sympathetic to his ambitions and convinced he had talent, decreed that college came first. Troy couldn’t see studying what he’d never use, and fought the decision. Now he admits, “I made a mistake, I wish I’d listened and got a better education.” But at that time he was so confused that he decided to shake himself down with hard work all summer and make the Big Decision come fall. If it came out what he thought, a stake would be handy to have.

Until then, the only thing Troy had ever tackled even resembling a self-supporting job was as counsellor at Camp Tabat on Long Island. Eve went there and Troy, between terms at the Academy, marched her and the rest of his kids around like soldiers. But that was really fun. This time he tackled a killer — on a crew building a parkway in New Jersey. He looked like a major when they gave him a man’s job—drudge work and hoisting heavy iron pipes.

Troy collected $55 a week and earned every cent. He worked hip-deep in the muck of steaming swamps, the only kid in a crew of husky Norwegians and Poles—who couldn’t speak English. He lived on the job, flopped into his bunk at night so tired he slept through the ear-splitting din of the night shift. Near summer’s end, he almost became the foreman’s alive in a load of sand and got fired. But by then—although he’d saved only $50—he knew what he had to do, and Dedde couldn’t talk him out of it. With his $50 and two bags of clothes, he went to New York and checked in at the Y.M.C.A.

Troy couldn’t have told you just what he was after. Not then. The closest definition would be his manhood. There comes a time in every boy’s life when he begins to see himself and test himself. Troy Donahue did it early—maybe too early. He didn’t have to. He had a comfortable home where he was welcome to linger, even if he didn’t take up a free ticket to college. He knew his mother would even stake him for this precocious career fling if he asked, even though she couldn’t exactly cheer him on. But he could have killed the whole idea. He had to discover his own value in capacities and hunchers wide open, with no strings attached.

To support himself, Troy found a job as a messenger boy with Sound Masters, Inc., a film company his dad had founded. Acting was on his mind, of course, but Troy wasn’t silly enough to haunt Broadway agents hunting a job on the strength of a military academy recommendation. He went to Ezra Stone, an old friend of the Daves’, and asked to join his Theatre Wing Workshop. At the same time he signed for some night extension courses in journalism at Columbia University. One or the other, he thought, would surely show him the way. Neither did with a big, green light.

Troy batted out some sketches and sent them to the New Yorker. They came back with a note: “We’re interested in the same. At the workshop he felt he was accomplishing something (It’s the only serious acting instruction Troy Donahue has ever had!), but the others there seemed so much more advanced, so confident and talented. “They were all in it a little too deep for me,” as Troy puts it, “I felt like an outsider.”

Lonely and hard up

Self-conscious with the arty set, and suddenly feeling very young, Troy was lonely. He couldn’t live decently on his messenger boy salary. He rattled around a dozen cheap hotel rooms and dingy apartments that year. “Walk-ups, walk-ins, walk-
arounds, cold waters, cold floors—everything,” he remembers. “Six times I got kicked out for not paying my rent.” Although Dede Johnson had sold the big Bayport place and moved with Eve to a nice apartment on Riverside Drive, Troy went there only to visit—and get an occasional free meal. But often his belly felt like an empty sack full of gnawing mice. He discovered a cheap way to chase them out.

“I used to get up in the morning, walk to the corner and buy a ten cent hot dog,” recalls Troy. “Ever eat a hot dog with mustard for breakfast? It makes you so sick you don’t want to see food the rest of the day.”

For diversion there were always girls, but not the kind of girls Troy had known on Long Island. He picked them up on the street, in subways and in cheap cafes. Usually they left a flat taste afterwards. Suddenly one came along who left Troy with worse than that—a badly bruised heart.

He met the girl with the mink coat at one of the few respectable uptown parties he had ever attended. He had never known anyone like her before. He fell hopelessly in love and for four months lived in a daze of adoration, a devoted slave and putty in her hands. Then one day she tossed him aside like a squeezed lemon. “I guess I walked in the door at the wrong moment,” he says ruefully, thinking about it. “When I walked out I didn’t know what to do. It was too late, every eye was on me now. It hurt. And it came at a bad time for me. For a while I didn’t care about anything, I didn’t want to do anything. The world turned black.”

About the same time he suffered another blow. At Sound Masters he had finally worked up to film cutter. Ironically, the boost cost him his job. He was too young to join the union, and the other cutters complained. “Sorry, Merle,” said his boss, “but you know how it is. I guess we’ll have to let you go.”

The one-two punch took the steam out of New York for Troy. Suddenly he wanted to get out of town. He knew he hadn’t found what he was looking for, whatever that was, but he also knew he’d gone through a lot of growing up. Dede still talked college and Troy still considered it—a vacation he was afraid to hold on to in a hurry. He thought of Hollywood—and had to grin remembering a remark Eve had made the first time she looked at a copy of Photoplay: “Some day you’ll have your picture in this.” Eve always thought he could do anything. Maybe it was his fault; when she saw such a little girl she told her, “I’m really Samson. I’m the strongest man in the world and whatever I want to do, I can.” Silly kid, she believed it.

The only person Troy knew in Hollywood was Darrell Brady, a man his dad had once helped get a job with Paramount News. Brady now ran his own commercial film company on the Coast. Troy wrote him a letter, but an answer didn’t come right away. Meanwhile he found a job on a surveyor’s gang back on Long Island, near Sayville. Sayville had a playground for kids. At nights he fooled around there. His best job was a supporting part in “Stalag 17,” but it was hardly a ticket to Hollywood. Success wasn’t to be that easy.

The letter came at last saying what Troy hoped it would: “Come on out. You can stay with us and I’ll give you a job.” To make things even easier, Darrell Brady said he needed a new car which Troy could pick up for him more cheaply in the East. Why not drive it out and save plane fare? Troy showed the letter to Dede and Eve. At the time, Eve had a crush on about every star in Hollywood. “Take me, too,” she begged. Outnumbered, Dede Johnson gave in. Troy and his kid sis drove out of New York in a new Chevy convertible in February of 1956, “feeling like pioneers. Troy was nineteen and Eve twelve; neither had ever crossed the country before.

Troy was so impatient to get going that he barreled the new car across Route 66 in five days, driving ten hours a day with his foot pressed to the floorboard. “The only time Troy took his mind off California was in Albuquerque,” Eve recalls. “He must have had a good time because he got back to the hotel room at four o’clock in the afternoon.

Troy and Eve checked in at the Bradys’ house in Calabasas, in the San Fernando Valley just over the mountains from Malibu Beach. Troy went to work at Commercial Film Industries in Hollywood, cutting film. He knew the work and liked it okay. He knew Darrell Brady would teach him the business and see that he got going. But that wasn’t what he was after, and Darrell Brady knew it, too. He knew Troy wanted to act or write. Brady felt it his duty to set him straight.

“Both are very long shots,” he warned. “Nothing’s more uncertain and full of heartbreaks.”

“I know,” Troy replied.

But to him a big dream was the essence of California. The very sunshine gilded the place with promise. From the minute he arrived he felt anything could happen. Young people with fresh ideas were scoring all around him. “It seemed crazy,” he admits, “but I believed I could do it, too.”

Troy Donahue is a sensitive person in that he doesn’t always figure—more often he feels. At night he used to borrow the Bradys’ car, roll into town and stand around Sam’s and Vine, looking at people who passed, listening to what they said. On weekends he went out to Beverly Hills and the Strip, around the studio districts, all alone, with his antennae spread wide.

“I wanted to get the feel of this place. I didn’t have any plan, I guess I wanted to be discovered,” he confesses. And that’s exactly what happened.

Dede Johnson had come out and rented a house in Malibu, but she didn’t like the climate and soon took Eve with her back to New York. Troy found a garage apartment nearby and a used MG for $700, on time. After work he liked to drive through Malibu to a little club called The Golden Pheasant in the Valley. One evening about 8 o’clock he was sipping beer at the bar. He didn’t sit at a table because he thought he looked awful. He wore levis and a heavy jacket over a T-shirt. His face was burned brown, his hair sun-bleached and wilder than usual. “I could have been a beachcomber or a truck driver,” says Troy. “Turned out I was rigged perfectly for a young actor.”

“Are you interested?”

At least two people thought so. Troy felt their eyes on him and finally they came over. One was James Sheldon, a TV director; the other William Asher, a producer at Columbia Studios.

“Done any acting?” asked one.

“How little?”

“Very much.” And Troy told them his story. Jim Sheldon brought in a television script from his car. He explained that John Erickson already had the part, but if Troy would read it and come see him next morning—well, they might have something to go on. “Come see me, too,” invited Bill Asher. Troy stayed up most of the night reading the script. Next day he had his moment of truth when he read for them both. “I was terrible,” says Troy.

But they liked him, as most people do who meet Troy Donahue. “I’ll keep an eye out for you,” promised Jim Sheldon. “You’re a good-looking kid and you can learn to act,” encouraged Bill Asher. He took him to Benno Schneider, Columbia’s head drama coach. Benno set up a screen test for the next Monday. By Monday Troy was in the hospital.

He had meant to take it easy that weekend. But a friend he’d met at the beach dropped by. “Come on, let’s get polluted!” he commanded. “I’ve just passed the Bar exam. Call me Attorney, son.” Troy always has a rough time saying “No,” especially to a good time. And didn’t he have a screen test in the bag to celebrate? Troy did.

They cut out for the Golden Pheasant. About one o’clock, after too many beers, Troy was screening the MG around Malibu Canyon’s curves, headed for home, when he hit a wet spot in the road. The light sports car skittered over a cliff and smashed against a tree forty feet down the canyon wall. On the way Troy’s friend bounced out and landed on his feet with a battered knee. Troy didn’t remember anything until the next afternoon. But his pal told him he climbed out of the wreckage cussing a blue streak, grabbed the MG’s door and hurled it the rest of the way down the cliff. Then he stalked up the side, down the road and out on the highway, yelling bloody murder. That’s how he looked, too. “They say my face was just two inches away from being out of a bucket of red paint,” says Troy.

At Santa Monica emergency hospital the doctor who patched him up ticked off the damage: Two cracked knees, brain concussion, bruised spinal cord, crushed
kidney, missing tooth, severe shock. He took forty stitches in Troy's scalp, ten in his nose. When Troy came to at last, the doc told him, "Son, God must be saving you for something. By rights you ought to be dead."

He lay in the hospital a month. Dede flew out to help, and then went back to New York. Jim Sheldon and Bill Asher told him not to go back to Hollywood, where they left off when his shaved hair grew back. Still banged up, and his car wrecked, the road back seemed long and dismal. One day, when he was feeling as low as a snake in a swamp, Troy thought of a peppy girl he'd known back in New York. Joyce Branning had played in commercials at Sound Masters and then, he remembered, gone on to Hollywood. There were about fifty Brannings in the phone book, but he got her on the third try. Girls don't forget Troy. "Merle!" she cried. "Where in the world are you?" He told her where and why. "Don't move," ordered Joyce. "Two utterly fascinating girls are coming right out to see you."

Joyce Branning was kidding, but not too much. She later married a Vanderbilt. The other chamber was Fran Bennett, a blond, cameo-faced rich girl from San Antonio, Texas. Just out of fashionable Finch School in New York, Fran was having fun with a fling as an actress. Fran's the type of supercharged Dixie belle who thinks and talks a mile a minute, likes nothing better than a Cause. She took over Troy's. Like General Forrest, Fran believed in getting anywhere—fastest with the mostest. To her, Troy was the mostest. The fastest thing was to get him a good agent. Hers was Henry Willson.

"People say I'd make a better agent than an actress," Fran admits cheerfully. "But I knew what Henry could do with Troy. He was just his cup of tea. Willson has cracked open careers for more raw young stars than any man in Hollywood—Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter, to name a couple. Trouble was, he had a waiting list a mile long. But Fran can talk up a storm.

A few days later she called Troy. "Run like hell to Henry Willson's office and meet me there," she ordered. "Hurry—he's leaving for Hawaii right now. Troy borrowed a car and made it just in time to catch Willson in a taxi, lugging his bags for the airport. After a few fast questions and keen looks, Willson said, "Go out to Universal. Say I sent you. 'Rock Pretty Baby' is already cast, but they'll know you should have been in it. Bet you get a test anyway."

To Fran Bennett he made a circle of his thumb and forefinger. "You're right," he said, and vanished.

"I think you're right," said Fran to Troy. She was right. Troy got his first screen test at U-I and it was A-Okay. Back from Hawaii, Henry Willson took him over. A few days later Troy called Henry's office, but the line was busy. Henry was calling, too—Troy's number. Finally they connected. "I just wanted to congratulate you on your new U-I contract," he told Troy. Troy's days later, Willson rolled in the studio gate. "Has Merle Johnson come in?"

The name game

"Nope," said the guard. "She hasn't been around."

"Oh-bob," muttered Henry, "I forgot

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something." That week he took Troy to a birthday party for Lana Turner. As a game Henry suggested, "Let's think up a new name for Merle." Ideas flew thick and fast. Everyone knows about Henry Willson's blunt male-tales; Rock, Tab, Lance, etc. How about "Crash Helmet." "Mack True," Troy suggested. "Ya think so?" Not amused, Willson went into a creative trance. "Very handsome," he mused. "Who was so good looking,—Paris! Paris—Helen of Troy—that's it. Troy—Troy-uh-Donahue." They christened him with a squirt of fizzy-water. By now Troy has almost forgotten that he ever was Merle Johnson. He likes his movie name; even Denzel Washington didn't.

But "Troy Donahue" started very few hearts fluttering in the eighteen months he lasted at Universal—except in certain limited circles. He ducked in and out of sixteen pictures, but you had to look fast to see him. He made $125 a week and spent every cent of it. He mortgaged the checks ahead for a Porsche sports job, moved around from one bachelor apartment to another. With too much time on his hands, he mixed in with party boys and party girls. He had some shabby romances and one or two that shook him a little. Sometimes he drank too much. But it was the Porsche that got him in trouble.

In one stretch he collected four tickets—four speeding and running red lights. Carelessly, he spilled his pills in police nabbed him on a bench warrant. Troy figured he was in for a stiff fine; he had $200 saved up to pay it. But the judge thought it was time to make an example of these wild young Hollywood actors.

"Fifteen days in the county jail," Troy served them. He's never forgotten it. "Frankly," he says, "it scared the living daylights out of me."

At least, Troy praises as "just a sample of what can happen to someone like me, all souped up and no place to go. Keep me busy and I work hard. Idle me down and I have the instincts of a beachcomber." For a while he almost was one.

Because suddenly the party was over. Universal cut production back sharply, keeping only their stars. Troy Donahue was out. He was also stone broke. Oddly, he says, he managed to find out what it all was about. "I pay to learn. That was my shakedown cruise. I didn't feel like a loser. Funny, but I had more faith in myself than ever. I knew something good was ahead for me." Even at twenty, it took some pretty rosy glasses to see that.

Troy was so broke he couldn't afford a plane ticket to home. Troy moved to Beverly Hills, but Troy felt the same way he did in New York. Going home was defeat. For a while he slept in his car. Sometimes a friend gave him a bed. "I managed to find a few nice places to sleep. Troy grins. "Some very comfortable, too." Eating was tougher. Once when the mice gnawed inside, he cleaned up some Hammurburger Hamlet for free burgers.

Troy Donahue thinks the rock bottom jolt was good for him. "When you're hungry," he says, "you don't muck the next chance." For a while they were just TV bits. Then Ross Hunter called him back to U-I for "Imitation of Life." It wasn't a part Troy or any other young actor would deliberately pick. Pretty ugly, in fact. He had to kick Susan Kohner in the gutter, when he discovered she was a Negress. But it showed Troy off at last and gave Henry Willson something to sell. He thought he knew just the spot.

At Warner Brothers, three pictures were ready to cast, and all three begged for someone like Troy Donahue. They were "A Summer Place," "Parrish" and "Splendor in the Grass." Henry Willson moved into the opening like a scabback. Troy tested for "A Summer Place."

"There were eight other good actors after the job," reports Delmer Daves, boss of that show. "But the sensitive, grop-some, Donahue way. He just melted right out of life. He didn't have to act."

"The hardest thing about 'A Summer Place' was believing it was happening to me," Troy recalls. "At U-I I'd never got anywhere near Sandra Dee. Now, incredibly. I spent day after day doing nothing but kissing her. But," he grins, "she seemed to like it.

"Apparently, so did everyone else. At last Troy had what he'd needed—a romantic lead in a smash picture and a fat long contract.

Warren Beatty beat Troy out of "Splendor in the Grass," but Donahue followed up with "Parrish" and "Susan Slade." Along the way, ABCTV executives told Warners, "Get us a show with Troy in it and we'll buy it." They cooked up "SurfSide Six," and Troy has been running between movie and TV sets ever since—among other places. In the past two years he has crossed the country seventy-five times—on locations, personal appearances and television jobs.

What has all this success done to the "boy" who left home at seventeen hunting something, he wasn't sure what, but wide open possibilities? "Nothing at all," answers Fran Bennett, who knew Troy when he was almost that. Never in love with Troy, Fran is safely married, a mother, and lives in San Francisco. Recently she came back to Hollywood on a visit with her husband and baby. "Stay with me," invited Troy.

"He hasn't changed in any respect one bit since I met him," Fran swears. "There's nothing that makes me more at ease with. I can't believe it."

Owen Orr, Troy's old roommate at military school, backs her up. Recently Troy arranged a reading for Owen at Warners and introduced him to Henry Willson, who's a client on his way. "Troy's just like he was at school," says Orr. "The same guy."

Troy knows better

That's not quite true and no one knows it better than Troy himself. "I still have all my faults," he points out. "I'm a financial idiot. I'm disorganized. I put things off. Basically I'm lazy. I drive too fast. I like sports too much, fun too much, nice things. And I think some of the rough edges are rubbed off at last. I've matured in several ways. I'm serious about my work and luckily I love it. To me the whole thing is a big, wonderful ball. I can't wait for each day."

Particularly, Troy likes action. "I'm a frustrated stunt man," he confesses. Making "Susan Slade" on the rocky Monterey coast, he was supposed to ride a horse off a cliff into the sea to rescue Connie Stevens. They hired a double, of course, but when the cameras rolled, it was Troy who rode out from behind a rock aboard the horse. He'd figured a way to shorten one stirrup and jet out of the saddle in mid leaps, but you could have got himself killed. If he hadn't, he thinks, "I might be a fair enough actor someday, but I've got a long way to go." Eventually he plans to produce and, especially, write. That kick has never left him.

As for another—girls; "Well, I've simmered down there," says Donahue. If you read about the explosive ending of Troy's engagement to Lili Kardell (see Lili's own story, "I" in the November Photoplay), you know he hasn't simmered down all the way.

Yet Lili was aware of Troy's temper even while she loved him deeply and expected to be the girl he'd finally marry.

"Troy has his faults," she admitted in that earlier, happier time. "He has to learn the hard way; you can't tell him anything. He has a temper that flares up, and hurls things as fast as we've had fights.

If something about you bothers him, though, he lets you know right away—and that's good. He'll never get ulcers. But he can't be clever about himself. He has a fine mind, but he isn't using it fully. There are a lot of things he can do if he ever buckles down to them.

It's women, Troy likes to be boss," continues Lili. "He's the protector, and that's as it should be. Sometimes he's thoughtless, but he's sympathetic and kind, too. Troy needs a little of everything in a woman—sister, mother, sweetheart. He needs to be needed, too, by somebody. He's possessive. At the same time he doesn't like to be possessed. He can't be tied down or tied up. He has to have a woman who understands that, or else he'll rebel. But Troy wants a deep relationship with a woman, and he's found he can't have that with several. I think he'll make a wonderful husband if he isn't forced."

That was the pre-disillusion appraisal of the girl who probably knew him better than any other of his flames. As of now, Sonya Brecker seems to beat her out. When or who Troy Donahue may or may not marry.

But when and if Troy ever has ten years of marriage behind him, or twenty, nobody expects him to be too different than he is today, in one basic respect. If he winds up grizzled and full of success in Hollywood, as Clark Gable did, Troy will never play life by the rule book, cautious, caged and nice. The way he's made, he can never close the door.

"The tragedy of the closed people," Hoyt Brecker also pointed out in "Susan Slade," "is that they're closed to the joys, too. So they live only a half-life."

When Delmer Daves handed Troy that line to read, he had just a little trouble. "How can anyone live a half-life?" Troy wanted to know. "That doesn't make sense to me.

"It wouldn't to you, Troy," grinned Daves, who had a beard on his boy by then. "But go ahead and read it like you meant it. You're only acting."

—KIRTLIE BASKETTE

Bet you fall asleep before the evening's over," said Judge Milaro. "You're dead for sleep."

Fabian walked past as if they were invisible. Bobbie Finizio skipped ahead, held the door open and bowed deeply. Jimmy called, "Hey, why didn't you tell us you're taking Irene out?"

Fabian froze in his tracks. He asked, "How did you know that?"

Jimmy held up a slip of paper. "Because you're careless," he said. "Because you leave names and phone numbers lying around. Because I'm a snoop."

"Okay, so I'm going out with Irene. So you know. Anything else?"

Judge said, "Yeah—where you been hiding her? None of us saw her since high school. You been sneaking out after we're asleep?"

"It's none of your business," Fabian said. Then he weakened. "She sent me a letter and I sent her one back and here I am in the town where she lives now and I'm curious to see how she turned out so I called her for a date." He ran it off in one breath.

There was a silence. Bobbie said, "Well... if you haven't seen her for five years... don't regret to speak loud enough."

"Loud?" Fabian echoed.

"Real loud. Remember, she used to sit in the front row and was kinda shy. That's because she's hard of hearing, almost deaf."

"Gosh, that's a shame," Fabian said. "She seemed okay on the phone."

"They all do on the phone," Bobbie nodded. "But face to face—well, maybe she reads lips, but you better play safe and talk up or you'll embarrass her."

"Thanks," Fabian said. "I will."
“What’s the matter?” Fabian asked.

“You chief on strike?”

“Of course not—he’s home in bed,” said the voice. “Where would he be at two in the morning?”

“What time did you say?”

“I said two in the morning. . . .”

Fabian groaned. “Forget the breakfast,” he said, “Sorry. It’s—a mistake.”

By now the clock had said thirty. He set it back to two, rewound the alarm and fell on his bed. What should he do? Go pob into the Fabulous Four? He pulled the blanket over his head—to think better—and slept till morning. Real morning this time. The alarm clock was ringing its head off, and the Fabulous Four came bursting in to shut it off.

“Late, late,” they yelled in chorus.

“Listen, you . . .” Fabe began, then saw the time. He dived out of bed and into his clothes. Bobbie asked innocently, “What, no shower?” Then, “Fabe, I dreamt the craziest last night—you got up and took a shower. It was so real I could hear the water running.”

Fabe started for him, then said, “Oh the heck with it,” and walked out.

A few hours of peace

It was a relief not to see his pals the rest of that day until on stage for the matinee. After it, they went to the hotel ahead of Fabe. When he got in they were ordering a pre-supper snack. Junior, doing the phoning, asked if he wanted something. Fabe wanted a cherry milkshake.

“I’m going to my room and lie down,” he said. “In the meantime, I didn’t sleep well last night. Will you call me when the shake comes?”

“Sure you want it?” Jimmy asked.

“You’re getting a little lumpy around the middle—and those movie cameras don’t lie. Your fans won’t like . . .” Fabe’s door slammed.

On the table the shake came. Junior brought it in, but he went out again and let Fabe drink it in peace. It was so delicious that when he heard the little slurring sound which meant he’d reached the bottom of his glass, he used the strawberries like chopsticks and scooped out the froth. Then he settled back and closed his eyes for a few minutes.

After-time. He washed his face and walked into the other room.

“How was it?” Jimmy asked.

“How was what?” Fabian asked.

“The shake.”


“Thirty-five cents for the shake. Dime share of the tip. Thirty-three cents for the mouths, they state tax. That’ll be seventy-nine cents in all,” Jimmy said.

“The mouthwash,” Fabian yelled. “What do you mean the mouthwash?”

“I told you he’d never notice,” Junior said sadly. “After we slave all day mixing him a special drink with the only cherry-flavored mouthwash in the world.”

“We thought you’d love it,” Jimmy said brightly. “It cleans your mouth while you stuff your stomach.”

“We wrote a commercial,” Bobbie said with pride. He hummed an opening note, raised his hand to conduct and they sang:

“Whether you’re a dummox or just a lummox, it cleans your mouth while it goes down south.”

Judge asked, “Can we have your endorsement, Fabe? We’ll advertise Fabian Flips for Fabulous Mouthwash Shake. The favorite drink of the well-rounded man.”

“Flips,” Fabian managed to say feebly, “Mouthwash hasn’t any calories.” Then he ran into the bathroom.

The next day, Wednesday, there was no matinee, but Fabian appeared on a woman’s radio program, signed autographs in a department store and gave two interviews. He returned to the hotel beat, but rather than go upstairs and maybe play victim again for those creep pals of his, he dropped into the drugstore off the lobby.

“A cherry malt,” he told the waitress, “but hold the mouthwash.”

“What?” she asked.

“Sorry—just double cherry malt.”

“He’s cute.” Fabian heard her tell another waitress, “but he’s crazy.”

“Who wouldn’t be, he broodled. Lately those four had him through the wringer. What got into them, anyway, what started them off? Then he remembered—it began last Saturday when he was poised for those colored beetcake pictures. They’d sneaked into the studio secretly, he couldn’t see them behind the bright lights. He and the photographer were all set for the first shot when that girlish voice came from nowhere. “Fabe darling, don’t move! There’s a bee on your chest!”

Of course he moved, and of course there was no bee. But from the darkness came coos of “Lover” and “Muscles” and “Nature Boy” until the photographer kicked them out. It was after that they got going on the dense date, the middle-of-the-night interview and the mouthwash shake.

Oh, to fix their wagons!

Now, moodily sipping his drink, and their laughter still ringing in his ears, he burned to laugh at them. Suddenly it was as if a large title card flashed on his mind, like an old-time silent movie: The Revenge of Fabian Forte, or How Fabian Got Bugged By Four Cruel Cats Who Clawed Him Till He Started His Own SPCH (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humans). Then a picture appeared on his mental screen, and another and another. He smiled. He laughed—out loud. The waitress hurried over. She asked, “Anything the matter?”

“No,” he said, “everything’s perfect.”

At exactly 11:22 A.M. next day, Jimmy Testa answered the phone. Junior, Judge and Bobbie were horsing around, but he quicklyushed them. “Yes, yes, sure,” he said into the phone. “Right after the matinee show. Fine. In our room—that’s suite 706. Yeah, we’ll be ready.”

He hung up and said excitedly, “That was Jimmy. They want to do a picture story on us.”

“With Fabes?” Judge asked.

“No, just the four of us. Here in the hotel, Backstage. At home in Philly. Three days of shooting. Candid stuff for a big picture layout. He’ll follow us around for three days.”

“Great,” Bobbie said. But then he asked, “You know something? I’m scared. We’ve never done something like this. Maybe Fabe should stick around to advise us.”

Jimmy agreed. “Let’s ask him.”

That afternoon the Fabulous Four, a photographer named Max and Fabian gathered in the hotel suite. Slicked up, dressed in their best clothes, combed, scented, and shined—Junior, Jimmy, Judge and Bobbie were trying to act “casual.”

The photographer took some preliminary shots to test the light and then he wanted some action pictures. “How about one of you lifting weights?” he said to Jimmy, pointing to a set of heavy barbells in the corner.

“Sure,” Jimmy bent to lift the bar.

“Not with your jacket on,” Fabian suggested. “This has to look natural.”

Jimmy took off his jacket.

“The shirt, too.”

Off came Jimmy’s shirt.

“And the undershirt.”

“Aww, Fabe, do I have to?” Jimmy pleaded, the date—then the mouthwash shake.

“You have to.”

Off came the undershirt.

Jimmy bent over and slowly hefted the barbell. The camera clicked away.

“What do you think?” Fabian asked Max.

“Looks too easy—like he’s faking it,” the cameraman replied. Fabian slipped another large iron disc on the bar. Jimmy lifted it again—more slowly this time.

“Still too easy,” Max said, “More weight.” Fabian added another disc. Jimmy was sweating. He could hardly get the bar off the floor.

“Not realistic enough. More discs,” the photographer declared. Fabian added another disc. This time, though he huffed and puffed, Jimmy couldn’t raise the bar even an inch from the floor.

“Come on, Muscles,” Fabe said, “really try.” Jimmy managed to lift the barbell two inches. Then he keeled over and lay gasping on the floor. The camera kept clicking.

“You three next,” said Fabian.

Bobbie, Judge and Junior stripped to the waist and soon they, too, were grunting and groaning and lifting. For more than an hour they kept at it, with Max insistent, “Not natural. Not believable. More weights.”

Laid out for a layout

Finally the Fabulous Four were stretched prone and panting on the floor. Fabian looked down at them and said, “Not bad for a start. Let’s get up and shower. He wants to take some shots of you eating dinner.” He took them aside and said, “You boys make Max feel at home—pick up his dinner check and get him a room near ours. Pay all his bills. He’ll expect it.”
The hecklers heckled

By noon every kid in the neighborhood was packed in the park. They heckled, cheered, laughed and cackled as The Fabulous Four went through their paces. Fabian stood on the side chatting with old friends and signing autographs for his fans.

That night Max took the train back to New York, promising to send them some "contacts" as soon as the pictures were developed.

"He's a nice guy," Judge said, as Max's train pulled out.

"It's nice but expensive," Jimmy added.

"I'm beat. Let's go home and hit the sack," Junior said.

"Bed at 8 P.M. 2" Fabe asked.

"To you it's 8 P.M. To us it's 4 A.M."

Bobbie said. "Good night."

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the Fabulous Four asked Fabian if he'd heard from Max yet. He hadn't. On Thursday he said, "It's here—the picture."

"Whadya mean, the picture?" Judge protested. "Pictures, man, pictures."

"One picture is all," Fabe said. "And there it is, boys."

Propped on a table was a huge enlargement: Jimmy with three shirt buttons open and his hair hanging in his eyes; Bobbie with his lower lip curled to show his teeth; Judge lying in the grass munching on a dead leaf; Junior looking like he'd been hit by a hurricane. And in the foreground—Max. Or rather, Max's back.

"What's Max doing in the picture?"

Bobbie spluttered.

"He's in because I took it," Fabe said softly. "From the sideliners. I was a camera—while they were all busy posing."

"But all the shots Max took? What about them?" Jimmy screamed.

"They didn't come out."

"Didn't come out?" Junior screeched.

"Why? He took thousands?"

"He had no film in the camera."

"What kind of a photographer is he?"

Bobbie yelled.

"Boys, please," Fabian grinned. "I'm not deaf—remember?" He flopped on his bed and rolled helplessly with laughter. When he could talk he said, "Max isn't Max—he's Sam. He's no photographer—he's a drummer. But he's out of work, so he sure enjoyed your hospitality."

"Hospitality?" Judge cried. "That rober! Of all the dirty tricks."

"Oh, I don't know," Fabian said, "I've heard of dirtier."

They stood eye to eye, the Fabulous Four glaring. Finally Jimmy said, "Okay, Fabe—we're even. Now can we have that picture?"

"I think I'll send it to Photoplay," Fabian answered. "Make a good full-page spread. Very revealing."

Jimmy snatched the photograph and began to tear it. Junior, Bobbie and Judge helped. Soon it was ripped to tiny bits.

"Glad I have the negative hidden," Fabian said calmly. "Come in handy if you guys step out of line again. Right now, I'd thrash a cherry shake, no mouthwash. And when you pay the bellboy, give him a good tip. I have a feeling you guys will be paying for a lot of things from now on."

—Paul Anthony

Fabian's next is "The Longest Day," 20th...
... breathing ... loving ... you name it, and we talk it. This girl has something to say on every subject. We may go to war on it, but that's okay, too. When we disagree, she'll read up on the subject and come back all recharged with new arguments. She reads well, she thinks well, she has terrific instincts. She's curious about life and longs for experience. She doesn't talk like a little kid or think like one, yet like a kid she's honest and open. There probably aren't twenty-five girls her age in this country who are as mature as Tuesday. Erratic things, sure she does, em, don't we all? Really, the only thing I've seen her flip for is cars, and what's so erratic about that? It's just a stage. But go with her to some joint for a soda and watch strangers try to rattle her. You know the routine—I don't think you're so hot' or 'You movie stars aren't as pretty as your pictures'—and watch her handle them. She's the fastest gun alive, she can deal with these taunts nicely or cutingly—whichever the situation demands. She's the least confused actress in this business, her values are absolutely sound.

"For her birthday," Gary went on, "I gave her a cardigan, one of those fluffy sweaters, bright orange. Unfortunately, it washes out with her face—you know what I mean—so she'll have to exchange it for another color. I don't know anything about girls' sweaters. The last time I bought a present for a girl was when I was in high school—I bought a girl a lamp! I also gave Tuesday some handmade earrings, very modern, white gold. She liked those, Tuesday's not concerned with material things. She's smart enough to realize that happiness is better than nonsense. I've seen her have more fun on fifty cents than anyone else could have on fifty dollars. We'll stop and buy a bunk of strawberries, but she's happy all of it—and some dietetic cola and off we go to the beach at Malibu. She's a good swimmer. While we swim, that dog of hers, Wolf, stands on shore barking at the waves.

"We cook together ... eat together ... read together ... cue each other on scripts ... take long drives. She has a wonderful personality; she's stormy like I am. She wants to be great, I guess we even look a little alike. I'm in love. It's sort of surprising. Girls were never anything special to me, just a key to going somewhere, a party, a blast. Now I've been dating Tuesday for nine months and it's love. With her, love is not just a four letter word—it's the whole alphabet. Ours is not just an affair—it's an adventure."

THINK PINK
Any day now, we'll know if Sandra Dee was right—if it really is a boy for her and Bobby Darin. Sandy's been saying, from the minute she knew she was pregnant, that she would have a son. She was so sure, in fact, that she bought an all-blue layette and thought only of boys' names. Photoplay thought that—just in case—Sandy should also think pink. To help her, we asked our readers to think pink and suggest girls' names. Following are the names that received the most votes:

1. Tammy
2. Sandra
3. Jennifer
4. Diane
5. Debbie
6. Jacqueline
7. Deanna, Candy, Cherry (tied)
8. Theresa
9. Dawn
10. Susan, Kim (tied)

A man at twelve
Gary Lockwood shakes his head and tries to understand what's happened to him. He's twenty-four and there have been plenty of girls in his life. This is a fel-

saw to it that Gary had a chance in movies; "Tall Story," "Splendor in the Grass," "Wild in the Country." Incessant dating was a pattern but it meant nothing. Love was only a word.

That's something he and Tuesday have confessed to each other. Neither of them has ever been in love before and the attachment is nice, it's more than nice, it gives life new meaning. Everyone wants to be loved—every human being, young or old, reaches out for love. They've confessed other things, too. Confidence, for example.

"I guess we're two of the most confident looking people in the world," he says. "This depends, of course, on who is looking at us. Those who like us think we're not confident enough. Those who dislike us think we're too confident. But the fact is, I think confidence is something you build because you're afraid, it's an armor you wear."

They've given each other a great deal of confidence, that's for sure. They've gained in security, Tuesday has changed. She's calmer than I've ever seen her, she isn't the same old girl. She's always bragged that she didn't want people to understand her, but now someone does.

Gary never asked Tuesday to go steady. He didn't have to. She just did. They are very much alike, these two, ambitious about their careers, sensitive, defensive. Their boiling points are low. A lack of understanding. When they were inquiring at the other day when they stopped to have Gary's car washed. Gary had his shoes shined while they waited. Next to Gary was a man with an expensive cigar, having his shoes shined while he waited for his big black Cadillac to be washed. The shoeshine boy knocked himself out on the man's shoes and in return he was given a ten cent tip. That was the last straw. The other day, when they stopped to have Gary's car washed, Gary had his shoes shined while they waited. Next to Gary was a man with an expensive cigar, having his shoes shined while he waited for his black Cadillac to be washed. The shoeshine boy knocked himself out on the man's shoes and in return he was given a ten cent tip. That was the last straw.
GABLE BABY

Continued from page 45

terror. For Mrs. Clark Gable, a mother's worst fears had come true. It was a heart-gripping fear which she will never forget.

"It was almost as if I had received a physical blow," Clark Gable's beautiful widow told me later. "When the man on the phone said they had learned of a plot, that they wanted to steal my baby, I
don't know about. I live for now ... today — tonight — tonight with Tuesday. . . .

"We'll cook dinner at her house tonight, we usually do because we can cook better for the money. Besides, I enjoy goofing around the kitchen. My specialty is a German dish called rosladen, round steak sliced and rolled with slices of pickle, cinnamon, salt, pepper, cheese and bacon, browned, then baked in the oven with mushrooms. But I don't have to cook because, man, this girl of mine can cook, she's almost as good a chef as her mother."

Some nights they go to movies, usually at the Village Theater in Westwood, which was Gary's and mine favorite in the days before we were stars. He likes the Village because they can dress as casually as the college kids do. Gary's anti dress-up. So is Tuesday. They see the movie, stop at Greenblatt's delicatessen to pick up a few sandwiches and then drive along the ocean in Gary's little red Corvette. Warm nights they go for a long drive with Tuesday's massive white police dog — and use Tuesday's silver Thunderbird. Three's strictly a crowd in the Corvette!

A few months ago, they spent their nights at the hospital. Gary did all the talking then because Tuesday had had her tonsils removed and she felt miserable.

It really doesn't matter where these two are, so long as they're together. They hate big parties — they've gone to exactly two: Tuesday went to one for his sake, Gary went to one for hers. They love small parties at the homes of friends like Curt Lewin (Gary's stand-in and friend for ten years), Tom Murphy or Barry Coe. The week they introduced Tuesday to tennis and water skiing. It was a surprise that Tuesday was so athletic. Gary says she has true coordination, excellent rhythm, and can learn anything in the world she wants to learn.

They talk ad infinitum about acting; for they're in love with it as well as with each other. This girl who started as a stony-faced child model (They used to call her "The Rock.") and this boy who escaped from a ranch to football, and would have been all-American if he hadn't injured his knee in a UCLA game, have a lot in common. In acting they both

found they could do something they never dreamed — they found they could project themselves into another personality, they could become someone else. It was exciting! It made up for being something of a lone wolf in a world that often seemed alien. Yes, they have a lot in common — yet, when they met during "Wild in the Country," Gary didn't flip for her at all!

"I wasn't looking for movie stars, he told me. "Then one night I took a date to a party given by a friend with this little blonde. A week or so later, we started working together in the pilot of 'Bus Stop.' It was a great script, great lines, she played the Marilyn Monroe part and I the Don Murray part. We worked well together. As a matter of fact, I was fascinated with the way she works. In one scene, she and I are down a whole quart of milk. I figured she'd react big. The director figured it, too. Well, she didn't. Her reaction was a sort of 'So what?'

"I never even thought about her as a date. Every guy has a type and she just wasn't mine. She was cute looking, sure, but I wasn't interested in her looks. I was interested in something more. I never had an enormous love affair that goes on between Tuesday and the camera. The camera loves her. For all her youth, she has a mysterious technique. In between scenes we talked about everything. I teased her. I called her 'The Monster.' We never did have a date. One night after work as we were going to dinner, she asked if I'd like to come by and have dinner. We talked until one the next morning.

"After that night Gary still didn't ask her for a date. He didn't like the way the people made a fuss over her on the set. As if they were afraid of her. He wasn't going to be in any of that. No indeed. He wasn't getting involved in any of that. Girls are too easy to come by. he didn't have to get involved with a prima donna. But talk to her he did. They smoked a cigarette and talk. His birthday rolled around and she brought him a present — a green sweater. For that he took her to dinner. They never did get around to an actual date.

"They've always hated advice, yet tons of it is constantly heaped on them by well-meaning pals. The only advice they want is from each other. Often, in the beginning. Gary — a kid who worked hard for every nickel he ever had — was tempted by money to say, 'I'll do anything, just give me a script!' But he has a fierce pride, too, and Tuesday, having a fierce pride herself, pointed out to him that money or no money you have to believe in what you do.

"Gary's been up for parts and not gotten them because they've gone to names that matter on the marquee, they've gone to "pretty" boys. Gary's no pretty boy. He has a wide nose and a fighting kind of jaw, a strong face, a stormy face. Tuesday thought not to worry, that she didn't get the kind of parts she wanted at first. Either, "You'll get them," she says. She knows strength pays off on the screen. She's acted with plenty of top talent and, as far as she's concerned, Gary's is top talent. He dreams of playing Hal in 'Picnic,' he dreams of intense, dramatic parts. Meanwhile, everything that happens is training. The goal is art.

"The greatest night they've known together was the night of the Mosiey Ballet."

"We dressed, I'll have to admit," he laughed. "I was absolutely flabbergasted at how wonderful Tuesday looked. Black dress, a few drops of lipstick, and a red and white striped blouse. She was really pale and colorless. I wore my blue suit, my one and only suit, and felt like Gladstone Gander, Donald Duck's nemesis. We were excited just thinking about the ballet, but what we saw was even more exciting. It was enlightened art . . . masculine . . . virile . . . smooth . . . living . . .

"But I won't never forget Tuesday, standing up clapping her hands and shouting 'Bravo!' She'd have thrown hundred dollar bills all over the stage if she'd had them. . . . We felt at once exhilarated and easy, thrilled and ashamed of ourselves because we're so little by comparison. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen and twice as beautiful because I saw it with two pairs of eyes — hers and mine. It was unlike any adventure I've ever had. But then, when I'm with Tuesday, every minute, every night is unlike any adventure I've ever had. I know Tuesday's dated lots of other guys, but I think it's different with me. I hope it is. And I hope it lasts . . . because without Tuesday, I'm lost."

—JANE ARDMORE

Gary can be seen in Warners' "Splendor in the Grass" and on ABC-TV's "Follow the Sun," Sunday, 7:30 P.M. EST. Tuesday's new film is "Bachelor Flat," for 20th.

This business. Suppose something happened? Suppose something went wrong? I'm not the kind who thinks about tomorrow. Tomorrow I don't know about. I
The living room an inviting fire crackled in the fireplace. Soft background music, which Clark had always liked, was coming from the hi-fi in the far corner. Beautiful red Etoile de Hollande roses, a familiar trademark around the Gable house, were arranged about the room. But something new had been added. A husky detective stood quietly in one corner, his alert eyes missing nothing.

Kathleen came out from the kitchen wearing a green cotton cobbler’s apron over her yellow shantung shirtdress. In her hands was a large mixing bowl and a silver spoon.

She waved the spoon at me in greeting. “I’m creating two magnificent lemon cream pies,” she announced. “I’ve got a lot of extra people to feed here today.” We headed back to the kitchen. “On second thought,” Kay commented, “these pies may not be so magnificent—I just remembered, I’m fresh out of whipping cream.”

Kathleen appeared calm and collected as she competently finished up her culinary masterpieces. She was as beautiful and well groomed as always. But there was a strange tense look about her eyes which revealed the great worry and strain she was under.

Some women go dig in the garden when they’re upset. Others scrub floors, knit furiously, sort out bureau drawers. Mrs. Clark Gable heads for the kitchen and starts cooking. “For some reason,” it seems to help me,” Kay explained quietly. “I can’t just sit and wait and wonder. I have to keep my hands busy. As Pa would say, I have to get the job done. He wouldn’t expect me to go all to pieces— he didn’t marry a weak woman.”

Kay smiled softly. “Oh God, how I wish he were here now. He’d take care of this problem for us.”

Kathleen had indeed been kept busy from the moment she first awakened at six in the morning. It was Thursday, October 26th. She’d slept on a bed in John Gable’s study. She had a child’s nurse and a man’s police protection. She had a child of her own. She was a mother. She was a wife. She was an actress. She always followed when his nurse is off. Her two children by her previous marriage to the late Adolph B. Spreckles, II were asleep in another part of the house. As a treat, twelve-year-old Bunker had been allowed to sleep in his mother’s bedroom, while eleven-year-old Joan was in a room across the hall with Helga, their governess.

“My baby was stirring a bit in his crib and I was standing there in my nightgown admiring him when I was startled by the bell from the front gate.” Kay recalled. “I wondered who it could be at such an early hour. I answered over the call box and a man’s voice informed me he was Sgt. Hatch from the police department and that it was important he see me immediately.

Was he telling the truth?

“We’ve always been careful about admitting strangers to the ranch, and particularly so since Clark’s death and the birth of his son. I had no way of knowing if this man was telling the truth. What are you doing at my gate at this hour in the morning? What is so important?” I asked.

“Please, Mrs. Gable,” he replied. “This is very urgent.” Something about his voice told me that it was. He gave me a city hall phone number to call to verify his story. I dialed quickly and was connected with a Sgt. Wooley. By this time I was definitely worried. He assured me Sgt. Hatch was a legitimate officer and had been sent to the house from headquarters.

“What is this all about?” I demanded. My concern voiced in a huff. “What are you trying to tell me?”

“Mrs. Gable,” he began, “are your children all right?” I didn’t wait for anything more. I dropped the phone and ran back to the nursery. My little sweetheart was sleeping just as I had left him. Then I headed for my room to check on Bunker. I never ran so fast in all my life. The surprised look on Bunker’s sleepy little face when I came sprinting into the room was really something. I didn’t stick around for any conversation. I hustled across the hall to Joan and Helga. They were just getting up and they, too, wondered what I was doing flying about like a frantic mother hen—which, come to think of it, was exactly what I was.

“I was out of breath when I hurried back to the phone and the patiently waiting Sgt. Wooley. ‘My children are all fine,’ I said. ‘Now will you tell me what all this is all about.’ Then he explained about the reported kidnap plot and suggested I admit Sgt. Hatch to the house immediately. After quickly putting on a robe I turned the front gate.”

Kathleen smiled slightly as she recalled Treganowan willingly came down to the station for further questioning. He explained he had heard only bits and snatches of the conversation, but it was enough to convince him to call the police. He thought he had heard one of the men remark, “This will make the Gable baby even more famous than his father.”

The men seemed to be discussing a certain back entrance to the ranch and the armed guard permanently employed by Mrs. Gable since John Clark’s birth. Treganowan thought he heard the phrase, “We may have to kill him.” He heard other comments about “the ranch,” “the baby” and “the gate.” The quartet left the restaurant while he was making his call to the police, Treganowan said, and he was unable to get a good look at their car.

Treganowan’s story was enough to cause the police to act. Mrs. Gable’s two attorneys promptly hurried to the station to talk to him. Later, after conferring with Kathleen at the ranch, they hired private guards to further augment the police protection. The agency was instructed to send “good, tough men who know how to shoot.”

By this time the tension and excitement was apparent at the ranch. The phone was ringing constantly. Detectives were coming and going. Reporters and photographers crowded the place. Mrs. Gable was polite, she even offered them coffee. But she was adamant: No interviews, no pictures of the property or the children. In between all this, she helped Helga rustle up breakfast for everyone. “I’m fresh out of a cook right now,” she explained. Martin, the Gable’s devoted houseman, was busy brewing extra coffee for a large crowd. John Clark’s nurse since his birth last March 20th, was obviously worried. Bunker and Joan were bug-eyed over the presence of the policemen and, like any alert youngsters, full of questions.

Bunker, who considers himself the man of the house since the death of his father, was deep-faithful in his mother she could count on him to handle things. “I’ll get Pa’s .45,” he said. “We can shoot them with that.”

Kathleen couldn’t help smiling. “No, Bunker. We’re not going to shoot anybody,” she answered. “The officers and God will protect us.”

Sleeping through most of the commotion was a small, slumbering baby who was the cause of it, John Clark Gable. A beautiful, healthy baby, he bears a striking resemblance to his handsome father. His birth, 124 days after Clark’s death, was undoubtedly the most publicized event of its kind in 1961. It had been Gable’s fondest dream to have a son of his own. It is now his widow’s fondest dream to see the boy grow into a man, that his father would have been proud of.

It was a long, tough day for Kathleen Gable. As darkness fell the tension was definitely telling on her. She relaxed somewhat when the officers assured her that by no means was the danger of any abduction attempt was slight. As we said good night, Kathleen remarked. This horrible day might end in blessing in the near future: “If nothing else, there will be somebody watching over the baby every minute. I will keep extra guards on the property and will always be grateful that my little family is safe.”

—Kendis Rochlen
planning our honeymoon. Boy, were they planning it!

"You know, we've been married five days today! We spent the first three in New York before getting on the plane. Our friends were really great to us. Our first night, Penny Fuller let us use her apartment—she went on the road with the national company of "Toys in the Attic."

Then for the next two nights, some old friends from Northwestern, Susie and Guy Decker, lent us their apartment. They helped us move our bags in, and then Dick and I took off to visit his grandmother. When we floated back, Susie and Guy were gone. They unpacked all our stuff, stocked the refrigerator and disappeared.

"We couldn't get over what great friends they were; they'd really gone all out for us. While we changed clothes, Dick and I kept calling back and forth about how lucky we are to have friends like that.

"I'd just changed shoes and it threw me in a panic—they were so tight. My feet are growing—again!" I groaned. Then I slipped them off and out it poured—rice by the sock-full. When I looked up, there was Dick with a puzzled expression and a flatful of rice he'd just pulled out of his jacket pocket. After that, everything we touched had rice in it—or on it. But Susie and Guy had done such a job with it, you couldn't see it till you felt it. When I took my white nightgown out of one of the drawers, rice poured out of the folds. Whatever we touched, it turned up rice.

"Susie must've bought tons of the stuff: we're still finding it. Before we took off, I called my mother and told her, 'You haven't lost a daughter, you've gained a rice pudding.'

"And that's how our honeymoon started. I couldn't have dreamed it would be so wacky—or so wonderful. So far, we've only had one rocky moment, and that was when I asked the hotel porter if they had any sour pickles in London. Dick turned white—till he remembered that I just happen to like pickles. I always have. After all, we'd only been married three days!

"Right now, we don't know where our honeymoon will end—in Paris, maybe—or when—I hope never! Remember, I told you I'm lucky. There's only one thing I have to worry about while I'm over here. That's not eating too much. It's not that I get fatter—just taller!"

CAL YORK

(Continued from page 16)

excuse will do. We shout and stomp around and make all the wild dramatic gestures. We try to see who can be more impressive and hammy. The winner is the one who makes the best exit. Sometimes it's a tie—when we bump into each other going out the doorway. Then there's nothing to do but start necking.

"We had a terrible fight recently in my apartment and, after it, we had what Dick calls the quiet period. I was in another room, cooling off, and Dick was in the living room watching TV by himself. He was sitting in front of the coffee table and there were still some snacks in front of him that we'd been eating before the great battle. After a while, I came back into the room. 'Are you finished eating?' I asked him. Dick just nodded and kept watching TV. So I picked up the first bowl I came to—it was full of cranberries. I started running around the room, throwing them all over, at the walls, the TV set, the chairs. Finally, I took the bowl and just emptied it on my head. I stood there in front of Dick with cranberries in my hair and coming out of my ears and running down my dress. We both got hysterical. I was laughing so hard I was probably the first do-it-yourself cranberry jelly. Dick was trying to tell me something, but he'd just get out one word and then break up all over again. When I finally got his message, I still pretended I didn't understand. I wanted to hear it again. 'I love you,' he was shouting. 'I love you.'

"Well, when you find a guy who loves you even with cranberries in your hair, what can you do but marry him—if you're lucky.

"And I'm lucky!

"After the wedding ceremony, Dick's parents gave us a small reception at their apartment in Manhattan. Just our two families were there; our friends were busy

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Chinese as in the movie, but Japanese. Latest news of her was that she recently completed a six-months' term in a Hong Kong prison where she was allegedly cured of drug addiction.

About a year ago author Mason returned to Hong Kong to keep a promise he made to Suzie, which is not her real name. That he would return some day and help her if she needed it. But when he came back she was nowhere to be found.

We now learn that "Suzie" is back in Hong Kong making a living in the only way she knows—being charming and friendly to any S. Navy men in cafes. She told mutual friends that she is facing life "with new vigor and hope." She was happy to hear that her friend Mr. Mason did try to find her (about a year ago) and wanted to help her. "Perhaps," she sighed, "he will one day.

The Hollywood stars are reading a book titled "The Real and the Unreal." The author is Bill Davidson, whose byline is familiar to magazine readers. The book reviewers were almost unanimous in their handbilling. They were delighted with his "inside" tales of Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak, Elizabeth Taylor, Fred Astaire and Ingrid Bergman, among others.

But I have a puzzlement. What happened to Mr. Davidson's piece on Marlon Brando? It was scheduled to appear in Look and never ran. Now it isn't included in his new book. Something peculiar about this. Because people who read the galley proofs on The Brando essay said: "It was a helluva piece!"

Bobby Darin rooters will appreciate this true episode about his struggle on The Way Up. It was only five years ago that Bobby and his pal, Dick Roman, were office boys for Borden's Milk Company in New York. Dick got Bobby the job through his father, who worked for that firm. The youngsters would talk about the Big Day when they would make the Big Time in show business.

In 1958 Roman won a $5,000 cash prize on the Arthur Godfrey program. It was the one and only time the genial Redhead gave a money prize. That "win" led to other riches for Dick. He brought TV appearances, records and club bookings.

But what about Darin?

Shortly after Dick's big click, Bobby's "Mack the Knife" recording made show biz history. His night spot bookings established him as a "draw." You could count on Darin to pack the house in any burg in the 50 States. Even in Australia. His TV appearances (then and now) were always entertaining.

Darin's acting in "Come September," a hit picture (in which his wife Sandra Dee was also seen), was an attraction at New York's Radio City Music Hall, headlining the stage portion was Bobby's milk company chum, Dick Roman. The two newcomers saw their dreams (of making The Big Time) come true.

Turn the clock back to 1952. It was shortly after Richard Nixon was elected Vice President of the United States that...

At that time, the inquiring reporter-photographer for The Washington Times Herald asked passers by what they thought of the new Veep.

Among those interviewed was Patricia Nixon, then age 6.

"How do you feel about your Daddy now?" she was asked.

"He's always out," protested the little girl, "If he is so famous now, why can't he stay home?"

Eight years later, the reporter-photographer was to learn that that was the high price a man had to pay to hold public office.

- The reporter-photographer's name? Jacqueline Kennedy.

Director-producer Robert Siodmak was reminiscing about the late Maria Montez. He directed this appealing girl in several pictures. "You know," Siodmak quoted, "Maria couldn't act from here to there, but she was a wonderful personality and believed completely in her roles. For instance, if she was playing a princess you had to treat her like one all through lunch. But if she was playing a slave girl you could kick her around and she wouldn't object. Method acting, you see, before Broadway discovered it."

One of the stars, who is seen more often on the night club platforms these midnights, has had a few husbands. She plans dealing with them all in a book almost completely different which star do I mean? Mitzi Gaynor, Eleanor Powell, Betty Hutton, Linda Darnell, Judy Garland?????

Well, trying to decode the identity may be some fun. So go ahead. She will report (her friends say) that one of her grooms came from a very wealthy clan. His parents gave him a wedding gift of $256,000. Six months later (grooms Our Star) he had gamed it away and started on my money."

Of another husband: "He really never worked a day in his life and never made a dollar while I was his wife. Whenever I suggested that he go out and get a job he looked shocked."

"Money," he would say, "it just wouldn't look right. You earn so much."

Of another former mate: "He was earning almost $75,000 a year but he had to pay $10,000 a month to an ex-wife. I wound up supporting him, the children and, come to think of it, his former wife. When he bought me a house, I felt he was finally trying to do something for me at last. Then I found out he bought it with my money. I didn't wait around much longer."

"The Untouchables" television series started as a two-parter (one-hour program) for CBS. Desilu had no idea it would result in a regular weekly series and be a big hit. It distributed the two-parter as a movie in Europe and South America. Robert Stack, the star of that series, is expected to make feature films again this year. But what we started out to report—mainly to amuse Mr. Stack—was this:

"The Untouchables" (also a hit in Japan) dubs in the voice of Tokyo radio artist Mito Namikura for Stack's role of Federal Agent Elliott Ness.

Namikura has become so successful at it that he bought advertisements in Japanese trade journals announcing his new professional name would be Erict Ness.

Linda Christian, once the wife of the late Ty Power, has been having the sads. She told an interviewer: "As I get older, I ask for kindness more than anything else from a man. I've always rated it important; now I re-rate it essential. And it's a rare quirk, but you know, those men who appear so wonderful and glamorous in the public eye are exactly the reverse in private. And so rarely are they kind."

Linda, I never dreamed you'd do that to me.

Noncensorship Dept: The year's silliest ad censorship (in the campaign against certain film & advertising) was made by a New York newspaper. It was leveled at the British movie "Mary Had A Little." The opposition gazettes ran the adver as submitted by United Artists but The L. A. Times nixed the catchline; "It wasn't the clothes she wore, it was the way she didn't wear them."

That journal's acceptance of the replacement line was even more surprising. Since it contained a word—Sex—generally frowned upon by its three-man censorship board.

The line they accepted was: "Follow the Boys to the Funniest Sex Romp in Years!"

Director William Wyler's explanation of why he enjoys directing movies: "I get to play all the parts!"

Tempus Fugit item: Janet Gaynor came out of retirement a few years ago to play Pat Boone's mother in "Bernardine."

Recently Alice Faye (my leading lady in 1936 in 20th's picture "Wake Up and Live") came out of retirement to play Boone's mother in "State Fair."

Mereless Truth: William Holden's long groan: "I work like a dog. I'll never be able to retire. No actor of my generation can.

Errol Flynn's recipe to combat baldness: "You bend low over a washtub of vodka, and as the blood rushes to your head, you run a brush the scalp vigorously with a stiff brush. In the event of a heart attack, your head hits the vodka in the tub, thereby reviving you."

Errol had a great fear of losing his hair and hardly ever wore a hat.

Sir Laurence Olivier's sassy line: "We used to have actresses trying to become stars. Now we have stars trying to become actresses."

Anna Maria Alberghetti, who had to click in Hollywood before Broadway could be impressed enough (to star her in the hit "Carnival"), has the same appeal you find when Mary Martin is on view. "Carnival" (it was the movie "Lili") attracts large numbers of non-privileged. Probably because the theme has a whole-some quality. But so has Anna Maria.

Ben Gazzara, who filmed "The Young
Doctors” on location in New York, has never worked in Hollywood. Previously he appeared in three other pictures that were filmed in places far from Hollywood.

He made “The Strange One” on location in the south, “Anatomy of Murder” was filmed in the midwest and “The Passionate Thief” was camera’d in Italy.

Broadway star Hume Cronyn will be featured in Elizabeth Taylors forthcoming “Cleopatra.” Cronyn says he often gets queries from youngsters asking counsel on the best way to prepare for a theatrical career.

He advises: “Read as much as you can to get a command of the English language. Also read about to develop articulation and projection.”

Youngsters hopeful of a career in show business just got their money’s worth. Read PHOTOPLAY and Prosper!

Some Hollywood stars will tell you that the informed and “hip” public today makes it all but impossible to use stand-ins and doubles, except in extremely rare cases. The huge screens and powerful lenses make it difficult to fool moviegoers these days and nights.

That’s why you often read about a star getting hurt making a picture.

Mary Astor, who left her mark on the American public via movies, has become a hard-working book writer. Devotes most of her time jotting down things in her home at Malibu. So busy has she been (scribbling things for best-sellers), Mary hasn’t bothered buying any new clothes.

“I don’t need gowns for the beach,” she told friends, “and besides, I never heard of any novel that was improved by an expensive gown.”

The Kennedy satellites who vacationed at Camp Cod and Hyannis Port last summer are still buzzing about this juicy scandal. It starred a famed Broadway and Hollywood star who openly romanced a wealthy widow of fifty. One of his long-ago flames. Their love nest was his top-down convertible.

Bette Davis, who is so good in Frank Capra’s “Pocketful of Miracles,” admitted that she is a “method” actress.

“My method,” said Bette, “is to learn my lines, speak them, get in nobody’s way and take the money straight to the bank.”

“The Hustler,” starring Jackie Gleason, has a theme that calls for more Laughing-Soup to be guzzled than in any film since “Lost Weekend.”

Oddly, the actor who imbibed the least in it was Mr. Gleason, who is renowned for his concoctions at Toots Shor’s and other New York troughs.

Carlo Ponti reportedly told intimates that Mrs. Ponti (Sophia Loren) will never again work in Hollywood. That she is a European actress—that Hollywood “doesn’t know what to do with her” and so she will stay in Yurropp.

Director Vincente Minnelli thinks the (silent days) movie pet Rudolph Valentino would have been a star today.

“Styles in stars change,” Mr. Minnelli said, “but I think Valentino would have been a success today. He had an enormous hypnotic appeal. Among contemporary actors I can think of only Horst Buchholz as having the same sort of dark good looks.”

Vittorio Gassman told reporters that his “sentimental attachment” to actress Annette Stroyberg (who used to be married to director Roger Vadim, who used to be married to Brigitte Bardot) had ended by mutual consent because of differences of personality.

Mr. Gassman, you will recall, used to be wed to Brooklyn’s gift to Broadway and Hollywood, Shelley Winters.

If he wasn’t used to temperament with Shelley, he never will be.

Author Stephen Potter had some remarks about men marrying older women. They are—he said—marrying women in their 40s in much more quantity than they used to. He added that men should only be interested in older women—at least middle-aged women. Wise men, he emphasized, marry them because they know “they will get more value for their money.”

PHOTOPLAY readers may be interested to know the ages of some of their women who appear to be doing well: Martine Dietrich, 57; Deborah Kerr, 40; Ginger Rogers, 51; Rita Hayworth, 43; Vivien Leigh, 49; Joan Crawford, 47; Greta Garbo, 58. THE END

Author Walter Winchell narrates “The Untouchables,” ABC-TV, Thursday, 10 P.M. EST.
Natalie and the movie were touted, promoted and trumpeted with publicity. There wasn’t a nook or cranny in the U.S.A. that was overlooked. But the picture landed flat on its "Morningstar." It never came close to realizing the hopes they held for it.

The apathy with which the picture was received by the critics and the public was a wet blanket smothering Natalie’s chance for stardom. She had slaved for a great triumph and was rewarded with failure. But Natalie had something to console her—her tremendous success in Canada. She had a husband who adored her—she had Bob Wagner.

Natalie and Bob withdrew from public to lead what is usually called a life of wedded bliss. Obscurity, with all the overtones of professional rigor mortis, set in. It seemed as if no one wanted to take a chance on a star who had already eaten everything big, that is. And it seemed as if she couldn’t care less. The Wagners banned magazine publicity for the most part, pleading that they didn’t want to go "the Debbie and Eddie publicity route"—a fanfare street which they were convinced would upset their marriage.

For more than a year they lived happily in a twomile and Bob’s boat at Balboa. The consensus, even among the experts, was that Natalie would, most certainly, do a movie "once in a while." But her spectacular first chance for stardom had fizzled so conclusively, no serious attention was paid to her old dream. And the films she made during this period, "Cash McCall" and "Kings Go Forth," kept them in the dust.

Bob’s career, it should be noted, had slumped badly, too. And to top it off, a movie he made with Natalie, "All the Fine Young Cannibals," was eaten alive by the critics. It was probably the worst failure for each. It was indeed unfortunate they shared it.

During the third year of her marriage, and that of her career, but determined drive, Bob and Nat began to plan and build a home so sumptuous and grand that it "would startle Hollywood."

"If Nat can’t have a spectacular career she is, at least, going to have one hell of a spectacular home," a friend commented. And away went Mr. and Mrs. Wagner to erect a new dream, a house where they would forever remain in opulent togetherness. Some insiders insist that the only thing their dream palace did for them was to break them up. Both Nat and Bob deny it. But there seems to be some significance in the fact that their marriage was finished before the house.

In the spring of 1960, while Bob and Nat were dollar-deep in their dream house, Elia Kazan, one of the country’s top directors, chose her as the lead in "Splendor in the Grass."

And on that one the Fates had another ace up their sleeve for Natalie. For just as surely as "Splendor in the Grass" gave Natalie her second chance for stardom, it gave her her last chance for love.

Her co-star in the film was an unknown but charming young man named Warren Beatty. No one knew much about him except that he was Shirley MacLaine’s brother (a fact he was reluctant to admit), and that he was romancing the somewhat older British actress, lovely Joan Collins.

The rumors didn’t die

When he and Natalie were in New York making the film (Warren and Joan were there most of the time, too) rumors began that Warren and Mrs. Wagner were more than co-stars. The four decided to put an end to the rumors once and for all—they got together for a friendly evening. The rumors subsided—but they didn’t die.

When "Splendor" was finished, Warren went to London for his second film, Joan (who was constantly being put on suspension by her studio because she preferred to be with Beatty rather than on a sound stage furthering her career) went, too. They were reported to be engaged.

The Wagners returned to Hollywood and their dream house. But Natalie didn’t stay idle long—she went after—and got—a role in one of Broadway’s most heralded musical, "West Side Story." Natalie, who had never sung or danced before, was to play Maria, and at a stupendous salary.

She put her heart and soul in the role. For months she practiced, practiced, practiced the dance routines. When she came down with a serious throat infection, it was hinted she’d cancel her health problems and through it all, there were the rumors that all was not happy in that dream house. Of course, the rumors were denied.

Then, in July, 1961—just as the word got out that Natalie was sensational in "Splendor," terrific in "West Side Story," and would surely be a star when they were released to the public—the Wagners were separated.

Even before a community property settlement was signed, the rumors about Natalie and Warren Beatty cropped up again. This time they were so thick and fast they clogged the columnists’ typewriters. Despite frantic efforts by her press agent to put the hush on, it was soon all over Hollywood that Natalie and Warren were the hottest thing since pizza. From London, where she had finally accepted a film role, Joan Collins announced that her engagement to Beatty was broken. (Joan is now dating Bob Wagner in London!!!)

When the community property settlement was signed last August, it was hinted that Natalie would fly to Mexico, divorce Wagner and marry Beatty. She didn’t.

In September, when Warren had to go to Florida for "All Fall Down," Natalie threw convention to the winds and flew down to Florida to be with him. It was reported that when he finished his work there, they flew to one of the nearby balmy Bahama islands for a weekend. In October, they both showed up in New York City.

Remember, when Natalie wants something, she goes after it tooth and nail—and she gets what she wants. There is no doubt that Natalie wants Warren.

"Sure Natalie’s wild about Warren," said one of her friends. "But it’s not quite what you think. You see, it’s true that she is burning with the desire to become a great, really great actress. Now you cannot have a fire like this going inside you without having it affect your personal life. No one knows this better than Nat. And I think the thing that frightens her most is that she is now so dedicated to that goal that she will miss all the joys of being a woman. The only thing I fear for her is that his love might not be as permanent as hers."

Which brings us to the very ungentlemanly question: Is Warren as much in love with Natalie as she is with him? We wonder.

Despite his boyish innocence at twenty-four, he is no baby when it comes to beautiful women.

"I’m too old to date like the high-school kids and I’m much too young to get married," he said recently—though he was supposedly both engaged to Joan Collins.

It is that "in between" behavior of his that has half the beautiful young hearts in Hollywood quietly screaming for more of the same.

"Mr. Beatty," says one of his tearful, tossed-away toys, "is interested in only one thing. Oh, he likes to dabble with a girl's intellect and he is quite put out if she doesn't have a big brain— but believe me, his hobby is sex. Falling in love with him is like submitting to a Chinese torture. The competition was too much. But the thing that burns me—is what has Natalie got that I haven’t?"

Moody, broody Beatty

It’s no secret that Natalie’s competition, too, is formidable. Jane Fonda has not hidden the fact that she thinks Beatty is the "sexiest" and that she is eager to see him again. Another actress, now engaged to a wealthy young man, would reportedly give up every shiny dime in return for a moody, broody Beatty.

One of Natalie’s confidantes claims that "four out of six phone calls he gets at home or at the studio are from women trying to get next to him. And he loves 'em all."

All of this Beatty flora and fauna adds up to a frightening assignment for any girl—especially Natalie Wood.

For we know what Natalie—and all Hollywood—knows:

A beautiful, ambitious movie star gets two chances at love—her first and her last. Bob Wagner was Natalie’s first chance for love. Warren Beatty is her last.

A simple history of movie marriages reveals that if successful women of glamour do not find true love by their second marriage, they seldom find it at all. Take Warren Beatty. Ava Gardner, Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis—they are only a few who yearned desperately to find men to match their hearts. And after two or more marriages—they’re still looking.

One Beverly Hills psychiatrist has watched Natalie’s growth with an interest that is as much personal as it is clinical. "Miss Wood seems to be an interesting example of twin personalities," the doctor pointed out. "Her struggle, obviously, is between her heart and her mind. The battle is common in career women."

"Her heart is Miss Wood the woman; her intellect, Miss Wood the actress."

"But rarely have I seen the two sides so evenly balanced. It is this very equality that sometimes causes the problems. Most women in this situation suddenly discover that their yearning for the love of a man is stronger than their most important drive they may experience.
a matter of fact, one of his fans recently asked me if I knew him.

The fan was a young man in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, a city in the heart of Africa—where every day men are being asked to decide between the forces of East and West. That young man’s decision, along with those of his fellow Africans, may eventually tip the balance of world power toward either communism or democracy... perhaps even toward war or peace.

What would that fan think, I wondered, if he could see this newspaper headline? Would he still be as fond of his idol?

Would he be as fond of America?

You know, I almost didn’t go to Salisbury. It was to be one of the first stops on my recent personal appearance tour around the world, but at the last minute I was warned: “Stay away! There’s trouble!”

The danger was real. There’d been rioting in the streets of Salisbury, martial law had been declared, and the British were sending in soldiers to keep the peace. The violence had been triggered by a referendum that was to be held in order to broaden the people’s voting rights.

I decided to ignore the warnings. My show had been advertised for several weeks and I didn’t want to let anyone down. But I’ll admit I was a little scared as my plane circled the Salisbury Airport. I’d been told that one of the factions in the constitutional battle might use my arrival as an excuse for staging a demonstration of some kind. And with an excited mob crowding onto an airport landing strip, any incident—a smashed sign, a shouted insult—could ignite a riot.

Plan to kidnap

There was another kind of incident that might cause trouble, too. I remembered what had happened at the airport in Johannesburg only a week before. Some young engineering students, wearing coveralls like those of an airline ground crew, had almost tricked me into taking a “ride” with them in a truck that turned out to be stolen. They claimed they just wanted to take my picture, but I learned later that they’d actually been planning to kidnap me and take me to their college outside Johannesburg as a “prank.” I’m sure I didn’t mean any real harm, but an innocent stunt like that could misfire if it were tried in the tense atmosphere of Salisbury. The result could be confusion leading to accidental violence.

Although I was worried, I decided to wear casual vacation attire on my flight to Salisbury. I stepped off the plane wearing just as I’d left the hotel: a jaunty hat, candy-striped jacket and white slacks. But I kept a far from casual eye peeled for any unusual occurrences.

As the crowd saw me, they let out a roar so loud I stopped in my tracks. As the shouting subsided, I continued on down the landing ramp. I was sending in my mind, the ground, I heard a shrill scream a few feet away. I turned nervously to see what it was.

“Eeew! It’s really ‘im!” a girl was shouting, and suddenly she thrust an autograph book toward me. With a sigh of relief, I scribbled my name and pushed my way forward through the crowd, stopping every few steps to sign another book.

Satisfied, a group of people wearing
military-looking helmets and green overalls came through the crowd. I wondered—was this another prank, or worse yet, was it the start of some kind of demonstration? They looked like teenage boys, but as they came closer I saw that there were girls' faces under those helmets! Their leader came right up to me and began to shout, trying to make herself heard above the crowd. Finally I understood what she was saying.

"We're the Vespa Scooter Girls!" she said. "We're the honor guard that's supposed to accompany you to your hotel!"

Right then I stopped worrying, and felt a little sheepish. I seemed to be more tense than the crowd was! Quickly my distrust melted. This wasn't exactly like home, yet somehow the people seemed the same. I grinned, thanked the girl and walked through the rest of the crowd with what I felt was perfect grace, helping the police clear a path for me. At the terminal we all posed briefly on motor scooters—you should have seen me on mine!—then I got into a waiting car with my manager and the rest of our party, and the Scooter Girls escorted us to the hotel without incident.

From that point on I was too busy to worry about political riots or anything else. I held a press conference at the hotel that night and did a TV show. The next day I shopped, had a party for the local band and sang before 10,000 people at a local stadium. After that there was a children's hospital to visit, and the day was over. I hadn't seen any fighting—or friendly people and courtesy everywhere.

The next day I was packing in a hotel room when I heard a knock at the door. It was a bellboy with the morning papers, which featured stories of our visit on the front page.

"I thought there was supposed to be a lot of fighting and rioting here in Salisbury," I told him as I glanced at the papers.

"Yes, sir," he said, "But that was before yesterday...." 

"What happened yesterday?"

**Politics took a back seat**

"Why, there was all the excitement over your arrival, sir. You see, everybody was so excited that an American film-star that the political side sort of took a back seat. I guess nobody had time to argue. Instead, we were all talking about your show on TV last night and the one today at the stadium."

"You're not kidding me?" I asked, hardly able to believe my ears.

"Yes, sir. You know, I didn't go to the cinema over here. And if it's not out of order, could you tell me if you know my favorite star—" And he mentioned the actor who got arrested in Palm Springs. I told him I didn't know him personally, but agreed that he was a very fine actor.

"I'm glad you think so, sir," he said. "And may I say it was a pleasure talking to you. You know, I—"

"I've always wondered if you Americans really cared about us over here, or even knew about our country. That's why I was so glad to see a performer like yourself taking the time to come visit us. I hope many more come over, and... who knows... maybe I'll get to America someday...."
Had we made a mistake in daring, as outsid-ers, to break down the barriers between races? The evening would tell the story.

The manager of the Ice dream came up to me: "Is it a terrific crowd, Pat. Over 5,000 people are waiting for you out there!"

Waiting for me. But were any of them harboring a secret grudge? Would there be any racial agitators in the audience?

I peeked at the crowd through a hole in the curtain. There they were, Negroes, Indians, and Puerto Ricans, standing in separate sections—but the fact that they were in the same theater at the same time was unique for Durban. I hoped everything would go well.

The opening acts went on to tremendous applause, and we were all encouraged. Then, after the intermission, it was my turn. I heard someone say, "True! You're on!" and I went on. That was it. There it was again—the applause. I'd never been so glad to hear it, never been so grateful.

Somehow words seemed inappropriate—so I went right into "April Love," a song from one of my movies. At the end of the number, the applause came across the footlights, full and strong. But by the time the strain was over, I realized that the audience deserved the true applause. They deserved it for adjusting beautifully to a situation that must have seemed strange to many of them.

As I left the Ice dream that night, in a strange city and a strange country, I couldn't help wondering—if one enter-tainer can help bring different races to-gether, how can all entertainers fight the barriers of the world?

When my trip was finished and I was back in Beverly Hills with my family, the temptation was to forget about the rest of the world, to forget about what I'd seen and concentrate on my work. But I couldn't forget. I knew that as long as the Russians were testing atomic bombs in Siberia, as long as Russian dancers and singers were touring the world in a highly successful effort to win friends for their way of life through their talent, I couldn't forget—for my own safety, for my family's safety, for the world's safety.

That's when I decided that if I couldn't do anything about the Russians' bombs, at least as an entertainer I could fight talent with talent. But I couldn't do it alone. Only a whole group of performers working for a single cause could do it.

After I'd torn up my first letter to the President, I sat for a long while at the desk in my den, trying to figure out exactly what entertainers like myself might do to help bring about world peace—and above all, to help prevent war.

The first thing I realized was that others had already done much in the right direction. Danny Kaye, with his travels for the United Nations children's organization, has worked wonders in fostering world understand-stand and promoting good will toward our country. And when I was in Manila during my trip, I saw the terrific show Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Shirley MacLaine and other stars had put on to celebrate Philippine Independence Day. Nearly 20,000 people sat and stood (the stadium seated only 5,000) in a downpour to watch the many American stars who had come so far to show them that America cared.

We need more of this. And I think I know how it can be done, on a scale as yet untried. I'm working on a new letter to the President, setting forth this plan: Let's have entertainers present their services to the government once a year, for a period of a week to a month. During that period he'd travel wherever the govern-ment wanted him to go, doing whatever his specialty might be—singing, dancing, telling jokes, acting in dramatic sketches. And, above all, meeting the people. If he was to make the first step, then he could give interviews to the local press, tour children's hospitals, visit schools—anything that would help promote friend-ship and understanding between other na-tions and our own. He wouldn't have to keep saying, "I'm American—every-one would know that. And if he made a hit it would mean that he'd be helping to make our nation pop-u-lar. After all, here in this country we don't forget that Maurice Chevalier is French, that Sophia Loren is Italian, that Cantinflas is from Mexico. And when we admire their art, we admire their country just a bit more, too. That's what I want American entertainers to achieve for America.

Entertainers For Peace

All these activities could be coordinated by a special organization that would be set up by the government. Call it Entertain-ers For Peace, for example.

Would the stars be paid? That would depend on their situation. In fact, if they had their own professional organizations, their activities with their government service, that would be all right, too. For instance, if there had been such an organization during my trip, I could easily have com-bined good will appearances for the gov-ernment with my own performance sched-ule. In fact, the performances themselves would have tied in with the whole plan perfectly. On another tour, if a star wouldn't ordinarily be going abroad, he might team up with several others into a troupe, with their expenses paid either by the stars themselves or by the govern-ment. Individual theatrical companies have already traveled this way, but never as a part of an organized effort extending through all of our business.

Actually payment details could be easily worked out if everyone got behind the plan. And in a very real sense, every star would be paid, whether or not he re-ceived actual money for his services. He'd be paid by having his audience enlarged from millions to hundreds of millions. He'd be paid in unforgettable experiences that enrich his talent and enhance his talent. He'd be paid in new understanding that would make him grow as a person.

Above all, he'd be paid in the satisfac-tion of helping his country at a time when no effort for peace should be left untried, no chance to help America ignored.

Entertainers For Peace. I like that name. Maybe that should be it. In any case, I'm going to show him the plan, and I sincerely hope he'll see fit to act on my suggestion. If he does—well, you'll be reading about it.

And if he doesn't, who knows? Maybe an even better idea to help America will come from you.
fascinating director or patrician playboy," he promised even before Liz arrived in Rome. "We’re already getting things lined up."

He oozed confidence because, despite all the protections and precautions taken against them, he and his henchmen had never failed in the past to get their juicy scandalous pictures.

They’d discovered Brigitte Bardot up and down the lakeside beach at Spoleto, getting spicier and spicier pictures of the bikini-clad actress. Brigitte thought she was safe from them ninety miles outside Rome, but she was wrong. They sped out to Spoleto on fast motorcycles and faster cars and hound her all day.

When she tried to slip away from them one day, they really fixed her. She had jumped into a rowboat with Louis Malle, her director, and headed out for a little island in the lake. The paparazzi scrambled into canoes and paddled after her.

Krosenko’s lieutenant, Bonifazi, jumped from his canoe into Brigitte’s boat. He raised his $400 camera to take a shot. She grabbed it and hurled it into the lake. Then he slugged her, making sure that his back wasn’t to the other cameras, and that they could shoot all the action.

Malle rowed back to the beach. The canoe fleet followed. On shore, lifeguards dragged Bonifazi away, but not before he said coolly, “Brigitte had better pay for that camera. Otherwise we’ll take even spicier pictures of her.”

Despite all attempts to restrain them, the paparazzi had been successful in recording each stage of the off-again on-again off-again romance of Prince Filippo Orsini and actress Belinda Lee; in shooting the knock-down drag-out squabbles of actor Edmund Purdom and Alicia Darr; in setting up and stage-managing a series of titilating night-club incidents involving John Barrymore, Jr., and of actually scal- ing the walls of the hospital and storming the corridors outside the room where Ingrid Bergman was giving birth to Roberto Rossellini’s illegitimate child.

Ingrid—a hunted woman

To this very day, Krosenko and his gang stick close to Ingrid whenever she comes to Rome. Recently the usually calm Swedish star blew her top after the flashbulb mob descended on her. “For a week, they haven’t given me a moment of res- pite,” she said. “They shadowed me in restaurants, during walks with my children, in my brief moments of shopping. They waited for hours in front of my house. I would never return to Italy if it weren’t for my desire to see Roberto, Isabella and Isotta.”

One of the paparazzi insisted on taking a picture of Anita Ekberg’s leg. She’d had the leg in a cast and was recuperating. Anita refused to let him shoot the pic-

Liz was a challenge!

But Liz Taylor was another story, the greatest challenge the paparazzi had ever faced. She would be guarded day and night, and whenever she was off-duty, her chauffeur, Eddie’s driver, would be on the job. No matter how they tried, no matter what they offered, Liz always said, “I’ve always hated having my picture taken,” and was determined not to be photographed. So it was up to them to break through her guard and to overcome her resistance. Ingenuity, surprise, money, ruthlessness. They would do it.

When Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher boarded Pan American World Flight PM 420 from New York to Rome, they were known on the plane, and the paparazzi had been able to sell and re-sell every picture they shot at the party.

Liz versus the paparazzi

But Liz refused to cooperate. In the battle between the paparazzi and herself, she won the first round.

She also won Round Two. Try as they did, they were unable to get inside the walls of Liz’ fourteen-room villa (seven of them off the garden terrace of a small park, just adjoining the Moroccan embassy on the old Appian Way. They couldn’t scale the walls, they were unable to bribe the maids, butlers, drivers, gardeners, bodyguards or Liz’ personal hairdresser. They couldn’t get a glimpse of the villa, the gardens, the tennis court or the swimming pool. Even Eddie’s Rolls-Royce, parked in the driveway, was out of sight.

So they paced up and down outside, and the only sign of life from inside was the barking of dogs, the meowing of cats and the chattering of Liz’ pet monkey, which was brought along at the last moment.

But the paparazzi were patient and re- soved. If they couldn’t get her at home, they’d try to get her at the restaurant, in the theater or at the studio.

On the first day that she reported for costume tests, the photographers were waiting. Hundreds of them. Joe Man- kiewicz took one look at the mob of paparazzi and other photographers and ordered that the guard protecting the gates at Cinecitta be increased tenfold. By afternoon there were twelve officers at every gate.

Liz Taylor had won Round Three. A few days later Liz viewed the rushes of the tests taken for color background and photogenic effects. She had tried on sixty of the 120 costumes she wears in “Cleopatra,” ranging from the tights of 24-carat gold to the embroidered with seed pearls and brilliants, to the beautiful headdress of gold and semi-precious jewels, but she didn’t like what she saw.

The costumes were beautiful, but she had put on too much weight during her convalescence after her illness at The London Clinic. She and the producers agreed: She’d have to go on a strict diet and lose pounds. The picture would have to be postponed a week.

This time, however, Liz did not escape the paparazzi. Somehow a few of them had sneaked into the studio. One had even gotten in disguised as a cleaning woman. For all his wig and mop, he was discovered
The battle rages on

But Kroschenko and his gang won't be satisfied with anything less than a knockout. Pictures that show she's a little heavy, photos taken of her at a bad angle, unflattering shots—that's not enough. The spicy shot, the faked shot, the scandalous shot—that's what they're aiming for.

It doesn't matter to them that Eddie, when told there was a rumor going around Broadway saying he and Liz were splitting, replied, "It's silly. Preposterous. It's a good story to put Elizabeth to sleep with."

They don't care that at another time, when he heard gossip about a rift in his marriage, Eddie said, "Right now we're terribly happy. Tomorrow—who knows? But right now we're happy!"

They ignore the fact that when asked to tell about her marriage, Liz recently said, "Can't you tell we're in love? . . . We have all the obvious things of a happy marriage. It's a necessity of the heart. We'd be terribly empty apart."

To the paparazzi, truth is meaningless. Only the compromising, sensational picture counts.

They are patient. The winter will be long. Their path will go by before "Cleopatra" is finished. During that time—somewhere, somehow—they are certain they will be able to produce the "other man," to take the shot that will "prove" Liz and Eddie's marriage is on the rocks.

Just one knockout blow, that's all it takes. Until that time the paparazzi wait and watch.

—Jim Hoffman

You can see Liz and Eddie starring in "Butterfield 8" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

GEORGE MAHARIS

Continued from page 49

feminine in the beginning, I wouldn't have had to hit her.

"I was sorry I did it because I didn't prove of hitting somebody weaker than I am—but this girl deserved it. She should have realized she was a girl, and she should not have provoked me.

"I feel strongly on the subject of unfeminine women. I hate them.

"Girls who don't like a strong man usually stay away from me. They sense my strength and avoid me. It's better that way. I don't want to waste my time with them, and they'd be wasting their time on me.

"Let's face it. I'm different! Most of the girls who like me do so because I am different. I'm strong and unbounding. Sometimes girls can't quite believe this so they try to do battle with me. But it never works. They have to give in or I throw them out.

"I believe a woman wants to be dominated so I don't shy away from the job. I am willing to do the dominating. In any relations with a girl, I'm the captain, I give the orders.

"I know I've been thought of as a cave man, and I've lost girls because of it. But, although this may sound immodest, when I lose a girl, it's before our romance really starts. The girls who object to me because I'm strong are the kind of girls who prefer weak men. If that's what a girl wants, that's okay with me. And there are plenty of weak men around.

"When I'm with a girl, I run a dictatorship. She can talk all she wants, have all

—Giorno

the opinions she wants and I'll listen—but I make the decisions. I don't treat a girl like a man, and I certainly don't want her to treat me like anything but a complete man.

"Now when I go out with a woman, I don't want her to forget that I'm taking her out, she's not taking me out. I don't want to see her money. I don't believe in Dutch treat.

"I wear the pants"

"On a date, I drive the car. I refuse to let my date drive me. Once when I went out with Inger Stevens, because my car was in the garage being fixed, we went in her's. I said I wanted to drive her, and she said, 'I never let anybody drive my car.' Well, I told her, 'Listen, I wear the pants in this car, and I'm driving!'

"She had to let me drive, or I'd have walked out.

"When I date, it is a private meeting between a man and a woman, it's not a gimmick to be seen in glamour restaurants. I want to be alone with my date. I don't want to share her and I don't want to be stared at. That's why I date in out of the way places that don't have photographers and columnists hanging around.

"I've seen those phony show business dates—the kind where an actor and actress pretend to talk to each other while their eyes roam all over the place looking for more important people to contact. When they find somebody better, they'll often ditch their date and go off with the new person. I don't go for that stuff. When a girl's with me, she's got to be with me one hundred per cent.

"Since I travel constantly for 'Route 66,' I'm not in one place long enough to develop any big romances, but I have dated some of the girls who have guested on our series. That's how I got to know Inger Stevens and Deborah Walley.

"Like Inger. She has a heart as big as the world. I've always had the feeling she needs me.
She's the kind of a girl who haunts you. You get up in the morning thinking of her and her only. You want to do things for her. It's a great feeling.

"Inger and I never went out to fancy places, we just sat around and talked. She's the kind of girl who listens with her big, blue eyes. She gives me the feeling that she's a sort of trusting child to whom you can say, 'I have four legs,' and she'd believe you.

"I took her to a party once, and a columnist saw us. He recognized her, but not me. He took her aside and asked, 'Who's that guy?' I should have punched him in the nose, but I didn't.

"I don't see Inger much now because she got very sick and went back to Europe. I promised to write. But I didn't. It's very hard to write letters. I have no patience and I hate the sight of my handwriting. I have to write and rewrite a letter, and the more I rewrite it the mushier it becomes. So I keep tearing it up and rewriting it. I'm the kind who even rewrites a post card. I don't type. In fact, I can't do any of those secretarial things. I can't stand them.

"I've phoned Inger. And you know, I've gotten nobody, and they're not in. I won't leave my name.

"I called Inger at the 20th studio one day. The person answering the phone on the set asked, 'Who's calling?' and I said, 'Nobody.' Then they asked, 'Is this Rod?' I got so mad I hung up.

"Inger called me when she heard what happened. She knew right away it must have been me who called. I was angry at the rumors she was dating Rod Taylor, and when she called I asked, 'What's this junk about Rod Taylor?' And she said, 'No, there's nothing there.'

"Inger is always telling me to calm down. She says you're like a coil spring hitting its head against a stone wall with the energy of an atom bomb.'

"'I didn't actually propose'

"I've thought of marrying Inger, but I'm the kind of a guy who can't propose marriage in the conventional way. When I was thinking seriously of marrying her, I told her bout the kind of a broad I'd like to marry,' and she said, 'You're so romantic, George.'

"Of course, I made sure I didn't actually propose. That's because I have a lot of respect for marriage. When you marry and children ensue, it's a serious business. I couldn't walk away from a woman if I fell out of love with her, but I wouldn't want to walk away from children.

"I'm wild and impulsive about a lot of things—but not marriage. It's too serious. I'm basically a rebel, and I know it. For instance, I cannot live within the church, so I couldn't marry a girl who's strongly religious. I know she'd never be happy with me if I didn't go along with her religion. I was once in love with a girl who was a strict Catholic, and I knew I couldn't accept that. We broke up.

"Now let me tell you about Deborah Walley. I knew her before I met Inger. I met Debbie on the set of our show in Knab, Utah. It was the fourth segment we made. Debbie is French, with French upbringing and background. She's a very sweet girl, with big blue eyes. (I guess many red-haired girls ask me why don't I like redheads, and I tell them the truth, 'I don't like the smell.'

"Now I didn't tell Debbie that ordinarily I don't like the smell of redheads. It's nothing personal. It's just that there's something about the skin type—the thin skin and the freckles—that I don't like. The ones I really can't stand are the orange-red type of redheads.

"I guess I have a nose that's too sensitive. Why, I even smell food before I eat it. I like to smell a girl. (Now I can smell Inger any time.) I can tell the color of a girl's hair with my eyes closed, just by smelling her. When I was visiting Italy, I could tell if a girl was Roman or Sicilian just by her smell.

"A girl's shape is important, too. I like voluptuous girls, no thin ones. I've never liked girls who wear too much makeup. I like to see a girl's skin. I like to smell her hair and touch it, too. I hate hair that feels as if a rat has made a nest there.

"I like to see girls without their girdles on. I like to admire the lines of a girl's body, and I hate the girls who jam their body into a corset so that they look like plasters of Paris.

"I'm a Girl Watcher from way back, and I'm anxious when a girl resents a fellow who ogles her appreciatively. She should be flattered.

"Voice is important to me. When I meet a girl for the first time, I usually

bad habit of mine!) because I'm too busy smelling the girl, sizing her up, studying her clothes, etc. She's doing, how she's moving and how she speaks.

"I'm bad at names, because I'm too busy doing too many things to listen to the name. I can know a girl very well and call her by the wrong name. I can remember every little detail about a girl—except her name.

"I don't go for this coy boy-girl stuff. I believe in very frank, outspoken relationships. I want the girl to always be truthful with me. I can tell when a girl is keeping a secret from me. I have a way. I question her or suggest something, and then I watch her eyes. I catch her off-guard and find out what I want to know. A girl's lips may lie, but her eyes tell the truth.

European vs. American girls

"When I went to Europe, I had a chance to study European girls. Abroad, the girls are more interested in knowing what a man is, caring for him and pleasing him. Foreign girls may work for a living, but they are not like American business girls. In Europe the girls revolve around their men; in America, it's their jobs.

"European men are different from American men, too. In Paris, the men stay two hours in the barber shop. They're proud of their appearance. They're regular peacocks! I think American men should pay more attention to grooming, too. They should not be afraid to strut like peacocks, and they ought to get away from gray, drab clothes.

"I strut. A man should be a man. But I am a man, the more the girl takes on masculine traits. And that's tragic.

"I love women, and I have a definite conception of my 'ideal Woman.' She is aware of herself. She knows her feminine qualities. She is born to earth, fresh out of water, so she's natural and outspoken. She's a human being who knows where she can help. She's sensitive to a man's need. She can cook. She is willing to have seven or eight kids. She'll make the feel she needs me.

"She will find me outspoken, definite, aggressive, fair. I'm vitally interested in people, and I'm keyed up all the time, and she'll try to understand that. She'll want to stay at home, although we might agree for her to continue working, if she wants, until the kids arrive.

"If she's an actress, then we'll have to reach an understanding on what to do with her career if we have children. She'll be the kind of woman who won't believe in divorce, and who will join me in making sacrifices for the sake of our kids.

"She'll be the kind of girl who'll be willing to talk out our differences frankly, openly, honestly.

"She should not be shocked when I propose, because it won't be the conventional 'Will you marry me?' I'm the kind who'll say, in an offbeat way, 'Let's go to the barber,' or 'I need a cook and washwoman.'

"And I will never smack her... unless she forgets she's a woman and tries to act like a man!"

-Paul Denis

George Maharis can be seen on CBS-TV's "Route 66," Friday, 9:00-9:30 P.M. EST.
the star that people see on the screen that I love. I cannot bear it, when I'm embracing her, to think of all of the leering millions who would like to be in my place.

The gently chiding voice of the father, Louis Bardot, whose poem—one of many he has written to her since she was born—won a top award in France: "Pretty, light shepherdess, I think you exaggerate. Lover, husband, children are not enough for you."

The admiring yet ironic voice of the famous producer, Raoul Levy: "Although she has become a sort of universal sex symbol, that is not really her at all. She is a good girl—always loyal to the man she is going with at the moment! Why, she has gone with the same fellow for at least ten months!"

The brutally direct and honest voice of Bardot herself: "I want there to be no hypocrisy, no nonsense about love. . . . What do I prefer in a man? Mouth, teeth and sincerity."

No hypocrisy, Roger Vadim, her discoverer, her first husband and still her good friend says: "She cannot lie."

Brigitte herself echoes this: "Oh, make sure you understand that I don’t act," she says, "What you see on screen is me. What I do in the films is really me in real life... I am sexy but at the same time I am anti-sexy. I am a woman but at the same time I am a little girl. I am always two persons at the same time."

Girl? Woman? Girl-woman? Can we accept Brigitte’s own confession as true? Why would any woman want to remain a little girl? What does being a little girl mean to Brigitte Bardot?

The hopeless start

A little girl . . . frizzy hair; large teeth; thick, puffy lips; dented pig nose; long, gangling, awkward figure. "I’m ugly," she’d tell herself as she squinted at herself through her thick eyeglasses in the mirror. "Ugly!"

Mama was beautiful and elegant. Mama owned a dress shop and knew all about fashions and clothes and beauty.

She could never be like the glamorous ladies in the shop. She would never be like Mama.

Not that Mama didn’t try to make her beautiful; she did. But it was hopeless. Mama just refused to see her for what she was. Ugly. Hopeless.

Years later, she still recalls this period with pain. "It is true I am never really well groomed," she says, "When I was a young girl this made me the despair of my mother. She used to take away my dessert and force me to go out."

Sometimes, she would be sent to her room. Yet somehow that punishment wasn’t so bad. Brigitte’s room became a place where she could pretend. There was one doll there she called "Mama." Mama never went to work. Mama didn’t nag her about her chores or her looks. Mama took her to dancing school, watched her as she practiced her ballet steps and applauded as she whirled around the stage school in a fluffy, dance costume.

She named another doll "Papa." Papa begged her to go outside and play with the other children. Papa told her all about boys and encouraged her to bring boys over to the house. Papa didn’t mind at all when she sang and danced and made noise. She could talk to Papa. He was her friend.

She had some toy soldiers she pretended were "boys." In her games she didn’t know what to do with them. When she put make-believe words in their mouths, what they said was stillled and peculiar. Most of the time she didn’t make them talk at all. Who knew what boys said?

Her fuzzy bears were "girls." They also didn’t do much talking. What do girls say to each other? What do girls say to boys? Most of the time, the bears were lined up opposite the soldiers and they just stared at each other in silence.

When she was thirteen, her body was still small and stringy. Her mother made her wear sailor hats with wide brims and prim little collars, and she was miserable. The only things she really liked were her ballet classes—she felt free, somehow, whirling and gliding around the stage and her own room, where she could pretend that Mama and Papa loved her and her own parents loved children in books, and she could try to figure out what the soldier-boys might say to the bear-girls and what the bear-girls might say back.

She was ashamed

Suddenly, she was fourteen, and her mirror showed her something was wrong. Her hips and legs were pudgy and her chest was round. She was confused. She was ashamed.

Then something amazing happened. One of her mother’s friends saw her in the shop and asked permission to have her model some clothes. And her mother, proud that at last she might learn to wear fashionable dresses, actually said "Yes."

She herself wanted to say "No." She was ugly. She was fat. She’d make lovely dresses look horrible. Besides, she’d meet soldiers—no, that wasn’t right, men, and she wouldn’t know what to say.

The night before her first modeling assignment she chose one toy soldier and called him "the man." Then she selected one bear and said, "You’re me—Brigitte," She tried to imagine what the man would say but she couldn’t think of any words. Then she attempted to put words into Brigitte’s mouth, but nothing came out.

She needn’t have worried. Mama was with her the next day and on all the other days that followed during the next two years, when she modeled dresses and posed for photographers . . . and Mama spoke for her.

Mama also did the speaking for her when Marc Allegret, the movie director, asked her to take a screen test. Mama was so busy talking, in fact, that she failed to notice the way an assistant director, Roger Vadim, was looking at her fifteen-year-old daughter. Mama was so intent in objecting to Allegret’s suggestion that her daughter change into a form-revealing...
bathing suit that she didn’t see how Roger stared at Brigitte and how the girl blushed.

Many times in the future Brigitte was to recall this day, “I thought he was like a young god,” she said, “I hardly dared look at him, I had been brought up under the watchful eyes of my parents and my governess, and I was scared whenever he looked at me. And yet, inside me, something was happening.

“I was afraid of falling in love with him and yet did not hope that he could love me with my plain-jane face. But after we met in the studios a few times, he phoned me and asked me to dinner, I went, and I stayed with him till six in the morning.”

Mama was appalled. Papa was horrified. They didn’t know she’d stayed out till six in the morning (neither of her parents had heard her sneaking up to her room that night.) ‘I’m six years older than she and a member of the world, movie-making crowd. When she said she was in love with Roger and wanted to marry him, Papa thundered, “You must never see him again.”

The unattainable dream

That night Mama and Papa and Bri-Bri went out for a while. When they returned, Brigitte was lying on the kitchen floor, gas jets of the stove open and windows closed. Papa Bardot picked her up and carried her into another room. At last she regained consciousness.

Yes, she concedes, it was Vadin whom she wanted to marry; yes, he could move into their apartment with her and share her room. Anything, anything at all, as long as they didn’t get married until she was eighteen.

So Roger found a place with Brigitte among the dolls and bears and soldiers. Years later, Mama and Papa Bardot said piously, “We’re certain nothing immoral occurred.” So for two years, at least, everything was acceptable on the surface. Vadin was a “friend of the family” and a “paying guest” in the Bardot household.

On September 28, 1952, Brigitte became eighteen years old. Three months later she and Roger were married.

The girl who needed a childhood was suddenly a woman. On the day of her marriage Roger whispered to her, “One day I will make you, Brigitte Bardot, the unattainable dream of every married man.”

Almost overnight she had left the safe, secure world of her own room and was plunged into the wide, difficult world of womanhood. She still didn’t know how a fuzzy feel of a toy soldier, and Roger didn’t help her much. Like Mama, he talked at her and through her but not to her. He treated her as if she had the body of a woman and the mind of an adolescent, and this was the image he taught her to project on the screen.

It wasn’t hard really. She didn’t know how to act with other people. She’d never had to. Serena. So she went where Roger wanted her to go, and did what Roger told her to do and said what Roger directed her to say. And she became famous!

Mama had once objected to her taking a scene test in a bathing suit; now she gave press interviews in the nude and shocked even the French censors with her all-revealing undressing scenes on screen.

She’d rebelled when Mama had insisted she put on lipstick and wear nice clothes, and now she rebelled again. “When I began making movies,” she said, “they fixed my hair and made me up, I who had never put anything on my skin now had a face smeared with thick yellow plaster. It made me sick.” She simply refused to fix herself up or wear pretty clothes, and the producers had to go along with her wishes.

Papa hadn’t let her go out with boys, now she and Roger were married, and she desired her marriage to Roger collapsed after five years, because, as she said, his mannerisms were “bound to kill any romance.” She spilled out what she meant. “He picks his nose, stores in his sleep and walks about the flat half the day in his trouser suspenders, and worst of all he has become more of a brother than a lover.”

“She prefers,” he said, “most of all and in the following order: her dog Clown, other dogs, birds, sun, money, the sea, dolls, flowers, Empire furniture, fuzzy bears, kittens, toy soldiers and white mice.”

She reached out for the next man, Jean-Louis Trintignant, thirty-five, who directed her for five years, and married, even before her divorce from Roger was final. Tin soldiers, she was finding out, melted at her touch. But in her own room she’d be able to keep her toys under control and in their place.

Jean-Lou, however, was a real life, flesh-and-blood man. He was taken into the French Army and sent to Germany, “I was sorry,” she said, “I wasn’t near me, that’s all,” she said later, in explaining their break-up. “Weekend romances are not enough.”

Like a little girl opening one package after another under the Christmas tree, she turned to one man after another. Italian actor Ralf Vallen, Mexican actor bullfighter Gustave Rojo, Gilbert Becaud, guitarist Sacha Distel and Jacques Charrier, the man she married.

Her sexual escapades with these men became front-page news. This was the sensual Brigitte in action, the woman who proclaimed, “I may be dead tomorrow, so I live for today.” The seeker after love who declared, “Good looks and sex appeal are not important to me. A man has to have a sense of humor. You have to be with somebody, I don’t care if he is young or old or beautiful. . . . What do I prefer in a man? Mouth, teeth and sincerity.”

The lost child

This is the sex-charged, seductive aspect of Brigitte Bardot, the body that moves naturally and seductively across the screen and says to every man, “Come here.”

But what of the other part—the petulant face of the precocious adolescent, the pouting mouth and the childlike eyes which say, “Don’t touch.”

This Brigitte still longs for the safety and security of her own room, with the dolls, the teddy bears and toy soldiers and pet animals of childhood.

This Brigitte refuses to pose for five minutes when requested to do so by a world-famous magazine but agrees to spend a full afternoon posing with pets for an animal magazine. In a little girl’s voice she explains, “I just love four-footed creatures.”

This Brigitte still succumbs to her gobbles chocolates between meals and sulks if she’s not allowed to cuddle rab- its or feed baby animals in almost every picture she makes.

This Brigitte once raced her car at 80 miles an hour along a London highway in pursuit of a big, black limousine. When the two cars halted at a traffic light, she stared out at the woman sitting in the other car. It was Princess Margaret.

Later Brigitte said, “If a cat can look at itself as ‘a sex kitten’ can look at a ‘Princess.”

This Brigitte, when asked, “Suppose you had a child?” before she became pregnant, answered, “Oh, that would add to our troubles. I am such a child myself.”

Brigitte Bardot, the child without a childhood, who ran home to Mama and Papa when her marriage to Vadin and her affair with Trintignant both broke, and slept in her room still filled with rag dolls, toy soldiers and fuzzy bears. Brigitte Bardot, the child for whom womanhood is too great a burden, who tried to take her own life when the pressures of her marriage to Charrier became unbearable and who cried, as she lay near death from a drug overdose, “Whether you call her her mother or not, no one will ever know. Brigitte Bardot, whose father, carrying a bouquet of red roses, visited her in the hospital when she was recuperating from her near-suicide and gave her an old-fashioned hugging-out. Nurses at the bedside, who affirmed that up until that moment they’d never seen her cry, between loud cursing and stony silence, were amazed when she broke down and cried.

Brigitte Bardot, a little girl lost in a woman’s body, who still can’t believe what her mirror tells her, “I’m ordinary, like all girls,” she says. “When I look in the mirror, I see a funny face and I wonder how people can find me alluring. When I was little I thought myself ugly and tried to be inconspicuous. As an adolescent I thought I was thin. Now I think what I am I am . . . In spite of all that’s happened to me I still think as a child.”

Recently in Switzerland a crowd collected while she was making a scene for a picture. Young men and women watching her—people about her age—threw cigarettes at her when she arrived on the set.

A few days later an elevator was she was broke down and she was trapped there with a cleaning woman. The woman screamed at her at the top of her voice, accusing her of every imaginable sin and every possible immorality.

The woman in Brigitte answers back, “Whoever is thinking about me, I know and I don’t care.”

But even as she says these words—striking out at the accusations of her enemies and the chidings of her friends and the scoldings of her parents—her face, a child’s face, shows that she does care. The tears which gather at the corners of her eyes indicate that she wants to be loved by the people of all the voices, where Mama-doll loves her and Papa-doll understands her and a fuzzy bear can just stand facing a toy soldier without having to say a single word.

—Jae Lyle

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girls whose kookie manners and eccentric ways he wrote between covers. He ran errands for them, helped them clean their apartment, washed dishes and so on. And when he went to his portable typewriter, he made notes of what those gals said or did. He had a mania for “getting it just right”—their quotes, their tantrums, their dates, their crying jags and their heartaches. That’s why the characters, especially the one played by Audrey Hepburn, came over so real and went into your heart.

Today, the gal in the book called Holly Golightly is happily married in the midwest with three tots. The other girl has developed into one of the most sophisticated world travelers and is very popular at Palm Beach, Cannes, Paris, London, Hollywood. They say she has seen “Breakfast at Tiffany’s” five times to enjoy the memories of the not so long ago when she and Capote were poor and platonically happy.

One of Frank Sinatra’s good friends is the Sherman Billingsley of London, Sigi Sessler. Sessler told reporters recently that he had flown to New York to attend to some business. But the real reason he came was to run an errand for Frank. Sigi flew over to transport two pairs of shoes made to order for Sinatra by the Royal Bootmakers of London. The shoes were mocassins, one pair black, the other blue. Each of the size eight shoes was initialed “F.S.” in real gold! Francis, how classy can yez git?

Susan Hayward, who scaled Mt. Hollywood only to plunge to the depths of despair several years ago, is a happy girl these days. Listen: “I no longer take my career or myself seriously. With my marriage and all I want. I don’t worry about getting old or losing my looks. If someone asked me to make a film without makeup or flattering lights, I’d be delighted. Frankly, I’d be able to sleep an hour later each day.” La Hayward, it should be added, is one of the very few glamour gals who still looks glamorous without makeup.

One of the best films we saw last fall was the Natalie Wood starrer, “Splendor in the Grass.” It drew sugary notices nearly everywhere. The talent who made this film the “Teenagers’ Kinsey Report,” was the remarkable Elia Kazan. We are told that Mr. Kazan will make more than a million dollars from this picture. After all, the cash registers have been tabulated.

They say there is no tougher critic than one actor’s appraisal of another. And here is an example: One of London’s great talents is seventy-four-year-old Gladys Cooper. She was recently quoted: “Young people of today hardly have a chance to act before they are discovered by Hollywood and given star parts. I give you a classic example. I once saw a young actor in a small role on Broadway. A talent scout also saw him and lured him to Hollywood. Within a year he was a world-famed star. I saw him again recently. As far as acting was concerned, he stood still. It seemed so sad. The young man? Gregory Peck.”

Well, we dunno, Mr. Peck’s feelings may be wounded, but he can console himself with this fact: His name on a movie marquee attracts crowds.

Elvis Presley may be interested to learn that France now has its own version of him. He’s Jean Pierre Smets, who has taken the American-sounding name of Johnny Halliday. He goes through all the abdominal antics and plays the guitar. One year ago he was paid five dollars per night. Today his recordings are top sellers in France. His present rate: $1,500 per night.

Ingrid Bergman’s trials and tribulations are dissected again in Bill Davidson’s hard-to-put-down tome about Hollywood, “The World and the Untouchable.” Mr. Davidson’s thesis about Miss Bergman interested me most when he reported that the star told a New York paragrapher that “he was the only one” of the columnists who didn’t try to hurt her. Justaminut! Following several columns under this byline—all in defense of Ingrid—the star sent us word that friends in New York had relayed them to her. “Thanks very much for what you wrote to help me,” said her brief note. We record this now because it is kind of tough to fling carloads of orchids at someone—only to be repaid with scallions. End of self-pity.

Miss Bergman, by the way, recently flew to London from Paris to catch Sir John Gielgud’s performance in “Othello” on the Stratford stage. Movie fans noticed something that eluded the press. She has cut her hair short and again looks like Maria, the role she played in “For Whom the Bell Tolls.”

Alex Guinness, who was his expert self again in “A Majority of One,” still enjoys recalling his first sour notice. It came from his drama instructor at Roxborough School in London. When Alec auditioned for a role in the school play, the instructor curtly dismissed him with, “You wouldn’t be good at acting!”

Michael Wilding, one of the former husbands of Elizabeth Taylor, is a show in himself on Broadway in Jean Kerr’s comedy smash, “Mary, Mary.” His leading lady is Barbara Bel Geddes, but when Wilding is on stage, he dominates matters with his charm and natural pretend—Wilding and his wife Susan practically live at the Stork Club’s famed Cub Room, where the cuisine is excellent. In fact, no city has better restaurants than New York, but apparently (Continued on page 82).
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Liz Taylor's long-awaited "Cleopatra" is finally being filmed in Rome—while all of Hollywood burns.

FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB'S:
Let's look at the facts. Hollywood is suffering from runaway productions, and for my money the exodus just isn't justified—even by "Exodus." After all, why did the movie have to be made in Israel? The terrain of that country resembles that of Palm Springs. And how Eva Marie Saint looked in many scenes of that picture shouldn't happen to a Saint. She lost fifteen pounds during the filming because of location hardships.

I'll admit that, in the beginning, there was additional entertainment and box-office value to tour Rome in a picture like "Three Coins in the Fountain." But long since, we have seen so much of Rome that American audiences recognize this city faster than they do Boston, Denver or even Hollywood.

I see both sides of the coin. I see why Billy Wilder had to film "One, Two, Three" in Berlin—West and East. I'm pleased he did. The story demanded it, and it gave me the chance to see much of a city that (Continued on page 76)
Natalie Wood's friends hope she is not pinning her hopes on getting Warren Beatty to the altar soon. Those close to him say he has absolutely no intention of getting tied down. Natalie's been so busy trying to keep up with Warren that she hasn't actually filed for divorce from Bob Wagner. But the property settlement—usually the toughest part of a Hollywood divorce—has been signed. Natalie and Warren took a crash course in French from a language expert who flew all the way to New York to give them lessons. Now they can say "we." But when will he say, "I do?"

Marilyn Monroe decorated the apartment she's taken in California—all by herself. Before it was completed she lived in hotels, except when Joe DiMaggio went out of town. Then she occupied his Beverly Hills pad. Her new West Coast home is more like a big room, the main feature of which is her kingsized bed. There is also a glass-enclosed patio. She decorated it like an Hawaiian lanai.

Marilyn is one of the blondes Frank Sinatra seems to prefer these days; the other is Dorothy Provine. At a Mike Romanoff party I saw Sinatra putting a blonde into a car as I made my entrance. Smelling a story, I asked, "Who's the dish?" "That's Dot," grinned Frankie. "That's no dish," grinned Frankie. "That's Dot." Provine had arrived wearing a short dress, and when she saw all the other gals in formals she went home to change.

Chubby Checker floored Hollywood (dance-floored, that is!) when he came here to twist. The rage is definitely on! Some of our best hostesses, who would have died at the thought two months ago, are throwing twist parties.

Gardner McKay's pals think he and Dolores Hawkins are secretly married. He's given up all other girls, and recently took time off from his TV series to fly to Acapulco to join Dolores for a week's vacation. Dolores
doesn't want to stop modeling—and why should she, she makes about $70,000 per year. That's more than Gardner gets.

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Tuesday's done some Welding. She kissed and made up with Gary Lockwood when she saw he meant business about calling quits to their big romance. When he left town on a personal appearance tour, Tuesday chauffeured him to the plane. She was on time—but he wasn't, so she patiently waited outside his apartment. That's a new twist for Tuesday, whose antics caused their short break-up.

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There was a lot of speculation as to whether May Britt's career would end with her marriage to Sammy Davis, Jr. Evidently it didn't. She's had film offers, but has turned them down. The problem is she wants to be free to travel with Sammy. "We've been married a year and it's not good, these constant separations. Look what happens. If both parties continue their careers, they never get to see each other. How can a marriage survive?" When Sammy told her they'd been offered "thousands of films" to do together, she said, "That's fine. As long as there's some time left for us to have another baby." And now there's talk in our town that May and Sammy are expecting again. If it's true, May must be delighted.

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Rome got an earful when Liz Taylor fell with a bang at Caesar's feet instead of rolling gently out of rug for a scene in "Cleopatra." She let out with a remark that shook the set to the rafters and sent the staid British extras into loud gales of laughter. Romans got an eyeful, too, when Liz appeared on the street in a black patent-leather helmet, shiny black leather pants, jacket and boots. Was she serious?

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Sandra Dee's "Tammy" days are gone forever. In her first picture after the birth of the baby, Sandra is getting herself a glamorous wardrobe complete with furs and jewels. U-I is really shelling out the loot to see that Sandy looks gorgeous.

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It'll be the old-fashioned kind of true love if Dick Beymer's romance with Dany Saval survives the test of time and separation. She isn't divorced yet, and will have to file in Paris. This means she can't marry until 1963. The visit she was scheduled to pay Dick in Hollywood was called off when she signed for a Shakespeare play in France. "We both agreed not to let love interfere with our careers," says Dick wryly. "Now it looks as if it will be almost three months before I see her." Meanwhile, she has his huge diamond ring to keep her warm.

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Bob Wagner and Marion Marshall, Stanley Donen's ex, are having themselves a Roman fling that looks mighty serious.

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Photographers had a field day at a Thalian benefit when they caught Jayne Mansfield cuddling Harry Karl (above) and Debbie Reynolds kissing Dick Powell (below). But no rift rumors, please. It's just that the Karls will do anything—almost!—for Debbie's pet charity, The Thalians. (Please turn the page)
party. Gleason loaned me his Rolls-Royce for a few nights, too. While in the Big City, I went to the premiere of Bob Hope's "Bachelor in Paradise," with Lucille Ball and Gary Morton. She had just gotten her engagement ring that afternoon, so Gary kept lighting matches in the darkened theater so she could look at it. It was a gorgeous ring with mounds of diamonds and a big pearl on top.

Lucy's lovely wedding to Gary lasted a short nine and one-half minutes. When the ceremony ended, there was a pregnant pause. Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, who performed the marriage, turned to the forty guests and said, "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Morton." Everyone applauded. Lucy and Gary greeted all the guests, then looked as if they'd been through a snowstorm. When Lucy had left for the church, the doormat in front of her door was marked "B"—but when we returned, there was one marked "M"—someone had taken it from another apartment. Their honeymoon lasted forty-eight hours, then Gary returned to Palm Springs for an engagement, and Lucy remained in New York to rehearse a TV spectacular with Hank Fonda. The Mortons will honeymoon when both are free of commitments this month.

Ann-Margret was crushed when she lost the lead opposite Elvis Presley in "Kid Galahad." She's been a Presley fan from the beginning, but 20th wouldn't spring her for the job. However, her enthusiasm for Elvis caught the ear of Colonel Tom Parker and he'll introduce them.

When the Colonel was making the deal for Elvis to play the Century 21 Exposition in Seattle, he held out for a cool $250,000—that's a quarter of a million dollars, son—for one week. The buyer finally agreed to the figure but nervously said, "Colonel, this show is outdoors. What do we do in case of rain?" Parker told him to read the contract—that there was a rain clause. The clause said, "In case of rain, Colonel Parker and Elvis reserve the right to sell their one-dollar plastic umbrellas."

Richard Chamberlain has all the girls flipping, but his pals have tagged him, "Mr. Shyness." In Las Vegas, Keely Smith rolled those big eyes at him a couple of times, and young Dr. Kildare took off for home. And when
friends try to line up dates, they run into trouble. Because for all Dick's built-in girl-appeal, say "date" and he backs right out. The reason for that is Dorothy Whitney, the lovely stepdaughter of Raymond Massey.

No one can find out who it is that Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. flies to Mexico City to see. He says he goes there to learn Spanish—but at a thousand bucks a trip, that's a pretty costly way to learn a language. Methinks there's another attraction. At any rate, Efrem and his wife Stephanie have finally called it a day. She's playing the field.

All's well: Jacques Bergerac and Dorothy Malone are happy about their coming baby. And Soraya, after an innocent dance with Jacques, is now dating handsome George Hamilton.

Reports from Rome have Stewart Granger about to marry two gals. First it was Duchess Mena AcQuarone (below) then it was actress Sylvia Koscina. Granger insisted Sylvia be in the film he's directing in Rome and made sure she looked great on film. Who will he marry? I'm sure I don't know.

Talk about a marital mix-up! You couldn't top this one with an electric eggbeater. Luciana Paluzzi jetted in from Italy and told her lawyers to ask for $2,000 a week alimony from Brett Halsey. He doesn't make that much money. Not to be outdone, Mama Paluzzi, who held a "payment on demand" note from Brett, put in her demand, too. When Halsey asked for pictures of their baby, which he's never seen, Luciana sent him some snapshots via her escort of the previous evening, Brett's chum David Hedison.

Gloria Swanson, who was once the "femme fatale" of movieland, is looking younger than herself these days. Gloria is now traveling, but we wish she would send us back her beauty secret.

After Max Schell gave out that statement in Europe that he didn't aim to marry anyone—including Nancy Kwan, I noticed that she began dating others. Nancy now admits, "There's no marriage ahead for Max and me. Guess I've still got to find the right guy." I could have told her that a long time ago. When I asked Schell about marriage, he grinned and said, "Why don't you ask me when I'm going to commit suicide, Hedda?"

Steve McQueen's already set England back about two centuries with his racing car and the jeep he bought for wife Neile Adams. He took British tradition in his stride, except for one thing—the servants. "They make me nervous," he said. "Every time one comes into a room, I feel like getting up."

Pope, the perfect butler who worked for Bob Hope and Bing Crosby during their stay in Britain, treasures a letter of thanks he got from Kathy Crosby. He liked the job, but said the most difficult thing to get used to was breakfast. "They ordered steaks or lamb chops and kippers, with mustard or marmalade," he revealed.

That's all the news for now. See you next month.
get more out of life

GO OUT TO A MOVIE
by JANET GRAVES

EL CID
Allied Artists; 70 mm Super Technirama, Technicolor; Producer, Samuel Bronston; Director, Anthony Mann (Family)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Saga of the man who risked life and love to save 11th Century Spain from North African invaders.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Splendid adventure yarn, big enough and lively enough to fill every inch of wide screen and every minute of three hours-plus. Charlton and Sophia suit the heroic stature of their roles, and astonishingly beautiful scenes capture the spirit of legend.

FLOWER DRUM SONG
U-I; Panavision; color; Director, Henry Koster; Producer, Ross Hunter (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Miyoshi Umeki, Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta, Jack Soo, Reiko Sato.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Clash between American and Old Country love-and-marriage customs in San Francisco's Chinatown.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Gorgeous big production of a light romantic fable. Sets and costumes are done in gay, imaginative tints to harmonize with the cheerful Rodgers and Hammerstein score. The cast is just full of attractive young people, but we'd say Miyoshi is most enchanting as a shy "picture bride" from Hong Kong.

ONE, TWO, THREE
U.A.; Producer-Director, Billy Wilder (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? James Cagney, Pamela Tiffin, Horst Buchholz, Arlene Francis.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Trying to chaperone the boss's daughter in Berlin, an American businessman gets into a jam when the girl suddenly sneaks off and marries a young Red.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Love and laughs are pretty tricky ammunition for a Cold War skirmish, and director Wilder misses his aim here, though star Cagney's a fast man with rapid-fire gags. As the Romeo and Juliet of this feud, Horst and Pam are both decorative and effective trouble-makers.

A MAJORITY OF ONE
Warner; Technicolor; Producer-Director, Mervyn LeRoy (Family)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Golden-years romance of a wise Jewish widow from Brooklyn and a conservative Japanese widower, adapted from the Broadway hit play of the same name.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Slipping into an accent and mannerisms brand-new for her, Rosalind wears them with utter ease. It's a pleasure to watch her bring this completely lovable character to life, and Alec's skill matches hers. But the jumpy, talky stage technique stretches the slender story to unsuitable length.

BABES IN TOYLAND
Buena Vista; Technicolor; Director, Jack Donohue; Producer, Walt Disney (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Ray Bolger, Tommy Sands, Annette, Ed Wynn, Mary McCarthy.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? In Mother Goose territory, storybook people find a villain plotting to break up a wedding.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Generous bagful of sugar plums, stuffed with Victor Herbert music and whimsical settings to delight the small fry. While Tommy and Annette duet, Bolger steals the show with his light-footed caricature of a menace. Gene Sheldon and Henry Calvin do a tremendously funny Laurel-Hardy routine. (Continued on page 18)

(Reproduced from the original page with minor adjustments for readability.)
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Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last 10 years. Las Cruces, for example: In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000, ... a rise of 300% in 10 years! (How about your town? Has it grown 3 times its size in 10 years?) Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area is a beautiful semi-tropical paradise where palm trees and long staple cotton-fields flower the landscape. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter; these same figures reveal even purer, drier air than in Phoenix or Tucson.

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TOO LATE BLUES
Paramount; Producer-Director, John Cassavetes (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens, Everett Chambers, Vincent Edwards.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A small progressive-jazz combo with a moody leader, a neurotic girl singer and a sick agent. What's the verdict? Directing "Shadows." Cassavetes let the actors invent their own lines. This time, it looks as if they also made up the story as they went along. Against this handicap, Bobby (with no songs), Stella and Everett do reasonably well, and there are some interesting camera angles.

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES
Astor; French dialogue, English titles; Director, Roger Vadim (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Jeanne Moreau, Gerard Philipe, Annette Vadim, Jeanne Valerie.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Destruction spread by an idle-rich husband and wife who avidly promote each other's love affairs. What's the verdict? For most of its length, this French shocker looks at the depraved goings-on with much wicked amusement, so it's a bit of a jolt when genuine love moves in and the story turns serious for a stern conclusion. Mlle. Moreau and the late Philipe are expert, as expected; beautiful Annette's a surprise hit.

SAIL A CROOKED SHIP
Columbia; Director, Irving Brecher; Producer, Philip Rorty, Jr. (Adult)


WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A bumbling gang of seagoing bandits en route to a bank job, with two kidnapped sweethearts along. What's the verdict? This shipload of likable players sets sail on a promisingly wacky course, but the picture should have had a steadier hand at the helm. Laughs come too far apart, in spite of good tries by Carolyn Jones and Frankie, who has a wrestling match with the ship's wheel that is a real yock—the first time around.

BLUE HAWAII
Paramount; Technicolor; Director, Norman Taurog; Producer, Hal Wallis (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Elvis Presley, Joan Blackman, Angela Lansbury.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? An ex-GI's career and marriage plans draw frowns from his snooty family, who are high in Hawaii society. What's the verdict? If plenty of music can keep Presley fans happy, this picture fills the bill with fourteen numbers that give Elvis a chance to display a variety of styles: rock to ballad, Hawaiian to Calypso. In between the songs . . . well, the scenery is magnificent, filmed all around the new state.
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SICK SICK SICK
My friend and I had quite an argument about which doctor we'd call if we were ill. I said, Dr. Ben Casey (Vince Edwards), but my stupid chum wanted Dr. Kildare (Dick Chamberlain). I told her that anyone who prefers Dr. Kildare to Dr. Casey must really be sick, and if a girl is sick in the head then she needs a neurosurgeon like Dr. Casey.

Rosa Fury
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

I have just finished your great story on the romance of Elvis and Anita Wood. I think all Elvis' fans want him to marry, and I don't think it would hurt his career in the least. Why don't his other fans write in and say whether or not they would like Elvis to marry?

Dorothy Ann Carter
Memphis, Tenn.

LOVE LETTERS
It's great to see Walter Winchell in your book. Hope he is going to be around for a while.

Gloria Kahn
New York, N. Y.

He is!—En.

Read your "Me Rock Hudson—Big Movie Star" story. Well, Dear Rock: "Me, Jane—Little Fan of Yours" and you can bet a path to my door any time.

Jane Chancellor
Boise, Idaho

Horst Buchholz had better take heed when it comes to behaving like Jimmy Dean. It truly would be a tragedy to lose him; for Hollywood has so few new and talented young performers.

Nancy Franklin
Yonkers, N. Y.

We're with you! See page 38.—En.

I had to write you when I read the article "How Soon Will Your Favorite Star Be Drafted?" It was quite different and original. I'm sure it will save answering questions so many people ask.

A Fan
Los Angeles, Calif.

BACK TALK
This is a counter-reply to the "no name" letter that called photoplay a political propaganda sheet. As an American, proud of our President and the beautiful First Lady, let me ask for more articles about them. Beauty, position, wealth, talents, intelligence, faith are but a few of their distinguishing traits. Of what more would "stars" consist?

Jeannette I. Massey
Marion, Ga.

I almost cried when I read the story about Sharon Hugueny's marriage, "Lonely Bride in a Gilded Cage." It's such a touching story. But—and I hate to say this—after I finished reading it, I couldn't help thinking that the marriage might not last. I hope I'm wrong, though.

Cathy Rutledge
Sharon, Pa.

Unfortunately, you were right, Cathy. See page 46.—En.

PLEASE TELL US!
What happened to Vivien Leigh? After "Gone With the Wind," I noticed that I hadn't seen or heard of her appearing in many films.

Dorothy K. Geiger
Silver Springs, Md.

How about her touching portrayals in "Waterloo Bridge" and "Streetcar Named Desire." She will soon be seen in "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," along with Warren Beatty.—En.

Two of my friends and I are having a deadly battle over Roddy McDowall. Is he married? Divorced?

Louise Bayer
New York, N. Y.

Stop battling girls. Roddy is a bachelor and if any of you have the price of a ticket to Rome, you can corner him there where he is busy working in "Cleopatra."—En.

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

Natalie D. Groff—17 yrs.
RD #1
Christiana, Pa.

Cheryl Southwell—13 yrs.
16 Orange St.
Bloomfield, N.J.

Nancy Perry—19 yrs.
Lee Road
Lincoln, Me.

Inga-Britt Lindh—16 yrs.
Rabgatan 70 D
Malmo SV, Sweden

Brenda Champion—14 yrs.
37 Farm Lane
Levittown, L.I., N.Y.

Nur Ozarkan—16 yrs.
Haci Sukru Sok. No. 28/3
Kadikoy, Istanbul, Turkey

Priscilla McGrath—14 yrs.
185 Shelter Lane
Levittown, L.I., N.Y.

Carla Rolinger—16 yrs.
6002 So. Fontana
Tucson, Ariz.

Wanda Cunningham—17 yrs.
Keytesville, Mo.

Peggy Walker—13 yrs.
625 Saint Dunstans Rd.
Baltimore 12, Md.

Carol Taylor—15 yrs.
8606 Forest Grove Drive
Houston 24, Tex.

**DIGS STAMPS**

Frances L. Howard, 21
2565 West 80th Place
Chicago 52, Ill.

Dinh Tiong Soe, 18
54 Pattimura Street
Kediri, Djatin, Indonesia

Joan R. Surina, 13
405 Locust Avenue
Philippi, W. Va.

Nancy Laison, 16
RR #1
Orrstown, Pa.

Anita Labelle, 13
14 Armon Drive
Bethpage, N.Y.

Cathy DeConinck, 12
1532 Maiden Lane
Rochester 15, N.Y.

Carol Holmes, 14
3920 S.W. Lucile
Portland 19, Ore.

---

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

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

Q. How can you overcome this "sex perspiration"?
A. Science says you need a deodorant with a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this offensive "sex perspiration" odor. And here it is... exclusive PERSTOP®! So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?
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Write to Readers, Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y. We regret that we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
Jean Seberg and Romain Gary continue to romance. Romain’s been separated from his wife for seventeen years—without a divorce!

It looks like love, but don’t bet on it. Diane McBain and Peter Brown, the two datingest kids in town, finally got around to each other.

The surprise twosome of the month: Desi Arnaz and Keely Smith. And what a fiery combinat! They met while Keely was recuperating from hospital stay in Palm Springs. Desi finally gave up hope that Lucille Ball would come back to him. In fact, he gave his blessings when Lucille announced that she and Gary Morton were getting married in New York.

Don’t you believe that Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette are altar bound. Romance took a sharp freeze as soon as they returned from the Italian location of “Lo! Must Learn.” Suzanne’s real love is a New York executive, and all that cooing over Troy turned out to be a lot of puffiness. Troy even taken up again with his old flame, Nan Morey. Another former love, Sally Todd, may have married on the rebound. She and her husband two months, Charles Cochran, announced separation in October.

Apparently Horst Buchholz wants to forget his near fatal accident last summer in Germany by staying away from that country. He and wife, Myriam (she’s expecting in March) want to make America their home. They’re buying a house in Beverly Hills.

I don’t think Harry Karl appreciated Ed Edlund calling Carrie (Continued on page...
Sophia Loren and her Carlo Ponti play a loving game of footsy while sunning themselves in Italy. Though Italian law will not permit them to remarry, they vowed to stay together until they can.

Though Clan didn’t show for dinner in his honor, Sammy Davis laughed it off. May has a mind of her own.

Does Rita Hayworth want to be another Bette Davis? She has Gary Merrill and plans to go dramatic.
Frank Sinatra kept a watchful eye on President Kennedy at the $100-a-plate dinner held at Hollywood's Palladium. Was he wondering whether or not he's back in Kennedy's good favor after the rumored rift of the past few months?

from Rome on her fifth birthday. And speaking of the Kors, could it be that Debbie and her mom are on the outs? I notice that it was Harry's sister, Mrs. Sol Pollack, who cared for Carrie and Todd when Debbie and Harry stayed at the Beverly Hills Hotel (their new home was being readied).

Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand exploded with perfect "chemistry" in filming "Let's Make Love." It was nothing compared to the chemical mixture of Elvis Presley and Connie Stevens, though. These two have never made a picture together but have discovered each other in a big way. Elvis dropped Anne Helm like a Fabian record, and Connie politely told Ray Foster she had been spoken for.

Connie and Elvis were together on the location of Presley's picture, "Kid Galahad," near Palm Springs. The whole campaign couldn't help but notice that the two had more than singing in common. Previous to this, they wouldn't even admit that they knew each other much less admit to dating. I discovered how they kept their romance such a secret: Elvis' ingenuity. He wouldn't even take Connie to a popular spot. They usually met at a San Fernanda movie house and bath entered separately to rendezvous hand-in-hand in the darkened aisle.

There's a few years difference in their ages, but ex-Princess Soraya and George Hamilton don't care. I hear he has made her forget that Hugh O'Brian ever existed, and George really lost interest fast in Susan Kohner. But Susan's seeing Montgomery Clift! George and Soraya were at Lee Anderson's fancy party for the Bel-Air clan and danced every dance.

The set was cleared even of Eddie Fisher when Elizabeth Taylor and Rex Harrison staged their big love scene for "Cleopatra." Liz, I gathered, felt that Eddie would have become embarrassed. And from what I heard about the footage, Eddie probably would have turned a bright orange.

Quite an embarrassing moment at the birthday party Marilyn Maxwell gave for Rock Hudson. One of the unexpected guests was Glynis Johns, who's dating Marilyn's ex-husband Jerry Davis.
It was kept very hush, hush but didn't Grace Allen suffer a severe heart attack in November? George Burns, however, claimed it was only a touch of virus that sent her to the hospital.

Glenn Ford probably won't like this, but the handsome young man with Hope Lange at a beach restaurant recently was Stephen Boyd. I recall the day when Steve admitted freely that if Hope wasn't a married woman (then Mrs. Don Murray) he would sweep her off her feet. So the day has come, hasn't it, Steve?

Scooping around: Apparently love has made Esther Williams forget she's a mother. Her ex-husband, Ben Gage, has assumed the chore of rearing the two boys as Esther and Fernando Lamas continue their European junket. . . . A little colt told me that the Audie Murphy merger is in hot water again. . . . Rod Taylor and Anita Ekberg may be getting married any day now. . . . Gardner McKay's gal who won't say yes, Dolores Hawkins, may give up her 70,000-a-year modelling career—but only to make her debut as an actress in a TV series. . . . Guess Diane Varsi can't shake drama out of her system. I mean that she's back acting, but not in the movies. She produced, directed and appeared in one of those melodrama dramas in San Francisco. . . . Joanie Sommers' movie debut "Everything's Ducky" was a disaster. They had to use another female's voice for Joanie's lip movements. Joanie's voice didn't register on the soundtrack. . . . Likewise, Natalie Wood's songs in "West Side Story" are sung by another. Natalie had taken singing lessons for the role, but she had to be told that acting, not singing, was her forte. . . . Diane McBain and Charles Feldman, the aging producer, are an item.

Aren't Edd Byrnes and Bob Logan (the new parking lot attendant in "? Sunset Strip") on the outs? I don't think Edd likes the build-up Bob is getting. Edd used to have the parking chores, and since he has been promoted to detective, Bob's roles are getting longer. Figure that one out!

Luciana Paluzzi winged into town (minus a baby and her mother) to divorce Brett Alesy. She avoided seeing Brett for days, and dated his best friend, David Hedison. However, the estranged ones met accidentally in a Beverly Hills restaurant, and don't seem surprised if they never get the divorce. They didn't appear on the outs while sharing the pizza that night.

Tuesday Weld and Gary Lockwood used and made-up. I understand they started over rumors that a married actor took Tuesday home from the "Breakfast at Tiffany's" premiere.

Guess The Clan didn't take the hint from rude actions at Eddie Fisher's opening. They gathered again for Sammy Davis, Jr. 's opening night at the Cocoanut Grove. Leader F5 wasn't on hand because he was appearing in Los Vegas, yet the rest of the men (Dean Martin, Joey Bishop, Lawford and even Sammy) came through with the same unfunny jokes and unfunny routine. Despite this, Frank appeared to be back in good standing with President Kennedy when the latter was in Los Angeles for a big dinner at the Palladium.

The longstanding rumors of trouble between Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh were renewed when she changed her plans and came home from the "Taras Bulba" location in Argentina ahead of Tony. She claimed she wanted to bring the children home for Thanksgiving, but can't you buy a turkey in South America?

Isn't the reason Natalie Wood spent two months finding another place to live because Warren Beatty had to approve the domicile, too? He may be hanging his levis there one day soon.

Short takes: The John Waynes are building on another room for the baby due around Apple Blossom time. . . . Ben Gazzara swore that he and Janis Rule weren't altar bound—then he married her! . . . Didn't Rosemary Clooney turn down another plea by Jose Ferrer to let bygones be bygones? . . . The Mickey Callans could announce some stork news at any time. . . . Seems that those on the inside weren't surprised at all by the Dinah Shore-George Montgomery split. "It's been coming for two years," their friends said. (Please turn the page)
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Ouch! Tab Hunter gets his pants stitched up. There's no business like sew business, eh Tab? Vittorio Gassman finds costume fitting a bit less painful!

5-PAGE GOSSIP SECTION

continued

Could George Jessel be behind the Henry Silva-Cindy Conroy split? The estranged Cindy and George seem to be very friendly, and he has dedicated his new book, "Halo Over Hollywood," to her.

Pamela Tiffin really frustrated the Hollywood wolves. She turned down date after date while in town for "State Fair." She frantically told them she got many more kicks studying Latin than going out on the town.

No, Lee Patterson didn't get his nose bopped. He had to have it re-set because of an old injury in which it was broken and healed improperly.

Scooping around: Frankie Avalon is a 'crush an Ann-Margret, but it's wealthy young Bert Sugarman who has her sewed up . . . I don't think the Alan Ladd's are too high on their daughter Alana's romance with Robert Westbrook, who made all those natty charges in divorcing Judi Meredith. And it didn't help matters when Bob took Mrs. Ladd for a spin in his new sports car, and she wound up in the hospital as a result of an accident.

What a Freudian touch to the film, "Freud"—Montgomery Clift portrays Freud as a man, but a five-year-old girl plays him as a boy. Naturally, the girl is dressed like a boy.
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THE THIRD DIMENSION . . .

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The dread word echoed from one end of Hollywood to the other. Palatial homes burned to the ground. Overnight, stars became refugees. This is their story—the story the newspapers didn’t get.
Seven people—and they couldn't find each other.

A whole family—separated by walls of fire, sheets of flame! Five kids and their parents—scattered. Homeless. The man—Burt Lancaster—frantic, smelled the smoke half-way home, saw the black clouds piled high in a clear sky. His house was in the worst of it, he knew that. Linda Flora—the whole street—was on fire. He jammed down the car’s accelerator. Now he could see the flames licking fifty feet high—a hundred—a hundred and fifty! He could hear how they spat and crackled—feel the high hot wind that fire breeds and then fattens on. He made it to the Bel-Air gate, and there the police wouldn’t let him pass. Nobody allowed in. Only firefighters. “My family,” he gasped, but they had the same answer for everyone. “They’re evacuating the residents now, sir.” He knew it didn’t matter that he was Burt Lancaster. He could be John F. Kennedy and still not go through. But if only he knew where they’d taken the youngsters (Continued on page 68)
All over Hollywood, stars were burned out of their homes. The pitiful aftermath is here—in RICHARD NIXON eyeing the ruins of his rented house; ZSA ZSA GABOR digging in the debris for her jewel box; BURT LANCASTER and daughter Joanna disconsolate—nothing left! KIM NOVAK was luckier, she saved her home.
For some people,

everything comes up roses. No matter what

the odds, they plunk down their two bucks and end

up with a fistful. Then there's this guy named George Maharis

who can't win. He can just be standing someplace—anyplace—
minding his own business when along comes a cop and...

(Continued on page 83)
George Maharis
a modern girl's guide to the modern wolf

or

WHAT TO DO TILL HELP COMES
The wolf is not what he used to be—he’s wilder, wilier, wickeder. He definitely wants to tangle, to tie you up in all kinds of knots—except, of course, the bridal one. The safest thing is to keep him away from your door—but then you’d be missing a lot of fun. So what should the modern girl do? PHOTOPLAY asked the experts: Rock Hudson (who’s got what every other wolf wishes he had) and Edie Adams (the girl who’s happily trapped with him in “Lover Come Back”). On these six pages, they show how to tame a modern wolf.
If he needs mothering, go ahead.

But don’t you be the babe-in-arms

Think before you drink—a little liquor goes a long way
If he says he's misunderstood, give him sympathy. With that old line, he needs it!
continued

Do hold hands—it's safer

If he brags about other girls, he just wants to add you to his scrapbook. Paste him one!
Darling, do shut up.
You're talking yourself
out of another date

It's fun to
play house,
but guys prefer
other games.
Stop, before he
calls another girl

If he ends up taking
a correspondence course,
you haven't done
your homework
“I didn’t mean to lose the money,” Horst Buchholz said, with a slight German accent dotting his perfect English. “I was only a child then, only seven years old. I meant no harm. It was only that my head was always in the clouds, always filled with dreams. But my father didn’t understand—how could he understand when a son lost money that he had worked so hard to make. Always, I was running, running, delivering shoes before school, after school, on Saturdays, even Sundays. ‘Look, Hotte,’ my father would say, ‘here are some coins, you’ll need them.’ (Please turn the page)
to make change when customers pay you for the shoes.' Every time he would tell me to be careful of the money, and every time I would lose it. Every time. When I had to tell him that I lost it, he would yell and slap me. But gradually, he saw that it was useless to hit me. He realized that I did not steal the money to use for myself. He came to take me for what I was, a child whose mind was crowded with fantasies of a better way of life.” (Continued on page 93)
These twelve girls have been nominated—each by a different top film studio—as the most promising young actresses in Hollywood. How many of them do you recognize? They are, left to right, top row: Ann Del Guercio, Noreen Corcoran, Maurine Dawson, Joan Staley, Dolores Faith. Middle row: Darlene Tompkins, Mary Jayne Saunders, Cynthia Pepper, Cheryl Holdridge. Bottom row: Angela Dorian, Mikki Jamison, Cynthia Lynn. For them, 1962 is a year full of promise. It can be that for you, too. A photoplay artist has translated each girl's hairdo secrets into easy-to-follow, step-by-step diagrams. They mean a year of beauty for you. Just turn to the next page to see how simple it is to let their glamour go to your head.
a hairdo for every month

1. For Cheryl Holdridge's hairdo: use large rollers, then towel-dried and set in stand-up curls. Mary Rees of M-G-M Studios then brushed her "do" vigorously, lifted the waves up and forward before finishing up with a lanolin enriched hair-spray.

2. Sparkling highlights are shampooed gently into Mikki Jamison's lovely red hair, a creme rinse adds manageability. To set this hairdo by Jeanne Burt Reilly of Warner Brothers, use jumbo rollers at crown, long-stemmed clip-curls to finish the set.

3. For Cynthia Lynn, a dramatic "do" by Virginia Darcy of Paramount. Her silver-platinum hair was treated to a colorfast shampoo—then set in jumbo rollers, then towel-dried and set in stand-up curls.

4. Darlene Tompkins' hairdo was created by Heddy Mjorud of Paramount. Use large rollers at crown, small rollers across back, hair-spray for face-framing. The hair's healthy luster comes by way of a lanolin-enriched shampoo and a special protein rinse.

5. To condition Mary Jayne Saunders' silver-moon hair, Nellie Manley of Paramount used a protein shampoo and a spray-on creme rinse. The setting: jumbo rollers at the crown, small rollers turned under in back and clip-curls to add softness to the face.

6. Cynthia Pepper's lovely hairdo was styled by Helen Parrish of 20th Century Fox. Says Helen, "Set hair in large rollers at crown and back, clip-curls elsewhere. Hair is then brushed out, swept into place. Fringe bangs clip over the forehead. Curl control spray. Burken, 1/2.

7. Joan Staley's champagne blonde hair was treated to a wash and tint shampoo, then towel-dried and set in stand-up curls. Mary Rees of M-G-M Studios then brushed her "do" vigorously, lifted the waves up and forward before finishing up with a lanolin enriched hair-spray.

8. To set Noreen Corcoran's first upsweped hairdo, Florence Bush of Universal International used large rollers at the crown, medium rollers elsewhere. Before setting, hair was shampooed, cream rinsed and towel-dried. The luster and brilliance come via a hair conditioning spray.

9. Maurice Dawson's lush dark hair needs a lanolin-enriched shampoo, plenty of brushing, according to stylist Lenora Weaver of Warner Brothers. To set, use large rollers at the crown, small rollers and clip-curls at hair ends and nape of neck. Flip ends up and out with a brush.

10. To give extra body to Anne DeLuise's soft blonde hair, Helen Turpin of 20th Century Fox uses a shampoo with egg and a creme rinse; sets the crown in large rollers, clip-curls elsewhere. Hair is brushed well for height and smoothness, then it's misted with hair-spray.

11. Classic simplicity is the keynote of Angela Dorian's beautifully wrapped hairdo. Jackie Bone of Paramount began with shampoo for dry hair to bring out highlights, rinsed in the gloss with a creme rinse. The setting: use large rollers all over the head, clip-curls at the nape and ears. To comb out, smooth hair around face, coil softly at crown. Hold all in place with spray.

12. Her thick, black tresses are Doreah Pat's pride and joy. Larry Germain of Universal International brought out their luster via enriched shampoo and a vinegar rinse. Setting is simply large rollers at the crown, small rollers at hair ends. Bangs are taped to forehead while the hair dries.
MYSTERY TO MRS. TO MISS
“It’s just that there were certain conflicts we could not settle.”…This is Sharon Hugueny—seventeen and divorced—hedging a bit as she tries to explain the end of her short-lived marriage to Bob Evans…. Exactly what conflicts had sent a bride of five months so suddenly to Juarez for a Mexican decree? Sharon wouldn’t say. She would only insist there was “no bitterness on either side.”…The very naivete of Sharon’s brief statement put a shroud of mystery around the surprise debacle of the year. The mystery deepened when Sharon refused even to tell her own studio boss at Warner Brothers where she was calling from. She had phoned only to say that she would report to work in a few weeks time. She was coming back to the studio from which—only a few short months before—she had taken a suspension to be with her bridegroom in New York…. It was in late May that Sharon and Bob had been married. Now, in November, she was in hiding. In May, Bob had been so eager for a teenage bride that he’d overridden her parents’ every objection to the match. In November, now that they’d parted, he evidently considered Sharon too much of a teenager to be trusted to talk about “what happened.” A Los Angeles newspaper reported, “The puzzling angle is that Sharon apparently signed an agreement in New York with Evans, just before her divorce, that she would not announce it—that anything about it would come (Continued on page 74)
The rumors started an ocean away—in the Italian press, to be exact. Elizabeth Taylor, they said with Latin directness, is expecting a bambino. The Hollywood Trade Papers on this side of the ocean put it this way: The reason Walter Wanger is rushing (my dear!) “Cleopatra” is because Liz Taylor is waiting for some good news from her obstetrician.

From these two somewhat questionable beginnings, the rumor then made the quick rounds of The Clan’s telephone-equipped Dual Ghia cars to the chic, and even un-chic, cocktail bars.

Everyone is talking about the poundage the pulchritudinous Queen of the Hollywood Nile is putting on. It is even alleged that the folks at the White House and the couple (Continued on page 91)
Soon after you read this, Sal Mineo will step before the bench in Bronx Traffic Court to face the music. The tune is as familiar to Sal now as it is to many other young Hollywood stars whose chief fault in life is their youth.

The charge against Sal is speeding—doing 53 miles per hour in a 40-mile zone on New York City's Henry Hudson Parkway.

Ordinaril, a speeding rap isn't very serious when it's the first offense. That's what Sal undoubtedly figured when he tilted his speedometer needle too far to the right in October, 1960. He got caught, took a summons, then went to court, anted up a $15 fine and went on driving his snazzy baby blue 1957 Thunderbird convertible with the SM-95 license plates.

Then came the dawn of June 1st, 1961. Sal awakened in his midtown hotel room and looked at his watch. It was time to go, man, go. He hopped out of bed, showered, shaved and jumped into his clothes. Then he hurried down the elevator to the lobby and checked out.

"Have you any bags, sir?" asked the desk clerk as Sal headed out.
"No," Sal replied on the run. "I checked in just as I am."

Sal had registered at the hotel the night before, after a busy day in the city collaborating with the writers of his new play, "Something About a Soldier," which opened on Broadway just recently.

"I was too tired to drive to my folks' home in Mamaroneck," he explained. "So I stayed in the city."

Sal got into his T-bird at precisely 7 A.M. and headed for the West Side Elevated Highway, Mamaroneck bound. He was pressing a tight schedule. Sal had to be back in the city to catch a noon jetliner for Los Angeles. He was going to Mamaroneck to pack his clothes for the flight to the Coast.

Normally, at seven in the morning, traffic on the West Side Highway is beginning to build up, but not in the northbound lanes which Sal was traveling. The cars move south during the morning rush hours, heading into the city.

As Sal tooled along the broad six-lane highway he was saying to himself how lucky he was that he didn't have to be in the snarl of cars going in the other direction. His side was clear, almost wide open. Pretty soon the West Side Elevated Highway would merge into the Henry Hudson Parkway and he would enter the Bronx. Mamaroneck would then be only a short while away.

Sal's foot barely touched the T-Bird's accelerator, yet the car purred along effortlessly. He moved at a swift, steady clip.

Too swift!

Sal knew that when he heard the shrill whine of a siren. A quick glimpse in his rear view mirror told him he was in trouble. The flashing red blinker atop a green and white police car was the signal for Sal to put on his brakes and pull over to the side, near 175th Street.

"Let me see your license and registration," said the patrolman as he came up to Sal, who remained seated behind the wheel.

Sal took the papers out of his wallet and handed them to the waiting policeman.

"Sal Mineo," remarked the cop after spotting the name. He seemed pleased with his aptitude at recognizing a famous face. "I thought you were the actor the moment I saw you," the policeman smiled.

"What's wrong?" Sal inquired with a squirm of restlessness. Of course, Sal knew he had been going over the speed limit. But this was no time for social amenities. He had a timetable to keep if he was to catch the noon flight to California from Idlewild Airport.

"You were doing 54," the policeman replied. "This is a 40-mile zone. I'm going to give you a ticket."

Sal shrugged. He knew he had violated the speed limit, although he wasn't the only one. As he was driving along at that early morning hour, he was passed by a number of cars.

"Some guys get away with it," the policeman said, "but some get caught. It's just your tough luck that I spotted you."

The cop took out his pen and began to write as Sal sat mutely waiting for the summons. It took a minute to make out the ticket, but during that minute something happened that became significant to Sal in a dramatic turn of events soon to become apparent.

As the policeman wrote the summons, another patrolman cruised by
in a radio car and caught the eye of the first one. The policeman next to Sal waved to the passing patrolman, who waved back and kept going.

Sal thought nothing of this—not at the moment, anyway.

The policeman finished writing the ticket and gave it to Sal, saying: "You had better be careful, Mr. Mineo. I see on your license that you have a previous conviction for speeding in this state. This is your second offense. If you get a third, you're going to lose your license."

The New York State law calls for automatic revocation of license if a driver is convicted three times for speeding in an eighteen-month period, a year and a half.

Sal looked at the cop sternly as he reached out to take back his license and registration—along with the newly acquired speeding ticket.

"I certainly don't want to lose my license," Sal said with firmness. "I'll be careful, you can bet on that."

The cop went back to his car as Sal started out again for Mamaroneck. Now Sal was being overcautious on the pedal. His eyes were almost glued to the speedometer. The red indicator hovered around 39, high enough. He wasn't going to get stopped for speeding—not again.

But something had happened in the few minutes that Sal had been stopped by the cop. The traffic on the highway had started to build up in the northbound lane. Not a great deal, but enough to make drivers behind Sal honk their horns impatiently, trying to get him to move faster.

When he realized that trying to stay within the legal 40 mph limit was tying up traffic and raising tempers, Sal stepped it up. Just to stay with the rest of the traffic!

As he went faster, Sal cast his eye on the speedometer, wary about breaking the law again. But he was doing five miles an hour over the 40-mile limit, drivers behind me kept beeping their horns. But I knew it wasn't wise to go any faster, despite the fact that almost everyone on the road was passing me up. I knew I had to be extremely careful because I didn't want to lose my license with a third speeding ticket.

"I've always been cautious," Sal explained. "I'm no speed demon. I'm no auto racer. I've never been in a racing car. When I was younger I used to like to fool with cars. I did some body and fender work on them. I tried to add more power to the engine once—the car was a 1941 Dodge. That was when I was out in California. I'd say I was about sixteen at the time.

"I put in a dual carburetor—but nothing could help that old heap. I had paid $35 for it, and when I finally dumped it I had to pay the junk man $25 to take it away.

"I got only one ticket while driving that car—for adding to the Los Angeles smog with big clouds of black smoke from the dual exhausts. "Every day on my way to work at the Warner Brothers lot I had to go over a steep hill in Laurel Canyon. Half way up I would have to pull into a driveway and back up to the top of the hill. The car couldn't make it even in low gear, so I had to put it in reverse.

"And every day there was a certain cop who watched what I was doing. He left me alone until one day when he finally couldn't stand it any longer. He pulled me over and asked me what kind of a nut I was. And then he gave me a ticket. For heavy exhaust."

How about speeding—did Sal ever get ticketed on the Coast for going too fast?

"Never," said Sal emphatically. "My first speeding ticket was handed me in New York—and so were my second and third ones."

Third one?

Yes, Sal got a third speeding ticket—driving to Mamaroneck.

He got it exactly five minutes after the first ticket, and this is just the way it happened:

Sal had paid the 10-cent toll at the end of the West Side Highway and crossed the Spuyten Duyvil Bridge over the Harlem River into the Bronx, the borough of Sal's birth. The highway now became the Henry Hudson Parkway, a wide, sweeping road.

"I was taking it very easy," Sal related. "I was in the right hand lane. Cars were still honking their horns and pulling around to pass me.

"The next thing I knew—a cop pulls me over."

The cop, believe it or not, was the one who had passed by in a radio car and waved to the patrolman who had issued Sal a speeding ticket five minutes before.

"What's (Continued on page 90)
N o one who was at the White House denies having heard it. It was Twist music all right. Definitely! Primitive, bouncy, jouncey, it couldn’t be anything else but an open invitation to swing your hips. And an invitation at the White House is like a command performance, isn’t it? Yet in what may be the greatest case of mass myopia in the history of social gatherings, no one can recall actually seeing anyone dance the Twist.

The mood was right for it—one of President and Mrs. Kennedy’s most informal parties in honor of the First Lady’s sister, Princess Lee Radziwill. And the music was right for it, too—Lester Lanin’s romping, stomping beat. And the news stories—could they be all wrong?

Therein lies the social mystery of the year, which Photoplay set out to solve. While we were busily at it, Presidential Press Secretary Pierre Salinger was nursing the social headache of the year. He had the task of explaining—or trying to—what did or didn’t happen. In a party post-mortem, he firmly and unequivocally denied that President Kennedy or anyone else had danced the dance which has virtually hypnotized the rest of the nation—from the bluebloods of society to the fuzzy-cheeked teenagers with the duck-tailed hairdos.

This denial was indeed a surprise because the story originally came out of Washington, ostensibly from the very staid and proper precincts of the White House itself. And this is why it attracted so much interest in the first place. People believed the story was official.

It started with a newspaper article, datelined Washington.

“President Kennedy’s guests are doing ‘The Twist’ and other new dance steps at a White House party tonight,” the account began on the United Press International teletype machines in newspaper offices all over the country.

“The President and Mrs. Kennedy, setting protocol aside for tonight,” continued the story, “invited close relatives and friends to the kind of party they like to give.”

After explaining that the party was to honor Mrs. Kennedy’s sister, the story went on to say that Lester Lanin’s orchestra “is providing the music to accompany the guests’ attempt at ‘The Twist.’”

An added note to the announcement indicated that the Marine band would provide music to “greet arriving guests.” Perhaps the Marine musicians were brought in to still the savage breasts of those who took the news accounts literally and came with the idea of twisting their way into the Blue Room to make an impression on the Chief Executive and the First Lady.

The soft chamber music rendered by the Marine group made such an entrance impossible. But it wasn’t long before the sedate and subdued symphonic strains of the
service band were supplanted by the syncopated heel-kicking stomp stuff which Lester Lanin and his lads had come to play.

The black tie gathering of ninety quickly glided into the groove with such peripatetic numbers as “Never on Sunday,” “Mac the Knife,” “Sound of Music,” “Hey, Look Me Over,” “Hey, I Ain’t Down Yet” and “Make Someone Happy.”

But gliding into the groove is one thing, doing The Twist is quite another. One simply must study the circumstances before plunging recklessly into hasty conclusions. Consider, if you will, the guests.

There was, to begin with, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson. Certainly it’s hard to conceive of Mr. Johnson doing The Twist.

It’s true enough that Mr. Johnson hails from Texas. And no doubt he had ridden a bronc before he could walk. (Don’t all Texans?) However, while some movements may seem the same, there is a difference between riding a bronc and dancing The Twist. Riding a bronc just isn’t done to music.

Another guest was Averill W. Harriman, former Governor of New York and one-time Ambassador to Moscow, who is currently a roving Ambassador for the Kennedy Administration.

Certainly his many globe-girdling junkets keep Mr. Harriman hopping. But we can hardly reconcile his gyrations in the diplomatic arena as a training regimen for The Twist.

Let’s twist away from Mr. Harriman and continue with the guest list.

Ah!

Peter Lawford. Now there’s a candidate!

Petah (as The Clan would say), being the President’s brother-in-law, was very much a guest at the affair. And as a theatrical personality, a movie star at that, he could readily have done The Twist and not incurred the slightest criticism for it. After all, Petah might be called on in his very next movie to twist!

But did anyone see Petah do it? Not a soul professed to have been witness to such a phenomenon.

Well, let’s move on. Oleg Cassini was there. Oleg, as you no doubt know, is the man who shapes Jacqueline Kennedy’s wardrobe.

One could surmise that Cassini was invited not especially to do The Twist—if indeed the dance was done at all—but to provide his views on the latest rage in fashions: a girdle designed especially for The Twist.

But the truth of it is—and this is gospel—no one saw Oleg so much as take out a tape measure. Not once.

So, we move on to another guest—Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., the former Congressman (Continued on page 92)
The story did not really begin that night at the plush Beverly Hills party. It began a long way back—before she’d ever seen the inside of such a fabulous house. Tall French windows throwing splashes of light on wide front steps; a butler at the door who led her past a room filled with gay voices—assured, laughing; the blur of satins, diamonds catching rainbows at women’s soft throats and lacquered nails flashing; twinkling of glasses on trays.

In a little powder room she changed swiftly from a simple (Continued on page 57)
even if it isn’t nice, it’s fun to make men blush
cotton dress to velvety black tights and a figure-molding, flame-colored cashmere sweater. She combed her waist-length black hair loose over one cheek, pushed it back over the other shoulder.

The next minute she was poised before the glittering crowd like a graceful midnight kitten; hearing the piano introduce her with a deep blue note, the bass moving in with a soft lush beat. Then her voice, kitteny-warm and low... her body moving the way the music told it to.

The crowd closed in around her. At the end, applause crackled—like dry brush on fire. Most of the faces were friendly, smiling. A few of the men, as usual, clapped too loudly. A few of the women didn’t clap at all. They just looked at her with cold, hard eyes... At 2 A.M., when the old blue Ford clanked out of the long driveway, the girl leaned back in the front seat between the piano player, who was driving, and the bass man. She closed her eyes and told herself, “So... this is what it’s all about.”

Hollywood... like any other place. Las Vegas... the applause had the same sound. And the unsmiling ones had the same look. Chicago... she knew what they were thinking, the ones who eyed, disapprovingly, the tights that clung like velvet skin. And now Hollywood. The dream of (Continued on page 71)
From Wagner to Warren:
A new kind of life?
A new kind of wife?

The boy and girl are in close embrace. They are pressed together in the front seat of a car. Past the boy’s head and shirt-sleeved back, the girl’s face is visible. Her dark eyes are large and moist. Second by second, the expressions in them change. Fear. Desire. Fright. Pleasure....Her eyes change, but her lips don’t. They are full, sensuous, slightly parted. The lips of a woman, the eyes of a girl.... Suddenly she speaks. Her words aren’t as significant as her gestures. A drawing back out of his arms. A smoothing of the skirt of her summer (Please turn the page)
Here comes the bride

dress. A putting on of her jacket. A shrinking into herself... The boy turns and his face comes into view. He is as handsome as she is beautiful. Brown shock of hair. Blue-green eyes. But now his eyes are disturbed, brooding. Anger shows in them—and tenderness—and frustration. He starts the car. Drives her home.

The boy? He is Warren Beatty. And the girl is Natalie Wood.
This intimate scene is from a motion picture, the opening of “Splendor in the Grass.” It’s a scene on celluloid, dreamed up by a writer, acted out in front of a camera by performers under the guidance of a director, and finally projected on the screen of a theater. A scene about sex, a picture about the problems and pressures of being young and in love. A screenplay about the central questions of youth: Who am I? What am I? Where am I going? What should I do?

A scene on the screen... But something else, too. What takes place on the screen during the first scene of “Splendor in the Grass” throws a revealing light on the real-life problems of Natalie Wood, and on the dilemma confronting Warren and Natalie. For (Continued on page 85)
Enchanting. Effervescent. Endowed with elastic talent that stretches from England to everywhere. An elf, merely fifteen, going on sixteen, Hayley eagerly eats up life from a silver spoon, but a wise family and a special secret keep her from the danger of too much too soon.

(Continued on page 64)
It was her first ball, and she wasn't really supposed to be there. At the last moment, her mother had scooped her up, scrubbed her clean and swooshed a party dress over her head. In the car, there were hasty instructions on how to behave. Then, all ribbons and ruffles, she watched wide-eyed as her older sister Juliet presented a bouquet of flowers. Soon it was her turn. Taking her skirts in hand, she bent low in a curtsy, just as she'd been told. Then she looked up, beaming. Princess Elizabeth—now Queen of England—beamed back.

After that, Hayley Mills did just what any other normal five-year-old girl would do at her first ball. She spilled a glass of orange juice all over the front of her dress. She was quickly taken home. It was years and years before she was allowed to meet another princess.

Ten years later, at her sister's wedding, Hayley had the orange juice well under control. It was she who was spilling over. Some of it was the excitement of Juliet's getting married. The rest was that, at fifteen loping headlong into sixteen, Hayley had a secret. She knew something that most girls her age don't know. It was something that many girls, whatever their age, never know—or else they find out when it's too late.

Photoplay heard about the secret and determined to find out what it was. We sent a reporter jetting (Continued on page 78)
Hayley does her homework, but she likes parties better. Especially when the party’s a wedding and the bride is her sister Juliet. She had her hair done specially for the wedding, and looked the picture of poise as she sat under the drier. But she told us later, “I was really more nervous than Juliet!”

The family posed for this picture right after the ceremony. That’s Hayley’s mother standing to the left of the bride and bridegroom, American actor Russell Alquist. Hayley, holding her maid-of-honor bouquet, is standing between her brother Jonathan and her famous father, John Mills. Hayley stood with Juliet and Russell in the receiving line. In fact, she managed to get a few congratulatory kisses, too!

Hayley and Jonathan shared a big secret at the reception! It was held at the Mills’ farm not far from the little church where Juliet and Russell were married. “I love that little church,” Hayley told us later. “I’d like to get married there, too.” Hayley and Russell kiss the radiant bride. “It was such a happy wedding,” Hayley said later, “nobody even cried!”
This is a love letter from Joanne Woodward to Paul Newman—a strange kind of love letter, since Joanne never wrote it and Paul never received it. The letter was written by a woman who knows the Newmans. It is a letter so warm, so real... it is as though Joanne herself wrote it. We publish it because it is the most authentic portrait ever done of the Newmans.

Darling... This is the story that starts: "And they lived happily ever after!" You know the other story. Everybody does. That story went something like this: "Once upon a time there was a dreaming girl with emerald eyes and hair the color of honey." Do you remember? Do you remember how the girl lived all alone, with only her dreams of love and enchantment to nourish her starving heart? Do you remember how one day, as she stepped out of the lonely shadows for a single magic instant, she met a young man with eyes like blue stars and hair that curled like a little boy's? How they stood for a moment like dancers on a darkened stage, and then the young man—he must have been a prince because he certainly looked like one—kissed the girl's waiting lips? We all know that story. It was (Continued on page 88)
FIRE!

Continued from page 28

from Bellagio school. He had two in the school—the two youngest—and it was practically on top of Linda Flora Drive. The police didn’t know where the pupils had been taken, but Mr. Lancaster, they’ll be safe,” they tried to tell him. “Later on everybody’ll find everybody.”

Later! How could a man wait helpless without knowing for sure his family was safe? They’d all scattered this morning—his wife to a League of Women Voters meeting, the five kids to their various booths. But he’d like to make sure. And what about the help? And this house that he’d put more than four hundred thousand dollars into, through the years?

He had to get his family together! He had to get to a phone! He turned the car around.

This is how it was for Burt Lancaster. And this is how it was for five hundred men. In every studio, every office, every TV station, work was flung aside as they ran for car and home. In how many blazing streets were swollen and small children trapped without a car to escape in? If the over-burdened fire-fighters couldn’t get to them quick enough…. At any time in Los Angeles, phone booths are scarce. Now, wherever Burt Lancaster drove, long lines of frantic men were ahead of him. He went mile after mile till he found an empty phone booth. The line to his house was still busy, as it had been when he’d heard the news and rushed out of the cutting room at Columbia Studios. He tried the League of Women Voters, “Oh Mr. Lancaster,” the voice said, “Mrs. Lancaster is on her way home.”

The fire, which started about eight that morning when a bulldozer hit a rock and showered the dry brush with sparks, was no longer a fire. It was a flock of evil geniuses larking through the drought-dried hills (there’d been no appreciable rain since January, 1961) of Hollywood, leaping in great five and ten mile leaps! The devils set not one little blaze here and another there—but four holocausts that joined up to make California’s last great disaster, the San Francisco fire of 1905, look like a kid’s bonfire.

Guns and live ammunition

Robert Stack, walking in on the set of “The Untouchables,” heard the news and froze for one horror-stricken moment. His ammunition! He knew what could happen to his beloved Rosemary and their little children and their home if the fire got to his collection of guns and the live ammunition he had always stored there.

Another hunt-man, Robert Taylor, knew the same instant shock. At his home, with Ursula and the children, there were not only his guns and ammunition—there were horses that could stampede everybody.

Richard Boone, whose ranch was near Taylor’s, left work on “Have Gun Will Travel” so fast they didn’t know till later that he’d gone. That particular morning his wife had been feeling ill enough to have called a doctor. Because of this, young Peter Boone hadn’t gone to school. And Dick Boone loves his wife and son better than life itself.

To understand the panic all these stars felt you must realize that much of the charm of Bel-Air, and its neighboring location, Mandeville Canyon, is their wildness. They are in the heart of a big city. Yet kept so wild that it is nothing unusual for deer to look in a picture window, or an occasional fox go springing over a lawn. But in a spot where there has been almost no rain the whole long year, too many trees become boxes of matches, too many flower-edged roads become inflamed. And, as many of the men were to discover while frantically driving toward home, too many cars can vapor-lock in the fiercely generated heat.

It happened to James Garner. He had hurried back from the set of “Boys Night Out” at M-G-M and was trying to get to his house, which is about a mile away from the Lancaster’s. He had actually been stopped by one traffic cop and given a ticket for speeding! So he was coming into Bel-Air from a back road, to make speed and to sneak by the fire cops. Suddenly he found himself on a road where the flames were nearly on top of him. The heat was intolerable. His car stopped dead.

Desperately, he tried to start it. The motor wouldn’t turn over. The thought flashed through his mind: He might never get home to save Lois and their children. He might never get home. Period. He might be cremated right here in his car. There was nothing to do—and it had to be done immediately. The car was not important, his wife and his family were. Jim jumped out of the car and left it to burn—then, half-blinded by the smoke, began to run home.

Meanwhile, back at the studios, work stopped on all the sound stages—there was something more important to be done. But none of it was ever done. Potential fire hazards, each studio maintains its own, very efficient fire department. Studios quickly checked their employee lists as the black smoke clouds piled up, up. At Warners, they noted that Connie Stevens and the Jack Kellys lived in the stricken area. Kelly’s home is some thirty miles from Connie’s, but the fire had reached it in a forty-mile area.

Since Connie’s home was in more immediate danger, Warners dispatched their men there first. Just as they arrived, however, the wind veered. Connie’s house was safe. Overcome with emotion, the young star fell on her knees and thanked God. Very close by, she saw the shifted flames eating at the Kerne’s home. This was the “key” home of the famed Andrews Sisters; this was the home in which they stored all their mementoes; this was the home in which they had their family reunions. The firemen could not save it. It burned as if made of paper. Everything in it was lost.

The Warners fire-fighters sped quickly through the hills to the Kellys. Jack had been warned to be ready to evacuate, but moments before the firemen arrived, the capricious wind began blowing the flames away from his home.

Firemen from Fred MacMurray’s TV studio had rushed to Bel-Air to save his house. June Haver MacMurray had been out shopping and when she could drive, she had to do what Jim Garner did, she had to go home on foot. She took their twin daughters Katie and Laurie, five, to safety. Fred stayed behind to help douse the flames that had reached his house. He thought for sure they’d lose everything, but luckily only the roof burned.

Not so fortunate

Less than a quarter of a mile away, studio firemen were helping Red Skelton save his $500,000 home. But up on Bundy Drive, Joe E. Brown was not so fortunate. His home, and everything in it was lost. Zsa Zsa Gabor lost her house, too.

The day grew hotter. The fire-created wind blew wildly to one hundred miles an hour. The sun was blacked out by the smoke; there was no telling the hour without a glance at a clock. By mid-afternoon 2,500 people, using every piece of fire-fighting equipment in Los Angeles and every other city forty miles around, were battling the blaze. But in some places, as in the area where Burt Lancaster lived, the fire trucks could do no good—they did not have enough water.
New Medicated “Ice” Clears Oil-Clogged Pores Gives Close-Up Skin Beauty

Helps stop chief cause of blackheads, enlarging pores, breaking out—without costly treatments. Look for results in 15 days—or even less.

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$100

Boone did exactly what Jim Garner did. He took his family to safety, then came back to try to protect his home. This was a compulsion all the men had—they had to go back, they had to, even though none of them knew when the dangerous wind would shift and shower live sparks over them—and their homes.

Boone dashed through the fire area at ninety miles an hour, taking his wife Ursula and their children to a hotel. Then he returned alone to his ranch to take out his horses and dogs. The very obedient dogs got into his station wagon without too much difficulty, and he drove them to a temporary animal shelter in a nearby public school yard. The horses were a problem—frantic with fear. Bob could get them to move only by tying a scarf over their eyes and riding them out, one at a time. He had to spur them fiercely so they would run to escape the pain of another spur. He took the horses to Van Heflin’s home—about a quarter of a mile away. There was no fire there—yet! No one knew, however, with the wind the way it was, where the fire would go next. Even if the horses and dogs were to be rescued, they would have to be shot over their eyes and tied up, to save them from being driven back by the wind.

Boone was the only person who saw objects that had a special significance. When Richard Boone reached his house, he found his tiny wife, Claire, dressed—in all that heat—in her mink coat. In her left hand was an overnight bag, entirely filled with the wonderful jewels Dick has given her. Her right hand firmly held Peter Boeing—age ten. Peter was clutching his most beloved possession—the guitar Duane Eddy had given him.

As Boone led them to the car, his wife fixed a stern eye on him. “Don’t you dare try to save that Lincoln barber chair,” she said. “I know it’s your most cherished possession, but you can’t get that chair and us in the car.”

They had to go back!

Boone did exactly what Jim Garner did. He took his family to safety, then came back to try to protect his home. This was a compulsion all the men had—they had to go back, they had to, even though none of them knew when the dangerous wind would shift and shower live sparks over them—and their homes.
Road, burned completely. Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer, living just below, called friends on Chalon and offered them a place to stay, but in one hour the flames were so tremendous the Bautzers, too, were ordered to evacuate. Of the more than forty homes that burned on Chalon Road area, not one cost less than $100,000.

As the afternoon wore on, the fire grew fierer, more desperately out of control. Nevertheless, the Los Angeles authorities maintained a fantastic net of communication. In the stricken section, police on foot carried walkie-talkies. In areas that were still safe though threatened, the police patrolled in radio cars. In the air, about the one-hundred-fifty-foot flames, planes dropped four-hundred tons of “water bombs” and reported changes in the fire’s direction. Where TV studio and radios had been kept. Unstill operating, exact information was given as to where school children had been evacuated, and where and how parents could claim them.

Burt Lancaster heard the instructions on his car radio as he fiercely circled away from the police. He was determined to get into Bel-Air, though the radio repeatedly warned that his entire tract of his own home and everything in it was gone. (Luckily, Burt’s $250,000 art collection was on loan to a museum.) The house, however, was the smallest of his concerns.

What of his wife...?

He saw a gas station along the road. The flames were directly across from it. He realized the danger, but—realized something else—there was probably a phone in the gas station office. He decided to find it. The office door was open, the station was deserted. He dropped a dime into the phone, wondering whom he should call. He found himself dialing his office.

“Oh, Mr. Lancaster,” a secretary gasped. “Mr. Lancaster has called. She has the three little girls with her. She wants you to collect the boys at their schools. Philip (the Lancasters’ houseboy) called. He got himself and all the servants out safely. Mrs. Lancaster has engaged a cottage at the Miramar Hotel for the whole family, tonight. She said she knew you’d want the whole family to be together—not even separated by hotel rooms. Is that all right?

At that exact instant, a tower of flame came blazing over the road toward the gas station, toward Burt. He dropped the receiver and watched, horrified, as the flames swept nearer. He thought at least his wife and children were safe—even if he was a gonner. Then, something happened. A sudden gust of wind, a miracle, call it what you will, but the flames suddenly started to go up, up, up and over the station. They came back down to earth yards away—a direct hit on a grocery store. It was demolished in seconds.

The Demon Fire

Shaking, Burt climbed back into his car and sped to Emerson High for his son Bill; then to University High for his older son Jim. Together they drove back into the fire area to see if they could help anyone. Burt knew his own home was gone. He knew that his wife might well be angry for his delay in getting their boys to her... but he couldn’t help it... he had to help others.

The three Lancasters pitched in to fight the demon fire. Working with wet blankets (Burt had thought to fill every bathtub in his home with water), they beat out the flames in four homes. With one exception, Burt didn’t know the names of the people he helped. They, of course, knew him. As they worked feverishly, no one stopped long enough to notice that the barely visible sun was setting. No one knew that the word was being filtered down that while the fire continued in other areas, the Bel-Air and Mandeville Canyon fire was almost under control.

By late evening, the whole fire was over. The toll was incredible: four hundred and fifty-six homes were lost. The damage amounted to something like twenty-six million dollars. But, Luckily, oh, so luckily, not one life was lost. Fortunately, a few very few, animals didn’t get out alive, but every man, woman and child in the stricken area had reached safety.

There were, of course, some typical Hollywood happenings. For instance, the Red Cross had set up disaster stations, with cots and food. But not one Hollywood station had been called a disaster station. That kind of community. Instead, the mink clad refugees piled into the posh Beverly Hills and Beverly Hilton Hotels. Quipped one wag, “They were the wealthiest refugees since the Russian Revolution.”

Publicity men were quick to capitalize on the fire. Clients, whose homes were not in danger, were urged to pose, hosing down their homes. When one producer saw a picture of his star in the morning paper, he called his publicity man and bellowed: “What good does this picture do, it doesn’t even mention my new picture!” Dick Boone, in true Paladin style, had cards printed up: “Have hose, will squat.”

But that’s Hollywood—and no Hollywood story, whether it be one of a ho-ho-also or a romance, would be complete without those touches.

When the smoke and flames had vanished, how did the victims feel about rebuilding? Burt Lancaster was adamant: “We’ll rebuild. Stone for stone we will rebuild. That’s what the kids want.” Joe E. Brown was less sure. He felt that he probably would rebuild, but maybe not right away. He thought he and his wife might get a trailer and live on their grounds—“That way, if we do decide to rebuild, we can watch it step by step.”

Zsa Zsa Gabor, who flew out to Hollywood from New York the day after the fire, sifted through the ashes in hope of recovering her jewels. This was the third time she’d been burned out of house and home. Said the glamorous lady, “I’ll never buy another house as long as I live, at least not in Bel-Air.”

And she may have a point. A few days after the fire, a new threat came to that area. It came in the form of a once-prayed-for rain. But now the rain was not wanted. The earth was thickly covered with brush that soaked up excess moisture, were now seared bare. The result: landslides! Steve Forrest, whose home had been saved from the fire, was one of many who had to dam up the sliding mud to protect his house.

Can anything more happen to this once lovely, highly-desirable section of Hollywood? We pray not. —Ruth Waterbury
Married women are sharing this secret

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What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

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Continued from page 57

her life. But while she was still only a few blocks from the sophisticated party and the glittering crowd, she knew what they were thinking. Just the same as folks back home in Wilmette, Illinois . . .

You wait four years . . .

It was spring, 1958. She sat in a closet-sized dressing room equipped with one bare light bulb.

For four years she had waited for this night. She had started in the chorus, and a year later been given a few lines, and then a few more lines. Now, four years later, she had her own act!

It was just the annual talent show at Wilmette High School, but to Ann-Margret Olson it was the test of her life.

Everybody in the audience remembered how she had come from Sweden, at the age of four, with her parents. How she'd started school without knowing a word of English. And now that she was seventeen, beautiful, with long black hair and warm green eyes, she wanted to sing and dance more than anything in the world. This everybody knew. The boys who took her out and wanted to get serious, knew it.

Her parents, who had struggled to make a good life for their only child, knew it. Her teachers, friends, everyone who knew anything at all about the popular little Olson girl, sensed that she would leave Wilmette some day and never return.

But this night, Ann-Margret sat listening to the rest of the cast racing around in last-minute backstage frenzy.

"Ann-Margret"—it was one of the high school music teachers who was putting on the show.

"Not yet," she said in sudden alarm.

"I'm—not ready."

She clenched her fist. Her nails turned white. She was ready. But she was afraid.

Her heart beat faster. She tried not to think. It was too late to think now. She'd made her decision months ago. When they cast the show.

"You can have your own act," the teachers had told her. "Work in some dancing, too. We'll save you next to last."

It was a big honor. The summer before, she'd gone to Kansas City for a month to sing with a band in a night club. She'd picked up a professional style. She began to know when a song felt right, when the music reached her. And she knew how to respond.

"I think I'll do something a little different for the school show this year," she told her parents.

Ann-Margret had always been a good, sensible girl. A little headstrong, maybe. But good. She'd been a good student, too, liked by teachers and classmates. Her parents didn't question her now.

"I want to surprise everybody," she told the teachers. They agreed. Of course, she had to explain. When she told them at first, they nodded. Okay. Fine. She did her own choreography, designed her own dress. It was fun. Easy, too. It seemed to work out just right.

One great big surprise

She never even went through the act at dress rehearsal. It was then that one of the teachers hesitated. "You don't think it needs to be toned down, do you?" He laughed nervously.

"Don't worry," she smiled. "There's nothing to worry about. Besides, if they're shocked—I'll take the blame."

It all seemed so easy. The last two weeks before the show she hummed "Heat Wave," the song she'd chosen. Night and day she hummed it.

Right up to the night of the show she never had a qualm. And then, five minutes before her cue, she found herself standing paralyzed. In the tiny dressing room they'd given her, she looked at the girl in the mirror. Her face paled. Her heart raced like a drum roll.

How could she have been so bold? The dress—what would the audience think? All her friends and their parents. Her own parents, too. What if she'd humiliate them for no reason at all except to be different? To dare what nobody else had ever tried to do in a talent show at Wilmette High?

What if they laughed at her? Worse still, what if they simply sat there, cold and silent? What would she do? How could she ever face them again?
As if in a blind dream she wrenched herself away from the mirror, stopped at the door, breathed a tiny prayer in a small, frightened child-voice: "Please, make them like me."

She walked out past the rest of the cast, past the little graps of surprise, the low whistles from the boys, the shocked stares of the girls. She reached the stage just as the little combo—three boys on bass, piano and sax—who'd been sworn to secrecy—hit the first notes of "Heat Wave."

She lifted her head high, ran a nervous hand through her long hair and moved out. Her body swayed to the music, her feet whispered over the stage in a slow, provocative, improvised version of a Calypso step she'd seen in the nightclub last summer.

Slowly, insinuatingly, she reached the center of the stage, out where everyone in all Wilmette, all her friends, all the parents and teachers and even the principal and his wife could see.

**Heat wave and shock wave**

She heard the music, and behind it the drum roll of her heart! Then she flung out her arms, faced the audience fully—and for one split second before the first word of the song rose from her body, she felt the shock wave vibrate from her to the faces out front—and back again.

Ann-Margret Olson stunned her home town that night. What they saw was a thin, softly curvilinear girl in a breath-taking shiny chartreuse dress with a thin strap clinging to one shoulder, a slit from floor to thigh revealing slender, shapely, bare legs.

She began to sing in a slow, lazy voice, her body moving like a little cat wakening, stretching, feeling its soft limbs come to life in a luxury of abandon.

She danced the way no one at Wilmette High had ever danced before. Her voice rose from sweet, kitten sighs to strong, as the last notes poured in her ears she could hear—far away it seemed—people shouting, clapping, cheering.

She left the stage, walked straight to her dressing room, trying to breathe in deep gulps, trying to keep from trembling—now that it was over.

"Over? Wilmette High never let Ann-Margret forget that. True, the head of the music department said her act was the most professional he'd ever seen in a high school show. But that didn't make up for the fact that most of the women teachers disapproved, and some of the girls seemed to withdraw jealously.

When the yearbook came out in June, Ann-Margret felt a pang at the big picture of herself in the chartreuse dress. She had danced the way she felt like dancing. It had been honest, notphony. Most people admired her courage and talent. Some were shocked.

But one thing was certain: It was too late to go back.

Next year, at the University of Chicago, she quit to follow a vague promise of work in Las Vegas with a trio called "The Subtle Tones." When they got there, the work had vanished. "Sorry," the agent told them with an indifferent smile, "you know how it is."

They didn't know, but they began to find out.

In Los Angeles, a different agent with the same smile gave them the same story.

Mr. and Mrs. Olson, who had brought their daughter to this country with only the promise of happiness and bright opportunity to give them courage, sent what little money they could spare. They knew what it was to follow a dream.

That weak trickle of money kept the group alive till fall, 1960. It was then, with a job singing in a Las Vegas club, that the dream came to life. George Burns saw Ann-Margret and asked her to audition. A month later, she appeared with him at the Sahara. As one observer recalled, she moved around like a Las Vegas star.

By January she had signed long-term contracts with RCA-Victor and 20th Century-Fox. In one year she made "Pocketful of Miracles" for U.A., "State Fair" for 20th, cut several records including the single "I Just Don't Understand" (sales to date: 350,000) and an LP album, "Here She Is."

**What is she like?**

Today, the "little Olson girl" is being called "the female Elvis" in tribute to her dance gyrations. One Hollywood wolf who saw her act, jumped to the wrong conclusions. In his parked car Ann-Margret told him in a level, good-humored voice:

"Sorry—you're talking to the wrong girl." Ordinarily that's all a man needs to hear. This Romeo was stubborn. "Please take me home," she added quietly.

He did. Eventually this same aggressor confided to friends, "You know, she's really a nice, sweet, sensitive person."

There are other views, of course. Ty Hardin, Gardner McKay, Gary Clarke, Frankie Avalon, Peter Brown have all had reactions, severe to moderate.

Take Peter Brown. He first heard of Ann-Margret in Las Vegas. "Go watch her," somebody said. And he did. She sang that night wearing a simple brown print cotton dress with puff sleeves. But beautiful though what she wore, he had to admit, with those cool chiseled Scandinavian features and warm green eyes that sizzled in his direction.

Later he invited her over to his table. When she sat down he asked, "What would you like to drink?"

"Seven-Up," she said firmly.

He looked at her with a long, level glance. She met it with eyes that never wavered. Then they both grinned.

He said, "I'm Peter Brown."

She said, "What do you do?"

Peter began to blush. He didn't know exactly why. There was just something about her, he told her about his TV series, "Lawman." She replied with embarrassment, "Oh, then you're a famous actor."

But she didn't pretend to have known about him all along. From then on, they began to like each other. Perhaps because it was clear from the start: There was no pretending with Ann-Margret.

If some men—misled by her openly sensuous dancing and singing style—are disappointed when they meet her in person, she doesn't seem concerned. The sensational performer in black tights says, "I feel the lyrics of the song. Whatever comes out is what's inside me. I love to feel a song building in me, and I love to move."

But the blessed, ladylike young woman, who lives with her folks now in a modest Beverly Hills apartment, neither drinks nor smokes. Her family is Lutheran and attends church every Sunday.

So it's small wonder that she recently confused a group of hard-boiled record distributors. As an RCA spokesman recalls: "Before the show, Ann-Margret sat at the banquet table dressed in a simple cotton dress. Nobody paid much attention to her. When it was time, she left the table quietly and went to change. The next time we saw her, she came out on stage in black tights and red sweater, singing those rock 'n' roll songs with enough
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Preview Hollywood 100 turns.
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They room time about always a Ann-Margret's talk.
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make in.
Ann-Margret's prodigy, sink company.
After stag A "My," Henderson said, "he said," her.
And "it," you know. He confided later, "it's the first time a girl ever made me feel she really liked something I gave her."
And a young bell-hop came out of her room red as a beet. He'd gone in for her luggage, and when she heard his broken English, she asked where he was from.
Syria, he told her.
"My," she said, "that must be so far away. I bet you get homesick sometimes."
They chatted. Anyone could see running to straight downstairs and tell his friends about the beautiful girl who talked so nicely to him.
And this, say her cl-ue friends, is why Ann-Margret makes men blush. Because they can't get over such a beautiful girl showing them the least bit of attention, either.
—BARBARA HENDERSON
from him.” Yet as of this writing no announcement, formal or otherwise, had come from Bob. And Sharon, except for her laconic call to her studio, stayed in seclusion. She seemed to want only to rest and keep out of the limelight. Those who knew the young girl’s deeply sensitive nature explained that she simply could not face her friends yet. But also knowing her wide-eyed honesty, they said she must be hiding out in respect for her “agreement.” Or perhaps it was a little of each.

Now, remembering how swiftly, surely and passionately the seventeen-year-old innocent and the thirty-one-year-old sophisticate fell in love, people ask: What happened between May and November? They ask it in spite of the eyebrows that were inevitably raised then, when a beautiful and inexperienced girl married a handsome, wealthy older man with a past full of love affairs.

It’s true, the Evans-Hugueny match came as a surprise. So did the events leading up to the hasty divorce. Yet there are at least certain glimmerings by way of clues to this deep mystery... .

This was young Sharon

Sharon Hugueny was the product of a careful upbringing in a warm, close family. Like most teenagers, she often felt that her parents overprotected her, that they scrutinized her dates so critically that it was a wonder she still had any. But she never rebelled, never fought back. Instead—and this was also the typical teenager—she dreamed of love and marriage. In a remote, romantic way, not so very long before Bob Evans determinedly charged into her young life, Sharon tried to define the qualities that she wanted in a husband.

“My dream husband,” she said then, “would be a composite of all the best qualities of all the boys I’ve already met. And I’d want him to have the candor and natural tenderness of a young boy. A man without a touch of innocence would be too old for me to marry—whatever his age.”

It is interesting to remember that Mrs. Hugueny had put her foot down against a young man Sharon was very fond of—Peter Brown—for lacking that very touch of innocence. Or, to be specific, for being a divorced man. Peter and Sharon had met on the set of “Lawman” and an immediate attraction had sparked between them. They talked and laughed together a great deal, and Peter said she was “one of the most charming, spirited, fun-loving of girls” he’d ever met. He and Sharon were eager to date, but her mother said a very definite “No.” Divorce was against her principles.

Sharon never broke her mother’s ban on dating Peter, but they stayed good friends on the Warner lot. They became so inseparable that one friend said, “I think she’d be lost without him.” And another noted that her feelings for Peter were “very deep and tender.”

For her age, she seemed to think in surprising depth. She avoided the usual teenage clichés. She did not insist, “The man I marry must be tall, dark and handsome.” Instead, she expanded on her theme, that hers must have that “small but wonderful trace of his boyhood innocence.”

“The years in numbers,” she said then, “have nothing to do with it. It’s what his years have given him—or taken away from him. If the years have given him compasion, understanding, tenderness, then these are the qualities that make up a fine man, be he twenty-five or forty-five.

“But if the years have hardened him, if they have driven him to cynicism—rendered him shockproof and destroyed the last trace of boyhood innocence, then he is too old for me, even if he’s only twenty.”

Was this the dream?

Peter Brown was twenty-five at that time. His liking for Sharon, nipped even before the dating stage, never developed into a romance. But he was a boy with a firm belief in marriage. After his divorce from Diane Jergens he had said, wistfully, “I love being married—having someone to share a house with.” But times and the “pride and joy you feel working hard for someone you love and who loves you back and takes pleasure in what you accomplish.” Far from feeling cynical at the failure of his marriage, he only hoped for a second chance at happiness.

Whether Sharon was the dream girl or not, no one ever knew. For a beautiful day in late May Peter was among the few close friends who joined the Hugueny and Evans families to watch Sharon and Bob take their vows. They stood under a flowery “chupah”—the traditional Jewish marriage canopy—in the garden of Bob’s palatial Hollywood home, the bride raised her veil to sip the sacramental wine, and her eyes were wet with tears. “Fears of joy,” said some, “Fear,” whispered others.

Whatever—all obstacles had been brushed aside. Bob, the “international charmer” had finally charmed the Huguenys out of their refusal to let a man of his age and worldliness marry their little high school senior. And her school had agreed to let her cram the final six weeks of work into two so they could marry now, and never mind graduation. Because now was when Bob could snatch the time between his million-dollar women’s apparel firm in New York—the fabulous Evan-Picone—and an important new job as an executive with 20th Century-Fox. He managed everything—the lovely ritualistic wedding and a short honeymoon to Hawaii.

No one has either questioned or explained why Sharon was married in the Jewish faith, by a rabbi. For though her mother had been Jewish before her own marriage, Sharon had been reared as a Catholic. Perhaps the only answer is that Bob wanted it that way. Her friends said she was such a giving girl that anything he wanted, she wanted. But he wanted her to turn Jewish, to raise their children in his faith, it was all right with her. When business called him back to New York, and Warners called her back to the studio for retakes on “Majority of One,” she went to New York to be with him, and took the suspension. She wanted only to please him. Others said she did not want to travel to New York over the studio’s objections, she was afraid for her career, but she gave in to be a good wife.

What, then, did go wrong? There are only a few facts, and not many more rumors. Some people say that just as Bob had the divorce announcement in hand, so he has the rumors under control. But the mystery tantalizes, and so there are conjectures. Marrying in haste and repenting at leisure is one thing, say the guessers, but why did a whirlwind courtship blow up into a whirlwind divorce?

Some say it is obvious that Sharon must have been sharply disillusioned with Bob to give up so soon on what was to have
Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

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

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

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

It’s time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in “the delicate zone” are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation. This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relaxes and promotes confidence.

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With deep pride, “When I walk into a room with my wife, I can be sure that no other man in that room has touched her.” He prized her beauty, her intelligence and charm—and above all her enchanting seventeen-year-oldness—her innocence.

But as we said—no one knows any of the answers. Sharon has gone from Miss to Mrs. to Mystery. No one knows if, back in Hollywood, back in her career, she will again be the girl who dates whom her mother advises; or if she will date whom she pleases; or if, until the hurt is well healed, she will want to date at all. For only one thing is sure: that to a tenderly-reared and sensitive girl, a divorce by seventeen must be the most painful thing in the world.

—Tony Wall

Sharon’s in Warners’ “Majority of One.”
is so important in the world’s news. It’s a different story with producer-director John Huston, who’s filming “Frend” in Munich and Vienna, “actual locale of the subject.” Who’s fooling whom? Munich and Vienna have changed since Sigmund Freud experimented there. Even the couches have changed. “Frend” is being filmed in Munich and Vienna because John Huston has an anti-Hollywood complex and avoids it whenever he can.

To continue, writer-director Joseph Mankiewicz is filming Elizabeth Taylor’s “Cleopatra” on sound stages in Rome. What sets built in a studio in Rome can’t be built in a Hollywood studio? None! And it would be safer for Twentieth-Fox because of Liz Taylor’s notorious record of illness in foreign climates to make the picture there. Also, Joe Mankiewicz does his best work (“All About Eve,” “Letter To Three Wives”) in Hollywood. He hasn’t won an Oscar since he left town.

Hollywood’s ability to recreate the world on a studio stage or backlot or nearby locale be the American way example of its technical artistry. Stanley Kramer expertly interwove the real Germany with the studio re-creation in “Judgment at Nuremberg.” It is one of the finest pictures of the year.

The above-mentioned method of movie making, with few necessary exceptions, should be the American way example of its technical artistry. Stanley Kramer expertly interwove the real Germany with the studio re-creation in “Judgment at Nuremberg.” It is one of the finest pictures of the year.

The other way isn’t fair to Hollywood. It isn’t honest with the honest workers in the industry. It’s an unnecessary obstacle to those who desire to use their talents toward the expressions of our culture. It gives Edward R. Murrow’s speech a hollow sound when he asks Hollywood to make more pictures with a better American image to send to foreign countries. This request becomes a practically impossible task because the wrong American image is already abroad where we’re making pictures for the wrong reasons.

Now let’s examine another reason; that it’s cheaper to make movies in foreign countries. Most times it is Labor and salaries are lower, but so is the standard of living. Kirk Douglas hired the Spanish army for a reasonable price for battle scenes in “Spartacus.” Kirk tried originally to hire the Yugoslav army but they were busy working in another movie. I’m not trying to be funny.

The salary a Hollywood extra receives is $24.26. He gets this for merely showing up, there are usually extras attached to the extra’s check. In foreign countries, an extra gets five dollars—and there are no additions on the salary check. Therefore, Hollywood producers, bargain hunting, get four, sometimes five extras for the price of one here.

Yet this is penny ante. Let’s look at what happens when they play for big stakes.

Hope and Crosby made “The Road to Hong Kong” in a London movie studio. There wasn’t even the excuse of going to the actual locale of the story. Bing and Bob’s other “Road” pictures were made in a Hollywood studio. Why London now?

The answer—The Eady Plan. The talented firm of producers James Harris and director Stanley Kubrick filmed “Lolita” in a London movie studio. Photographs of American street signs were flown to Harris & Kubrick so that the American city streets built on the London studio stage would be authentic. The action of “Lolita” takes place in this country despite the fact it was filmed in a London studio. Why?

Same answer—The Eady Plan.

How to help the industry

The Eady Plan is a long put to work by the British government for the purpose of promoting its movie production. It has succeeded beyond original expectations. The plan is named after the man who introduced the bill in Parliament. The Eady Plan states that a minimum of a quarter of a cent is to be levied from each theater ticket sold in the United Kingdom. The sums are then applied as a government bonus to encourage film producers. The sum which the producers draw as a bonus for their completed and released films vary, but the average at the present time is 43% of the amount taken in at the box office.

Bluntly, The Road to Hong Kong,” “Lolita,” and American movies were made in London (and the United Kingdom) because the American producers got a sizable portion of the production money from the British government.

France and Italy have similar plans. In West Germany, distributors usually guarantee most of the basic cost of a picture, which has been shown that the same purpose. Almost every country in the world, except the United States, provides some kind of specific government support for its motion picture industry. You can see that an undeclared war has existed between Hollywood and most countries of the world.

You can understand now it’s no accident that the number of movies made in Hollywood has decreased enormously.

You know now it’s not a discredit to Hollywood alone that it’s no longer the dominant motion picture manufacturer it once was.

But it can regain the title—with help. It’s our government not only asked Hollywood what it can do for them—a good question—but also asked what can we do for you. For instance, there’s the question of government subsidies. Our government subsidizes other industries and almost every other government in the world, except ours, subsidizes its movie industry. Why should the government do this? For one thing, it means keeping an important industry alive and healthy, with all the income—taxable—that results, and also the jobs. For another, it means putting that industry in a position to compete with its rivals around the world. Right now, our economies of Hollywood mean pictures have to be made for the largest possible audience. It means that, to get money to make his picture, a producer must have a sure thing, a formula, a star and a story that are tried and tested. With
subsidies, a Hollywood producer would be in a position to compete with his French and Italian rivals, to gamble on something new, to make a picture that might not appeal to the largest audience but would certainly draw the most discriminating.

**Ambassadors in tin cans**

When our government goes into action, Hollywood will be able to meet the challenge of modern picture making. And only then can Hollywood be more effective in presenting the American image to the world. Only then can Hollywood take its right place in this unique world; acting as our ambassadors in tin cans and communicating with the world.

The problem requires more research and consideration. The government and the industry might appoint a group of men to determine whether some movie production should be subsidized. And if so how.

Perhaps the State of California instead of the national government should devise a comparable Eady Plan. This would keep the movie industry in Hollywood, California. This plan might re-elect Governor Pat Brown—if candidate Richard Nixon doesn’t beat him to it.

I believe it's time for Eric Johnston to speak up, in Washington and Sacramento—and do something for the industry he is paid to represent. Will someone tell me what Eric Johnston has accomplished for the industry in the last five years? And the someone includes Eric Johnston.

It's no secret that the income tax structure as applied to movie stars needs correction. There's something basically wrong with a law that encourages artists to become conning businessmen, within the law, by forming capital gains corporations. You know there's something wrong when an income tax situation gives an American citizen a huge amount of money not to live in the United States for 18 months. You also know there's something wrong with an income tax which provides an incentive not to work. I'd like to have a non-taxable dollar for every person who has said: "I can't afford to work any more this year, it'll cost me money."

There's something so wrong it borders on evil when a law taxes an artist without considering for his special talent and without consideration for his as a human being. It's unfair to tax a movie star, a novelist, a playwright, a writer, a painter, a president, or anyone of productive years, which are limited. This tax bracket puts him in a bind for those years to come when he is not so productive, and it comes to all men no matter how great. Yet any man who has an oil well is fortunate enough to be allowed a tax deduction. A creative person is not this fortunate. He is expected to be a gushing well of talent forever. The human trait of depletion is ignored.

Remember, I warned you. Something's got to be done—and now. Luckily, now is a good time. The arts have their best friend in the White House since Tom Jef-ferson with the Klan. From crooner Sinatra to cellist Casals, the creative artist gets a warm welcome from Jack Kennedy. And if anyone can take Hollywood's message to Congress, he's the man. If he needs one more good argument he can always try this—the Russians do it and anything they can do, we can do better.
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HAYLEY MILLS

Continued from page 64

across the Atlantic to see Hayley, and this is the story she brought back:


She was sitting on a volcano.

It was phony. I asked her about it, just to make absolutely sure. It was a bare rocky mountain, about four stories high, and the open mouth at its peak definitely looked menacing.

Hayley was real. I didn't have to ask about that.

It was due to explode the next day, for a scene in Hayley's new movie, "The Castaways.

She had exploded five years and five pictures before, in "Tiger Bay.

For me, I thought I'd explode any minute. Laughing. This girl is too much.

Her parents—actor John Mills and actress-author Mary Hayley Bell—must have suspected that the minute they saw her, they must have taken one look and known that with this girl anything might happen. Anyway, as if to cover themselves no matter what happened, they gave her a whole string of names.

Hayley counted them off for me on her fingers. "Hayley Katherine Rose Vivian Mary Mills." On the "Rose" her eye perked up in excitement: "Ugh." She admitted that that many names was unusual. Her sister Juliet, four years older, has just two, and her brother Jonathan, four years younger, has just one name to his name.

I pulled up a rock and sat down. As we talked, Hayley stretched out her legs, wiggled, then tried tucking them under her. She couldn't do it. It wasn't the volcano, it was Hayley.

She's a study in perpetual motion—especially her face. She was complaining that people were beginning to exaggerate about her. "They make too much of my pranks," she said. She admitted there had been a few. She rattled them off. I couldn't write quite fast enough, but I got some of them down.

The master prankster

Like at school. She's just been graduated from Elmhurst, a boarding school for girls. Her mother had picked that one because it wasn't the usual athletic kind of English girls school; they had horticulture instead of cricket. Otherwise, Hayley made it sound like the kooky kind of place in "The Belles of St. Trinian's.

"All the girls were uniforms," Hayley said, "gray sports and coats or gray skirts with a blue blouse or sweater. And blue berets. The berets were the giveaway; anyone seeing them would spot you as a boarding-school girl. You were never allowed off the school grounds, even on weekends, except by very special permission. Of course, we managed,

Hayley would ditch the beret, wear the sweater and skirt that could be anybody's clothes and sneak into town to the sweet shop. "Once a friend and I managed to sneak out to meet a couple of boys down by the trees. And at boarding school, boys were even more forbidden than sweets," she told me. "We were complaining about our school and they were complaining about theirs and we didn't even hear the teacher coming along until she was practically right above us. My friend was caught—and fined—but I got away. Evidently Hayley can outrun any teacher. But it was an historic occasion in its own way. It's the only time Hayley ever ran away from anything; usually, she's running toward.

Monsters from outer space

"Juliet pulled out the best prank," she gallantly confided. "I was in my room at school, trying to get the algebra done. Algebra," she moaned, "the very mention of the word and I'm gone. Then there came a knock at the door and there was a teacher with this little old lady in a funny hat and all muffled up in a big fur. She had a quavery voice and she kept dabbing at her nose with an enormous lace handkerchief. I didn't recognize her, but she said she was one of my aunts. Well, we have a big family, and if she was willing to take me out of school for a few days, I was willing to go. I was told to come downstairs and all the while the teacher kept telling her what a dear girl I was. That's the way they talk when your family's around. When there are no relatives, they're more honest—then we're more like monsters from outer space.

"I waited while my aunt had an interview with the teacher. She wanted to talk about her own daughter, she said. Perhaps she'd come to the school, too. In the middle of the interview, my aunt began to shake all over, as if she were having a fit. Then her hat fell off—she was laughing so hard—and there was my sister Juliet. She'd even had me fooled—she's a marvelous actress. But the interview was too much for her and she cracked up. I expected the teacher to be furious, but even she had to admit it was funny, so she let me out anyway."

As Hayley talked, there was something about her that reminded me of nobody else. Not Debbie. Not Sandra. Not Tuesday. Except, of course, she has one thing in common with another child star from England. Like Liz Taylor, she has a desperate passion for animals.

"We live in the city half the time, in a flat near Leicester Square," she told me, "and the rest at the farm. It's about forty miles south of London and the house is fourteenth-century. Of course, we've brought it up-to-date, plumbing and all that.

"She's happiest at the farm—except about the hunting.

"We only kill birds and animals that are varmints or scavengers," she explained. "Still, it makes my heart sink when I watch a bird fall—dead. When I was little, I tried to talk Daddy out of it, and he'd try to explain that some birds ruined the crops and some animals dug holes that made the horses stumble and break their legs. But I felt I had to do something about it.
'Mommy and Daddy would go out hunting early in the morning, and I was supposed to be too young to go along. But I'd sneak out of the house and follow them, still in my nightgown. I'd hide behind the bushes until I saw Daddy taking aim at a flock of birds. Then I'd jump up and down, clapping my hands together as hard as I could and shouting at the top of my lungs, 'Bang! Bang! Bang!'

Her father would miss his shot and be furious, but by that time the birds were warned and had flown off. It was sort of a one-girl SPCA. To protect the horses, which she loved best, Hayley decided it would take several girls.

'I got all my friends together in a secret society,' she said. 'We called it USH.' That stood for Unlawful Slaughter of Horses.

Once, as president of USH, Hayley found out about a mare that was going to be destroyed because of a broken leg. She begged her mother to save it, and Mary Mills, from whom Hayley must get much of her tender-heartedness, bought the horse and nursed it back to health. May took a lot of teasing from her own friends about it, so later, when the mare had a foal, it was named Mary's Folly. The foal grew up to be a famous race horse.

'Once a photographer, wanting to take a picture of the horse, phoned the flat,' Hayley told me. 'Where's Mary's Folly?' he asked the housekeeper. She was sure she understood. She told him, 'Hayley's at Pinewood Studios!'

When she was younger, Hayley used to bring a bit of the farm, usually a pet mouse, to the city with her. 'Mine was Stanley,' she said, 'and Juliet was called Elsie. We carried them in our pockets wherever we went. Once, in big London, they got loose. It was a long time ago,' she hedged, 'and I don't remember if we did it on purpose or if they just jumped out while we were trying on clothes. But all the women began shrieking and it was panic. We had to get down on our hands and knees and crawl around under the racks and counters till we found them again.'

Hayley's concept of time extends to human ones, too. 'I'm very taken up with the bomb,' she said. 'It's terrible, it could be the end of everything. Did you know I was asked to be on the Committee of 100?' She told me about the group, led by Lord Bertrand Russell and many of England's top intellectuals, that had been staging pacifist sit-down demonstrations. They were trying to bring about disarmament. 'I was flattered that they asked me, and I really wanted to join them, too. Not that I was so anxious to sit down on the cold pavement and maybe be dragged across it like a sack of potatoes by a policeman, but my God,' she almost pleaded, 'I felt we just have to do something. Then I had to realize that it might embarrass Mommy and Daddy and I knew Mr. Disney wouldn't like it. So I didn't join. But I still get letters from them and pamphlets that say things like: 'Doom is near but don't despair, come sit down in Trafalgar Square.'

She paused for the first time in her rapid-fire of talk. I went on to another question. 'Do you daydream a lot?' I asked her.

'Why did you ask that was I wander-

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ing?” She looked a little guilty. Then she said, “The bomb. I guess I even daydream about it.”

She was discovering that it was even harder to save people than birds or horses. “Do they think about it as much in America?” she asked. “I loved America when I was there,” she told me. “Especially Disneyland and the drive-ins.”

She met a lot of boys in America, but she didn’t go out with them any more; “I was more interested in horses at the time.” She thought it over. “I must have been crazy!”

“But while I was in Hollywood, I actually saw Elvis Presley,” she recalled. “We were driving along, and this big white Cadillac pulled up alongside us at a stoplight. We saw lots of Cadillacs in Hollywood with a man sitting inside who was in them. Well, there he was. Juliet and I thought we’d die. He was sitting inside, smoking a cigarette, and there were some other men with him, all dressed in black. He’s a terribly good-looking man. I couldn’t take my eyes off him. Then the light changed and that was the end of it.”

But I almost met him another time, too. Mommy and Daddy were going to a party and Juliet and I were invited. But we had something else to do, and besides, we thought it would be just an ordinary grown-up party. Wouldn’t you know? He was there! And Gary Grant! Mommy told us about it at breakfast the next morning. Juliet and I kicked ourselves for weeks.”

I asked about the boys she dated.

“My boyfriends are all men”

“My boyfriends are all men,” she said. That meant they were at least eighteen. “They have lots more to say than boys, and they’re more fun. Boys tend to get embarrassed. And I hate show-offs or loud boys. And phonies, that’s the bottom of the street.”

“I’d like to find someone as wonderful as my father—if that’s possible.” She wrinkled her forehead as if she thought it wouldn’t be easy. “He’s so understanding and patient. And so funny. I mean,” she summed up, “he’s all right.”

“I think teenagers are the same wherever they are,” she went on, “but we’re a little different about dating in England than you are. We don’t usually start so young; Juliet wasn’t allowed to date till she was eighteen! Mommy and Daddy are being more lenient with me. I could wear lipstick at night when I was fourteen. Still, they’re tricky about letting me go out. They want to know the people I go with. On weekends, I can stay out as late as I want, till one or two o’clock. Weekdays they want me back by about ten.

“We usually go out in a gag. What I like best is to go see a movie and then go trundling around Cadillacs looking at all the restaurants and shops. Then we end up finding a place to have coffee. We usually pair off, but I do think girls should put in when they’re out with boys. That’s what you call going Dutch treat.”

“And I love parties. Usually I like to wear casual clothes, straight skirts and sweaters or suits. But once in a while, I love to dress up. I put you on a pink cloud. Last weekend I was at Cambridge visiting my cousin, and there were just lots of parties. It was marvelous. Sometimes, at a party, I feel shy if I don’t know anybody. Then if the other people are shy, too, it’s the end. But up there my cousin introduced me to everybody. I met Prince William of Gloucester.” She rolled her eyes. “He’s divine.”

I’d asked her what she’d like to do most in all the world—if money and parents were no objections. She didn’t hesitate. “I’d like to go to a university,” she shot back. “Cambridge!” She looked at me conspiratorially. We both knew Cambridge was an all-boys school—mostly.

She admitted that she’s always getting crushes. “I’m suffering at the moment,” she confided. “Unrequited love.” She agreed it was a problem if you liked someone who didn’t like you back. “Any girl who chases a guy is stupid,” she said. “But there are things you can do about it. There are different tactics for different boys. For instance, if he’s a quiet boy, you just sort of go and sit down next to him and talk to himquietly. You can bring him out of himself. But I’d never call up a boy unless I had something to ask him. You know, if I had an extra ticket to the theater or an invitation to a party. It’s different about the phone here, too. In America, I was always on the phone. For hours. It used to drive Daddy crazy. He’d pace up and down in front of me, wringing his hands and saying he was expecting an important long-distance call.”

“In England, we don’t talk that much on the phone. We just get together and talk in person,” she said. “That’s how I came to be in the movies. One of Daddy’s friends drove down to the farm to talk.”

They were talking business. John Mills was already signed for the movie “Tiger Bay.” They still needed to find someone for the young boy’s part. “Instead,” Hayley said, “they found me.” While they were talking, the visitor’s eyes kept wandering over to Hayley, who was playing nearby. He asked if she’d ever done any acting or had had a screen test. He was told no, except for little plays the family did together at home. Her father agreed to a screen test for Hayley and, once they had a look at it, the part was promptly rewritten for a girl.

“If I’d always said I wanted to go into acting, but I only said it because Daddy was in it,” Hayley told me. “Actually, I was afraid of it. What I really wanted was to have lots of horses and run a livery stable. And some day I wanted to be a mother.”

“But in our family, when you get to a certain age, if you can act, you just do. Juliet’s on the stage, and Jonathan was in ‘Parent Trap’ with me. Someone in the movie says to him, ‘You have red
hair—what color is your sister’s? And he answers, ‘Grin!’ He’s like that in real life, too. We used to have great fights and pull out chunks of each other’s hair and bite and roll all over the floor. But now that we’re older we only fight with words. He’s a monster.” Then thinking about it, “No, he’s really divine—most of the time.”

Once she started to act, Hayley found there was nothing to be scared of, “She’s instinctive,” her father says. “She’s absolutely got it. It’s wonderful to see it.”

Hayley doesn’t absolutely agree. “I don’t really know anything about acting yet,” she says. “But I do want to become a good actress. Right now, I’m like an old flannel, just soaking up every bit of information I can get when I’m working. I would like to try something really dramatic one of these days and shriek and yell all over the place. But I like comedy because there isn’t so much strain.

“I’d also love to do a western,” she said. “I adore cowboys. But in my movie, I’d really like the Indians to win. I don’t mean to rewrite American history, but the Indians were in the right, you know.”

So far, she said, her mother has a clear field in the family on writing. “Except maybe for Juliet. She writes beautiful poems, I write them, too, but mine are pathetic little poems. I’ve never show them to anyone. I write them down in my journal. It’s Hartley’s flack,” she said, “but I don’t write in it every day. Only when I feel like it. When I see something beautiful or I have an interesting conversation, I write it down. Sometimes, when I feel like the bottom of the basket, it helps to write.”

“I have ugly days,” she explained. “Juliet and I used to have them together. We’d just sit around feeling ugly and hating the way we looked. It was great. We’d go out of our way to make ourself look even uglier. Like I’d tell Juliet, ‘Take off that sweater, it’s too pretty,’ and I’d throw an old, torn one at her to wear instead. Eventually, the feeling would go away. Especially when we had an ugly day together. Juliet could never look ugly enough.”

As we talked, I thought of something one of her countrymen, George Bernard Shaw, had once said about youth being wasted on the young. Of course, he’d never met Hayley—even on an ugly day. Nothing is wasted on her.

Perhaps that’s her secret. Hayley’s young and has no complaints about it. She just acts her age. She did it at five; she does it at fifteen. What she knows that so many people don’t learn till it’s too late is that you get only one chance to live every year. She has fun at fifteen, because she knows she’ll never be fifteen again. She knows that if you live too much in the future, you lose too much today.

As for Hayley’s future, there’s only one cloud on the horizon. Next year, she’s going to a finishing school in Switzerland. That’s where they make a proper lady out of you.

It shouldn’t happen to someone as alive as Hayley Mills...

—Flora Rand


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WALTER WINCHELL

Continued from page 8

If you happen to be a Hollywood starlet and you're in Rome, Italy, don't try to grab some publicity by throwing yourself into the Trevi Fountain (à la Anita Ekberg in “La Dolce Vita”), The Rome chief of police got bored with that bit and issued orders to arrest one and all going in for that nonsense. His big complaint was that too many of his policemen wound up with pneumonia resuming Hollywood hams.

Some of us were under the impression that Jackie Gleason was unhappy about Jim Bishop's book, published a few years ago. There was much in Bishop's rendition of Gleason's life that was not very flattering. Gleason, however, like all people of the stage, screen and television, enjoys a good notice. He demonstrated that by taking a two-page ad in Variety which included: "Jim Bishop's not only a brilliant columnist, he's a fortune teller." Gleason then reminded the readers of his films "The Hustler," "Gigot" and "Requiem for a Heavyweight," and quoted Bishop's long ago lines: "If the picture industry ever gives Jackie Gleason a chance to show his radiant talent, he'll burn a hole right through the screen."

If a movie director puts a man on a horse in an American picture the price is seventy-five dollars. If the horse has to gallop, the price is a hundred dollars more. If the rider is required to fall off the steed, the fee tilts to two hundred and seventy-five dollars. And if stunt riding is needed, the cost; Seven hundred.

Vincent Edwards, hailed as a newcomer and a new face in the title role of "Ben Casey" (ABC-TV), has been in Hollywood for more than ten years—often looking for jobs in Schwab's drug store, famed rendezvous for nobodies who become somedodies.

The "Lawrence of Arabia" scripter reportedly spent a fortnight in a London goal for demonstrating (with others) to Ban The Bomb. This protest cost Columbia Pictures, the producers, about $50000 extra because of the delay while the scripter was gaoling. An expensive strike!

Who-Reads-Critics—Anywhew! Dept.: Broadway movie critics weren't happy about "Devil at 4 O'Clock," but that picture lured crowds coast to coast for many months. The stars were Spencer Tracy and Frank Sinatra, both "big box office."

Errol Flynn's son Sean is blunt like his late fadda: "I like to drive fast foreign cars. I like to fish, hunt and sail, and I like to live it up with girls. I'm what you might call a hedonist, a young man specializin' in pleasure."

Rudy Vallee, who was born again (theoretically) in the Broadway smash "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying," is observing as performers never wrecked by stage-fright Takes everything in stride. That's what comes from having money. . . . Judy Holliday has a near-genius IQ rating—it's one hundred seventy-two! That makes her almost as smart as mag editors. . . . Grace Kelly (Princess Grace) of Monaco keeps an announcing that she's through with making films. But she still employs a Hollywood press agent. . . . Joan Crawford's revolutionary remark: "Columnists can be actors' friends. . . . Marilyn Monroe's statement: "I never wear girdles because they make me feel like I'm in a coffin."

Ava Gardner reminds the busybodies that she is probably the only person who can keep her ex-husbands as friends. . . . Leslie Caron doesn't take her stardom for granted. She still takes tuition in singing, dancing and acting. . . . As though there isn't enough trouble, Sir Laurence Olivier complains that critics are a bunch of old women who are killing the theater. . . . Carley Grant's search for peace of mind has included yoga, hypnosis and psychiatry. . . . Description of a sexpress in a newsmag: "She plays one of those girls who tell themselves they are in show business, even though they only perform in bed." Jean Simmons once described them as "convertible actresses. They act with their tops down."

American moviegoers included Jean Gabin, the French star, among their pets. His fans over here, tramps, will be fascination to learn the M'sear Gabin now refuses to appear in cinemas that have a "doubtful morality." . . . Shades out of the past of Roberto Rossellini and Ingrid Bergman: Jules Dassin, her second, will direct. Melina Mercouri in Paris. Play it's item: "Paris Roger Vivier supplies women such as Liz Taylor with shoes at three hundred dollars a pair." Honest!

They say before Marilyn Monroe does a scene she shakes her hands and wrists violently. Claims it relaxes her. . . . After enjoying for demonstrating (with others) for TV revivals, you get the idea that many current actresses are not really beautiful—or actresses. At no extra cost, folks, we give you Loretta Young's secret for retaining youth: "Wock hard, smile often and thank God for every day of life." . . . Jayne Mansfield, who keeps no secrets, told reporters that when she was a teenager, a dozen boys had a crush on her. . . . You can hardly riffle a magazine these days without spotting one of those life and love articles involving Broadway-Hollywood royalty. Why? Because, we suppose, ham and cheesecake have always been a tempting circulation dish.

The END

Walter Winchell narrates "The Untouchables," ABC-TV, Thursday, 10 P.M. EST.
before he knows what’s happening, he’s being hauled off to jail.

"Sound funny? Phony? It isn’t. Every time in a while an unusual story comes along that must be printed. This is a story I wrote to put play prints to show that things like this can happen. They happened to Maharis. We hope they don’t happen to you...

There was no anger, no bitterness in George’s voice as he talked to me about the times he’s been stopped by the police, taken to the station house, even put in jail.

"The cops sure like to pick me up," George laughed. "I don’t know why, but I’m always getting arrested. Maybe it’s my face that does it, or the way I dress. Maybe it’s my personality. I don’t like being pushed around. I figure my clothes, the way I walk, my personality are my business. So when somebody else makes them his business, I get my back up. It all adds up to one thing: I get into trouble a lot easier than I get out of it.

"The first time I got mixed up with the police, it wasn’t because of the way I run or anything like that, It was because of my Aunt Fifi. Now I don’t know if she was my real aunt, but all us Maharis kids called her that. She and her husband had a great deal of influence with my mother and father. I don’t know why. Aunt Fifi was nice enough—except she looked like Betty Boop. Her husband was the card. He looked like a dog—a Pekingese. His idea of a jolly way to relax after a meal was to sit there backing every joint in his body. Boy, did that drive me nuts. Well, for some reason or other, these two convinced my parents that their boy George was headed for evil ways. They felt this desperado had to be nipped in the bud, and suggested somebody put the fear of the law in me. They must have talked it up pretty good, because one day Mom and Pop, who never would have thought of this crazy plan all by themselves, marched me to the police station for a lesson. It was a lesson all right—I never forgot it.

"Don’t cry or you’re lost!"

"When we got there, Mom handed me over to this tough-looking sergeant. He marched me into a room that was bare except for a table and chairs. Lots of cops were sitting around. There was only one light in the whole room. I wondered what was going on. I soon found out. The cops just sat laughing. Me. Then one of them started lecturing me on what would happen to a kid who tried to buck the law. One asked me questions, but I didn’t answer. Then he told me what happens when somebody gets arrested—how they have all their clothes taken away, how they’re put in a dark cell, how they’re hungry. I was shaking from head to toe as I listened. I soon realized that they were trying to break me, trying to make me cry and promise to be good. I wouldn’t give them any satisfaction. I just kept telling myself, ‘Don’t give in, don’t cry or you’re lost!’ My silence killed them. When they saw I was hopeless, they let me go. For a long time I hated cops, my parents and the whole world. New York, you see, is my hometown. It’s also the place where I get arrested the most. Several years ago while I was attending classes at the Actors’ Studio, I got a part in an off-Broadway play, ‘Deathwatch.’ One day after class I headed cross-town on my way to rehearsal. I had my ‘Deathwatch’ script roll in my arm. Little is a phony .45 pistol I needed for my part. In my back pocket I’d stuck a German Mauser pistol which I’d gotten as a souvenir in Germany. On Lexington Avenue and 54th Street, near the Civil Defense Building, these cops came up to me. They must’ve thought I was a big desperado.

"When they found the two guns on me, they were sure they’d found a criminal. I showed them the script, but they wouldn’t believe me. Then I started to laugh because ‘Deathwatch’ is a story about three guys who happen to be in a cell. I laughed even harder when I remembered that a few days before I’d told the producer that if I’d better go to jail to get the feel of the part. And now I was actually being hauled off to jail. On the way to the station house, and for a good long time after we got there, I kept telling them I was an actor. But they wouldn’t buy it. They arrested me, took my fingerprints and sent me off to a dark cell. I wasn’t laughing any more. Sitting in that cell, I realized there’s a lot more to the cops than I’d said to me that day years before. They were right. Everything they said would happen did. Including the being hungry. I refused to eat. I learned later that that was a pretty stupid thing for me to do because if you refuse to eat for several meals, the cops might send you to a psycho ward for observation.

"Anyway, by morning the whole thing had been straightened out. I didn’t waste any time getting out of there. Oh, yeah, I made sure I got my fingerprints back, too!

"I was pretty bummed up about the whole thing, but decided there was a first time for everything. I decided at the same time that that would be the last time Mrs. Maharis’ boy was hauled in by the cops. Boy, was I wrong!

"Some time later, while I was still going to acting class, I decided to go to a delicatessen and buy some apples, I love apples, fruit, raw vegetables—all that stuff. Sometimes I go into a supermarket and buy a whole bag of apples or pears, and by the time I get to the check-out counter, I’ve got nothing left but the empty bag with the price marked on it. Anyway, I walked into this delly on the West Side and asked for apples. The lady said they didn’t have any. So I turned and ran out, headed for the subway. These cops made me run. This was a real away figure I’ve just pulled a job, ‘Don’t be ridiculous,’ I told them. But they were suspicious. They decided to take me back to the delly and make sure I didn’t take anything. The woman in the store was surprised and, of course, told the cops..."
I hadn't done anything but try to buy some apples. Wouldn't you know, just as she was explaining what happened, these kids from class walked in. They got a big laugh when they saw me with the cops. I wasn't laughing. Neither were the cops—they were just red-faced.

"He decided I was guilty"

"I wish I could say that my home-town cops were the only ones who think I'm suspicious looking. Before my first trip to California, I was staying at this place—the Hollywood Sunset. A girl I knew had there a room two doors away. But the place was set up so you could have like connecting doors. In other words, I could go through the room next to mine, then go to the girl's room. The guy in the middle room was a friend of hers, a jazz musician. She said it would be okay for me to go through the room. Well, I believed her. The next thing I know this musician is missing $500 cash and some other stuff. He took one look at me—an actor with no job and no money—and decided to unload for the stuff back, and when I told him I didn't have it, he started to call the police. Boy, did I get out of there fast. I hid low until I heard they'd found the guy who did it. That little incident sort of soured me on California. I went back home.

"I love to travel. For some people it broadens them mentally—you know? But for me it just broadens the number of places to get arrested in. Once when I was hitchhiking in Georgia on my way back to New York from Cuba, this guy in a fancy Cadillac picks me up. A hitch-hiker's dream. What a thrill! We're riding along, we start talking about various things and we get into this political argument. I got pretty sore because this guy was somewhat of a Commie. He got furious, too. 'Stop this car,' I yelled. "I'm getting out!' When he refused, I figured I'd just have to jump out. As I was jumping out, the guy hit his brakes hard. The Georgia State Police car comes by. I was plenty worried. I'd heard that in Georgia they put vagrants on a chain gang. I had visions of me building miles and miles of Georgia roads, chained. The guy in the Cadillac was worried, too, because he stopped the car. Probably, he didn't want to be accused of harmful influences. What they asked was what was going on. I'd fallen asleep against the door and just fell out. That jerk Caddie owner was a cornball actor. 'Yeah, yeah,' he kept saying. 'That's exactly what happened.' He sure hummed it up good. The cops didn't believe a word of our story, but what could they do? They had to let us go. That was a close one!

"Back in New York, things began to click for me acting wise. They also began to pick up as far as the police were concerned. One night I took my girl home (she lived in Greenwich Village), and heard a lot of commotion. It was some runs living in then on Second Avenue. I got off the subway at 42nd Street and started running the rest of the way home. A cop stopped me and asked why I was running. I told him I liked to run, that I was running because I was young and needed exercise. Well, he didn't buy that, so once again I was hauled off to the police station. There I told the story about taking my girl home and then heading home myself. I finally convinced him to call up the girl. He did, and when he told her he was the police, she was sure I'd been mugged, or run over or something. She got real excited. When the policeman calmed her down and explained the purpose of the call, she said, 'Oh, that! He always runs.' The sergeant figured it was natural for a nut like me to have a crazy girlfriend, so he decided to let me go. As I left the station house, I started to run again. I guess I'm just me and I can't help it.

"But I think this story has a happy ending. I think I've been picked up for the last time. At least I hope so. That was in San Diego, a year ago. I was there for 'Route 66.' I checked into a motel, then decided to see the town. I found a crane, a football, and some baseball machines—the kind of jazz I love. I was playing this interesting machine when a prowler drove up. I heard one of the cops yell, 'Hey, you!' I turned around to see who he was yelling at. It was me. I walked over to the car and asked, 'What's wrong?' 'Let's see your identify—'

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CREDITS
Natalie and Warren cover and color by Jack Stager; black-and-white by Globe; Fire color by Pictorial Parade and black-and-white by Wide World, U.P.I., and The Los Angeles Times; George Moharis color by Gene Trindl; Rock Hudson and Edie Adams color by black-and-white by Globe; Horst Buchholz color by Apollo; Ann Margret color by Dan O'Neil and black-and-white by Bill Kabrin; Hayley Mills color by Dick Black of Black Star and black-and-white by Globe; Paul and Jannee color by Larry Barbier; Deb Stacs by Frank Beken; Gordon Hugueny and Bob Evans by Dan O'Neil and U.P.I.; Liz Taylor by Birnback; Sal Mineo by Gene Trindl; Kennedy party by Wide World.
as Natalie and Warren play out their drama of love and frustration on the screen, one thing is immediately obvious: the magnetic electricity that this boy and girl generate when they’re together. This has a lot to do with Natalie’s sometimes tender, sometimes brooding nature, which led Eva Marie Saint to say about him, “Some guys come at you like a Mack truck. This one is slow, smooth and in complete control.” It also has a lot to do with a provocative confusion that comes out in Natalie’s every word and gesture, a conflict between the whisperings of her conscience, “This is what I ought to do,” and the urgings of her heart, “This is what I want to do.” It is this same on-screen magnetic electricity that has drawn them together off-screen, too. It is life imitating art.

In fact, the romance romances linking Natalie and Warren started while they were actually making “Splendor in the Grass,” while she was still married to Bob Wagner (and were vigorously denied by all parties concerned). These romors were revived after Natalie and Bob separated, and became undeniable when she flew down to Florida to be with Warren while he was making a movie there.

Reunion in Manhattan

But it was in New York that the on-screen sparks they’d made together ignited into an off-screen blaze that flamed like a prairie fire across Manhattan. Warren was waiting for Natalie when she stepped off the West Coast plane at Idlewild Airport. As she approached the black Thunderbird in which he was sitting, he slid his six-foot-one-inch, 175-pound frame out from under the steering wheel and rushed forward to meet her. He shoved his heavy-rimmed glasses into his jacket pocket, grinned happily so that the usual heavy, brooding expression of his full lips was suddenly warm and boyish. He swept little Natalie up into his arms. She squirmed in mock protest until he kissed her—and then she was very, very quiet. She climbed into the front seat, he gowned the T-Bird, and away they went—to the Plaza Hotel. She registered (Warren already had his own room there on a different floor) at about 11:30 P.M.

Natalie and Warren were back together again, and within a few days all New York knew it. John David Griffin, the TV columnist for The New York Mirror, summed it up succinctly: “The way Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty carry on around Gotham, it’s a wonder they have time to eat.”

Back in Hollywood, at a party tossed by Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin, they’d danced so “intimately”—to quote a goggle-eyed onlooker—that by the next day all Hollywood realized they were more than “just friends.” Now in New York they danced and drank at the Seville Club, listened to music at the Eden Roc, held hands at the Harwyn Club, went to the premiere of “West Side Story” and popped up wherever there was excitement and romance.

Natalie gave interviews, of course. After all, the official reason they were both available to help out on the test week fling in New York was that they were publicizing “Splendor in the Grass.” But as she fenced with reporters, avoiding all questions about her relationship with her leading man, Warren was always close by, pacing up and down outside in the hall, coming into the room suddenly and leaving just as suddenly, her back thumbs impatiently downstairs in the lobby.

Once he was seen roaming the corridors of the hotel, his shittails hanging out sloppily in the approved Hollywood style. A man stopped him and asked, “Why are you dressed like that?”

Warren’s blue-green eyes narrowed to icy slits and he snapped back, “What’s it to you, Cap?”

“I’m the house detective,” the man answered, and for the first time in his life Warren backed down.

In “Splendor in the Grass” (Warren and Deanne (Natalie) are in love, but are doomed never to have each other; in their three-week idyll in New York, Natalie and Warren rewrote the script and improvised their own story.

Is it really love? With intense, dynamic youngsters like Warren and Natalie, no one can tell for sure. But one evening, as she sat in the lounge of her suite in the Plaza, Natalie almost revealed herself. “Love is the most important thing there is in life,” she said. “I don’t see how people can enjoy life or even exist without love. I know I can’t.”

A few more words, and then she caught herself. She asked to be excused and left—for a date with Warren.

Near the end of their stay in the city, they escaped from nosey reporters and snooping house detectives by borrowing composer Julie Styne’s apartment. But still little Natalie and Warren talked about them: “Warren Beatty gave Natalie Wood a Chihuahua pup; “Warren B. and Natalie W. are so in love it hurts—hurts everyone to watch them, that is, who isn’t young, and beautiful and as full of excitement as they are”; “When Natalie Wood (Wagner) and Warren Beatty flew west again, they may split up and go straight to Mexico, where she can get a quick divorce from husband Bob and become Mrs. Beatty.”

Life imitating art. Except—frustrated lovers on-screen, fulfilled lovers off-screen. Writing a new page of their real-life script day by day. Unsure what their final scene will be like, uncertain if their drama will have a happy ending.

But “Splendor in the Grass” does more than illustrate the magnetic electricity that Natalie and Warren generate. It also dramatizes the baffling difficulties which face young people—problems of sex, problems of morality, problems of love: difficulties, in short, which have plagued Natalie Wood for years. The questions that confuse and confound her now are the same questions that have puzzled her since she was a little girl: Who am I? What

Continued from page 61

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"I think people have to decide whether they want to have a career or marriage. "All I've ever wanted to do is act."

"I guess I'm one of those corny, dedicated actresses people make jokes about. "You might say I'm going steady with acting."

Now suddenly she went back on everything she'd ever said. She didn't believe marriage and a career could mix, yet on December 28, 1957, she upped and married Bob Wagner.

She'd declared that "my man, when he comes along, will not be too conventional." But Bob had been so conventional—even old-fashioned—as to ask her father for her hand before he ever popped the question to her.

There was only one possible explanation. Love. Love that ignores logic.

"Forever"—three years

At the altar Natalie whispered to Bob. "Darling, this is forever."

In a statement issued jointly to the press, Bob and Natalie declared, "Our marriage vows mean we love each other and that we are one forever."

In an interview they both insisted, "Our marriage is more important to us than any career."

Forever lasted thirty-six months. For three years, they shut themselves off from the rest of the world either in their house or on Bob's boat. When they did venture out, it was always side by side.

But they were happy moments, even when both were insisting how marvellous their marriage was, that trouble peaked through. Once, in a statement to the press, Bob said, "It's been wonderful from the moment I slipped that wedding ring on Nat's finger."

But then he halted for a second and added, "But it isn't true that we haven't had some rough spots. Not between us, you understand—but during our first year of marriage Nat was having serious career trouble. . . . At that time when Natalie was out of work, I was working. Then there was a period when I had a long wait between pictures. There were moments when we were worried."

Career trouble. And great actors—especially a dedicated actress like Natalie Wood—that's bad trouble.

What was happening to Natalie was bad enough. "Marjorie Morningstar," a box office flop for all the hullabaloo; mediocrity roles in "Cash McCall" and "Kings Go Forth." A string of artistic and financial failures. But what was happening to Bob was worse. He'd always been hailed as a "rising young star." Suddenly, at thirty-one, he was no longer so young and definitely not rising.

He made a series of pictures that either nobody remembers or somebody wants to forget. The critics, when they took note of him at all, damned him with faint praise. One reviewer praised him with a faint damn when, in speaking of his performance in "Say One for Me," he wrote, "It is not his fault he is miscast."

Bob tried to bolster his sagging career by making a record. "So Young" was very poor; the flip side, "Almost 18," was impossible.

In desperation—and despite all their insistence that "we'll never appear in a picture together"—Bob and Natalie co-starred in "All the Fine Young Canines. The critics devoured them alive.

Then overnight, everything changed.

The modest-living Wagners bought a $150,000 home, began to decorate it in a Graeco-Roman style, and poured $50,000 into furnishing just one bedroom and bathroom.

Natalie made two big ones in a row, "Splendor in the Grass" and "West Side Story," and the word went out, even before the film was dry on both pictures, that either of them might win her an Academy Award.

Once, someone had asked Bob how he'd feel if Natalie's career skyrocketed to where he'd be known as "Mr. Wood." His reply was, "It wouldn't bother me at all. In fact, I'd regard it as a compliment." But now that the supposition had become a fact, there was tension and trouble in the Wagner mansion. And it couldn't be smoothed over by statements to the press.

On the contrary, after "Splendor in the Grass" was released, Bob and Natalie announced that they had agreed to disagree. One columnist put her finger on the main reason for their separation when she wrote: "Close friends of Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner attribute their breakup to the most familiar of Hollywood troubles, career jealousy. Natalie's career is zooming. 'R.I.' isn't doing quite that well. . . ."

An end and a beginning

The end of a marriage. The blackness of despair and defeat.

And sadness, the miracle of new love. A man holds Natalie in his arms in front of the cameras and she feels alive again, as an actress and as a woman. A man holds her in his arms off-screen and once more she believes in love.

In the broadest sense, the problem on the screen becomes the problem in her life—the problem of youth and love.

Who am I?

Am I a girl who has grown up at last? Do I finally know my own heart? What am I? Am I first a woman and then an actress? Or first an actress and then a woman?

Where am I going?

Shall I trust myself and my future to this new man—a man with the eyes of a boy and the passionate mouth of someone who has been alive since the beginning of time? . . . So like Jimmy, yet so different. The same tender forcefulness, the same crazy regard for convention. But different, too. A man who can be "engaged to be engaged" to a woman, Joan Collins, for two years—and then suddenly turn off his heart in one second.

What should I do?

Say "Yes" to him if he asks me to marry him? Open myself up to possible rejection, disillusionment and unbearable pain?

These are the questions Natalie Wood must be asking herself today as she weighs her future with Warren Beatty or without Warren Beatty.

The door to her marriage to Bob Wagner has slammed closed behind them—there is no turning back. Bob, after dating Warren's ex-girlfriend, Joan Collins, and also Linda Christian, now wants to marry Marian Marshall, Stanley Donen's former wife. Marian and her children live in Italy, so Bob has declared, "I will
settle in Rome—I think it's the greatest.

As for Natalie, one thing is certain: she will face her problem head-on. "I give myself credit for only one thing," she says, "and that is complete honesty with myself. I may do something wrong from time to time, but I don't pretend it isn't so."

But—of course, she's still there: career or love for the girl who is every inch an actress and a woman.

One moment, thinking of Warren, she is able to say, "I won't say I'll never marry again—but I will say it won't be for some time."

The next moment, in answer to the question, "How would you feel if you were nominated and won an Oscar?" she replies, "It would be the most exciting moment of my life. I'd rather carry home one of those 'boys' than any other kind of boy!"

In its turbulence, uncertainty and confusion, life, Natalie Wood's life, imitates art—the sad, lost, searching, lonely role she plays on the screen. —Jim Hoffman


**Paul Newman**

**Continued from page 67**

a beautiful, sad story, the way proper love stories should be. The dreaming girl adored her prince, and the prince would have let a dragon rip out his heart to save his lady's honor. But, naturally, they couldn't marry because of a black, wicked spell. And so the girl went crystal tears, and all the world wept with her, and watched and hoped that love would find a way just one more millionth time.

Well, the lovers, as you recall, were torn from each other's arms a thousand times. But every time, their perfect love mended the scars of anguish.

And finally, love did find a way. Almost as if a fairy godmother had waved a jeweled wand over the helpless lovers' heads. Chimes of joy heralded the news for all the world to hear. Romance had triumphed; true love had won again.

The girl's dreams were no longer just dreams. They had become real to life. She and the handsome prince flung off the old, sad spell forever. And then one bright day while the world looked on and smiled, they were married. And they lived happily ever after.

But this story doesn't end there at all.

Because once the prince and princess were married, they became glued to a bottle offormula heating on the stove. You can hear a baby crying in the next room, and observe with ease that even the nerved of an ex-princess can grow a trifle ragged at the edges.

And yet, while little bubbles begin to rise in the bottle on the stove, she stops for a moment, stands quite still and dreams again, the old dream, the old longing.

She thinks of the young prince. His hair still curls like a little boy's—but he is no longer a boy. He is a man!

A man who, just minutes ago, left the magic portal of their castle, with two empty milk bottles in his hand and his lady's farewell message locked in his heart: "Don't forget to stop at the drug store for the baby's vitamins."

The girl with the emerald eyes has discovered what all women find out sooner or later: Living happily ever after is much harder than falling in love.

**Guess who was who!**

Maybe you've guessed by now. If you haven't I'll tell you anyway. You, my darling, were the shining knight who drove the dragon from the princess and left her the last princess, pining hopelessly in a dark tower of loneliness.

It may surprise you, dear knight-on-a-charger, to find I think of such things at 9:00 A.M. before finishing my second cup of coffee or picking up the paper to decide which recipes to clip for future dinners. I wonder, do you ever think of such things too?

My reason is simple: This morning, you threw on your raincoat, picked up the milk bottles, walked out and closed the door.

At that moment, somewhere deep in my reverent heart, I distinctly heard a long, sad, wistful sigh. The sigh, well, I guess it came from the girl who used to dream of the knight who would charge into her life one day bearing a golden banner emblazoned with the promise: Romance Forever! Romance Above All!

You see, my prince of romance forever, you forgot to kiss me goodbye.

Now, I do not consider myself the typical "little woman" who looks like the plump, naggy, oppressed creatures so well known to magazine cartoonists (are their wives really like that?). So what if the long, worshipful embrace of first love has been somewhat watered down to that symbol of harried, hurried, married life—the morning kiss.

But even a little kiss is a kiss. Every kiss counts. And a kiss is something wives are entitled to get from husbands. Obviously, I missed that kiss.

The truth is, once you say the words, "And they lived happily ever after," the prince and princess do not remain blissfully locked in each other's arms with smiles of adoration frozen on their lips.

Dinners, vacuum cleaners and canned vegetables have changed all that. Furthermore, I am not sure how storybook lovers ever did as well as they did without those
things to leave a little time for love.

Love in a vine-covered penthouse has
to wait for elevators, take the children
out to the park even on a gray winter
day, run out of butter when important
guests are on their way to the table.

Love has to stand and grin when the
world stares, criticizes, pokes at chinks
in armor that has grown slightly rusty in
spots.

Love has to change like a chameleon
when the prince and princess go through
that absolutely essential process called
"maturing" which develops from paying end-
less rent bills, inviting relatives you hate,
taking turns to check the baby's tempera-
ture at three in the morning and help
him blow his nose.

Love is something you fall into fast, but
grow into slowly.

That dreamy girl I used to knew
about storybook love, all right. Then, after
ten minutes in front of a Justice of the
Peace and the words "for better or for
worse," her storybook lover—the one she
would have sold her reputation, her life,
soul for—was hers alone. There were
no more dragons, no more witches or fairy
godmothers to hold our spells. Just
each other. Just man and wife.

The world had other things to do now
that they were wed. The world had to find
a new prince and princess to weep and
ooh and ahh over.

What husbands are for

But the ex-princess is no dope. Between
signs, I will tell you a few of the things
she's learned—with alternate joy and
pain: She has discovered, mainly, what a
husband is for.

A husband is to be seen and heard and
loved.

A husband is to be kissed whenever
possible—even in front of his mother
(or this is hardest) when he is angry at his
wife.

He is to be viewed by a wife with two
sets of lenses: one that reveals a man
with lines of fatigue and annoyance
around his eyes as he walks in out of the
rush hour crunch; the other, pink-tinted,
that shows a proud prince, still brave and
strong, with hair held high and shoulders
granite-firm, ready to take on any
opponent.

He is to be told that the children take
after his good traits.

He is to be flattered—even when you
have to hunt for a reason.

He is not to be made to wear blue
ties, if he can't stand blue, no matter
how well it brings out his hair.

He should be encouraged—even when
you think the dream he's pushing that
particular day probably won't come true.

He should be tricked into thinking you
can still look ravishing by 6:00 P.M.—even
if you have to rush to a mirror, swoosh
a comb through your hair and put on lip-
stick five seconds before he walks in the
door.

He's to be told something nice you have
thought during the day that has nothing
to do with bills, budgets or diaper rash.

He's to be told you love him at least
once a day and pampered like the chil-
dren you give most of your attention to.

He is never to be ignored.

He is to be sat down with, on the couch,
the two of you alone, for some few delici-
ous moments of privacy (which you have
cleverly managed to wangle from each
day's hectic schedule).

Most of all, he is to be congratulated for
staying married and making "ever after"
his goal.

Well—the list is long and hard—espe-
cially for a girl who used to dream of
knights. I'll confess—sometimes it's very
hard for me.

But I try and I'll keep on trying, my
dear knight with armor that remains
remarkably bright through the years
(thanks only to a touch of silver polish
now and then)—if you try, too.

Maybe it will help if you keep a few
of your own daily reminders crumpled
in the pocket of your sport jacket for handy
reference.

What wives are for

Because a wife, like a husband, is for
lots of things.

She is to be touched often—if only the
gentle brush of a hand across her cheek—
for no special reason.

She is to be placed at, with a little
thoughtful smile, mostly when you are
busy thinking of something else.

She is to be forgiven for losing her
temper when you blandly remark
"the vegetables are burned again," be-
cause she may have needed someone to
lose her temper on at all times.

She is to receive extra compliments
when she wears your favorite color be-
cause it may not be her favorite color
at all.

She is not to be compared with a little
girl, even though she calls up her mother
to find out why the cake flopped.

She is to be told she is a wonderful, pa-
tient, beautiful mother and wife, and she
will love you all the more for living so
earnestly.

She is to be held and kissed in the
evening, as tenderly as the children she has
rocked and comforted all day.

She is to be reminded, for both your
sakes, that once upon a time a prince and
princess who lived only for love, and
maybe they are not so far in the past as
one might think.

You see, to me you are still a prince,
with golden hair that curls like a little
boy's. You are the promise and fulfillment
of love ever after. You are marvellously
handsome in the morning after three hours
sleep—even with your eyes half shut and
your bathrobe on inside out. You are a
knight whose underwear must be folded,
socks sorted and shoes forever picked up
out of the middle of the floor.

As for the poetic wraith of a girl you
pursued and won, she will always have
hair that gets straight in the rain, a voice
that gets sharp under strain and eyes that
get red after midnight without a nap in
the afternoon.

Even if the baby is still crying and the
formula boiled over ages ago, the impor-
tant thing is . . . I love you more than
ever.

P.S. About that morning kiss, won't
you forget tomorrow . . . ?

—RUTH BRITEN

Paul is in 20th's "Adventures of a Young
Man." He stars with Joanne in U.A.'s
"Paris Blues." His next film is "The
Chalk Garden," Universal-International.

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Sal is confident that when the court hears his side, it will dispense of the case in his favor. He insists on his innocence.

"You have all the facts—I've told the whole truth," Sal said in telling this writer his story, "I'm going to tell the same story in court because there's no other way to tell it. I think I've been given a fast shuffle."

Sal, who was interviewed in the presence of his attorney, Lewis Harris, vowed to get rid of the baby blue Thunderbird which seems to attract cops like a magnet.

"I'm giving the car to my sister who's going to Bridgeport (Conn.) College."

"Yes," chimed in lawyer Harris, "and Sal's going to drive an ordinary car with a long license number."

Sal smiled, turned to your reporter with a wink, and said: "Yeah, a purple Eldorado Caddy with license SM-I."

Normally after his one-two double brush with New York's lawmen, we wanted to know whether Sal was sure on cops. "I like cops," Sal replied. "As a matter of fact, I appeared only recently at a Patrolmen's Benevolent Association affair in New York City. I get along fine with cops—except the ones who are out to get me."

"I just wasn't speeding"
in the Kremlin are scanning recent pictures of Liz. That’s how important this rumor is!

And everyone, even beauty parlor operators, are saying knowingly, “What more can happen to that ill-starred picture?” The boys in outer space will tell you that it’s going to take at least a year to complete and release the historic epic. Now, if that rumor about Liz and the big bird is true, it will mean still another postponement for the picture at additional astronomical cost to 20th Century-Fox. Let’s face it, 20th is already up to their eyebrows with banks and insurance companies, and Liz simply is not the kind of fair-weather actress to pull an Act of God—stunt in the middle of a major studio’s financial crisis. I mean she’s simpatico and all that jazz—even if she does want her own hairdresser, her own makeup man, her own designer, her own director, dialogue writer and her own doctor over there. But look at it this way: If she’s going to make Cleo the most unforgettable witch you’ve ever seen on the screen, let’s let her have her little idiosyncrasies and be grateful at that.

But to get back to the rumor. I mean, that’s why you’re reading this, isn’t it? Well, this is probably the way it happened. Someone saw Liz in one of those voluminous cocktail dresses she affects, but really shouldn’t, and her face and chin looked full in shadow. And since the dear girl isn’t in the habit of confiding in, or even conversing with, the scriveners of gossip and pure conjecture, they probably jumped to the conclusion that those no-waistline dresses, that undainty-like appetite could add up to only one thing nine months from now. That’s probably how the rumor was born.

**LIZ TAYLOR**

Continued from page 39

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**All around the world**

As for how it got around the globe, well that’s as easy as pizza to figure out. Someone—an overseas operator listening in on a bad Rome connection maybe—heard snatches of conversation about rumors, baby, yes, wonder-ful, we’ll let you know, and immediately spread the happy news to her friends, who soon spread it to theirs. Get the picture?

Of course, she is gaining weight. (Liz, you dope, not the overseas operator.) She’s taken on at least ten pounds if my X-ray eyes can add anything properly. Now you know that gaining weight is easy in Italy. Ask Sophia Loren.

The thing of it is that that pasta is sooo delicious and sooo nutritious. And when your doctor tells you to start eating, girl, I mean a girl ought to listen to her doctor, shouldn’t she? Especially when she’s paying him all that money and bringing him over to Italy and all that. And Dr. Ken- nedy, the man, will say, Liz didn’t pay him any mind. For heaven’s sake, he wouldn’t be paying house calls a continent away if he didn’t think he could help his star patient. I mean he has lots of other bright lights for patients back in Holly-wood, and he wouldn’t just leave them all stranded without aspirin and advice—just for a jaunt to Italy. He’s been at her side on bus hour. She seems to be doing a healthy business. Make no mistake about it! So my dears, when the good and good-looking young bachelor medico tells Liz to eat plenty of pasta, she eats! And when she eats all those oh-so-divine dishes and washes it all down with the marvelous miro de tordo (water is taboo in even for washing teeth), she’s just following doctor’s orders. Because, you know there’s lots of location work to be done in Italy. Egypt and England, and winter came on like gang-busters, and a girl has to be well insulated to withstand that rugged foreign weather. One simply has to be careful! Particularly a gal as cold-catching as our Miss T.

But to get back to the rumor. I mean, that’s why you’re reading this, isn’t it? Well, this is probably the way it happened. Someone saw Liz in one of those voluminous cocktail dresses she affects, but really shouldn’t, and her face and chin looked full in shadow. And since the dear girl isn’t in the habit of confiding in, or even conversing with, the scriveners of gossip and pure conjecture, they probably jumped to the conclusion that those no-waistline dresses, that undainty-like appetite could add up to only one thing nine months from now. That’s probably how the rumor was born.

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**GUARDIAN **

GUILD, 103 E. Broadway, Dept. W-534, N.Y.C. 2
she's getting one million long Lincolns (she is!) for doing the work she absolutely adores (she does!), and her children are safe and snug at her rented hearth (they are!) and the animals are nuzzling around underneath, she's got the whole potful of ingredients for contentment. And you know how contentment spreads itself around!

 Seriously—if the stork rumors were true. Nothing would make Liz and Eddie happier. But there are serious complications—medical and technical and nobody's having any of it, but there's no way we let them keep it sacred and private.

 Take it from me, if Liz were about to become a mother, she'd be the very, very first one to sky-write the news just the way they do those soft drink ads over Burbank and Brooklyn. That's the kind of gal she is. Straight and forward. Together they spell straightforward. She's not coy or secretive, and she doesn't go running to tell anyone the big news before she tells her husband. (And some movie stars do—honestly!)

 So settle back and relax or do your homework or housework or your shopping. But don’t go buying any pink or blue wool or knitting needles, because Liz Taylor is not going to have a baby.

 She is, God willing, going to finish “Cleopatra,” with her usual professional flourish, collect all that beautiful loot (less a whole lot of taxis!), pack up all her clothes and loved ones, hire “The Good Ship Lollipops” (or maybe even the Leonards of Virginia) and float right back to that good ole California sunshine. And chances are (we’ll make a sizable bet!), that when she does arrive back on these shores, she’ll be her old self. Now—she’s disobeyed the doctor’s orders, but because making movies is hard work. The weight that Liz put on before she sailed on that barge will have gone with the Nile.

 And what will Lizzy do in California? She’ll toll there till Academy Award time rolls around in 1963—then she’ll go on stage to collect her second Oscar. Wanna bet?

—PRISCILLA HERMAN

Liz will be seen in 20th’s “Cleopatra.”

Continued from page 53

from New York and son of the late F.D.R.

The White House was hardly a strange

surrounding for Roosevelt. He practically
grew up there. If no one noticed whether

he had done The Twist was probably

because his long residency in the Presi-
dential mansion had made him a fixture there.

And who notices the fixtures at a gather-
ing like this? Though we imagine that if

the chandelier had suddenly started to
dance—not The Twist, but just a simple

Fox Trot—the guests would have noticed

it, and talked about it.

Now—what about President Kennedy?

Did he do The Twist?

No, he did not. That's what the Presi-
dent's own press secretary said, making

certain in the process to explain that Mr.

Kennedy's restraint was not induced by his

troublesome back. The President's back,

Mr. Salinger said, is just “fine” now.

That, of course, was quite evident to one

and all the night of the party, for the

President did dance.

“He danced a minute or two with one

partner, then went on to another,” an au-

thoritative source reported, adding quickly

that “Mr. Kennedy always held his part-

ners at a discreet distance.”

“Never a party like this . . .”

The President was relaxed and smiling

from the start of the evening until the wee

hours of the next morning when the party

broke up.

“I do not seem to take the cue from

him, and the result was that every guest

appeared to have had a wonderful time,”

the source related.

A White House steward, who had seen

more than forty years of service there, was

overheard remarking to Lanin: “We've

never had a party like this one . . . this has
dignity, spirit and gaiety.”

But what about The Twist?

Did anyone—anyone at all—do it?

“Well,” remarked another guest who

would not allow identification, “I heard it

was done by someone—but only for a few

seconds, like a kind of gag.”

By whom?

“I don’t really know,” the guest hastened
to clarify. “I didn’t see the dance done

myself . . . I was out of the room at the
time it supposedly happened.”

We cross-examined the guest for more
details.

“All I know is that Lester Lanin struck

it up with one particularly fast number

that had a jangle-like beat, and someone

said, ‘That’s twist music.’

“But I didn’t see anyone do the dance.”

This evidence, as the court would rule,

is inadmissible. It falls in the realm of

hearsay.

We wish to emphasize what Mr. Salinger

has said: “There were no twists danced

that night.”

Again, we quote Mr. Salinger: “I was

there until 3 A.M. and nobody did The

Twist.”

Oh, by the way, one of our informants

who stayed until the party broke up—at

4 A.M.—told us that President Kennedy
danced with his sister-in-law, Princess

Radziwill, after all the guests from the

Saturday night party had left.

The tune to which they danced was

“Never on Sunday.”

It was Sunday, though, and the dawn

was coming up like thunder.

And Jacqueline?

She danced, too.

Moreover, indications were that Jackie

enjoyed the party tremendously. One

guest told us of overhearing Jackie say to

Lanin: “You’re a darling. You were sweet
to come.”

And that’s the story of the Kennedy

party for Princess Radziwill.

Lots of music to dance The Twist.

But not a twist on the White House

dance floor—or so they tell us.

—Milt Johnson
Now, more than twenty years later, Horst’s life is better, much better. As we lunched in Hollywood’s posh Scandia, the actor more than once looked around at the elegant surroundings, turned to his wife, Myriam, and said, “My childhood wasn’t like this—definitely, it wasn’t like this.”

And now, the same number of years later, his life is still filled with fantasies—but they are not of his own making. His parents had always hoped that he would study medicine, but war, bombings and prison camps stopped all that. In fact, before Horst was eight, his family was no longer together. His father was Italian, and his mother, the Russian, was sent away to stay with relatives in Frankfurt. Horst, along with some of his school chums, went to live a kind of prisoner’s life in a series of evacuation camps in Czechoslovakia. He tended cattle, hoed potatoes and he even learned to sew. And he was hungry, always hungry.

By 1945, Germany’s war machine was all but destroyed, and Germany itself was on the verge of collapse. War’s end, to Horst, meant only that now, perhaps, he would be able to find his mother, his father, his sister. The Russians were already overrunning the countryside, looting and pillaging. Horst and a couple of friends stole away one night from their camp, desperately determined to get back to Berlin.

“Trigger-happy Russians”

It took them months. The boys slept in open frost-covered fields, under hayricks, in abandoned barns. They begged for food—or stole it, when they had to. Once, riding in a dirty cattle car, the runaways survived a bombardment that destroyed the train and killed some of the other occupants. “And all the while,” Horst remembered, “we kept dodging those trigger-happy Russians.”

But still Horst and his pals ploddingly headed north to Berlin and home. They reached Magdeburg and the Elbe River—the dividing line between the American troops and the Russians. Only one bridge remained; the others had been blown. No one could cross because the bridge was closed. There was only the river; a strong swimmer could make it.

“But it would have been insane to try,” Horst said. “One story had me actually swimming the Elbe; I did not. I was no hero; I wanted to live. There were machine gun emplacements there, and huge searchlights lighting up every inch of both river banks. We saw many corpses floating in the Elbe—people who had tried to get across.”

Horst shuddered. “No, I had no wish to die.”

Luckily for Horst and his friends, a Red Cross worker found them and took them to another camp. There Horst stayed for almost a year, until he was free to move safely back to Berlin. “That camp really matured me,” said Horst. “By the time I was reunited with my mother and sister—my father stayed in a prisoner-of-war stockade until 1947—I was really a man.”

Now he was the sole support of his family. He went back to school, managed to find part-time work helping farmers in the fields, taking home a few potatoes, ears of corn or heads of cabbage. He managed to thread away. Then one day, he heard that there might be work to be had at the Metropol Theater, where they needed children for walk-ons. Horst dashed down there, spoke to the manager. “Yes, we have a few openings,” the manager said. “We pay three marks a night.”

Three marks—seventy-five cents! To always hungry Horst it was a fortune.

And because a thirteen-year-old lad was hungry, because he had to support his family, the Horst Buchholz of today was born. “There was no other reason,” Horst said. “I honestly had no burning desire to become an actor. The theater meant nothing to me. I went into it only for the money, because I desperately needed work.”

Yet even at his young age Horst saw the wisdom of what his mother had always said to him: “A man must dare greatly to be happy.” He decided that if he were going to be an actor, he’d be as good as he knew how. He began taking acting lessons. He studied languages. “I wanted to be ready,” he said, “if my break ever came.” He got a small part in the Kestner play, “Emile and the Detectives.” Over the next two years, movie producers came to him and asked him to dub their imported English films with German. He was a bit player in dozens of comic operas, appeared on Radio Berlin, often slept only three or four hours a night. He was all of fifteen.

There were stage plays and more movies—“Die Hallstellen,” “Heaven Without Stars”—films that made him the idol of Germany’s teenagers and brought him a much-coveted award at the Cannes Film Festival. Soon he was Germany’s leading young actor; at twenty, he was already a major Continental star. But the picture which was the first to gain him world-wide attention was Thomas Mann’s classic “The Confessions of Felix Krull.” In the world’s press, he had come to be called at twelve, was acclaimed as “one of the great new actors of our times.”

One girl wasn’t impressed

But to one girl, a lovely young French actress named Myriam Bru, the fame of Horst Buchholz didn’t mean a thing. Horst and Myriam first met in Munich, on the set of the Franco-Italian production of Tolstoy’s “Resurrection.” They were to be co-stars: Horst playing the arrogant Prince Dimitri; Myriam, the young girl Katoinka, whose love Dimitri hopes will redeem him.

Myriam had seen Buchholz in a German movie in which he played a leather-jacketed young punk, and she was furious at the notice. “Unfortunately,” he was to be the butcher in the Tolstoy classic. “You mean,” she exclaimed to the film’s producer, “that you’re going to have that beatnik, that Rhinelander rock ‘n’ roller, play Prince Dimitri?”

Horst himself was not too impressed with the young French actress, either. “Oh, yes,” he smiled, “I thought she was charming and intelligent, but that’s all.”

Somewhere, though, Horst’s gentleness and
kindness—charmed Miss Bru. Myriam loved Paris; she had her own apartment there on the Aire. And Horst loved the great “City of Light,” too. He had hitched there once, when he was about eighteen, with only thirteen dollars in his pocket, and he had lived in the Algerian section for two weeks, on milk, bread and porridge. It had been a delightful adventure. So Horst and Myriam became good friends—only friends, naturally.

Then, as Horst remembers, “We had to go to the Italian island of Ischia, to do some location shots. It is a marvelous place for romance, this Ischia, and Myriam and I had nothing but love scenes. I suppose that was when we really fell in love.”

When “Resurrection” was completed, Myriam left for Rome, while Horst was scheduled to be in Tiger Bay. The first day he was there, he saw that he could not be away from Myriam another minute. He sent her a cable. “Come to London immediately,” it read, “I am going to marry you December 28th.” They were married exactly as Horst said, in the London Register Office, on December 28th, 1938. Myriam spoke only a single word of English: it was the word “Goodbye,” which she always used to greet people. Horst himself was having troubles with the language, but he had a better ear than his wife.

“When I first went to England to do Tiger Bay,” he said, “English was a mystery to me. So I had to learn my lines like a monkey. I’d get someone to read my lines to me, then I’d repeat them just as they had been said. I was lucky enough to win the friendship of John Mills and his daughter Hayley. They were so wonderful!”

“But,” Horst went on, “they taught me to speak English with a British accent. When I came to Hollywood to talk to Director Billy Wilder about doing ‘One, Two, Three’—this was long before I even started ‘Fanny’—Wilder threw me out. ‘Come back when you can talk the way we talk in America,’ he shouted. So I went away and learned to speak English as I do now.”

“Mr. Horse Buckles”

And while Horst was learning English, Hollywood producers were learning his name—sometimes in jest, sometimes for real. “Horse Buckles” is the name the Gutman people called him. “It’s a name they used to call me,” Horst says. “It’s got to go.”

He was called “That fellow Buckles—Horse-Something-or-Other.” There was even an attempt to hold a big contest: Pick a New Name For Buchholz. But Horst refused to go along with the idea.

Today, Hollywood is playing a different tune. Like Horst, they agree the name must stay, but they’ve stopped joking. “He should call himself something simple like Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.”—but it’s Buchholz himself who laughs loudest.

One thing that doesn’t make him laugh is this business of his being another Jimmy Dean. Patiently, Horst points out that he does not enjoy being overshadowed by a ghost, nor being forced into a pair of dead man’s shoes. “Look,” he says, “I’m me. Nobody else can be me.” And I don’t think he’s even act as he did. If I see tortured or tormented on the screen, or wear a black leather jacket, or even look like a beatnik, that’s what my role calls for. That doesn’t make me ‘another James Dean.’

“For instance, I was born on December 4, 1933—that makes me twenty-eight years old. That isn’t particularly old. But in Munich recently, somebody mentioned a certain—let’s see—he’s trying to make a name for himself. ‘Yes,’ they said, solemnly, ‘this boy shows real promise. He is a young Horst Buchholz.’

“So you see, they do this, comparing everywhere. But I am no James Dean.”

There was, of course, the way Horst hurled his white Cadillac convertible through the narrow highways of Europe that bordered Munich. Where his car is no more—even the man who all but killed himself recently on a Munich road is no more.

The accident—Horst says a tire blew—happened only a few days after he jokingly told director Billy Wilder, “I’m not going to die like Jimmy Dean.” They found Buchholz crawling beside his demolished car. But there was no piece of the shattered steering wheel that had pierced him.

He was in the Munich University Clinic for weeks and almost died. What scears the accident left—sears both physical and emotional—the episode is a closed chapter with him. When the accident is mentioned, Horst’s eyes turned veiled. Dean, they said, with wishful—and that explained the way he drove the Porsche that finally killed him. But Horst? He was soon to become a father; he had commitments for pictures extending over the next few years; he had his Myriam; his parents, his sister Heidi were back with him again.

“You know,” Horst said, “I never really liked that big car. I only bought it because Myriam liked one. Now I wish I hadn’t had to have room for all her trunks and suitcases—as many as fourteen of them,” he laughed, looking teasingly at his wife. “But now I have no car, I don’t know when I’ll get one—and I don’t care.”

Horst and Myriam have an apartment in Paris, a winter home in Chur, Switzerland (they both love to ski) and for their stay in Hollywood, they’ve rented a huge home in Bel-Air. “With an Olympic-size swimming pool,” Horst adds gleefully. And that’s where Myriam will stay until the baby (due next month) is born, while Horst goes off to India to make “Nine Hours to Rama.” For company, she will have Horst’s mother and her own mother. There will be one problem—no car.

“It would be useless, a car,” Myriam said. “I do not do driving. I shall have to be driven.”

Horst almost choked on his coffee, “Driv—” he said, “Not driven!”

Some people who have worked with Horst say he is “hard to know,” and Horst admits that this is true—at times. “He can be moody, intense and even highly opinionated,” one co-worker declared. “Well, in a way, when I get anxious, I’m in a mess. And I’m making ‘Fanny.’ Horst and Myriam kept pretty much to themselves, or spent their time with Horst’s mother, father and sister, who were visiting them. And he liked to wear those cowboy boots of his—I think he bought about a dozen pair in Mexico while making ‘The Magnificent Seven’ Maybe he wore them because he thought they looked tall.”

Other co-workers agree that Horst could be, “not exactly standoffish, but truly dignified.” Yet when he felt in the mood, he could be boyish, even playful. He liked to play games with hats, make funny faces and shadow-box with the camera crew.

When he was in Munich doing “One, Two, Three,” studio people set up a Hollywood-style premiere for The Magnificent Seven. Dean got a pale red carpet, searchlights, bleachers for the fans, microphones and a red carpet leading into the theater. To give Horst a little “color,” the publicity staff ordered a gaudy, silver-mounted vaquero outfit flown over from Mexico, complete with two six-guns, holsters and bandoliers bristling with blank cartridges. “Horst was like a boy who has just discovered the Christmas Treasures,” an old cronie said. “He couldn’t wait to get into that vaquero rig. And as the people started arriving at the theater, Horst stood in the street, blazing those six-guns into the air, I know he had the best time of anybody.”

No more a rebel

Horst is the first to admit that the pinched, frightened, unhappy boy of those early-Berlin days is no more. “Like any teenager,” he says, “I was at odds with the world. I use to fight, argue with and even resent my father. I knew everything; he knew nothing. Just because my father was right and I was wrong. I wore the grimmest clothes I could find. Well, that’s all over now. I’ve matured. I like to be well-dressed. I even wear a tie. I’m very, very orderly; wallet in this pocket, cigarettes in this one, small change here . . . you see, everything in its place. My father and I are very good friends now. And my son, our baby must be a he, will not be the same way I was.”

There is no doubt that marriage to Myriam has changed and mellowed Horst. “He’s so considerate, so thoughtful with her,” a friend said. “He protects her like a little girl. They have such an affinity in their thoughts that often they found themselves making the very same comment at identical moments. Myriam has virtually given up her own career, because their marriage comes first.”

If Myriam is slow to grasp an Americanism, Horst happily translates the phrase into French for her—or tries to. Horst was asked if he enjoyed meeting the press. “I love it,” he said, prompting the comment that he is probably “a ham at heart.” Myriam said with her eyes glistening, “You are ham?” she asked. “What means this?”

“Oh, you know—ham,” Horst laughed. “It is what we eat.”

“Well,” said Myriam, naively, “if you are ham, I will put you in the icebox.”

“That’s right,” said Horst, chuckling, “and you are going to keep this ham for the rest of your life.”

So, if you’ve been wondering about that unique new screen lover with that unique name, now you know. He’s toulouse, human, even perhaps a little harmless. But he’s also, in Billy Wilder’s words, “probably the best young leading man in the world today.” It was Wilder, too, who once said that in making the kind of film that makes—Horst could do—Horst said, “I am not out to provide messages or reform the world; I just want to force the audiences to drop their popcorn and watch.”

And Horst Buchholz—the lover and the name—will make you do just that.

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Myrna Woodard
Ohio State

John's free, Myrna, but with those looks, we can't guarantee for how long. It looks serious between him and Deborah Walley. Keep watching the pages of Photoplay for a story on this dreamboat real soon.—Ea.

GEORGE—IN THE DOG HOUSE
I am writing this letter to you in the hopes that it will be published or forwarded to George Maharis just to let him know how we feel about his idea of what a woman should be. I think he should go out and get himself a good dog, then they can go out sniffing together. He may be looking for that kind of girl, but he'll marry one of the young Hollywood lovelies and I'll give it a year and no more. I came from his neighborhood and am as different as he is. Aren't we all?

Katherine Maticke
Hartford, Conn.

After reading George Maharis' story, I think if Mr. Maharis wants to be treated like a man, perhaps he should start thinking like one and not like a spoiled brat.

Kathi Christman
Phila., Penn.

In my opinion George Maharis is no judge of women. Women are not dogs. If we want to wear garments we will, and if we have red hair what are you going to do about it? If we want to wear make-up we will. Men are all dumb, sick and no good!

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Bobby hadn’t said much as he threaded the car
ever so carefully through the heavy evening traffic.
His face was sober and serious, and there was a
solemnity about him that Sandra Dee had never
seen before. Not even at their marriage.

They were nearing the hospital now. Only a
few more minutes to go. And then... 

“You all right, honey?” Bobby asked. His tone
suggested he had not the slightest idea of what
the answer would be—what to expect.

Sandra smiled. “I’m fine. Don’t worry about
a thing,” she said. She sounded reassuring.

“But,” Bobby said uncertainly, “you haven’t any
—I mean—isn’t there some pain?”

Sandra closed her eyes and leaned back in the
seat. She didn’t say anything.

Her normally slim, girlish figure was full and
round with the expectancy of the new life that
love—the love she and Bobby had shared—was
creating. Soon now. This night.

“Sandra?” Bobby said softly.
His eyes were straight ahead—
on the traffic. “Sandra,” he asked
again. “Does it—isn’t there—any
pain at all?” The last two words
spoken as though he could not
believe them. Or any of this.

“Pain?” asked Sandra, with
incredible casualness. “Of course
there are pains. All kinds—Big
pains, little pains... .”

But she was calm and even,
revealing no sign of the pre-
natal spasms that were running
through her body.

With deliberation she sat up.

“But you don’t look—I mean
act—like you’re having any
pains,” said Bobby. “Other wom-
en, when I was a kid—the women
in the block—they had terrible
pains at a time like this. You
could hear them.”

Sandra smiled at the side of
her husband’s face. His eyes still
refused to stray from their
meticulous scrutiny of the street
ahead. He had to be careful.

Sandra looked down at herself
and then back to her husband.

“I want you to remember something, darling,”
she said. “Right now. What I’m going to say: I’m
here with you. I love you. You love me. We are
going to have a baby. We’ll have it before the
sun rises. But I want you to know that at this
moment I am so happy, so beautifully, wonderfully,
gorgeously happy, that the pain doesn’t matter.
I feel it, but it doesn’t matter.

“I guess that’s the only way I can show you
how really happy I am to (Continued on page 8)
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Few persons—even those close to him—know what that word “family” means to Bobby Darin. Some friends think the word “family” is the most important word in his vocabulary—and life.

It is what he has wanted, worked for, prayed for—and fought for!

It is because of this burning yearning for a family that, beginning a few days after Sandra came home from the hospital, Bobby became so protective toward his wife and baby that it surprised even those who knew his demands for privacy.

Photographers, most of them on the job hoping to bring the public a quick glimpse of the Darin heir, were flatly refused permission to take pictures of the child.

Sandra, of course, attuned to a warm and fruitful relation with her public after years of experience, would be more than delighted to show pictures of her son to every person in the world.

But Bobby forbids her.

Added to his firm stand photographically, Bobby also will not discuss for the public any aspect of his new family life.

Sandra disagrees, but she obeys. “I cannot say my husband is right when he is wrong,” Sandra commented recently. “But right or wrong I cannot disobey him.”

One writer who had long been friends with the couple was amazed that Bobby had taken the attitude that “my family, my wife, my son, are so sacred to me that I cannot share any private activities with the public.”

“But you are forcing Sandra to hide her own son!” said the writer. “It’s understandable that you want to shelter the infant and protect it from danger. But people—your fans and Sandra’s—what about them?”

Darin will not listen.

He is the reason Sandra hides her baby. “Of course,” says Sandra, “I will sound prejudiced, but I must admit that I can understand Bobby’s point of view in some ways. He feels intensely responsible for our son’s welfare. He feels that in addition to his work, his new obligations are enough to take care of.”

Sandra laughed. “He doesn’t think I’m well yet. He believes I must be treated as a helpless person for at least three months. His reasons are honest, his concern is genuine and I know everyone will understand that he is a first-time father. That’s enough to unnerv e any man.”

The “hidden” baby, however, is enjoying attentions rarely given to other infants.

Bobby has bought toys by the carload. The very day Sandra learned she was pregnant, she bought an Eton suit for the son she knew she’d have. She was aware that he would not be ready to wear it for at least two or three years, but she bought it anyway, and loved it.

And Dodd Mitchell Darin snoozes in a luxurious room of his own.

He is set in a soft yellow bassinet covered with tiers of violet ruffles. His cradle, ready for when he is ready for it, is in white and hand painted in gold.

Above him is a blue and white striped awning drape that sets him off majestically. The rest of the room is appointed in beautiful white furniture. For light there are four baby lamps motified with clowns, children and animals.

And Sandra, still near petrified with delight, insists on performing every single rite on her son that infants demand. He is fed with great excitement. His bath is a ceremony. The changing of his diapers a ritual. And he is so tenderly lulled to sleep and watched over that he is rarely given a chance to cry.

“I don’t think I could ever bear to let Dodd out of my sight,” Sandra says in mock mourning. “But I guess I have to be a mother and know that someday soon I will leave him—maybe for as much as four hours. But longer than that I don’t think I could bear.”

“You know,” she added, “this baby is so much fun I’m already thinking about having a daughter.

“And it will be a daughter, you know, and the pain won’t matter. Ever. Even if I have ten children.

“But Dodd, he did something special for me. Something I never dreamed would happen so soon. When I married Bobby I became a woman. When I had Dodd I became a mother. And I like being all woman at nineteen.” —GEORGE WILDER
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FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB'S:

I thought even less of Zsa Zsa Gabor after the Bel-Air fire than I did before, and then she had only a passing grade. Her great drive for publicity was as uncontrollable as the fire itself. And her hurried press conference didn’t erase her previous statements or the photographs that appeared of her in a mink coat, looking at her private ruins. Hollywood was better when there was less of Gabor and more of Garbo.

The mention of Garbo reminds me that my respect for her increases as time goes by. She knew when to quit. Perhaps Garbo could read the handwriting on the roof tops. Although her last movie, "Two-Faced Woman" (1941), was a flop, she retired the Champ. She knew when to tell M-G-M her final “I tank I go home.” And her old movies on television have made her a big favorite with a new generation. She is especially popular with every young girl in America who wants to be an actress.

I have wondered why Marilyn Monroe, to name a leading example, would want to study acting at the Actors’ Studio. There Mr. Strasberg teaches acting for the stage, not the screen. The technique of stage acting and screen acting is very different. Ask David Wayne, Jason Robards, Jr., Sir Laurence Olivier and they’ll give you the honest answer.

Just standing in the chalk-marked outlines of your feet to play a scene makes a fat difference. So now that you’re a movie star, Rock Hudson, Kim Novak, Frank Sinatra, Doris Day, Robert Mitchum (Continued on page 93)

Will the real Napoleon please SIT DOWN!
THE PERFECT GIFT FOR ANY OCCASION

TOPS IN POPS A rock 'n' roll roundup with bandstand biographies of current teen-age favorites.
CAN-OPENER COOK BOOK Mouthwatering dishes that can be prepared in a minimum of time. 22 CELLS IN NUREMBERG A revealing study of the Nazi overlords by the man who studied and tested them. SKYLINE Eighteen weeks on the best seller lists—"storytelling magic" N.Y. Times. BORN FREE The story of Elsa the lioness who bridged the gap between man and the jungle. The number one best seller of 1960. PRINCESS OF MONACO The story of Grace Kelly—young girl's dream come true.

On Sale Now Wherever Paperback Books Are Sold... Or Mail Above Coupon Today
They're saying that a singer-actress of five-star quality and her business-manager husband of long-standing will be the next to announce the end of their "perfect marriage." Like deaths, the pattern of Hollywood break-ups seems to run in a cycle of three's. Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer began the latest cycle, followed by Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. The third spot is still open—but not for long, unless the singer and her hubby settle their differences.

Bing Crosby claimed it was only a touch of virus that put him in a San Francisco hospital. But I've been tipped that he underwent an operation for the removal of kidney stones. It's the third such operation he's had.

The suit that Lili Kardell slapped on Troy Donahue for $60,000 plus never came to court. Troy's studio persuaded him to make a settlement, and all Lili received was what she originally asked for: a new two-piece suit (hers was ripped beyond repair) and approximately $3,000 to cover her medical and legal expenses.

Marilyn Monroe and Yves Montand carefully avoided (Continued on page 16)
in Photoplay...

Guess Who? And we’ll tell you now it’s not Dorothy Provine! Do you give up? It’s the sex kitten herself, Brigitte Bardot, all decked out for a gala Paris TV program.

Hmmmm, that Hamilton guy sure gets around. One night he’s dreamily waltzing with the ex-Queen of Iran, Princess Soraya; the next he’s caught doing a mighty mean twist with Italian import Elsa Martinelli. And what was Susan Kohner doing while this was going on? For the amazing answer, see page 56.
A lot of people around town thought Tuesday Weld and Gary Lockwood would tie the knot when they flew to the East Coast together for some fun. However, they returned without the Mr. and Mrs. moniker.

Someone should write a screenplay about the antics of Glenn Ford and Hope Lange. Soon after he started dating Connie Stevens, Hope also went for the younger generation. His name is Robert Logan (the new parking lot attendant on "77 Sunset Strip"). The two are the talk of the town, but Logan doesn't look old enough to stay out past the 10 P.M. curfew.

Scooping Around: Isn't Annette shocking some of her friends with her adult habits? If ever there was a flamboyant torch, it's the one being carried by Richard Quine for otter-ollergic Kim Novak. Eftem Zimbalist, Jr. is all set to pull a Jim Garner and walk out of "77 Sunset Strip." Biggest feud in months... Cliff Robertson and Suzy Parker while making "The Interns." I hear she informed him that he was the most unromantic leading man in her acting life. They didn't speak off-camera during the rest of the picture. Eyebrows raised when Henry Fonda did the twist with Mrs. Jimmy Stewart at the premiere of "West Side Story." That semi-nude posing Shirley MacLaine did for a national magazine is creating more controversy than Marilyn Monroe's calender art. Gardner McKay is helping Sharon Hugueny forget she's a teenage divorcée.

Rita Moreno and George Chakiris are playing their "West Side Story" love goings-on in real life, too. And didn't it take a psychiatrist's couch to rid Rito of Marlon Brando?

Natalie Wood is spending thousands on clothes and daily visits to the beauty shop. She's going the glamour route in a big way.
And to think that only a year ago she and R.J. had a closet crammed with blue jeans. Does Warren Beatty appreciate Natalie's new look? I hardly think so, since Warren is on the James Dean kick. He could even use Kookie's comb. His hair is hardly ever neatly combed, even when he's wearing a tuxedo at a premiere.

The denials stating that Jackie Kennedy wasn't at a Florida night club doing The Twist were really fiery. Within a few hours the White House had hustled-hushed the whole episode by claiming the owner of the Golden Falcon at Fort Lauderdale was having hallucinations. So then was Kenny Miller, whose twist band was appearing there. Kenny not only saw a woman who looked like Mrs. Kennedy, but did The Twist with her. He claimed she was a good twister, too, but then he found out that the woman was New York Senator Javits' socialite niece.

I guess Mary Duvan has really bowed out of Sandra Dee's life. Mammy wasn't around even when Sandy made Bobby Darin a daddy.

Brett Halsey obtained a court order demanding that Luciana Paluzzi bring their son back from Rame. Brett's never even seen the child.

Watch out, Jim Hutton. There's a sexy divorcée who's out to break up your marriage.

It's Anita Wood again in Elvis Presley's life. The week after Elvis parted company with Connie Stevens, Anita was back in town holding hands with El Presley.

Isn't Grace Kelly planning to come down off the throne for a spell and do another picture? Why else would she have hired a Hollywood press agent?

I didn't see any congratulations from Sophia Loren on the engagement of her sister to Mussalini's son.

The world may have been shocked by that "slaperoo" Anna Kashfi planted on ex-husband Marion Brando, but I wasn't. There's a chance no one will agree with me, but I think that girl's still very much in love. I go along with what Shakespeare said a long time ago about the lady that protested too much. Anna defames Brando's character at every chance she gets. What she says might very well be true—but if she's really through with him, why does she (Please turn the page)
thought 1959. bank say she lot marry to • go year." this newspapers didn't that must Mexican don't was my met spying acting. wife lashed into and triumph heard it keep there done. And conscience there did it, he's boasted him. "He's go the best field to be beet shrieked. "He know's me to a square time trying to keep tabs on him. In her divorce action she charged that she didn't like the way he stayed away from home so much. "I was left alone very much and I was very lonely and afraid," she said. "Marlon would take off at all hours of the day and night. His only explanation was that he intended to lead the life he lived before we were married."

That's the way Brando is. He does whatever he wants, whenever he wants. Anna knows this now and she knew it while they were married. She got out, but that doesn't always solve a problem. You can stop living with a man as his wife, but you can't stop loving him. And my guess is Anna has never stopped loving him. Their battles (verbal until now) have been aired in newspapers and magazines all over the country. I've heard more than one remark around town about Anna's lack of pride, her loss of dignity. And do you know what I tell these people? That the battles are going to go on and on—no matter what the courts decide on nurses or vacations or visitation rights for little Christian. Because that isn't the real battle. The battle is a woman fighting herself, fighting to stop loving a man whom she's lost. And until she makes peace with herself, she'll never make peace with Brando.

**Frankie To Wed Juliet!**

Hollywood isn't easily shocked, but the news that Frank Sinatra will marry Juliet Prowse took quite a few people in our town by surprise. Especially since Sinatra took Dorothy Provine to Australia recently with some friends, and Juliet was telling everyone that she was going to marry her young manager, Eddie Goldstone!

Sinatra said they will marry in the near future—Juliet will name the day. "I'm just thrilled to death," he went on. "I have never been as happy as this in my life. And this is such a wonderful girl." Juliet's comments?

"I have never really been in love with anyone before or since I met Frank. I was heartbroken when we split up after being very close for a year." Sounds good! And Sinatra's friends say that if anyone can tie him down, it's Juliet. I say she must be quite a gal.

Incidentally, the first people Sinatra notified about the engagement were his children.

Lana Turner still makes monthly trips to Connecticut to see Cheryl in the hospital. Lana hopes to bring her daughter home by summer and start a new life.

I heard that Tommy Sands and Nancy Sinatra thought an offspring was on the way. But it turned out to be a false alarm.

Another man nearly broke up the Nancy Kwan-Max Schell holiday. But the other man was explained away, and now Nancy and Max are walking on the clouds again. I thought Dinah Shore wanted to curtail her career so she could spend more time with her children. Now I wonder why she's going on the road with a night-club act? In the past, Dinah's always turned down lucrative nite dates. Maybe she thinks work and travel will help her forget her broken marriage.

Sammy Davis, Jr. and May Britt have started a bank account for their offspring.

Edd Byrnes and Asa Maynor flew down to Acapulco, and the marriage rumors really started flying. But when friends asked Asa the lowdown, she said she hadn't made up her mind. I say you can never tell what may happen under a Mexican moon!

The Rita Hayworth-Gary Merrill romance apparently soured with time. Or maybe they don't go well in public when the weather is too cold to wear Bermuda shorts.

Another wife-husband team in the making. M-G-M may give Dick Benjamin a chance to direct. Why? He's Paula Prentiss' new groom.

Apparently Yvette Mimieux's secret marriage has secretly been called off. She's dating around town. Could be, though, her secret hubby doesn't care.

Watch out, Rock Hudson. A folk named Ralph Taeger is giving Marilyn Maxwell the rush. So far she has said no to going out with him. But isn't she weakening? •

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keep trying to convince the world of his questionable moral character? That's my opinion. The word around town is that there was a lot more behind that slap than just a quick flare-up at temper.

To begin, it seems Brando finally caught on to Anna's modus operandi. "Saying it is what he labeled it. "Since our divorce in 1959, she has used thirty-six to thirty-eight nurses to accompany Christian to my house during his visits. I'm tired of being spied upon in this manner." That's how he told it to the judge.

And evidently the Santa Monica Court sympathized with him in part because they granted him permission to have his son Christian visit him every third weekend in addition to the twice-weekly visitation rights that had been granted him previously. This was a triumph for Anna in a sense, too, because a nurse must accompany young Christian on the weekend visits.

But despite this, Anna was furious when he heard the decision. She had fought tooth and nail to prevent it, and you could tell by looking at her that she was ready to burst. And she did just that. As soon as she stepped into the corridor outside the courtroom, she lashed out with the slap that was heard around the world. She caught Brando square on the cheek. He ducked to avoid the next blow he saw coming and the reporters and photographers had a field day. Brando, with his temper under control, left with his present wife Movita. His face was beat red, but he played it cool in the best tradition of method acting.

Anna, on the other hand, hung around to make the very most of what she had just done.

"Don't ever say I didn't give you a good picture," she boasted to the photographers who were sure greatly appreciated what she had done.

"Why did you do it, Miss Kash?" someone asked.

"Because he's a slob!" she screamed. "I've said it before (in court testimony) and I repeat it now. He's a big slob!"

Why would a woman who didn't care become so emotional?

The questions continued.

"What about the accusation that you're spying on him?" someone else in the crowd shouted.

"He's a liar," Anna shrieked. "He has a guilty conscience because of the immortal life he leads. He knows I am aware of the kind of man he is... that is why he has guilty feelings."

There is was. She'd said it again. Last year during one of their ten court hearings over Christian's custody, Anna had told a judge: "He's an immoral man. I don't want my child to grow up in that kind of environment."

She didn't make clear exactly what Brando's environment was, nor did she further explain what she meant by that. "He has ideas contrary to present established society."

And if you remember, Anna showed her way with words back in 1959 shortly after she and Brando were divorced. He had showed up at her home on Christmas to visit their son—but his mistake was bringing Barbara Luna with him.

"The nerve of him," Anna had fumed. "I was infuriated. I told him and that woman... that Barbara Luna ... to get out. And I let them know the way I felt in no uncertain terms. It's bad enough that I have to go into hiding in my own house on Marlon's regular visiting day, but when he brings another woman, that's the last straw!"

That angry barrage was another inkling that maybe Anna was more than inconvenient or even just annoyed. Could she have been jealous? Jealous of Brando's new girl-friend—divorced or not?

And there was something else she said outside the courtroom after she'd let off steam with that slap—someone asked her if she planned to substitute lady detectives for nurses to get the lowdown on Brando.

"Her answer? "I don't have to spy on him—he has a wife, who can do that."

But it must be remembered that when Anna was married to Brando, she had quite a time trying to keep tabs on him. In her divorce action she charged that she didn't like the way he stayed away from home so much.

"I was left alone very much and I was very lonely and afraid," she said. "Marlon would take off at all hours of the day and night. His only explanation was that he intended to lead the life he lived before we were married."

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**continued**
has
Connie Stevens said “yes” to Glenn Ford?

PHOTOPLAY has the answer...

please turn the page →
Connie & Glenn

Two young actors were seated on bar stools at La Scala, an exclusive Beverly Hills restaurant. They were discussing, in low murmurs, two celebrities who were cozily nestled in a dimly lit corner booth. “If I didn’t see them for myself,” one said, “I’d never believe it.”

“It’s incredible,” the other agreed. “He’s too old to date her. He’s old enough to be her father!”

“They”—the pair under discussion—were none other than Connie Stevens and Glenn Ford! The bubbling idol of the pony-tail set and the mature matinee idol! And whereas Glenn has dated other young stars before, it was Connie’s first romantic entanglement with an “older” man.

Nevertheless, they appeared oblivious to the stares and the whispers. Obviously they didn’t care a hang if their dating was exposed to public conjecture. Otherwise they wouldn’t have chosen to appear boldly in La Scala, where even the bus boys are hip to movie stars. They knew that by morning the news would be on the Hollywood grapevine, and they would become the most talked-about twosome in town.

But they lingered over the Italian dinner, occasionally clinking their wine glasses together. Long after they had sipped their demi-tasses they were still in the booth, talking and exchanging tender glances.

“Maybe the romance is for real,” an actor whispered to his date. She kept nodding her head—but in complete and utter disbelief.

Finally, a few minutes before the 2 A.M. drinking curfew and near closing time, Glenn and Connie casually (but not unnoticed) strolled past a cluster of staring patrons at the bar and out into the wintry wee hours of another December day.

By daybreak next morning the grapevine was running true to form. And as the weeks went on, the wonder grew. The steady dating between these two confounded even Hollywoodites hardened to surprises. Columnists “My, my’d” over the news that Glenn was taking Connie to the “Judgment at Nuremberg” premiere, to the party celebrating the “Majority of One” debut, and to the premiere itself. Columnists reported that they would jointly host a holiday party between Christmas and New Year’s. People began to catch on that they’d been seeing each other for two full weeks before anyone even realized that the romance between Glenn and Hope Lange had cooled off.

Now the big question has become: “What IS it with Connie and Glenn? Has she said ‘Yes’ to him?”

PHOTOPLAY has the answer. For though the two principals staunchly refuse to comment on their togetherness, some of their closest friends are not all that unwilling. And this is the story:

One day Connie happened to call on Delmer Daves at his Beverly Hills home. He is an old friend of hers, and some credit him with turning her into a finished actress. He was her director in “Parrish.”

As fate would have it, Glenn Ford happened to be there. He and Connie had never met, and Daves introduced them. Immediately their chemistry clicked. Glenn invited her to dinner that very night, and for the next two weeks they dated constantly. (At this stage, they went to off-the-beaten-track spots where no one who mattered would see them.)

Glenn Ford is in his forties. Connie is in her early twenties. The difference in age is wide, yet both are
young in spirit. Both sparkle with vivacity, both like parties. Both have had their share of “pufficity.” And both—after what seemed like true romances leading to the altar—took detours and went on real dating marathons for the past year.

Connie's merry-go-round started shortly after she and Gary Clarke decided to split permanently. Gary sadly came to the realization that he could neither support nor afford to be married to Connie.

Connie promptly resolved the situation by pouring all her energies into her career. This entailed being seen in public with the right escort to tantalize the gossip columnists. She seldom dated the same man more than a few times.

Elvis Presley entered her life last fall. She met him at one of the many Coke and popcorn parties he tosses at his leased Bel-Air home when he's in town.

Now, Elvis' dislike for Hollywood social life is well known. And Connie isn't the type to stay home and watch TV. So they compromised. When they went out, they usually wound up at a small, obscure motion picture house in the San Fernando Valley. Elvis even found a way to guard their privacy there. Connie—on his instructions—would buy her own ticket. Elvis, further back in the line, would buy his. They'd enter the lobby separately, and seconds later meet in the darkened aisle.

Connie didn't mind paying for her own movie ticket. And she avoided rubbing Elvis the wrong way, she didn't talk about him to the press—(though she did let slip to talkative associates that she and El were secretly dating. Some things a girl can't keep to herself.)

Nevertheless, Elvis suddenly bowed out of her life. One version of the break-up places the blame squarely on Connie's pretty shoulders. Elvis had invited her, so the story goes, to spend a weekend on the mountain location near Palm Springs where his current picture, "Kid Galahad," was being shot.

Soon after Connie arrived with her chaperoning sister-in-law, the fireworks started. It just happened that a photographer unexpectedly popped up in the rugged location terrain miles from nowhere. And the photographer just happened to be a friend of Connie's. Mr. Presley immediately ordered a boycott of any pictures. And the episode ended what had been a beautiful friendship. Undoubtedly Elvis figured that Connie had tipped the lens-snapper that they would be together. Elvis hates to be used by a female for publicity. There have been many who tried; all immediately became ex-flames of Presley.

Soon Elvis forgot all about Connie. When the motion picture company returned from location, his long-time girl friend, Anita Wood, flew out from Memphis to help him forget.

Vic Damone, in turn, helped Connie erase Elvis from her mind. Connie was Vic's guest one weekend while he was appearing at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. So much for Connie and her social life.

As for Glenn, many figured that when his divorce from Eleanor Powell became final, he would marry Hope Lange. Thousands of words were written on this romance. The divorce became final, but their love obviously was icing. Glenn then launched a dating campaign that saw him take Joan Fontaine to dinner three nights in a row, and on the fourth he'd be dining with young Diane McBain or Angie Dickinson. He saw Hope occasionally and they did a picture together, "Pocketful of Miracles."

There were some who felt that Glenn was still holding a torch for Ellie, who'd been (Please turn the page)
Connie & Glenn

continued

his wife for eighteen years and was the mother of their seventeen-year-old son, Peter. It was said Glenn sent her flowers whenever she opened her night-club act in different parts of the country. One of his friends swears that he pleaded to her, over the phone, to come back. If Glenn did try for a reconciliation, nobody except this one intimate friend was in on it. And in any event, it did not come off. Ellie—the new, slim, renovated Ellie—occupied herself with her exciting career comeback, and Glenn occupied himself with Hope Lange. While it lasted, the latter romance was one of Hollywood's five-star specials.

Why did Hope Lange begin to bow slowly out of Glenn's life? Stephen Boyd could probably answer that one. Steve, since first meeting Hope while they were making "The Best of Everything," never denied that he was fascinated by her. However, at that time Hope was still married to Don Murray and seemed happily married. Steve steered clear of any romantic entanglements. By the time Hope did obtain a divorce, he was on a long movie-making junket to Europe.

Now Glenn Ford had a clear field until Boyd returned from London last fall. What Glenn didn't know, however, was that Hope and Steve had been corresponding all this time. On his return they started dating.

So it's easy to see that for all the difference in age, Connie's life and Glenn's life ran in ironically parallel lines. She had eyes for no one but Gary Clarke until they split. Glenn was a devoted and faithful husband to Ellie until their break-up. But after—both Connie and Glenn immediately barged into Hollywood's social whirl. Both appeared hungry for nightlife; to be labeled as the life of the party. This they have accomplished, and if it's attention they're seeking—they're getting plenty of it.

There are those who ask: Is their romance all publicity and nothing else? And others who say nonsense, this is a couple who are falling in love. The skeptics rebut that this supposition is highly improbable. The romantics reply that stranger things have happened in Tinseltown—look at Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl. When they first dated, they created much the same sensation as Connie and Glenn. The odds that they would eventually marry were much too high even to contemplate. Yet it happened—and furthermore, the merger turned out a happy one.

Only time will tell. Distance becomes a factor, too. Connie and her new date face a long separation. This spring will find Glenn making a film, "The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm," in France. Strangely enough, Hope Lange is his costar. This deal was set when the two appeared only a few feet away from the altar, but it still holds.

While Glenn's abroad, Connie remains in Hollywood. The separation could close another chapter on Connie Stevens' bold romantic ventures. On the other hand it might not.

PHOTOPLAY goes along with the romantics. For we know that Connie has said "Yes" to Glenn. And that the kind of "Yes" she has said is a prelude to romance and possibly love.

"Yes, Glenn," she has said in effect, "I do succumb to your charms. . . . Yes, I am infatuated with you. . . . Yes, I love dating you, sitting across the table from you in soft candlelight, being seen with you at premieres. . . . Yes, yes, yes, you are the smoothest number I've ever known in my life. . . . Yes, yes, yes, yes, I admire your mature masculinity. . . ."

These are powerfully promising "Yesses" from a young girl to a considerably older man.

But marriage? That's something that—at this point—even Miss Stevens and Mr. Ford don't know!—CAL YORK
A. Good grooming begins with a good deodorant. 5-Day Laboratories now offers your favorite roll-on or stick deodorant in a pretty boudoir package, at 79¢ ea.

B. A new idea in nail enamels—Max Factor’s Matte Nail Satin has a delustered finish that glows subtly on fingertips. Polish and matching lipstick, each $1.10*

C. Du Barry’s blend of light, rich oils is designed to nourish and protect that delicate skin area around the eyes both at night and under make-up. ¾ oz., $1.50*

D. Lady Brilliant hairdressing and conditioner sprays new manageability into hair, highlights a finished comb-out with glowing luster. By Breck, 11 oz., $2.00*

E. For delicate skin, Noxzema introduces medicated Cover Girl Face Powder in light, medium and dark shades to fluff on for an all-day beauty treatment. $1.50*

*plus tax
A long time. The operation Liz had to remove that throat scar wasn't successful. It remains plainly visible and she does nothing to cover it. "It's my badge of life," she says. "I wear it with pride." Our gal Liz has always been the informal type. During a White House visit once she secretly kicked off her shoes. When she tried to retrieve them for photographs, she found they had landed under a chair occupied by Mrs. Harry Truman.

When Frank Sinatra went to Australia, Dorothy Provine and Gloria and Mike Romanoff went with him. He was a big hit over there as he always is. They saw Vivien Leigh in "Camille" and said she had her dressing room plastered with pictures of Sir Laurence Olivier.

Dorothy couldn't tour the Orient with her three pals, she had to return to her studio. The others had a ball in Hong Kong with Mr. Ho, who is a partner of Bill Holden. (They are co-owners of an all-glass apartment house.) Frankie and the Romanoffs also met the Maharajah of Jawore in Thailand. He took them through his private zoo. On the trip home Frankie stopped off in Tokyo to pick up Doug McClure's three-and-a-half-year-old daughter Tane so she could come to Hollywood for her dad's (above) wedding to Barbara Luna. Only a couple of weeks later Frankie announced to the world he'll soon marry Juliet Prowse.

Marlon Brando didn't win any friends on the "Mutiny on the Bounty" set. And this goes for

The most startling divorce of the season is that of Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. Ziva Rodann, who was in the picture George made in the Philippines, still declares there was nothing between them. So does Diane McBain. Neither George nor Dinah are talking. That great big place they built is going to be very lonely for Dinah—and she's a girl who likes to have a man around the house. I'll bet she's sorry now that she sold their old home to Nanette Fabray. It was just the right size for her present needs.

Liz Taylor's shopping for a home in Switzerland which means she and Eddie Fisher won't be around Hollywood for
execs as well as others. But take it from me, if the movie ever gets finished, and if it ever makes a profit, everyone will love him again—just wait and see!

Shirley MacLaine waited until her husband Steve Parker was out of the country before those “nude” pictures of her were shown in a national magazine. Asked why she posed, Shirley said, “I kept looking at those old stars on tiger rugs looking into the camera with big innocent eyes. They were so silly I just had to do a spoof on them.”

Feuer and Martin are searching the world to find a girl who can play all the scenes in Patrick Dennis’ new book “Little Me” on stage. They should get Shirl. She can act the role and she has the luscious figure for it.

Sharon Hugueny’s eyes have taken on a sadness that was absent when I first interviewed her eighteen months ago. Her marriage to Bob Evans was a disaster for this vivacious girl. She was sixteen when she got a call from Bob asking her for lunch. She explained she didn’t lunch with strangers. He called again next morning and she consented to go if she could take along her guardian. After lunch he drove her to an appointment in Beverly Hills, but on the way he took a detour to a lovely home which she said “looked like a little castle. He was anxious to know how I liked it,” said Sharon afterwards.

He kept calling, and two days later at a big party a strange man came up to her and asked her to stand up. She did. “He looked me up and down, then turned to Bob and said ‘She looks in perfect physical condition.’ It was his doctor.”

That night he proposed. Less than a month later they were married, and for twenty-four hours afterwards she was in a daze. Five months later they divorced. She’s not yet eighteen.

Sharon’s living alone in a Valley apartment and is trying very hard to forget the past and get on with her career.

When Ty Hardin spoke unwisely and loudly to the press that he and Ann-Margret weren’t seeing so much of each other because she was becoming serious, Ann-Margret just laughed. She still sees Ty occasionally, but Frankie Avalon cut him out. She swears she won’t become serious about anyone for a long time because she wants to give her parents a taste of the good life she’s enjoying these days, yet her romance with the young Mr. Avalon looks more serious every day.

Reports from Rome are rampant that Linda Christian will wed Edmond Purdom. Ho hum!!

Zsa Zsa Gabor’s impatience landed her in the hospital. She couldn’t wait for the moving men, so she tried to move herself out of sister Eva’s house and into an apartment. She ended up flat on her back with a hemorrhage and pneumonia. When I called her at the hospital, she assured me she was dying. But leave it to Zsa Zsa, she was “dying” in style—with “three beautiful doctors” in attendance. When I asked one of her doctors why she needed three of ‘em, he laughed, “We each hold her hand for a few minutes.” Luckily, she recovered for the party to announce her engagement to Bob Straile. Kim Novak was among the guests.

Pamela Tiffin became a best-dressed girl the hard way—she makes her own clothes. She admits sewing takes time, effort and practice, but heartily recommends it for every woman.

Fabian is popular with the young Hollywood starlets but the girl he’s jealous of is a pretty Philadelphia secretary named Barbara Magnelius. When he visited home last time he dated her several times. When he’s out here, he phones her often to see if any other fellow is making time. (Please turn the page)
UNDER HEDDA’S HAT continued

Joan Cohn and Laurence Harvey still claim their torrid romance won’t wind up at the altar. Anyway, so they say.

Mitzi Gaynor’s second appearance at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas proved again how popular she is. Her salary soared to $40,000 a week, and as a bonus the hotel gave her two percent of the house receipts. She’s playing now in Miami Beach and getting $50,000 per. Mitzi travels with eleven people—the four boys who do the act with her, her personal orchestra leader, hairdresser, maid, special drummer, wardrobe woman, a press agent and, of course, her husband Jack Bean.

Nobody can figure out what goes with Gardner McKay and Dolores Hawkins. She’s in Paris at this writing on a modeling job. Gardner phones her several times a week—but I hear Greta Chi is always nearby to tug at his sleeve and signal that he’s talking too long. He spends his weekends making a motion picture—a camera dramatization of a Rupert Brooke poem—but says he’ll get someone else to do the narration. His famous dog Pussy Cat hogs the cameras so much at the Sports Arena when Gardner is there with his basketball team, 20th finally broke down and gave the dog a role in “Adventures In Paradise.”

That mellow masculine voice answering France Nuyen’s phone so often belongs to Marc Marno. He and France are so in love! He was in “A Majority of One” and since she met him France, who’s had some ups and downs where romance is concerned, goes around looking like the cat that swallowed the canary.

David Hedison, not usually demonstrative in public thought he saw his pal Ina Balin at La Scala one night, so he crept up behind her and gave her a quick kiss. It turned out to be Madlyn Rhue and she was such a good sport about it, they’re steady dating now.

Maybe the reason Hope Lange is taking Glenn Ford’s switch to Connie Stevens so big is that Stephen Boyd is back in town.

Frank Sinatra and Desi Arnaz have patched up their old feud. Frank got upset because so many Italians were being portrayed as gangsters on “The Untouchables” and told Desi, “The boys don’t like it.” Desi had a few words of his own to say, so Frank packed up and took his business from Desilu to the Goldwyn Studio. That move cost Arnaz about two million bucks. But what’s two million to either of those two.

June Lockhart and John Lindsay bought Dore Schary’s home and told me they had a heck of a time getting the Adlai Stevenson stickers off the windows. (Continued on page 73)
Now from Scott Paper Company

A NEW ACHIEVEMENT IN
SANITARY PROTECTION!

TRY CONFIDETS® AND SEE WHY WOMEN
OVERWHELMINGLY ACCLAIM THEM. DESIGNED
TO END ACCIDENTS, CHAFING, SLIDING

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THE THIRD DIMENSION . . .

IN TELEVISION AND RADIO

For 28 years, TV Radio Mirror Magazine has been "the third dimension" in television and radio. Stepping behind the screens and microphones, TV Radio Mirror spotlights the other side—the real-life side of the personalities who make entertainment a fascinating and forceful medium.

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by
James
Hoffman

SHIRLEY
TEMPLE?

CAROLINE
KENNEDY?

What
you ask, do
they have
to do
with
each other?
Read this
and discover
for
yourself

AMERICA
FALLS IN
LOVE
AGAIN!

Please turn
the page . . .
After Shirley Temple (above with her parents), we waited 20 years till another little girl, Caroline Kennedy (below with her parents), came running into America’s heart.
It was late evening in the home of a very precious, very famous little girl. Her parents were still up, but the child was deep in sleep.

Suddenly, out of the quiet, an alarm went off. The house reacted like a tilted pinball machine! Bells clanged, lights blazed, sirens screeched. A huge police dog—one trained to bite—leaped for the child’s door, looking for an intruder to sink his teeth into. A bodyguard who slept in the next room darted out with gun in hand.

Nobody in the hall, nobody in sight. He opened the child’s door and looked around the room for trouble. No trouble! She lay with fair hair tumbled on the pillow — looking the way imps do when they’re sleeping like angels.

“False alarm,” said the bodyguard, looking relieved. As it turned out, it was an “accidental” alarm. The child’s father had just inadvertently tripped the master switch of a system meant to make the whole house “kidnap-proof.” Because there had been a threat to the girl’s safety—to her life. It was a (Continued on page 83)
DOCTOR KILDARE V S. DOCTOR CASEY
Your temperature is up!

Your heart's aflutter!

You definitely need treatment!

Now the problem is which doctor will you call—

Dr. Casey (Vincent Edwards)
or Dr. Kildare
(Dick Chamberlain)?

Before you make up your mind...

turn the page
DICK CHAMBERLAIN: Someone once suggested to me that if I was to be successful with the opposite sex, there was a lesson I had to learn early: Treat a teenage girl as a mature woman and a mature woman as a teenage girl. But knowing how to treat a girl isn't always that simple.

When I was in college, I became rather serious with a young lady. We dated steadily, but after a little more than two months I began to notice a restlessness about her, a mysterious impatience. It didn't come out in words, but I couldn't help sensing it.

And then one night I realized from the discussion we were having that she wanted to know right now whether I was going to ask her to marry me.

As gently as I could, since I really did like her and did not consider her impatience as aggressiveness, I said, "But darling, we have so much time ahead of us, so many things to do for ourselves before we can be ready for each other."

"You say we have time," she replied, "You have time. Men do." Then she shook her head slowly and with a smile steeped in sadness she added, "You will have to learn, Richard, that no woman has that much time."

I shall always be grateful to that girl. She touched my life deeply. Although I was unhappy at the time to know that I was losing her because I felt I was not ready for marriage, she taught me a truth about women. A truth I have never forgotten.

A woman believes (Continued on page 31)

VINCENT EDWARDS: A few years back I wasn't treating girls, I was saving them. I was a citizen of that famous New York borough, Brooklyn, and took a job as life guard at Coney Island. My chores were simple: watch out for swimmers in trouble, reunite lost children with their parents (sometimes it was the other way around) and help clean up the beach on Monday mornings.

In the beginning, my chief interest in the working weekend was to accumulate money to pay my way through college. But after two or three Sundays I discovered that I was reaping a number of fringe benefits I hadn't expected from the job.

I had a reserved seat on the front row of life. Every weekend, humanity shimmies out of the clothes harness for a holiday of happy hysterical "lots of mustard on that hot dog," wet laughter and mouthfuls of salt water. If some are lucky, they may preserve a memory that will last all during the dull days of the next week.

It happens every summer Sunday.

You can't be a life guard for more than a couple of weeks without saving a few case histories for the future.

As most young men in their late teens, I had a normal interest in girls. But then, as now, I always seemed to be so involved in a job that I never had time to develop many promising acquaintances. But despite that, at Coney Island, I discovered the one aspect of the female personality that seems to be common to all women. (Continued on page 30)
SPECIAL SECTION

Dating and mating problems affect both single and married women. In this special section, two women—one married (Debbie Reynolds), one single (Diane McBain)—tell you honestly, openly how they've coped with these problems. We feel they are two of the frankest, most helpful stories ever printed. To read them, turn the page....
I guess I’m old-fashioned. I can’t help it. I was brought up that way. Although I have been in a divorce court myself, I still

(Continued on page 72)
IF YOU FELL IN LOVE
WITH A MARRIED MAN...
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
FOR WHAT I DID...
TURN TO PAGE 74
-BY DIANE McBAIN
In this Photoplay exclusive, Sammy tells of the joys and the pains and the problems of life with May—after one year of marriage.

"no one can take them from me' 

Sammy

(Continued on page 94)
First, there was the photograph on Joan Fontaine’s desk. There it stood.

In the simple frame was a portrait of Adlai Stevenson—a face that is known the world over. And at the bottom of the photograph, in Ambassador Stevenson’s own strong handwriting, was inscribed: “To Joan Fontaine, whom everyone loves.” And beneath it, the signature “Adlai E. Stevenson.”

A diplomat’s diplomatic inscription. The “m” in the word “whom” had been added in what looked like a different color ink as if someone—Joan herself? Ambassador Stevenson?—had realized the grammatical error and corrected it.

Secondly, there was the folder of column items in my briefcase.

*Item—Louis Sobol in the New York Herald-American*

“Joan Fontaine, who often is escorted by UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, refers to him always as ‘The Governor.’”

*Item—Suzy in the New York Daily Mirror,* speaking about the guests at society-artist Rene Bouche’s studio-warming, “... Joan Fontaine without Adlai Stevenson.”

*Item—Hedda Hopper in the New York Daily News: “... Adlai has a new girlfriend and I won’t make you guess who. It’s Joan Fontaine.”*

*Item (guilt by association?)*

—Dorothy Kilgallen in the New York Journal-American, writing about guests who danced The Twist at Eva Gabor and Dick Brown’s Christmas party: “… it was unofficially decided that Red Buttons and Joan Fontaine deserved the top prizes in their respective divisions—Red the snakiest twister, Joan the most dignified.”

*Item—R. Sylvester in the New York Daily News:* “Sights we’d like to have seen; Killer Joe (Continued on page 86)
DINAH SHORE
GEORGE MONTGOMERY

"Now I know... you do not love me"

The kid didn't know... He stood on the sidewalk and gave her his biggest, broadest smile. She looked at him through the car window as she waited for the light to change. She knew he'd do it. All the kids did.

"But not this time," she begged silently. "Please, little boy, not this minute, this instant. Don't."

But he did it. He didn't know.

"Dinah! Dinah!" he shouted in his clear, shrill sandlot voice. "Throw me a kiss, Dinah. Go mmmmm-wahhhhh, Dinah!"

He slapped the bundle of newspapers under his arm in glee. His small fingers landed smack on the black headline: "Dinah Shore Divorce Shocks Hollywood."

Because she knew the kid didn't understand, Dinah threw him his kiss. It wasn't easy.

And as the light turned green for go, she knew that it would never again be easy to throw that special, smiling kind of kiss. Not after all the ugly talk.

No one stayed married in Hollywood without suffering the whole routine. It took eighteen years for it to get to the Dinah Shore-George Montgomery marriage. But it got there. And there came a day when the situation had to be explained to the children. And then Dinah watched quietly as her husband picked up his bags and walked out of their house.

Hours later, a spokesman for Dinah announced:

"Dinah Shore and George Montgomery have separated. Attorneys are arranging the divorce, for which Mrs. Montgomery will file..."

Most of those close to Dinah tell one and the same story. "It was the Ziva Rodann rumors that really hurt Dinah," they say. "George was seven thousand miles away. He had neglected to call her as he'd promised, and Dinah cried like a baby. She was dying to hear his voice. Instead, she heard that he'd been traveling with Ziva from the Philippines to Hong Kong to Tokyo, and that an Italian prince had challenged George to a duel over Ziva.

"Once those things made the papers, everybody got going on the marriage. Dinah took it as long as she could. When George came home, they had it out."

So went the talk—then and now—about Ziva, George's lushly beautiful leading lady on that far-off safari, and about another beauty nearer to home, Diane McBain. But what few knew was that right up to the bitter end, Dinah wouldn't listen to any of it. She still insists that what tore down a good marriage after eighteen years was "being apart so long and so often." The gossip couldn't do it—not with all their marriage had.

Of all the reasons Dinah poured out her love on George, there was one so tender that her eyes could well with tears at the mere thought. It was what George had done for a girl who never permitted herself to believe in her own glamour.

"I have a big mouth," she always said, "too big to be that beautiful."

In 1943, at a time when she was painfully accepting a tough truth—that she just wasn't a movie beauty—Dinah met George and fell in love with him.

George saw something in Dinah, too—a radiance that put her heart, head and shoulders above the slinkiest glamour girls. She glowed with love for people, kids, animals, flowers—the whole world! She faced every day as a joyful challenge to "do the best with what I've got." She vibrated with a determination to find happiness ("I don't know where or when, but I'll find it.")

Now, like a star unnoticed before, she burned all the brighter. Her smile became irresistible. "There's something about that girl," men said. She did something to a song that made them listen. Women liked her, too. In short, the unquenchable Dinah had turned her small-time failure as an actress into an incredible...
liness and joy that she never dreamed was possible.

From that moment on, Dinah the star became Dinah the comet. She soared in a great bright light as a singer on radio. Then in the Fifties she switched to television and starred in a weekly program rarely matched for popularity. Millions knew her face and girlish figure, raved about her glamorous gowns. The kiss she flung happily to the world at the end of each show became the flingiest sign-off in show business.

Meanwhile, in another part of the forest, husband George was trying to make his way. Compared to total obscurity, it might seem he had made it, if not big. He was an actor. He starred in no epic, received no Academy nominations, but he worked. And he reared two beautiful children with Dinah. In general, he came off as a quiet, efficient he-man, but not one to stand the world on its ear. It might have been enough. But he could no longer take being "Dinah's husband."

"He fought it all the way," says a friend. "Believe me, it happened so gradually that neither of them knew—until it was too late. But I guess one morning he woke up and faced the awful truth: that if something didn't happen, he'd be known the rest of his life only as the husband of Dinah Shore."

George broke out in a fever of ambition to retain his identity. He put his head, heart and soul into his television series, "Cimarron." It died young.

He tried an offbeat jungle movie, "Watusi." It didn't do badly, but not great.

This year he traveled to the Philippines to make another off-beat movie on location. That's when the marriage ran into the rough. Long separation from his wife, a simmering resentment of his role as "Dinah's husband," low spirits, and the ever-hovering cloud of failure began to wear him down.

If it wasn't so sad, it might have been funny...

Dinah alone and unhappy in her TV jungle of vine-like cables and cardboard trees. It might have gone on that way if not for the Ziva Rodann stories in the newspapers. But when George came home, when he and Dinah talked it out, the real truth emerged between them—that their marriage was suffering fatally from career separations. So they announced a divorce, not a trial parting. They knew it was over.

When Ziva Rodann found herself swept up in the muddy river of gossip, she did her best to swim away from it. "We are only good friends," she said. "Anything more is foolish talk."... One Hollywood insider echoed. "Ziva Rodann? But I understood that George was interested in Diane McBain." And another echoed, "Diane McBain? I thought it was Madlyn Rhue."

But at the time of this writing, Ziva's friends—according to columnist Earl Wilson—were whispering that George had invited the "Israeli Brigitte Bardot" to Las Vegas for the New Year's celebrations, and she had accepted. And, said the item, "anything could happen in that marrying town. (George and Dinah are expected to get a Mexican divorce.)"

It isn't easy for people to accept the statement that something so simple as career trouble can break up a good marriage after eighteen years and two children. False rumors have flourished wildly and died. They even tried to link Dinah with another man.

"No matter what happens," Dinah used to say, "when the spotlights are gone, when the applause has died down, I'll have my home, husband and children."

Dinah still has her children. She still has her home, all $500,000 worth of it, although there isn't any man around it—the man who was so nice to come home to.

And in a room of that house there's a plaque. It's a Gallup poll citation. It states simply that according to their poll, "Dinah Shore is one of the ten most admired women in the world."

But as any one of Dinah's sisters-under-the-skin could tell you: She'd trade every vote for the love of just one man—George Montgomery. The End
you
be
the
judge!
Does Tab Hunter have anything on the ball? Does what he says make sense, add up to something profound? Or is Taberoo merely an eternal schoolboy—a 30-year-old precariously approaching 20?

Back in 1951, when writer Jerry Asher first met him, Tab Hunter was tall, gangling, self-conscious Art Gelen. . . . Unknown, inexperienced, painfully inarticulate when he tried to express the churning emotions within him. He faltered: "I'm taking off for Jamaica tomorrow to play opposite Linda Darnell in 'Island of Desire.' They know I have never acted before, but they had to find someone who looks like a naive boy who's stranded—supposedly on a desert island—with an older woman. So I got the part—but I'm scared silly. I'll try to hang on, I'll hope and pray to do (Please turn the page)
my best. But at this moment I feel like running in the opposite direction!"

Then he wondered where he'd be and "what I'll be like ten years from now." Art—Tab—promised to tell all, if he and Jerry both happened to be around in 1961. True to his word, and on his recent thirtieth birthday, he took time out to explore the depths of his innermost thoughts. Following: Tab Hunter's intimate revelations in his own uninhibited words told to Jerry just before he left for Rome to make a picture.

Who am I...?

After kicking around for thirty years, what a question to be asking one's self! But at least I know why I'm asking. Personally and professionally, I think I've hit the crossroads. Run out of identification, as it were. Art Gelien sure got lost along the way, and Tab Hunter seems to have deserted me. Temporarily—I hope!

Like I said, I know why—if that helps. For one thing, losing my TV series after only one season really rocked my soul. Maybe it wasn't the greatest, but I loved doing it and I learned a lot. There's a story behind the story. They kept putting on new writers and producers, so we never got any place. Stanley Shapiro, of "Operation Petticoat" and "Pillow Talk" fame, created the idea and we were rolling. When Stanley pulled out, other writers failed to understand the original concept and the show became consistently inconsistent. I keep telling myself that most of the biggest names in television lost their series, too. Like June Allyson, Loretta Young and Steve McQueen. Still doesn't make up for that gnawing, unmitigated sense of defeat.

About Work...

It's my secret weapon for survival.

Even felt this way back then when I was squeezing oranges behind that juice stand on Hollywood Boulevard. And always felt great doing my series. Literally thought I'd explode—just waiting for dawn to break, to dash off to the studio and to work.

Now I wonder if my luck is running out. Sure I'm handed scripts. Mostly dull, no-challenge, nothing-type parts. But I'm geared for hard work, which is why I'm off to Rome and Egypt to make "The Golden Arrow." Maybe it isn't a dream part, but it's work—and who has a choice? Insecurity sets in when you're out of a job, when you don't feel needed and wanted—period. Hate leaving the local scene, but Europe has the action these days. Will still pay taxes in U.S.A. and that's for sure. Whether you're learning to pilot a jet 707, or learning to walk—just knowing you belong somewhere is terribly important for morale.

Home Life...

How I love it—even though everything's in storage and I'm fresh out of a roof overhead. Love possessing but not being possessed by my treasured collections. Japanese panels, bronzes, screens from Tibet, wooden Buddhas and such. I knew how much I'd miss them, but had to escape fast from that nightmare house I formerly occupied in the valley. Needed to recapture a feeling of freedom. Freedom from what? Freedom from "neighborly" prying eyes that caused all the trouble. From man's intolerance toward man—from injustice and persecution that exposed me to all the indignities of a public trial on a dog-beating charge. A not-guilty verdict still leaves invisible scars. All you have to do is learn to live with them—while they (Continued on page 68)
YOUR BEST BUY IN BEAUTY

3 HAIRDOS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
From Jackie Kennedy's Hairdresser
KENNETH

A NEW DO-IT-YOURSELF DIET
Star-Tested by
DEBORAH WALLEY

LOOK LIKE A MILLION ON A PIGGY-BANK BUDGET
From the World-Famous Designer
OLEG CASSINI

7 PAGES OF PRICELESS ADVICE
3 hairdos for the price of one

The three-in-one hairdo created for Photoplay by Lilly Dache's famous Mr. Kenneth was made to order for busy women—from teenage cheerleaders to hurried homemakers—who simply don't have the time or money to go to the beauty parlor every time they want a change of hair style. It's so adaptable that by simply following the setting directions on the right, you can produce three different styles that will take you gracefully from school or supermarket to the most glamorous night out.

Will the three-in-one be becoming to you? Mr. Kenneth told us (and he studies the beauty problems of thousands of girls a year) that too much fuss is made about the shapes of faces, eyes and noses when it comes to choosing a hair style. Unless you have a really (and rarely) severe problem involving too round or too long a face, you need think about only two things: the skill with which your hair is cut, and the confidence with which you wear it. For the former, a professional beautician is a necessity. For the three-in-one, ask him to cut your hair chin-length (a little shorter than Jill Hayworth's is best for most girls) and not to layer or taper it (especially if your hair is thin or fine) but to cut the ends blunt and even. It will need a trim only once a month. As for confidence—that comes from many things, among them: knowing your hair is a becoming shade (if it isn't, consider a real change, professionally done; or a mild color rinse you can do yourself); knowing it is clean (shampoo it not by a schedule but whenever it gets dirty); knowing it is in top condition (brush it lying across a bed with your head lower than your body, bringing the brush up and back to bring the blood to your scalp and distribute your hair's natural oils evenly, no matter whether your hair is dry, oily or in-between) and knowing it is well-groomed. (A light spray will help, but don't try to give your hair a concrete finish, please!) How often will you have to set your hair? That depends.

Soft hair that hasn't been permanented, or hair that isn't elastic, will need to be set more often. A few lucky people can get by on an occasional hour-long pin-curling, but most hair needs a daily setting. Mr. Kenneth has found teenagers have the most time and patience for good haircare; if you're too busy to set yours often, don't despair. The cut itself is designed so simply and well that even if your setting doesn't last, a good brushing will give you a neat, attractive hair style all by itself! And don't be afraid that your hair, so simply arranged, will "look like everyone else's." Its own individual texture and color will make the three-in-one hairdo uniquely, personally yours!
Step A: An all-important part of setting the perfect hairdo—Kenneth tips each section of wet hair with end-papers to guard against “fish-hooks” and split ends. Jill’s delicate baby blonde hair needs protein shampoo and setting lotion to keep it soft and manageable. Step B: The finished hair-set—notice large rollers are placed diagonally across the crown to allow a greater variety of soft-looking comb-outs. Clip-curls give extra body to curls around the back and hair-line. Step C: The brush-out. Kenneth brushes hair upward to stimulate the scalp, then brushes the setting into place as shown here in long, downward strokes. The finished comb-out (number 1, below) is smooth over the crown, silky, flips out in soft curls at the ends. Step D: The second comb-out combines a smooth flipped-out back with a soft, puffed crown, (number 2, below). To do this, Kenneth first teases (or back-combs) the entire crown section. Taking a few strands of hair at a time and holding it straight up in the air, he combs towards the scalp. Step E: Smoothing down takes a light touch and plenty of patience. Kenneth coaxes the front into a sweep of bangs, secures the light twist at the back. This becomes a “foundation” for the velvet bow. To hold this casual look in place—a hair spray mist. Step F: The third hairdo of this magic trio—a French twist that rises from smooth, well-brushed sides to a pretty knot high at the back. Kenneth arranges the curls lightly, pins the twist from left to right, sprays again to insure against wisps. The coif (number 3 below) is then tied with a ribbon above side-tilted bangs for evening glamour.

Jill Haworth learns that what goes up can come down beautifully—three completely different ways. It’s hair magic created especially for you—by the inimitable Kenneth.
One day Deborah Walley went into a store, tried on a dress in her usual size five—and gasped. The dress didn’t fit. She looked at herself squarely in the mirror and said, “Deborah, you’ve eaten yourself out of a size five and you may have eaten yourself out of a career!” A few days later, Columbia called and told her that if she could lose twelve pounds before they were ready to start production, she would be the new Gidget. This confirmed her worst suspicions.

She headed straight for her doctor’s, and his report was the first bit of encouragement she’d had all day. She was in perfect health, he told her, and if she had the will power, there wasn’t a reason in the world why she couldn’t lose the weight. Not a reason except a growling stomach, she thought.

But she did it. She lost the weight, looked great and got the part. Not only that, Buena Vista saw her and signed her for a role in “Bon Voyage.” How did she do it? Here are the rules she followed:

1. Go to your doctor for a checkup and a basal metabolism test (this determines how fast your body burns the food you eat). Have a frank talk with him about the kind of life you lead—how much exercise you get. How much sleep, what meals you skip, what your crowd eats on dates. Then let him determine your ideal weight—meaning what you ought to weigh.

2. Estimate the number of calories you need to maintain your present weight. You can approximate this by counting twenty calories for each pound of your ideal weight, plus four calories per pound of overweight. For example, suppose your weight is 110 and your doctor tells you that your ideal weight is 100. You would need to consume 2040 calories a day to maintain your present over-weight (100 lbs. × 20 calories = 2000 calories, 10 lbs. overweight × 4 calories = 40 calories, 2000 + 40 = calories). Of course, you don’t want to keep your present weight—you want to take off ten pounds. Nothing could be easier—even the math is simple.

3. Cut your calorie intake by 3500 for each pound you want to lose. It doesn’t matter if you do it in a week, a month or a year. Any normal, healthy person who drops 3500 calories from the number he needs to maintain his present weight will also drop one pound. The safest, most comfortable way for most people to diet is to take off one pound a week.
That ominous-sounding 3500 calorie reduction is then spread out over seven days—only 500 calories per day. By subtracting 500 from the figure you arrived at for maintaining your present weight you will have the number of calories you may eat each day and still lose a pound a week.

4. Decide how you're going to budget your new daily calorie allowance. To satisfy your doctor, you must eat foods from the five basic food groups: fruits and vegetables, proteins (meat, fish, eggs, poultry), dairy foods (including milk, cheese and yogurt), cereals (including bread) and fats. To satisfy your mother, you'll have to eat foods that fit into the family meal-plan and budget. And to satisfy yourself, you'll want to eat foods you like—including some high-calorie, non-essential treats! Can you fit all this into your daily calorie allowance? Of course you can! All you have to do is select the best calorie buys and avoid the bad ones. By making enough good buys in the course of a day, you'll find that you have several hundred calories left over with which to satisfy yourself—with a hot fudge sundae, a chocolate malt or anything else your heart desires. There isn't a girl in the world who can't stay happy on a diet like that! You'll need a calorie counter—your doctor may be able to supply one, or you can buy one at any drug store. To show you how calorie-shopping works, Photoplay has selected some typical good buys, as well as some especially bad ones. Pick the good ones whenever you can. Take advantage of low-calorie bargains in treats as well as basic foods, in filling foods as well as slimming ones. You'll soon find that it can be fun to lose a pound a week!

Just keep one important factor in mind: No matter how carefully you plan your diet, it won't work if your will power isn't working. It may be a little difficult to plan your calorie intake at first, but once you make a habit of it, it will become second nature to know which foods to choose and which to avoid. And remember, keep your calorie counter with you at all times. Start your diet today—and good luck!

* * * * * * * * *

**YOUR BEST BUY IN CALORIES**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>GOOD BUYS</th>
<th>BAD BUYS</th>
<th>GOOD BUYS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>veal (250)</td>
<td>lamb (400)</td>
<td>1/2 medium tomato (13)</td>
<td>1/2 avocado (300)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>canned salmon (250)</td>
<td>fresh salmon (400)</td>
<td>1 tsp. vinegar (0)</td>
<td>1 tbsp. French dressing (50)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chicken breast (150)</td>
<td>chicken dark meat (250)</td>
<td>1/2 cup mushrooms (13)</td>
<td>1/2 cup cranberry sauce (275)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>striped bass (150)</td>
<td>duck (520)</td>
<td>1/2 cup row cranberries (25)</td>
<td>1/2 medium onion (25)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cold sweetbreads (150)</td>
<td>beef sweetbreads (520)</td>
<td>3 small scallions (13)</td>
<td>1/2 cup coconut (175)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beef—any cut (400)</td>
<td>pork (520)</td>
<td>1/2 cup orange sections (50)</td>
<td>1 cup whole milk (170)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>shrimp (150)</td>
<td>frankfurter (400)</td>
<td>1 cup skim milk (85)</td>
<td>1/2 cup apple juice (50)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup chicken soup—skimmed</td>
<td>1 cup corn chowder (300)</td>
<td>1/2 cup tomato juice (25)</td>
<td>1 cup bouillon (0)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(100)</td>
<td>1 cup prepared spaghetti</td>
<td>1 cup colo drink (75)</td>
<td>1 small chocolate milk shake (500)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup noodles (100)</td>
<td>(200)</td>
<td>5 small pretzel sticks (25)</td>
<td>5 potato chips (50)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 medium white potato (100)</td>
<td>1 medium sweet potato (200)</td>
<td>1 cup green pea soup (200)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup brown rice (130)</td>
<td>1 cup white rice (200)</td>
<td>1 chocolate milk shake (500)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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100 calories
150 calories
250 calories
500 calories
200 calories
300 calories
125 calories
225 calories
400 calories
600 calories
750 calories
825 calories
1000 calories
1250 calories
2050 calories
2500 calories
3500 calories

51
look like a million on a piggy-bank budget

"High fashion is for the woman with time and money. Good fashion is for the woman with a budget and common sense," says Oleg Cassini, the famed designer and fashion coordinator to Jackie Kennedy. What is good fashion? According to Mr. Cassini, "It is knowing yourself and dressing to suit your figure, personality and pocketbook. Good fashion is making your own style. Clothes today are short, but if you do not have good legs, have the good sense to wear your clothes just a bit longer. If your figure is less than perfect, make use of "camouflage" fashions like overblouses or no-waist dresses. But diet, too—the slim line is on the way back. 'Sloppy Joe' is out!

"Good fashion is buying with an eye to the future. It is buying a few expensive dresses that will last, rather than current craze outfits that will soon be passé. Classic lines are as good today as they will be tomorrow. Any style that is exaggerated—a tremendous collar or sleeve—has a short appeal. These high styles are only for the wealthy. A girl can make a piggy-bank wardrobe look like a million by buying wisely. Separates stretch any wardrobe. They are fun. I don't feel as some do that certain colors are taboo for certain girls. In my new collection I have an orange chiffon dress that can be worn by redheads, brunettes or blondes.

"Don't buy a dress only because it's 'on sale' You get it home and it goes with nothing else. You can put it in the back of the closet and forget it—or buy something to go with the bargain. Either way, not planning is expensive.

"Today's budget-minded girl can look elegant—moderate-priced copies see to that. But avoid badly made, poor copies. It is better to buy a good pattern and make your own dress. My advice is—when in doubt, buy a good pattern."

Photoplay took Mr. Cassini at his word and selected a Simplicity Pattern we think is perfect. What makes it unique is that with this one pattern you can make six outfits. A true piggy-bank fashion that looks like a million dollars.
Patty Duke models Photoplay's perfect pattern. What makes this Simplicity Pattern a standout is that if you make one dress and jacket in a print, and one in a coordinated solid color, you will add six different outfits to your wardrobe. For visiting, Patty wears the printed dress (1). She can add printed jacket for the second outfit. For shopping, she chooses the solid ensemble (2). At home, mating the printed jacket with the solid dress, gives her the fourth outfit (3). “I like the beige dress without a jacket for a date,” says our star (4). When she adds the beige-toned printed jacket—voilà—the sixth outfit. Patty, who repeats her Broadway triumph in UA's “The Miracle Worker,” prefers full skirts, but you can make yours with slim skirts—or one slim and one full. And here’s another tip: use a wash 'n wear fabric for economy and ease. For material requirements and back views of our six-in-one fashion wonder, you need only turn to page 78.
From our European correspondent comes the most heart-warming scoop that PHOTOPLAY has been privileged to print in years: Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher are adopting two children.

"Two daughters," Eddie specified happily to our informant. On the "Cleopatra" set, the marvelous news has been a well-kept secret by the couple who love children more than anything in the world—except each other.

"These aren't just any two children, they're very special," a friend of the Fishers said. "You have to know Elizabeth and Eddie deep down to realize all these two little Greek orphans will mean to them."

Prodded for an explanation, she summed it up this way: "Elizabeth has her children, and Eddie has his children. He loves hers as dearly as he loves his own. But he and Liz haven't been able to have a child of their own—and the doctors say they never will. So don't you see?—these two daughters they will adopt will be the children that Liz and Eddie never had."

That's the story: The Fishers will now have their children, to make up for the one that was never born of their love—yet was forever being predicted. "Their marriage has everything else," the friend exulted for them. "It was their one disappointment—but no more. Now they will have everything."

Adoption being, in its way, as chancy as birth, the Fishers may find themselves settling for some combination other than the two daughters of their dreams. They may find themselves the parents of a girl and a boy, two boys, or maybe only one child instead of the duet they hope for with all their hearts.

"But, like any parents, they'll be happy with what they get," another close friend assured our correspondent. "You know how it is—you can think pink for nine months, but even if you come up with all-boy quintuplets, you're grateful to God."

Whatever is not yet known about the sex and age of the children, this much is for sure:

They will be Greek children. So many of these bereaved tots are desperately in need of parents and a home—in heartbreaking plight.

They will be raised in the Jewish faith. Liz herself turned Jewish when she married Eddie.

They'll be loved the way children need to be, with an all-embracing, all-accepting love. Whether they're newborn infants, or toddlers, (Continued on page 85)
adopting two daughters!
The news of the craziest love tangle Hollywood has seen in many a paper moon broke just before Christmas from two widely separated locales—Munich, Germany, and Palm Springs, California. It was—and is—the news of a five-sided triangle with a cast that turned
every producer in Hollywood emerald with envy. It stars ex-Queen Soraya of Iran and Susan Kohner. And two such lovely leading ladies need dashing leading men. They have them—the only trouble is they have three, not two, vying for the (Continued on page 91)
They looked exactly like young lovers are supposed to look. His face, almost shocking in its masculine intensity, was turned toward hers. She gazed up at him, her enormous brown eyes overflowing with ardor. They were Warren Beatty and Natalie Wood dancing at a very posh private party after the premiere of “Flower Drum Song.” All around them on the floor, famous people were frantically doing The Twist, but Nat and Warren were in their own little world, in their own little corner of the dance floor. They weren’t twisting, but were gently swaying to the beat of the music, barely moving at all.

They were like a calm in the middle of a whirling storm, and before the evening was over everyone in the room had noticed them—and commented on them. There was no doubt about it—here was true love. And in most communities (Hollywood, too) true love means marriage. But if you ask Natalie when she is going to marry Warren, she gets very hurt. She says, her gentle voice shaking.

“I’m still upset by some of the things that (Continued on page 70)
This interview with Janet won't make headlines, but it will, we think, make for happy reading. It took place the day after Jamie Curtis' third birthday party in New York (which Tony, enroute from Argentina, couldn't attend). It's Janet at her best: honest and unpretentious.
There's never a dull moment in my family—but honestly, this time things went just too far!

"We were on location in Argentina with Tony, and did we have our share of problems! First Kelly came down with the measles. Then Jamie fell and broke her clavicle. Then one of our maids had an attack of acute appendicitis and had to be rushed to the hospital. After that, the wife of Tony's stand-in had a baby, and then Tony had a bad fall and was all (Please turn the page)
bruised. Now don’t you think that’s stretching things too much?

"But other than that, the trip was wonderful. We were gone three months—one month in Argentina, two in Brazil. To Tony and me, seeing any new country is always exciting, but having a chance to live there... well, it was marvelous.

"We had a little house in Salta, which is deep in the interior of Argentina. That’s where they were filming ‘Taras Bulba,’ you see. It was an average house, not extravagant, and it became a bit of a problem.

"On the first floor there was this one big room, a living room and dining room combined. And then upstairs there were three little, tiny bedrooms. That was the trouble. They came out over the living room, so that you’d be sitting downstairs and look up and see the windows of the bedrooms. As a result, whenever the children were napping or after they went to bed, Tony and I would have to tiptoe around and whisper. Otherwise we’d wake the babies, because they could hear everything that went on downstairs. Naturally, we couldn’t have anybody over. But that wasn’t so bad. By the end of the day we were so tired we didn’t want any company.

"Two maids came with the house and they were very sweet. Sometimes we’d say to them, ‘Give us something typical of your country,’ and they’d come up with these fantastic dishes. They made a cana-loni, that’s sort of a meat ball with soft dough around it in a sauce, that was really too much. Sometimes they’d make a kind of goulash, with everything from ground meat to peppers to raisins in it with a hard dough around it. That was impinadas. It was marvelous.

"But even more than the food, I liked the Argentinian people. Their warmth impressed me more than anything. But I must admit I was almost added to the casualty list because of their warmth.

"There was an army general there who was very sweet. He knew how I love to go horseback riding, so he and his wife offered to take me. And they wanted to make sure that I had a good horse, you see, so they gave me their best polo pony.

"Well, I (Continued on page 32)
what have these stars in common with Nelson

ROCKEFELLER

SUSAN HAYWARD • ARTHUR GODFREY • FRANK SINATRA • ELIZABETH TAYLOR • INGRID BERGMAN • BILL TALMAN • SOPHIA LOREN • ROBERT MITCHUM

what do they know that he is now learning?

Suicide. Political suicide. The world was stunned, shocked. Even The New York Times ran a banner headline announcing that the thirty-one-year marriage of Nelson Rockefeller and Mary Todhunter Clark was over. The news shook the Republican party to its roots. Party leaders remembered all too well what had happened to Adlai Stevenson in his tries for the presidency. What was it that one of Stevenson's party workers had told a reporter? "I worked for Stevenson in both his campaigns. And both times I got hundreds of letters, from the South especially, asking how I could work for a divorced man. That hurt him, all right, his being divorced. And now I don't envy Rockefeller if he goes through with this . . . it's not easy for a divorced man in politics, believe me." Republican party leaders knew this. Rockefeller knew it. But what he didn't know when his separation from Mary was announced was that his trouble, his suffering, had only begun. The worst was yet to come.

He'd been riding in a giant bubble that knew only one direction—up. His career in politics was fantastic. His own wife once said that if it were up to the women voters alone, he would have no trouble winning any election. And the men of the country (Continued on page 88)
QUESTION:  
When Mr. Grant phoned you for dinner, did you know you were going to dine on his bed?

ANSWER:  
No... but that’s the way he always entertains.

QUESTION:  
Are you and Cary serious? Or what is it, just a kick type of romance?

ANSWER:  
I don’t... I don’t think so. I wouldn’t say that. No. This man is so interested in human beings, and so interested in what goes on in you, that it’s sort of... I don’t know how to explain it. I don’t think he’s going with anyone else, at least not right now. But how do I know what a man does when he’s not with me?

QUESTION:  
Well, was it serious at the beginning? Would you be jealous now if you knew he was going with anyone else or saw him out on a date?

ANSWER:  
No, I wouldn’t be jealous. But how could you know whether it’s serious until a man proposes? Do you ever know if it’s serious? Really know, I mean.

QUESTION:  
Well, you know whether it’s more than just a casual kiss.

ANSWER:  
Cary has a theory. He believes that people really love all attractive people they meet, but they don’t dare admit it.
Even if people are married, Cary says they still have this attraction. I suppose he means you can love more than one person... he says that if he loves me he can also love somebody else whom he may meet. This is what he feels I should learn to do, too, for my own good.

**QUESTION**

What good does it do to feel this way? I mean, aren't you talking about free love? After all, in the United States people don't accept this type of behavior. What do you think his purpose is in believing in this theory?

**ANSWER**

Well, I don't know. At least it gives a male more freedom. In a sense, it is free love. Except Cary puts it a little differently. He's been dating so many people since he separated from his wife. So actually, in reality, it's been what he's been doing. Practicing what he preaches. He doesn't say shocking things just so people will listen to him when he speaks.

**QUESTION**

Hmm... that's very interesting, but how does Cary feel that this theory would help a woman—you, in particular?

**ANSWER**

It would make me freer and it would make me easier, surer of a real love when I do choose. (Continued on page 76)
Design For Living...

As a kid moving constantly from basement apartments to furnished rooms, there were no roots. A new job for Mom to support brother Walt and me, and we'd move to a new city. Always moving—from nowhere to nowhere. Like ten times a year. Some day, I promised myself, one city and one place to call home. God is good. Today Mom works if and when she wants. Walt has a wonderful home at the beach and kids that make him ache with pride.


Miss my two horses like the devil. Had to board them out, up the coast at Pleasantville, California. How do you explain to a horse that you've got to make a buck? Some day, God willing, I'll have my own little farm, complete with stables for hot-and-cold-running four-footed friends.

Love And Loneliness...

Guess you'd pretty much call me a Hollywood hermit. I do try to subscribe to all those things that are supposed to be "good" for an actor, but good for what? After ten years and ten thousand Hollywood parties—give or take a few thousand—I still come away feeling empty. Feeling ill-at-ease, embarrassed, depressed. Always wonder, who is everyone trying to impress? The answer is—they themselves.

I sure dropped a bomb recently, when Maria Cooper took me to sit-down dinner at Rosalind Russell Brisson's. Everyone except me agreed that Natalie Wood has no competition. I held out for Tuesday Weld. Think Natalie is terrifically talented—but don't sell Tuesday short. She's got that indefinable, God-given something so loaded with creative talent she's headed right for the moon.

Like I said, I'm not the Hollywood party type! For a loner like me there has to be one person in your life—the person. Without someone to love, without mating, we're cheating ourselves out of life's truest treasures. I'm cautious—maybe too cautious, because I'll only marry once. But I've observed that marriage to the wrong woman can be hell on wheels, and who needs it? I miss companionship when I drive to a mountain top... when I travel... when I gulp my way through a solitary meal. I miss companionship when I stretch out in front of a roaring fireplace... when I play Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald late at night. I miss sharing me.

Guys And Dolls...

I rarely run around with Hollywood girls. No prejudice—just a lack of mutual interests. Most Hollywood girls like to talk about their last picture, or their next. I did have a ball being with exotic France Nuyen in Hong Kong. We dined and danced on a terrace until dawn came up like thunder across that magnificent bay. I'm fond of—but was sure annoyed at—that cute trick, Vicki Trickett. Actually saw her first at a horse show and suggested her for pictures to my agent and best friend, Dick Clayton. So what happened? So suddenly Vicki played hard to get! Wouldn't make a date, avoided my phone calls, acted like she was a fugitive from the FBI. About the time I was ready to tell her off, she invited me to see her new house in the hills. Started to burst when a rugged gent named Richard Herrick opened the door. Really roared when I learned he was Vicki's "secret" husband—had been for fourteen months while he was in the Army. Why the big mystery bit? Seems some slob told Vicki that marriage would ruin her career. Too bad someone didn't warn Elizabeth Taylor! (Joke!)

Don't see as much of Tuesday Weld since Gary Lockwood stepped into the scene. She's still a special favorite. The girl with the wild eyes, I call her. Tuesday's still young and headstrong, she takes a lot of understanding and we argue a lot. First we tell each other off, then kiss and make up.

Another special favorite is Maria Cooper—sweet, gentle, genteel Maria. She's so unsophisticated, so completely untouched by the exposure of being a celebrity's daughter. Just being a young woman like Maria would make any young woman exciting enough. Sometimes we sit in silence and take long drives after dinner. Other times we talk for endless hours, and I feel very close—perhaps because I sense a loneliness that hasn't quite found outlet for expression. Maria has feeling for all things living, and it reflects in her lovely face. Whenever I leave her I come away feeling I'm a much better person. She has such a wonderful way with people.

About Travel...

Those far-away places haunt my dreams. And even if they are unrealistic, dreams do give us the courage to carry on. Japan... Hong Kong... Thailand... all are turned into a lovely dream of the right night and we argue a lot. First we tell each other off, then kiss and make up.

The Devil And The Deep...

Idleness, lack of interests, boredom—these are the devil's tools. I have never liked idle people—which makes me dislike myself when I'm unemployed. Even doing lousy movies—and I've made my share—wasn't a total loss. They kept my body active, my brain alive. The body and brain are geared to give. For me, not to give is to be half alive. Even a guy fishing by the ocean is productive and with pur,
pose. Being thirty, I tell myself, isn’t the end of the line.
So it must be the picture business that makes me feel this way. It’s been a relatively short time since I’m free from contractual binds, and this takes terrific adjustment. I love everything about acting, but the sitting and waiting drives me nuts. That waiting for the phone to ring—waiting for a producer to nod his noggin in my direction.

About Opportunity...

Many people have extended a helpful hand along the way, and I’m eternally grateful. But in the final analysis, you really have to make the scene yourself in the local rat race. I’ve paid dearly for my mistakes—sometimes in dollars, other times in sense—which all adds up to experience.

It cost me $100,000 to buy off my Warner Brothers contract—paid in full at long last. How I hated those immature Smiling-Sam roles that seemed to be my lot on the Warners lot. I wanted to work for teachers, with directors where I could learn. I needed to learn. Since then I’ve luckily worked with such directors as Sidney Lumet, John Frankenheimer, Arthur Penn and George Seaton, who directed “Pleasure of His Company.” So I know I did the right thing. Am positive my long-drawn-out hassle with Warners could have been settled much quicker had I kept my mouth shut. Alas, my temper and my stubborn jaw-bone betray me. But I am learning self-control.

Far be it from me to knock Hollywood. It’s given me much more than it’s taken away. Still, I guard against becoming material-minded, against becoming smug and spoiled. It can happen here! Our fans, bless their hearts, spoils us. Studios spoil us by lavish build-ups—flattery and attention out of all proportion. They create their own “monsters” in a certain sense. When you spring up out of nowhere and too much happens too fast, you’re scared stiff. You try to please everyone, try to live up to it all. Being new and green and anxious to please, you’re afraid to fight back. Wish I’d had the guts to fight against the name they gave me. All those lousy jokes still make me cringe. But I compromised, so I’m stuck. The answer is—I guess—become such a damn good actor that everyone respects you as much as you hope to respect yourself.

Getting out of town helps to reduce ego and put values in their proper place. One memorable trip was a three-day trek through the jungle by jeep, before we reached a factory in northern Thailand where the natives live in shacks on stilts.

No electricity, no sanitation, no nothing. We came across a ragged kid walking along a dirt road. He carried a stick, danging from the far end—a dead cobra. When our interpreter asked what he was going to do with it, the boy answered: “It is a present for my mother. She is very hungry.” Pride was written all over his face. I guess that horrible snake really was going to be served for supper. From that native boy I learned a real lesson—the great joy of giving.

Hail And Farewell...

So these are the truths about me as I am today—if anyone cares. I hope someone cares. These are my thoughts and feelings as I face the future and ask the good Lord, “What next?” Professionally, I may remain in Europe for a cameo role along with Bill Holden, Robert Wagner, Fabian, Tommy Sands, etc. in Darryl Zanuck’s “Longest Day.” Personally, I guess I can only hang on and pray. At least all is quiet on the ulcer front—and brother am I cursed with one that acts up when the going gets too rough! Obviously, confession is very good for the soul.

It takes an eternity to learn how to live with one’s self, does it not? Seems like. There is an Oriental saying, a great favorite of mine that says it all so simply: “We cry when someone comes into the world, but it is beautiful when they are going away.”

I can only add—ah so! —Jerry Asher

Tab’s in “The Golden Arrow,” M-G-M.

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NATALIE WOOD

Continued from page 59

happened in Hollywood after all my years in pictures. Like all the gossip... I'm trying to do the right thing and lead my own life—but it isn't easy under these circumstances. I've even read that I'm supposed to get married in Mexico very soon. That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. I have no plans whatever for being married again.

Marriage plans or not, Natalie and Warren are together at previews and parties on the East and West Coasts. On weekends they swim and sunbathe together around Beatty's swimming pool, and they are never, never seen with anyone else.

While all of Hollywood and the world are talking about Natalie, I thought it would be interesting to see what two people who are really in the know have to say about this red-hot romance. Those two people are Natalie's lovely mother, Mrs. Gurdin, and her fifteen-year-old sister Lana. Lana, a lively child, has taken the stage name Lana Wood, and makes her film debut in "Five Finger Exercise." It was refreshing to talk to a Hollywood mother and daughter and find them in complete rapport with one another. In this day and age of children who feel they know more than parents, the Gurdins were a delight. When mother spoke, Lana sat, listening intently, nodding her head in agreement. It was obvious that what mother said went for Lana, too.

(As I mention here and now that there are three daughters in the Gurdin family, Teddy, who is eight years older than Natalie; Natalie, who is twenty-three, and Lana. I mention this because it has a bearing on this story, as you will see.)

"Warren's not like Bob..."

Mrs. Gurdin smiled and said, "I doubt that Natalie is in love with Warren Beatty. She's lonesome right now and he's free—and, well, they like each other."

Then she sighed and said, "We loved Bob Wagner very much. Our whole family loved his whole family."

"Oh, Warren is nice," said Lana. "He's lots of fun to be with. He's been to New York and he's sort of different. But he's not like Bob!"

This made two members of Natalie's family who seemed to still be rooting for Bob. And was I wrong in detecting a strong note of wishing that Natalie and Bob would reconcile? Let's see.

"Natalie and Bob have not filed for a divorce yet," her mother went on, "and maybe time will take care of it. I hope so. You have to expect things to change in every marriage. One night last summer when Natalie had us over for dinner—I mean her father, Lana and I—I noticed that it was not as it had been with Bob and Natalie the year before. Then they had been together constantly. Now it seemed that they were having small misunderstandings.

"Natalie is very sensitive. She never shows it except in her acting. This is why people who do not know her well say that she is cold at heart."

"That is not true. She would not be the actress she is if she did not feel deeply and would not be deeply hurt. And she is the hurt now. She told me, 'Some people grow up when they get married. Mother, I am growing up when I am divorcing.' She wants to find herself. But I hope she does not have to find herself through divorce. I like Bob so very, very much."

I did not discuss this with Natalie's family, but there seems to be an odd parallel between Elizabeth Taylor's life and Natalie's. There was a time in Liz's life when her parents regretted that they had let her become an actress, and they discussed her giving it all up. Liz was about fifteen at the time. As you probably remember, Liz began her professional career when she was eight.

Natalie began acting at four. When she was about fourteen her father discussed her giving it up. She reacted just as Liz did: She cried. Like Liz, Natalie loved her work. It's strange, isn't it, that now with her performances in "Splendor in the Grass" and "West Side Story," she's the most important young actress—next to Elizabeth.

But Natalie's romance record is entirely different. She has had one marriage to Liz's four. But Liz, with the exception of Monte Clift, has married every man with whom her name was ever seriously linked. Natalie has been wildly enamored of many fellows. She nearly married Nick Adams when she was barely sixteen, but got cold feet, by her own confession, when she was almost at the altar. In 1956, she said of Scott Marlow, "He is the great love of my life." She wanted the press for a loop when she raced to Memphis to be Elvis Presley's houseguest, and then returned home alone. She had a crush on Dennis Hopper. She thought she was in love with Raymond Burr, And Frank Sinatra. And Lance Reventlow, And Nicky Hilton. And John Ireland. And in the photographs taken of her with each and every one of these men she looked as wildly in love as she looks in photos today with Warren Beatty.

Bob Wagner is an actor, Warren Beatty is five times the actor Bob Wagner is. Which could mean that Warren can enter into the illusion of love five times more intensely than Bob can. But will Warren be the husband that Bob was? This is what Natalie's mother and sister wonder.

"I think Bob was Natalie's first real love," Mrs. Gurdin says. "She was always popular, as Lana is now, but I remember she came home from her first date with Bob and she told me, 'Mother, I'm going to marry him.' She had never done that before. She was just eighteen. She never went out with another boy after that first date with Bob. She was nineteen when they

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2. 3.

ACTRESS: 1.

2. 3.

FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE: 1.

2. 3.

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

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married and very much in love in every way. Bob was the only thing in her life. She was trying to please him in every way. “It was Bob who did not want them to have publicity, as man and wife, so she agreed. I do not think this was good for her career, but I did not say so. She had been on fifty magazine covers the year before she became Mrs. Wagner. After marriage, she wasn’t on any. “She tried very hard to turn herself into a housewife and a hostess. Lana interrupted her mother. Lana’s voice is exactly like Natalie’s. She looks very like Natalie, too, except that she is taller and wears her dark hair “streaked.” Her mother doesn’t entirely approve of this fad, and says she hopes Lana gets over it, just as Natalie got over her teenage fancy for dangling earrings. “Until she got married, Nat couldn’t even turn on the gas stove, let alone cook!” Lana giggled. “But then I can’t cook either.” “I wish Natalie and Bob had not had so much bad luck while they were married,” her mother said. “The first year of their marriage Natalie had her contract fight with Warners, so she had a lot of time on her hands. Then just as she got going again, Bob went for a year and a half without a picture, and Natalie was working too hard and too long. They had said they would never play together, but they made ‘All the Fine Young Cannibals.’ It was a flop. Natalie had to go to New York to make ‘Splendor in the Grass’ and Bob went with her, sitting on the set every day. That isn’t really good for a man.” Also, as the whole world knows now, Natalie and Bob had begun to remodel a Beverly Hills house at the beginning of 1960. They had started their married life in a tiny house in Laurel Canyon, which is distinctly unfashionable. Then they got a place in the hills with marble bathtubs sent over from Italy, a private salt water swimming pool, imported crystal chandeliers and built-in poker tables. But everything went wrong with their building. They had three different contractors on the job. Their ornate staircase wobbled as they tried to climb it. Natalie’s marble bathtub slipped and made the downstairs ceiling fall. “With Bob and Natalie in New York,” her mother said, “some of the workmen took advantage of their absence and did nothing. Natalie was very disguised when they returned home. She was tired and worn out, too, and went too quickly into dance rehearsals for ‘West Side Story.’ She has always been frail and subject to small illnesses, and when she does not have a real illness, she imagines one. This time, she had a tonsil operation and nearly died. “By then, the house was coming along beautifully, with only the living room and the dining room waiting to be done—but they separated. They had put such a fortune into that house. They put it on the market for $15,000—but they had much more money than that in it.” After the separation, Natalie didn’t move back to Laurel Canyon, you may be sure. She has climbed too high for that. She moved into swank Bel-Air. Bob Wagner went to France to be in “The Longest Day.” Then Warren Beatty came out to Hollywood from New York. The gossip about

Let’s talk frankly about internal cleanliness

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

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don’t realize what is involved in treating “the delicate zone.” They don’t ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

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him and Natalie rose as high as a Thor missile.

"Exactly why Bob and Natalie separated, I don't know," says her mother. "I can only hope this isn't permanent. I know Bob has cabled her from Europe. She has not told me if she replied and I have not asked her. I would like her to be back with him. You see, her father and I have been very happy. My oldest daughter, Teddy, has had a very happy marriage. It's what I want for Lana, too, of course. But for Natalie it is most important, just because she is so sensitive."

What Mrs. Gurdin doesn't say is what Hollywood feels: Warren Beatty is a very sharp young man. He is a very ambitious one, too. Natalie is fiercely ambitious and has been since she discovered acting at the age of four. People may have forgotten that until she was in junior high school she dressed like a child. This was quite deliberate, since child roles were what she was in demand for—until she grew up on screen in Rebel Without a Cause." She was seventeen then, and that was when she took up smoking. The reason she took up smoking was because she thought it would help her characterization.

Natalie is an actress. She is simply superb in "Splendor in the Grass" and "West Side Story." And like all good actresses, she uses everything to further her art. This is nothing against her.

She has seen her older sister's sedate marriage and she knows that isn't the life for her. She is delighted that Lana, who once didn't want to act, is now following in her career footsteps. She and Warren are vitally interested in Lana's career, and when she had to read for a part on a recent try-out, they rehearsed her for more than a week. "She's an independent little person and I'm terribly proud of her," says Natalie warmly of her little sister.

Warren has openly admitted that he loves publicity—and what actor doesn't. He gives that appealing smile of his and says, "I go out of my way about my publicity."

And there is nothing quite so good for publicity as a fine romance. But remember this, there is nothing less good for an ambitious young actor's career than a wife.

Yes, Natalie and Warren seem to be madly, wonderfully—and publicly—in love. But marriage? Judging from what Natalie's mom and sister have to say, it's not in the least fact that you will ever be happy. If Warren can make her happy, then he'll get their cheers. But from my viewpoint, it looks as if Warren will have a hard time winning them away from the Wagner camp.

—Rosa Macaro

Natalie is in "Splendor in the Grass." Warners, and U.A.'s "West Side Story."

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 35

don't believe in divorce. And I don't believe in married women dating. That is why this has to be the shortest story on record. When should a married woman date? My answer is never!

To me, there is no such thing as a so-called innocent date for a married woman. Of course, I exclude a business lunch with your agent or your income tax man—or an interviewer.

But a dinner date or a party date, the so-called harmless dates when your husband is out of town—never. I don't believe there can be such a thing.

And my husband Harry feels the same way I do.

When I was in Montrose, Colorado, making "How the West Was Won," I called up Harry one night. I was very lonesome for him and I knew he was very lonesome for me. He was home watching television when I called.

"Harry," I said. "Why don't you call up?—Ask her out to dinner. I know she's very lonesome. I think it would cheer both of you to go out to Chasen's and see people.

I was referring to one of my best girl friends who was in Hollywood. She was separated from her husband and, I knew, miserable. She is also very attractive.

But that didn't enter my mind. She was a friend I trusted dearly. The same as I trust Harry."

So I found myself pleading with Harry to date my friend. He not only refused but he refused firmly.

Then I thought, how can I argue with him? He thinks exactly as I do. We dropped it right then and there—and I know I'll never ask him again. Happy that I don't have to.

Maybe in this sophisticated world of show business, Harry and I sound old-fashioned for even thinking this way.

Maybe we are—and maybe that is why we fell in love.

Harry and I have careers in different worlds—show business and shoe business. He runs more than three hundred shoe stores in fifteen western states. All movies are not made in Hollywood. There are times when we are separated. I suppose no one could validly criticize us if we had dinner dates with old friends, mutual friends.

But we never do.

When Harry is out of town on business, I devote my time to the children and the Thalians. If I have to go out—for any reason—I make sure—absolutely sure—that I go out with a crowd—my friends and Harry's friends.

Both Harry and I are fairly well-known around Hollywood. If either of us had a dinner date with an old friend in a public restaurant, what's to stop an aggressive press agent for the restaurant—not meaning any harm—from using the dinner two-some as a means of getting his cafe mentioned in the gossip columns? Most columnists I know would check me immediately before using such an item—but there are always a few who won't.

How a marriage ends

Harry and I are both wise to the ways of Hollywood publicity. I don't think—in fact, I know—nothing like that would cause a stir in our home.

But both Harry and I know many a Hollywood couple who have used their marriage to slumber from the moment of the first gossip item.

How many of you divorcees reading this can remember what first caused your marriage to disintegrate? Was it a chance remark from a bridge partner? Or a catty dig from some scheming woman? If delivered with the right inflection of voice, just the fact that your husband picked up the local beauty at the station, gave her a ride home and dropped her at her own curbside can sound scandalous.

Divorce is as prevalent in the suburbs and small towns as it is in Hollywood. The only difference is that our troubles get worldwide headlines—yours little more than bridge table circulation.

But the rules of behavior are the same.

The so-called innocent dates can be rationalized and justified with volumes of words and logical explanations.

Even saints have been plagued with temptations. In Temptation, in all forms, is part of normal living.

But giving in to it is another thing.

Much of my mail comes from young girls—some married, some not—who ask me how to resist temptation, especially in the form of an especially attractive man.

I have a stock answer—although I don't consider myself the new Dorothy Dix in any way. I say the best way to avoid temptation is to keep away from the places where you know it's sure to be found.

Theologians put it another way: To avoid sin, avoid the occasions of sin.

I've always been grateful that I had strong religious training in my childhood. I think it's the one shield, the one buffer against the so-called Hollywood life.

The easiest thing to lose in Hollywood is your sense of values. I've been through a lot but I don't think that I can ever lose my perspective, my sense of values.

Maybe that is why my husband and my children come first with me—then my career. When my career starts getting in the way of the real things in life, then I hope I have the integrity to re-examine myself.

Drinking is a way of life for some people in Hollywood—as it is in most cities and towns all over the world.

I don't drink. Not that I am against anyone else's opinion or different thinking, but I feel I have enough exuberance without it.

Most married women I know do drink. Without meaning to sound like a temperance lecturer, I say any married woman who does drink is asking for trouble if she dates men other than her husband, no matter how innocent her intentions. Alcoh- ohol lowers inhibitions. A woman who drinks or distracts her husband for a night can ruin her whole life in one night. I'm not saying this happens every time. Fortunately, it happens rarely, because most wives become extra cautious of alcohol in such situations.

Well, as I read this over I see it is not the shortest story on record after all.

—as told to Jim Bacon

Shelley Winters is running true to form again. When she fell in love with Vittorio Gassman she pushed him right to the top. When he got there he looked elsewhere for love. Now she's doing the same thing for Alec Viespi. He's getting more jobs than he can fill. Shelley should have married a man who'd have given her six children. She always has to mother people.

Rhonda Fleming's done it again—divorced her third husband Lang Jeffries after a marriage of sixteen months and sixteen days. "He's been guilty of undisclosed acts of cruelty," she told the judge.

Maureen O'Hara and her daughter Bronwyn became do-it-yourselves at their Soma Canyon home which was partially destroyed by the big fire. "We're good with hammers and pick and shovel and have plenty of opportunity to exercise our talents," says the star. "It's harder to get a carpenter or a cleanup man these days than to find a good acting role."

Ava Gardner hasn't been before a camera for two years, but you'll be seeing her on the screen soon. She's all set to do a picture in Italy. Designer Orry-Kelly handed Ava quite a bou-quet when he said, "She had the most perfect figure I've ever dressed." And he's one designer who's dressed 'em all. Ava's new co-star will be Louis Jourdan.

That's all the news under my hat now. See you next month •

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Diane McBain

Continued from page 36

I was eighteen, he was thirty-three. I was just getting started in show business... I'd dated a few actors, Peter Brown, Troy Donohue... but this man was a successful European star, charming, continental, with a voice and accent totally enchanting and a personality unlike any I had ever known.

We met on the set and tested together for a picture. He played his character in one sequence in which he'd aged. But the director wanted me on the set constantly to observe and learn. When my time came to shoot, I'd be ready.

I observed. This man—I'd call him Jacques Blanc because that isn't his name—is a talented actor. His technique was a revelation. I was then, and still am, an emotional actress who lives a scene. Watching him, I discovered how he achieved his simplicity of performance. He listened to what someone said to him and could respond easily and naturally!

Almost the first words he spoke to me were to ask for a date. My response was easy and natural, too. I said yes. I was excited—about the party itself and about him as my escort. I wore my most sophisticated black sheath and my most sophisticated manner, which began to melt as he introduced me to one and then another great personage. I was totally starry-eyed at the moment a new arrival took my hand graciously and said, "Ah, my dear, you must be Mrs. Blanc."

"I beg your pardon?" I said and turned quickly to Jacques. He hadn't heard. He was chatting with some old friend.

"I am Diane McBain," I explained, and felt my face turning peony pink.

I'd had my first clue and in my heart I knew it. But I threw that clue away, buried it. We went to dinner at Sportsman's Lodge and talked for hours. He wanted to know about me. And I wanted to know about him. It was like opening a book to hear him—"The Count of Monte Cristo." He has a marvelous gift of gab, he's been all over the world. He could mention having lunch with Picasso or a quarrel with Hemingway or a flirtation with Lady Mendil, and it was all as a French writer might have written it. After dinner he asked where I wanted to go and I said golly, where did he want to go? He suggested the Largo, Candy Barr was there. Had I ever seen a strip show?

Normally, this was a moment to draw myself up to my full five-seven and give him my mother and father and grandmother would expect me to give. Tonight I said yes.

With him—anywhere!

I didn't particularly care for the entertainment, but anywhere he was took on the aura, the dash and glory of adventure. When the evening drew to a close, when we were driving home, close together in the little car, seeing the lights of the city glittering below us, I felt new and strange. I was exhilarated and close to tears at the same time. I remembered the day my very first boyfriend went off to the Mexico Military Institute. How I'd cried my eyes out on his father's shoulder, parting was such sweet sorrow. That had been two years ago. I'd been a baby.

Jacques kissed me just once, and very tenderly. He said he'd like to see me again. Could we have dinner, perhaps after work tomorrow? "Oh yes," I said.

"Mrs. Blanc," the gentleman had said to me. "And you, my dear, must be Mrs. Blanc." I thought of this briefly as I brushed my hair that night. But why in the world shouldn't we see each other? Why shouldn't we be friends? Weren't we friends already? There was nothing silly or romantic about it.

The next morning I was up at the crack of dawn, dressing carefully, in a tremendous hurry to get to the studio. I didn't want to miss a minute. He hated this part he was playing, and the picture was poor, but he listened to each actor as if he believed every word. We talked between scenes, and soon as the day ended we drove off to the valley, to a quietly charming place for dinner.

Before the week was out, Troy asked me for a date and I told him the truth: I didn't care to date anyone but Jacques. Troy is a very sincere and honest person and we've since become good friends. But then he stormed: Jacques was too old for me, too worldly, I argued. Nothing could stop me.

Dressing that next Saturday night was very choosy. The beige? The black? I tried my hair up. I tried it down. Mother watched me as if I were someone she'd never seen before. And it was perfectly true, there was something different about me—what would you call it, a radiance? When I looked in the mirror all I could see was how I might look to him—a man who'd known fascinating women on the Parisian and London, Rome and New York. And now, miraculously, was dating me.

"Diane," Mother said, "it seems to me I've read somewhere... isn't Jacques Blanc married?"

"Oh, Mother, he couldn't be," I said lightly. "He wouldn't be asking me out if he were." But in the mirror, my face was that of a child caught eating chocolate drops. I had never told my mother anything but the truth in my life. We're a close family, a loving family, and whatever I am I owe to the care of my parents and my grandmother. I jumped up and put my arms around Mother and whispered, "If he is married, dear, he must be separated or divorced. There's nothing to worry over."

Did she believe me? I didn't know. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered except being in love—love is the most important thing in anyone's life. If you push it away, for any reason, you'll push it away again some day for some other reason, and you'll wind up at last a lonely woman. I've known about loneliness, I was a lonely and miserable teenager, I was always "out of it," I never belonged. After I became an actress I'd had a whirl, but I'd met no one like sitting in the candlelit dark, waiters still hurrying by with loaded trays.

"I am just as involved with you, Diane, Heaven lit by candles

Two hours later I was in heaven... It was a candlelit restaurant, very romantic. The rounded leather arm of the booth seemed totally to encircle us from the world. We spoke of many things, and suddenly that magic voice of his said, "You know I love you, don't you, Diane?"

I couldn't answer. I shook my head no. It was the moment I had been born for. My heart was bursting. The next moment he said something that shocked me back to reality.

"I am married, you know, Diane. I've been married for ten years and have three children. I love them beyond anything else in the world." He went on to say that his family had not come over from Europe with him and that he and his wife were in perfect accord on personal freedom. He'd had affairs with many women. Just because you marry does not mean you are immune from attraction, he told me; in Europe it is not regarded as cheating on the part of the husband or the wife, it is accepted, forgotten. For the most part it means nothing, he said. But that was not me of. I meant something. He loved me almost as much as his children, he told me. And he loved his wife, oh yes, theirs was a very happy marriage.

I was dismayed. This was one thing I had not guessed. That he might be married I'd known ever since I buried that first clue. But that he could possibly love her had never occurred to me.

"You're surprised, Diane?"

I wanted to cry, scream, shatter the glass of water I now raised very quietly to my mouth. Afterward, I was rather proud of myself that I'd held on tightly and behaved. I caught my breath.

"You never mentioned... of course I knew... but the fact that you didn't mention it... led me to believe you were separated or living unhappily... I..."

"I love you, Diane," he said. "Nothing in the world changes a person's right to love."

"And your wife."

"She understands. It's quite European."

I looked around the restaurant and was amazed to see the dash and glory of the waiter in the candlelit dark, waiters still hurrying by with loaded trays.
as you are with me," he said, "Je t'adore."

There it was. If I exerted every ounce of charm I owned, if I could lure him away from them, he'd never forgive me or forget them. He worshiped his children. He showed me their pictures. He told me about their rambling house and the games he played with his son and the stories his little girl told and about his baby. You've never seen such pride! He was not about to get a divorce, I knew that. Even if he did, eventually, he'd hate himself and me.

You want to know the strange thing? I loved him so much that I wouldn't for the world have ruined his life. Now that I knew he loved his wife, I knew there was no chance even if there were hopes, I wouldn't want it. If he should divorce her and marry me, I could never regard him as highly. I could never replace his children, even though we might have children together. He would never forget these first three.

The head or the heart?

"If you have good sense, you'll run now." That's what my mother would have said. My grandmother—she'd have flipped her wig. "You're letting yourself in for heartbreak." That's what Troy would say. "You're too dear," said the voice of self-pity, "why don't you lock yourself in your room and have a good cry?"

But my heart told me that love is the most important thing, and I knew in love. Luckily, so was he.

We went out much the same as before . . . to dinner on the set . . . to dinner several times a week . . . to dinner with his agent and his agent's date . . . swimming . . . dancing . . . movies. The people at the studio knew. I didn't have to confide in anyone, my feelings were apparent. They said nothing. I realized later that studio publicity was hushing up the columnists, keeping our names out of the papers. And of course other women swarmed around him. Obviously his personal freedom was a matter of common knowledge, and there were any number of actresses haunting his dressing room. They hated me and I knew it. I was the apple of his eye and they knew it.

My poor mother worried, of course. She would bring it up very gently, "Diane, dear, do you think it's wise to go on like this?" She worried about my moral future. She had cause, and yet she needed have worried. Out of necessity, rather than desire, we kept our relationship on a plane where neither of us could get hurt too much. He realized that I had been brought up in a world of values and that I was off the deep end; that actually I was a little terrified of sex; that if I permitted myself a full-fledged affair when I knew he had a wife he cared for, I'd have to live with a guilt complex. And there's no such thing as an affair that doesn't leak out. I'd told a few girls in high school who took a charge, but it always got out. I couldn't do that, then or now, to my parents or the studio or the public that believes in me.

All this Jacques knew. And I knew that some day, when he went home to his wife, he'd know far more peace of mind than if he'd deserted him anything. But it wasn't always easy to "be friends." This was a passionate, eager man. He did his

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The heartbreaking time came as the picture drew to an end. I was supremely happy every minute I was with him, but there were nights I drove home unable to see the road for my tears. Remember Ingrid Bergman in “Goodbye Again,” turning on the windshield wipers because she thought it was raining? That was me. He never saw me cry. I said not a word about his going and did nothing to detain him. So you see, I was beginning to grow up. But the time went, the days slid, finally it was the last one. It was a week before Christmas, but we’d brought each other a gift to the studio. Mine was a beautiful white sweater with a white fox collar. His was a white sweater with a red and blue stripe around the neck. We laughed so, having each bought the other a white sweater.

I never said, “It’s the last day.” His secretary was giving a farewell party for him at her home that night. All the women would be there. I knew, the women I’d seen him with around the studio, the ones who resented me. Five of them. I went. They greeted me with cold stares and dagger glances. We had all, amusingly enough, arrived in taxis. Which one would he escort home? His secretary took me aside to say that he was the one. You can’t know how happy a human being can be. I had won a battle—a small one, but mine.

I told him goodbye with much more poise than I’d had when I’d been sent off to college. Somewhere I felt we’d meet again, the story couldn’t be ended. I told that to myself over and over in the miserable first weeks after he had gone. I dated two other charming Europeans, both friends of his, and compared everything they did or said.

Then the phone rang and it was Jacques. He said, “It is going to be a play, and I must come at once, he wanted to show me the town, take me to the theater, to some of the finest restaurants in the world. He called the next day the next, although I needed no urging. I could hardly wait to be with him again. I’d gone at once to the front office and asked for time off. Now I was waiting for the answer.

What I didn’t know—the studio executives phoned my mother. Did she know I was going to New York? She didn’t. I had planned to tell her casually, like the night before. “Darling, I’m going to New York tomorrow, will you help me pack?” Now they told her, and asked if I had friends or relatives I might be going to see. Mother said no friends, no relatives. Then, said they, we presume she is going to see him. Mother said she presumed so. The next day they called me in and gave me their answer. They were terribly sorry, but I’d be working all that week. I didn’t work one single minute.

The next month or two were desolate. This was the price I paid, and I didn’t resent it then or now. Love is worth pining for. If I had to do again I wouldn’t change a thing. Love is the only way to live. I believe in love—completely.

The lesson of love

As a matter of fact, I think every girl should fall in love hopelessly. I, for example, am looking for love. I hope to marry one day, have children and a wonderful, rich, woman’s life. When I do, I will be twenty-five understanding of my husband than if I’d never known Jacques. I understand, now, that a man has a vast ego. And a woman is the same. I’m young and I’m flirtations and I know now that life isn’t going to change me, not vitally. I’m sure that when I’m married fifty years and see an attractive man, I’ll turn and look. That doesn’t mean that you’re falling permanently in love with someone else. I’d never destroy my marriage for a passing attraction. Or more important, because my husband has a passing attraction. Jealously I’ll certainly be. But I learned from my married love and from his wife, too: Loving a man does not mean owning him. Through tolerance and understanding you keep a man—not through jealousy.

I owe a great deal to my hopeless love. There were people who disapproved, and that hurt me; but on the whole, the world was either all for me or all against me. Either way, I was in a world apart. It had never occurred to eighteen-year-old, shy, rather self-conscious and certainly not assured Diane McBain that a man like this could love her. I didn’t believe it when it happened. But I believe it now, it’s given me confidence, and I thank my beloved Jacques with all my heart. He changed my life, he showed me the meaning of adult, and some day when I find a hopeful love, all that I learned from him will help me keep it.

As told to Jane Ardmore

Diane appears weekly on ABC-TV’s “Surfside 6.” Monday nights, 9 P.M. EST, and will soon be in Watters’ “Black Gold.”

CARY GRANT

Continued from page 67

Q. Actually, what he’s saying, isn’t that a beautiful line? To remove your inhibitions?
A. Yes. Of course.
Q. I’m interested. I’m trying to analyze this. I think it’s a beautiful line. This would make even the men mad. In effect, what he’s saying is “You’re beautiful, I’m beautiful, and according to my theory, if we’re beautiful . . .”
A. We should love each other and tomorrow if we find other beautiful people we should love them also. But he’s a little bit more honest than most, you know.
Q. That’s right, but in truth, what he is also saying by this is “I might love you today, but no promises if I find someone as pretty as you tomorrow, or even next year.”
A. Yes. Although he’ll still say, “I love you”—which he does say.
Q. That sort of leaves the un-beautiful out, though.
A. He has another theory. He feels you should be able to turn to nature as possible. And he feels even though you might be beautiful on the outside, it is what you exude from within that is more important.
Q. Well, then actually he is really carrying the theory a step further. He might see me, for example, and, although he might not think I’m beautiful on the outside, if he could convince himself I am beautiful on the inside, this also puts me in the same fraternity. Is that right?
A. Well, maybe.
Q. Well then I qualify, too, so this about includes every woman in the world.
A. I guess so. I hope this doesn’t make him furious. Am I telling too much?
Q. He learned this in psychoanalysis?
A. I think so. In those LSD visions, you know. That’s the drug that puts you in kind of a trance. You suddenly see the whole world as a whole, you suddenly see yourself and your relationship to the whole world in a clear, bright vision. I don’t know if it’s a lasting thing, but this is how he discovered his theory. Or maybe it’s just something very convenient.
Q. Well, now I think it’s something underneath, that basically any man who feels that keeps running after . . .
A. Yes, Polygamous.
Q. So I think any argument a man can give to this theory helps him.
A. It makes him freer to do whatever he wants.
Q. Has he discussed with you his reason for his last separation?
A. Well, I think the reason was simply that he wanted to be alone. That is all there is to it.
Q. You never feel in awe of him?
A. No, not any more. In the beginning I did, But not any more.
Q. How long did it take you to get over this?
A. Very quickly, actually, because I soon found out you can talk to him about anything.
Q. Tell me more about his theory of loving all beautiful people.
A. Well, he says that all the time. It's not so much beautiful people, perhaps, as those you are attracted to. Love everybody you are attracted to. It should be a natural thing. And everybody should be free. I guess that's what he means, but he doesn't express it that way.

Q. There's nothing morally wrong with this?

A. No, he doesn't seem to feel that. He says there is too much suppression in this world. We suppress our urges and our feelings. But I wonder, wouldn't this theory lead to havoc? I can't help thinking it's marvelous for men, but what about us women?

Q. I think this is a theory that has gone back thousands of years.

A. That's right.

Q. The woman wants one man, she wants to tie him down; and all along, he wants to be free. This is the way we're raised. But let's get back to Carry now as a person. What's he like? What type of things bug him?

A. He's not used to anyone disagreeing with him.

Q. What other type of things bug him?

A. Well he wants his help to be perfect. He can't bear for them not to be on their toes, and everything must be in order. His secretary always has to be perfect.

Q. What type of people annoy him?

A. I think he dislikes people who are surface people, people who do not admit they have any problems. And people who are not themselves, who are not real, who are not relaxed.

Q. Does he ever tell you how to dress?

A. Oh, yes, this he does. He hates makeup and he often tells me to wear none at all. Most of the time I try to wear as little as possible.

Q. Does he disapprove of tight-fitting dresses and such?

A. No. Because this is why he was attracted to me in the first place, when he saw me at the studio. I was wearing a tight-fitting lilac suit, and when we went to his office after lunch, he said, "You have the sexiest looking body I have ever seen." If I hadn't worn that type of dress, he would never have noticed.

Q. When he told you you were going to have dinner on his bed were you alarmed?

A. Of course I was rather amazed, but not that much.

Q. What did he say when he said, "Come on, let's have dinner on my bed?" And is that the way he asked you?

A. He makes a joke out of it. Like he apologizes for the fact that... it's on a bed. He explains it very carefully. He says, "It looks funny I know, but this is the way I always entertain, whether it's a business associate or a producer or anybody of my friends." What's to minimize the fact that it was on the bed. And the housekeeper makes it a little more okay. The dinner is usually pleasant, and he's very nice to talk to and there's usually wine—you know, he does drink some.

Q. But you say the TV is always on?

A. Yes, he's a very big fan of TV.

Q. This doesn't give a picture of a romantic...

A. Well, he does become more romantic.

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He loves records and he’ll put records on.
Q. Is he romantic?
A. I think he is, yes. He is very much the way he is on the screen. He’s very charming always, and always a gentleman, always considerate, always concerned.
Q. Tell me about his other theories, he sounds fascinating.
A. He has many theories on psychiatry.
Q. Personally, do you think this has made him a better person?
A. It has made him a better adjusted person, but this doesn’t necessarily mean that the people around him have profited from it.
Q. Has he adjusted better to the world?
A. I think so.
Q. Does he fit in with the world around him because of this?
A. Oh, sure he does. As big a star as he is, the world is his oyster. And what’s more important, he daren’t to make it his oyster. He has learned to enjoy life now—he couldn’t when he was younger. As a matter of fact, he was very shy when he was younger, and that’s probably what caused him to develop his fabulous, suave, charming manner on the screen, as a compensation for his real personality.
Q. Is he a religious person?
A. I doubt it. I do think he believes in a God, but not in a church. No.
Q. Do you ever have the feeling when you’re with him . . . well, how old is he, roughly?
A. He admits to fifty-eight.
Q. All right. Which is probably as old as your father, right?
A. As a matter of fact, my father is a little bit younger.
Q. Well then, do you ever have the feeling that you’re with a man old enough to be your father?
A. No. This is very amazing. I don’t have that feeling at all. You look at this man and you can’t believe your own eyes.
Q. Is he as romantic and as virile as a young man?
A. I don’t know how long it would sustain. I mean if you were married to him.
Q. Does he have the outlook of a younger man?
A. Yes, he has.
Q. You never have the feeling that you have to go home because he’s old?
A. Age never enters my mind because I know how old he is. But not because of any way he acts, not that at all. In fact, I’ve never really seen him looking tired or acting tired.
Q. Is he interested in athletics?
A. No, I don’t think so. He has a pool, and he swims there, but that’s about all. He doesn’t even exercise to keep in shape. He gave that up a long time ago.
Q. I’m sure you’ve dated a lot of younger men. But you find him as exciting as younger men?
A. More so.
Q. Nothing of a paternal . . .
A. No. The paternal end is only because of his concern about you. He’s very concerned, and very concerned if you have any emotional problems. Or anything. He’s very interested in helping other people, because of his own experiences, I imagine.
Q. But is this a romance?
A. Yes. He’s even more concerned if it’s a romance.
Q. Does he ever send you flowers?
A. No.
Q. Buy gifts?
A. Yes, records and stuffed animals.
Q. Is he as egotistical as you might think a big star like Cary would be?
A. If he were, how could I possibly say that in print?
Q. Well, he certainly is not a normal man.
A. That’s for sure. Or he wouldn’t have stayed at the top this long. And he still plays a lover though he’s at the age where he should be a character actor.
Q. Now, you’re not saying anything harmful.
A. I might.
Q. Do you understand what I mean?
A. You’re asking me if he is egotistical. Suppose I say yes.
Q. But he must have a certain vanity.
A. Well, people seem to treat him as if he were a king, as if he were Caesar. Everybody says “yes” to him as if they were very much in awe of him. I suppose it is like this with every big star, but you can’t help being very struck by it. And he takes it as his due.
Q. And if he were just a normal man, would he bring any of this excitement. Do you agree?
A. Yes, that’s true. And about his vanity, part of it is his being so young-looking.

6-in-1 wonder

"Six-in-one-wonder" is made from Simplicity Pattern #4323 (subteen sizes 8-14) 50s. (Simpler pattern #4340, misses 10-20; 65s.) View II (ensemble): Subteen requires 3½ yards of a 44/45" fabric. View II (dress only) subteen 10 needs 3½ yds. of 35/36" fabric. For Patti Duke’s dresses we used Concord’s homespun 100% cotton wash ‘n wear in solid color “Air” (beige) and a floral print (#212; color 18) on beige.

He always is very careful to get a lot of rest. For instance, he doesn’t stay out late. I have been at dinner parties at Tony Curtis’ house with him, and he always leaves earlier than anybody else. He goes to bed early and he sleeps late, even though he goes to his office every day. And on weekends he sometimes does nothing but stay in bed, resting, reading and just taking it easy. So he is always watching his health, his youth and his rest. Sometimes he will talk to people only on the phone, but not see them for days at a time.
Q. Does he take any special pains with his appearance that the average man doesn’t?
A. I don’t think so. He doesn’t wear any makeup in movies at all.
Q. Is he a clothes horse?
A. Well, he dresses well, but not exaggerated.
Q. Tell me about some of your other dates.
A. Well, what do you want to know? A. Tell me what it’s like to be with him.
A. Well he always makes you feel special, if you are the girl that he likes. One time, at Tony Curtis’ place, in a moment of enthusiasm, he fell on his knees in front of me and kissed my hand.
Q. Why?
A. I don’t know, I really don’t know why. Perhaps just to show his enthusiasm about something we had discussed, or his enthusiasm in me. It’s very flattering.
Q. Do the women gravitate toward him?
A. Oh yes, definitely.
Q. Tell me some other things about him.
A. Well, I’ve actually seen him most in his home. He doesn’t go out very much. I’ve seen him mostly during lunch in the studio, in his office.
Q. What do you do when you go to his home?
A. Well, what do you do when you go to somebody’s home? We have dinner, we talk, we watch television, listen to music and drink.
Q. Do you ever dance?
A. No.
Q. Does he ever take you to night clubs?
A. No.
Q. For drives?
A. Yes.
Q. Where do you go?
A. Nowadays, just long drives up in the hills.
Q. When you do go out, do you ever tell him where you want to go, or does he take the lead?
A. He takes the lead. I don’t say anything. He usually calls at eleven o’clock, if I don’t see him at night.
Q. When you’re not home does he ever ask you where you’ve been?
A. No. He would be rather curious about it because, according to his theory, I should be free, too, to be allowed to love others. He would like to find out, but I never tell him anything.
Q. And it never seems to bother him?
A. I don’t think so. Maybe it’s just some kind of sexual curiosity. I don’t know.
Q. Then he never does talk about your
other dates, dates he assumes you have?
A. No.
Q. Is he always a gentleman?
A. Oh, unfailingly, always. I have never seen any man with such perfect manners.
Q. Did you ever get the feeling that he is always on, so to speak, on the stage?
A. I don’t really think so. Not any more. I don’t think he has to. I think a small part of him might be a surface personality. But underneath he goes deep.
Q. Does he impress you as a lonely sort of person?
A. In a way, yes. And yet he’s sufficient within himself. And more so since he had the LSD treatment.
Q. Is he undergoing any psychiatric aid now?
A. I don’t think it’s a steady or continuous thing now.
Q. Do you have very elegant meals when you have dinner?
A. Good meals, but nothing special. Wine. Good wine.
Q. What type of drink does he drink?
A. I forget whether it’s vodka or scotch or something. And he eats whatever he feels like. He doesn’t even have a weight problem anymore, which he used to as a young man.
Q. You think his secret of looking so young, then, is rest?
A. Yes. His secret is relaxation and rest. I think through hypnosis he keeps himself young.
Q. Does he use self-hypnosis?
A. Yes. His ex-wife used to hypnotize him.
Q. Have you ever seen him going through self-hypnosis?
A. No, but I’ve asked him about his treatment with LSD. I was kind of curious to try it myself, but he said no. It’s a treatment they use only in experiments at this point and not everybody can have it. So he didn’t want me to try it.
Q. Why did they give it to him?
A. Why? Because he wanted it, and they probably used him partly as an experiment.
Q. Can you think of anything intimate that has happened between the two of you that isn’t too intimate to talk about? For example, some of those evenings in his home you turn down the lights...
A. Sure we turned down the lights, but doesn’t that go without saying?
Q. So when you tell me you have dinner at Cary Grant’s house, I can assume that you don’t go there to watch television.
A. Well, we turned down the lights and listened to music, and... now people don’t talk about these things.
Q. Does he know that you have this appointment with me?
A. Oh, no. Gosh, I wouldn’t tell him. This interview will probably infuriate him.
Q. Well, are you thinking of any future with him?
A. A girl is never supposed to until she’s proposed to.—this is an exclusive taped interview with Marilyn Beck.

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DOCTOR CASEY

Continued from page 32

It happened the second or third week I was on duty. She was very pretty, but obviously without a boy friend and feeling very lonely. She walked up to the tower where I sat and with one of her best smiles she asked, "If I go out there in deep water and start to drown, will you come and rescue me?"

I nodded. "Sure. I'll pull you out. But when I get you on shore I'll give you the hardest spanking you've had since you came home with a bad report card."

She pretended she didn't like that very much and walked away. I forgot about her. Then a few minutes later there came that old familiar cry of "Help! Help!" I had my suspicions as I raced out, and when I got there I saw they were well-founded.

It was my girl friend of short meeting and she was drowning with a smile. I'd been pretty sure it was a false alarm, because people in real trouble rarely have the time to holler for help. They are too busy drowning. They are either too exhausted or choked up with sea water to shout. It's usually a vigilant life guard who sees a per-on in distress.

But in this girl's case, as in all others, I couldn't take the chance. I brought her back to the beach, and she played it limp and exhausted—until I took her over my knee with every intention of spanking the splash out of her.

My hand was up, ready for the first whack, when I caught her looking back at me from the sand. She had that Mona Lisa smile still on her face. I stopped. "Get up, little girl, you're all right. And I'm not going to spank you."

She jumped up, glared at me and walked away with the classic stride of indignation that only a girl can show.

The next week it happened again. Would I asked the new girl rescue her if she yelled in distress?

Women desire excitement

What did I learn? That it's normal for a woman to want a little abnormal excitement in her life. I don't mean to imply that this is a characteristic only of females. Men go to even greater lengths for thrills. But we're discussing women, and I came to realize early in my life that girls and women like to attract attention. It's part of their chemistry. As a man I'm all for it ... in the right proportion ... and I act accordingly.

I encountered the same thing again in college. The girls were different, but they were the same. It was the technique that changed, not the trait. Now the girls used their wit as an attention-getter. For some mysterious reason some girls have a compulsion to match wits with every man they meet. To this day I don't know what such girls are trying to prove.

No man really wants to match wits with a woman. He wants to match dreams, hopes and perhaps a little laughter. He wants to match futures. He wants to find all of womanhood in one woman—and he must, because one woman is all he is allowed.

They say that when poverty comes in the door, love goes out the window. But from what I have seen, poverty isn't the only thing that can chase love over the transom. I'm convinced that any marriage that makes the man the reluctant contestant in a game of wits is not a happy one. And I believe that deep in her heart the wife is even unhappier than her husband. I suspect that most women who challenge the men they know are looking for some sure signs of a dominant spirit in the man. They want to know, positively, that the man whom they admire in their hearts is going to prove himself a true man and make all the decisions for both of them.

I've seen this work with a married couple I know. She loves him with all the warmth and tenderness that a woman can know. And the reason, she once confided, was that "he makes every decision ... and you know, nearly every one he makes is wrong."

She didn't care. As long as he was the boss, she loved him. That's something I keep in mind when I think about how to treat a woman. Of course, my background probably has something to do with it. My parents were European, born in Italy. And the dominance of the male in my house (and in every European family I've ever known) was not a meaningless matter. The man was head of the house for good reasons. His authority gave a sense of security to the wife. The children, in their formative years, need dynamic obedience and respect for maturity, I didn't always agree with my parents' wishes, but I understood at a very early age that my father's word was law, whether I liked it or not.

Now I'm thirty. I've met many many women in my life. As a life guard, as a college student, as an actor in the lean years, as an actor in the good years and now as the image of Dr. Ben Casey. Yet for all the experience and success, I still have to make decisions when I date a girl, just as any man does.

Where shall we go? What shall we do? A party? Movie? Just stay home and talk? A long drive on a nice night? We do whatever we both think is worthwhile, whatever is important to us. Ballet is a favorite entertainment of mine, although the event for the evening could just as well be a prize fight if I enjoy the company of the girl I'm with. Of course, Dr. Ben Casey doesn't have as much trouble getting a date as Vincent Edwards once did.

As a matter of fact, the way I treat a woman is even more important to me now than it was before. The women I know expect understanding from me. In some cases, unfortunately, my dates decide that they're out with a doctor instead of an actor. I even got the doctor routine from a man I know at the studio. "Now that you're a doctor, can you tell me how to treat a woman?" he asked.

My own beliefs

Aside from the fact that it was a bad pun, I suspect that the man who asked the question had tried to bury his egos-new, more mature, humor. The question started me thinking, however, and I began reflecting on my own beliefs. I think the first thing a man should remember is never to treat a woman casually. Every woman should be given attention, some specific notice. A lot of men forget that the attention women get from men is one of the most important rewards in their lives. Men do not whistle or give empty flattery. That's almost as bad as no attention at all. But for a man to make the simple admission, in his own way, that he is very much aware of her presence is the kindest and most sincere tribute he can pay to a woman. And it can be done by just saying her name in the right tone.

I also believe a man should never fail to show a woman courtesy. Lighting her cigarette, opening doors, taking her arm ... those are things a man should do automatically. But the courtesy I speak of is well, more of an implication in his attitude than a mere polite act.

The real courtesy is in the way a man
speaks, the warmth and honesty of his smile. Women can spot a phoniness at twenty paces, and no man should ever forget this.

But perhaps the most important thing for a man to remember is the one rule I’ve seen them break most often:

It involves the question that has been argued since Adam and Eve: Who is superior—man or woman?

Personally I think it’s nonsense to even consider such a comparison. I know men who seem to delight in proving to women that they are physically superior to women. Their motto is “treat ‘er rough!” Those men are nursing bruised egos.

her time for love and the exhilaration of romance is short. The last two years of her teens, perhaps, and most of her twenties. And then the girl is gone forever.

I think it’s unfortunate that so many women feel this way about themselves because here, in the middle of the twentieth century, it seems severely old-fashioned. In Hollywood, for example (although it is true everywhere), I have met women in their mid-forties who are as romantically exciting as a teenager. Science and medicine have made incredible progress in the last twenty years. Many women no longer look or act old at forty.

But the real reason I object to the time-is-so-short theory is that I feel we, as people, have matured. A twenty-year-old girl falling in love with and marrying a forty-year-old man is no longer a surprise to us, let alone a shock. Perhaps we’re finally learning to respond to one another as we feel, rather than how we think we should feel. It’s been said that it’s unfortunate we cannot treat others for what they are but must instead treat them for what they think they are. This begins to get deep—something for a doctor to handle!

I like portraying Dr. Kildare on television, but it would be a disaster in nonsense for anyone to consider me a doctor. Yet it happens. It’s the most puzzling aspect of becoming Dr. Kildare.

Back in the calm days of my anonymity as a hospital resident, my introduction to girls brought a pleasant “how do you do,” with a nice smile for each other followed by that frequently awkward period of getting-to-know-you. After that we’d get along fine. Dr. Kildare changed all that.

That look in her eyes

Now, for some mysterious reason, when I’m introduced to a girl (especially the younger ones) as an actor, as Dr. Kildare, a crazy gleam comes into the girl’s eyes. She often becomes aggressive, over-protective, possessive and even inimodest. The gush overwhelms me, and since it started I have reserved the right to flee.

Somewhere along the line they’ve been put down by a woman and they’ll go on for the rest of their lives seeking revenge. It’s a dull, unhappy quest for a man, and in the end I don’t believe he ever proves anything.

I treat a woman not as a superior, not as inferior, nor even as an equal. I treat a woman as a woman. She wants nothing, more nothing, less nothing.

And I’m convinced that if I do that, she will, in turn, treat me like a man.

—as told to TONY WALK

See Vincent Edwards in “Ben Casey” on ABC-TV, every Monday at 10 P.M. EST.

I was told by other actors that it would happen—and further assured that there is no defense against it. It’s an occupational hazard, not an occupational perk, but one they enjoy. And I know of nothing that destroys a man’s compulsion more than to be embarrassed by a female.

No man, contrary to popular opinion, wants a girl to come to him with the attitude of “Here I am, Take Me. Do whatever you want with me.” There is an old saying that when a woman is gotten she is easily discarded. Unfortunately, too often follow this line of thought with women.

I like to be agreed with, I like to be liked, but I also want a girl to have some personal reason for feeling that way.

One girl I dated recently seemed concerned only about how much money I had, what my prospects were and whether my parents and grandparents were “vivacious and healthy.”

Women do gamble on a man. They’re the greatest gamblers because they bet their lives. They have a right to be cautious, but it takes time for a man to understand how he can best treat the women in his life.

Most of my time is spent taking singing and dancing lessons. Aside from that I like to see as much theater as possible. An occasional party or drive is a luxury. But I have been dating. I’ve been going with a girl who has very strong opinions. I don’t agree with some of them, yet there’s an spirit about her that I like. That always makes the disagreements easier to bear!

Right now she’s on a health food kick and believes so strongly that natural foods are essential, she’s convinced “unnatural food is the root of world problems.” She thinks that if people ate what was best for them they’d think straighter and kinder and not do and have more compassion for one another. Maybe she’s right!

Another girl I date wants to become a dancer. But she has a point of view with which I disagree strongly. She told me she wanted to be a star and the audience. What she meant was that she wants to be admired. She wants to avoid the complications of intimacy. She wants exclusive rights to a pedestal.

A loose idea of “respect”

I have to admit that I cannot understand girls who refuse to touch, or be touched by, the minds and hearts of others. It seems unnatural that a woman should reserve what she thinks is best about her for herself. It smacks of a selfishness which I think eliminates any chance a woman might have of being warm. And, unfortu-
nately, many women are afraid to be warm. The one way they want to be treated by a man is with "respect." But many women have a loose idea of what "respect" is.

It's not difficult for a man to treat a woman with what is usually called "respect." To rise when she enters the room, to open a door, to see to her comforts and needs. These "polities" are more acts of courtesy than respect.

I know a girl who believes that any man who lights her cigarette is a "real gentleman." The man who isn't ready with a light is a bum. This is a dangerous way to judge a man's character—a man could be termed ungentlemanly if he didn't happen to have a match! This sounds ridiculous, but unreasonable standards always seem to be what a woman has in mind when she thinks of the ideal man—a man the likes of whom she'll probably never find on earth. At some time in her life she'll have to compromise, and the poor guy she marries will probably never know he came out second best to a phantom. "He isn't what I wanted," says the woman, "but he'll have to do." That's some problem for a woman to cope with. As Dr. Kildare I treat women with their problems, but they're usually physical ailments.

In real life, however, as Richard Chamberlain, I treat a woman in a special way because I like her. I would treat you, for example, not as the person you are, but for what I think is right with you.

I consider it right that a girl not only be conscious of the fact that she is a woman, but that I am a man. This may sound terribly obvious, but you know and I know that there are females who rarely consider the difference. They demand a respect they have never earned, have never tried to earn, have never thought of earning.

At the risk of sounding too positive, I'd say that most men would be attracted by any woman who makes it clear that she's interested in deserving their attention. A sharp makeup job, a dress in high fashion, a sexy figure will catch the eye of a man. But notions of the sex things will keep him. The competition, the woman you are certainly aware, is overwhelming.

There was a lot of talk about the perfect woman in college. Yet I never met two men whose ideas of perfection in a woman were exactly the same. You'd all be interested to know that during our freshman and sophomore years we dissected you shamefully, but we had good reasons. What we decided about you was quite complimentary for all the lack of grace we used to find the answers. As a matter of fact, the results were pretty funny.

Like a swarm of Roméo deploring a hundred "inconstant moons" we discovered we were just as inconstant ourselves. We all agreed that cosmetics, fashions and voluptuous bodies were superficial and permanent attractions. Yet there wasn't one of us who didn't, the very next day, swivel his head at the first sexy shape that went by. Weak? Of course we are.

"Man, you've got it made!"

During the last few months I've had more than one mate friend say to me, with a touch of envy in his voice, "Man, Dickie boy, you've got it made. You know how women go for doctors."

They forget I'm not a doctor. I'm an actor. Even before that I'm a male. If I am to be loved by a woman I don't want her to love me because I'm the image of a doctor, or because I'm an actor or solely because I'm a male.

I need and want the woman who will care for me because I'm Richard Chamberlain, a peculiar blend of a mind and body. I don't imply that this combination makes me peculiar. Everyone is unique. Every woman is unique. That's what makes living—and loving—so special.

I guess if I were to sum up, briefly, the way I think a woman should be treated, I'd be thinking of three treatments at once. In the beginning I like to consider a girl in the light of what she believes she is. That's usually easy, because every woman knows how to make that clear to a man. That's what she wants.

Later in our friendship I would consider her for what she really is. That would be what I want since I'm convinced that we all must deal with reality sooner or later, but the sooner the better.

Lastly I would look on her as the woman she hoped to be. A healthy respect for the future and an enthusiastic attitude toward the happiness tomorrow can bring is the most important drive that exists in all of us. That's what we would want. She'd want it just as much as I would. I don't think the female of the species is deadline than the male, just livelier.

My only real regret, shared by other men I'm sure, is that it's too bad there aren't enough years in our lives to love you all—one at a time. —as told to TONY WALL

Be sure to see Dick in "Dr. Kildare" on NBC-TV every Thursday, 8.30 P.M. EST.

"But one funny thing. A lot of them had seen "Psycho" and some told me. "Gee, it's awfully good to see you looking so well."

I was five years old in "Measles," which was the beginning of the year 1949. I was treated with the best of intentions. I had been married, and I think that's why. We had been married for a few years and every year they come up with more stories. I think they're just hoping someday we'll break up and then they'll say, "See? You heard it here first!"

"We're two people, and in all these years I promise you we've had some fights, but we're not going to get a divorce just because of a fight. I defy any two people—mother and daughter, brother and sister or husband and wife—ever to live together and not have certain disagreements. That doesn't mean they're going to break up.

"We just live our own lives, and let them the way we think best. This trip is a perfect example. I took off six months from work. Why? Because no family can be separated that long and remain a family. And of course we wanted the children with us. They loved it.

"After Kelly—she's the five-year-old—got over the measles, I put her in a school in Salta. Kids are wonderful. It didn't matter to the other children that they didn't speak English and she might not have spoken Spanish. They just loved each other. It was like love at first sight. And, oh, how she cried when we left.

"They had an English class in that school which was, naturally, taught by a Spanish teacher. And when she spoke English, she had an accent. So one day she taught Kelly a song, and when I heard it I almost fell off my chair.

"Because there was Kelly Curtis, standing up proudly and singing: "When I was six a little girl," and then she sang it as if she were from Spain. The accent was Spanish."

"See you, how can we ever forget Argentina when our own daughter—whenever she sings that song—will have a Spanish accent for keeps?"

—LISA REYNOLDS
terrible scare—and when the news came out it rocked the nation!
But the moppet never knew a thing about it. Her parents protected her from all such frightening knowledge.

Who was this well-guarded little girl? It seems like yesterday, but it was really a long time ago. The little girl was Shirley Temple.

And everybody in America cared terribly, because this was our own dimpled darling who made us laugh and cry and forget our troubles. America—the whole world—was in love with her.

Now, more than twenty years later, we're in love again! For the first time since Shirley Temple, a whole nation is eager to know about one little girl—what she eats, wears, says and does. We can't get enough of her face on magazine covers, in newspapers. That Caroline Kennedy, we say—cute a little gem!

Many people don't notice—at first—how much our new national sweetheart is like our first one. That's because Shirley was a star in her own right, while Caroline's a star because she's the cutest Presidential daughter in history. But they're alike, all right! It isn't so much that both were threatened by kidnappers—personal danger is often one price of popularity. What's remarkable is their strongly parallel reaction to those scares—and to fame, adulation and the spotlight's glare on their private lives. Caroline takes it all just the way Shirley took it—it pays her no mind! She doesn't even know it's happening. She's too busy living.

Watching her, loving her, it's hard not to worry whether she can keep on that way. Caroline has been living at the White House for more than a year out of her four, and more than likely she'll be in it another seven. How soon before she becomes aware that she's a special and closely guarded little girl? That when she speaks and plays, the Secret Service men are never far off? And for all her privileges, she must live without many freedoms that less privileged youngsters take for granted?

Yet there's no reason why Caroline shouldn't grow up the unsullied girl and fine woman that Shirley Temple became. She's got what Shirley had—a pair of sensible parents.

Somehow, almost instinctively, both their mothers seem to have understood—each in her own time—America's need to fall in love with a little girl, whether she was an actress or the President's daughter. Shirley became our ray of sunshine in the darkest depression, when frightened people hungered for something to put their faith into. Now it is Caroline's turn to lighten troubled hearts. Dr. Frank S. Caprio, the eminent psychiatrist, believes that Caroline is a sort of "haven" in the hell of depressing international events. And that, like her idol, she symbolizes "warmth and the family unit." This is certainly true of the grown-up Shirley. Even when she was a story-book lady on TV, she was a wife and mother first.

A millionaire at ten

But when Shirley was little, it was a miracle that her curly little head wasn't turned. She was a movie actress at three, a star at six, a millionaire at ten. The American Legion made her an honorary colonel; the Texas Rangers made her a captain. She was an honorary G-woman, a mascot in the Chilean Navy. She had her own bungalow on the studio lot, and at home a glass-brick playhouse as big as a real house. It had a movie projector and a private soda fountain. Best of all, it was filled with dolls that poured in from admirers all over the world.

That's more, little girls stood in stores all over the country and wept if their mothers wouldn't buy them a Shirley Temple dress, or a Shirley Temple doll. (And maybe you can't go out and buy one of them today—but you can buy a Caroline Kennedy doll!)

It was small wonder then that the nation was horrified, back in 1936, when an extortionist mailed an anonymous letter to George Temple demanding: "Unless $25,000 is dropped from an airplane near Grant, Nebraska, on May 15, the life of Shirley Temple will be endangered."

Police who investigated it was no mere crank letter. But they were stymied. When the letter arrived, it was handled like any other piece of Shirley's enormous fan mail. Only after the envelope was destroyed were the unusual contents discovered.

Now the G-men stepped into the case. In their usual thorough way, they followed the clue and when they got to Washington, the letter was subjected to every known scientific test. And one paid off. The type of paper was traced back to its manufacturer. His records showed that it could have been bought only in stores in Grant or Madrid, both in Nebraska.

At last the suspect, a sixteen-year-old boy, was cuffed and locked up, and sent to a five-year term at the National Training School in Washington. When the headlines announced the capture and conviction of the criminal, the whole world breathed a sigh of relief. Its little sweetheart, Shirley Temple, was safe.

The only one who heaved a sigh of relief was Shirley. She had convinced this was no mere crank letter. But they were stymied. When the letter arrived, it was handled like any other piece of Shirley's enormous fan mail. Only after the envelope was destroyed were the unusual contents discovered.

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Two un-birthday parties!

The director was equal to the occasion. "Fine," he said, "we'll have two parties—one now and one later. Your studio friends can come to the first one, and your home friends to the other."

Shirley was thrilled. Two birthday parties—and it wasn't even her birthday yet! Occasionally, however, her fondness for "let's pretend" got a little out of hand. One Sunday afternoon Mrs. Temple looked out of the window of her house and saw a number of autos jamming up the road. She was used to cars stopping and slowing down as tourists tried to get a peek at Shirley, but never this many. And what were all those people doing on her front lawn? She called "Shirley! Shirley!" No answer. She ran outside.

There was Shirley, behind an old box set up on the sidewalk. On it were grass-dyed figures of baby boys and women were pressing bills into her hands, while she gleefully shouted, "Mud pies! Who'll buy my delicious mud pies?" She didn't quite understand why everyone insisted that she print her name for them, too, on pieces of paper and old envelopes. But so long as she had her mud pies, she didn't mind.

Caroline, looking around the world of "make-believe," enters her "let's pretend" world every day, at about the time that grown-ups call "the cocktail hour." That's when Daddy gets back from the office. She has already had a baby's nap, but she's allowed to sip a Coke while her father drinks something that "tastes awful," called a Scotch on the rocks. She sits on his knee, snug in his pajamas, while he reads his favorites, "The Three Bears" or "Snow White." As she listens, she becomes snow white, she knows how to keep her life on a normal level—for as long as they can. Perhaps they remember all too well what a critic once said of Margaret Truman's vocal ambitions, that she was as good a singer as "any average American girl whose father was President of the United States."

Jacqueline Kennedy is deeply concerned with her children—for all the time she must spend away from them. As the President's wife she carries a heavy schedule of activities outside the home. And as an international figure—a world charmer—she is at Jack's side when he jets to Latin America, Europe, or wherever diplomacy beckons. As an average housewife, she "can't be two places at once." So as a mother she must depend more on the quality than the quantity of her relationship with her youngsters. Their happy times together, often caught by cameras, make some of the most charming candid photographs of our time.

If you are only raising your own children," Jackie Kennedy once said, "I don't think whatever else you do well matters very much."

In this delicate matter of trying to raise a child normally under most abnormal conditions, Jacqueline Kennedy has a good model in Gertrude Temple. When Shirley was at her peak of stardom Mrs. Temple said, "We have been strict, very strict with her, and none of us spoil her." Then she added with a smile, "I want Shirley always to feel that I am her best friend, and that if she needs advice, I am the one she should confide in."

Gertrude Temple and Jacqueline Kennedy have the same wonderful technique to preserve the naturalness of their children—the magic of "make-believe." For a long time Shirley didn't know she was a movie actress. It was all a game she was "playing."

When she made "Baby Takes a Bow," there was a birthday party sequence in the script, and in all innocence Shirley thought the director had arranged the party just for her. She invited all her friends.

Grown-ups, no matter how famous they may be, are only important if you can play with them. To Shirley, Rosa Ponselle, the famous opera singer, was "nice" because she taught her an old Italian lullaby to sing to "the baby" she was going to have. Henry Mergenthaler, Sr., the American Mr. or Turkey, was "fun" because he
LIZ & EDDIE

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or older children with nightmare memories of a post-war world, they'll be warmly welcomed into a family who are ready to accept, receive or choose one's own. But to a man and a woman who are emotionally ready to bring up someone else's child, there's more to it than signing the papers. They must have it in their hearts to grow as close to the chosen child as if it were their own, and then to feed their flesh.

The few friends who know the Fishers' plans have no qualms about their qualifications on this score. One said, "Those two have so much love in them that five minutes after somebody puts a baby into their hands and says, 'Here, take care of this kid,' they'll feel as if Liz had just come down from the last of her room.'

People may wonder why Eddie feels the need of another child so soon after adopting Liza Todd. They may point out that Liza became his legal, last August; that she was only six months old when Mike Todd crashed to his death; that Eddie is the only father she ever knew, and surely she should satisfy his and Liz's hunger for "our child." But Liz and Eddie are two fiercely loyal people—they both loved Mike. They don't want him forgotten; his picture hangs in their home. They gave his child the legal name of Liza Todd Fisher because, as Eddie said, "We want to keep her real father's name alive!"

Michael and Christopher Wilding, now eight and six, are also in close kinship with their stepfather. But Michael Wilding will never let him adopt them, any more than Eddie would let his own Carrie Frances and his own Todd Emanuel be Harry Karl's children legally.

So, though Liz and Eddie each have a big share in the lives of so many lovely little boys and girls, it will take a complete stranger, with no bonds or ties or memories, to give them what they long for—their own child.

Why not an American child?

"But why a European child," the American public will probably ask. The answer is that it is very difficult to adopt in this country. At least fifty couples clamber for every infant available through the authorized agencies, and for Jewish would-be parents the ratio is even tougher. Hardly any Jewish babies are given up for adoption, and our laws won't let a couple have a child outside their own faith.

"So the Fishers, like many couples nowadays, feel that Europe is their best answer," revealed one friend. "They've considered the possibility of Italian orphans, or French or Spanish, but more than likely the children will be Greek. They've found the authorities very favorably disposed toward them. It isn't a matter of the obvious luxury into which these children will go—they're only impressed by the parental love and the kindness and intelligence they've seen.

"Europeans are much more concerned with the kind of love, not the kind of life, their children are going to lead. And it's too bad the American child must be pushed into a child that is going to lead a brusquely loveless thing."

"They have this marvelous Old-World belief that love can make for a beautiful life, while comfort and luxury do not of themselves provide the love that makes life worth living. But these youngsters will have it both ways."

Evidently the European agencies are as anxious as one of them to make the child be adopted for selfish motives—like bolstering a shaky marriage. When this was mentioned by our informant, it got a laugh from Liz's intimate friend.

"That marriage is about as shaky as the Rock of Gibraltar, or the Statue of Liberty," she said. "It has stood up under sickness, poverty, happy and sad, and the only thing that keeps them both together is that Liz and Eddie want nothing from these kids except the privilege of loving them."

There have been many tributes to Liz and Eddie's gift for motherhood. She has been called an "adroit and dedicated" mother—warm and affectionate, happy to romp with her children, but a firm disciplinarian who makes them keep regular hours, eat properly and mind their manners. Michael Wilding, long after their divorce, said of her way with children, "She's marvelous with them, absolutely wonderful! Of course she's more mature now, but when she was younger she played with them as though she were a child herself. She was enchanting."

Later, she gave birth to Liza Todd with incredible difficulty and pain that could be borne only by a woman desperately eager to have a child by the husband she worshipped. This was her third delivery by Caesarean section, and the doctors said it was the last. Friends have pointed out that when Mike died, it was only the need to be a responsible mother that kept her going at all. And Eddie Fisher is firmly convinced that some day she will give up her career for them and him. "I think that is what Elizabeth wants most in the world—to be with her husband and children and to have roots," he said. No more pregnancy rumors

Meanwhile, the children he and Liz adopt will be able to call the world home. When the Fishers travel, for work or vacation, they'll use his bus, they don't believe in separations. "We're like a caravan of gypsies," says Liz, "but organized gypsies." Children, pets, nursesmaids and mountains of luggage move from New York to California to the Caribbean, to England and Rome—and now Switzerland will be added to the itinerary for holiday visits to the new family chalet being purchased there. "My doll Elizabeth wants roots," as Eddie said of their long search in many parts of the globe for a permanent homeplace.

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As to his own hunger for another child, or
children, he has never tried to keep it a
secret. Every time he's had to deny an-
other rumor that Elizabeth was pregnant,
he also admitted wistfully, "I wish it were
ture." Every time Liz was laid low by
another illness there was an early diag-
nosis—rumored, of course. "Liz Taylor is
pregnant, not ill." And every time she
pulled through and then gained weight
while convalescing, the rumors were re-
vived. "This time Liz Taylor really is
pregnant.

"No," Eddie said to columnist Hy Garland.
at one point, "that's another phony rumor. I wish she had another baby.

Now at last the rumors can be laid to
rest.

One last point. Once, before Debbie
Reynolds' marriage to Harry Karl, Eddie

was deeply troubled because he didn't
know what kind of stepfather Harry
would make for Carrie and Todd. "In my
heart I have an incredibly deep love for
them and I don't want anything ever to
hurt them," he said frankly. "They are a
part of me and I'm a part of them.

That's the way it is when you're a parent
—your children are your flesh and blood.

Now the Fishers included—true paren-
thood is not exclusively an affair of
the body—it can also be a part of the heart.

Good luck to Liz and Eddie.

—NORMA GIBSON

Liz' next film is "Cleopatra" for 20th.

JOAN & ADLAI

Continued from page 41

Piro, the Palladium's dance instructor, getting Adlai Stevenson a Twist lesson at Mrs. Vincent Astor's house party the other night.

Thirdly, there was the two-page picture in Life of Ambassador Stevenson laughing heartily at something Joan had said.

Next, there was the statement Joan had made before the columnists began to link her with Ambassador Stevenson. After
-speaking of her three previous unsuccessful
marriages, she had vowed, "The next
time, I'm going to get married for myself.
I think a diplomat is the sort of man I
would be happy with. A diplomat needs a successful and pleasant woman to give
parties and be a good hostess. There's
nothing competitive about their careers. That makes for a good relationship.

Finally, there was Joan herself—about
forty-three but looking more like twenty-
three, willowy and blonde with amazing
eyes, clear, lustrous, cosmetic-advertise-
ment skin and a figure whose perfection
no Greek sculptor could have captured in
marble. A woman whom almost any man,
diplomat or not, would love to look at and
be seen with.

I showed her the column items linking
her with Ambassador Stevenson and asked
for her reaction.

"You won't see any more of those," she
said.

"Why?"

"Not one of those items is of my own
doing," she answered, "I have no press
agent. . . . It's just that whenever any eligible
woman is seen with any eligible bachelor, it gets into the papers. If I went
in with a married man—which I would not
—the columns would never mention it.
Columnists have a 'thing' about protecting
married men.

"Then where do the columnists get their
information?"

"People just talk," she said, "if we show
up together at a party where there are 200
people, the next day 1,000 people know
about it. He's escorted me only to private
parties, yet the guests always seem to have
their antennae out for gossips.

"Do you think the items about you and
Mr. Stevenson bother him?" I asked,
thinking about Walter Winchell's state-
ment in the New York Daily Mirror, "Adlai
Stevenson's UN staff whisper how 'upset'
he was over being linked romantically with
Joan Fontaine.

"I think he feels it's not very dignified
to be seen with any woman regularly and
to be talked about publicly, especially
when there have never been so many po-
itical crises in the world," she said.

"The talk goes out like waves"

"What can you and he do about the
public yet?"

"We just won't be seen publicly any
more," she said. "That's the danger. At
parties the talk goes out like waves.

"When did you first meet Mr. Steven-
son?"

"Ten years ago," she replied. Then, see-
ing my puzzled expression, she laughed.
"I've known him for ten years, but not
closely. After all, we're fellow Demo-
crats.

I took two column items from my brief-
case and put them on the table. Both were
written by Cholly Knickerbocker, Society
columnist for the New York Journal
American.

The first stated: "If Adlai Stevenson is
upset, as we have read, concerning the
recent publicity linking him with beautiful
Joan Fontaine, then all we can say is
that his job at the UN must be getting to
him. Ambassador, you couldn't have done
yourself more good if you'd hired a press
agent to get you in the papers."

The second read: "The story this week
linking lovely Joan Fontaine to Ambas-
sador Adlai Stevenson has created a great
deal of comment in theatrical, political
and social circles. Actually, nothing could
be more complimentary to Mr. Stevenson,
and it is the sort of publicity that would
have helped him considerably when he
was running for office. For what better
recommendation can there be to an attrac-
tive, unattached man than the company
of a beautiful woman?"

I asked Joan if there'd been any criti-
cism of her being seen with Mr. Stevenson.

For the first time Joan frowned. Trying to control her temper, she said, "Lots of so-called society people said to my face that it made a joke to be seen with me."

That made me mad. I think an actress is as dignified as a politician or anyone. It all depends on the person. I'm glad I'm an actress. I'm proud of my family lineage.

"Just what is society?"

Joan threw back her head and laughed. "I couldn't care less."

A different reaction to the picture is one recorded by New York Post columnist Leonard Lyons. He wrote: "Adlai Stevenson's friends were delighted to see his photograph with Joan Fontaine. A few years ago at a party here he admired a blonde beauty. A friend whispered, 'Tomorrow night, if you arrive to dinner, I'll have her and six other such beauties there—just for you.' 'I can't, tomorrow night,' said Stevenson. 'I'm dining with Nehru.'"

"You turn down seven beauties for Nehru," his friend reproached. "Now I see why you lost the election."

I flipped through some of the column items I had with me and asked for her comments.

To the one calling her Ambassador Stevenson's "new girl-friend" she snapped, "It's dreadful. Shocking. I can go out with seven different men seven different nights of the week and there'd be no comment. But when I'm escorted by a famous man, suddenly it makes good copy. Why is a romantic connection immediately made when one is seen with a charming escort?"

"I continued my questions. Did she call Mr. Stevenson "The Governor," as Louis Sobol claimed?

"Yes, everyone who knows him well calls him this," she explained. "He identifies himself with that title. That's what his secretary calls him. Even his place cards have that on them."

I pointed out that some columnists even make a point of her going somewhere without Mr. Stevenson, as had Suzy in her item about artist Bouche's studio-warming party.

For a few seconds she giggled like a schoolgirl, and then she caught herself.

"My escort at that party was Borden Stevenson, Governor Stevenson's son. What a story they columnists could have dreamed up about that!"

After a moment my eyes strayed over to the photograph of Ambassador Stevenson on her desk. But she chose to talk about another picture there, a news shot of the ruins of her Hollywood home that had been completely gutted by the fire last fall.


But there were still a few embers smouldering in the ashes. Memories of the past that she couldn't stamp out. She talked about them.

"About her husbands—Brian Aherne, who married her to get away from her mother and sister (Oliveia de Havillard); William Dozier, whom she married so that she could have children, and Collier Young, whom she married for companionship."

Three marriages. Three divorces. But she's still not bitter and would marry again if a man with an "extraordinary sense of humor" came along.

"About her illness"—in 1957 she went to Switzerland to ski but "couldn't make my legs work." She lost weight, ran temperature, felt horrible. Doctors could find nothing wrong with her and recommended psychiatric treatment. As she was waiting in the corridor to see her psychiatrist for the tenth time, one of her doctors passed by, saw her, asked how she felt ("lousy") and took a blood sample.

"Diagnosis: mononucleosis; later re-diagnosed as mononucleosis, and undulant fever and hepatitis.

Then came a long recuperation period during which no one wrote to her and no one visited her. She says of that time: "I was too ill to kill myself, but if I had had the strength, I would have."

"About her daughters—13-year-old Debbie was taken from her by the court in a custody battle, an action she labels "legal kidnapping": she lost custody of 15-year-old Martita, too, but adopted her back in 1951.

Then the photograph of Adlai Stevenson drew us back from the past, which isn't quite dead, to the present, which is very much alive.

"Are you in love with Adlai Stevenson?"

I asked.

"No," she answered. "I love intelligent men, but it doesn't mean I'm in love with them—or they with me."

"Is Adlai Stevenson in love with you?"

"No."

With the unimportant questions out of the way, how does an interviewer ask the important question, namely: "Do you and Ambassador Stevenson dance the Twist?"

I hinted around it. "I read that Ambassador Stevenson learned the Twist."

"So I read, too," she answered.

"I see where you won a prize for doing the 'most dignified' Twist."

"It's a barbace dance," she replied. "I dance it once an evening just to be sociable. That's all."

"After an answer like that, how could I ask anything else?"

A few days after the interview with Joan I read a column item that surprised me very much. She had assured me that I wouldn't be seeing any more column mentions linking her with Ambassador Stevenson. Yet here was Elsa Maxwell, society columnist, telling us that at a dinner party Joan Fontaine had confided to her that she'd dined with Adlai Stevenson the night before.

Strange. But I guess a beautiful woman always has the right to change her mind.

—Paul Anthony
Rocky

Continued from page 65

...looked up to him, too. He was admired, initiated, respected. A matinee idol to women, a hero to men. And now, suddenly, everything exploded. Among the many who redlined TV highpoints, there were eight people for whom it had special meaning. Arthur Godfrey was one.

Arthur, like Rockefeller, had done something which he felt was right—but which the public would not—not accept. In 1957, Godfrey was on top of the biggest wave of popularity that people in radio and television had ever seen.

Then he fired Julius LaRosa, publicly, on the air—and suddenly, the wave slipped from under him.

Then, one by one, he fired almost all of his "friends."

The public watched and listened, waiting for the ax to fall on some new performer. That they and watched—those they fired. They bought his products, and their letters, when they wrote to him at all were not the type that even Arthur Godfrey would read on the air.

Ingrid Bergman is also well aware of the price a human being must pay to do something in which he or she believes. She broke up what the world considered a happy home. Her marriage to Peter Lindstrom (her first wife, her first marriage) seemed ideal; they loved each other and their daughter Pia. Then, without warning, Ingrid left Hollywood, Peter and Pia. She flew off to Italy and into the arms of Roberto Rossellini. Months later, still married to Peter, she gave birth to Roberto's illegitimate child. She was condemned in every corner of our country—even on the Senate floor.

Another celebrity who must surely have winced when he heard about Rockefeller's plans for divorce is William Talman, the undertaker district attorney on TV's "Perry Mason." He, too, has known the sting of public venom. One night policemen raided a party he was attending and arrested him on a charge of lewd conduct and claimed there was marijuana in the apartment. The next day he was painted as black as the rottentest villain he had ever prosecuted on TV. No longer a sympathetic undertaker, in the public eye he was just a dog. "The women won't like this at all," predicted high-ups.

The wires—letters—began to pour in demanding that he be fired—and he was. Acceptance by the women of the country is vital—both those in politics and in Hollywood.

Robert Mitchum knows this from first-hand experience. He had been the idol of millions of women until he made one mistake: they would not forgive it. He was arrested in a marijuana raid which resulted in his being sentenced to do time on a road gang.

The women who had once flocked to see his movies stayed at home. Some even wrote long, vicious letters to his studio.

Would the women stop waiting in line to see Rockefeller now? Would they stop lingering after his speeches for a chance to shake his hand or shout words of encouragement? His advisors wondered.

In any case, the divorce would be filed out of New York State and with a minimum of publicity, quite different from the scandal after one that erupted when Susan Hayward and Jess Barker exposed their dirty marital linen to a divorce court, a judge—and to the world.

Their marriage, too, seemed "perfect." Her career was booming—she'd been nominated for an Academy Award for her acting in "Smash-Up," and her private life an enviable one that happily ended in Hollywood. But the divorce proceedings were messy. She charged cruelty, asserting that Jess had blackened her eye and pushed her into the swimming pool. He hurled back counter-charges and demanded half of their community property.

Susan won her freedom but she lost the respect and support of the public. And the gossips had a field day.

The same gossips were on the job when it was announced that Nelson and Mary Rockefeller were calling it quits. The rumor-mongers started to besmirch their reputations: "This isn't the first time they contemplated divorce. They almost split up once before married. They must be something awfully wrong with that marriage to make Mary give up the chance to be the First Lady of the United States . . . Rocky did everything to talk her out of bringing the divorce action, but once Mary makes her mind up . . ." And so it went.

Ironically enough, when Sophia Loren tried to divorce husband Carlo Ponti, she was the victim of the same barrage of rumor, innuendo and attack. After Carlo Ponti obtained a proxy divorce from his wife Giuliana and then married Sophia in another proxy ceremony, public and official reactions were frightening. The Church declared their marriage "gravely ill-advised," reporters with exorcism and communion and labeled them "sinners."

The public is funny when it comes to marriage; people want their idols to fall in love and get married—once. Frank Sinatra learned this.

He learned the hard way!

On Columbus Day, 1944, ten thousand patrons, mostly young girls, stretched in a line six abreast waiting to see Frankie at New York's Paramount Theater.

Eight years later Sinatra climbed out of a plane at LaGuardia Airport to be met by a horde of photographers. He smiled, but stood for a moment in a casual pose. Not a shutter clicked.

Suddenly they pushed past him. Their celebrity had arrived. It was Gus Hall, a convicted communist leader.

Frankie learned his lesson the hard way. But it is Liz Taylor, above all, who probably understands best what may have gone on in Rocky's heart when he revealed that his marriage was neither "perfect nor happy."

When Eddie Fisher left Debbie Reynolds for Liz, he was picketed, boycotted, slandered and hounded. She was labeled a home-wrecker, a husband-stealer, a sneak and a publicity hound. She

called her own line of Creme Shampoo: "...Continued from page 65..."
failed to receive an Oscar for her performance in “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,” although before the scandal broke, she was considered a shoo-in for the honor.

Liz Taylor learned then, as Nelson Rockefeller was to discover later, how rible damage a loves and future that one news story can cause.

The Rockefeller news story broke sud- enly. John Wingate, the announcer, was just about to begin a story on the likeli- hood of Rockefeller’s being the Republi- cans’ next candidate for President when he was handed a piece of paper. John Wingate in- sisted that he read the story. Rockefeller was going to “throw out” the political story. He read the bulletin and added that the news “obviously throws a different light on the Republican ticket in 1964.”

Not many hours after the news of the break-up was flashed to the world, a vast amount of additional detail about the tragic, was disclosed to Mr. Rockefeller.

The message came from afar and took a long time to reach him.

The news was brief, confusing and omi- nous. His youngest son, 23-year-old Mi- chael, was missing in the treacherous seas off the New Guinea coast.

In a moment’s time Rockefeller changed from a composure wrestling with the problems of his political state to a simple man—a father about to go off in search of his lost son.

That very night Rockefeller and his daugh- ters, Mrs. Mary Strobridge (Mich- ael’s twin), boarded a commercial air- liner and set off for Honolulu on the way to New Guinea. The Governor and his daugh- ters were pitifully sad at the idea of a treacherous flight over the primitive culture of the little-known New Guinea tribe. Michael who had studied hard at Phillips Exeter Academy, but whose “raucous laugh” bothered a prep school disciplinarian so much that he removed the door to young Rockefeller’s room in order to keep an eye on him... Michael, who graduated cum laude from Harvard, yet worked as a supermarket clerk in Puerto Rico one summer... Michael, who loved art, but also had a fondness for speed which got him into trouble with the law, once in a flashy sports car, once in an ancient Stude- baker... Michael, who served in the Army after graduation, without fuss or fan- far... Michael, then, as the Supreme Court decided what to do with the delicate questions of officer’s rights and wrongs, what to do with the millions of dollars that flowed into the coffers of Rockefeller’s Great Wall of China—a wall that Michael had been able to reach shore, how would he ever make his way safely through that spongy mass of trackless vegetation to an outpost? It seemed hopeless.

But Michael was not deserted. The Rocke- fellers received encouraging news. Mi- chael’s companion, thirty-four-year-old Doctor René Wassing, had been found clinging to the proa about twenty-two miles out at sea. They rushed off to hear Was sing’s story from his own lips.

Wassing told them how their proa had been swept away by a head wave. The two men had managed to crawl into the bot- tom of the hulls, and that’s where they spent the night. By morning they had drifted three or four miles out to sea.

Michael had suggested they dive in and swim for shore, but, René said, “I warned him about the crocodiles. Nevertheless, Michael stood up, his shoes and pants and plunged into the water. He took two gasoline cans along to help him float.

“He last words,” Wassing said, “were, ‘I think I can make it.’ I followed him with my eyes until I could see only three dots—his head and the two oil cans. Then he disappeared across my horizon. I didn’t think Mike to leave. I thought it was better to stay on the boat. But Mike had his own will and did what he wanted.”

A father hopes on... .

Rockefeller had new confidence. Was sing had been found. There was a good chance that Michael would be rescued too.

Australian helicopters and Dutch naval vessels were searching the area along with thousands of natives.

Rockefeller was encouraged, “I have complete confidence in Michael’s stamina and resourcefulness,” he said. “I’m still optimistic. I’ve got to find Mike.”

The second day’s search brought no re- sults, nor the third. The natives were canvassing the area, but with only 250 pieces of tobacco—highly prized in New Guinea—to anyone who would help find Michael, but they found no trace of the boy.

On the fourth day Rockefeller, who now left the actual searching to more ex- perienced eyes, announced, “It’s almost over. Things look bad.”

But then, on the seventh day came new hope. A six-gallon, red oil can had been picked up off the coast by a Dutch map- ping vessel and was flown back for Was sing to identify. He said that he was “ninety percent sure it was one of the cans used by Mike” in his attempt to swim to shore.

The Governor called the finding of the
On the eighth day there was an even better sign—a plume of smoke was spotted rising from the steaming volcano near a small village south of the Elander River. Rockefeller asked that helicopters be immediately rushed to the area.

Two days later this hope was dashed. The smoke came from brush burning in the jungle. Even the finding of a second empty gasoline can and a water bottle didn't help lighten the Governor's gloom.

More than 100 pilots and the reinforced Dutch air and sea force had been engaged in the greatest search operation ever staged in the New Guinea area. But their efforts—and Rockefeller's prayers—were in vain.

One afternoon Michael's father spread his son's papers out on the lawn. He went through the notebook carefully. These were all that remained of Michael's ambitions, dreams and work.

Before he and Mary left New Guinea. Nelson Rockefeller thanked everyone for the help they had given him, and then he added in a voice that was weary and scarcely above a whisper: "If I had to do it all over again, I would still permit Michael to make his decision. I can't do anything in life without some risk. He was never happier than when he was in West New Guinea. He is creative and has a love of people. . . ."

That was the first time the Governor had used the past tense in speaking of his son.

As he left New Guinea and flew to the inauspicious sea and jungle which had swallowed up his son, he said, "A miracle can happen, and perhaps it will."

While his plane was winging its way homeward, the Governor did not know it yet, but a miracle had happened back in the United States. From President Kennedy to the man in the street, messages of sympathy and consolation had poured into the Rockefeller home.

He was no longer the villain, a man involved in a divorce action: he was a helpless man, a father who had lost a son.

Now by a crazy twist of fate—a twist that he would have gladly given his whole political career to undo—he had regained the sympathy and support of the American people. He regained the public's favor, but he lost his son.

It may be cruel, but it happens often. This quirk in human nature. If an American hero seems to stray from the path his public expects him to follow, he is condemned; he is ostracized. Then if he suffers, he is forgiven.

It happened to Bill Talman. When he appeared in court three months after his arrest, the case was thrown out for lack of evidence. But he didn't get his TV job back. His wife sued for divorce and he was in desperate financial distress. That's when public sympathy switched in his favor. Letters flooded CBS asking to have him back, and Raymond Burr outdid Perry Mason in pleading on Talman's behalf. Finally, after a nine-month absence—and untold suffering—Bill was restored to his job—and to public favor.

Bob Mitchum had paid his debt to society, but it wasn't until he fought back at another charge made against him—a false charge—that he regained complete public acceptance. A scandal magazine claimed he had stripped off all his clothes at a dinner party given by Charles Laughton, sprinkled his nude body with ketchup and announced he was masquerading as a hamburger.

Mitchum lashed out. "They finally did it to me. Why that story? There's no ounce of truth in it." Then he filed suit against the magazine. The fans believed Bob and showed their support by plunking down money at the box office again. Once more Mitchum was riding high.

World War II helped Godfrey and the reinforced Dutch air and sea force had been engaged in the greatest search operation ever staged in the New Guinea area.
An outcast comes home

But the most dramatic reversal of public opinion in the history of show business is undoubtedly the one experienced by Liz Taylor. The public condemnation that started when she went off to Grossinger's with Eddie Fisher continued after she and Eddie married and followed her wherever she went—England, France, Spain and back to the United States. She was always the “other woman,” the outcast.

娼妓

 honors George Hamilton, Hugh O’Brian and Montgomery Clift. Now any fool knows that’s one man too many.

Everybody thought—until that flash from Munich plus that smash from Palm Springs—that Susan Kohner’s heart belonged to George Hamilton. Ever since 1958 when the smooth Mr. H., then age nineteen, came riding into Hollywood in his Rolls-Royce, he has been the sparkler who put the love light in Susan’s dark eyes. Susan was twenty-two in 1958.

And that year has another significance for this story—that was the year the Shah of Iran divorced the beautiful green-eyed Soraya because she couldn’t bear him children. The daughter of a German countess and an Iranian Ambassador, Soraya was then eleven years Susan’s elder and fourteen years older than George Hamilton. In 1958 she was thirty-three. The Shah was as generous as only an Oriental potentate can be, and he dismissed his wife with alimony and jewels as fast as she was her flawless face.

With a broken heart and all that wealth, Soraya did what almost any millionaire would do: First she went to Paris and got trunks of clothes and then she went to the French Riviera on a love hunt. So after a year or so of a few false starts and stops, whom did Soraya find down there in the balmy breezes?

Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O’Brien, as artful a marriage dodger as ever rode the range west of the Pecos. Ladies like Hugh very much; Hugh likes ladies very much. So as a matter of fact, if you checked back in his history you would find that he broke into Hollywood by going to live at a residence known as the House of the Seven Carros.

There were seven beautiful ambitious girls, dully chaperoned by a housekeeper, living in that one house. Among them were just such lovelies as Ruth Roman and Linda Christian. (You can see that Hugh was a man of taste way back when!) And there he was—surrounded by women who had everything—except ready cash. They needed a handy man around the place, someone to fix the plumbing or the electricity and even fill in when one of them needed an escort. They couldn’t pay any wages but they could provide board and lodging. It was a perfect set-up for Hugh O’Brien, then Hugh Krampke. He’d been a gardener, he’d been a soda jerk, he’d been a clothes salesman. He wanted to be an actor. He had enough of a sense of humor to grin when the seven Carros brought him bits of steak or a half a prime rib from an elegant dinner some other guy had bought—little tidbits they said they were “taking home for the dog.”

Would they or wouldn’t they?

But enough of that. Hugh wanted to become a star and he did. What he never has done, though, despite hundreds of excellent opportunities and thousands of wonderful dates, is marry. Yet when he met Soraya it looked as though he might be smitten. They were the sensation of the 1960 Riviera season, this TV gunslinger in a dinner jacket, this ex-Queen in a Dior bathing suit. They were together, Soraya and Hugh, in all the Riviera smart spots. And when Hugh had to return to his career, there was Soraya in New York, in Las Vegas, in Hollywood, and everywhere Hugh was. They were both the same age, thirty-five.

And, of course, there was no chance whatsoever of escaping reporters, whether they were in Rome or Paris or Vegas or Hollywood. The question was always the same: When were the Princess and the cowboy going to get married?

Hugh’s reply, early in 1961, is a classic, “This is a delicate moment in our lives,” he said. An answer like that, as every reporter knows, can mean anything or nothing. Some people whispered that maybe the delay was the Shah’s fault. Perhaps he wouldn’t like Soraya, a Moslem, marrying a Christian.

Soraya was more direct about marriage to Hugh. Last spring, when she was the house guest of Brigadier General and Mrs. Joseph Battley in Washington, she said to the reporters, “Perhaps late this spring . . .” She let the sentence hang in mid-air. But poor beauty, she really had to say something. Known as a house guest there at the very same time! But not a single wedding bell did clang.

But let’s get on with our story. Just at about that time last spring, George Hamilton went to Florence, Italy to play in “The Light in the Piazza.” And Susan Kohner signed to go to Munich to play Mrs. Shubert. Friedl, Mr. Sigfrid Frisch, is played by Montgomery Clift, which brings him into our five-sided triangle.

Monty, who is somewhere in his mid-

hernorrhage threw public sympathy in his favor. That and the fact that he never stopped trying.

Continued from page 57
thirties, has never married. A romantic, yes. A fine actor, definitely. A real charmer, distinctly. But up until now, not the marrying kind.

Way back in 1950, of course, when Elizabeth Taylor was recovering from her marriage to Nicky Hilton, Hollywood was certain that she and Monty were in love. They were making "A Place in the Sun" together then.

No one believed them then when they said they were "just good friends." Though when Liz married Mike Wilding, and Mike Todd and Eddie Fisher, and Monty continued to be Liz' closest pal, it did begin to look as if they had told the truth. And when he and Liz were making their second picture together, "Raintree County" in 1953, reliably informed by Hilby Holman. But like Hugh O'Brien with Soraya, it added up to nowhereville when it came to walking down that center aisle to the strains of Lohengrin.

So when the news broke in Munich that Susan Kohner and Monty Clift, playing man and wife on screen, were considering playing the same roles off screen, Hollywood was all shook up. That story made the morning editions, but the afternoon editions nearly over-shadowed it. Those were the extras that told how, in Palm Springs, George Hamilton and ex-Queen Soraya were living it up. Riding horseback at dawn, breakfasting, lunching, swimming and cocktail time through the day, doing The Twist come evening. Every day. Every evening.

Items—but for real

Of course, just about as colorful romance items about George had been appearing in the papers since his arrival in Hollywood. Last year there was the news that he was seeing Zsa Zsa Gabor—and it was perfectly true. From Florence, there was the word that he was not only going places with Yvette Mimieux, but he was also acting as delightful escort to a positive brood of Italian princeness and contestants. And he was no slouch. All those stories were perfectly true, too.

Yet just as true, the day after the Soraya news broke (and that, we assure you, is utterly, absolutely true), George was saying, "I called Susan in Munich last night. She understands our situation. She knows it is perfectly harmless for either of us to go out with people we know. She's working with Monty Clift. It's perfectly natural that she should go with him."

"Let me explain about Susan. She's the most charming girl I've ever known. But her charm is intangible. She is so vital. She is so very deep. She's fluent in six languages. to say nothing of her charming art and musical excellence, he plays two instruments, but that's right unexposed to the world. She is very quiet on the surface, but not quiet below it at all. Acting is only one small release with her. She's a 'growing' person. Vivid as she is right now, she'll be twice as vivid in another five years.

"I get to go back to Soraya," he said. "The night after tomorrow I'll be talking with the people. "Sora, Sora," but it didn't register with me. I didn't recognize her from her photographs, and I still didn't recognize her when I met her again early this past December in Palm Springs. We were at a friend's house, and everyone was doing The Twist.

"I looked over, and there was Soraya watching the dancers. I suddenly realized she wanted to learn how to twist. Before anyone introduced us, I was attracted to her because I had heard that she had suffered. Then I saw that she was shy. She certainly has had access to a world that most of us never see. But there she was, outside that world, and probably lonely."

"I went over and asked if I might dance with her. We had a wonderful time. There is nothing like being alone. Next morning, with about ten others, we went horseback riding. Then we lunched and dined and danced. Soraya is delightful—but I'm simply not thinking of marrying at twenty-two, not her, not Susan, not anyone." George paused for a moment, then grinned his rather wicked grin and said, "Too many equations. I don't want forty days after meeting you to marry you. The smart girl learns to wait. Any girl can get any man if she will just wait. I like Susan better than any girl I've ever known. I flew over to visit her in Munich. But I am not engaged to her because when I do get engaged, it will be about a day before I marry. I've only voted to vote once in my life. I've only been able to buy a drink for a year. I want to be more mature before I marry. Susan knows this."

A good man's hard to find

Susan probably does know it, but still it's hard to wait... and wait. Susan's parents aren't too happy with the situation either. They like George immensely. They desire their daughter's happiness. But they are simple people in contrast to George and his family's glitter. They live a very scholarly private life, and their conservatism is shown by the fact that they live with them at home—and that home is the one she was born in. That's unusual in restless Hollywood where many people move every few months. They don't talk about it, but all their intimates know that they would like Susan married and settled down. They know Hollywood well enough to know that a girl of Susan's caliber and refinement, are rare. George Hamilton is highly eligible. He is a gentleman as well as a sophisticate. He apparently is going to have an important career. He'd be a fine husband for Susan. Until now, she's been patient.

But getting him to say the hard words while rumors like Soraya, sweet girls like Maria Cooper or society girls like Wendy Vanderbilt and Daphne Fairbanks are around isn't as simple as saying "pass the butter." George has dated all these girls. Both young and less young, you notice, but all exciting. With his lively intelligence, his flair for living, his income, his really top-notch looks, he probably will date twice that many between now and the time he marries. He isn't really a wolf. He's just having a ball, a very glamorous ball.

Monty Clift on the other hand is a lonely artist, Susan is an artist, too. It just could be that they will seriously get together.

And what about Hugh—a man who mixed martinis and held doors open for an ex-Queen from New York to Hollywood to Rome? For one thing, he's left Hollywood—but not with his head hung low. He opened in a Broadway show Christmas night. The title? "First Love." And there are rumors going around that Soraya was
front and center on opening night. Does that mean she's his first love and only love? Could be. (That would have left George alone and lonely for the holidays.) But Soraya might just prefer George after all. Which would mean that Hugh is fifth man in this crazy geometry game. Then again, if Soraya decides she prefers an ex-Wyatt Earp to a junior playboy, there's nothing to stop Susan from coming back to console George. In that case, Monty would be left out-of-town. Who knows? This is certain, though: One guy just has to go.

—RUTH WATERBURY

Susan and Monty are in U-I's "Freud." George is in "Light in the Piazza" and "Two Weeks in Another Town" for M-G-M.

Jayne Mansfield acts more like a movie star than the majority of movie stars. It's a shame that Jayne Mansfield can't act like a movie star on the screen.

Of all the child movie stars from Jackie Coogan to Shirley Temple to Hayley Mills, my favorite is Mickey Rooney. He is the only child star I've known who hasn't outgrown himself.

I like starlets as much as the next fellow, and I realize they are the new faces and bodies of the industry. However, if you press me for a rapid definition of a starlet, I'd reply: A starlet is a female who'll go out with anybody as long as he's somebody. And why aren't there male starlets? The men are supposed to have equal rights in this country, remember?

I'm hip to Bobby Darin. He can't believe he's as good as he claims to be. As a matter of fact, he snaps his fingers at the whole thing.

I don't agree with Edward R. Murrow and his lecture that Hollywood should produce movies that present a better image of America to the world. England sends us the likes of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," in which an angry young man has time to have an affair with a married woman while he's objecting to the working conditions and traditions of England. France's New Wave reaches us shore and theaters with everything from "The Lovers" to "Restless" showing life in the raw and telling us in no uncertain words about their corrupt social order. Italy gives us their masterpiece, "La Dolce Vita," which explains and demonstrates reel after reel after reel until we are feeling how decadent is the glory that used to be Rome. And for the grandeur that once was Greece, we are supplied with "Never on Sunday," which glorifies a prostitute. Yet—and here's my point, Mr. Murrow—we, the people of the audience, haven't had a bad image of England or France or Italy or Greece because of these movies. So I say to you, Mr. Murrow, get with it, man! The way for Hollywood to present a better image of America to the world is to make better movies. It's as simple as that, man. So kick all that high sounding propaganda stuff just because you're in a propaganda department.

I remember a friend who was doing research on "Desiree"—that's the movie in which Marlon Brando played Napoleon—and I could have warned about "One-Eyed Jacks" and M-G-M about "Mutiny on the Bounty." Because this remembered friend told me that the research told him that Napoleon had a Marlon Brando complex. The End

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SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Continued from page 12

—and even you, Natalie Wood—don't go in for acting lessons and try to be an actor. I'm against it. You'll hurt what you've got. Just keep on learning by doing what comes naturally. That's a Method, too!

I'm ambidextrous. Because on the other hand, I wonder if Fabian would have made good if he had talent.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of scandal for movie stars. I'm not advocating it, but you must admit it helped careers of Debbie Reynolds and Elizabeth Taylor. It tripled Debbie's movie salary and put Liz Taylor in a million-dollars-for-a-movie category. Natalie Wood provoked more audience interest when she announced she was divorcing Bob Wagner and later was seen in the company of her "Splendor in the Grass" love interest, Warren Beatty. There comes a time when a star is in that phase of a career where the movie star's way of life is in itself merchandise.

I hate the large screen. It makes movies slower and is terribly unjust to actresses. There are few, very few, actresses who can come through the ordeal of a large screen close-up with glamour. I tell you, Sophia Loren lost me way back when a large screen close-up in "The Pride and The Passion" revealed that Miss Loren had what appeared to be a faint mustache. There went my passion.

I'm still rooting for Perry Mason to lose a case. Wow! No one could call television a wasteland then!

I'm waiting for someone in a flop movie to win an Oscar. Just because a picture is a flop, and even bad, it doesn't follow that there can't be an excellent performance in it. So you want an example. Well, how about the performances of Robert Ryan in "The Set-Up," Kim Stanley in "The Goddess," Shirley Booth and Tony Quinn in "Hot Spell," John Cassavetes in "Edge of the City" and Michael Redgrave in "The Quiet American" for openers.

I don't dig Ingmar Bergman as a director. I think he's highly over-rated by a cult of opinion makers.

---

MOVIE FAN HITS $JACKPOT!$
What has been the greatest burden Sammy Davis has shouldered during the first crucial year of his marriage? I asked him.

"Man, it was the threats. You wouldn't believe it. Every night I appeared in a club, they would come—sometimes as many as five or six a night.

"We're going to kill you tonight, you nigger," they would say.

"They got so bad that I had to hire a bodyguard. I was scared. Who wouldn't be? They came regularly up until a few months ago. Now they've all but disappeared."

Sammy doesn't know what made them stop. Perhaps it was Tracy Hilleli, Sammy and May's baby.

"A baby is a miracle," Sammy said, "and a baby can work miracles.

"Soon after pictures of our baby appeared, strangers came up to me on the street to say, 'What a beautiful baby you have, Sammy.

"Man it was too much! I felt great, so proud. And that's when the threats stopped. Oh, we've had a couple since then—but nothing to worry about. All entertainers get a few crackpots. It can't be helped.

"I painted things black"

"Before we got married I painted everything as black as I could. I wanted to tell May what she would be up against. How people would yell at her from cars. Man, I painted things black because I wanted her to know what she was letting herself in for. But, you know, since we've had the baby, everything has turned white. Everything that I thought would be black, is white.

"Sure, we've lost friends. Not our real good ones. But there've been other friends who used to invite me to their homes who've stopped calling. Show business people. Not close friends, but we were friendly enough. I don't hear from them anymore, not since my marriage.

"You know something, though—we're better off for it. It takes something like this to separate your real friends from the phonies. The good friends I had before my marriage are better friends today. Sinatra I expected, because Frank is just that way. So are Peter Lawford and his wife Pat, Dean Martin and his wife Jeanne and Hugh Benson, who is a producer at Warner Brothers.

"The day my engagement to May was announced from London. I knew what it would do to my career. Night clubs, yes, I knew I could always work in night clubs. But movies and TV? What was it going to be?

"The phone rang. It was Hugh calling from Hollywood. He had just read the engagement story.

"'Sammy,' he said. 'I want you to know—and I speak for Jack Warner when I say this—you're good for two TV shows and one picture a year.'

"I felt like crying. When a friend comes through the door for you like that, when the chips are really down—well, what can you say? I never expected the whole world to approve of my marriage. But I thought I'd take a beating in the papers for the rest of my life because I married May. I was wrong. In return I've tried to keep my marriage dignified. I try not to conceal anything about my marriage that the public has a right to know."

"Sammy clasped his hands. He didn't seem sure that he wanted to say what was on his mind. But he did.

"The color of my skin has nothing to do with this," he said, "but you know a man likes to look good to his wife. One look at myself in a mirror and I can tell you I'd win no beauty contest.

"That's why May it used to bug me that I wasn't tall with a perfect face and broad set of shoulders. I wanted to look good to her. I suppose that was male vanity.

"But the whole situation cleared up during an interview with a reporter who asked the one question I thought I could never answer. The reporter said, 'Let's be honest. You are not an attractive man. What does a great beauty like May Britt see in you?'

"This is a question that can shatter a man, light or dark. It hit me. It shook me up. But I asked him, 'Do you have a wife or a girl friend?' He had a girl friend. I asked to see her picture. He showed it to me.

"'This is a very beautiful girl you're going to marry,' I said. 'But what the hell does she see in you? You're no Rock Hudson.'"

"'That shook him,' he said with a moment's reflection he said he understood what I meant. I knew he understood because he wrote about it in his story.

"I asked Sammy how it felt to defy public opinion, to struggle upstream emotionally against deep-seated racial prejudices.

"'It feels great,' Sammy said, 'if you win—if you make it.'

"'I knew what I was getting into. I was more concerned with what the torture might do to May."

"I know I've broken all the rules, maybe too hard—but I felt I had to do what I did. And I had to stay here in this country. I'm an American and I'm proud that I'm one of only a few—like I think I am—that one feeling with most Americans—no matter what color they are. I'd die before I would live in fear—but I'd die fighting.'"

"Sammy sat back and ran his hand through his hair. 'Hell,' he said, 'I sound like I'm complaining. I'm not. I'm happy—very happy. Sure, a few people tried to make me unhappy, tried to tear my heart out and I'll tell you they succeeded. But May and our baby changed all that. And I've learned how to fight to keep my happiness—and I'm going to keep on fighting. I'm going to hold on to what I have—my life depends on it. My life depends on May and the baby. That's why no one—and I mean no one—can take them from me.'

—ALAN SOMERS

Sammy can be seen in UA's "Sergeants Three." His next is AA's "Reapire."
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Florence Lipton
Holli, New York

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

After reading what George Maharis said about women in your January issue, your latest story about him, "I'm Always Getting Arrested," serves him right. There's justice after all!

Adrienne Cramer
Montpelier, Vt.

Let them draft EVERY star, but leave Peter Falk alone.

Jane Aaronson
Kokomo, Ind.

We adored that picture of Horst Buchholz. He's a dream, even if we can't pronounce his name.

Ria Costells
New York, N. Y.

The pitfalls of a teenage marriage were never so clearly illustrated as in your story about Sharon Hugney and Bob Evans. It was so telling, I made sure my teenage daughter read it.

Louise Edwards
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your story on "A Modern Girl's Guide To a Modern Wolf or What To Do Till Help Comes" was fun. But who needs help with Rock around? You'd have to be some kind of a nut to look for rescue.

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Houston, Texas
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GO OUT TO A MOVIE

by JANET GRAVES

LOVER COME BACK
U-A; Eastman Color; Director, Delbert Mann; Producers, Stanley Shapiro, Martin Melcher (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Business and sex duel between a dashing ad-man and a prim Madison Avenue career woman.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The three "Pillow Talk" people have done it again, with a rollicking comedy that cooly pretends to be terribly naughty. Tony supplies the laughs while the main gag is being set up; then Rock takes over with a hilarious "shy guy" routine; Doris (in clothes by Irene) is eye-soothing throughout.

TENDER IS THE NIGHT
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Director, Henry King; Producer, Henry T. Weinstein (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr., Joan Fontaine, Tom Ewell.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Troubled marriage of a once-brilliant psychiatrist and an heiress who has been his patient.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? This serious dramatization of F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel sharply re-creates his special era, the 1920's, and the shallow lives of Americans in Europe. In spite of good acting, it isn't too successful at invading the worlds of psychoanalysis and the very rich, who fascinated Fitzgerald so.

LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA
M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor; Director, Guy Green; Producer, Arthur Freed (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Yvette Mimieux, Olivia de Havilland, George Hamilton.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A mother sees the solution of her daughter's tragic problem in a young Italian's love for the girl.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Delicate handling and the mellow settings of Florence give this unusual story an air of tender romance you'd hardly expect from the subject. Yvette deserves special applause for a difficult job: playing a lovely woman with the mind of a child. Nice work by Rossano Brazzi and Barry Sullivan, too.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR
U-A; Producer-Director, William Wyler (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, James Garner, Fay Bainter.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Gossip started by a wicked child brings ruin to two young women who run a girls' school.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Audrey and Shirley manage to give emotional scenes shattering impact, but they're operating against handicaps. The stage mechanics of the well-known play creak with age, and the whole story hinges on a character that just can't be accepted as a human child—the part of poor little Karen Balkin.

SERGEANTS 3
U-A; Panavision, Technicolor; Director, John Sturges; Producer, Frank Sinatra (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The Clan plays a game of U. S. Cavalry 'n Indians.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Well, the boys are just having their fun, so we might as well relax and go along with them, even if they do ramble all over Bryce Canyon for a couple of long hours in this comic horse opera. Joey Bishop's cast as a stuffed-shirt stooge, but he gets the best lines—or at least he makes them sound that way. (Continued on page 10)
Just be a blonde and see—a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair. Doors open for blondes. Traffic stops for blondes. Men adore you, do more for you, life is tops for blondes! So switch to bewitch. With gentle, new Ultra-Blue* Lady Clairol it's so easy. Takes only minutes. Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—soft, silkier to touch, altogether beautiful! So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, that's a lovely advantage! Try new Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol, you'll love it! Of course, original Whipped Creme and Instant Whip* Lady Clairol are also available.

Is it true...blondes have more fun?

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

* T. M. © Clairol Inc. 1962
THE INNOCENTS
20th; Cinemascope; Producer-Director, Jack Clayton (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave, Martin Stephens.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? An inexperienced governess fights against supernatural evil that seems to threaten two children.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Splendidly acted highbrow horror film creating eerie cameraperson poetry on an English country estate of half a century ago. It's based on Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw," but James must be angrily haunting the movie-makers who have given his widely-known ghost story such a Freudian slant.

VICTIM
Pathe-America; Director, Basil Dearden; Producer, Michael Relph (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms, Dennis Price, Donald Churchill.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A lawyer who must sacrifice his career and perhaps his marriage to help smash a blackmail ring.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Like "Sapphire," made by the same team, this is a smooth, rapid-fire mystery-with-a-message. But the idea if advances is much more controversial; an attack on the stern British laws regarding homosexual practices. It is outspoken—but honestly so, not cheaply designed to merely shock its audience.

A SUMMER TO REMEMBER
Kingsley International; Directors, Georgy Dančič, Iver Fjelde; Dialogue in Russian, Tug of English (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Borya Barkhatov, Irana Skohtseva, Sergei Bondarchuk.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Bright and dark days in Russian farmland with a little boy whose widowed mother has just remarried, making a stranger his stepfather.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Any family anywhere would understand and love this simple, beautifully done story of childhood. Borya's a towheaded darling! Yes, the picture is from today's U.S.S.R., but there's nothing political in its gentle, humorous view of children and grown-ups.

WALK ON THE WILD SIDE
Columbia; Director, Edward Dmytryk; Producer, Charles K. Feldman (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Laurence Harvey, Capucine, Barbara Stanwyck, Jane Fonda.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A young Texan's search for the girl he loves draws him into New Orleans' red-light district.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Seems a pity that so many good players frittered away their time on this hysteric drama. Obviously, it's supposed to be real hot stuff, but we couldn't work up even a lukewarm interest in what would happen to any of its people— who are either completely vicious or completely wishy-washy.

WHISTLE DOWN THE WIND
Pathe-America; Director, Bryan Forbes; Producer, Richard Attenborough (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Hayley Mills, Bernard Lee, Alan Bates.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Children come to the rescue of a fugitive murderer in the belief that he is Jesus returned to earth.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Thanks mostly to Hayley and other delightful youngsters, there are some touching moments in this strange and whimsical yarn (from a novel written by Hayley's mother, Mary Hayley Bell). Though its country scenes of the North of England are realistic, the story line is pretty hard to swallow.
She wears Natural Angel Face with Pink

Picture proof that there's no color you can't wear when you choose the Angel Face shade that makes it becoming. Because only Angel Face has cosmetic-silicones—for soft, subtle shades that won't darken or discolor!

She wears Golden Angel Face with Orange

See how Angel Face makes the change naturally—hides tiny freckles and flaws to give every complexion the look of perfection. Find your skin tone on the chart below, for your wardrobe of Angel Face shades.

Now...you can change your skin tone to look lovely in any costume color with new Pond's costume-complexion shade selector

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Costume Colors</th>
<th>Pale Skin</th>
<th>Rosy Skin</th>
<th>Olive Skin</th>
<th>Dark Olive</th>
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<td>Reda-Pinks</td>
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<td>Honey</td>
<td>Blushing</td>
<td>Tan Or Deep Tan</td>
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Angel Face Vanity Case, 60c; Angel Face Liquid Make-up, for the same exciting complexion change, 69c, $1.00. Prices plus tax.
Go from nearly blonde to clearly blonde...without artificial coloring!

Light and Bright uncovers a blondeness that's all your own—the brightness of your hair before time darkened its beauty. That's why it can't wash out or fade—like a made-up shade. Why its radiance has a natural, individual look that no artificial coloring can match. And you control the color—lighten your hair to just the shade of blondeness most flattering to you. Gentle-acting Light and Bright contains an exclusive cream conditioner. And it is one-step easy. You just apply and comb through...$1.50 plus tax.

Light and Bright by
RICHARD HUDNUT
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Imagine, a bra with truly comfortable, pressure-free, seamless sides

Imagine, a bra with truly comfortable, pressure-free, seamless sides that's beautiful in front, too.

There are two sides to this unique story. First, **SIDEWISE** has smooth, seamless, bias-cut sides that give the most remarkable, pressure-free comfort all day. There's not a stitch to dig, pinch or wrinkle. But that's not the end. They are also purposely designed in a dramatic sweep around and over the under-cups to create the loveliest contour. So you get both marvelous comfort and exquisite sculpture, all underscored with Vyrene® Spandex. Now that is the end, of all your problems. See **SIDEWISE** soon in white embroidered cotton $2., in white or black nylon lace, $2.95.
The slap that Anna Kashfi bestowed upon Marlon was heard around the world, with ninety percent of the people applauding her. If there was ever any question of Anna's being Welsh instead of Indian, that slap would have settled it. But then I picked up a paper and saw that Nehru had taken a swing at his bodyguard. You just can't hardly tell any more.

Anyway, I don't dig this guy Brando. He battles Anna, claims he's married to Movita, who bore him another son, and then openly dates Tarita. Brando also claims he'll be through with acting when he finishes "The Ugly American," and aims to spend his time producing and directing. Wonder who'll be foolish enough to put up cash.

Anita Ekberg didn't get out often when she flew here to keep Rod Taylor company (above). About the only place she was seen publicly was her dentist's office. Rod and Anita might just end up getting hitched—and I hope she brings Rod better luck than she brought Anthony Steele.

I didn't ask Warren Beatty if he was going to marry Natalie Wood, but I did ask if he and his sister Shirley MacLaine were getting on better. Smiling, he replied: "That's like that old question 'Have you stopped beating your wife?' I've found there are some subjects I'm much better off not talking about because there's a chance people may misunderstand what I say." Then he smiled a wider smile and said, "Yes, Shirley and I get on very well."

In 1955 Natalie Wood told me: "All I ever want to do is act." I asked her recently if that statement still stood. "No, that's not all I want out of life. I want what everyone else does—love, a husband, children and a happy marriage." Then I asked, "Would you give up your career for all those things?"

"I don't know," said Natalie. "It would depend. But I don't think a woman can be happy just devoting her entire life to a career." I don't think Natalie would give it up even if Warren Beatty asked her to marry him.
Lana Turner got some added insurance for the picture she did with Dean Martin: she lured ace cinematographer Joe Ruttenberg away from M-G-M. It's the first time he's left that lot in thirty-six years. M-G-M glamour girls fought tooth and nail over his services during all those years. You could always tell who was tops by checking to see if Joe was behind the camera.

The day Frank Sinatra announced his engagement to Juliet Prowse was a red-letter one for him—and his friends. (And I'm including myself!) I saw Frank the day after and he hasn't looked as happy in fifteen years. I think this will be a very happy marriage—she's the perfect wife for him; she's not demanding and understands when he wants to be with the boys. She's very much in love—and that's just what Frankie needs. I'm sure he's been lonely these past months, even though he'd never admit it. When I asked him about the marriage he said: "This is it, Hedda. I'm in love at last."

I've always suspected that when Frank was ready to take a bride he'd announce it himself—and he did. Some years ago when Lauren Bacall announced she would marry him, I knew it wasn't so and predicted that her statement would break up their friendship. It did! Frankie blew his top and never spoke to her. Oh, well, she's got Jason Robards now!

Tony Perkins was never one to go around kissing women in public, but Melina Mercouri has changed that (left). Hmmm, I wonder how Jules Dassin feels?

Everyone is twisting and I'm no exception. (That's a torchy twist I'm doing above with Bob Cummings at my twist party.) A few nights later I was at it again at Al and Betty Bloomdale's big Romanoff party. Only Jack Benny and Arlene Dahl didn't do it. Jack thinks it's crazy and Arlene's husband won't let her twist—he thinks it's vulgar! But even the twist took a back seat when Georgie Hamilton and Princess Soraya had a spat at the party. She told him off—but good—and then made a hasty exit—all alone. The next day she flew off to Munich. My, my, but young Mr. Hamilton has an effect on women—doesn't he! Little Susan Kohner has all my deepest, heart-felt sympathy.

When Colonel Parker brought in some new contracts for Elvis to sign, Elvis invited him to stay and have (Please turn the page)
a cup of coffee. He'd never done that before, so the Colonel knew something was up. After he downed the coffee, he walked outside and there stood a beautiful Lincoln Continental, and Presley handed the colonel the keys. Here's the real surprise though—it was Elvis' birthday!

Well, if they haven't got Dr. Freud playing opposite The Girl Next Door. And I do mean Monty Clift and Doris Day. I'll bet they'll have fun between takes comparing complexes. The picture's called "The Perfect Set-Up." I'd say it certainly was.

The Efrem Zimbalists don't give up easily. After their separation they tried going steady for a while. But it was the same old story. The girl who kept him company for a while was starlet Peggy McKay:

I hated to see Ann-Margret become a blonde for a role in "State Fair," but I hear she gave a brilliant performance. When the picture's released she goes back to her natural color. Her New York beau, Burt Sugarman, came out to visit her and even had his Jaguar car flown all the way from the big city. And while here, twenty-two-year-old Burt's keeping his eye on a chain of restaurants his pa owns.

Tony Curtis explains those persistent rumors about his marital difficulties are due to his dislike for flying. Janet takes a plane while he takes a train and she gets there afore him. Psychiatry didn't help Tony's phobia about planes, although he served on a submarine during the war. (That's the last time his personality was submerged!)

Tony Quinn is suing Yul Brynner for a million bucks. He claims Yul stole a story from him. If he collects, Quinn will use the money to build a retreat for actors, artists and writers on 400 acres on the Isle of Rhodes. The real estate was a gift from the King and Queen of Greece. And if Yul has to pay off, he'll probably be the first one to seek refuge there.

Princess Yasmin, Rita Hayworth's twelve-year-old girl, is quite a charmer. She wins friends wherever she goes. In Paris, recently, she went the glamour route—new hairdo, dress showings, etc. Her chaperone was Bettina, the gal Ali Khan would have married if he'd lived. Bettina, Yasmin and chum (above) all had a ball in the City of Lights. (Continued on page 18)
How to get all the wash-and-wear of expensive shorts for only 69¢

If you've been paying more than 69¢ to get good quality underwear, perhaps you've been paying too much. The shorts above cost only 69¢, yet they have all the no-iron washability of more expensive shorts. They're made from high-quality Sanforized cotton broadcloth, reinforced with extra stitches and seams, and generously cut. How come? The folks who make Fruit of the Loom underwear do everything themselves ... from buying the raw cotton to spinning it, weaving it and finishing it. They even make their own elastic waistbands. The savings are tremendous and they're all passed on to you.

See any reason now for paying more than 69¢ for good quality men's shorts, tee shirts or briefs? Or more than 49¢ for excellent athletic shirts? You don't have to. Just be sure it says Fruit of the Loom on the label. If for any reason you're not completely satisfied, the garment will be cheerfully replaced, if available, or your money refunded.

FRUIT OF THE LOOM
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

17
UNDER HEDDA'S HAT

continued

It’s supposed to be all over between Richard Beymer and French sexpot Dany Saval, but he hasn’t gotten back his ring or other attractive baubles he’d given her, so who knows? Maybe Paris in the spring will get him again. Meantime, Susan Strasberg is ready to take up where Dany left off.

June Allyson not only got Dick Powell back but also got a brand new home in Harbor Island, complete with a private dock for their huge yacht. She also received a sunburst diamond. Dick can afford it. He could buy half of Beverly Hills if Fred MacMurray and John Boles would sell it to him.

When Jerry Giesler, Hollywood’s best known and most expensive legal eagle was alive, every star in trouble screamed, “Get me Giesler!” He served such celebrities as Charlie Chaplin, Errol Flynn, Marilyn Monroe, Lina Turner, Robert Mitchum and Walter Wanger. But not one of them showed up for his funeral. But I must admit it would have been a bit difficult for Errol Flynn to have come.

Jack Pepper, in a show with Bob Hope, was introduced as “Cynthia Pepper’s father,” and he blew up. Said he: “I’ve been an actor for thirty-seven years. First they introduced me as ‘Ginger Rogers’ husband,’ then as ‘Ginger Rogers’ ex.’ Now, they’re introducing me as my daughter’s father.”

Pat Boone took his four little daughters out of school to go along with him and wife Shirley to London for “Main Attraction.” Shirley was upset when he was told he’d have to learn trapeze work for the film.

“I’ll come over to the lot and watch,” she said. “When I think it’s getting too dangerous, I’m going to call it off.” She wept, but became so intrigued she learned right along with him. She’s pretty good, too.

Peter Lawford’s career has certainly taken an upswing since his brother-in-law moved into the White House. Now I’m not saying the boy doesn’t have talent. But I remember the time when he went to all the premiers and parties with Rocky and Gary Cooper. He always got his name in the papers and that publicity got him jobs.

That’s all the news under my hat now. See you next month. •
In you go with delightful ease. Kleinert’s Slimderella® Waist-In does it with Solite, an exclusive rubberized fabric that breathes with you. Lining’s of soft, absorbent knit cotton. Front hooks, detachable adjustable garters. Even sizes, 22 to 36, white $5.00. See Kleinert’s Feathernap Waist-In, too. Feather-soft rubber throughout. In white, 22 to 36. $3.00; without garters, $2.30.

Who would have thought of it but Kleinert’s.

485 FIFTH AVE., N.Y., N.Y. • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND
New man on Photoplay's team is Fred Robbins, shown interviewing Pamela Tiffin. Fred's tape-to-type scoops will be a regular feature. His first—with Debbie—is on page 43.

Did you spot her? That's Ava Gardner sitting on the couch at a small house party in Spain. The host is her former boyfriend, dashing bullfighter Luis Dominguin. Now you know how Ava spends her free time.

Never did I think the day would come when Frank Sinatra would be acting like a love-sick puppy. His Juliet has him wrapped around her slim little finger. She even has him drinking ice cream sodas and eating popcorn. It must be love—or she's a hypnotist. The 25-year-old actress is tentatively planning on Saturday, June 9th, as the day she'll become the third Mrs. Frank Sinatra. Naturally, the merger will take place at Clan headquarters—the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. And it's shaping up to be a real gasser. Frank is chartering several planes to fly his friends in for the occasion. He's even thinking about a private railroad car for those who refuse to leave the ground—Tony Curtis included.

Incidentally, the day Frank and Juliet announced their engagement, Eddie Goldstine didn't get a "Dear John" letter. He got the word directly from Juliet, who went to his office to break the news in person. He didn't answer any calls for days afterwards, but he now claims that she still wants him to manage her career. That's a far cry from marriage, which is just what Juliet and her young manager were planning for this summer—until Sinatra unexpectedly stepped back into the picture. In any case, I don't think Eddie will be her manager for long.

(Continued on page 22)
in Photoplay...

Sophia tells her secret to Dassin and deSica: "I can give up cigarettes and liquor, but NEVER pasta or Ponti!"
If Connie Stevens and Glenn Ford aren't after publicity, they aren't going out of their way to avoid it. Glenn's press agent made sure the newspaper photographers were alerted to the time the jet departed Los Angeles for New York and Paris with Connie and Glenn aboard. However, the best laid plans at space grabbers often go astray. The press failed to show because they were chasing a far more important yarn—the engagement of Frank Sinatra and Juliet Prowse. I must admit, though, that Glenn certainly is a romantic soul. He asked Connie for a date to go to dinner and a movie. Then he broke the surprise that the meal would be served 30,000 feet in the air and the movie was a Paris premiere.

To this day, Ernie Kovacs' many, many friends in the industry can't believe that he's gone forever, his life snuffed out by a quick, cruel stroke of fate. And even after death, fate didn't close the chapter on Ernie. The day of his funeral it was discovered that an error had been made in chipping his name on a marble gravemarker—it read "Ernie Kavac." The "s" was left off. Frantically, the error was corrected at the cemetery by a stonemason only minutes before the graveside rites. Certainly a strange epitaph to a man known and loved by millions, but perhaps one that Ernie would have chuckled over. He was that kind of a guy.

Wedding Bells for Tony & Judy

Tony Franciosa and Judy Balaban Kanter finally tied the marital knot at New York's plush St. Regis Hotel. Mort Sahl was best man, and—get this—Judy's former sister-in-law, Jackie Balaban, was matron of honor. Tony's parents were there, but Judy's were conspicuously missing. I'm told they were busy soaking up sun in Jamaica. Sounds as if the rumors about them not being too pleased with Judy's choice for husband number two might be true. Pictures 1, 2 and 3: Tony's new family. (The flower girls are Judy's children by former marriage to Jay Kanter.) 4: Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman with Mort Sahl. 5: William Vanden Heuvel. Rita Gam and husband Tom Guinzburg from whom she separated a few days after picture was taken. After the reception, the newlyweds left to honeymoon in Philadelphia where Tony was busily working on a new play.
Scooping around: Keely Smith gave Bob Fuller his ring back... The temp was
more frigid than the North Pole when Dorothy Provine and Connie Stevens wound
up in the same segment of "Hawaiian Eye" at Warner Bros. Seems the feud is still on.
... Marriage trouble brewing for Steve Crane (he's one of Lana Turner's ex's) and
Helen Demoree. And isn't the son of a famous show business personality involved?
... Marlon Brando's "secret" wife, Movita, left him. She even took their son back
to Mexico, claiming Hollywood wasn't a fit environment to rear a child. ... What's
this I hear about an English court wanting to marry Kathy Nolan? Only catch is that
she would have to move to London and be a countess... I tipped you first that
Rhonda Fleming and Long Jeffries would separate. I tip you now that as soon as the
divorce becomes final she'll marry on eastern millionaire, who's currently in the process of
splitting with his spouse... George Peppard and his Mrs. apparently reconciled.
He moved into a new home in Beverly Hills
with the family... More trouble ahead for George Jessel. Joon Tyler expected
him to marry her following the birth of a daughter she claims was fathered by the
vetarn toastmaster. After-shy George hasn't, so Joon is planning more legal action
and look out, Mr. Jessel!

Vicki Trickett and Dick Herre are ex-
pecting their first child in July. Vicki and
Dick were the ones who kept their marriag
secret for a year... I still think Edd
Byrnes and Asa Maynor tied the knot
while they were in Mexico. They're not say-
ing, but their friends are. They were sup-
posed to be in Acapulco only five days, but
they stayed three weeks.

You think you have problems—Roger
Smith has eleven in-laws staying at his
home. His food bill runs $110 weekly and
he had to buy a bus-type station wagon to
cort them all around!

Elvis Presley dropped out of sight after
finishing "Kid Golightly." He was to drive
directly back to Memphis with his boys, but
weeks passed with no word. Even his mentor
Colonel Parker didn't know his whereabouts.
But I did—Elvis stopped over in Los Vegas
and discovered pretty chorine Hope Hoth-
away. He stayed three weeks and it cast him
a pretty penny—I hear he dropped another
bundle of the tables. Gambling, either for
love or money just isn't Presley's forte.

Debbie Reynolds turned thumbs down on
a studia request to cast her two children in
"My Six Loves." Debbie plays mother
to six adopted children in the picture.

Isn't the reason that Warren Beatty and
Natalie Wood haven't married yet the fact
that Robert Wagner won't give her a
divorce? She can't serve R.J. with any
papers, either, because he's living abroad.
She could always get a Mexican decree, but
more and more courts are beginning to
question the legality at those quickie di-
varces. And I'm sure Natalie doesn't want
to be a bigamist—what would?
Damon Runyon once said that the word "class" was difficult to define. Class, he said, was something you could not feel. It was something you had to see. And once you saw it, you recognized it; and once you recognized it, you never forgot it. Class, he added, was something you might find in the flip of a champion's glove, the grace (Continued on page 26)
YOUR MONEY BUYS MORE IN A REAL DRUG STORE

The drug store in your town or neighborhood is very likely both owned and managed by a registered pharmacist. The ethics of that profession guide all his business endeavors. He is the trusted partner of your family physician—and his idea of service is not limited either by store hours or dollar signs. The products in his store are chosen against the background of his pharmaceutical knowledge and training, and your satisfaction with them is of personal concern to him. For he and his store are part of your community. His hopes and his future are tied to yours. These are some of the reasons why your money buys more in a real drug store—more value, more selection, more professional and personalized service.

And the products on this page are typical of the quality and variety you can find in a real drug store...in this case, your Rexall Drug Store where satisfaction is guaranteed or your money back!

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REXALL BUFFERED ASPRIN. For fast relief! With antacid ingredients to help prevent acid-upset stomach. 100-tablet bottle, 98¢

MONACET APC for relief of headache and cold discomforts. Compare formula—same as other leading combination of ingredients. But compare the price! 100, 98¢

MG-35 ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASH. Kills contact germs in 30 seconds. Amber color. More for your money! 1 full pint—89¢

REXALL BUBBLING ALCOHOL. Finest quality. Contains glycerin to help prevent dry, chapped skin. Full pint bottle—79¢

REXALL ACLO-43X alcohol rub. Pint, 59¢

REXALL ASPRININ

Noce faster-acting? 5-grain tablets, 12¢, 24¢, 39¢, 100¢

REXAMIN MINERAL OIL. Tasteless, odorless, colorless. Extra-heavy, highly-refined. Pint bottle, 75¢. Big quart size—$1.19

REXALL GLYCEMIR SUPPOSITORIES. Jar of twelve, adults’ or infants’ size ……….. 53¢

REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA. Choose plain or milk-flavored. Big 12oz. bottle….. 59¢

FEVER THERMOMETERS. Quik-Tel oral, rectal or sub-type. With Shik-O-Matic case, $1.89

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POLYMULSION CHILDREN’S VITAMINS. Easy-to-swallow liquid with vitamins A, B, B1, B2, B3, B6, B12, D, P. 35¢

PANOVITE VITAMINS. 1/4 to 1/2 times the minimum daily adult requirements of all vitamins with set requirements. With 100 tablets.............................$2.98

Same Formula with Minerals 100 tabs, 4.95¢

REXALL ASCORBIC ACID. Help build your resistance with vitamin C. 100 tablets: 500mg., $4.79, 750mg., $5.53, 1000mg., $9.19, 50mg., $2.77, 25mg., tablets… 45¢

THIAMINE HYDROCHLORIDE. High potency vitamin B1. 100 tablets: 100-mg...$3.98

REXALL HOUSEHOLD NEEDS

REXALL SACCHARIN TABLETS. 1-grain 1000, 51.5¢, 1000, 1.30¢, 1000, 4.95¢

BELMONT HOUSEHOLD GLOVES. Natural latex. Non-slip surface, curved fingers. 89¢

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KLEENZO TOOTHPHRESSES. Nylon bristles. Children’s. 39¢, Youthful, 39¢. Adults’, 49¢

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"BABY" DUSTING POWDERS. 1/3 oz. box… 99¢

MASCARA HOME automatic applicators. Glamorous black, blue, green or brown. 79¢

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REXALL THEATRICAL COLD CREAM. 1.50¢

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BALL-POINT PEN. Disposable type ……….. 39¢

BALL-POINT REFILL. Fits 150 makes ……….. 49¢

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REX-BAY HAIR DRYER. With hot and cold air switches removable stand ……….. $5.95

HELEN CORNELL BOBBY PINS. Rubber-tipped black or light brown, $1.35

HELEN CORNELL HAIR NETS. Each, 10¢

POWDER PUFFS. Wide selection. Each, 25¢

GLYCEMIR & ROSEWATER. For chapped hands, 4oz., regular or with benzoin, 59¢

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it costs so little to look lovable

and speed of a racehorse, the way Fred Astaire does The Old Soft-Shoe.

To which we add actress Deborah Kerr—on and off the screen. We have never forgotten the class she demonstrated one midnight at New York’s El Morocco—where the Broadway and Hollywood stars enjoy themselves between roles. Miss Kerr was dancing with her lawyer. Apparently, he told her I was seated with friends at a corner table. She came over and introduced herself. "I’m Deborah Kerr," she said, "I want to thank you for the many compliments you’ve written about me over the years."

"Never thank a critic for anything you rate," we said, "I always tell show folks that. Just make it good and we on the newspapers will make it public."

"My mother," Miss Kerr little-girl’d, "told me that whenever anyone was nice to me to always say thanks."

Too many people remember the bumps and forget the caresses. Miss Kerr didn’t. She made me feel good because that same day I was barred from first-nighting by a producer who controlled several theaters for "not writing constructive criticism." (To which a wit reminded, "And you know what constructive criticism is—praise.") The unhappy producer told the drama page editors his side of our feud and they published his barbs with glee, plus sassy quotes by actors I decorated. Critic Percy Hammond (who was slapped in the face by Mae West in a theater lobby) wrote: "Never be nice to an actor. IT’LL hit you!"

George Jean Nathan, then the dean of the aisle-assassins, told me that he never replied to attacks of any kind and punch-lined, "When you are in the brick-throwing business you must expect to get hit by a brick now and then."

At one time, some Broadway shows were backed or produced by well known gang chiefs. This was in the days when they prospered at bootlegging liquor. They also owned many of the New York speakeasies and night spots. Mutual friends paid a visit at the N.Y. Mirror and cautioned that the following night’s premiere was owned by "The Mob." The title of the show, a musical, was "Strike Me Pink!" The headline over my review—"Strike Me Punk!"

Shortly after, the show folded and the gangster-producer barred me from all his night clubs. No Class!

David Merrick, currently the most successful of the Broadway showmen (he had seven hits simultaneously last year) has no patience with the reviewers. He has refused admission (to his premieres) to a number of critics in New York and in such tryout burgs as Philly and Boston. He publicly denounced several critics who had praised some of his productions. One of the "insulted" critics was the N.Y.
Producer-director John Huston, discussing movie actresses and their search for husbands, was quoted: "It's a terrible problem for them. Who are they going to marry? How many men are there likely to be as rich and famous as they are? There was Ali Khan—he could take care of a lot of them. But there was only one Ali. Most actresses have to settle for Texans."

Mr. Huston, we assume, referred to movie stars Jean Peters (now Mrs. Howard Hughes, a zillionaire from Texas); Greer Garson (Mrs. Buddy Fogelson, a rich man from the same state); Gene Tierney (Mrs. Howard Lee, another wealthy Texan) and Terry Moore, mated to a Texas mint, Stuart Cramer.

The "twist" fad thefted more free space in the papyri, the mags and from all networks than any other bit of nonsense in show-biz history. Alert Hollywood independent studios and others turned it into thirty pieces of silver. They rushed several quickies (which they labelled motion pictures) onto the nation's screens and made their Fast Bux. But none of these films (with twist in the title) that I dozed through were worth our free admission. Strictly Amateur Night!

The irony of the twist success in New York night clubs! When Elvis Presley introduced his swivel-hips (long before Manhattan's Cafooey Society "discovered" the twist) television producers cautioned him to "tone it down." To make sure that viewers were not offended by his bums and torso-tossing, they kept their cameras high above his belt-line. The publicity (or uglicity) that Presley generated, however, made him a multi-millionaire. Elvis the Pelvis as he has been affectionately called by the Teen-Urge Set, is now such a big celebrity that the citizens of his hometown—Memphis—complained to the City Fathers. They wanted to know why so many policemen are assigned to protect him and his house from fans instead of the dark streets where muggers lurk.

Big City Vignette: Jayne Mansfield and her Tarzan (husband Mickey Hargitay) made a good impression on the One Fifth Avenue staff when they dropped in not too long ago. They had dined elsewhere and sipped only water. The management, delighted having them serve as The Floor Show (just smiling at patrons from their table) didn't give them a check. When they left, Mr. Hargitay pressed a

(Continued on page 96)
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB'S:

I think immediate and drastic measures should be taken to stop a new style publicity of pictures. Movies are condemned while in production. No longer do press agents and newspapermen even wait for the first sneak preview. In this jet age, various mouthpieces inform the press and public with jet speed the troubles and the additional millions it's costing to make an important movie. I never realized the tremendous harmful influence of these stories with the opinion makers and a large portion of the public until after the release of "One-Eyed Jacks."

I plead guilty on two counts, I wrote a few such stories, given to me by people paid to work in and on "One-Eyed Jacks." I also attended the preview under the influence of what I and others had written in advance of the screening. I became aware of this almost immediately after leaving the projection room.

I liked the picture, but I shouldn't have, considering the extra time, the extra millions and the battles between Marlon Brando and the studio, Paramount. The movie received only fair reviews, and has done only fair business in this country. (At this writing it's playing at four theaters in Paris, doing big business.) I honestly believe that we all (movie critics, public and me) down-graded "One-Eyed Jacks" because it wasn't the movie we expected to see. It certainly should have been better—in the category of great—because it took so long and cost so many millions.

But time to produce doesn't insure greatness. A (Continued on page 88)

Have they sold the Good Ship Bounty down the river?
Now from Scott Paper Company—Confidets ... the new shape in sanitary protection

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New Confidets—the only sanitary napkin with true anatomical shape and accident-proof inner shield
THE THIRD DIMENSION...

IN TELEVISION AND RADIO

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How
to get engaged
without
even trying?

“When I’m away from Debbie—when there’s time and space and distance between us—I panic. I go cold inside. I sit down, put my head in my hands, shut my eyes and try to bring her picture to my mind. It comes for an instant, then goes away and I cannot get it back. It almost drives me crazy with fear. I say her name over and over to myself, trying to drive out the (Please turn the page)
Says Ashley: I didn’t even want to date her. I thought that I have seen her for the last time. And then I know that the only important thing in my life is to keep breathing till I see her again,” confided John Ashley.

“Then, when we are together and she’s standing in front of me, smiling, I put my arms around her and hug her so tightly, it’s a wonder I don’t break her ribs. And the wonderful quiet sigh of joy that comes from her is all the music in the world.

“Moments like that—I’m speechless. They make up for the loneliness and the thousand longings that torment me during the times when she’s away from me.”
Debbie — now we’re getting married.

Ashley shook his head and smiled the age-old smile that young men in love have smiled through the centuries.

“I’ve never been so confused,” he said. “Or so in love. Love! It’s a swinging insanity—happy misery—tormenting joy! But I wouldn’t trade one split second of what I’ve known with Debbie—for anything! Not ever—not for anything in this world!”

In many respects, John Ashley’s love for the bright and effervescent Deborah Walley should never have happened. For the past two years he’s dated a long list of mature young women— (Continued on page 80)
Passion’s for the
Paula Prentiss, on cold days, wears four sweaters and tops them with an overcoat. On warm days she must be reminded to wear clothes at all. If she is hungry (and she almost always is), she passionately devours everything on her plate. She uses fork and fingers interchangeably, not stopping until she has been surfeited with three desserts. If she is not hungry, she pushes the food away as though she considers its presence on the table a personal insult.

She is an ungainly, long-legged, 5'9" tangle of complexities with a passionate lack of moderation in everything. She is a live internal combustion engine. A color, a word, the design of sunlight on pavement can vault her into exhilaration or despair. So says Dick Benjamin, her sardonic, nimble-witted husband, who never had a formal date with her until long after he was in love with her . . . never kissed her until he was sure he wanted to marry her . . . and never asked her to marry him at all.

"Everything is important to Paula," says Dick. "She lives every minute of her life greedily." Adds Miss Alvina Krause, the (Please turn the page)
vinegar-willed teacher who molded her into an actress, “This is Paula’s greatest asset—and her greatest liability—as a performer.”

If Paula has decided to clean her apartment, nothing can stop her until every table is polished, every inch of floor is scrubbed. Anyone in the way of her vacuum must jump or get vacuumed along with the rug.

A few weeks ago, she had trouble interpreting the first two sentences of a scene to her own satisfaction. She wrapped herself in a blanket, turned on an electric heater and sat on the living room floor repeating the words endlessly, over and over.

“When are you coming to bed?” Dick asked at about 3 A.M.

“Never,” she answered. “I don’t deserve ever to go to bed.”

She even manages to be passionately passive. When her tremendous store of energy is temporarily used up, her long neck droops, her hands dangle piteously at her thighs and she resembles nothing so much as a tranquilized swan.

And for all her clowning, she takes a serious intellectual interest in many things, twisting her long rubbery legs around a chair in the passionate pronouncements of her convictions.

Some of her seriousness is an attempt to reconcile the Paula Ragusa she lived (Continued on page 92)
If you've ever known the loneliness of being apart from your guy, then read this exclusive interview with Elvis Presley. He boldly tells what a girl's behavior should be after she says,

"Goodbye my lover..."

"A fellow has to keep believing his girl is true to him...even if he knows she can't be," said Elvis Presley. "Common sense will tell any boy that a pretty girl can't sit around doing nothing while they are a whole world apart. But he'd sure like to think that's what she's doing—yes, ma'am, a guy sure would like to think that."

Elvis was in a setting that might have reminded him of his Army days in Germany. He was 7,000 feet high in the California mountains, whose peaks are reminiscent of the German Alps. The "Kid Galahad" company was on location at Idyllwild. (Continued on page 84)
THE BEST OF '61 OR

look what's hanging out
Diapers, diapers all over the place. As a matter of fact, we wouldn't be at all surprised if Hollywood bought more baby oil last year than any other part of the world. To put it mildly, the town's gone absolutely baby-happy. Not only are the babies cute, but the mothers are all as beautiful as ever. Glamor just doesn't go out the window when a baby comes in the door. Now, here's what we want you to do: Help us pick the Hollywood baby of the year. Just send your nomination to PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street. New York, N. Y.
Brave Sidney Skolsky
give heap
big scoop why
they must
make marriage –
now you turnum page
During the heat of the Frank Sinatra-Juliet Prowse engagement announcement, I remembered what an epigrammatic wise guy said some years ago: "A man who marries for the second time doesn't deserve the first divorce."

Sinatra beat therapy. The epigrammatic fool didn't say anything about the third time. Following Nancy and Ava, Frank is going for take number three: Juliet Prowse, who's quite a female, to the best of my knowledge and judgment.

My knowledge of Miss Prowse consists mainly of talk in the 20th Century-Fox commissary, quick dialogue on the set of "Can Can," and meeting her at a particular party in Beverly Hills a year ago last Christmas night. I'm not counting the party for Nikita Khrushchev. I don't think Mr. K. will be angry. He's spread his anger throughout the world and outer space, and he hasn't too much anger left for just people.

I met Juliet soon after she checked into 20th Century-Fox. She'd be alone at a table in the commissary, after the rush lunch hour. Starting at 1:30, a studio commissary belongs to the hashful and the eaters. I'm an eater. Juliet Prowse belongs to both categories.

She appreciates food. Also, she was adjusting to the strange community. Juliet, a well-constructed female from Bombay, India—Johannesburg, South Africa—London, England—Barcelona, Spain—San Remo, Italy—hides her aggressiveness. She uses her femininity to cover up her ambitions (protective coloration).

I liked her from the word go. I never thought of her and Frank becoming a thing, although I knew they were to be in the same picture. (So call me stupid!) But Miss Prowse is a Juliet worthy of Shakespeare and Sinatra. By any other name she's still a doll.

Their personal drama began about ten days after the filming of "Can Can" started. Barrie Chase, playing the Gwen Verdon stage role, revolted when two of Gwen's dances were assigned to Shirley MacLaine. Barrie sat and didn't move a toe. Choreographer Hermes Pan informed Producer Jack Cummings of Barrie's Chandi tactics. Cummings solved the cold war on Stage Eight by allowing Barrie to release herself from the picture. Juliet Prowse, third place dancer in "Can Can," moved up in the dancing line-up and added Barrie's dance routine to hers. Everything solved. Right? Right! Except for Frank Sinatra. He couldn't understand anyone not wanting to be in a movie with Frank Sinatra. He'd show Barrie Chase. He'd see to it that the unknown Juliet Prowse would become famous. Romances have begun on a lot less.

So it wasn't sex or love that first attracted Sinatra to Miss Juliet Prowse. After "Can Can," Frank put Juliet on his TV Special, following the pattern of Fred Astaire with Barrie Chase. Frank had a good show, even though it wasn't quite a Fred Astaire classic.

However, Frank started to date Juliet. At first, she was only one of a mob scene. Frank had plans for his own movie company, he had ideas for his own recording company. He was the Leader of the Clan. He owned a percentage of The Sands, a profitable Las Vegas nightery in a profitable town. About the only thing he didn't give attention to that year and the next, was that he wasn't getting any younger. (I don't know anyone who is!)

His years were to become important to their romance. Read on, Macduff.

I'm setting the stage for the Love Story of 1962. "To write a play," George M. Cohan once said, "in Act One you present the principal characters. In Act Two, you pull the rug from under them. In Act Three, you pick up the characters from the floor and have them standing on the rug before the curtain falls."

It's Act One. That Christmas night party I mentioned. Something happened here that revealed Juliet's character. And it also ties in with a statement Sinatra made after the engagement was publicly proclaimed.

I was at the party half an hour before I noticed Juliet. I waved a hello. Juliet motioned to come over. I did. Juliet introduced me to her mother (Phyllis), her stepfather (George Polte) and her brother (Clive). They're warm, friendly people. I sat with them for twenty minutes. I learned George Polte is a building constructor; Clive is a doctor in Johannesburg. About an hour after leaving them, Juliet sought me out to say: "I'm going to Frank's. He's having a party. I want him to meet my folks and brother. Come along with us." I thanked Juliet, but declined. I walked with Juliet to the foyer to say goodnight to her parents and brother. I asked her to give my regards to Frank.

Juliet convinced me she is thoughtful and considerate. And Sinatra, in an interview after the engagement, said, "I met her family. They're fine people. Her brother is a doctor." That meeting, a year ago last Christmas, must have been a factor in Frank's decision to experience marriage in triplicate.

Juliet and Frank were dating more; then steady dating. After this, it became what Juliet termed a "romantic friendship." Spelled P-l-a-t-o-n-i-c?

Let's inspect these phases. Juliet was Frank's date at parties, premieres. Then (Continued on page 69)
UNCENSORED

EXCLUSIVE TAPED INTERVIEW WITH DEBBIE
what Debbie tells her children about Liz & Eddie

This exclusive interview with Debbie Reynolds was taped by Fred Robbins, nationally known radio and TV personality whose syndicated celebrity interview show, "Assignment Hollywood," is heard weekdays from Coast to Coast.

FRED: Debbie, it's been a long time since we've talked together.

DEBBIE: Freddie, it certainly has. How do you feel?

FRED: I'm fine. The last time I saw you, you had Carrie with you.

DEBBIE: I know, but she's at home this time, because she has to stay (Continued on page 75)
GEORGE CHAKIRIS

THE BOY WHO MAKES YOU FORGET

DYNAMIC NEW WONDER OF "WEST SIDE STORY"
He sat there on the edge of the bed, a dark, handsome young man, short black hair tousled from sleep, blanket scrambled where he had thrown it when the phone rang suddenly in the first hours of a cold London dawn. The receiver lay in his hand, still alive with trans-oceanic static. The voice in New York had hung up, but the words crackled again in his mind: “George—You got it—yes—‘West Side Story’—yes—oh—did I say—they want you for Bernardo—congratulations. . . .” (Continued on page 86)
While dressing for his big night, George phoned Rita Moreno—his co-star and best girl—twice to be sure of their plans. When he came to pick her up, she tried to ease his "premiere jitters" with good-natured ribs.

Film and George were a hit, but it wasn't till gala party afterwards that he began to unwind.
Ernie, farewell...

The laughter and the gaiety at Billy Wilder's house was genuine and abundant. This was a gathering of close and dear friends to celebrate the adoption of a little boy by Ruth and Milton Berle. No one could foresee, amid all this joy and delightful comaraderie, the sudden and shocking tragedy ahead—tragedy which would strike without warning and take the life of one of the guests—take it so cruelly and swiftly that it would cast a pall over Hollywood darker than the blackest night. The party was a huge success and kept getting better as the evening wore on. Ernie (Continued on page 72)
Dance crazes have swept the country before. But this one, daddy-o—it's simply the most. It's the twist. What is this madness which has titillated and hypnotized and conquered America—from the well-heeled aristocrats to the bourgeoisie and beatniks? Perhaps the best description is Arthur Murray's—that the twist is nothing more than the shimmy, except that instead of shaking from the hips up, a twister gyrates from the hips down. "It is," he says, "foot-loose and fanny-free." Other experts won't even go so far as to say this new craze is a dance. They call it simply a "movement" that's danced to the tune of rock 'n' roll music.

Are you with it, Jackson? I mean, are you following closely? Well, they can call it what they will. So far as I'm concerned, man, this is IT. This is the wildest. No (Please turn the page)
other dance in all of history has girdled the globe with such supersonic speed. No dance before it has torn down all class barriers. It has captivated rich, poor, young and old. What’s more, it has shaken them all up together, as a visit to the Temple of Twist—the Peppermint Lounge—will readily reveal. For in this boîte on New York City’s West 45th Street, you can find a leather-jacketed youth with a duck-tailed haircut and his Jane in Capri pants and tight sweater dancing this torso-bender right alongside a black-tied (Continued on page 82)

Like in Hollywood, man, you’re not a real swinger unless you swing to the beat of the twist. Who does it? Everybody does it! (1) Margarita Sierra and John Saxon (2) Jana Taylor and David Winters (3) Barbara Luna and Tony Mordente (4) Rosalind Russell and her partner who twisted out of camera range! (5) Marcia and Mark Goddard (6) Donna and Jack Kelly (7) Kirk Douglas twists in Rome with co-star Dahlia Lavi—the dance is sweeping the world! (8) Natalie Wood and Mel Ferrer (9) Who else—Chubby Checker!
Maximilian Schell is the genuine and bright new movie star for the new year. He was discovered by the public—as it should be—before producers were aware of his great appeal. Secretaries at studios, waitresses in restaurants, college students (female) have made no secret of this appeal and of their admiration. ("You are sure you're right?") He is the least well-known performer in the giant all-star cast of "Judgment at Nuremberg," until the movie was released. He will receive an Oscar nomination for his performance. ("You are sure you're right? Be careful, please.") He is the only member of the original presentation of "Judgment at Nuremberg" on TV's "Playhouse 90" in the picture. (Continued on page 85)
Adulteress... You are not really married at all...
The irrevocable words of doom which tore a marriage apart

"I know you love each other," the priest said softly. "I know you're trying to save your marriage. But I can't help you. In the eyes of the Church, you are not married at all. You have never been married. And, Luciana," he turned to the pale, frightened girl who sat trembling before him, "as long as you live with this man, you are living in sin."

For Luciana Paluzzi and Brett Halsey, it was the end. Officially, their marriage limped on for a few more months. They struggled hopelessly to find some way to make their life together possible. But as they struggled, and failed, their love lived on to torment them. Their story is more than a Hollywood tragedy — their story is a tragedy of life itself.

At the beginning, they were the living proof that the old romantic dream called "love at first sight" had not vanished from the world. They met one Sunday morning at the home of a mutual friend, Gardner McKay. Luciana, summoned from Italy for a role in a television series, had been in this country only two weeks. Brett, lonely and depressed, was just learning to live alone after separating from his first wife. Fresh and glowing after Mass, Luciana held out a hand. Brett took it. That was it. Two weeks later they announced their engagement.

All the world, they say, (Continued on page 89)
A SIN AGAINST GOD!
CONNIE STEVENS—

the girl who is almost happy

with
Gary Clarke
Troy Donahue
John Ashley
Elvis Presley
Dwayne Hickman
Ralph Taeger
Mario Costello
Earl Holliman
Tom Tryon

and now
Glenn Ford

(Beginning on page 62)
It is the premiere of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"—the world premiere, at the Ambassadeurs in Paris... a night sky fuming with fingers of light... the Champs Elysees crowded with the elite from all over the world... the throb of music... a dozen announcers excitedly broadcasting in a dozen different languages... television cameras grinding... the press pushing forward—top reporters from Madrid, Berlin, Rome, London, Barcelona... questions shouted to members of the French Cabinet... DeGaulle expected...

Suddenly the attention shifts to the arriving star of the picture—to Glenn Ford. "The quiet American," they call him in Paris and, "le cowboy celebre." And they predict his performance will go down in history with that of Rudolph Valentino.
Mutual friend Delmer Daves suggested Glenn and Connie get together. Though many felt the difference in ages would be a handicap, Daves knew they had generosity and honesty in common.

Glenn is elegant tonight in full evening dress—lean, hard, his face wreathed in smiles. Because on his arm is Connie Stevens. A cheer goes up because she is so lovely in her white satin evening coat—thirty-eight yards around at the hem—with its black mink collar. Everything is lovely—her tiny black beaded shoes and bag, her black chiffon evening dress glimpsed briefly (Continued on page 94)
“Do you still love me, Daddy?” the little boy asked. “Of course I do.” “Are you sure, Daddy?”

The man looked down at his son. Five years old, he thought, my first-born, and he doesn’t know if I love him. . . . He stooped down until his eyes were on a level with the child’s. “I do love you,” he said slowly. “I have always loved you. I always will love you. Even if I should have to go away, or even if you should do something terribly naughty—I would still love you. Do you understand? Will you remember that?” “Yes,” the little boy said. . . . Then, with lowered eyes, he added, “But I am naughty. I mean . . . because I’m not coming with you today.” . . . The man sighed. He stood up, making sure to smile before he spoke. “That’s not naughty. I understand that I can see you next week. Next week for sure. Right?” “Right,” the boy said. He stood quietly watching as the man opened the car door and climbed in. Then, before the door could shut, he flung himself onto his father’s lap. . . . For a moment the man’s face brightened. “Changed your mind?” But the little boy had not.

“Kiss me goodbye, Daddy,” he begged. “Again! Again!” . . . As the car moved away from the curb the child ran after it. . . . “Goodbye!” he shouted. The car picked up speed. The little boy chased it all the way down the block. “Goodbye,” he cried. “Goodbye. Daddy. Goodbye!” Jimmy Darren drove on. That high, wistful little voice rang in his ears all the way home.

He still heard it as he turned the key in his apartment door. . . . His wife came running out of the kitchen. “Hi there, you two,” she said. Then she stopped. She looked at her husband. “Where is Little Jimmy?” . . . Jimmy Darren bit his lip. “I didn’t want to come,” he said. “His friend Joey invited him to spend the afternoon and stay for supper. He said to me, ‘I want to go if you don’t mind.’ Just like an adult. ‘I want to go if you don’t mind.’ So . . . I told him I didn’t mind. I let him go.” . . . “Oh, Darling,” his wife said softly. “Not again.” “Yes. It was even worse than last time. Last time when I said ‘Well, at least get in the car and come for a ride with me,’ he came—even though he was wondering if I really would let him out. This time he must have seen how disappointed I was. He kept (Please turn the page)
Two sons—two loves—each as strong as the other. . . . Jimmy is fighting to keep the love of first son (below) who now lives with a new father.

JIMMY and EVY continued

asking me if I still loved him, he kept wanting me to kiss him. Evy . . . have I lost him?"

"Of course not," she said gently. "All that was to show you that he loves you."

"Yes," Jimmy said. "He loves me, and so he feels guilty because on a sunny Saturday he wants to play with another child instead of spending the day with me. He loves me and I love him, and so, at five years old, my son has to start feeling guilty. He looked so sad. I can't take it! The poor kid."

Evy nodded. "And poor you," she said. "Next time, you tell him, 'The heck with Joey, I'm your father. I only have one day a week with you, and you're coming with me!'" She looked at her husband. "Now you go wash your hands and we'll have lunch, Darling," she said. "It's all ready."

He nodded. He left the room. But he didn't go down the hall to the bathroom. Instead he opened a partly closed door and walked into a quiet, sunny room. There, in a crib, slept his other son—Christian, his second-born, the child of his second marriage. At the sound of footsteps the sleeping baby awoke. He saw his father's face and cooed with delight, holding out his arms to be picked up. The man swung him out of the crib and held him tight.

God, he thought, let this child at least always smile for me. Let me be able to make the world safe and happy for him. Let him never be afraid. Holding Christian in his arms, he went to his lunch.

It hasn't been easy for Jimmy Darren to see his two sons growing up in different homes. But then, he never expected that it would be. Several years ago, when he and Gloria were slowly coming toward divorce, Jimmy had cried out in anguish: "I know my marriage is over—but what if my wife gets married again? How will I stand it if my son calls some other man 'Daddy'?

All too soon he learned that he would have to bear just that. It began with an unexpected bad break. Just after Jimmy and Gloria were divorced, Jimmy's studio ordered him to Europe to film an important picture. They told (Continued on page 68)
You can, too!...with matchless, versatile Wings "Wardrobe" Bras

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him he would have to be gone at least six months—six work-filled months.

Up until that time Jimmy and Gloria had tried to protect Little Jimmy from the full force of their split. During the first days of their separation, Jimmy had gone home every morning in order to be there when his son woke up. Later, to accustom the two-year-old to being without his father, Gloria had taken him east for a long visit with her family.

But he knew that even if Gloria reminded Little Jimmy about his father every day that he was in Europe, showed him his picture, read him his letters, “Daddy” would soon become a meaningless word. And it wasn’t even likely that Gloria would be doing that. She would be trying to forget, not remember. She would want to build a new life for herself, not live in the ashes of an old, discarded one. And this was easily understandable, Gloria would remarry and her life would go on. And Little Jimmy would have a brand new daddy.

It was a dismal situation, but Jimmy tried to look at the bright side. The new movie would be good for his career, and Europe would be a wonderful place for a honeymoon. He was engaged to Evy Norden then, and decided to marry her in New York before leaving. That way they could go together and he would be able to meet her family in Denmark.

He knew that she was thrilled about their plans, and he didn’t want to spoil her pleasure . . . but he had to talk to her. He had to tell her what was troubling him so deeply. He had to explain about his son.

**A friendly stranger**

“Evy, he’s going to forget me. Little Jimmy’s going to forget me. He’s so young . . . how can he remember me if I’m gone all that time? And when I come back . . . when I come back I’ll be just some friendly stranger who visits him once a week. He’ll never really get to know me again . . . to know his own father.”

“Will, Jimmy,” Evy said. “Even though a child forgets, a little memory always remains. It will awaken when you return. He will still be your son.” She smiled at him sadly. “And Jimmy, there is nothing you can do about it. You have to make the picture.”

He went, of course, and Evy went with him. When he got there, he worked hard. He spent his free time with Evy and her family. He became very sure of his future with her. They made plans for their return to the United States. But even in the excitement of planning a new life, he did not forget his son. At toy stores in a dozen cities he carefully chose gifts, reminding himself each time that Little Jimmy was growing older and maybe lonelier month by month. The toys would bring him joy.

Finally it was over. He had been away not for six months but for nine months. When his plane landed in New York, the first thing he did was find a telephone booth and break a ten dollar bill into a vast assortment of quarters and nickels and dimes. He placed a personal call to Jimmy Darren, Jr. in Los Angeles.

“Hello, Jimmy,” he said. “This is Daddy. I’m in New York.”

There was silence at the other end.

“Jimmy?” he said. “Jimmy, can you hear me? This is your daddy.”

“Who?” the little boy said.

“Daddy. Daddy.” He repeated patiently, making his voice as loud and clear as possible. “This is your daddy.”

**“Daddy who?”**

The child’s voice was balled now.

“Daddy . . . Daddy . . . Daddy who?”

Jimmy laughed. It was a game, obviously the family at Evy’s anxious face, watching him through the glass door.

“Daddy-Jimmy,” he said, playing along with the game.

There was a long silence. Then Jimmy Darren heard his son’s voice, raised in bewilderment, speaking to his mother.

“Hey, Mommy,” Little Jimmy demanded.

“Did I have another daddy?”

In the telephone booth Jimmy Darren’s heart missed a beat. Another daddy. As clearly as if he had spoken them aloud, he heard the words from the past: “. . . how will I stand it if my son calls some other man Daddy . . . ?”

Stop it, he told himself sternly. You should have expected it. You knew Gloria was getting married. He leaned his head against the wall of the phone booth. He was reconciled.

He told himself to be glad for his son’s sake that instead of grieving over an absent father, the child had found comfort in a new one. He tried to calm himself, but when he emerged from the booth, he couldn’t keep his voice from trembling, his hands from shaking.

“Evy . . . Evy . . . have I lost my son?”

Despite his assurances, he was to ask that question many times more.

But happily, when he returned to California, his reunion with Little Jimmy was a success, the child now manfully boasting that he did, too, remember Daddy-Jimmy. But there were so many ways in which Gloria’s new husband, Barry, had replaced him as a father.

There was the day the two Jimmies went walking together and Little Jimmy pointed to a cross-topped building and remarked, “That’s a church.”

“Yes, it is.” Jimmy agreed. Then he took the opportunity to ask the question that had been bothering him for weeks. “Jimmy . . . do you ever go to church?”

“I do,” the little boy answered. “I always have.”

He didn’t help being startled when he heard his son say, “No, I go to temple with Daddy-Barry on Saturdays sometimes.”

Talking it over with Evy later, Jimmy said, “It isn’t that I mind. As long as he has some faith, some religion. I don’t mind that it’s Jewish instead of Catholic. After all, Gloria is Jewish and so is Barry, and so it’s natural—it’s probably better—that Little Jimmy is brought up in their faith. But . . . ”


Jimmy sighed. “I just wish I’d been consulted about it, that’s all.”

When Evy gave birth to Christian, Jimmy was jubilant. And, happily, Little Jimmy’s reaction to his new half-brother didn’t pose a problem. From the first time he heard Christian’s voice, he was fascinated with him. Before the baby could hold a toy, Little Jimmy had brought him a dozen of his own. As soon as the baby could sit up, he spent delighted hours rolling balls toward him, retrieving the ones Christian missed and starting all over again. For some reason, he never tired of it.

“You see,” Evy told Jimmy, “in some ways it is good that Little Jimmy does not live with you. He is not jealous; he doesn’t feel that Christian is a threat to him.”

That set his mind somewhat at ease about Little Jimmy. But what about Christian? Christian must never go through what Little Jimmy suffered—he didn’t feel so strongly about this, he had trouble letting the baby out of his sight even for a few hours to go to the studio . . . to go for a drive . . . even to go to the store.

When Christian was three months old, Jimmy had to go east on a business trip. Even though their friends and doctors assured them that Christian wouldn’t even notice they were gone if he were left in competent hands, Jimmy couldn’t do it. Instead, he and Evy bundled Christian onto a cross-country train. For two days and three nights they huddled in a compartment with him, struggling to get bottles warmed and food prepared, nervously tucking him into a berth at night; spending a three-hour stopover in a Chicago hotel room. They finally arrived at their destination exhausted.

“But if we had left him and he didn’t know me when we got back,” Jimmy said, “like Little Jimmy . . . ” And Evy, understanding, nodded her head.

Then, gradually, Jimmy began to relax. It became easier for him to accept the realities of his very complex relationships with both his children—both his loves.

**Things looked brighter**

One day he delightfully discovered that Little Jimmy had amassed a complete collection of his recordings and played them at home on his junior-sized jukebox. “You never feel deserted,” he told him, “even when you’re not with him, you think of—you and hears your voice.”

Today there are still problems for Jimmy Darren. Doubtless there always will be. He will probably always feel the bitter-sweetness of joy and sorrow when he hears Little Jimmy telling a total stranger that he is “So lucky to have two daddies.”

But he no longer feels the need to ask constantly “Evy, have I lost a son?” He knows now that human relationships do not necessarily depend on the number of hours spent together. And he knows that he need not struggle to hold his first-born son, because the tie that binds them cannot be broken. It adapts to all situations, changes and changless.

—CHARLOTTE DINTER

Jimmy’s next picture will be “Gidget Goes Parisian,” for Columbia Pictures.
she acted as hostess when Frank entertained at his Coldwater Canyon home. In the “romantic friendship” phase, Juliet Prowse was Elvis Presley’s leading lady in “G.I. Blues.” She occasionally dated Elvis. When asked what Frank thought of this, Juliet answered: “Well, Frank and I are mature people. We don’t go for the going steady routine.”

She was being her feminine self and not saying too much. It’s a tough parlay to figure correctly.

During the filming of “G.I. Blues,” Juliet spent time with Elvis in his portable dressing room on the set. Often an assistant director or one of Elvis’ chain of followers would stand outside the dressing room door and pretend Sinatra had just come on the set. “Why, hello, Frankie. How are you?” he’d say loudly. Fun on the set department. Plenty of laughs.

One day it became for real. An assistant said, “Why, hello, Frankie. How are you?” Elvis and Juliet opened the door, laughing. The one and only Frank Sinatra was standing there. Contrary to what was expected, Frank gave them both a big grin. He showed no jealousy.

The truth is there was no reason for Frank to be jealous. Elvis and Juliet were thrown together because of the picture. Their “romance” ended when the filming did. Frank and Juliet started dating again.

Then, suddenly, no more dates. The thing really cooled.

Frank had a big thing going with Dorothy Provine. He also dated Marilyn Monroe. And he also dated others.

Juliet Prowse worked at her career. She starred in the play “Irma La Douce” in Las Vegas for about three months. Her agent, young Eddie Goldstone, left his job to become her personal manager. He was always present, escorting and running interference. Eddie blocked all passes.

He was in love with Juliet. She played it honest. She told him she didn’t love him; she liked him and appreciated the extra interest in her career.

Several times during this Las Vegas engagement, Frank snubbed Juliet. She took this in stride. Perhaps she had a European attitude, but Juliet Prowse reacted differently than Frank’s other girls. She never became angry. She didn’t annoy Frank. She didn’t run after him. She just kept the door open.

Miss Prowse believes a mature couple can date for just so long. Then it’s marriage or then it’s the end.

Here we pull that rug from under Juliet. She’s had it.

Now, to turn to Frank Sinatra. New Year’s Eve.

Frank and friends are welcoming 1962 at his Palm Springs house. His date is Princess Soraya. New Year’s. Big deal! Every night is New Year’s for him.

Fun isn’t fun this night for Frank. The
string on having a good time has run out. Frank is jittery. He is restless. He suggested the group go to Vegas in his private plane to continue the party there. To the guests, Frank is a wonderful host. Who else would give a party starting one year in Palm Springs and finishing up the next year in Vegas? They don't know he is restless.

Frank isn't hip to himself ... yet. Las Vegas is Frank's town. Like I said, every night is New Year's for him, and every night is New Year's in Las Vegas. So you can imagine what that town's like on a real New Year's Eve. The fake gaiety, the chicks, the booze, the music, the meaningless talk, the flip good wishes. A prescribed holiday is very depressing ... ask Frank.

The prescribed holiday is for Clydes, is for the squares, is for the birds.

Frank took stock of himself. He remembered during the week telling a business associate: "I'm mellowing. I'm forty-six now." Whatever made him say that?

Plenty!

For one thing he is forty-six. His life has been changing. He is no longer Frank Sinatra. He is Frank Sinatra, Inc. He is becoming an institution.

The Clan has disintegrated. It exists in name only. That's ironic. He always insisted they didn't call themselves The Clan. Now, only the name remains.

What about The Clan when it was riding high? Take any night. When the laughs get sleepy, and there's no more booze, and there's no more hours to the particular outing. Dean goes home to his wife, Jeanne. He goes home to his wife, Pat. Sammy goes home to his wife, May. Frank just goes home.

He was going to go home now, as soon as New Year's Eve was over. How many nights was this New Year's Eve? It seemed longer than the others. Finally, it was over. Frank knew it was over. He was back in his house in Beverly, alone. The following day, the swinger made his rounds. To his office. To the studios. To Romanoff's. He stayed until there was no place to go but home.

He said to Mike Romanoff: "Why do I put off going home?"

Romanoff squirted his eyes and smiled. As if he knew this past New Year's Eve was going to help Frank make an important decision.

Sinatra switched on the hi-fi set immediately after entering his house. He always does. He took off his shoes and put his feet into comfortable slippers. He took off his tie and let it fall. He unbuttoned his collar. He felt better now.

Frank looked at the phone. Then he thought ... I've got to stop telling people I'm mellowing. He was closer to the phone. The album was spinning. Frank Sinatra. Frank Sinatra. Frank Sinatra. He laughed at that. He picked up the leather-bound book with his personal phone numbers. He knows more chicks than any man in America. Three months ago he'd have picked a number and phoned it. Now he would have massaged his ego.

He didn't open the book of numbers. He didn't pick up the phone. Odd? Not at all. He is hip now. On to himself. He wants a wife. Not a girl. Girls he could always get. He walked away from the phone. He paced the floor as he had done many times in loneliness. He can tell you about the magnificent view from his window. Los Angeles stretches out in front of him. He knows the hour the street lights are turned off. He knows the hour the traffic starts. He knows the respectable hour to pick up the phone and start the action. Action is needed to fight loneliness. Anybody knows that.

**Tired of chasing ...**

It was time for the right action. This running around was okay for the newcomers, the young singers, Fabian, Tommy Sands. Hey, what's the matter? Tommy Sands was in love with and married to Nancy Sinatra, Jr. Fabian isn't a chaser. He, studies, wants to be a good actor when he grows up.

The street lights are still on. Frank Sinatra is singing to his "Funny Valentine": "But don't change a hair for me ... Not if you care for me ... Stay little Valentine, stay ... Each day is Valentine's Day."

It sounds square, but the hip people have "owning" this. He remembers Juliet Prowse ... Juliet.

He remembers his recent visits to President Kennedy in Washington, and then at Hyannis Port. He went alone. It could be that President Kennedy asked, smiling, "Why are you alone, Frank? Where's the dancer you had with you at the Inauguration?" And maybe Jacqueline said: "She was a nice young ldy, chic and smart looking. What's her name?" "Juliet Prowse," Frank would say.

Here, we pull the rug from under Frank. Okay! Ready for Act Three. We're going to pick up both our principals, Frank and Juliet, and place them upright on the carpet. They'll become engaged. What a Third Act! It's enough to make headlines.

Juliet was in New York at the beginning of the year, to tape a Perry Como TV show. Frank phoned her four times.

"Please come back," he said.

Then Frank met Juliet at the airport when she did.

No scenes with photographers or reporters. The meeting, strangely enough, went unnoticed.

At about 10 P.M., January 8, 1962, Frank and Juliet were having before-dinner drinks at Romanoff's. A waiter hovered over the couple, hoping to be of some service. Soon after the first sip of his drink, Sinatra reached into his pocket and took out a ten carat diamond engagement ring. He took Juliet's hand, slipped the ring on the significant finger, and said: "Juliet, we're engaged ... to be married."

"Crazy," said Juliet.

She was using his language. This dancer from Johannesburg, Africa, had been using words like "Clyde," "Charlie," "gasser," and the whole bit hyy more a year.

Frank and Juliet kissed right then and there. The waiter quietly exited.

Some minutes later, at irregular intervals, Mike Romanoff, Murray Wolf, Jimmy van Heusen, Sammy Cahn and a few more of Sinatra's close friends, who could be reached, Leaders at Romanoff's with their wives and dates and the party started. It was about 9:30. At midnight, the group left the restaurant for Frank's place.

The official announcement of the engagement was made the next morning by Juliet, via her press agent. Frank had to tell her to make the announcement. Juliet was not going to pull a Lauren Bacall, ring or no. (That was when Lauren, without Frank's consent, told a columnist they would wed. Angry, Frank stopped seeing her.) Ring-a-ding Juliet.

The first editions of the afternoon newspapers (Herald-Examiner and Citizen-News) had it in headlines. A friend of mine phoned Peter Lawford in his New York hotel suite about a business deal. At the end of our conversation, my friend asked, "What do you think of Frank and Juliet getting engaged?" Lawford answered: "You're kidding." My friend said, "I'm not. It's in the papers and on the radio." A pause. Then Lawford said, "It's difficult to believe. A big surprise."

The news was also a surprise to Dean and Joey (Bishop). Not to Sammy. He said "he watched closely" and "expected" it. But the Lawfords told the front line members of The Ex-Clan:

It could be that Frank didn't want to tell people (friends and business associates) of the engagement until the ring was definitely on Juliet's finger. Rejection would be a private affair.

However, Frank did phone his children, all three of them, and tell them of his plans to marry Juliet. Nancy Jr. was particularly pleased. She and Juliet have been friends, really good friends, since they first met on the "Can Can" set.

Frank said: "The kids are all very happy for me and I wanted to be very sure that they heard it from me first."

**Opened—a new chapter**

A day after the announcement, the gracious and sensible Nancy Barbato Sinatra told a newspaper woman: "Frank and I are a closed chapter. He wants a new life."

Frank and ex-wife Nancy get along fine. Frank has said: "I love Nancy, but I'm not in love with her."

Without a doubt, the majority of Frank's friends and business associates, admirers and fans, didn't believe the news of the engagement when they first heard it. Among those who were his girl friends, I spoke to a few. I will quote them, but not use their names:

"I didn't expect this. Why, Frank never mentioned her name to me. But if it's what Frank wants—and it must be—I wish him happiness. He deserves it."

**PHOTO CREDITS**

The right girl came along at exactly the right time.

"I don't understand the whole bit. But Juliet must understand him and I have only good wishes for them."

"Don't ask me to explain it. If I could explain it, I might be wearing the ring."

Every former date had only high hopes for Frank. There wasn't any resentment. Juliet wasn't important to them, except that she turned out to be right for Frank.

The afternoon that the engagement news made the headlines, Juliet went alone to soothe a defeated Romeo. She sat in her car in the parking lot near Eddie Goldstone's office. As arranged, Eddie entered Juliet's parked car. They sat in the car for more than half an hour, talking. Juliet didn't want him to take it hard. She tried to ease the situation as much as she could.

Eddie didn't return to his office and he wasn't at his apartment for a day-and-a-half. Then Eddie was back at work with a "business-as-usual" appearance. Eddie's comment to several friends was: "I'm accepting it in a mature way. I had it figured wrong, I'm not the only fellow who made a mistake in love." He is still her manager.

So there we have it: Juliet Prowse—cool, shrewd, independent, kind, confident of her sex appeal and her ability to handle men. She is as provocative as her face. She loves Frank, perhaps since she first met him.

"I guess it all happened." Juliet replied, when asked why she thought she had won him, "because I was always ready to lose him if I had to, no matter how much I loved him. I think that is the sacrifice every woman must be ready and willing to make, if she really loves a man. A woman must learn to wait. The reason Frank and I get along so well is very basic. We just enjoy each other. It's as simple as that."

Frank Sinatra—very talented, very smart, very charming, very moody, becoming more important every day. Frank is a very complex man. He is crowded with people and he is lonely.

"She's the nicest girl I have ever known. She's talented, she's so much fun. I can't resist her. It was when I discovered that I loved being with her that I knew she was the girl I wanted to marry. Because, when you love being with someone, you know that it's not a question any more. And when that happens between a man and a woman, the smartest thing the guy can do is ask her to be his wife."

This is the end of Act Three. Frank and Juliet and the rug are in their proper positions as—The Curtain Falls.

But...

Often good players present afterthoughts. There's the morning after when you remember a comment you heard, a bit you read, an off-beat idea you got.

Frank Sinatra Engaged. Frank, a non-conformist, doing such an old-fashioned conformist thing as being engaged. It went out with high-buttoned shoes. Except for those Society People whose photos are on the Society Page. Did Frank and Nancy announce an engagement? Did Frank and Ava announce an engagement? Did Jack and Jackie announce an engagement? I must look at the clips sometime to find out—maybe they did. Maybe they didn't.

It doesn't really matter.

The fact is, Frank must marry. Look at the script. Look at his life. He's forty-six, a little too old to be carrying on and whooping it up every night. He's an institution, a corporation, a power, a king. He must marry to remain a man, to keep his humanity, to keep from being swallowed up in his own legend. And Juliet may have been the last woman for him.

At forty-six, Frank knows that a love for all women is a love for no woman. And Romeo Sinatra learned the most important lesson of all from his Juliet: True love is not an endless argument (as life with Ava was) nor is it ever outgrown (as it was with Nancy). True love is making a woman happy and her making you happy—for the rest of your lives.

Frank had to marry her or he would have lost her. The rumor was out, she was thinking of marrying Goldstone, and Frank was worried. He knew that if he lost her maybe he'd lose his last chance at love. Yes, Frank had to marry his girl.

I like Frank. I like Juliet. As far as I'm concerned, this year Romeo and Juliet will have to take a back seat to Frank and Juliet. I wish them the best, the very best. The wedding has been announced for June. At this writing, to coin a cliché, all anyone can do is wait. The year and the play belong to Frank and Juliet and they'll do as they please... and that's how it should be.

The End

Frank's films are UA's "Sergeants Three" and Columbia's "Manchurian Candidate."

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ERNE KOVACS

Continued from page 50

Kovacs, master of zany comedy and outlandish vignettes, Milton Berle, Danny Kaye and George Burns, were all at Wilder’s Wilshire Terrace apartment in Beverly Hills that night, the night of Friday, January 12, 1962. There were others, too, like Lucille Ball and her husband Gary Morton; the Dean Martin, Kirk Douglass, actor-producer Martin Gabel and Yves Montand.

Everyone had arrived early—that is, everyone but Ernie Kovacs. He was detained at the studio and showed up late. His wife, Edie Adams, had driven to the party by herself in her white Corvair station wagon. The festivities were in full swing, when the bushy-mustached, heavy-browed Ernie pulled up front in his big Rolls-Royce limousine.

As he walked into the merriment, the guests all at once turned and cheered big, lovable Ernie. He stood at the door a moment, raised his hand to his mouth to remove the ever-present cigar that seemed to be as much a part of his face as his nose, and blew a puff of smoke into the room. His clothes looked damp.

"Greetings, friends," he chortled, "I encountered a bit of dew on the way here."

What Ernie meant was that the weather was miserable. It had been raining continuously and the streets were dangerously slippery.

Ernie’s dark eyes scanned the room until they settled on his tall, blond wife who was on a settle next to Ruth Berle. Ernie, dressed in sports clothes with a jacket whose buttons were made of gold coins, crossed swiftly through the crowd, nodding and saying hello as he went. When he reached Edie, he bent forward to kiss her on the cheek.

The party continued. The midnight hour was soon left behind as the morning of a new day began. It was a few minutes past 1 A.M. when Ernie and Edie decided to leave for home

Ernie, who had been on the highway not long before, knew how slick the rain had made the streets.

"Edie," he said, "you take the Rolls home—I’ll drive the station wagon. You’ll be safer in the big car. It’s awfully bad driving in the mess out there."

Edie consented to the exchange and, after bidding adieu to the other guests, went out to Ernie’s Rolls and drove to their huge $600,000 hilltop mansion in Coldwater Canyon. It was a ten-minute ride through Beverly Hills from the Wilders’ place.

Ernie got behind the wheel of the small station wagon, and took off after his wife, going eastward along Santa Monica Boulevard. Ernie had no qualms about driving a small car, nor had Edie any apprehension in letting him do so when he wanted. Ernie loved small, fast cars—the faster the better.

The Rolls, of course, was his favorite because it represented a status for which Ernie had struggled determinedly through long, rugged years.

Ernie loved status symbols—his Rolls; his big seventeen-room mansion with his special blacktop turntable resembling a railroad roundhouse that whisked visitors’ cars around on the hilly driveway so that they faced the street, his one-dollar stogies—he smoked eighteen to twenty a day and wracked up an annual cigar bill of more than $7,500.

But that was Ernie. Those possessions were symbols of achievement for the comedian-actor who had spanned the divide between a four-dollar-a-week furnished room off Times Square to the fabulous heights of stardom.

Yes, he had made it, and made it in a big way.

And the big way was the way Ernie wanted to live it, now that he had the ways and means to carry it off.

Friendship—a treasured word

But through his rise to fame and riches, Ernie treasured one thing above all—friendships. Few actors knew the meaning of congeniality the way Ernie knew and practiced it. His home was always being visited by the biggest names in show business, people who admired him as a true, loyal, devoted friend.

But Kovacs’s chums were not only “names.” The man in the street regarded Ernie as a friend, too.

For instance, there was Louis Sorgi, the security officer of the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills. He knew Ernie Kovacs for he had seen the comic in the hotel many times. And he liked Ernie Kovacs.

That was why Sorgi could not believe his ears, why he stared incredulously at the young bellhop who ran up to him in the hotel lobby at 1:20 o’clock that dreary, rain-swept morning of January 13th and gasped:

"There’s been an accident down the street on Santa Monica, right near Wilshire Boulevard . . . it’s awful . . . a station wagon wrapped around a pole . . . and . . . it looks like Ernie Kovacs . . . he looks dead . . . I tried to stop cars to get help but nobody would stop . . . we’ve got to get help to him . . .".

Sorgi, trained for emergency situations, responded swiftly despite his instinctive hesitancy to believe the worst for the beloved comedian he had known and liked so well.

While the bellhop phoned police, Sorgi raced out of the hotel to the scene of the accident, about one hundred yards away. As he reached the crash, Sorgi saw that the bellhop had not over-dramatized the tragedy by any means.

The car actually was bent like a boomerang around the thick wooden pole, crushed like an eggshell at the point of impact on the driver’s side. The right side of the car was split apart at the chassis by the force of the collision, and the doors had both sprung open wide. Evidently the car had gone out of control on the slippery road, jumped a curb,
and crashed! Into the pole—broadside.

Sorgi walked to the right of the car and cast a wary eye at the front seat. It was a sight he hoped he wouldn't see. But it was just as he'd been told—Ernie Kovacs was lying there across the seat, his body jammed inside the car, one leg under the seat, the other touching the crushed door on the driver's side. His head was dangling over the seat.

Not more than three feet away, lying in the rain-soaked street, was Ernie's familiar symbol—his cigar.

Within minutes, police cars and an ambulance arrived. The ambulance physician examined the body and shook his head. He confirmed what the bellboy and the security officer had suspected.

"Dead on arrival," the doctor reported to a police official.

A policeman left for the Kovacs home. Before he arrived there, the phone rang. The caller was a reporter who asked where Ernie had been that evening.

"Why?" asked Edie.

"Because he was in an accident," the reporter replied.

"I don't believe it," cried Edie in astonishment. "Why, I just left him. We were at a party at Billy Wilder's place . . ."

The reporter did not tell Edie the terrible news that Ernie was dead. Nor did the policeman who arrived at the house minutes later.

"It's a serious accident," he said. "Very serious . . ."

Edie learned the tragic, heart-rending news from Billy and Audrey Wilder, who came to the house a short while later with Ernie's two closest friends, Jack Lemmon and Buddy Hackett. "I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" Edie wept.

She pleaded to go to the morgue to see, Ernie, but everyone argued against it. Edie insisted but then, overwrought by the magnitude of the tragedy, she collapsed. The family physician gave her a sedative to ease her pain and put her to sleep.

Lemmon himself went to the Los Angeles County Morgue several hours later to make a positive identification of his friend. The coroner reported that Ernie suffered a fractured skull and ribs, a ruptured aorta—the large arterial trunk in the heart—and other injuries. Death was instantaneous—mercifully, he had died without suffering. The one, only blessing.

A gentle, quiet man

Ernie Kovacs, the gentle, quiet man whose own brand of unique humor and antics had amused and delighted millions of fans, was dead. And now the laughter had turned to tears.

When Edie awoke, she hardly noticed the bright morning sun of the new day. As she sat in tearful mourning, her thoughts certainly were filled with the burning memories of her big, good-natured husband with whom she had shared life since they were married in Mexico in 1954.

Together they had lived in happiness beyond anything either had known before. Together they had become parents of a daughter, Mia Susan, now two; together they shared the joys of raising the daughters of Ernie's first marriage, Betty, fifteen, and Kippie, thirteen. Now Edie thought about the older girls; she had to be the one to tell them their daddy would not be with them anymore. Ernie's mother was there, too. She was fast asleep when the tragedy happened . . . but she knew about it now.

How empty Edie's world. How far it must have been from the sumptuous seventeen-room Central Park West apartment in New York in which Ernie and Edie had lived in those early days when Edie was a singer and comedienne who had just made a hit appearance on Arthur Godfrey's televised "Talent Scouts" show.

Could Edie forget the nights Ernie sat up creating routines—routines for Edie whom she put on his zany TV show? And could she forget that while she slept, Ernie toiled over the script until finally she would waken and see Ernie gazing down at her with his whimsical smile and furrowed forehead.

"You lie around in bed all morning until 6:30 before you stir," he would chide her. Could Edie ever forget those moments?

Ernie and Edie were inseparable and their life together was a reflection of a joyful merry-go-round which brought them a new brass ring of happiness each day. "I never want to leave home," Ernie had told an interviewer not many days previously, "I never want to leave my wife, my kids, I love my home."

But even more recently, only the night before at the party, Edie herself had overheard Ernie talking with Jeanne Martin, Dean's wife.

"I'm going to live forever and maybe beyond," he said. "I've found the secret

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Edie had heard the story a hundred times if she heard it once, and now in her grief as she mourned Ernie’s death she couldn’t help but recall how he laughed whenever he retold it:

“I was so broke I had to settle for the charity ward at the hospital. It looked after a while that I would be a permanent resident. For a year and a half I had a temperature of 102.”

“I watched other patients die of the same ailment. They got thinner and thinner until they just died. I wasn’t going to let it happen to me. I ate everything.”

“I finally decided the treatment was worse than the illness and walked out. The doctors said I wouldn’t live three months. They’re still kinda angry because I didn’t die up to their predictions.”

His mother, Mary, nursed Ernie back to health with home cooking and he went on—in spite of the prophecy—to a successful career as a disc jockey for radio stations in Trenton and Philadelphia. In 1948, he became a special events director of WTTM in Trenton and also wrote a newspaper column for the Trentonian.

Even then he was zany. He broadcast from dirigibles, planes, boats, moving cranes—everywhere, it seemed, except the radio studio. But his perpetual cigar, his black mustache, his leering smile and his special brand of humor which some critics believe was ahead of its time, brought Ernie a television assignment in Philadelphia and, in 1952, in New York.

The next ten years are the story of a Horatio Alger climb to success—on the “Tonight” show on NBC, before Jack Paar took it over; then other programs of his own which earned him the reputation as one of TV’s most inventive comics.

Edie remembered those moments now in her hour of sorrow for she was a part of them, a part of those devil-may-care moments when Ernie would let the camera move in on his nose for a full minute’s close-up of a twitching Kovacs nostril.

Even Edie had trouble sometimes figuring out Ernie’s brand of humor. It was improbable and illogical—but funny. And while Ernie went on to greater fame in TV, not only as a funnyman but a director and producer, Edie made her own mark on the Broadway stage.

Edie also shared Ernie’s great moment when Hollywood beckoned.

Through several pictures, Columbia typed Edie as a comic villain, usually a stiff army captain. But he fought typecasting, especially fat captains. So he went on a vigorous diet.

“I lost forty pounds for ‘Our Man in Havana.’ Ernie said not long ago, “It showed I can play thin captains, too.”

But Ernie’s zest for good food always gave him trouble at the scales. He was a big man to begin with six feet two and a hundred twenty pounds plus. And his love for good food was never better illustrated than when he hired a cook at a salary of $1,000 a month.

“She is so great that I eat home every night now,” he would say. “I’m afraid if I don’t that I’ll miss something.”

Indeed, Ernie did not want to miss much. He enjoyed life, lived it to the hilt. He never regarded his present for good living by having only the best of everything—whether or not he really could afford it. The house cost Ernie only $100,000 when he bought it, but his mania for the ultimate in lavish living resulted in expenditures of $500,000 to provide the things he wanted.

His den was uniquely Ernie Kovacs in taste and decor—there were rows and rows of rare wines and liquors, a sprawling library of fine books, a suit of armor once worn by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a silent movie, a brass leopard from India and many other fine and expensive objects. The most remarkable was an artificial waterfall in a rusted setting.

Above all, Ernie’s greatest dedication was to Edie and the children. He loved them and they enjoyed life in a manner that was rare in Hollywood—they enjoyed it together.

Hollywood and the world have been saddened by the shocking death of Ernie Kovacs, and he will be missed greatly. But no heart is filled so heavily with grief as is Edie’s, for only she can know the utter desolation of having lost the only man in her life.

Perhaps in her suffering and complete prostration in the hours after Ernie’s simple funeral, Edie may have thought what might have happened if she had not traded cars with Ernie that night. Fate already had played a hand for Yves Montand, as it was learned later. On the way out from the party, Ernie had offered to give Yves a lift home. But he had already accepted a ride with Milton and Ruth Berle.

To Ernie, every minute of his life since his close call with death in 1939 was a gift. “After what happened to me, I figure I’m living on velvet,” he would say.

We hope Edie will find solace in her great bereavement in knowing that Ernie Kovacs will not be forgotten by those who knew him. They will remember him for the gentle, thoughtful person, brilliant performer, good husband and loving parent that he was... Ernie, farewell.

—George Camber

* This picture was taken seconds after Ernie Kovacs’ fatal smash-up. “If only I’d been with him,” a grief-stricken Edie Adams sobbed, “it might not have happened.”
home and take good care of Todd now.

FRED: How do they get along together?

DEBBIE: Oh, terrific! She's older. You know, Carrie is five; she's the little girl. And Todd is three-and-a-half. So she's sort of the motherly type, and she takes care of him. They get along perfectly.

FRED: Is there any competition between them at all?

DEBBIE: No, because ever since Toddie was first born, I always had Carrie help me with Todd, so she never had any kind of a jealous situation. Maybe the first two or three months, but after that, when she would help me feed him and help me take care of him and love him and rock him and all of that, why there never has been a problem. I don't think there ever will be. They're very close. Todd is very tall, Carrie is a little short—everybody thinks they're twins.

FRED: What are some of the things that Carrie says about her little brother?

DEBBIE: Oh, she just introduces him around: "This is my little brother, Todd. I'm his sister Carrie. I'm five and he's three." You know, she goes through the whole autobiography—how old they are, what they like to wear. Oh, she just loves him, and she kisses him when he's asleep, and she takes him for walks—and she's a little mother, and he's strictly boy, you know. He puts up with her mothering him now, because he's very young, but he doesn't like the way she throws a baseball at all, he thinks that she's a real feminine nothing; and she thinks he's not too good with dolls, so that's all right. It goes both ways. He loves her, too. For little kids, for their ages, they get along beautifully.

FRED: Have your children ever seen you in pictures or on television?

DEBBIE: One time my mother took Carrie to see "The Mating Game," which was a couple of years ago—here—as a matter of fact. We were in New York and my mother didn't have anything to do one afternoon, so she took Carrie to see the movie. Well, in the movie I fall out of a hayloft onto a haystack. Well! Carrie let out such a yell, the whole theater heard her: "Mommie! You fell down! Mommie's hurt! Mommie's hurt! Get her out of the hay!" And she got so upset that my mother took her out, and we decided that probably it was the best thing that they didn't see me that day, because they really cannot understand how I got up there, and why can't I get down, and why can't I sit beside them. They can't understand the image. Like, I was in Miami last week at the game down there—the football game—and I was at half-time with this little girl from the March of Dimes, and I told the children: "Now, Mommie'll be on at half-time, so watch me in California," which they did. And then I phoned Carrie a
couple of hours later—and asked: "Did you see Mommie?" And so she said: "Yes, but how do you get out of that box?" They think I'm in the TV box permanently, because you know, the bed inside it. She also wanted to know why I was with another little girl. She was not too happy about me being with another little girl.

FRED: Actually, then, they're a little too young to understand what it means for their mommies to be in motion pictures or on television. How will you explain it to them?

DEBBIE: Well, they know that Debbie Reynolds is my working name. They go to the studio with me every so often. I don't make it a practice, because I don't think it's healthy for them to be there—the sound stages you know are inside, and I like the children to be out in the fresh air. And they understand all about my professional life, but they don't understand that the big figure up there on the screen. But they understand that I'm Debbie Reynolds—that's my working name. And at home I'm Mommie and Mrs. Karl, and my mommies—my real mommies—calls me Mary Frances, which is my real name, and my brother calls me Frannie. My little girl's always kidding me, because she's got it so easy, and I have to work, how come you have so many names?"

FRED: Who's taking care of them now?

DEBBIE: Oh, they're at home with the nurse, who's a wonderful woman. But my mother's there every day. She always goes to see them, or they spend Saturday and Sunday with Mother, driving her crazy. They love to go to Mother's house, because they have a whole room of their own, a little street, but there are more children on the street where my mother lives, and they walk up and down, they run up and down the sidewalk, you know. It's more family-like where my mother lives.

FRED: What do the kids do around the house, Deb?

DEBBIE: Oh, get into all sorts of trouble. Well, no, they are just like any other two children: they just play and they color and they like to draw. And they love music, so Rudy, my accompanist, plays for them, and every day we put on a show, you know. Carrie says "Oh, it's my turn." Then Rudy plays da-da-da-da-da-da, so Carrie comes out, and then she sings a song like "Jingle Bells." And then Todd comes out, and he just takes a bow. He won't do anything; he just takes a bow. You have to applaud for nothing. And they have a lot of fun, just like two normal children.

FRED: Is there going to be a problem raising the children in the limelight? What kind of problem does that present?

DEBBIE: No, I don't think there will be any problem, because people fuss over them like, "Oh, Carrie, you're so cute." And then she goes home and looks in the mirror, and she says, "Oh, I'm so cute." So then I have to spend about an hour saying, "Well, if you're not nice inside, you're never cute; and the only reason they say you're cute is because you have a sweet smile and you're sweet inside. And that's the reason; and if you ever change and you stop being a nice girl, they'll say, "Oh, isn't she unattractive." But I don't have a lot of problems because I don't take the children anywhere. They stay at home. We live a very normal—probably people would say dull—life. I think it's not, but that's my opinion. Naturally, when I go shopping, or sometimes when I take them to Disneyland or something like that, I do have a problem because of me. So I can never go alone; I always have to take a nurse, or my mother, or some girl friend who can go ahead and take the children on the rides; and I'll sign the autographs later. It may sound that I'm trying to keep the children away from that, I can't take them to a circus because they can't enjoy it like normal children. So I won't go. I hate to stay home, but that's something you just have to learn to accept. It's difficult, but the children understand. I always make up an excuse, like I have to go to work, or I have to go to an engagement. I would like to be with them, but that's one of the penalties of show business.

FRED: Deb, you've done a remarkable job with your children. And how beautifully you've come through the crisis in your life! And I want to ask you what reflections you have on this period of life? What did it do to your philosophy of life, for example?

DEBBIE: Well, naturally, anybody who has problems reaches a rather stale point, a point where you think you can't really think, and you feel that you can't do anything right, and the things you want to do you shouldn't do. So you have to think ahead. You have to think, "Well, what would I do if I just came home?" or, "What would I do if I went out today?" And also, it depends on what type of a person you are, I happen to be quite religious, and I happen to have a lot of faith. Whatever faith you are, that's the right one as long as you have some faith. So whenever you do meet a problem, if you meet it with faith in your heart and the right kind of an attitude and you have compassion for others instead of wanting to be evil, you won't get stuck over a bump, somebody, you'll get through. You have to treat the whole situation, not as if it were happening to you, but as if the situation were turned around. You have to be very compassionate and kind and very forgiving. It's the most difficult thing to do, of course. You have to—well, I would always ask, "What would God do?" How would He think? Then people will say, "Well, that's a little corny, Debbie." Well, that's the way I believe, and so that, when you ask me that question, that's the answer that I give you. And that's what carried me through my particular problems. And everybody has problems, and everybody has much worse problems than you do. Also, you have to be able to laugh a little bit. You know, it's almost a problem; that man may not have any legs; or that little girl may have a bad heart, or may have rheumatic fever, may have muscular dystrophy, may be a mentally disturbed child. I mean, every problem is bigger than your own, so that's the way you have to think.

And I feel that if you really have faith in your heart, and you live the right kind of a life, and you live by the Ten Commandments, and you live your life as you would want others to live for you and you treat others as you would want them to treat you, that you will find happiness. And, as you can see, what I'm saying is true, because I have found great happiness in my life today, more than I ever had before, more than I know it exist. And I never dreamt that possible. I mean, if you'd said that to me two years ago, I would've said, "Well, Freddie, I'll never remarry; I'll never be happy again as far as being married is concerned." And yet, look at all I have; look at the wonderful joy and happiness that I have in my life today. It may not be for a while, but you have to look ahead, and you have to have great faith. And if you do, and if you have that, then everything will work out.

FRED: Do you feel that that experience in your life made a woman of you? Would you say that? Would you say every girl needs something in her life, some kind of a heartbreak, or a love affair, or perhaps the death of a parent or some kind of crisis in her life to make her finally grow into womanhood?

DEBBIE: No, I don't feel that. I feel that perhaps it might make you mature more quickly, but there are a lot of young women who never have to have a dramatic happening in their lives to make them mature. They are just more mature than other girls. I happen to have been a very young girl, and probably very immature. And so, by having a problem, it increased my maturity much more quickly than I believe it would've happened. By having a problem, I had to assume a lot of responsibilities and unhappiness that I had never thought possible and that I thought I would never have to. I did mature me very quickly; and I don't say that's the right way. In fact, I don't think it is the right way, because you have to grow up too fast, and for a while you go through a rather bitter period and an unhappy period and you have nothing to look forward to. But I don't say that you have to have an unhappiness in your life to make you mature. It's not true. You simply have to have the right kind of a heart, you have to have the right kind of thinking and you have to be intelligent, that's all.

It did help me. And it helped me, in many ways now, to recognize great happiness. Sometimes it's very good when you experience an unhappiness, because then you have something to cling to. You know, you've got the whole more you are able to taste the sweetness of it, whereas before you would never have fully appreciated the kind of happiness that you do have. You probably would never have recognized that particular man, because maybe he wouldn't have been as attractive, not your dreamboat; but instead, you now see qualities that you never before recognized. And that comes through maturity and experience.

FRED: Would you say that the worst part of this whole experience was the fact that it was all in the glare of publicity? Would it have been easier to live through if you were a private person?

DEBBIE: I do feel that if you are in the limelight, it makes it more difficult. Naturally, it's very hard when you read all your personal feelings and all the social happenings in your life in big red print and black print. Naturally, it's much easier if the individuals involved can sit down and say—maybe they can't
talk, maybe they're too emotionally involved—but they can sit down with another individual that's not closely involved, so they're not emotional about it, and the problems can be solved—and quietly and respectfully and with great dignity. And, unfortunately, when things are picked up by the press, and if they're carried away and if they become very nationwide and they sell papers or they sell magazines and such, there's nothing you can do, and it's carried out of your hands. It's very difficult, and it's very sad and it's miserable—to say the least. I guess that's the penalty of being in the business: It makes everything difficult.

FRED: Do you ever really get used to living in that glare?

DEBBIE: Oh, yes. I mean, there's so many wonderful advantages of show business—there are more advantages than disadvantages. Or why would we be here, Freddie? You're in show business, too. I love show business, and I enjoy my work. The hardest thing is the non-privacy of the business, and not being upset by the fact that everybody knows everything you're doing. If they didn't, you wouldn't be working; because obviously, they wouldn't go to see you, they wouldn't turn you on—they couldn't care about you. But, now, it's a wonderful feeling inside to know that a lot of people really like you and enjoy you and are concerned about you. And I find that very warming—I find it rewarding and warming and comforting and I feel very fortunate, and it's very lucky to have that. I've made a lot of wonderful friends—not all in show business. I mean, a lot of people whom I've met from being in show business whom I never would've met otherwise because I wouldn't have traveled, or I wouldn't have had the opportunity to meet these people.

So I say that show business is a wonderful, wonderful business—and especially for a girl. I never, in my wildest dreams, thought that I would go to Europe or Mexico, or travel all around the world, or meet kings and queens, and have a lovely car and a lovely home and clothes, that I could just walk in and buy a dress. I never would have done that. I never would have had a dress. My mother had built my clothes. There's nothing wrong in being poor. We were not poor, but we certainly couldn't walk in a store and buy a dress. I never had a store-bought dress until I came into the movies. And my first dress that was ever purchased was eight dollars. To me eight dollars might as well have been eight hundred.

FRED: One of the great things about you, is the fact that you've always retained that wonderful small-town quality, which is so endearing, along with great fame and wealth and prominence and success. And I adore it, and I think it's a wonderful quality to always have. I'm glad that you kept it.

DEBBIE: There are many people who haven't had a lot of material things, and suddenly, they are able to have a lot of things they've always dreamed of. Now, a lot of these people get things and they don't appreciate them. You know, they say: "Well, I should have it. I deserve it." Well, that's not the right attitude. How beautiful it is to be able to have something and appreciate it; because
FRED: Does Eddie write to the kids?
DEBBIE: Yes, he does, from Rome. I mean, he writes a little letter and I read it to them, and they send him pictures. You know, I take pictures with my little Brownie, "cause I'm a terrible camera-woman. All I can do is push a button, and that's all. If I have to focus in the distance, I'm dead. So I push a button, and I get darling pictures. Oh, no, Eddie is always kept very well aware. I've always. I firmly believe that if you're going to be a parent, you must be a good parent for both. And the children love their father—I see to that. They, God bless 'em, say the prayers for him, and they're very well aware of their father—and always will be, because if they don't have respect for their father, how will they be able to be good parents?

FRED: You know what's a good idea?

DEBBIE: What do I do with my kids—we exchange tapes back and forth, they have their own little tape recorder, and I have the same one—and we send tapes back and forth like letters.

DEBBIE: That's a cute idea. Maybe I'll do that. I certainly have enough tape. I'll tell you.

FRED: Debbie, what an inspiration you should be for people all over America! People who have to live in the same surface-on the screen or on television—and they don't know what depths this little person has inside her.

DEBBIE: Oh, well, I think that they couldn't possibly know you intimately; they only know you as the character on the screen; so naturally they don't know you personally. I do feel that the people who are my fans, or enjoy me or like my work, do know me. I feel that they are my friends.

FRED: The mail that you've gotten during this period, huh?

DEBBIE: Yes, it was—it was tremendous. But it was very rewarding, and it comforted me a great deal.

FRED: Do Carrie and Todd ever see Harry's kids?

DEBBIE: Oh, no, because his children are a bit older, you know, ten and eleven. But they talk on the phone; they like each other very much.

FRED: Hey, I keep reading in magazines that you're going to have another baby.

DEBBIE: Oh, really?

FRED: Yeah. I think you ought to straighten us out on that.

DEBBIE: (laughs) Well, I'm not going to, nor will I say anything soon—that I know of! (laughs)

FRED: But there will be some additions eventually, you hope, huh?

DEBBIE: Oh, we hope so. I hope so. We want to—I'd like have two or three children. I have two, so I have two to go.

FRED: How do you look at your career at this point, Deb? How do you consider it? What part of your life does it play now?

DEBBIE: Well, it's always played a secondary part since I was first married. My career works around my children and my husband. Whenever I can work. I do. But if the children have something to do, or if Harry's going to be out of town, if he has to go on a trip, well then naturally I'm not going to work, I'm going to go with him. I worked a lot last year—much too much. I worked eight months, every day, from four o'clock in the morning till about seven at night. You know, just so mad, just so frantic. And this year I'm going to make one picture, that's all, just one. And the one that we do—we just bought a house, and we're furnishing it, and it's very exciting for me and it's great fun for me. And my career is fun now for me. Well, it was always fun for me, Freddie—it never mattered to me, it was never life or death with me. My career was always a matter of having fun. I didn't care. I paid my bills and I lived. And I would never have done it, no matter what money it brought me, or what fame or whatever it did bring me. I would never have done it had I not liked it.

But I love to work. I enjoy it, and I especially love comedy. You know I love that. That's my first love, to be a good comedienne; that's what I work at doing. I knew, I always considered me a good comedienne, or a comedienne—you know, they consider me an ingenue, which I don't consider myself any more—and I hope soon to prove that to everybody—that I'm a comedienne. I think that the main point in my career now is to prove that I can do comedy as well as anybody else; and in fact, sometimes, for most people, a lot better than some entertainers.

FRED: What does money mean to you?

DEBBIE: Well, money buys tuna fish, money buys chocolate cake, and money buys chocolate ice cream, and it buys a steak once in a while and a little roast beef—and that's all. Money is a means to an end. Money you have to have; you have to eat. And it's not good to walk around stark naked, you know; you have to have a roof over your head. Well, that costs money. And if you have a nice little car, or a little car—I used to have a '32 Chevy, never ran, you know, made all the noise in the world, sounded like an old truck—that costs money. A little money, but still money. Money, to me, is important because it's necessary. But a lot of money is simply a luxury and a great change in life, as long as you don't abuse it and as long as you don't become grasping and greedy, which I am not with money. I enjoy it. I don't. I'm rather thrifty, you know. You've known me for a long time. I'm conservative. I'm not a spendthrift, and I never will be. No matter how much money I might ever have, or how little, I would still not spend a lot of money. It's just as well. I have to go to the sales: I go to the market where they're having specials on chicken, and all that. That's just my nature.

FRED: What do you want for yourself?

DEBBIE: What do I want for myself?

FRED: Well, now, that's a very unusual question. I really don't know exactly what you mean by that. Help me out?

FRED: What dreams are there unfilled for you?

DEBBIE: Absolutely none. I have more than I ever dreamed of in life. Everything that I did dream about when I was a kid was a silk blouse or a nice pair of shoes or a steak—a big steak—or a new car or a mink stole or a diamond ring. All my dreams are true. I have two beautiful children, and they're so cute. I have
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FRED: Of course, I have a wonderful husband. I have a lovely home; I have work that I enjoy; my mother and father are healthy and adorable, and I love them very much. I have a sweet brother and Harry's family is very wonderful, and we all get along. Now, what more in life could a girl want? Of course, I have a lot of things that I want to do. I mean, they are not dreams of mine; they are ambitions of mine as a woman—or, like you, being a man. I want to learn FRED: I'd love to learn, FRED: I'd love to learn. I'd love to learn the piano, I'd like to go to cooking school—as funny as that sounds. Those things I'd like to do to improve myself. I don't consider that a dream; however, I consider that to be educational. I'm studying a lot about art because I have a lot of art appreciation, shall we say, in me, you know. I would like to start collecting art and pictures and so forth, and naturally I don't know anything about it, and so I'm starting to read and study. And I want to go to college. I want to take a class in college, mind you. I don't want to go to college, because I was lucky to get to high school, much less go to college. I was an A student, but I never had the opportunity to go to college. I'd like to take a Lyric class. I love to write lyrics.

FRED: What do you think of the twist? DEBBIE: Oh, I think it's fun. I think it gets rid of all your inhibitions. Now, for instance, there's a lot of people very nervous all day—work, all tied up, tension, can't express themselves. Maybe they're inhibited or very shy or—certainly not exhibitionists. But it's absolutely amazing that anybody can get everybody up and does the twist, and they get rid of all their mad at the boss, or the boss gets rid of all his mad at the employees, and they just have a marvelous time.

FRED: Deb, I think the young mothers of America would like to have some advice about raising children from one of the most adorable and one of the most resilient mothers of America.

DEBBIE: Raising children? Well, I feel that there's only one back in this fast lane we were living in. We don't know if we will be with our children. Will they live till tomorrow? Will we live till tomorrow? So it's a very frightening age that we're living in, and I feel that we have drawn away from our religions too much. I feel that we should give our children a very fine religious background, so that they have respect for the law, so that they can respect another's life, know such intense fear that they can't seek love of some kind. You see, if they love God and they have their own religion and a great faith and peace within them, then no matter what may happen around them, they can find some serenity of some sort, some peace of mind, some little hope—because they will believe. But we have to teach them that. My mother and father taught me that, and I hope to teach Carrie and Todd that. That's what I would like to transmit to the children. Because had I not had that upbringing, I would not have the happiness that I have today. Because if we're not happy inside we can't possibly give anybody else happiness, nor can we be truly, truly happy. The Exo

Debbie's in M-G-M's "How The West Was Won," and "My Six Loves." Par.
Off to a great start

Ashley got the surprise of his life that Friday. No one had told him Debbie has red hair. "And I don't flip for redheads," he said. "I don't know why—I just don't."

To top it off, Debbie was wearing a green (his least favorite color!) coat.

"I hope you're John Ashley," she said politely. "I really didn't know what you looked like."

Shaken somewhat by the very words he had spoken to himself about her, he nonchalantly asked, "Where would you like to have dinner?"

"Any place you choose is all right with me."

"Isn't there some particular?"

"No, it doesn't matter."

"Would you rather eat first and then go to a movie?"

"Whatever you say."

"Are you hungry?"

"I can wait if you prefer."

"Any movie in mind?"

"Anything you like."

"Nothing special?"

"Nothing special."

Today Ashley laughs as he recalls that first brilliant dialogue. "And if there's anything I hate," he points out, "it's a girl insisting I make all the decisions on a first date.

John and Debbie went to a theater that was showing "Bridge To The Sun." The usher told them it would be over in a little while.

"Shall we wait in the lounge?"

"If you like," Debbie replied.

Ashley shrugged. They sat down in the lounge.

"You know," Ashley recalls, "I was angry and I didn't know why. But when we sat down, Debbie sat very close. I turned and studied her. For the first time I realized how pretty she was, and how beautifully groomed. I noticed how her eyes sparkled, and how quietly she said— as if she was waiting for me to say something. I forgot about being angry. I didn't remember what I said. But when I started talking, it was as though I'd never talked to a girl before. We discussed dating, childhood experiences and careers, plays, sports car racing—everything."

An usher walked by them.

"Say, man," Ashley asked, "picture over yet?"

The usher looked at his watch. "About half an hour ago," he said.

"I looked at Debbie. She laughed. I laughed, too. We sat through the whole feature in the lounge."

"We went back to talking and almost missed the beginning of the picture a second time."

"When we came out Debbie was dabbing her eyes. 'You cry in the movies?' I asked."

"'All the time,' she smiled."

"We went to La Scala, a popular Italian restaurant in Beverly Hills."

"You eat that food like a full-blooded Italian," Debbie said as we grappled with the spaghetti.

"'Well,' I said, 'I'm pretty sure I am.'"

"She stopped eating, puzzled by my reply.

"'Then she laughed. 'For gosh sakes, don't you know who your own parents are?'

"'No,' I said, 'only that they were Italian. I'm adopted.'"

"'Oh,' she said, 'I thought you were joking. . . .' She took my hand. 'Johnny, I'm sorry, it was so stupid. . . .'

She took my hand.

"I didn't hear anything else she said. She had taken my hand! It was the first time she'd touched me, and there was so much voltage I thought I was going to light up!"

"They talked on and on. It was nearly 2 A.M., when they came up for air and Debbie looked around."

"We were one of three couples left in the restaurant," Ashley remembers. "In one of them Marlon Brando was sitting with Tarita—tossing grapes in her mouth across the table. In another booth, Jane Fonda was earnestly talking to her date. I didn't know till later that they were the first movie stars Debbie had seen in public in her six weeks in Hollywood."

"After dinner we went to Debbie's apartment. We talked and played a few records. That was when another strange
thing happened to me. You know, Debbie is a very sexy-looking girl. She's got a great figure, face and personality. And there we were, all alone in her apartment. What a set-up for a pass! And I sure wanted to make one. But I didn't. I didn't even kiss her goodnight.

"For two reasons," he continued. "First, I realized it had been the happiest day of my life. Second, to go wolf would have spoiled everything. I wanted to remember that night the rest of my life."

"When I said goodnight, Debbie looked at me for a long moment. Then she said, very quietly, 'Thank you, Johnny. Goodnight.'"

"I have that memory now. So does Debbie. No one, nothing, can ever change it as long as we live."

Despite the heady happiness of that first date, they had no problems in the weeks that followed. In John's presence, Debbie was a vivacious, spontaneous charmer. But he soon discovered that she was reluctant to show these qualities to others. He also learned that she disliked crowds and big parties. When he asked why, she said, "I just don't like mobs."

"I'll fix that," he promised.

"At our first party," John remembers, "Debbie was a recluse. She sat in a chair by herself for the whole evening. She didn't talk, she snored and looked very attractive. But it was a party. You swing a little at parties when you're surrounded by your friends. I didn't dig Debbie that night at all."

On the way home he blew his switch. "Look," he said, "those were my friends you froze tonight. Good friends. What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know," Debbie said, "I just can't do it that way."

"Turn yourself on, girl!"

"Okay," said Ashley, "we're going to change all that. Because those people are going to remain my friends. You can't hide out in a chair. I'm not going to let you. I'm telling you now—the next party we go to, I'm going to leave you. I'm going to ignore you. I won't even speak to you. And don't come after me. You're a beautiful girl; you've got everything. You're going to turn yourself on if it takes ten parties. And we're going to stay to the very end of every one."

A few nights later Debbie and John attended a party at Doug McChure's.

"From the word go," Ashley said, "Debbie really turned herself on. An hour later she was the life of the party. I was proud of her. I walked up and said, 'Honey, you're marvelous.' And you know what she said? She looked right through me. Wouldn't talk to me all evening!"

"It wasn't long after that, while driving her home one night, I told Debbie I loved her. It was the biggest moment of my life, and the first time I'd ever been afraid—afraid that she didn't feel the same way about me.

"But when I took her in my arms I knew it was all right. When I remember how she whispered, 'I love you too,' I still get dizzy. I guess I'm the luckiest guy that ever lived. I know every man feels that way when the girl he loves loves him—but it's still as though it had happened to me, only to me.

"But it was when I had to go to New York for ten days on business that I really discovered how much I really loved her. That's when not being near her drove me crazy. Her voice on the phone was so far away. And the more she told me to be patient, the more impatient I became."

Ashley shook his head. "And the letters she wrote. Beautiful, wonderful words of love that couldn't seem to stop. Not wild letters, but full of warmth and happiness. So alive with feeling that sometimes I'd think I could hear her voice saying the words. As much as I loved her, I didn't realize how deep and tender were the yearning in her heart until she wrote them on paper. She held nothing back."

"My letters? You know the best I could get off, don't you? They began 'Hi, labe. Sure is cold here in New York, I miss you.'"

"That's pretty potent stuff from a guy in love, don't you think?"

"Since his return to Hollywood, John and Debbie are inseparable. They scheme and connive to see each other every day."

I asked Ashley if the Ashley-Walley romance might not be so hot it would have to cool down.

It's sex plus . . .

"It might," he said, "if I felt the same way about Debbie as I've felt about some other girls. Don't misunderstand—she's a beautiful girl, so it can hardly help be a physical attraction in part. But it's not just sex. It's like this: The other night we were walking home from the movies and acting like a couple of kids, Debbie balancing along a low fence like a child on the way home from school."

"Suddenly she jumped down and said, 'You know where I'd like to be right now? This minute? In New York walking along Times Square with you in the snow. I'd show you all the different kinds of snowflakes there are and I'd let them fall on my hair and eyelashes the way I did when I was a little girl! And I'd run up to perfect strangers and say I'm in love, I'm in love, and this is the man!'"

"Then she put her arms around me and cried out of pure joy. And you know what I think? Any man who can make a woman that happy would be a fool to ever let go.

"So sex isn't everything," he said, "and I'm glad it's not. Because what I've learned from Debbie—a man can fall in love without even trying—once he's looked into her heart."

Ashley swallowed the last of his drink. He was through talking, too. Until he remembered one more thing.

He gave me a funny, quizzical sort of look—then came out with it.

"But there's one strange thing that's happened to me," he said. "Since I asked Debbie to marry me—I just don't seem to like crowds any more."

—TONY WALL

Debbie's in Buena Vista's "Bon Voyage," John appears weekly on ABC-TV's "Straightaway," Wed., & P.M. EST.
Social Registerite and his wife—or someone else's wife—garbed in a shimmering lamé evening gown.

What power does the twist have to bring these people from worlds apart under the same roof to dance this violent, back-breaking sole seizure?

Perhaps the answer should be left to the psycho-sociologists. As yet, they have not completed all the depth surveys and random samplings. But many experts who have already spoken say that the twist is a sign of the times—an explosion of freedom from the same emotional ammunitions dump which let loose the Charleston in the Roaring Twenties, the big apple in the Thirties, jitterbugging in the Forties, and rock 'n' roll in the Fifties. Some high priests of mass psychology who've watched the wild gyrations of the twist have discovered trends, bogyemen, hysteria, mass neurosis, and the leering specter of degradation under the nation's bed.

But don't forget that in the past, every generation was criticized for something. Can't you imagine a Grand Dame almost swooning at the revolutionairy dance of her day—the minuet?

Significantly, the squares of any generation were never taken seriously before.

Should they now?

The Charleston, the big apple, jitterbugging, and even rock 'n' roll failed to topple the pillars of the republic. What makes anyone think the twist is any more or less potent than its predecessors?

The wild wiggle is really wild, but it is not going to be the final catapult which will send us all careening into destruction. If anything, it has been a shot in the arm for the nation's dancehalls, night clubs, bands, combos and the manufacturers who've made special girdles for twisters, special dresses and slacks with fringes, twist toys, dolls, and even shoes!

The platter industry is waxing—like crazy—every song that's written on the twist. Roulette Records rushed a Count Basie arrangement of "The Basic Twist" into production so quickly that two days after the time it was cut it was in the hands of the deejays, and two days later it was selling over the counter. The initial sales topped 15,000; after two weeks, sales hit more than 250,000. Roulette had its eye on an eventual 2,000,000 sale that would make it a gold disc twice over.

The twist craze is already gone Hollywood. Three films went into instant production. Paramount beat out the pack by shooting "Hey, Let's Twist" on a fast schedule and low budget, right at the scene of the mania—the Peppermint Lounge. The film was out Christmas Week. It starred Joey Dee and his Starlites, who helped put the PL on the map. . .  Columbia's "Twist Around the Clock" starred the "King of Twist"—Chuckie Checker—who may or may not have started it all.

Louis Prima produced the third, "Doin' the Twist."

Midst all the hullaballoo, there's a simmering feud about who did start it—Chubby Checker, Hank Ballard or Fats Domino. Time is with Ballard. He wrote the song called "The Twist" and recorded it—actually a number of years ago—as a rock 'n' roll number. But it didn't really get off the ground until Chubby took hold, in the summer of 1960, and made his own record of it. He also did the dance named after the song. Fats Domino also whipped his roly-poly body into the frenzy of the twist and made like a real cat to convert a huge flock of the unininitiated to this craze.

**Blame it on the Madison**

Beneath it all, everyone is pretty well agreed that the dance is derived from one called the Madison, which was popular with teenagers in the Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington areas. It first achieved recognition about two years ago.

And match, the teenagers discovered it.

But some folks claim the twist is hardly a twist at all. The Madison party-giver, says, "I remember dancing to a similar rhythm in the 1920's in Paris. The French imported it from Africa, but goodness knows how it came here so late. I hear people saying it is sexy, but of course it isn't. It's too tiring to be sexy."

Miss Maxwell should know whereof she speaks. Not long after the Peppermint Lounge became the place, Elsa materialized on the dance floor and, as one observer noted, "performed something that somebody identified as something rather resembling the twist."

Bandleader Vincent Lopez sides with those who believe the Madison is the twist's prototype, but even he finds room for some doubt. "The twist," says Lopez, "is a mixture of the shimmy, the hula, Charleston and rock 'n' roll. It is totally homemade and the twist is a trap. Actually it goes back to the shimmy." He agrees with Arthur Murray.

But flame-haired singer Glory Kennedy, who has done an album of Civil War songs, says the twist dates back to Abe Lincoln's time. One of the numbers she did in the album, "Cannonball Twirl," is an "instrumental twist," according to Glory. In fact her record company is so sure that they've released the platter as a single, in hopes it would ride the crest of the mania.

A clinical psychologist, Dr. Albert Ellis, has taken the twist even farther back in time. He says: . . . the twist is a return to original African ceremonial dances. If it is, the Africans want no part of it—or rock 'n' roll for that matter." The Ghanaian Times in Ghana, commenting about some "shimmy" seen in the city of Accra, declared, "It is peculiar. It is outlandish; it is voluptuous; it is weird withal. It is even against our culture. The masses like the sensational, we admit. But we should be alert enough to stop the sway of the lewd over our society."

How about that, daddy-o?

Dr. Ellis also found the music is "monotonous, pounding and frenzied." He claims "I know they think dancing school would lose their shirts. The basic step is too simple. Maybe they'll add new steps to it and evolve something entirely new."

Not so reasoned Fred Astaire, turning thumbs down on his chain of dance studios around the country. "As far as we're concerned, the twist is just a body gyration with no set technique to be taught."

"I don't think much of it either," said Arthur Murray. But his studios went right ahead and offered lessons.

All this incredible popularity is owing to society columnist, Igor Cassini, who wrote "Chubby Knickerbocker" in the New York Journal American. Igor, as a point of information, is the brother of Oleg Cassini, the designer of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's wardrobe.

**That White-House twist**

Which brings up, for the moment, a story in a previous issue of Photoplay on the then red hot issue of who, if anyone, had danced the twist at a White House party given by President Kennedy. It was impossible at the time to break through the curtain of silence raised by presidential press secretary Pierre Salinger, who denied anyone had grinded through this gyrating and syncopating social symptom of the Age.

But it has since been told—Oleg actually did the twist with Mrs. Philip Geyellin. So there, Mr. Salinger.

Now back to Igor, whose name may someday go down in history alongside Columbus, Magellan and Vespucci. He wandered into the Peppermint Lounge one night last fall with a group of elite Broadway, i.e., hired by the joint's "absurd" name. It turned out still is a "hole-in-the-wall honky-tonk. The visitors found the place crammed with leather-jacketed drifters, high-powered dimes in sweaters and toreador pants and a collection of bearded, ragged beatniks who didn't come to that flesh spa for atmosphere—but brought the atmosphere with them.

Cassini's party was fascinated by the sight of heads thrown back, the dancers and the Starlites began to beat it out. They watched the crowd invade the pigmy-sized dance floor and cut up in the strange series of wrenches and squirms that became celebrated as the twist. The whole scene, man, was alien to the distinguished visitors. But so exciting that Serge Obovensky, the socialite hotel tycoon, yanked himself from his chair and joined the cats on the floor.

Next day Cassini wrote about Serge's antics in his column, and before anyone knew it, the Peppermint Lounge was invaded by more socialites than a charity ball. A few more plugs in Cholly's column and the joint—and the twist—had it made.

"Anyone who was anyone went there. "Dahling" it was. A million phones, and the voices of the city's phones, "you simply must go to the Peppermint Lounge."

That's how the Duke and Duchess of Bedford found their way to the PL, as did Tennessee Williams, Noel Coward, Judy Garland and Billy Rose.

Want some more names? Well. Natalie Wood was there with Warren Beatty.

Want another name?

See if you can guess. She's red-headed. She'll often wink when she's Hollywood Rat Pack. She's got a figure like, uh! And one of the above-named is her relative.
It got to her!

The babe's eyes flashed with delight.

"I dig you, buster," she burst out. She leaped to her feet and in an instant they were in the center of the floor. The crowd, sensing something big, cleared a space.

For ten minutes the pandemonium reigned as this Hollywood queen, her flashing red hair bouncing in rhythm, spun ecstatically in wiggles, shakes and shimmeries. Her every movement, forward and backward, was a panoply of sensory in ecstasy.

Finally she pleaded, "No more. No more, please! I've had it!"

And Joey Dee took Warren Beatty's sister for a waltz.

Oh, how Shirley MacLaine can twist!

The big story about the twist is not so much how the teenagers, the groupies, and the Hollywood personalities went to it like ducks to water, but the way the Social Register turned out for the dance. It was like the Roaring Twenties, when Mayfairites sneaked up to Harlem to drink bathtub gin and dance to the Charleston. Only now, in the Mad Sixties, they were dancing the twist unabashedly in the open.

What Igor Cassini did for the twist with New York society, Oleg Cassini did for Washington's "400." For no sooner had he been identified as the man who had flung his hips to the north, west, and south, than the Capital's elite promptly became enchanted officially by the new dance mania, Mrs. Herbert May, the Post-Toasties heiress, gave a party at once, and the famed Sidney of the Mayflower brought his musicians to the soiree to play twist music. The guest of honor, Diane Dow (Dede) Buchanan, debutante daughter of former U.S. Chief of Protocol Wiley Buchanan, endeared herself to the devotees of the twist by dancing it herself.

The fad then spread like wildfire to other fashionable surroundings. In no time the "400" were wiggling as madly as if they were trying to shake off a million biting ants that had crawled under their minks and tails.

At the fashionable Crescendo in Los Angeles, where only the veddy, veddy ultra-ultra-congregates, or "twisters" as they were then called, really had pantsful of ants, they devised a variation called the "back scratcher" in which the twisters stand back-to-back and gyrate as if they were scratching away the crawling ants. It was like crazy, man.

A twist on the twist

In San Francisco, they danced the twist with highball glasses on their heads! I tried, but couldn't find out whether it was gin or rye.

Then there was seventy-one-year-old former Mayor William Hartsfield, who tossed a mean hip at a benefit soiree ball in Atlanta's posh Piedmont Driving Club when he went out there and twisted. Not since Sherman hit town had there been anything so hot.

Society was literally out of joint.

But so was the rest of the populace. The twist had become a national—even international—rage. In Toronto, Elizabeth Taylor tossed a party for Kit Douglas, a group of swivel-hipped guests got up and went through the scintillating motions of the dance.

Did Liz?

Honestly, everyone I've talked to over there insists she didn't. But maybe this story will have a sequel in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY. Look on that as a white lie.

Twisted up, incidentally, is what a lot of people are, over the twist. To put it bluntly, there are those who think it stinks.

Take Geoffrey Holder, Trinidad-born dancer and painter who has played himself in a film made in Britain. "All Night Long." Holder volunteered this observation on the mania: "It's dishonest. It's not a dance—it has become dirty. Everything because it has to do with sex—everything. But it's not what it's packaged. It's synthetic sex turned into a sick spectaular sport."

"Not because it's vulgar. Real vulgarity is divine. But when people work at it, break their backs to act vulgar, it's embarrassing... you have to be pretty far gone to want to do it all night."

Bob Considine, the columnist andoving world reporter for the Hearst newspapers, says: "The twist, which has turned a joint named the Peppermint Lounge into the worst ventilated and successful trap in town, is described as resembling two persons—preferably of different sex—conversing while toenailing themselves dry after a shower.

"What makes it so preposterous is that they appear to be complete strangers to the institution of the bath."

No doubt about it—not everyone is twist crazy. Nevertheless it has rolled over the country and made its impact on the seismographs with the force of a major earthquake. And its rumbles can still be heard all over the land, if not more than likely the twist will be around a while. It is an exciting stimulant and the response has been national and nearly total.

Dances have come and gone over the years. They've had their brief moments of glory, then vanished. A few have endured—the waltz, fox trot, Lindy and Charleston, among others.

They are the durable dances—just as it became impossible to become an enduring social phenomenon.

Now, before you rush out on the dance floor, remember this: You can't get kissed while doing the twist. (It's against the rules to embrace your partner.) But those in the know tell me you can get something much better. A gal who can twist will have the eyes of every man in the room on her. A gal can get a man twisting andまいline (expert Chubby Checker is hardly "chubby" anymore). But most important of all, a gal who can twist can get a whole new stagline—all lined up and ready to twist! And after a twisting session, what's there to twisting a guy around your little finger? —George Carpozzi, Jr., author of twistdom's new book, "Let's Twist."
California. If you’ve ever been there, you know it’s an ideal place to talk about loneliness.

On some of the mountain crests towering above the location site, solitary watchmen sat in lookout stations, keeping a lone-some vigil for forest fires. They come down about once every seven months and more than one member of the “Kid Galahad” company, eying the desolate posts, wondered what the men did to pass the time. A man has to do something when he’s lonely. He has to do something—or go crazy.

“Until you’ve had to leave everything behind,” Elvis went on, “you can’t imagine what it’s like. When I went into the Army, I’d been dating Anita Wood about two years. I thought about asking her to wait for me—you know—not to have dates while I was gone. But I couldn’t do that. It wouldn’t be fair.”

Elvis, famous for his courtly manners, doesn’t kiss and tell. But what he did say conjured up scenes of an unhappy young soldier about to go overseas, a soldier who was homesick before he even put one foot outside of Memphis. And in the scenes with him was his best girl, his “number one girl,” telling her best beat “Goodbye.”

Elvis has always brought his friends home. His mother, a sweet, hospitable woman, welcomed company even when the family lived in cramped quarters and only careful budgeting put food on the table.

No fun at Graceland

One of the reasons Elvis bought Graceland was to provide a big, comfortable place that his friends, as well as his family, could enjoy. Since the Presleys moved in, it has been the scene of swimming parties, picnics, dances and fun. But there was no fun at Graceland in the final weeks before Elvis went overseas. His mother had just died; Elvis and his father were crushed with a greater grief than they had imagined possible.

Walking through the quiet house still sickly sweet with the fragrance of funeral wreathes, Elvis turned into his mother’s room. Her dresses hung in the closet. Idly he opened and closed her bureau drawers until, in one, he found a shopping list. A Christmas list. She had started it months before Christmas but had not lived to use it. Elvis smoothed it down and carefully tucked it into his billfold. There were giant tears in his eyes.

As an only child, he’d been very close to his mother. With her gone, he must have clung fiercely to his best girl—Anita. He must have brought her to Graceland for their final hours together before he was shipped out.

Spitting cedar logs on the fire in the living room would have cast too faint a light to reflect tears, but Elvis must have felt the tears on Anita’s cheek as she and her soldier whispered farewells.

Gently, with one finger, he traced the contour of her face. She raised her hand to brush back a curl, and the smoothness of her fingers touching his hand had the impact of an electric shock.

Elvis’ chest felt so tight he could scarcely breathe. He was almost too choked to speak.

“I’ll miss you, Anita,” he promised, and she nodded...wondering...wishing...he’d say more.

While I’m gone, I...” then Elvis paused without saying what he’d do while he was gone.

He had almost promised—he had almost said, “I won’t go out with another girl,” but he didn’t. He couldn’t make a pledge he knew he’d break.

“Hey, what?” the girl surely wondered. “Oh, no, you’re here back with you.” That’s what the soldier’s lips said—his heart was saying “Please, please wait for me. Please wait for me. Don’t go out with other people. Just wait for me.”

More than once he nearly asked for a promise. Each time, though, a sense of fair play restrained him. Until the last minute of their last meeting, he struggled with a desire to him in his girl with vows.

If he could be sure that someone was thinking only of him—if he only knew it—would shorten the miles that they were apart—it would shorten the months they’d be apart. But his conscience kept telling him, “You’ll have dates while you’re gone and you can’t demand more of Anita than you would of yourself.”

As Elvis spoke of loneliness, of lovers saying goodbye, a grayish truck pulled into a parking space not far from where we sat, hand in hand, at the curb. Perched in its chain-link fencing, a dozen or more boys pressed their faces to the wire. None of them got out of the truck. They were wearing the prison uniform of a work-farm road gang. Many of them looked younger than Elvis—probably in their teens.

Why had the young prisoners who were working miles away been brought to the movie set? No one had an answer. We could only guess—that maybe their character would be brought into a motion picture was made. Guess that maybe he was the kind of a man who knew teenage prisoners would have something to talk about, something to write about after they had seen Elvis Presley. Whatever the reason, one thing was certain. More than one boy in the back of that truck would have understood what Elvis was saying about love and loneliness. A boy would have left his loved one to take a job in a new town. And so a boy who had gone off to school. Loneliness is not limited to age, character or money. Loneliness affects everyone—everywhere.

“It makes time pass...”

“A girl doesn’t have to worry about a boy forgetting her while he’s away,” stated Elvis. “She’d be surprised to know how much he does think about her while they’re apart. If she keeps writing to him, he’ll remember her all right. He’ll remember her so much that that’s one reason he’s bound to go out with other girls. It makes the time pass faster. I know.”

Elvis could remember how the young soldiers in their barracks in Germany lay on their cots, playing cards and reading and rereading letters.

“Hey, Elvis,” one would call, “let’s go to town. I met this girl in a cafe last Saturday who said she’d be back tonight and bring a friend. How about it?”

Elvis was polishing a boot.

“Ain’t I don’t know,” he said. “I don’t think so tonight. I’ve got to write some letters, so I think I’ll stay here. Thanks anyway.”

He held up the boot and was satisfied to discover a faint reflection in the toe. That was the way it should be.

Then, carefully placing the boots on the floor, he rummaged for paper and pen. Out of his billfold he pulled Anita’s last, much folded letter. The ink marks were faint in the folds of the paper, but between the folds the handwriting was clear and dearly familiar.

She wrote about the places they’d been together; about songs that were popular in Memphis now; never about other men or dates.

Rereading the closely-written pages, Elvis ached with wanting. He wanted to be able to pick up the phone and call old friends, to take a walk along the hometown streets and to kid with disc jockeys at the local radio station.

How many months would it be before he could do those wonderful things that he’d taken for granted?

He wanted to drive up in front of Anita’s house, too, and run up the steps and knock on the door. Then, pretty soon, he and his girl would be driving away through the misty dusk along some road they had driven over a hundred times. Maybe they’d go over the Mississippi River bridge and have a hamburger in West Memphis, Arkansas.

Lights would bob on houseboats tied at the river’s edge. The high, squealing laughter from river bank shacks, the smell of frying catfish, sights and sounds of home—how he missed them!

Elvis closed his eyes and could see exactly the curve of the road as it left the bridge on the Arkansas side. The scent of the river would hang over the levee.

His girl would lean against him, and the soap-sweet fragrance of her hair would be more immediate, more overwhelming, than the river smells.

On a summer night, Nita would wear a cotton dress, slip with starch. With his eyes still shut, Elvis tried to imagine she was sitting beside him. The dream-image, though, couldn’t fill his need.

He wanted to touch his girl’s soft hand. He wanted to hear her laugh when he had said something funny. He wanted to look at the silhouette of her throat in the deepening dusk as she leaned back against the car seat.

At the far end of the barracks, a radio was playing a song that had been popular four or five years before—“There is nothing like a dame—”

That did it.

“Hey,” Elvis called after the soldier who had asked him to go into town, “wait a minute. I’m going along.”

He stuffed the writing material into a table drawer as he jumped up. But the other soldier was gone.

“Nothing like a dame,” the radio continued to insist.
Elvis fished in his pocket for a dime as he ran toward the phone. In a minute he was dialing the number of a girl he knew in Berlin. Memphis was so many miles and so many months away and he was lonely.

Jealousy can backfire!

"If a girl never writes about the dates she's having while her guy is away," Elvis said, pitching a piece of bread to a squirrel that ventured nearby, "when he gets home, they can both pretend she didn't have any. "Don't think a girl keeps a boy more interested by making him jealous."

When Elvis came home, he was mobbed by reporters, photographers and other interview seekers. Even his close friend, Jack Adams, trying to call him from Hollywood, had trouble getting a call through.

He plays the piano in this movie and is a brilliant pianist. ("How can you say this? I play the piano but I do not play the piano. The same way, I play tennis but if I were to play Pancho Gonzales, then I would not play tennis.")

He was born Dec. 8, 1930, in Vienna. He has a brother, Karl, and two sisters, Edith and Maria. He will discuss Maria only when pressed to do so. ("The other are engaged, one way or another, in acting.")

He is Swiss. His father, Hermann Ferdinand Schell ("a novelist, playwright and poet") is Swiss and a Catholic. His mother, Margarethe Schell von Noe ("She is in charge of the acting school in Berlin.") is Vienese and a Catholic.

He says that when people asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up, he would reply honestly—"Pope."

He is 6 feet tall ("You don't believe I'm that tall? Most people don't. I sit a little while I'm standing.") weighs 150, has black hair and brown eyes.

He speaks five languages: French, English, Italian, German and a Swiss dialect.

He made his American movie debut in "The Young Lions." ("You may doubt me again, but it was Marlon Brando who taught me how to speak English. We met in Paris. He said he wanted me in 'The Young Lions' and started teaching me.")

He delights in intense conversations.

Continued from page 56

(Continued from page 56)

"(I'm pleased Stanley Kramer watches television.)"

He co-stars with Rosalind Russell in "Five Finger Exercise," ready for release. For a while the title was changed to "Five Kinds of Love," but good judgment at Columbia Pictures won and the title has been changed back.

He plays the piano in this movie and is a brilliant pianist. ("How can you say this? I play the piano but I do not play the piano. The same way, I play tennis but if I were to play Pancho Gonzales, then I would not play tennis.")

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He delights in intense conversations.

MAX SChELL

"(You know how I come around to the store to see you for talks?) He detests large parties and avoids them whenever possible. It is possible often.

He keeps in shape by playing tennis. He was good enough to be a soccer to win a place on Switzerland's national student team.

He lives when in town at a Sunset Boulevard apartment-hotel. He favors this residence because the management permits him to keep a grand piano in his room. ("You know, I haven't had any complaints from my neighbors, and some of them are famous.") He says playing the piano relaxes him.

He has a fairly set routine when working here. He'll return to his apartment from the studio, play the piano anywhere from half to a full hour, then prepare his dinner usually a hamburger or a steak and French fries— and eat it, go for a walk, stop at Schwall's for dessert and conversation, maybe both, return to his apartment and study the script for the next day's filming.

He said he didn't want a girl friend while working because "she would upset my methodological." Then he met Nancy and that's another story.

He and Nancy appear to get along fine. They complement each other in their likes of foods, sports, art, movies, acting, conversation. ("You see, we are at ease with each other. This is very important. Agree?")

He believes that flowers are the language of the new generation. He sends them often. He is insistent on sending only fragrant flowers. He usually startled the florist by ordering "smelling roses."

He sleeps in a large bed. He has no difficulty falling asleep. He sleeps in pajamas, wearing both the trousers and the jacket. ("You know I've seen so many pictures recently in which I'm bare-chested that I try to make it like trying to be a hero.")

—Sidney Sholsky

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Maximilian Schell will next be seen in Columbia's "Five Finger Exercise."
When the voice was gone, he sat there. Bernardo. But it was Riff he'd wanted. He knew Riff—he'd played him for six months here on the London stage. He was at home in the part. And now—Bernardo. His stomach turned over in disappointment.

"Why me?" he asked himself. He had tested for Riff, counted on it. He'd be nervous with the new role. Why did they have to pick him for Bernardo?

But he accepted, of course. Who in his right mind would say no to "West Side Story"?

Three weeks later, with dark makeup rubbed into his skin and his own brown eyes staring back from the mirror, he stood in a Hollywood dressing room wearing denims, a T-shirt, old sneakers.

Hesitantly, he picked up a thin, glittering knife and looked at it dumbly. Standing there with the face, clothes and weapon of Bernardo, he still wasn't sure.

"It's a tribute, George," his agent had told him. "To your versatility. Look at it this way—in London you play Riff. He's cocky, American, the big boss of the neighborhood. O.K. Now they want you to do the opposite. Bernardo—Puerto Rican—trying to get his foot in the door. Sure—a tribute . . ."

Riff—that was easy. After all, he was American. But Bernardo . . .

He stood remembering a dark night not long ago. He'd been visiting a friend who lived on New York's West Side, near the river. It was after midnight when he walked down the four rickety flights of stairs, stuffed his hands in his pockets and headed down the dimly lit street.

After a few minutes he became aware of the figures around him—dark shadows hunched on the dirty stone steps of rundown tenements. He saw their faces—boys his own age, pinched, lean, hostile, watching him with smoldering eyes.

He walked faster. Some wore jackets with emblems. They could have been the Puerto Rican "Sharks" or American "Jets" of "West Side Story."

Except they were real. When they fought, they maimed and killed.

George clenched his fists inside his jacket, struggled to keep his steps measured. More boys hung around the corners, bound as if by an invisible cord of fear and hate.

He caught a glimpse of a girl's pale, wistful face staring out of a dark first-floor window.

Somewhere, he thought, maybe in this very block, there are girls like Maria, who fall in love without thought of nationality, who pray for escape from the hell of gang wars, hate, prejudice, slums . . . Somewhere, maybe sitting on those steps, are boys like Riff—born in America, fated to poverty, desperate to crush all rivals, anxious to make any mark on a harsh, unyielding life . . . Somewhere, maybe an arm's length away, was a boy like Bernardo. A boy who had come to America with hope, only to find hatred; who reached for happiness and found knives; who turned toward a dream and met death on dark streets.

Suddenly there was a warning sound, and he jumped! But he was in his own dressing room, and the buzzer was only his cue to come on the set. He slipped the knife inside his shirt, turned on quiet, sneakered feet and walked out.

On stage, the buzz of talk fell away. The klieg lights dimmed. He was standing on an empty street. The dark slums loomed down on shadowy figures of Sharks and Jets ready to fight it out in the reflected glow of the distant street lights.

The fight shapes up

George—Bernardo—stood slightly in front of his Sharks. A few yards away, Riff stood at the head of his Jets.

The tragedy that was about to happen was make-believe. But it was made out of reality. It had happened to flesh-and-blood boys on the city streets, and it would happen again. But now—before the cameras—it must happen to him!

His breathing became shallow, tense. He felt the pressure of the two gangs pushing toward each other—watchful—deadly. They edged closer in ragged semi-circles around their leaders. In the split second that he hesitated, a thought came to nag at him: This isn't my fight! It was a bad moment to be hit by such a thought—just when a boy must make it come real before the cameras.

George—Bernardo—stood with arched, taut body, the knife in his shirt. Riff inched nearer, pressed forward by the cluster of Jets.

George stared at the tight, pale faces.

Not my fight, he thought again. But he knew, too, that he had to make it his fight.

He had to feel the hot burn of hate for injustice and tyranny that was in Bernardo's heart. He wore Bernardo's clothes. He turned Bernardo's face, his knife—now he had to feel Bernardo's slow rage in his heart. It had to be his fight!

His hand reached for the cold metal against his chest. The only sound now was the sound of two boys' feet. Then the knife flashed and the two half-circles of shadowy figures lunged.

Even as his hands touched the knife, he held back. He saw Riff's face, pale in the wild black shadows. . . . the frightened eyes held his for a last moment. Even then, something stopped him.

Not his fight was this . . .

Then, as a gang clashed against gang and threw him forward, something c r yed in him—a mingling of rage and despair: I only wanted to be your friend! Why didn't you let me?

His hand struck. A single, silent glenm in the night—and suddenly all the boys were gone. Except for two pitifully young figures crumpled on the cold pavement. Riff—and Bernardo.

There was a long moment of silence. Then, "That's it! Cut!" Harsh floodlights turned the brooding slums into painted cardboard, the blood into greasepaint.

George picked himself up, collided with the director's stand.

"Great, George!" Someone tapped his shoulder. "Terrific!" Someone else grabbed his hand. The stage filled up with actors, technicians, onlookers. Through the confusion he heard a girl's high-pitched voice.

... so good—George, you even made me forget you are Puerto Rican!"

He felt the rage rising in him like flame. Then he caught himself: Why? Why the anger? Why would a girl's careless words cut so deep?

It seemed like a long time before he finally remembered . . . he wasn't Puerto Rican at all. But he knew! He knew how it would have felt if he was. And he didn't like it one bit—knowing how he would have felt at her thoughtless words.

So it was his fight after all!

That night, George Chakiris walked away fro m Passersby on Sunset Boulevard turned to take another look. He was handsome in a sensitive, off-beat way. Tall, with black, arched eyebrows, thick black hair, full, sensuous lower lip, dimple-cleft chin.

He never saw the stares, the half-smiles from women.

All he could think of was the rage and hurt that had welled up with explosive force inside him tonight. For one moment he had become Bernardo, lashing out at everything that had ever hurt him . . .

The bitter memories

He was back in his childhood, listening to his grandfather's stories. With tears welling up in his eyes at the pitiful memories, the old man would describe how their people—Greeks living on Turk ish soil—had to flee from massacre and butchery. The boy, big-eyed, lips parted, would hear how his own father and uncles...
and aunt, children then, ran for their lives to the ships that would take them to freedom—if they could board them in time! For all around them, in the sea, floated the murdered bodies of their friends who hadn't made it.

They were old stories, handed down from father to son. But every time the boy heard them, his heart would pound. He was a phony, scalding hatred for the kind of injustice and tyranny that makes one nation of people behave with cruelty to another.

In Turkey, his grandfather had been a proud, wealthy man. In America, in Ohio, he led his family by running a candy store. He opened a beer garden and his sons worked in it. But when George was three, his father and mother, Steven and Zoe Chakiris, took him and his two brothers and four sisters away from Ohio to Tucson, Arizona. Later, when George was in public school, they picked up again, this time to Miami, Florida. And still later, to Long Beach, California.

Wherever they moved, Steven tried to work for himself, not for others, but he'd wind up in somebody's Greek restaurant or driving a laundry truck.

And it wasn't easy for a small, shy boy to move from school to school, to wear his brothers' hand-me-downs and feel rootless when other children seemed so happy and secure. Many a time he stood at the edge of the playground and longing to be part of them—yet hating the idea of belonging if it was going to cost him his independence. A young "loner" who nevertheless wanted friends.

But how often, alone and watching, he had to writh with anger and the shame of helplessness when the class bully picked on some underdog. How many times he had said, "I hate to see that kid get beat up." By instinct, he sided with the underdog. Yet he longed not to be one.

By the time George started high school in Long Beach he had a credo: "To be successful is to be accepted." He was proud, like his father and grandfather. He vowed to achieve success. But he wasn't sure how.

Perhaps as a singer? He had sung with a boys' choir in Tucson, and the director had been enthusiastic.

Perhaps as a dancer? He sat enthralled through all the old Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movies. He started to dance in high school, fell in love with the girl who danced best with him, followed her college only to drift apart after a year.

Where was he going?

Impetuous and intense, he dreamed of glory but lacked a sense of direction. "Just like a kid," he says now, "I saw myself doing everything in show business, but nothing in particular." He quit college, enrolled in the American School of Dance in Hollywood. He studied at night, worked as a day clerk.

Now, when he remembers, it seems like a dream. He recalls the "tiny apartment—threadbare rug on the floor—no pictures—a chest of drawers and a bed—faded old denims—hamburgers—handouts from friends."

With not even money for dates, he hung around a gang of star-struck kids like himself: the outs—broke, always hungry, dreaming of the wonderful day when doors would open and Hollywood would take them to its great brass heart.

"It was my lowest financial and emotional point," he recalls. "I was a failure, I had to hang for money from my parents. There's nothing more discouraging."

True, he danced in the chorus of four or five musicals. Once, his hopes shot sky-high when queries poured in after his picture was in a magazine from a scene in "White Christmas." Paramount looked him over, signed him up, then quickly forgot him. In June, 1958, he was still grabbing hamburgers, still ravenous with disappointment.

But by one of Hollywood's ironies, two months later he had to take pep pills to get through a twenty-four-hour day. He had landed a job assisting a night-club choreographer; he did a TV spec, "Salute to Cole Porter," and appeared in repeated portions of the show at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas.

I'd get up at 5 A.M., grab a bite and work till 2 A.M. the next morning," he says. "I looked like a refugee—skinny, no time to shave."

Seven weeks later the job ended and money got scarce again. In September, 1958, he spent his last dollar on a one-way ticket to New York.

A week after arriving, he took a tip from a friend and went to audition for London's cast of "West Side Story." Broadway's hit musical drama is based on Arthur Laurents' book about New York's teen gang wars and the Puerto Rican problem. By October he was in London, sharing the play's great success in the part of Riff. Six months later he was back in America at UA's call for the film version. And asking himself, "Why me for Bernardo?" Even after the starting started and everyone kept assuring him he was perfect for the part, as if born to it.

We all want the same . . .

"I thought a lot about Bernardo," he explains now. "Who was he, anyway? A lonely kid who comes to America with all the wrong ideas based on pictures and advertisements in magazines. He comes here hoping for the best, and ends up in a slum. He wants to belong, but finds that even the slums won't go along to part of him. The American kids make fun of his clothes, the way he talks, the color of his skin.

Bernardo is proud and Spanish. He rebels. He thinks,—OK. If you won't let me be one of the fight club, I'm going to be one of the fight stock. He only wants to belong, just like anybody else. He ends up killing and being killed."

"Just like anybody else, . . ."

Who was he trying to kid? He meant, "Just like me, . . ." What he really meant was, "Just like the Bernardo in me."

He knew what it was like to be of the underdog race—in his bones he knew it, because it had happened to his father and his father's father, and all their kin. Wasn't it only by the Grace of God they hadn't all been slaughtered for being Greeks instead of Turks? . . . And for himself, didn't he remember what it was to be a loner on alien turf—the new kid in town, the outsider—watching from a corner of the playground and aching to belong . . .

"There's nothing more discouraging than being a school kid because he came from a family that spoke a foreign language at home and worshiped..."
SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Continued from page 28

million spent and lost is the studio's problem, not ours. They aren't the least bit concerned about our problems.

I enjoyed "One-Eyed Jacks" more than I believed I did. I'll wager this goes for most movie critics and a minority of the public. The major portion of the public didn't attend to find out for themselves. They were talked out of the picture before it played in any theater.

"One-Eyed Jacks" is proof more people read and talk about movies than many newspapers believe. Often space that had been assigned to movies has been shortened and given to television, sports, etc. The interest in movies has increased, and I believe part of the credit must go to television for showing more and more of them. John Garfield, Priscilla Lane and Carbo are as popular as John Gavin, Dorothy Malone and Ingrid Bergman.

But back to the subject of movies battered and beaten-up while in the making. Recent examples are "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "Cleopatra." I'll certainly go along with the facts that M-G-M and 20th-Fox handled the productions stupidly and badly, but this doesn't make me believe they'll beousy movies. I kicked the influence. I'd much rather go to see them that "Tarzan Goes To India" and "Five Weeks In A Balloon," which were filmed on schedule. In fact, I think "Tarzan" came in one day ahead of schedule. But I don't go to see a schedule filmed. You shouldn't either.

The seat of my trousers informs me that most important movies are too long. This is especially true of the hard-ticket-sale movie. They're hard on my—trousers.

I don't object to Elvis Presley and never did, even when he was first viewed singing and used the twist to help sell a song. Somebody certainly sold the twist to the public. Whoever he is, Chubby Checker, he has been punished. Not only does he have to perform the twist nightly, but he has to pretend he still likes it.

Piper Laurie is exceptional. She became a movie star by first learning how to act!

I know Eric Johnston won't like to hear it, but the honest slogan of the movie industry should be: "Movies Are Duller Than Ever."

Also, I can't understand the bright thinking of those in command of the studios. They know their largest audience are the youngsters, like those who made Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, Liz Taylor, Kim Novak and others their favorites. So what do the mature, bright executives do? They permit Thin Chess, he's being punished. Not only does he have to perform the twist nightly, but he has to pretend he still likes it.

I believe Brett Halsey when he told me recently it's more difficult for a fellow to crash the movies than for a girl to.

Did you ever hear of a woman discovering a fellow sitting at a soda fountain and making him a star?

I wonder—what is the male gender word meaning starker?

I wish the movies would give more attention to the making of trailers, or coming attractions as they are billed in most theaters. These coming attractions have spoiled many movies for me. To sell the movie, these coming attractions show key scenes, revealing important story points that shouldn't be known until they happen on the screen while you are watching the movie.

The boastful language of the trailers hasn't changed in years. The picture is always "Tremendous," with "The Greatest Cast Ever Assembled," and is "The Picture You've Been Waiting To See." This recalls a remark I heard a few years ago. A woman, exiting from the theater with a husband, or boyfriend, said: "Why is it that always coming next week is the good movie?"

Audiences are smarter now. Besides, they pay additional dollars to see a movie. Therefore not as many are fooled by the trailer; those who are, resent it. They paid too much just to be fooled.

I admit there are many of those "New Wave" foreign movies I don't understand. "LaVendetta" bored me, and I didn't get it even after reading an article explaining the symbolism which everything and everybody in the picture represented.

I'm not against foreign movies. I think "The Truth" with Brigitte Bardot is great and she's an actress. I don't want to be taken or climb on a bandwagon with "La Dolce Vita."

Come to think of it, I don't go for these type movies even when they're native and homemade, such as "Shadows." From what I hear, the "New Wave" is becoming low tide and not getting to the shore.

Oh well, as Jayne Mansfield remarked at a political fund-raisers dinner: "Every man loves his native land, whether he was born there or not."
loves a lover. And yet, in Luciana and Brett's case, it seemed as if everyone wanted to make them feel guilty.

Luciana took the first blow. It came, strangely, from the eligible young men of Hollywood. They let it be known that she had made a terrible mistake. Didn't she know how beautiful she was? Didn't she know how many men—with bigger names—than Brett Halsey's—wanted to date her? How could she have thrown herself at the first haskoon actor she had met?

The next blow came from the columnists—and it fell squarely on Brett's shoulders. How, they demanded, could Brett Halsey have fallen in love when his divorce was not yet final? How could he and Luciana have announced a wedding date—no matter how far in the future—when his marriage was not officially ended?

And from Luciana's mother in Italy came a stream of mail proving the marriage. Brett saw one letter and came away appalled—he'd read that his future mother-in-law considered him neither rich enough nor successful enough for her daughter.

Luciana and Brett were bewildered. Why should such wrath be visited upon them? They were bewildered, but they weren't frightened. They didn't read into their present troubles omens of worse things to come. And, more important, they were in love, and their love gave them the strength to fight back.

They told the Hollywood wolf pack to take its business elsewhere. They pointed out that two of the most eligible men in town—Gardner, Luciana's first friend, and Dave Hedison, her TV co-star—were on their side and had become their friends.

They explained patiently that they had planned their wedding date to fall immediately after Brett's divorce became final. They said they were pleased to have to wait ten months—it would give them a chance to know each other better. They told Lottie to the press explaining how Mrs. Paluzzi felt about their engagement: "She thinks it is a little fast. . . ."

But for the two of them there was an unspoken hope: Luciana's mother would come to the wedding, and as soon as she met Brett all her objections would vanish.

Love would conquer all. But perhaps love could not fight successfully on so many fronts at once.

They plunged from one trouble to another—even their wedding was ill-fated.

The brink of tragedy

Outwardly, it was as perfect a fairy tale as their meeting had been. The bride, speaking her vows in delightfully-accented English, was radiant. The bride's mother, seemingly reconciled, smiled at the proper times. The staff of the Las Vegas hotel in which the wedding took place outdid itself to provide a sumptuous reception. Photographers were there, snapping pictures for the papers, forty friends of the bride and groom were there drinking champagne and offering congratulations. The civil ceremony was dignified and moving. It appeared that the long wait had come to a joyful conclusion. But, in truth, Luciana and Brett were at the brink of tragedy.

It struck on their honeymoon—they learned that their marriage was not legal. In the eager marking off of days, in the excitement of wedding preparations, Brett had forgotten to perform the simple, necessary act of picking up the papers that made their divorce final. Without them, their marriage to Luciana was not valid.

Frantically, he telephoned for help. A studio representative picked up the papers for him. Brett and Luciana flew back to Las Vegas. Someone directed them to a small inter-faith chapel where they could be married quietly and quickly. This time there were no friends, no photographers, no party. And so, the glow and wonder of their honeymoon disappeared.

But they were in love. They were able to go on. They set about picking up the pieces of their marriage cheerfully and, they thought, thoroughly. They went about the business of finding a home. In short order they discovered a house that seemed just right—a small, cozy place with a big view. They paid a month's rent and moved in.

Luciana's mother came to see it. Proudly she showed her little home cozily tucked away in Laurel Canyon. When the tour was over, she turned to Luciana and poured out a long stream of excited-sounding Italian. Brett tried to follow it, but he couldn't. When his mother-in-law left, he turned to Luciana and said, "What did she say?"

Luciana turned scarlet. Her English was good, but this time words nearly failed her.

"She says . . . she says she wants me to live in Bel-Air."

Bel-Air. The home of millionaires, studio owners, top stars. Brett was speechless. But still not stricken. His mother-in-law's presence at their wedding had not, as he had hoped, meant that she was reconciled to their marriage. (Later he was to say bitterly, "Yes, she came to the wedding—but we got married anyway!"") Still, the situation was not hopeless. Surely, sooner or later, she would modify her demands. She would change her mind about him when she saw how happy he was making Luciana. Or, if not, perhaps she would go home to Italy.

But none of those things happened. To Luciana's mixed joy and apprehension and to Brett's shocked surprise, Mama Paluzzi moved into Laurel Canyon and made her daughter's house her second home.

Luciana's series had been dropped. Brett was doing well at the studio, but on the days he wasn't on call he stayed in the house. "Life was a dream-like in its perfection, except for one factor—on the days Brett worked, Luciana's mother came over. At night Brett would return home to find his wife confused and depressed. What was wrong?"

"Mama says I should not be under a contract to the studio. She says she would do better if I were a . . . a free-lance."

"But I've . . . What did she not true? Maybe when you're established. But not now. A beginner needs a studio behind her, to build her up, guide her career. . . ."

Continued from page 58

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DEAN STUDIOS

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familiar Catholic, a can want their "Luciana. Catholic. long priest. few Catholic. civil moment Catholic. course, reporters, really "You're nod was Brett, Luciana didn't take Luciana "Yes, but Mama says . . . "Sooner or later he would explode. "Your mama doesn't know everything!" Luciana had a temper of her own. "You don't respect my mother!"

"Respect has to be earned!"

For a while they would rage at each other. Then Luciana would dissolve in tears. Instantly, Brett would be contrite. In the course of their reconciliation, Luciana would say over and over that she knew everything would be all right, that it was just a matter of time before Brett and Mama came to understand one another. Brett, by now strongly doubting this, would nod in silence and tell himself that he and Luciana would have to try to work it out. But they didn't work it out. The quarrel became more frequent. Now, when Luciana wept, Brett would storm out of the house. Sometimes he stayed away a few hours, sometimes a few days. But he would always come back resolved to do better. He hoped, he tried. But the quarrel went on. Once he shouted at Luciana, "You're not married to your mother, you're married to me!"

And she answered, "My mother devoted her whole life to me. She has no one else. You can't expect me to desert her just because I got married."

The next day, alone in the house, he puzzeled over their dilemma. It made sense—and yet—there was something wrong. Before their marriage Luciana had said to reporters, "I wonder if American women really want a man . . . they ignore the most important point . . . they will not be domesticated. In Europe, we women think a man is to be catered to, to be catered to—even to be obeyed."

Luciana had slipped a long way down from the pinnacle of that remark.

And Brett had slipped, too, into a morass of despair and frustration. He sensed, of course, that something was terribly wrong with their marriage. Something that he couldn't quite put his finger on, some clue that he couldn't isolate.

"Dear God," he murmured. "What's happened to us?"

Suddenly he stopped dead.

He realized he had prayed.

And with that prayer, the light broke.

He knew what was wrong with their marriage. He knew why Luciana had been unable to give him her undivided loyalty.

Their marriage had not been blessed by Luciana's Church. To her, unconsciously, it was not a marriage at all.

Why hadn't he thought of this before? After all, Luciana was a Catholic, brought up in a Catholic home in a Catholic country. The first time they'd met she had just come from church. Remembering the glow she had had that day, he couldn't understand how he had ever let her agree to be married in a civil ceremony. Why hadn't he seen that she had been too much in love to be aware of her deepest needs? How could he have so casually allowed her to go off to church on Sundays, on Easter, on the Holy Days of Obligation without thinking that she was barred from Communion so long as her marriage was unsanctified?

It was particularly strange that he hadn't thought about this before, because as a boy he had wanted to become a Catholic, he had learned his catechism and had been stopped from converting only when his father decided he was too young. He made his decision. He would contact a priest as soon as he got home. He would take instruction, become a Catholic as he had meant to do so many years before. Then he and Luciana would be married again, in the Church. They would be blessed by God, their marriage would be truly sanctified. And when it was, nothing in the whole world could do them harm.

The words were pouring out almost before he closed the door of their home. Before he was half finished he saw Luciana's eyes light up in excitement, "Oh, Brett," she said, "How wonderful!"

They stayed up late that night talking about it. There were a few problems; Brett was incapable of half-hearted religion. If he became a Catholic, he would have to adhere strictly to church doctrine. Life would be more difficult in some ways. And, of course, there could be no divorce for them. But, starry-eyed, they knew they would never consider divorce. They would never have cause to separate.

The next day Brett phoned Rocky Cooper to ask her to recommend a priest. She knew just the man. Brett called him immediately and made an appointment.

On a sunny afternoon they walked into the priest's office in the church rectory. At once they felt they had come to the right place. The priest stood, tall and rugged-looking in his black robe, welcoming them with a smile.

They didn't waste any time. Brett told the priest their whole story, leaving out nothing—the fasco of their first wedding; the aloneness of their second; their being deserted by nearly everyone who could have helped; their problems with Luciana's mother; his own sudden realization of what was deeply, secretly wrong with the marriage. When he finally paused for breath, he scarcely noticed how grave the priest's voice was, asking, "And why have you come to me?"

"I want to become a Catholic, Father. Luciana and I want to be married once more—for the last time—in the Church."

It was all over

"I see," the priest said. He looked at the two glowing faces before him. "There is no easy way to tell you this, but it must be said. You cannot marry Luciana in the Church. As far as the Church is concerned, your former marriage was, and is, and always will be valid. You are not really married to Luciana at all. You are still married to the woman you refer to as your former wife."

The words of doom.

For a moment there was silence. Then Brett moistened his lips.

"Father, you don't understand. Neither my former wife nor I was a Catholic . . . we weren't married in a Catholic ceremony . . ."

"Exactly. Since neither of you was Catholic, the Church regards your marriage as being joined under natural law. It doesn't matter what religion either of you held, it doesn't matter whether you were married by a minister or a Justice of the Peace or a ship's Captain at sea. The Church regards your marriage as valid—and irrevocable."

"But that marriage is over," Brett cried. "No matter how you look at it. I'm married to Luciana now. We've come to you for help. . . ."

He got no further. It was then that the priest, with infinite sorrow, repeated what he had already said—and added the final, staggering blow: "Luciana, as long as you live with this man, you are an adulteress."

Is there anything stronger than love when two people love truly? For Luciana and Brett, being in love had always been a struggle. But somehow, their love had survived. Now, reeling under the burden of the priest's words, that love made one last attempt.

"Father, there must be a way out."

The priest sighed. "You could appeal to the Ecclesiastical Court of the College of Cardinals. It is a very difficult, complicated process. It could be expensive. It could take years to obtain an answer. And there is no guarantee that the answer would be favorable."

Brett looked at him squarely. "If we were to try it . . . could we live together in the meantime?"

"You could share the same house . . . as brother and sister. The priest looked at them, at the faces that had been so
His mother-in-law had gone. And so had his wife!

In all the time that they had loved, neither Brett nor Luciana had needed words to express their feelings; each had always known what the other was thinking.

And now, once more, Brett knew.

His wife had fled without seeing him because their love was too strong to die and too hopeless to renew.

The battle was over. Love had lost.

But the last act of the tragedy was still to be played, from two sides of the Atlantic.

In Hollywood, Brett wrote to Luciana that he wanted to fly to Italy to be near her when their baby was born.

From Italy, a frightened, lonely Luciana wrote back that he must not come. She bore their son alone and named him Christian.

In Hollywood, Brett learned of the birth, passed out cigars and offered a champagne toast to the baby he had never seen.

From Italy, after many months, Luciana wrote that she was coming back to California to break a legal separation.

In Hollywood, Brett decided to sue for a divorce instead and to apply for custody of their son.

And then one night in a Hollywood restaurant, they met again. Brett had come there with a friend. They walked in and out of the restaurant knowing each other. They talked about forgetting the Church... after all, they had forgotten it before. They knew that now they could never forget.

A month passed. Finally Brett said to Luciana, "We'll try the Ecclesiastical Court. It can't be hopeless. No matter how long it takes, Brett. I have just learned... I am going to have a baby."

Through Brett surged a sudden joy, a sudden hope. And then—realization. Their baby would be born of a marriage that had been declared no marriage at all. Their baby would be illegitimate.

He had a sudden sick memory. His own mother had been a Catholic, his father had not. Their marriage had not been sanctioned by the Church. He could still remember the night his mother had been told that her children were illegitimate. He could still remember the sound of her weeping. In this echo from his past, Brett beheld a vision of the future.

"There is only one solution," the priest had said. "You must separate—at once."

Brett did what he thought was right—he left Luciana.

For weeks he lived in a daze. Two thoughts struggled in his mind. We love each other—we cannot live together.

He passed them against each other until he was ill with confusion, misery and love. Love that would not, could not, die. Love that didn't seem to care about marriage, about sin, about problems, a love that said only: My wife and child belong to me. I want to go home.

And he went back. He walked in—

and found Luciana's mother living in his home. Luciana wasn't there. He said, "I've come back to stay. Luciana and I love each other. We'll work things out. But you'll have to leave if we're to have a chance. I'll give you a couple of hours to get your things together and go. Then I'll be back."

He left, got in his car and drove around for a long, long time. Then he went home again.
Her first obsession was to be a baseball pitcher. Since she was at least six inches taller than any of the boys in the neighborhood, she was successful until she reached the age when the boys learned to pitch overhand. Then she realized she would have to turn her attention to the piano.

When she heard a piano concerto on the radio, she wrote "Ragusa" on top of the list of composers in the encyclopedia and demanded lessons. Her mother, doubtful, asked if she would practice. Paula was ten years old and she practised four hours a day. "It was an obsession, I was so passionate about it and so involved. It would make me angry not to play perfectly, and I'd do it over and over and over; and when I'd finally stop, my clothes would be as wet from perspiration as if I had been swimming."

After five years she had made herself a good pianist by "sheer determination." She tried out for the Houston Symphony Orchestra and made a mistake, in the first sixteen bars of her Bach suite. "Then the fear of failing just shot through me." She began again, her long, competent fingers trembling, the elegant face that she considered ugly twisted into a passion of concentration. She found herself running away from the piano and out of the auditorium. "I just couldn't stand the humiliating feeling that I had already failed. I ran away."

She always ran away when she failed. Yet she would always rather fail completely than be mediocre. When she was unable to answer the first question on a chemistry examination, she tore up her examination paper and ran home from school.

When she was given the ballet class for three months because of a sinus infection, she expected "my sheer genius to make up for the missed work." The first time it didn't, she quit the class.

At age eighteen she was a chaotic, beautiful, totally undisciplined pre-medical student at Randolph-Macon Women's College. She was a poet, a writer, a singer, a pianist, a painter. She was perfect. In a class in choreography, she plotted a dance in such a way that nobody in the audience could see any of the dancers. "My dear," her teacher said, "you must get a relation to space. I suggest you take a little acting."

She enrolled at Northwestern for the summer "to take a little acting." After two weeks she picked her two scenes, "You were right about that space thing," she drawled. "By the way, I won't be back next year. I'm staying here to become an actress. This is what I really want."

She flung herself at acting as she had flung herself at everything else. She would twist it, conquer it, bind it to her will. She would work, work, work. Work was painful. Work was necessary. She was the daughter of an Italian Catholic father and a Southern Methodist mother, her Catholic education made her certain that "man was put on earth to bear the burdens of Adam and Eve, and that work was the major burden."

She attended every class given by the drama department. In one she met Dick Benjamin. His self-possession, his composure, his arrogance, all attracted her. Above all, he was Jewish. From the moment Paula was old enough to realize that she socially
prominent mother had shocked Dallas by marrying a Catholic schoolteacher who had not even been born in the United States, she had decided to be equally as shocking and marry a Jew (It didn’t matter that she had never met a Jew. She was sure she would meet one by the time she was old enough to be married.)

"Don’t waste my time. . . ."

Benjamin saw in her a "tremendous emotional well."

"She communicated such happiness at one moment," he says, "and such grief at another—in her personal life and very, very curious in her acting class. I thought, if this could only be channeled on the stage. . . ." As a director, he ached to mold the passions into a directed force.

For a year they merely drifted—separately—through the private world of the drama department. When she started a tantrum in his presence, he told her not to waste his time. When she threatened to throw herself in Lake Michigan, he advised her not to forget a towel. She hoped that she would be cast opposite him in a play, but she never was. Then she was assigned the role of an elderly woman in “The Cave Dwellers.” She attacked it as passionately as she had attacked everything else.

"I prepared and prepared and prepared, and I brought the preparation on to the stage with me. Opening night, something went wrong in the first scene. I thought, what the hell? and just walked through my part."

After the curtain falls, Miss Krause stood dramatically in the center of the stage and faced the audience. "That performance was an abomination, and the actress should apologize to you." Her gray eyes were icicles as she told Paula, "You have absolutely no right to be up here unless you can concern yourself with the people sitting in the audience. And right now you’re either bored or disgusted. I wasn’t sure whether you could act. Now, I am almost sure that you cannot."

"I don’t care about any of you," Paula screamed at the audience. Dramatically forgetting her coat, she ran towards the lake. It was December and so cold that her cheekbones ached in the below-freezing wind, but this time she really jumped into the waist-deep lake.

A few minutes later Benjamin sauntered onto the scene. "I’ll buy you a cup of coffee when you’re ready to come out." She stayed in the lake until her legs were numb. Then she waded ashore, pushing a layer of splintered ice out of her way, and went to the hot tub.

That night, watching her unforgettable performance, Benjamin had already made his decision to cast her in “The Disenchanted,” the play he was about to direct. His choice of Paula Ragusa was rejected by the entire drama department. But he insisted—and won.

The weeks of rehearsal were a continual battle. Then one day when she missed a speech she would scream from frustration and run to the door. At first Benjamin came after her and locked the door. She would kick and push until she had shoved him aside or until he had thrown her against the wall. Then she would pound it with her fists, sobbing and fighting.

Gradually he realized that he was only giving her more to fight against. When she forgot her lines five times in a beach scene with another actor and began to cry hysterically, he merely walked over and told her she had no right to cry—no right to use the privilege of being able to act. By the time the rehearsals ended she was so docile that he had only to say, "Look out for your head when you go through the door" to make her come quietly back into the room.

During the long weeks of rehearsal they did no more than have coffee together with some of the members of the cast. But there was already something between them that could be called love.

On opening night, when Miss Krause walked onto the stage to criticize the performances, she turned to Paula first. "I said you couldn’t act. I was wrong." Benjamin had redeemed her eyes of the drama. He had also done something more important. He had taught her his view of life—that work is joy and life is fun and that it is thrilling to execute something in the best possible way just for its own sake.

That’s when acting became not only a passion, but an obsession for me, but a thing that I could enjoy." Paula now tells. "It became a design for living."

Long time no kiss

It was only then—a year and a half after he had met her—that he kissed her. "I was shy at that first moment when he kissed me, because I had been wanting it," she admitted. "Oh I tell you, oh I swear I had been wanting it. But when it happened, I knew that he knew me so well. I could feel shy or embarrassed and he would understand."

A few months later a talent scout saw her in a Northwestern production and brought her to Hollywood. Paula and Dick intended to get married, but she was in California and he was working in the east during the year that followed. Then, last December, on her way to London for a three-day appearance tour, she stopped in Toronto where he was directing a play. They drank champagne and talked sadly of star-crossed lovers while tears trickled down their cheeks.

They were halfway through the bottle when an executive called from London. "Miss Prentiss, we would like to have you stay for an extra three days."

She was high enough to be daring. "I can’t," she said. "I was intending to come back and get married—unless, of course, it’s possible for you to arrange for my fiancé to come with me."

There was a trans-Atlantic pause. "I will call you back in a few minutes, Miss Prentiss."

They finished the champagne while they waited. This time the telephone call came from an executive in California. "We would like to know if you and Mr. Benjamin were married."

"Not yet."

"If I may make a suggestion . . ."

When she told Dick the suggestion, he shrugged. "If that’s the price I have to pay for a free trip to England," he said, "I suppose I’ll pay it—what else?"

They were married in New York three
days later and she was forty minutes late to the wedding.
They live in a Culver City apartment built by a ship's carpenter. The building has a moat and a thatched roof copied from an illustration for Grimm's fairy tales. The floors and walls are red cedar and are held together with hand-carved wooden pegs instead of nails. The windows and doors are portholes, and the cupboards have rope handles. Paula has allowed only five people to enter the apartment since she is too sensitive to expose herself to the multitude of people who would find it "weird" or "crazy" or would pity her for not living in Beverly Hills.

The apartment is within a block of a supermarket, a necessity she once said she could not live without, since her enormous appetite causes the purchase of $80 worth of groceries each week. Although it seems somewhat like carrying coals to Newcastle, she breakfasts on an "energy cocktail" of oystered peppers, liver, fruit and cucumber.

Her passions are still partially uncontrolled. She still scatters her emotions like to Taevillent "where you've never tasted such souffles...little individual cheese souffle appetizers. And for dessert, a Grand Marnier."

Connie says that when they come home she is going to make a souffle for dinner and invite him. She loves to cook and she's a good one. The first date they ever had, when Glenn took her to one of the finest restaurants in town for the best lasagna she'd ever eaten, Connor charmed him with her honesty. She just laughed and told him honestly, "Glenn, don't be silly, I can make better lasagna than this!"

Arm in arm, close together through the tender Paris night, the sky growing lighter every minute. Connor hears how Glenn, on his first visit to France, climbed 14,000 feet up Mount Blanc and astonished the French—an actor to climb so?—and was decorated by the Syndicate du Guide.

Now it is almost dawn as they reach Les Halles, the great market of Paris, where the air is redolent of celery, cheeses and roses. At Le Pied du Cochon they have onion soup with a thick crust of cheese. Glenn fills Connie's arms with roses and they stroll back leisurely to the George V.

"Onion soup and roses," she laughs. He laughs too. "Anything can happen in Paris."

And tomorrow they will have lunch at Tour D'Argent. Glenn is so carefree it's hard to remember he was once part of the French Resistance, and life was so different. Like Julio, Connie says, thrilled about Glenn's performance. He confides that some of Julio—the dashes bon vivant with a lust for life—has indeed rubbed off on him, as all parts do.

Connie and Glenn are so gay together. Their romance started one day when Glenn phoned her on the set of "Hawaiian Eye." No—actually started a week before that. In New York, when Glenn bumped into her on the street and didn't even know who she was. She and her cousin, Carol, had been walking on Fifth Avenue.

"Isn't that Glenn Ford?" Carol asked and Connie said. "Where? Show me."
"Right here, coming straight toward..." said Glenn, jostling Connie's elbow as she stopped short. He bowed slightly and continued on in that dignified way of his, his eyes looking far off as if he were at sea.

"Well, wasn't it?" Carol persisted.

"Oh yes, it really was," Connie said, "he's on another sphere."

A week later he was phoning her, and asking, "How about going to dinner some night..." But she had closed the line, and she'd expected this. Director Delmer Davies, who has worked with them both, had insisted that "the two most honest people in the world" should meet.

So on the phone Connie said honestly, "Why not tonight?"

Then she was terrified. He really was on another sphere, a great actor, a much-traveled, knowledgeable man — and what in the world would she talk about? She tried to remember all the things that Delmer Davies had told her. That inside this moody Welshman lived a volatile, eager boy. Few people really knew him — life and women had hurt him, he was inclined to be on guard.

"And how about me?" Connie had asked. Davies just shook his head. "You have never hurt anyone in your life, Connie. You're open, you're honest, you're a giver. People have been taking from this man for years. You'll be a revelation to him."

Glenn drove over to call for Connie with a few misgivings of his own. She was pretty young. He'd never met her. True, he'd seen "Parrish" and "Susan Slade," the girl was a fine actress, but he'd never in his life gone out with a girl he didn't know.

"You bumped into me on the street a week ago," she told him.

"You're kidding."

"I'm not, it was on Fifth Avenue." She led him into the high-ceiled new house through which, at the pointed peaks, you can see the sky. She introduced him to her father — a warm, sensitive and poised man — and they liked each other at once.

Long before they arrived at LaRue's, Connie and Glenn were chatting like old friends.

"He opened a whole new world to me," Connie told me a week or so later when we had lunch in her dressing room. "He's a brilliant man, he's informed about everything. We talk about acting, for example, and it's something to dream of. He has so many and such varied interests!"

**Two on a private cloud**

They've never stopped talking. They dined at LaScala and at 2 A.M. the management sighed — please, the restaurant must close, would the signor and signorina return again soon?... They closed the Trades... At the Starlight Roof the band played an extra half hour for them alone.

Last Christmas Connie invited Glenn to the house and he met her relatives by the dozens. It was his happiest Christmas since he was a boy surrounded by his father's kin at Portmeir, the family home in Quebec. Clylynn Samuel Newton Ford had been there. His dad had been one of twelve children. That's why he'd been named Clylynn, all the other names had been used up. When they sat down to dinner there were twenty at his grandma's table.

Now at Connie's he loved the warm ways of a huge Italian family, from the grandfather down to the last cousin. He got into a poker game — not a man's straight five card stud and draw, but a weird switch that Connie dreamed up: "One-eyed-Jacks-and-no-peak. "Strictly a dame's invention."

But, he admits, "I liked it."

That night he sent Glenn with them to late candlelight service at the church down on Hoover Street.

**Beginnings are so exciting. Friendship or love — who ever knows what this new relationship will be? But beginnings are two people trying to tell each other everything that's ever happened to them, trying to explain who they are, seeing their own joy reflected in the faces of others. Connie's relatives... Connie's friends... Glenn's friends... all are glad for them. People smile when they enter a room. At a recent party, actor Louis Quinn came up to Connie.

"Honey," he said, "this guy Glenn is a good friend of mine. I love him. And he's had a rough go. What about this, now? You on the level with him?"

"I like him very, very much," Connie said softly. "I respect him with all my heart. He's opened a whole new world to me!"

Lonis took a deep look into her fresh, open sparkling face.

"Okay, honey," he said. "That'll do."

Glenn is touched because she's been so touchingly concerned — for him — about the gossip columns. "Hottest romance in town." She's hated to see him involved.

He's above that, she says. And he says, "It's the first time in my life anyone ever tried to protect me." It was a good try.

**All the world loves a lover**

At the Crescendo, heckler Don Rickles didn't even heckle them. "For the first time in my life," he said, "I could think of nothing insulting to say."

At Joe Steffano's Twelfth Night Party, all Glenn's friends flocked with Connie. And on the set of "Hawaiian Eye," Bob Conrad et al took a vote and reported, "We hereby approve of your current escort." Tommy Shaw, the prop man who watches over Connie like a guardian angel, who throws most would-be admirers off the set, welcomed Glenn with open arms.

They've rubbed off a bit on each other. Whatever the strange, despite the different scenes in their backgrounds. Connie is exuberance itself; and Glenn is a man who's been cautious, who's taken his dates to inconspicuous places, everything sotto voce. But not now. Now he's taken Connie to Paris!

Here's how that came about. One day Glenn phoned her on the set.

"How about dinner and a movie on the seventh?" he said.

"Wonderful!" She laughed her fluty little laugh, because Glenn was taking her to dinner that very night and dating her for the seventeenth was just one of his humorous touches. Just as here is a trick of double-talking in a made-up language — for the benefit of eavesdroppers at nearby tables.

A few nights later, about to twist at the Starlight Roof, he took her hand.
“About that dinner and movie on the seventeenth,” he said. “Dinner will be at Maxims and the movie will be The Four Horsemen at the Ambassadeur on the Champs Elysées.” There wasn’t a moment’s hesitation. “Great!” Her eyes were dancing. “When do we leave?”

Glenn says Connie is that rare girl who makes up her mind without flirtatious hens and hows because she was brought up by men. She was surrounded by candor and directness and given the ability to stand on her own two feet and make her own decisions. Her father has great faith in her and always has had.

But when Glenn said “Paris” and Connie said “Fine!”—there was one small hitch. Glenn’s studio, M-G-M, put in an official request to Connie’s studio, Warner Brothers, that she attend this dazzling world premiere. A week passed—and there was no word. Glenn was worried. Suppose it couldn’t be arranged.

“Look,” Connie said, “I’ll go. I said I’d go and I will.”

She meant it, you could tell. Even if she took a suspension. Fortunately, she didn’t have to. The studio finally said yes, and merely stipulated that she make some personal appearances in New York for “Susan Slade.” She had two days free for that. Glenn’s company was tied up with his own business conferences in New York.

Then, early on a Sunday morning, off they flew for Paris. Connie had on a stunning beige suit-dress and a very pretty hat.

It was a far cry from the last outfit she’d worn out of New York—the day a group of us met her in Ontario, California, because the Los Angeles airport was logged in. A number of celebrities came off that plane—John Raitt, Paula Prettis, etc.

After this came Connie—resplendent in her white sports coat, black pants, white sneakers, a kerchief on her hair, a black velvet hat with a rose perched atop the kerchief—because her hands were full. She was carrying her mink coat, two cheese cakes and a pan of lasagna.

No sneakers traveling with Glenn, and no lasagna. She looked lovely, and Glenn told her so. She’d worn a different outfit every night since they met. He’d never seen her in the same one twice, and each one he insists is “more exquisite.”

He, of course, looked as suave as if Julio had just stepped off the screen—as if he were quite accustomed to whisking dates off to any part of the world on a moment’s notice. Which, as you know perfectly well, he does not. Until a couple of years ago, Glenn lived in a sort of self-imposed straitjacket from which the close observer felt some day he’d have to explode. Well, he exploded. But even then he proved circumpect, publicity-shy so far as his private life is concerned, never really free, not even in his dancing. There was always something constrained about Glenn.

Well, last seen, he was drinking onion soup at Le Pied du Cochon (The Foot of the Pig), filling Connie’s arms with roses and walking through his beloved streets of Paris—and there was nothing in the least constrained about him. He was having fun. So was she. That’s why they were there . . . to prolong this exciting beginning.

“But some day,” Connie tells him, “you’re going to find I have faults!”

“Oh, Glenn tells her. “Some day you’re going to find I have.”

But not now. Not yet. This is fun, this is the most glamorous date either of them ever had in their lives. This is a thrilling, romantic first for the girl who has been almost—but never completely—happy with any man before Glenn. And this is the experience of a lifetime for the man who many feel has never been really happy with any woman before Connie.

Six months ago, speaking nostalgically of Paris, Glenn told me, “Some day I’ll visit it with someone who’ll make it a sentimental city for me.”

Connie did exactly that for him.

But there are those who know the two of them so well that they ask, “For how long?” They’re positive it can’t last. Glenn may seem to be the man Connie has searched for all her life—but in actuality he’s only showing this exuberant girl the other side of herself—of the girl who is almost happy in love. —JANE ARDMORE WALTER WINTCHELL Connies in Warners’ “Susan Slade,” and in “Hawaiian Eye,” ABC-TV, Wednesday, 9:30 P.M. EST. Glenn is in M-G-M’s “Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.”

Continued from page 27

ten-spot into the waiter’s hand and the appreciative chap showed it to everyone from the kitchen crew to the hatchick, who got a dollar. Mickey didn’t have a hat, coat or package. He was being a sport.

Having the incident recorded here shows how much circulation a moving picture can get for only eleven dollars.

That reminds me of the time restaurateur Toots Shor, famed host to Holly- wood and other celebs, returned to his home town (Philadelphia) and went into a saloon in his old neighborhood. He announced: “My name’s Toots Shor. I’m buying a round for everyone in the house!” Not many of the patrons knew Toots—or had heard of him, but they drank to his health. One of the Philly newspaper paragraphers heard about it and caustically concluded: “What a Ham! He did it to attract attention to himself.”

Toots had a more honest explanation. “I’m always picking up tabs, I enjoy buying a guy a drink. My whole tab in that Philly joint was $70. Where could I buy so much good-will for seventy bucks? Can’t you hear those people saying all over my old neighborhood “Toots Shor came to town last night and bought everybody in the place a drink. What a nice fellow he must be.”

The one place in New York these nights to be sure of seeing Hollywood’s top thespers is at “How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying.” If you can’t get tickets to that smash (it is sold out at this writing for almost a year), you may join the throng at the intermission and walk that on the sidewalk. Every performance has several Hollywood Somebodies occupying down front pews. The management reportedly issued back-stage orders for the entire cast (most are newcomers to show business) not to use the curtain peephole to spot the celebs because the youngsters got so excited they often blew their lines. This applied to everyone but Rudy Vallee!

Franklin P. Adams once used this simile: “Fame is as fleeting as a Ferry Boat shine.” We thought of it one night at The Trocadero on Hollywood’s Sunset Strip, then the rendezvous for the stars. The occasion was a testimonial affair for Jack L. Warner, who was presented by well-known in Hollywood. Seated far down the dais—almost at the exit—some thoughtless person exiled New York’s one-time popular mayor, James J. Walker. His Honor had been through a political scandal and had left his wife for an actress. His best false friends, of course, were the first to desert him.

As the celebrated speakers paid tribute to Benny, the ex-mayor kept drinking heavily. They finally introduced Walker. The blinding spotlight was almost on top of him. He kept waving it away, and covering his eyes from the glare.

“Please,” he said, as he made the shortest and most sarcastic speech of his career, “please remove that spotlight. I want to be able to see some of the people who haven’t been able to see me lately!”

Mr. Walker, whose after-dinner talks were always the most amusing, didn’t get a laugh. It made one of us very sad.

A story never published before stars the President’s father, Joseph P. Kennedy and a show-girl friend of mine. Mr. Kennedy was U. S. Ambassador to Britain early in World War II, and the young lady of this novel is worried about her father and three kid brothers trapped in Poland between the Communists and the Nazis. She’d lost all trace.

“I will write to our Ambassador in London,” we comforted, “and ask him to help.” To my amazement Ambassador Kennedy cabled that he would try.

Several weeks later he wrote that his staff located the three boys but could not find the parent. He arranged for the trip to be flown to the United States and the show-girl (now wed to a doctor) is eternally grateful to Grandpa Kennedy, whom she’s never met.

This is to report to him the happy ending to the above story. The three boys were in their teens at the time they were brought here. So grateful were they to this country that all three enlisted in our Armed Forces a few years later and fought in Korea.

The END

Walter Winchell narrates “The Untouchables,” ABC-TV, Thursday, 10 P.M. EST.
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SIDESTORY: Connie Stevens & Glenn Ford to marry - IF...

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From a villa in Rome, he took her to a chalet sky-high in the snow-crested Alps and let the magic of Italy go to work for him... (It sure did!)

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WHY JACKIE?

What have we now, a new political magazine? I own a beauty shop and the customers refuse to look at it if the Kennedy name is on it. Can you blame them? Mamie wasn't on Photoplay's cover every month and she was a president's wife.

BJM.
Rockford, Ill.

We fully expected letters like yours. Photoplay, in its more than 50 years of publishing, has always been proud of its reputation for tastefulness and beauty. Mrs. Kennedy symbolizes tastefulness and beauty. Even more, she is America's newest star. Stardom is not limited to Hollywood; it transcends professions, countries, races and creeds. As newsworthy as she is charming, Mrs. Kennedy is in every sense a beautiful, glamorous, exciting star who deserves to be on the cover of Photoplay.

MAL-DE-BALLOT

...I adore Ben Casey and save every picture I can get, but I don't see very many in magazines. I enjoyed your article about Vince Edwards in the March issue. Thank you, and, please, in the future try to have more stories and pictures of him. I'd really appreciate it.

Dolores Powers
Modesto, Calif.

We at Photoplay wish to thank the thousands of Dick Chamberlain and Vince Edwards fans for sending in their ballots. We are still trying to find our secretary beneath the mountain of mail atop her desk. As soon as she is located, we will announce the winner of the Battle of the Doctors. PS: We believe she will need the services of one of these gentlemen herself.
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MUSIC SUPERVISED & CONDUCTED BY ALFRED NEWMAN
To work or not to work—was that the question? Whether 'twas far better to be the third Mrs. Sinatra without a career to her name—or just Juliet Prowse with her name in lights—was that the issue?

Whatever—they played fair to the end. Juliet announced the engagement and Frank announced the break-off. On January 9, when Frank gave her the go-ahead signal, Juliet had the fun of stunning Hollywood with the surprise Engagement of the Month. But it lasted longer—they were betrothed for six weeks—during which Juliet was showered and showered—with offers from movies, TV, night clubs. If all the stories printed about the startling romance between the 25-year-old redheaded dancer and the 46-year-old crooner were stretched end to end, they'd have reached from Hollywood to South Africa—where Juliet was photographed hugging her mother and showing the ten-carat diamond Frankie bought her.

But already there was a worm in the apple in the Garden of Eden. Immediately after the engagement, Juliet had said she would not quit her career after marriage. But Frank said she would. Then Juliet flew home to South Africa. Maybe it was her mother's influence, maybe it wasn't—but whatever it was, Juliet announced, from Africa, "If Frank insists that I give up working, then I shall yield to him. I think a man should be the boss and a woman should stay in her place. I like a man who is a hunter and a leader." She was further quoted as saying, "Frankie's word is going to be law. I want to give up my career and have lots of babies."

Juliet came back from South Africa on February 10, but for all those dutiful words it was reported that Frank neither met her at the airport nor sent a car.

Nevertheless, vague marriage dates were mentioned—in the same breath with problems of conflicting work schedules. "My problem is my film and TV commitments," Juliet admitted. "I have a stack of jobs and they mean my career to me. This is what Frank and I have to sort out."

But only the day-before-the-end, Frankie let it be known that he was starting a round-the-world tour of benefit shows for children's hospitals and orphanages, and Juliet would be along as Mrs. Sinatra. "The tour will start March 25, and Juliet and I will be married before I leave," he said. The benefit-honeymoon would take them to Mexico, Japan, Hong Kong, Israel and Europe.

The next day Frank's office sent out this item: "Juliet Prowse and Frank Sinatra today disclosed they have called off their wedding plans. The pair in a joint statement said: 'A conflict in career interests led us to make this decision. We both feel it is wiser to make this move now rather than later.'"

And there are skeptics... in Hollywood... at the wheels of taxis... lathering faces in barbershops... who call attention to the date of the announcement: February 22. The birthday of a man who is often quoted as saying, "I cannot tell a lie..."

Or was that only a publicity story? —Norma Gideon
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WHO IS

Richard Burton

THIS MAN THEY LINK WITH LIZ?

Who is this man—the ruggedly handsome actor who became sensationally linked with Elizabeth Taylor in headlines from Rome to Hollywood?

Richard Burton can be described as a cross between a John Barrymore and Groucho Marx. He possesses the manliness of Barrymore, the quick-brained wit of the comic. In addition, women (especially actresses) find him as irresistible as a Rudolph Valentino.

Burton flows with the kind of British gentlemanly charm that makes a woman feel like a queen. He can fascinate listeners with stimulating intellectual conversation on any subject from Shakespeare to the New York Yankees. He can be as swashbuckling as an Errol Flynn staging a donnybrook in a bar. He has the manners of Cary Grant, the rugged features of John Wayne.

Burton can be tough as nails. He can turn off the charm with a wink of his green eyes. On provocation he can go into a rage. He still carries a small scar from a broken nose inflicted by a locomotive-like punch during a bar-room brawl. This (Continued on page 86)
Put your own price tag on each of these pages

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MOTHER-TO-BE DEBBIE REYNOLDS SAYS:

"I'LL JUST HAVE TO HAVE TWINS!"

(please turn to page 16 to find out why)
Every morning, Monday through Friday, five of the biggest, brightest stars in show business are on CBS Radio. And only on CBS Radio. So during your busy mornings there's no reason to stop and look...just listen!

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Soon it's Garry Moore with Durward Kirby (who speak for themselves).

And then Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney (who sing for themselves).

If you'd like to brighten up your mornings, just find your station (listed on the right) and reach for the stars.

The stars that shine in the morning
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POISE IS MORE THAN POSTURE

MOTHER-TO-BE
DEBBIE REYNOLDS  continued

“Carrie wants a girl! Todd wants a boy! . . . I guess there’s only one way to keep them both happy—I’ll just have to have twins!” laughs a radiant Debbie.

She had just learned that another wonderful dream is coming true—she and Harry are going to have the baby they’ve all dreamed of.

“Carrie wanted me to have a baby when I wasn’t even married,” Debbie said, laughing again. “Most little girls want their mamas to have babies—and I couldn’t exactly explain to her why for me at the time that was an impossibility. Now she and Todd can hardly wait! They want to help care for the baby, and Carrie’s announced that she’s ready to move in with Todd and donate her own brand new room for the nursery. I don’t know whether that will happen or not. We’ve just moved into our house. I haven’t finished furnishing our room yet and I haven’t had time to plan or arrange anything.

“As a matter of fact, I’d never have announced my pregnancy this early, but I simply had to if I was going to finish shooting ‘How the West Was Won’ and start on ‘My Six Loves.’ It meant accelerating production on both pictures!”

Debbie leans forward, mops the windshield with a handful of tissues, guns the car into Motor Avenue. Rain is coming down in a steady, relentless flood. It drums the top of the car, flows down the windows in streams. From time to time she again clears away the haze that gathers on her side of the windshield. I mop my side. We’re on our way to Culver City to pick up Mrs. Reynolds at the dentist’s. Debbie had taken her mother there earlier, then had gone back to pick up Carrie at kindergarten, now we are on our way through the deluge that had been going on for days, flooding streets and undermining hillside areas. Debbie has the car radio on, checking for information on Venice Boulevard which we have to cross and which has already been blocked off from a number of approaches.

“We can go over Motor if that viaduct underpass isn’t flooded. If it is, we’ll cut back to Pico and go over Overland,” she says, slowing to plow through a good-sized puddle. But when I glance at her, I realize she is thinking of something else entirely, her face framed in a babushka glowing and happy. She looks nothing like the Debbie who was in the hospital last week with intestinal flu. This is the gay Debbie, the calm Debbie, the Debbie who has learned to do a thousand things in her busy week and do them all without pressing the panic button.

“Harry will be back Friday,” she is saying, more to herself than to me. “Am I glad he wasn’t there when the roof started leaking so badly! It was fixed yesterday, we replastered around the skylights and the water didn’t touch the wallpaper. . . . I’m dying to have him see the new lamp I got for our room.”

What she means is, she can hardly wait for him to come home. This is what the new home means. Harry and Debbie and children. Debbie had a lovely house before. But this is the first home she and Harry have made together, the first home she and Harry and Carrie and Todd have had—as she says “really together.” It’s been a tremendous amount of work, remodeling to their needs, finding the modern furniture and the Louis XV and Louis XVI accessories to give it just the right amount of warmth.

Sometimes children resist a change of homes. But Carrie and Todd went back and forth while the reconstruction was under way. Todd drove his bike like mad across the white marble floors and Carrie watched the decoration of her pink and white room. Harry and Debbie relished every acquisition, the lovely chandelier for their dining room, the pieces of Rodin sculpture, the paintings, the exquisite little Pissarro miniature Debbie has placed on the piano. They love the view from the glassed-in living room, their garden and their pool and the Los Angeles Country Club in the distance.

“It’s such a beautiful house,” Debbie says, “and it’s been such fun. Harry has wanted me to do it just as I wish and there’s no problem, actually, of my liking something he doesn’t because our taste is just the same. We both love beauty, we were fascinated with architect Burton Scott’s design, but we didn’t want it just to be cold and palatial. Well, it isn’t. It’s a family home. Every tiny object we bring in seems to make it more homey. I can hardly wait for Harry to see what I’ve done while he’s been gone.”

She hasn’t seen him since she found out about the baby, she can hardly wait to have him come home. It won’t be true until he comes home and she sees his face. He’s been in New York for ten days, making arrangements for the ten new stores. On March 3, Debbie and he will head back East together to open all ten of them. This is Debbie's idea, something she begged to do when Harry was
opening some new stores in the Northwest. Why not let her come along to participate? Be part of the fun? Meet the customers? Why not? And she did, autographing thousands of pictures, kibitzing with people the way Debbie loves to do. She is quite aware of the executive load her husband carries on his shoulders. She wants to help in any way she can.

Yesterday she spent the afternoon filming tapes about Karl's shoes. It doesn't seem like work because she had Carrie with her. But it seemed like work to Carrie.

"Why do you do the same thing over and over and over and over?" she demanded.

"Well, sweetheart, in this business you have to do many things over until they're just right for the cameraman and the sound man and the director."

"Okay," announced Carrie, who has evidently decided on her career. "If I have to, I'll do it."

When Harry left for New York this time, Debbie caught Carrie's cold and it progressed from flu to virus to hospital, where they found she was anemic. No wonder. She's been working very hard these last six months on "How the West Was Won." Up at 3 a.m. when they're out on location, home at 7 p.m., working sometimes until nearly midnight, doing dance numbers all in one day, never stopping.

"Everyone should have a checkup annually, I know that," she admits "and you can bet Harry will see to it that I do from here on. But I have felt so well, I never bothered this year. . . ."

Out in the rain her cheeks are pink, her eyes are bright, we splash across the parking lot as if she were just about to go into her "Singin' in the Rain" number . . . time skids by . . . rain splashes our faces . . . "Singin' in the Rain" was 1952—ten years ago—a Debbie Reynolds who was still fresh from Burbank. When stardom and love and marriage were all just dreams.

"I want to have six children." I remember her telling me that when she was a teenager with pink cheeks and bright eyes—and all of it was still so far ahead.

"Of course I want to marry again someday. I want a husband and a normal family and more children." She told me that in the lonely time when she was alone with the children and trying to keep their life balanced and happy.  

(Continued on page 84)
Susan Kohner will go down in Hollywood history as the girl who waited . . . and waited . . . and won. Just when her non-stop romance with George Hamilton was finally dead as yesterday’s news, George proposed.

Ever since they met in 1958, George has been giving Susan a big rush—while issuing statements about why he can’t marry her. (Mostly he was too young for marriage.)

Finally last year, when Susan was making a picture in Munich, her name was linked with Monty Clift’s. And George, in Palm Springs, was heavy-dating ex-Queen Soroya.

But when Susan returned from Munich, George must have done a double-take. He flew to meet her in New York, they kissed and made up and went to buy the ring. They’ll be married in Hollywood some time this summer.

Connie Stevens created a nuclear explosion at Warner Brothers when she walked out while filming a segment of “Hawaiian Eyes.” Connie claimed the studio was taking too big a hunk of her personal appearance. But, however, I heard money wasn’t the real reason for her ire. Connie reportedly blew her top because Dorothy Provine was given two guest spots in a row in “Hawaiian Eyes.” This was just too much for Connie to endure. The studio wisely cooled Connie down, and she was back on the lot a few days. Just as well, because Bob Conrad and other members of the cast had threatened to mutiny if Connie didn’t return to play Cricket Blake!

Isn’t Debbie Reynolds planning to exchange her script for an apron when the baby arrives in September? Talk is that she’s planning to retire from the screen to devote full time to mothering and helping Harry Karl open new shoe shops.

Troy Donahue rates a pat on the back. He’s acting like a man instead of the boy who couldn’t control his temper. Unfortunately, he had to grow up the hard way—via the Lili Kardell episode. But wasn’t it worth it, Troy?

If it isn’t love, then I’m baffled! Rock Hudson cut short his planned two-month yachting vacation in Mexican waters to fly back to Hollywood and Marilyn Maxwell.

He’d only been away two weeks when the yacht pulled into Acapulco. But Rock was so Marilyn-sick he flew right back.

There’s a rumor around that Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin are expecting again.

When Jerry Lewis opened his new ultrawanky night club on the Sunset Strip, one of the invited guests didn’t show—and it wasn’t surprising. Dean Martin headed for Palm Springs and the golf course instead. Joey Bishop was the clan’s only rep on hand. Guess Dean figured it would be a little like eating crow. Only a few blocks away from Jerry’s nitey is Dino’s nite spot. And although Martin no longer has any interest in the club, it still bears his name. . . . Was Jerry’s face red at his opening? The planners in the ladies’ room went out, and the females had to be detoured to the rest room in the manager’s office.

Despite the rumors, Lee Remick and Bill Cullinan looked happily married at Lena Horne’s smash Coconut Grove bow.

Keely Smith’s new sensation is Frankie Avalon. They met the night of the Stor-A-Minute Ball. Later they had a ball of their own.

Jayne Mansfield’s husband comforts her after their near-drowning. He sympathizes, but I’m not sure I do.
own, twisting up a storm at one of the night clubs. Bob Fuller is just another memory in Keely's book. So is he in the eyes of another lass, Kathy Nolan. Kathy and Keely's brother, Piggy Smith, are now a twosome.

If Bob Wagner doesn't give his consent for a divorce soon, Natalie Wood may go against her barrister's advice and obtain a Mexican decree. Warren Beatty is getting impatient. I don't know if he did hire a bodyguard, but he could have used one while Joan Collins was in town. I hear her eyes were spitting fire at the mere mention of her former fiancé's name.

Scooping around: Embarrassing moment for Lang Jeffries (he's free again following the Rhonda Fleming interlude). Lang was at the home of an attractive actress when the telephone rang. The male voice on the other end asked to speak to the girl. Lang explained that she was getting ready to go out on a date and was showering. The man then demanded, "Who are you?" "I'm her brother-in-law," Lang sheepishly replied, knowing it was a white lie. "Then that makes you my brother," snapped the angry voice on the other end of the line. "I'm her husband." And though it turned out that he was only an estranged husband, I still think the story is hilarious. . . . Isn't Christine Kaufmann dating Alexander White-law, the associate producer of Taras Bulba, in which she played the fem lead? Christine (she's only seventeen) keeps turning down dates with boys her own age. . . . Ty Hardin really made an impression on Shelley Winters when they dated while filming The Chapman Report. She invited him to fly to Phoenix for the opening of her play, "Natural Affection." And Ty certainly was in gay spirits upon his return. . . . I hear that Greta Chi proposed to Gardner McKay. Now that's a switch—even for Hollywood! (Please turn the page)
Sharon Hugueny continues to build a shell around her life, following her divorce from Bob Evans. She appears overly moody, and didn't seem eager to return to work at Warners in February. She was cast in a guest-starring role as a beauty contest winner for a "Surfside 6" segment, but didn't show. The studio had to cast a substitute for her at the very last minute.

Look for Luciana Paluzzi to marry attorney Jerry Doff when she's free of Brett Halsey. Brett and Debbie Loew are expected to merge, too.

Rumors keep flying out of Rome about Elizabeth Taylor faster than you can count them. One thing appears to be true: The honeymoon is over for Liz and Eddie Fisher. They try to hide their unhappiness, but it's becoming all too obvious. Eddie, once glued to Liz's side, is spending more and more time away from their Rome villa. Latest rumor had her linked with her "Cleopatra" lover, Richard Burton. Dick went to all lengths to deny this; he even issued a statement to the press that he and Liz are only "good friends." I'd like to know his definition of "good friends." At the height of marriage break-up rumors, Liz was rushed on a stretcher to a Rome hospital. This time the cause wasn't pneumonia, but chili and beans. Doctors said she suffered a mild attack of food poisoning.

Can't figure Hope Lange. She takes Robert Logan to dinner and Stephen Boyd to the movies. She and young Robert were dining at a secluded beach restaurant in a cozy booth for two, and the next night she was at a premiere with Steve. By the way, Hope and Connie Stevens accidentally ran into each other at a Palladium benefit. They exchanged stories that would have put the fire in Dante's Inferno, and then Connie turned around and walked off without a hello or a goodbye!

Don't be too shocked if Marlon Brando and Anna Kashfi remarry. The way they're getting along these days, you'd never know that only a few months ago they were feuding worse than the Hatfields and the McCoys. I've already reported that the slap Anna handed Marlon in court was a dead give-away that she still stalks for him. Since then, they've been like Romeo and Juliet. Anna even withdrew her appeal against the court order Marlon won that day, which allows him to see their son Devi more often. But don't hold your breath till that unpredictable pair makes a move. Didn't Anna just finish telling PHOTOPLAY what she thinks of Marlon? (See page 53.) Those two might remarry or they might refuse—make your own bets!
a lot of disappointed young guys around town—Frankie Avalon and Ty Hardin among them—who had their eyes on Burt’s girl. I never did find out just what Gardner McKay (3) was doing to Sidney Skolsky. I thought he was probably trying to prove a point, but when I looked for Sidney to find out what the point was, I couldn’t find him anywhere. Of course, the place was crowded, but I kept thinking that maybe Gardner didn’t like something that Sidney had written about him in his column and was telling him so. Whatever it was, I thought I’d better keep out of Gard’s way—he’s taller than I am, too! Connie Stevens and Ponce Ponce (4) were having a real ball. It’s nice to see co-workers (Ponce’s on “Hawaiian Eye”) get along so well after hours. I think this speaks well for Connie. Old-marrieds Bob Conrad and Nick Adams (5) took John aside to give him a few tips on how to keep a wife in line, and it looks as if Bob cracked up just thinking about it! Doug McClure and Barbara Luna (6) still look like honeymooners to me even though they’ve been married almost four months! Debbie and John (7) kept looking at her ring—to make sure they weren’t dreaming!
I told Vince Edwards he must be the world's greatest runner, since he's still single. He replied, "I've been to the starting gate several times but I balked. I guess I'm just evasive."

Hollywood certainly was short-sighted about Edwards. He kicked around town ten years before Howard Koch and Jim Moser put him into "Ben Casey." Now strangers stop him on the street to ask him to diagnose their aches and pains.

I'm sure something dire's about to happen. This peace-and-quiet-isn't-it-wonderful between Marlon Brando and his ex-wife Anna Kashfi will surely bring on some catastrophe.


Unless my eyesight's failing me, that new home Glenn Ford's building will welcome a bride—and I'm betting it'll be Connie Stevens. Glenn won't admit it, but take it from me, he's more in love with Connie than with any girl he's dated since Eleanor Powell. He insisted she go with him to Paris for the premiere of "Four Horsemen," then on to Washington, D.C., for the premiere there which got her into hot water with her studio, Warner Brothers. She then asked to be released from her contract, and even repaid a $7,500 loan they'd made her. Naturally, Warners refused to release her—she's a very valuable property.

When Glenn took Connie to the Star-a-Minute Ball, he bumped into his ex-girl friend Hope Lange who was escorted by Steve Boyd. This was before Hope and Glenn took off for Europe to do "The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm," a commitment he'd made when he was dating Hope, and Hope and Steve were saying "we're just good friends."
Shirley MacLaine's daughter is in school in Japan: "She's very bright," says mother. "In fact, I think she was twenty-three when she was born." When I caught up with Shirley on "Two for the Seesaw" set she said, "Remember how hard you tried to get me to dress up? Well, Audrey Hepburn took over where you left off when we were working together. I taught her to cuss in return. She came in with ten pairs of shoes for me one day. I could squeeze into a couple of her dresses if I let out the seams. But it confuses me when I dress up. I'll just never be the high-fashion type."

And it confuses me when I keep hearing so many rumors about Shirley's marriage.

Debbie Reynolds' announcement that she was having a baby threw a monkey wrench into two pictures, and there sure was some stirring around when the studio heads found out about it. This will make five children for Harry Karl. He has a twenty-two-year-old daughter Judy by his first marriage and three by Marie McDonald. With his five and Debbie's two by Eddie Fisher, that makes seven for Karl to buy shoes for!

When La Monroe (above) turns her back, photogs still get a great shot. In Florida with Joe Di Maggio when news broke that Arthur Miller had remarried, Marilyn beamed and said, "I wish him the best."

Joan Collins, who claims "marriage is a trap," came back to Hollywood on business, but didn't even get a rose from ex-boyfriend Warren Beatty.

"Didn't he even call to say hello?" I asked her.

"Oh no, boys don't do that sort of thing any more," she told me, sounding not at all forlorn. She was busy making plans to rent a place in New York to be there when that brilliant Anthony Newley opens in September in his hit play, "Stop The World, I Want To Get Off." As for her dates with Bob Wagner, she says he's just a "dear friend."

And Bob, meanwhile, has no homecoming plans. He wants to stay in Europe to try to find himself. "I want to go places where nobody knows me," he said. "I want to meet real people, hear new sounds, mature. I'm separated from my wife, I've got a great lover-boy reputation behind me and I'm confused."

I sent Mamie Eisenhower a copy of this picture taken of us lunching at Romanoff's (above), and she was amazed at how young we looked. All I can tell her is that the retoucher who used the air-brush on us has already received three Oscars for raising many stars' chins! (Please turn the page)
Pier Angeli has a new husband (above)—but she has an old problem with Vic Damone—custody of their son Perry!

Jayne Mansfield sure got mileage out of her near-drowning off Nassau when she spent a night on a narrow strip of land with husband Mickey Hargitay and a press agent. When we heard their boat had capsized and she might have drowned, one comic said, “Impossible. She carries her life savers with her.” But Bob Hope had the topper of them all. “They threw Jayne Mansfield a Mae West and she threw it right back.”

Rita Hayworth and Gary Merrill have had some monumental rows, but are going ahead with plans to co-star on Broadway in “Step on a Crack.” Over the holidays both of Rita’s daughters (Rebecca by Orson Wells and Yasmin by Prince Ali Khan) visited her at Chateau Marmont, where Merrill had an apartment on the same floor. She’s amazingly courageous about appearing on Broadway. Some of our greatest stars qual at the thought of that firing line of tough New York critics.

Marie McDonald is busy working on a new night-club act, but she claims it’s boredomsville with her—no boy friends. The two guys she’d most like to meet are Vince Edwards and Efrem Zimbalist. (Who wouldn’t?) Efrem’s ex-wife moved in next door to her in the Valley, which might prove embarrassing if Efrem and Marie ever do meet!

Dorothy Malone wasn’t too emphatic when she denied rumors that she and Jacques Bergerac were about to separate. “We’ve had our fights, yes, but it’s just that Jacques is anxious to get back to Europe. There are several things for him in Italy and he loves that country,” she said. Humm.

Don’t make any bets that the Rod Taylor-Anita Ekberg romance will reach the altar. Rod’s happy with her—but even happier with his freedom. When I asked him about her, he said, “I love her for what’s she’s attempting to become . . . the kind of inner thing Ingrid Bergman has . . . a kind of womanliness.” (I’m still trying to figure what he meant by that!) Then he added, “I just like to act. I have my public and my ‘Swede,’ so what more do I need?” He has her, but I wonder how much longer she’ll hang around if he continues to be altar-shy? After all, a girl can’t wait forever—even if she is in love with the guy.

When Rocky Cooper put her Bel-Air home up for sale and took a penthouse apartment on Park Avenue, she told me, “Unless you’re in show business there’s nothing for you in Hollywood. Nobody’s rich enough to maintain a home like ours here and live in it for only a few months of the year.” However, I’m sure Maria will spend much of her time here because her best beau is handsome Peter Mann who played in “Pocketful of Miracles.” In a strange way, Peter resembles her father.

Princess Grace, above with little Caroline, continues to keep us guessing. She hired a Hollywood press agent, but she still denies having any plans for resuming her once-great career.
Horst and Myriam Buchholz' (above) new-born son Christopher has triple citizenship—German, French and American.

Newton Minow made Fabian a big man, the way he kept harping on the producers of "Bus Stop" for putting a nice boy like Fabian into such an unpleasant role. Career-wise it's done more for the young singer-actor than anything he's attempted thus far. But morale-wise, Fabian's taken a nose dive since his split with manager Bob Marcucci.

The divorce of Evie and Van Johnson will be an expensive one. Evie demanded $4,531 monthly from Van, plus $750 child support for their daughter. That's high for any actor, but Evie has always lived high, spending as much for clothes, living and jewels as a top star. Evie and Van have separated several times in the past, but they've always reconciled. This time Van's English friends are hoping the separation will go through. They adore him over there—and over here, too. Even Evie's friends feel she's been a little hard on easy-going Van.

The "Cleopatra" producers were rooting for Colonel Glenn to get into orbit so the Liz Taylor story would get shoved off the front pages. It was, for a while, but don't go away—the Liz headlines will be back. They say one picture is worth a thousand words, and Eddie's face, after Liz' last stay in the hospital, was a revelation. And his reluctance to be photographed indicates that there's more here than meets the eye.

"Cleopatra" won't be finished until July so the fireworks might be timed just right. The hints of a romance between Liz and Burton (which he denied) are amusing. Burton is a wild Welshman. Jean Simmons once called him "an enviable cross between Groucho Marx and John Barrymore." Who knows what will happen—I've known Roman holidays, but this is ridiculous.

I never would have believed it, but George Hamilton (above) popped the question to Susan Kohner. I'm certainly happy for her. She knew what she wanted, and waited for it. Other girls I know weren't quite so lucky.

That's all the news under my hat now. See you next month •
Two hours before Glenn Ford's plane took off for the Washington, D.C., premiere of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" his phone rang.

"Glenn, I'm coming with you!" said Connie Stevens.

"Hey, great. I'll get another ticket. We can fly out tomorrow morning, that'll give you more time."

"I'll be ready in one hour," Connie said. "We can go tonight, just as you planned."

For a moment he thought she was kidding. Connie travels with a dozen suitcases, he's never seen her wear the same dress twice. How could she pack in an hour?

But she did. She was all packed and all smiles when he picked her up at her hilltop home and headed for the airport just outside Los Angeles.

Glenn had asked her to go with him to Washington weeks before, just as he's asked her to dinner almost
every night since they met ... and to dance ... and to parties ... and to Paris for the premiere of "The Four Horsemen." To that she'd said, "When do we leave?" without a moment's hesitation.

The whole interlude had been a joyous, spontaneous whirl, exhilarating to them both. Glenn was no longer the quiet stay-at-home. He'd changed. He goes everywhere. He takes Connie everywhere. He's excited, delighted, because—after months of searching—he's found someone who lives the way he's really always wanted to live: on the spur of the moment, gaily, freely. Connie has helped him break loose from his conservatism. And he's so proud of her he wants the whole world to know, to see, to share his rapture.

Glenn is a romantic, Connie is young and starry-eyed and together they're enjoying the full flavor of love. They're experiencing the wonderful momentum that builds when you discover a new human being, when you begin to see and feel another's thoughts, when you discover a million interests in common and you're both in love with life.

It's true that Glenn has known plenty of beautiful women in his life—but none quite like Connie. "I had a good-sized ego and I'm hardly naive," he's said, "and yet along comes this little blond statue (in Paris they call Connie La Statue d'Or, The Golden Statue) and knocks me for a loop! She's a tiger," he laughs, the one girl he's ever known who has true spirit, inexhaustible verve and the spunk to say exactly what she thinks and what she means. She's honest, direct and the first girl he's ever known whom he could put on a pedestal, without fearing she'd fall off. And (Continued on page 91)
SATAN NEVER SLEEPS
Metrocolor; Director, John Frankenheimer; Producer, Leo McCarey (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? At a China mission, two American priests and a girl in love with one of them are caught by Reds.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Recalling his old Crosby-Fitzgerald hit, "Going My Way," movie-maker Leo McCarey finds another likable, skillful team to play feuding, friendly clerics. But he picks an unlikely spot—China of 1949—for a light comedy-melodrama, and he tries to juggle too many tricky, touchy themes at the same time.

THE FOUR HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE
Metrocolor; Director, Vincente Minnelli; Producer, Julian Blaustein (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin, Charles Boyer, Yvette Mimieux.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? In war-time Paris, an Argentine family is split by its mixed heritage: French and German.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The 1921 hit that made Valentino a star gets a spectacular new production, in 142 plot-filled minutes. Maybe it was believable as a World War I epic, but its rich, hocus-pocus dramatics are out of place in grim World War II. Glenn (at ease in his other current picture) is fantastically miscast.

EXPERIMENT IN TERROR
Columbia Pictures; Director-Producer, Blake Edwards (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A crazed killer tries to frighten a girl bank-teller into committing a robbery for him.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? For once, we meet a thriller heroine smart enough to call the law right away. Only trouble is: This cuts the suspense. We know we can rely on G-man Glenn to save Lee and Stefanie (a sweet new teenager). The film's long length (two hours) spreads the shivers rather thin. (Continued on page 30)
Marina Del Mar’s sugar-coated sheath is positively piquant with sweet fashion news...and fairly deluged with daisies! Discreetly scooped in front...delightfully swooped in back...and wouldn’t you know it owes its carefree contours to that very shapeful inner Seashell Bra. From Marina Del Mar’s tempting collection of Beach Bon Bons...“Sugar Daisy” $17.95
**MOON PILOT**
Buena Vista; Technicolor; Director, James Neilson; Producer, Walt Disney (Family)

who's in it? Tom Tryon, Dany Saval, Brian Keith, Edmond O'Brien.
what's it about? Before a U.S. astronaut gets off the ground, a mysterious (and pretentious) stranger shadows him. What's the Verdict? It's refreshing to see solemn topics like space flight and sky hunts turned into pure knockabout comedy. With Tom as a breezy hero and Dany as a pert visitor (from where?), good old 1-0-ve bewilders the brass (Brian) and makes a clown of the secret service (Edmond). It's pretty funny!

**THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE**
U.A.; Director-Producer, Val Guest (Adult)

who's in it? Janet Munro, Edward Judd, Leo McKern, Michael Goodliffe.
what's it about? Horrifying results of a coincidence in super-bomb testing, as seen by a London newspaperman. What's the Verdict? You might call it science-fiction, but it's done with such good, sharp realism that it seems uncomfortably unfictional. It could be in tomorrow's headlines! Edward is a fascinating newcomer (a British Paul Newman), and Janet has suddenly taken on a new personality—the very earthy type.

**THE MAGIC SWORD**
U.A.; Eastman Color; Director-Producer, Bert I. Gordon (Family)

who's in it? Gary Lockwood, Anne Helm, Basil Rathbone, Estelle Winwood.
what's it about? A gallant knight's crusade to rescue his beloved princess, with magic working for and against him. What's the Verdict? What a relief to be back in the Dark Ages, when humanity just worried about trifles like fiery dragons and wicked wizards! In this cheerful, old-fashioned yarn, Gary (of TV's "Follow the Sun") is a decorative hero, though he should have taken acting lessons from his older and better co-players.

**TOMORROW IS MY TURN**
Showcorporation; Director, André Cayatte; Dialogue in French and German, Titles in English (Adult)

who's in it? Charles Aznavour, Georges Riviere, Cordula Trantow.
what's it about? The effect of World War II experiences on two Frenchmen, sent as prisoners to German farms. What's the Verdict? A deeply felt, wonderfully civilized movie, dealing with human emotions that cut across and transcend national boundaries. The performances are all splendid, but Aznavour (singer turned actor) creates a truly lovable, thoroughly rounded character, as contrasted with Riviere's adventurer.

**ONLY TWO CAN PLAY**
Kingsley International; Director, Sidney Gilliat; Producer, Leslie Gilliat (Adult)

who's in it? Peter Sellers, Virginia Maskell, Mai Zetterling.
what's it about? Fed up with family life and his library job, a Welshman tries a fling with an upper-crust dame. What's the Verdict? You'll find the bits of silly humor and the spark of skill that you'd expect of a Sellers film. But this one does almost as much fumbling around as the fellow in its story. Like him, it isn't sure whether it's making a serious social gesture or just whooping off in brief search of fun and games.

**JESSICA**
U.A.; Panavision, Technicolor; Director-Producer, Jean Negulesco (Adult)

who's in it? Angie Dickinson, Maurice Chevalier, Gabriele Ferzetti.
what's it about? An American girl's charm almost ruins her business opportunities as a midwife in a Sicily town. What's the Verdict? Skating deliberately around the edges of bad taste, this comedy never quite falls in. It goes up to its ears in sentimentality instead. Even Chevalier can't cope with some of the embarrassingly awkward scenes. But the scenery's fine, one beautiful view after another. Too bad the story's not as good.
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After viewing enough samples from today's crop of motion pictures, one can almost dream up an imaginary mother-daughter conversation going on all over these United States.

"Mother, oh Mother, what makes a three-letter word like sex turn into a four-letter word? I mean—into something that's not very nice . . ."

"Why that's obvious, my darling daughter. The manner in which sex is treated can turn a pure and natural thing into a four-letter word."

"Mother—do you mean Hollywood? Do you mean the movies?"

"Yes, my darling daughter."

"Oh. But Mother, what makes a motion picture dirty?"

"Illicit relations . . . adultery . . . perversion . . . infidelity—if used with intent to shock. That, my darling daughter, makes a picture dirty."

"Oh. But Mother, those themes have been the backbone of great literature down through the ages."

"Exactly, my darling daughter. But as I said, it's the manner in which such themes are treated that makes for the end result. Sex is only shameful when the treatment degrades it—just as the human body can become shameful if we bathe it under a sheet, implying it's too obscene to be seen."

"But Mother, what seems obscene to one, may not to another."

"That, my darling daughter, has made censorship a bone of bitter contention for many, many long years."

"I don't see why, Mother. 'Male and female—He created them.'"

"But not for box-office appeal, my darling daughter. Not to sell tickets and fill seats in a movie theater."

Yes, the old, old controversy still rages today. (Please turn the page)

by
FANNIE HURST
WHAT MAKES A MOVIE DIRTY?

continued

or sly, dirty, obscene? What equips judges—ranging from churchmen and Legion of Decency members to average, every-day citizens—with the ability to decide what is morality or immorality, culture or savagery, good taste or bad? "Lady Chatterley's Lover," once banned as indecent, has now been moved over into respectability, while "A Roll in the Hay" remains under the censorial axe. Who is to decide these things? Who is to decide whether Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," which recently passed from twenty-five years of exile into acceptance, is a masterpiece of literature or a cesspool of "realistic" filth?

To any of these questions there can be no single answer. Standards change from person to person, from situation to situation. A hairline separates beauty from indecency. A woman's shapely body, photographed in the nude, can be beautiful. But put a pair of slippers on her feet—only slippers, nothing more—and the picture may take on a strange obscenity. By the same token, Tennessee Williams' writing might shock you, while exciting my admiration for his artistry.

Besides, standards of morality flex and bend with the times. The Victorian code of social behavior is as different from the Twentieth Century's code as long underwear is from bikinis. "Pregnant" used to be a hush-hush word. Today a woman can be seen having a baby on the screen in "The Case of Dr. Laurent." Approval of the film was a long time coming, but the miracle of childbirth finally emerged from the shameful. Censorship works both ways, its wonders to perform.

Time's pendulum swings both ways, too. There was an era when Hollywood decreed that every movie must have a happy ending or the customers would go away dissatisfied. Romance was sentimental to the point of stickiness. Now the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. Swung? Let's say, rather, that it was given an enormous, (Continued on page 38)
Violence, lust, illegitimacy are thrown in your face in “Parrish,” which proved one of Hollywood’s more embarrassing failures.

The near-rape of a child is an explosive subject, but in “The Mark” it was handled with delicacy.

“Saturday Night and Sunday Morning,” a great portrait, honestly faces up to the human problems of England’s factory workers.

“La Dolce Vita,” its lewdness a social indictment, won the Legion’s “For Mature Adults Only” rating.

“Baby Doll” spoke for the inarticulate who search for life and its meaning. A masterpiece to critics, it shocked others.

Sheer visual sex—as exploited in “Les Liaisons Dangereuses”—is amoral—and yet packs a moral.
One day last October as the TV cameras rolled, an intern stepped into a hospital elevator, smiled down at a little girl who was being taken to surgery and spoke the lines, "This is the big day, eh?" It was a bigger day than television's intern Dick Chamberlain ever dreamed—for that very night the first episode of his series, "Dr. Kildare," was shown to the nation. Immediately, the world exploded for Dick, and promptly rearranged itself at his feet. And he's been sitting on top of the world ever since! The impact that Dick made on the millions of viewers is second only (Continued on page 38)
The sound of a man on top of the world—

the story behind Dick Chamberlain’s shout:

YOWEEE
to the impact the viewers have made on Dick. A close friend of Chamberlain's says: "Dick was literally assaulted by success. And what made the explosion all the noisier is the simple fact that he is such a modest guy he didn't have the faintest notion that he had lit the fuse."

Every single person in Chamberlain's large, happy circle of friends can understand why this slightly reticent 26-year-old bachelor is a smash. But one person can give you no explanation at all—and that one is Richard Chamberlain himself. Dr. Kildare himself.

Until he flashed across the TV tubes that autumn evening, Dick was a man who envisioned for himself no more than a reasonable steady future as an actor. He had hopes of becoming a competent actor, quietly; of earning a comfortable living at it, quietly; of falling in love with the right girl, then marriage and children—quietly!

Today he is the only calm and composed figure in a world of screaming mimis who surround him.

His every waking hour is jammed with requests for interviews, photographic sittings, personal appearances, hysterical hordes of autograph hounds, agents, salesmen, women, girls, scripts, rehearsals, bundles of telegrams, pleas for help, sympathy, money and medical advice.

In the last two months his mail has increased from 300 letters a week to 2,000—and at this writing, the figure is still rising—rapidly.

And his "top secret" private phone number has been changed three times in three months. This is a sure sign of Hollywood success.

Still, "Chamberlain," according to a friend who works with him, "is the only sane inmate in the madhouse they've made of his life."

One of the most difficult things to believe about Richard Chamberlain is that he is a man who, while riding the crest of a wave of success, is much more concerned about others than himself. This preoccupation with the needs and opinions of his mentors and his fans was at first believed to smack of the "old humble bit," a pose frequently taken on by some young stars in recent years.

But you have only to sit down with Dick to realize that this interest in the world and people around him is as genuine as his slow smile.

He impresses others instantly with a peculiar sincerity because he makes no pretense whatsoever of being hip, hep, flip or sharp. He responds readily to some questions and dawdles mentally over others. Dick is absolutely devoid of delusions of self-importance. And in a world where everybody pretends to know everything, it is almost startling to hear him say, "I don't know." He told me that every time he realizes he doesn't know something he is facing reality.

"The more I think about what's happened to me," Dick says, "the more fantastic the picture becomes. And the thought of what people are going to expect of me—simply because I become Dr. Kildare—once a week—scares the hell out of me. It's too much—even for Kildare."

"It's easy to assume that because the series has become popular I should live in an intolerable state of ecstasy. I do, and I don't. I have my moments, but just when I'm getting too high with happiness I suddenly realize that I have a large bag of responsibilities on my back.

"But I guess one of the happiest aspects of it all is the joy it has brought to those close to me, my parents in particular. Like all parents, they lived in the hope that their son would fair well in the world once he matured. It was such a pleasure for me to go to them and tell them not to worry about how I'd get on in the world . . . to tell them that I was sitting on top of it."

Did he never have even an inkling that he might suddenly find himself on top of the world in one of the hottest TV series in the last ten years?

"No," says Chamberlain. "When they showed the first 'Dr. Kildare' to the press at the studios a few months back, I couldn't believe that it had turned out as well as they said it had. I went home that night and gave myself a hundred reasons why the reaction had been so favorable. They're all being kind to me, I thought. No one, I figured, would walk up to me and say, 'Chamberlain, you're bad, the series will never go, it'll fall on its face.'"

"But as the days went by and the veterans at M-G-M all agreed that 'Dr. Kildare' had been examined and pronounced a healthy prospect for TV viewing, I couldn't help but feel an extra heart beat."

"It was just about then that, without any warning, my whole being was swept by a wave of gratitude. I know it sounds corny, but I had a sudden impulse to write thank-you letters to everyone in my life. Just out of curiosity, I made out a list of names. I stopped after (Continued on page 96)
Beginning the fascinating story of Elizabeth and the love curse of

THE OTHER WOMAN IN EDDIE'S LIFE

please turn the page...
LIZ and EDDIE

continued

Sitting straight-backed on a huge red-velvet throne, she looked every inch a Queen.

She was being shown a $100,000 wardrobe when she yawned regally and ordered it taken away. None of the dresses compared to the 22-carat gold one she was wearing that very minute. Besides, they didn’t fit to perfection. No, she’d never wear them; they’d have to be discarded and new ones ordered.

She stepped off her throne and walked over to her palatial suite followed, as always, by her hairdresser who ran a comb through her locks and a makeup man who puffed some powder on her royal nose.

And for all this she had already earned one million dollars . . . was now getting $50,000 a week . . . and even her husband was on salary for almost fifteen hundred a week.

She sighed and went back to her throne. For just this moment there was nothing to do but to sit there on her plush throne . . . and gaze out over a multi-million dollar empire that was truly her own.

It was a movie set, but right at that moment nobody was acting.

Elizabeth Taylor, anxious for the day’s work to begin, was simply being herself. Soon it would be time to start pretending she was Cleopatra. And she would have to tread the thin line that separates her from the Queen of the Nile. But that wouldn’t be too hard for, in a way, Liz really is Cleopatra.

These two women, living so many centuries apart, have enough parallels in their lives to amaze even the most casual (Continued on page 76)
Doris Day
is on a fling
to celebrate
the birth of spring!
Chapeau! Bonnet!
Topper! Hat!
Which to buy—
this or that?
Shirley Jones set her teeth, pushed a second pillow against her back to support a spine no more firm than satin ribbon and sat up in the hospital bed. From the nearby stand she drew a vivid blue chiffon scarf and, with trembling hands, banded it around her hair and tied it. . . . That done, she rested, breathing heavily. Then she opened her eyes and studied her reflection in the dressing table mirror across the room. The usually round cheeks were pallid and drawn; great lavender hollows beneath her eyes gave her the look of an unseeing mask; her lips were colorless. . . . She thought, “It’s a miracle that I’m alive—but yet, I’m going to die. No matter what they say, I’m going to die.” If she had the strength, she’d have cried. As it was, there was only the slow, agonized trickle within her heart. Inside, she wept—for all her lost dreams. . . . The hospital door opened and in came a brisk nurse, a smiling doctor and an orderly. They rigged up the transfusion equipment and prepared Shirley’s arm. And then a miracle took place. As Shirley watched herself in the mirror, she saw color flow into her cheeks; the hollows disappeared from beneath eyes that began to sparkle; her lips turned bright. Without intending to, she began to chuckle. It was a wonderful world, a glorious world. And Shirley Jones was going to live in it for scores and scores of years to come. . . . Because nothing was wrong. . . . She wasn’t the first woman to give birth by Caesarean section and she wouldn’t be the last. And if she hadn’t been so plain scared, she’d have known all along that she was in no danger of dying. In the corridor she heard the quick step of her husband. Now she could allow the tears of happiness to well in her eyes. “I’ve never been so glad to see anyone in my life,” she told Jack as he bent to kiss her. . . . “Have you seen the sprout yet today?” he asked in wonder. “Gosh, three days old, and you think any minute that baby’s going to crawl out of the basket and walk!” . . . She gave a deep sigh. That was the real miracle—the baby! Everything about that baby. . . . Shirley had been in the midst of starring in the Warner Brothers production of “The Music Man” when she discovered that she was pregnant. (Continued on page 89)
the boy
who became
a man
too soon

From the very beginning, close friends foresaw impending disaster...

for the first time, here is the story behind the smash-ups of Fabian Forte

He wasn't driving fast, but on a day like that when the accident happened, even thirty miles an hour was risky. Now, looking back, he can recall passing the school not ten minutes from his house, and seeing the truck ahead in the other lane. Almost before it happened, the second he hit the patch of ice, he knew the car would skid. The back wheels spun, the front wheels seemed to shoot out from under the car, his hands froze and he watched the truck bearing down on him. . . Then, in the same split second—close but muffled, as if it weren't really happening to him—chrome and steel smashed, twisted, tore; glass buckled and sprayed past his face. . . . He sat dazed for a moment. Then he moved. When he realized he was not hurt, he began to tremble. Thank God, he thought. Thank God! Then, suddenly, people were rushing in, talking fast, asking ques- (Continued on page 80)
The Other Man in Life.

It all started three years before Rome and "Cleopatra." Elizabeth Taylor, widow of Mike Todd and recently married to Rudolph Fisher, was about to leave for England and "Suddenly, Last Summer." And then—as often hap-

(Continued on page 78)
The story
of the dreadful day
she was rushed
to the hospital
—unconscious

Liz Taylor lay on a stretcher, her violet eyes staring sightlessly at the ceiling of the ambulance, a grey blanket covering her motionless body. Her face was a grim, colorless visage that hid the inner torment and pain she was suffering. The scene was like a replay from an old, familiar script which had its first major run in London last year. They rushed her to a hospital in an ambulance then, too, and no one can forget how close to death she came then in her brave battle against double pneumonia. Now, once again, Liz was being rushed by ambulance to a hospital. Now, once (Cont’d on page 92)
Anna Kashfi's Own Story

I'll fight before I let Marlon drive me out of my mind!
Marlon Brando has tried to drive me crazy. If it were not for Devi, he might have succeeded. Because terror is a potent abrasive. It wears away health, peace of mind and eventually, I suppose, sanity.

"But my son—our son, Devi—must have a mother who is calm and emotionally stable. So I will not give in to the fear. I will fight back—for Devi's sake. He must grow up a happy, normal boy.

"Fear is a poor substitute for a husband, but it supplanted mine even before Marlon and I were separated. I became wedded to fear the night I saw the man with the knife trying to break into my room. I have lived with it ever since.

"While still hardly more than a bride, I was left alone in our big secluded house for days and nights, too. Strange sounds and disturbing shadows were my only companions. Marlon had a habit of disappearing—without a word—for weeks at a time. He never called or wrote, and I only knew where he was if I read it in a column.

"His strange, unloving behavior made me so nervous and ill that more than one miscarriage resulted. But finally, happily, I was pregnant.

"Our house was almost all of glass and stood high on a hill with a single road leading to civilization. Alone at night I'd hear—or I heard—crunching footsteps just outside.

"One night during my pregnancy I was alone as usual and ready for bed when I distinctly heard a prowler. 'Where is Marlon?' I frantically asked myself. The last time I saw him was en route to a story conference for 'One-Eyed Jacks,' on which he was so totally absorbed that first he'd come home late, then later, then not at all.

"This time I knew the footsteps were not imaginary. Stiff with fright, I sensed the presence of a dangerous intruder. Wrapped in my robe, I investigated. And discovered a man with a long knife lurking at my window! Cutting the screen!

"I screamed and I screamed—and the prowler ran. Shaken, I called the police. They found evidence that a man had been there, but that was all. Later—much later—my husband came home.

"I wasn't very pretty at the time, I'm sure, because I was pregnant and I had been sick with fright. I didn't inspire any rush of sympathy from Marlon. When I told him of the intruder with the knife, he looked at me indifferently."

"You seem to have been able to cope," he said. "Marlon had many ways that nearly drove me to distraction. He brought immoral people home, let them insult me. And his family didn't like me, there were problems... Our marriage had to end. I hoped the divorce would give me peace, but it only began Marlon's campaign of harassment.

"Maybe he is not responsible for all circumstances, since the divorce, that have combined to wreck my career, almost wreck my health and push me toward nervous collapse. I'm sure some of the troubles must have been unpleasant coincidences that fell in with his efforts to destroy me. I'd never accuse Marlon of having burglarized my home, for instance. But the burglary occurred at the time he was waging a determined attack on my nerves—just about when he informed the world he was going to have me put in jail.

"Let me explain: Since I divorced Marlon, I have never brought him into court for anything. But he has had me cited eleven times. When the doorbell rings, I always expect to face a process server carrying out some new legal maneuver for my former husband. I have even been threatened with jail as a part of our struggle over Devi.

"When Marlon and I were divorced, the court gave him visitation rights, of which he has taken advantage in a way no conscientious mother could tolerate. Strangers appear at my door and tell me they have come from Mr. Brando to get his son. Sometimes a woman says she is a maid. Sometimes a man says he is a chauffeur. I don't know these people. I can't turn my baby over to strangers! And if Marlon cares deeply about seeing his son, he could at least come and get him in person.

"In January a man I had never seen called for Devi. He said Mr. Brando had sent him. I refused
“Marlon Brando is a lonely, tormented man. I don’t want our son to be like him!”
—Anna Kashfi

to let him have my child. . . . Marlon didn’t call me to discuss the matter at all. He just sent a process server with a subpoena. He wanted me jailed for contempt of court—as he told everyone except me—because I had deprived him of his legal rights to see his little son.

“When Marlon has the baby, I worry. Maybe he is a doting father, by his lights. But I remember how he came to get him once when Devi had a bad cold. I told Marlon, begged him to keep our child quiet. Marlon took him to a circus and brought him back to me with 104° fever.

“Further, I remember the people who came to our house when we were married, and I dread the atmosphere into which Devi may be taken.

“Marlon has sworn that he and Movita are married. I don’t know whether they are or not. I know they don’t live together—but Marlon isn’t an orthodox person and this doesn’t prove anything one way or another. However, I do know I’d never want Movita to care for my child. I have nothing against her personally because I don’t know her, but I don’t think she and Marlon would provide the right atmosphere for a little boy.

“Marlon has preyed on my nerves and emotions with many weapons. When my telephone rings, I never know what to expect. Recently—after he’d sworn he was married to Movita—he called me for dates. He has asked me to go to dinner. To Tahiti. Last time I asked, ‘What will your wife and your girl friends think?’ He mumbled some answer.

“Sometimes he calls to upbraid me as a bad mother. . . . sometimes to complain about the men I’ve dated. ‘He’s too old for you,’ he criticizes. . . . Sometimes he has threatened me. . . . Sometimes he calls and reads Dr. Spock’s book to me. Once, after a long passage, he said, ‘I admire this man. I have read his book from cover to cover. But I don’t find a single sentence in it about how to care for a movie star’s son.’ I had to laugh. One never knows what to expect from Marlon.

“These are the calls for which Marlon can be held accountable. But I get others—frightening calls that can’t be traced to him. Once a voice said, ‘We are coming to get you and the baby.’ Was this Marlon’s doing? . . . In the middle of the night I get open-end calls. The phone rings . . . I answer. No one speaks. But on the other end you hear someone breathing. . . . When this happens every fifteen minutes—all night—it’s devastating. I have an unlisted phone. Marlon is one of the few who has the number. Is this his doing? . . . My house has been burglarized while Devi and I slept on, mercifully. Had we awakened—I wonder what might have happened. . . . And once I came home to find the house door wide open and two furtive characters in a car . . . waiting . . . ‘looking for the house of Frank Sinatra’—who lived nowhere near. ‘Could Marlon have been responsible for this?’ I kept wondering all that night. ‘I can’t stand this sort of thing very much longer.’

“But I know that I must stand anything that happens, for Devi’s sake. I have two ambitions. The first and most important is to be the best mother I can for Devi—to give him a home where he can be happy and normal. Marlon Brando’s son will have a difficult time at best being an average boy. But I spank Devi’s bottom when he needs it. I kiss him often, I send him to a nursery school where he won’t be ‘special’—just average.

“My second ambition is to resume my acting career. I can’t prove Marlon has a hand in my inability to get a job. But I was under contract to one of the biggest studios until I announced my divorce—and then I lost the contract. From then on I haven’t gotten a part in Hollywood. I get scripts from Rome and Spain and other parts of the world, but nothing in this country. Can it be that Marlon hopes I’ll be tempted to leave the country—leaving Devi here? If he believes this, he doesn’t know me at all. . . . I don’t intend to be unfair to Marlon. I’d like Devi to have a father he could love and respect. But Devi’s father is a lonely and tormented man. He must be—or he couldn’t make those around him so miserable. I feel sorry that he is unhappy, but I don’t want Devi to be unhappy too. That’s why I’m determined to withstand anything Marlon may do to try to hurt me in this struggle.

“I doubt that Marlon would be happy even if he had everything his own way. But if his bid for happiness is to be balanced against his son’s, I’m totally committed to one side. Devi’s.”

—as told to NANCY ANDERSON.
HOLLYWOOD

All roads lead to Hollywood. There is a perfect one for you.
BY BUS: The Lennon Sisters—Janet, Peggy and Kathy—vote for bus travel. How about you? Luxurious, air-conditioned Trailways buses make the trip from where you are to Hollywood as comfortable as it is economical. The Lennons, who travel frequently by bus with the Lawrence Welk orchestra, give you these travel tips: Wear a dress and jacket (theirs are beige rayon linen sheaths with dyed-to-match silk mohair jackets) and carry light-weight luggage (like Samsonite’s Soft-Side line). No matter how you travel to Hollywood—by bus, plane or train—make certain you pack plenty of pocket packs of tissues, spray-mist in your favorite fragrance and those marvelous moist towelettes to “wash” hands. Another must are velvet bow clips that let you set your hair and be a pretty passenger, too.

BY TRAIN: Barbara Eden and her husband Michael Ansara are our Santa Fe train travelers. Because their careers often separate them, when they’re on the “go” together, they prefer the comfortable and private leisure of a train. Smart Barbara knows that nothing irritates a husband more than a wife who travels with tons of luggage and tons of cosmetics. Good planning will keep both down to a minimum. Barbara suggests you keep all your cosmetics in one case (her’s is bright red!) and carry all cosmetics in plastic bottles or tubes. “It’s lighter and safer!” she says. Another Eden train travel tip: Put a sealer coat of polish on your nails every night—it will keep your manicure intact for the entire trip. Like the Lennons, she chose a two-piece outfit—a black and white striped cotton knit with matching black jacket.

BY PLANE: Newlyweds Paula Prentiss and Dick Benjamin are boarding a TWA jet. “Jets are wonderful,” enthuses Paula, “even if Dick and I are in New York visiting our friends, we can be back home in Hollywood in about five hours.” Frank Paula admits she wasn’t always a great packer. “But I learned in a hurry. I use tons of tissue paper and I’m still amazed when I get to where I’m going and my clothes aren’t wrinkled!” For plane trips, she also chooses a two-piece outfit (that makes it unanimous, doesn’t it)—a pin-striped Arnel jersey with pleated skirt and matching jacket. (For more information about our travel fashions, see page 74.) Whichever road you travel to Hollywood, PHOTOPLAY has a delightful free surprise waiting for you when you get there. To find out what it is, just turn the page.
No matter which road you take to the glamorous city of Hollywood, we have a surprise for you when you get there. It's an extra-special bonus just for PHOTOPLAY readers. All you have to do is send in the coupon below. You will then be contacted by mail and given full particulars, so that when you are in Hollywood, you will be able to go on the famous PHOTOPLAY TOUR of the movie studios ABSOLUTELY FREE! The glamorous, exciting tour will be arranged for you by PHOTOPLAY in cooperation with the world-famous travel agency, ASK MR. FOSTER. It's a tour you'll love—and it's yours FREE from PHOTOPLAY. So don't waste any time, start your free trip to the Hollywood film studios today!

I'm going to Hollywood and I would like full particulars about the FREE PHOTOPLAY TOUR of the Hollywood studios as arranged by ASK MR. FOSTER travel agency.

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Clip out and mail to: PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL DEPARTMENT, 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago 1, Illinois.
Hollywood—fabulous Hollywood! There are so many things to see and do. Tour the studios (1) and see movies in the making. Go to glittering night clubs (2). And, who knows, you might catch an impromptu act by Sinatra's clan (3). Stars, stars and more stars. Tony and Janet Curtis (4), Charlton Heston (5). See their homes, how they live. Dine with celebrities Liz Taylor and Bob Wagner (6). Visit Grauman's Theater where stars like Natalie Wood (7) have placed their prints. Hollywood—fabulous Hollywood! How will you get there? It's simple. Just send in the coupon below—and start packing your bags!! Bon voyage!

Please send me free travel literature. I am interested in traveling to Hollywood via: (check one)

Bus □  Train □  Plane □

NAME __________________________
ADDRESS _________________________
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Clip out and mail to PHOTOPLAY TRAVEL DEPARTMENT, 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago 1, Illinois.
Could it be the Chinese who have the word for it... “He who laughs last laughs best”? Apparently, Vince Edwards is saving up his laughs for last. That is, for his last (and first) love. Because underneath that surly, rough exterior beats a heart that glows with life. Of course, Dr. Ben Casey and Vince Edwards have much in common. Both are idealistic, passionate and tough. It’s idealistic the way Vince expects the best from you until, finally, you do give him your best. It’s passionate the way he thinks about love—that once and for all-time thing. It’s tough the way he keeps away from you if he thinks you’re a phony. But one thing they don’t share—Dr. Casey hasn’t time for love but Vince just might... if you’re the one girl in the world who can make him smile.

are you the girl to make

VINCE EDWARDS smile?
HE'LL HATE YOU IN THE MORNING

You thought the date was great, but he never called you back. You thought he flipped, but it's you who slipped. These twelve Hollywood men give you a dozen good reasons why!

I'll hate a girl in the morning if she tries to wear the pants at night. A girl should be a girl! She shouldn't try to tell a guy what to do, what to think, how to go there. Now don't I mean a woman should spend the whole night agreeing with what a guy says just because he asks it. If a girl did that I'd probably never call her again. Women should express their opinions—but like women, they shouldn't come on like a ten-ton truck. These dames who right off the bat say they like this or that, take it or leave it—well, I'll leave it but fast. And so would most guys.

—GEORGE MAHARIS

Rude people bug me. Most girls are too smart for me. I'm in show business and this gives me some prestige. But I've noticed that some girls who are nice to me will be very rude to someone else. I watch girls to see how they act with other people, and then I decide whether or not to spend any time with them. And my kind. I like a girl who is sweet and gracious to everyone. The girl who boasts of her popularity is insecure and makes me feel uncomfortable. I don't like a phony, either. Sounds like I'm hard to please? Hardly. Most girls are dull, and I love them. (he may even say he loves her), he knows he's a liar. And when his friends see them together he's embarrassed—he knows that they know his antics too. He's ashamed of himself and he blames her for that. So a guy ends up e-hating himself—but not nearly so much as he hates her the morning after the night before.

—ROGER SMITH

The thing that would cause me to drop a girl fastest is if she just didn't agree with anything I mention it if. If a girl isn't interested in me—if she just plain doesn't like me—I won't beg her for dates. Sometimes I get the feeling when I'm with a girl that she's interested in Elvis Presley the performer—but not nearly as much in me. If I were still driving a truck in Tennessea] I wouldn't go out with me. When I get this feeling, I'm through with this girl. Do I have a yardstick for measuring a girl's sincerity? No, I don't, and I'll admit that I may occasionally misjudge somebody. But I've developed a pretty sound instinct about people. I've had to. Otherwise I would have been made a fool of plenty of times in the past few years. If I've ever misjudged a girl, I'm sorry. I know how it is to be misunderstood. It has certainly happened to me.

—ELVIS PRESLEY

Do you know what I mean when I ask, "professional virgin"? Every man has met her at least once, and most men dislike her. Men respect a genuinely nice girl and are proud to take her out. But the girl who wears her virtue like a neon sign is a little ridiculous. The worst kind is the girl who looks and acts approachable—then, takes it to a moribund offense if she is approached. She invites a man to make advances, and he does, she is too high. She turns around when you whistle. Anybody can get a date with her if she can squeeze him into her calendar. She gets plenty of dates but not many proposals. A man may take this girl out again and again—but every time he likes her less and less. And dislike himself more and more, because when he flatters her

And the point is that—

kiss her. She's insulted if he does or if he doesn't. What do I do with a girl like that? I know that I, for one, will hate her the morning after I leave her alone at night.

—BRETT HALSEY

I like brunettes, redheads and blondes—just so they're girls. I like the short, tall, willowy or curvy. In general, girls gas me. But there are some girls who really turn me on, and these are the winners. You know—the type that starts every conversation with, "Well, it's about time you called me again!

—BRETT HALSEY

When I was in college, I'd call a girl one night to ask for help, and she'd turn me down. She didn't have a date for the next night and I knew it. She wanted to go out with me, I know that, too. But whenever her crowd had a code that a girl shouldn't accept a date on one-night's notice, she'd turn me down. She didn't have a date for the next night, and she didn't want to do what she wanted to do. She had to go along with the crowd. Any girl who has to go along with the crowd is not worth my time. Some of the phony girls I've ever met were in college with me. Working girls have more respect for a man. They aren't so bound by fetishes and the false set of standards. I also can't stand a girl who tries to completely change me. I'm like I am, and I don't want any woman trying to remake me or my

—ROGER SMITH

(Continued on page 86)
from splendor in the grass to splendor in the night clubs only proves that
On the set of "Splendor in the Grass," a fellow and girl, literally sick with love, kissed, touched, fell together before the cameras. Day after day, their love scenes were pulsating and authentic. Members of the crew mopped vicariously fevered brows and watched Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty. It was a warm New York summer, it was torrid on the set. There wasn't a grip or prop or electrician who didn't whistle to himself, there wasn't a person on the set who didn't feel the flame. One of the people on the set was Bob Wagner, the female star's husband. One of the people who heard the rumors and flew back to visit was Joan Collins, the male star's fiancee. Ask anyone who knew Natalie and they'll tell you that there has never been a girl in this town who wanted so much to make a success of her marriage or thought so surely that she had. But by the time "Splendor in the Grass" was over, the Wood-Wagner marriage was over, too.

On the set of "Let's Make Love," a suave, sophisticated man looked into a woman's eyes as if he knew their innermost secret, her mouth parted, breathless as a girl's. This is an actress who has been so terrified of acting, so self-conscious and self-critical that there have been times she held up production out of sheer fright. But with Yves Montand, Marilyn Monroe gave everything she had to the part. The kisses were more than passionate, they were evocative, searching, so realistic that hard-boiled technicians were the ones who started the romance rumors. "The red-hottest love scenes I've ever seen," one veteran electrician told me. "Arthur Miller was right there, of course. He was heroic, if you ask me. But this Marilyn was carried away. I'd always thought she was a pretty sophisticated babe. But let me tell you, she came out of those love scenes limp as any high school kid after her first date with her first boy friend."

Yves said it later. "Some women show you only their outside," he said, "others show you their deep inside. Perhaps I was too tender, too realistic...thought that she was as sophisticated as some of the other ladies I have known."

But it was later he said that. While the love scenes were going on, he had eyes for no one, ears for nothing but Marilyn. One night they were at a dinner party. Arthur was in London, Simone was in Los Angeles, but absent. Marilyn and Yves wandered about, their attention locked in each other, totally unable to lose the mood of the day's love scenes.

The romance rumors came
Troy admits. "They knew it before we did. Now we are dating, we are in love, it's a lovely time we're living. But they knew it, sensed it, before we'd even realized . . ."

And the camera keeps grinding . . . there are Tuesday Weld and Gary Lockwood . . . Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin . . . and after some cozy scenes in "Can Can" Frank Sinatra began his courtship with Juliet Prowse . . . even straight from the set and everyone denied them. Marilyn had certainly tried to be a good wife to Arthur. He represented everything in life she's always wanted: brilliance, sensitivity, real theatrical know-how. She was especially thoughtful of him at this era in their lives.

But by the time "Let's Make Love" was over, so was the Monroe-Miller marriage.

And the Montand-Signoret marriage was barely salvaged by a determined Simone.

Some romances do end tragically because of love scenes; and sometimes other romances begin.

On the set of "Lovers Must Learn" Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette melted into each other's arms. They never had a date in Rome—there wasn't time for dates—but the news of their awakened passion again came straight from the set, from the guys who are old pros at movie making and recognize the genuine when they see it. "They were right,"

there was the tough guy of films, Humphrey Bogart. The idea of taking some dame in his arms who was worrying primarily about how her hair looked wasn't for him. So he shied away from love scenes until he found himself gradually easing into the hero roles. For "To Have and Have Not" he balked like a mule when he found out they'd cast opposite him a twenty-year-old novice, fresh from a fashion model's job in New York.

Tawny-haired, long-legged, with a cat-like grace and a wide generous mouth, Lauren Bacall showed up on the set one day and they went into their first scene. The twenty-

(Continued on page 74)
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWABS:

Bobby Darin would have been a nice challenge to Will Rogers. I'm certain Bobby would try to prove to Rogers that Will had finally met up with someone he didn't like—even a little.

Basically, Bobby is a nice guy but ever since he first entered show business, he's worn the protective covering of an obnoxious personality. He's had that who-needs-to-be-liked attitude for years and it's done much to make him an individual in the entertainment jungle. Now that he's made it big, maybe he'll relax and drop the act.

You may not believe this, Jayne Mansfield, Jane Russell, Jane Fonda and all you other Janes who know that large bosoms are standard equipment for a movie sexpot—but once-upon-a-time it was considered sexy for an actress to be flat-chested. "Boyish-form," it was called.

Clara Bow, one of the all-time sexpots of the movies—so sexy they called her the "It Girl"—was strapped flat under her gowns and sweaters so tightly she could just barely take a breath.

So don't you go wishing for the good old days until you know the facts, sir!

This reminds me of Elizabeth Taylor and "Cleopatra." You know what I mean. You've seen those shots of Liz. Well, I don't know of any actress in the history of the movies who had so much depending on her as Elizabeth Taylor in "Cleopatra." It has been stated and re-stated that if "Cleopatra" isn't a hit, you can kiss the 20th Century-Fox Studio goodbye. And "Cleopatra" can't be a hit if Liz isn't a hit as Cleo. No matter what else the picture has.

The closest any actress or actor ever came to Liz Taylor's frightening responsibility was when Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls" made it possible for the Universal Studio bookkeepers to stop writing in red ink, and Al Jolson sang great enough in "The Jazz Singer" to become the talk of the nation . . . lead the way to the talkies . . . and solidly establish Warner Brothers.

But even though Deanna (practically forgotten today) did supply Universal with much (Continued on page 95)
Modess... because

MODESS NAPKINS - MODESS TAMpons - MODESS BELTS
It began when they were separated by continents.

It flourished when friends served them marriage on the rocks.

It reached its climax when Chuck and Lydia sipped the deadly drink.

For the shocking story, please turn the page.
“That story you’re writing about Charlton Heston’s happy marriage—maybe you better hold off on it for a while,” my wife said sweetly across the breakfast table.

“Why?” I asked, taking a sip of coffee.

“Well, it says here”—my wife pointed with a butter knife at a Hollywood gossip column in a newspaper—“that there’s trouble, ‘big trouble,’ between Charlton and Lydia, and the item hints that there’s ‘another woman’ involved.”

I reached over and grabbed the paper and read the column for myself.

“What do you think?” my wife asked after I’d finished.

“Phooey,” I jumped up from the table and hurried into my room. In a few seconds I was back, carrying some evidence I thought would disprove the item.

“Listen,” I yelled, thumbing through my Heston interview notes, “and tell me if this sounds like the kind of thing a guy would say when he’s about to split up with his wife.

“Here, listen to this. It’s a direct quote from Charlton himself: ‘When you go into marriage, you undertake the most intimate and interdependent human relationship. To come to know someone well enough takes time—you must have enough love to want to do it and enough maturity to be able to do it. Lydia and I had the love to begin with, and we’ve developed the maturity along the way, and as for time...all I can say is we’ve been married happily for seventeen years.’

“That’s what Charlton said to me,” I said. “And I remember that at this point in the interview he put his hand on Lydia’s, not hammyly, but easily and naturally.”

“My wife said nothing for a minute. Finally, as she poured me another cup of coffee, she asked softly, ‘But how about that reference to another woman? Charlton Heston is very attractive and...’

‘...and nothing,’” I broke in. “Look, I’ve got the answer to that, too. Or rather, Charlton’s got the answer to that. Here, here it is, something he said to a Photoplay writer: ‘I suppose there are some people who think Lydia and I are old-fashioned...because we believe in the sanctity of marriage. Perhaps I’m puritanical, but I can’t agree with the conduct of European husbands who boast that a flirtation—even an affair—with another woman is perfectly all right as long as their wives never find out...’

“I happen to like my marriage”

“I’ve been in love with Lydia since I was seventeen, and the reason I’ve never cheated and never wanted to is that I happen to like my marriage. Nothing would be worth jeopardizing it. I know, too, that if I were unfaithful it would destroy everything I believe in. And besides, who wants to land on the front page of every newspaper in the country and wreck his career?”

“Furthermore,” I said, “in my notes I’ve got the answer—again from Charlton—to this ‘apartness’ problem: ‘Often when I’m away from Lydia on public relations junkets or brief location trips, I get a clearer idea than most men what it is like to be alone. No matter who I go out to dinner with or play tennis with, I feel alone. It is possible for me to be alone when I’m in the middle of a crowded room. Being away from my wife is really pointless.

“It’s not that I depend on her. It’s not that I lean on her. It’s just...just I’m a part of something else, of someone else. Of Lydia.’”

After this my wife was quiet for a longer time. At last she said, “The columnist must be wrong.”

Later, I read the evening papers and pecked out, in my inimitable two-finger style, “The Charlton Heston Story.”

Was there “another woman”?

Two hours later, all I had on the page was that title. It just wouldn’t go. Could the columnist be right? Was there trouble between Lydia and Charlton and might there be “another woman”?

A couple of times during the afternoon I started to put through a call to Lydia in California, but I didn’t complete any. What could I ask? “Is it true that your husband is running around with another woman?” What could she say if it were true? It would be better not to ask at all.

Later, I read the evening papers and there it was again, in the middle of another column—an item stating that all Hollywood was abuzz with the rumor that the Charlton Hestons were breaking up.

In the next few hours, I checked over my interview notes. What had seemed so true, so real, so believable before, now seemed altogether untrue—a mockery! I even started to doubt the stuff they’d told me about their courtship and the early years of their marriage. About how, when she first dated him at Northwestern, she’d reported to her mother, “I’ve just gone out with the most uncivilized, rude and crude, wildly untidy man on the campus.”

About how their friends, on hearing that Lydia and Charlton had gotten married in Greensboro, North Carolina, on St. Patrick’s Day, told him, “Well, I’m a member of the Air Corps, so was to go overseas to the Aleutians—had all prophesied that the marriage would be “over in three weeks. Lydia’s father had shaved this even closer by announcing, “I give you two weeks!” But they were so sure...

About how miserable she felt during the three years he was overseas. At our interview she’d told me, “I had a passion for him—beyond logic.” And I’d believed her. Now I questioned even that.

What I did believe, in checking my notes, was what they had told me about their differences in taste and temperament. Oh, sure, they had related these things to prove how time, patience and love can enable people to work out their problems and adjust to each other. But I now saw their differences as proof of their incompatibility.

They’d admitted it themselves. Charlton was prompt and Lydia was tardy. And she was orderly and he was disorderly.

Everything out in the open

Then there was the business about their fights. Of course, they’d put their disagreements in the best light. They’d talked about the “need to communicate” and agreed it was best to “get everything out in the open, quarrel and get it over with,” but now I wondered if this had all been window-dressing. The important fact was that they’d put their differences to the test and had learned “not to go to sleep before working out a disagreement.” Now I saw it in its true light: as an example of the way they fought then and must be fighting even now—years later.

They’d had a violent quarrel (during the interview they insisted they couldn’t recall what the squabble was about, but now I questioned that, too), and Charlton had stomped out of the apartment. Lydia had gone up and down the street looking for him, without any luck. Finally, from a pay phone, she’d called a friend. “My husband’s left me,” she sobbed.

Her friend’s husband and another man
rushed right over, even though it was after three in the morning. The two men went out and combed the waterfront. (Before stalking out, Charlton had dramatically shouted something about going for a walk along the docks.) Two hours later they were back. No Charlton.

Lydia was crying her eyes out, insisting she’d never see her husband again. The two men were trying to comfort her, and doing a poor job of it. Suddenly, the door opened and Charlton walked in.

“Where have you been?” Lydia cried, throwing herself into his arms.

“Up on the roof,” Charlton confessed sheepishly, not able to meet the eyes of the two other men. “I never left the house.”


Finally, I put a call through to the Coast. The Los Angeles operator told me that Mr. Heston was out of the country, but asked if I wanted to speak to someone else.

And everyone I called added fuel to the fire. Yes, there was “another woman.” No, there was no chance of a reconciliation. Yes, all the items were true, and there was much more that wasn’t being printed. No, Charlton and Lydia weren’t talking to the press.

The worst thing that still didn’t make sense, however, was Fray’s six-year-old son. It had been nothing specific that they said; it had been everything they’d said. Both Lydia and Charlton seemed crazy about the boy (I was sure that their feeling about him was genuine), and they’d indicated that their love for each other was deeper and more secure because of him. How could I square that with the items columnists and Hollywood “insiders” were telling me about their break-up?

Lydia, for instance, had told me about Fray’s tonsil operation, and as she recreated the scene, little drops of moisture stood out on Charlton’s forehead and he again reached for his wife’s hand and didn’t let it go until she had finished talking about it.

They’d done everything possible to make the ordeal easy for Fray. They’d told him all about what would happen, minimizing the danger and emphasizing the adventure and novelty. They’d read “So You’re Going to the Hospital!” books to him. They’d even gone so far as to act out the operation with him: Lydia was the nurse who pushed the wheeling-table down the hall to the operating room; Charlton was the doctor who joked with the little patient and casually slipped the make-believe ether cone over the boy’s face.

Everything had gone fine in the hospital itself. They’d walked by his side as he was wheeled along the corridor to the elevator that was to take him to surgery. At the last moment, Fray’s little face—beneath a white surgical cap that was too big for him—lost its set. “grace” look, and he pleaded, “Mommmy, can you tell me a quick cowboy story?”

The operation was successful, and they told him lots of cowboy stories after he came out of the ether.

And now, if the rumors were true, they’d have to tell Fray a much more difficult story—they’d have to tell him they were separating.

It just didn’t make sense. Charlton had once said, “You live over again through your son. There is also quite a challenge in trying to be the kind of man your son thinks you are. It’s easier to let anyone else in the world down than it is to disappoint your son.” But now he was about to do just that—disappoint his only son.

Something unbelievable

Suddenly, unexpectedly, there was something new in the Heston affair—it was in Edward Sullivan’s column in The New York Daily News—something new, and screwy, and unbelievable. “The Charlton Hestons,” the item said, “adopted a baby, Polly Ann.”

Back to the telephone. More calls to the Coast. More confusion.

Yes, said my informants, they’d seen Sullivan’s item. No, they couldn’t understand it. The Hestons were splitting up. The adoption news was obviously a smoke screen. Lydia and Charlton still weren’t talking to the press.

Must be a fake item, I agreed. No people in their right minds would adopt a child at the same time they’re working out a divorce agreement.

But a few days later the adoption story popped up again, this time in Louella Parsons’ column in The New York Journal-American.

Crazy! Again I tried to telephone Charlton directly. Again he was out of the country, in Italy making “The Pigeon That Took Rome.” I’d just have to wait until he got back.

So in the weeks that followed I had to try to solve the unsolvable mystery of why two people in the process of breaking up would adopt a child.

Finally the solution came, and it was as involved as the final chapter of a mystery novel when the author ties up all the loose ends together, unravels the clues and puts his finger on the real murderer. Except that this attempted murder was committed by gossip—an unusual weapon. All the other ingredients were up to par.

For the victims, Charlton and Lydia and their marriage were almost done in—as is often true in mystery stories—by a “friend of the family.”

Chapter One: A “friend” phones Lydia while Charlton’s in Europe and asks whether she’s seen the item in Sheila Graham’s column about Charlton and his script girl.

Chapter Two: Distraught and disturbed, but without checking the item, Lydia calls Charlton’s press agent and says that she’s just learned that Columnist Graham claims that her husband and his script girl are having an affair. The news comes as a shocker to the press agent too.

Chapter Three: The press agent and Lydia make separate calls to Charlton in Rome, asking if the item is true. To both, Charlton, enraged, replies. “Absolutely not!” And then, “How could she (Sheilah Graham) do such a thing to me?”

Chapter Four: Charlton, still furious, places a call to Columnist Graham. She’s in London where it’s now 5 A.M. “You have been responsible for keeping me awake all night.” Charlton tells her, “and now I am awakening you.”

Chapter Five: In Graham’s words, “It was dark, I was exhausted, and I broke a glass reaching for the phone. I spluttered. ‘What are you talking about?’ and dropped the phone. Then I, too, was raging and wide awake.” Sheila re-reads item. Finds that it stated that the script girl had left Charlton’s picture in Rome and gone to London. Two days later to work on “One, Two, Three” and that she would then fly back to Italy to continue work on Heston’s film. Item concluded: “How dedicated can you be?”

Chapter Six: Five-thirty A.M. Sheila calls back Charlton and reads column to him. Item obviously referred to script girl’s dedication to follow “One, Two, Three” and had nothing at all to do with Charlton. “There’s nothing wrong with that,” Charlton says. “I’m glad you called.” Sheila hangs up.

Chapter Seven: Lydia arrives in Rome. Whole town buzzing about Charlton’s “affair” with the script girl. Charlton talks. Lydia listens. Two days go by. Finally, everything straightened out. No more misunderstandings, no more heartaches and no more gossip. Only apologies.

Everybody’s sorry . . .

Chapter Eight: Charlton’s press agent sends cable to Sheila, apologizing for himself and for the actor. Lydia sends Sheila letter of apology. Charlton apologizes to Sheila in person.

Chapter Nine: Here and now I want to apologize too—to Charlton, Lydia, Fray and Polly Ann. My wife says, “Me, too.”

The End—Today Charlton has someone else to belong to—baby Polly Ann. “She is so beautiful, and we’re just crazy about her,” he says.

Lydia is ecstatic, and Fray . . . Well, Fray was pretty jealous at first of his new sister, but then one day he walked over to her crib, patted her gently and said, “This is the first time I have had any mercy on her.”

Which is a boy’s way of saying everything’s okay at the Heston house.

—JIM HOFFMAN

Charlton is in Allied Artists’ “El Cid” and “The Pigeon That Took Rome” for Par.
LOVE SCENES

Continued from page 67

He was forty-five. He married his baby and they had some wonderful years together. They also made dynamic pictures like "The Big Sleep" and "Key Largo." Bogey wanted his salary, forthrightly gave him his. So the studio thought they could do their best together. And they fans wrote in, "We like to see you two kiss on screen because we know it's real."

And there was Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Possessed"... beautiful together, electric... so electric that M-G-M co-starred them in picture after picture. Photog-u-raphy George Hurrell achieved the most glamorous romantic portraits of his career, not posing Joan and Clark, but merely standing by with his camera in the studio gallery. "Most of the time," he says, "they forgot I was there."

As Joan (in her forthcoming autobiography, "Portrait of Joan") writes, "I was in love with Clark but lacked the courage to live it. I was afraid it wouldn't last, that every girl who worked with Clark would feel the same way I did." She also says, "The love scenes you play with actors you don't like are the ones for which you should receive an Oscar."

What do other stars think about the dangers of Hollywood love making? "You have to believe a love story, that's essential," Glenn Ford says. "You accept a role because you believe in the characters and in the story. This emotion could happen between these two characters—your job is to bring about reality, create the truth. I never have been able to put on a role and take it off at the day's end. You become very close to the glamorous, wonderful women you work with."

Dangerous? And how!

Tuesday Weld says, "I've played love scenes when I felt nothing. But I've also played love scenes where I felt something. Of course they're dangerous, especially if you are married. But they're dangerous if you aren't married too, if you are going with someone who means a great deal to you, someone with whom you have a close relationship. A love scene with another person can confuse you and provide considerable anxiety for him, the man in your life. If you don't feel anything during the love scene, it isn't a matter of not trusting each other. It's a matter of nature being nature. You can't shrug it off as being 'just work.' It's romance—it's just legalized. I played my first love scene at thirteen, exactly one minute after I'd met Teddy Randazzo on the set of 'Rock Rock Rock.' It was a little too much for me, I got off. Teddy was attractive and I dated him for quite a while. I've dated most of the boys I've worked with, because you do find yourself attracted. Later we've become good friends—Dick Beymer, Elvis Presley, Not Gary Lockwood, he's no friend yet."

"I'm not saying people don't ever fall in love when they make pictures together," says Stella Stevens. "There are people who get to know each other—but I don't believe it's because of the love scenes that they get married. They could play a fight scene and probably get married, too. Certainly I date the girls I work with—Dolores Hart, Haya Harareet, Brigitte Bardot, and they are all friendships. The one close personal friend I've made in pictures is Hope Lange.

"I always fall in love," says Dolores Hart, "not with the person exactly, but with the character he's playing—usually a charming character, because that's the way he's written. I developed a great fondness for Stephen. I remember when we made 'Sound of Trumpets' on TV...Then I found myself with him for four months in Europe on 'The Inspector General.' Stephen played a joyous and delightful character and I could only react joyously and honestly. We had a wonderful rapport. I only hope it shows on screen what we felt. The only way I could keep my head was to remind myself that it was Dolores, not Lisa, the girl in the picture. This realization has always helped me...at least so far."

Once burned—twice careful

Richard Beymer says, "It depends on who the love scene is with. Those first poignant scenes with Millie Perkins in 'The Diary of Anne Frank' were possible only because Millie was as shy, as sensitive and embarrassed as I was. It was quite another story with Tuesday. She's the all-American girl, cute, coquettish, round-faced, foxy, sparkling-eyed, witty, with the laugh of a siren and a grasshopper personality. And you've never known what asphyxiation can be until she's practiced mouth to mouth artificial respiration on you for several days without a pause, as in 'Bachelor Flat.' But I'd flipped for Tuesday working on 'High Time' and I don't think that can ever happen to me again. And Tuesday we're friends and she's a good kid. But she was pretty young then and was bound to gravitate from football hero to basketball champ, like the teenage crowd does. She did me a great service, actually. I found out that I could get hurt and I'll always be a little wary of love scenes... on screen."

"If you fell in love with every girl in every love scene you'd go crazy," says Brett Halsey. "In movies, love scenes can affect a marriage. The most dangerous love scene I ever played was the one with Luciana (Paluzzi) in 'Return to Peyton Place.' When we met on the set, we hadn't spoken in six weeks. For our first words we played a scene in a bedroom which started with a furious fight and ended in a love scene. The story was such a true parallel to ourselves. The girl in the picture was pregnant, Luciana was pregnant. My mother in the picture was against us. In real life it was Luciana's mother...at any rate, it was such a realistic love scene we swept up emotionally and tried a reconciliation. But it didn't last. You see, those things happen, they happen, believe me...

The merry-go-round began in 1896 when Thomas Edison made a one reeler called "The Kiss." It starred stout May Irwin and hulking Joseph Rice in the prolonged kissing scene from their stage success "The Widow Jones." Members of the clergy denounced this little gem as "a lyric of the stockyards" but it broke all attendance records and movie producers had the clue to what the public wanted.

By 1911 the formula had been improved enormously. There was kissing, yes, but the people kissing were no longer a young woman and a middle-aged man, they were now the most beautiful people Hollywood could find—Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. The gentleman with the divine profile and the actress with the soulful eyes struck sparks that sent tingles to the audience spine. They fell madly in love, these two. But love involved a well-kept secret that could hurt Frances' appeal to fans—he was married and the father of five children! His wife agreed—so he thought—to a secret divorce, but she made it a public one and he was ruined! And even when he married Beverly, those who had adored them as lovers wouldn't accept them as a couple.

They were not the only screen lovers to marry. In 1909, two days after teenaged Mary Pickford went to work for D. W. Griffith, he had her rehearse a love scene with classic featured Owen Moore, one of the biggest male stars of the day. Little Mary informed Mr. Griffith that there wouldn't be any kissing or MAD kissing on the lips, that could be vulgar in the extreme. And how did she presume to convey her affection? Mr. Griffith wanted to know.

"By looking lovingly into his eyes," replied Mary. It must have been a very loving look for she was given the lead opposite Owen in "The Violin Mystery." More than likely the same Mary in many pictures and the audience was impressed—it looked like the real thing. It
was the real thing. At sixteen, Mary ran away and married Owen Moore, whom she later divorced in one of the first spectacular Nevada divorces. But by that time, she had become a great star and was typed in ingenue roles.

But there weren't many ingenues like Mary and movie producers were ever on the alert for players who could strike sparks from each other and who could be featured in dramas that centered about love. The epitome was reached with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

The symbol of sex... 

On screen, Garbo's was a mature sensuality such as had never been seen before and a certain haughtiness which increased her sex appeal. Her derisive gaze offered an invitation without responsibility and her films were overnight sensations. When she was offered "Flesh and the Devil," Garbo refused to come to the studio.

She was tired, she was depressed... until director Clarence Brown introduced her to the man who was to be her co-star. John Gilbert was a black-haired, black-eyed boy of a gun with gleaming white teeth. "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" had established him as a top screen lover, but with Garbo he truly caught fire. She was the passion of his life and with him she, who had been languid, sad, somewhat anemic, came to vibrant life.

Clarence Brown says, "It was love at first sight and it lasted a long time. In front of the camera, their love making was so intense it surpassed anything anyone had ever seen, it made the technical staff feel their mere presence an indiscretion. In a love scene they seldom heard when I called cut."

Everyone knew that Garbo and Gilbert were madly in love, and "Flesh and the Devil" established them as the most ravishing lovers since Tristan and Isolde. Seeing them together was like eavesdropping on their private life. Everyone in the world knew that Gilbert hoped to marry his beloved, that he'd built a magnificent home for her and purchased a luxurious yacht, "The Temptress" on which twice they sailed away, object matrimony. At least Gilbert's object. But Garbo wavered... not for lack of love but for lack of assurance that she could make it work.

They were very different people temperamentally. Gilbert was volatile and gregarious, he loved being a star. She was by nature solitary, supersensitive and terrified of the limelight. But resist him she certainly could not. In "Flesh and the Devil" she had kissed him with an open mouth, causing a sensation publicity-wise and the sensation continued through "Love" and "A Woman of Affair." Gilbert and Garbo became supreme symbols of sex on the screen and left their impress on each other's life until his death.

Lovely Loretta Young, padded out in vital places to look more grown-up, celebrated her fourteenth birthday on the set of "Laugh Clown Laugh" and ran into her first problem when the director yelled, "Look into your mirror. You see your lover... you're mad about him... make it sexy. Okay, let's go."

Loretta nearly burst her chest, heaving to show emotion. The more she'd heave, the more tough director Herbert Brennan
would shout. Finally, screen lover Nils Asther took the little girl aside.

"Loretta," he said, "when you see me in the mirror, dear, don't heave. Just look at me and imagine I'm a hot fudge sundae." And it worked.

But if, at fourteen, she thought of each screen lover as a hot fudge sundae, by sixteen she switched techniques. The picture was "Two Lovers," the actor Grant Withers. Loretta fell in love and on her seventeenth birthday eloped with him to Yuma, a rash impulsive move against her mother's advice—as Mary Pickford's first marriage had been against her mother's advice. The mothers knew that love scenes are dangerous—but the daughters played them and took the consequences. For some ten months Loretta and Grant played at housekeeping in their little apartment, then the marriage was ended. This was the first in a series of screen romances that left the romantic Loretta heart broken.

**OTHER WOMAN**

Continued from page 41

observer. Cleopatra was called the most beautiful woman of her time. Liz is called the most beautiful woman of our time. Cleopatra tried to save Rome. Liz is trying to save the world. 20th Century-Fox Studios. Both have been touched by disaster. Both have been hurt by love and, in a way, both destroyed their lovers.

Today, it is hard to separate the real Cleopatra from the movie queen. Everyone around Liz knows this. It touches her husband and her life with him. Perhaps it even makes their life together more difficult. Because, how do you live with two women—your wife and a queen?

And more than that: Since Liz' life so far has been incredibly like Cleopatra's, does it mean that she's destined to go on following the first Queen's star? Cleo-


p

patra was said to have been a victim of a strange love curse—a curse that destroyed everyone she loved until she finally died a tragic death.

**The very beginning...**

It all began more than 2,000 years ago.

When Cleopatra was only eighteen she married her first husband. In keeping with the custom of that day, her husband was her brother, Ptolemy Dionysus XII, who was only eleven years old. After her brother-husband, whom she considered a nasty ninny, drowned, she married her still-younger brother, Ptolemy XIII.

Needless to say, this marriage also didn't work out, and Cleopatra went into exile from Egypt and married life.

Elizabeth Taylor also married for the first time when she was eighteen—not to her brother, of course, but, as is the custom with American film royalty, to a handsome, rich young man. Nicky Hilton II. The marriage lasted about as long as Cleopatra's first marriage—eight months. Elizabeth was hardly twenty (about the same age when Cleopatra was married for the second time) when she wed Michael Wilding. This marriage, too, failed.

It was when they turned to a third man (really the first man whom either of them loved) that the similarities between Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile, and Elizabeth, Queen of Hollywood, became amazing.

Love at first sight brought Cleopatra, the twenty-year-old Queen of Egypt, and Julius Caesar, the great Roman general, together for the first time. Caesar came, Caesar saw, and Caesar was conquered. Love at first sight brought Elizabeth Taylor, eighteen, and the bevy of youth, as well as money to finance his expensive military campaigns; from him she received love, adoration, wisdom and strength. She made him happy and he made her Queen of Egypt.

Mike Todd was Forty-nine when he met young Elizabeth Taylor at a party. He took her in his train. This was the girl he was going to marry. And Elizabeth? She was fascinated—more than that, hypnotized—by this coarse, tender, blunt, sensitive man.

Caesar was tall and gaunt and was losing his hair. Nevertheless, there was a forcefulness, an aura of power about him, that Cleopatra found irresistible. He brought in lust and convinced the Egyptian Queen that he would be lucky for her and she would be lucky for him.

Mike Todd's face looked as if it had been hewn out of rough granite by a sculptor in a hurry, who had let his chisel slip a few times and hadn't bothered to repair the damage. But his voice, like Caesar's, was firm, and raw strength showed throughout everything he said or did.

Mike's marriage to Elizabeth brought a flood of disapproval down on their heads. He was too old for her. He was too crude for her... he was too much of a gambler. And, while he was not married, he was unofficially engaged to actress Evelyn Keyes. So, on top of everything else, he was no gentleman.

But Mike laughed at the scoffers and Elizabeth laughed with him.

In all this he was following in the footsteps of Julius Caesar. Caesar, despite the fact that many in Rome con-

sidered he was committing political suicide by doing it, brought Cleopatra to Rome. Part of the disapproval of the Egyptian Queen stemmed from the fact that Caesar was already married, so he made arrangements to change the law so that he'd be permitted to have more than one wife.

But how all this, (more spectacular than anything anyone else had ever done before to show her and the people how much he loved her. And so, just about two thousand years before Mike Todd dreamed up a now famous Madison Square Garden party of 18,000 guests for Liz, Caesar arranged for a mock naval battle, in which he brought his Egyptian Queen into another, to be fought on an artificial lake created just for the occasion.

But it was Cleopatra who presented Caesar with a gift that outshone anything he had given her. She gave him a son.

For Mike Todd, too, his moment of ecstasy came when Elizabeth presented him with his own baby daughter, Liz.

On March 22, 1958, Mike left Holly-


woold in his private plane, "The Lucky Liz," to fly east to a testimonial dinner in his honor. Liz wanted to go with him, but Mike convinced her it was best to stay home and nurse her cold. He kissed her goodbye and promised to phone her when the plane stopped to refuel.

**Two sudden deaths**

She never received his call. "The Lucky Liz" crashed in the mountains and Mike Todd was killed.

On the Ides of March, 44 B.C., Julius Caesar went to the Forum.

In the Forum that day death came suddenly for Caesar by stabbing.

As Cleopatra was trying to bury herself and her memories of Caesar in work in Egypt, news reached her from Rome that Caesar's friend and comrade, Mark Antony, after delivering a funeral oration eulogizing the dead, was gathering the folds of the mantle of the dead hero around his own broad shoulders.

A remarkable fellow, this Antony, she was aware. For hadn't Caesar himself told her all about him? An excellent soldier and capable administrator, Caesar told her. But something else, too, and this she
An evil seductress

As the romance between Antony and Cleopatra also waxed hot and heavy, the public's attention was brought to the fact that, while the Roman general was dallying with the Queen of Egypt, his wife Octavia was back in Rome crying her eyes out. Antony, too, was considered to be merely a man corrupted by an evil seductress.

And so they were married, Cleopatra to Antony, Liz to Eddie.

And for both couples, there was trouble ahead.

The trouble with Antony, of course, wasn't that he fell for Cleopatra, but that in falling for her he lost his own identity. As one historian wrote, "Antony started out by being Cleopatra's master and ended up her slave."

Some reports from Rome indicate that the same sort of thing may be happening to Eddie Fisher. Behind his back, some people are calling Eddie "Mr. Cleopatra." They point out that he cancelled his Waldorf singing engagement to remain by his wife's side, and that he receives the salary of $1,500 a week from 20th Century-Fox just to stand by and give Elizabeth moral support.

Here's what Eddie has to say about his life with Elizabeth and the Cleopatra in her: "Liz is all woman . . . many women. She's wife, mother, sweetheart, everything all rolled up into one. Living with her is exciting. It's more than a love story."

Despite his ecstasy, Eddie's latest trouble came when his fond dream of becoming a movie producer faded. He had arranged to produce four movies—with Liz starring in two—for Warner Brothers. This would have made him not only Liz' husband, but also her boss. Unfortunately, as of this writing, the agreement has been called off with both Eddie and Warners each taking the credit for cancelling out.

When Antony at last shook off his Cleopatra-induced languor and went forth to meet his enemies at the battle of Actium, he suffered an overwhelming defeat. Shortly afterwards, he committed suicide, in the mistaken impression that Cleopatra had died before him. She, at hearing of his death, heartbroken, took her own life.

And so the love curse triumphed over Cleopatra. Its victims? All the men she's loved. Her brothers, Caesar, Marc Antony and, finally, even herself.

And Liz—some of her loves, too, have been victims of tragedy. Mike Wilding was a big star in England, but his career faded after he married Liz. (Ironically, his career started up again some time after the divorce.) Montgomery Clift, whom she loves like a brother, almost died in a car crash after leaving her home one night. Jimmy Dean, another beloved friend, did die in a car crash after working on "Giant" with her. Everyone knows, of course, about Mike Todd's fatal airplane crash. As for Eddie, his career took a downward plunge when he married Liz. And Liz herself—she suffered a near fatal bout with pneumonia last year. Then, six weeks ago, she was rushed to the hospital with a severe case of food poisoning.

Does this mean that Liz is carrying on Cleopatra's love curse?

Only time can furnish the answer.

—JAE LYLE
pens just before shooting—trouble developed; script trouble, director trouble. The producers were desperate. But then one of them had an idea: "Phone New York. Get Mankiewicz. He'll save it for us." And—eventually—he would.

During those days between the phone call and Joseph Leo Mankiewicz's arrival in Hollywood, Liz Taylor was naturally more than a little curious to know about the man who would direct her. She'd heard of him, of course. (Seven-eight years earlier he'd been the top producer-director-writer in Hollywood. "All About Eve," "Five Fingers," "A Letter to Three Wives"—all big hits—were his.)

Liz knew, in the words of one critic, "Mankiewicz, bless him, is the man to whom nothing is too adult for the movies."

"Better looking than you..." She'd met him a few times. (One of the meetings had taken place at a Mike Todd party. Liz reportedly had said to her husband: "You know, Joe Mankiewicz looks like you. Mike—only he's better looking." To which crack Todd reportedly had answered. "Honey, how many times do I have to tell you? Nobody looks like Mike Todd. And certainly nobody's better looking!")

She could have checked on him, quickly, in one of those trade-book who's whos. (She'd learned that he was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, in 1909; son of a professor; a graduate of Columbia College at fourteen; married in 1934 to Elizabeth Young, an actress and New York society girl. by whom he had a son, Eric, two years later and from whom he was divorced three years later; married again in 1939 to Rosa Stradner, an actress, by whom he had two sons, Christopher and Thomas.)

She'd have the basic facts.

But still, Liz might have wondered, who was he—really—this Joe Mankiewicz? And what would he be like to work with?

Of all the answers Liz would have gotten at the time, the one that best—and most prophetically—seemed to sum up the man was this statement made by someone who knew him well.

"If you ever blank out—and forget his name—just call him Caesar. He'll answer you without a blink. Caesar in loose-Latin means boss. And Joe is a boss-man from the word go. Not only when he's working. But all the time. I remember about fifteen years ago when he and Rosa were expecting their first child. Rosa must have been in her seventh or eighth month and one day she said to Joe, 'I've decided... if it's a boy, I'd like to name him Knute.'" "Knute Mankiewicz—are you kidding?" Joe said.

"I think it's a lovely name," Rosa said.

"There'll never be such a name in this family," Joe said. 'And not for my son.' "We'll see," said Rosa.

"Guess who won, Joe did—of course." There were other answers Liz would have gotten, if she asked about Mankiewicz.

Said an old friend of his: 'He's a complicated man. He's an elusive character. On one hand he's aggressive, disputatious, rude. On the other hand he's glib and humorous, a fantastic wit. He's enormously charming and everybody likes him—though you sometimes wonder why.'

Said a former secretary of Mankiewicz: "He doesn't swear and he seldom takes a drink. He likes to eat—steak, lamb chops, broiled chicken and Kadota figs. Bring him a can of those figs some day and you'll see how he'll love you for the rest of your life."

Amazing with women

Said another old friend: 'As you know, the movie industry is built largely on fear. Everybody's afraid of somebody else. But not Joe. Joe's not afraid of anybody. He once said of movie exhibitors: 'They're real estate operators whose chief concern should be taking gum off carpets and checking adolescent love-making in the balconies—instead of bothering those of us who are trying to make pictures.' The exhibitors threatened to boycott all Mankiewicz pictures after that. But Joe didn't care. He couldn't have cared less.'

Among the other facts learned about Liz' director-to-be, there was one that would cause her to place her tongue deep inside her cheek.

It came from someone who said, "He—is no matter what else anyone says about him—amazing with women. A-ma-zing." The night before the "official" meeting between Liz and Mankiewicz, at a party, a certain chatty actress had a lot to say about the director. If Liz had heard her, she wouldn't have been too impressed with Mankiewicz. Of course, if it had been another party, or if it was another actress doing the talking, Liz would have gotten a far different picture of the man.

Linda Darnall would have told her: "Joe's a doll. He never shouts on the set. He never even raises his voice. He comes over and talks to you, just to you, so nobody else can hear. And he never says, 'That's wrong'—only. 'Maybe it would be better this way.'"

Celeste Holm would have said: "He starts out by assuming you're a professional and that you have at least reasonably good sense. This in itself can be startling... Most of all, though, he's a gentleman. And so considerate."

"I fell in love with him"

Thelmer Ritter would have told Liz: "I was so nervous the first time I had to meet him. To make it worse, I'd cut a finger that morning. And when I walked in for our interview the bandage on the finger made it stick out like a barber pole. But Joe just looks at me. And then he looks at the finger and he says, 'Did you have it wrapped for a gift, Miss Ritter?' And so of course I fell in love with him."

But the chatty actress didn't say any of this. All she knew was, "Mankiewicz? Beware. He has an uncanny way with the women he works with. He once said—and this is on record somewhere—'Most actresses are emotionally retarded.' And do you know what? This has only endeared him to the species. Since each, of course, thought that she was the exception... and that's how it goes with Mankiewicz."

And so it was that Liz' tongue could have been practically embedded in her cheek when the meeting with Mankiewicz finally did take place that next day. But it wouldn't remain there long.

Said someone connected with "Suddenly Last Summer," and who was present at the meeting.

"Joe had arrived by plane that morning. He could have been tired after the all-night flight. But he wasn't. He got to the office at about nine-thirty. Liz arrived at about a quarter-to ten. There were handshakes, smiles. Then talk about the picture. Joe taking over, doing most of the talking. Serious talk, Brillian talk. It was obvious to anyone there that morning that the picture would indeed be saved; that it would be a great picture. Liz, first and foremost, knew that she had nothing more to worry about.

"Hail Elizabeth's Caesar"

"It was an ideal relationship Liz and Joe had going for them all during the making of '"Suddenly Last Summer.' And when it was over and time to exchange gifts (an old, old movie custom)—and though I don't know for sure—Liz probably sent Joe a small jar of Kadota figs. And the note would have been:

"'Hail, Elizabeth's Caesar—to a friendship that was born.'"

"And Joe—he must have fell over laughing!"

It was four years later now. Time had passed. And things had happened. Terrible things.

For one thing, Rosa Stradner Mankiewicz had died.

And Liz, too, had nearly died.

And now she was set to make the most expensive picture of all time, and—even before it started—it was a shambles; director trouble, script trouble.

And once again the word went out: "Phone New York. Get Mankiewicz. He'll save it for us."

And—eventually—one more—he would.

"Then I met again—for the first time in years—in Hollywood, shortly before we all took off for Rome," says a friend of both.

"The meeting took place in one of those ground-floor offices in the administration building at 20th Century-Fox. It was morning. Joe arrived at about ten. Liz arrived at about a quarter-after. There were handshakes, smiles, reminiscent talk. Then..."
talk about the picture, Joe taking over—
doing most of the talking. Serious talk.
Brilliant talk. Then there was lunch in
the commissary. Joe, I remember, sat directly
across the table from Liz. They continued
talking about the picture. And then, sud-
denly, at one point, Joe said to Liz: 'But
you look worried. You haven't, I hope,
lost any faith in me?'
"Liz looked embarrassed. 'If I do look
worried,' she said, 'it has nothing to do
with the picture. Believe me.'
"'What's wrong then?' Joe asked.

How it is to die

"'I've got to make a speech tonight,' Liz
said. 'It's that simple. I've got to write a
speech . . . and make the speech . . .
about my illness—the operation . . . and I
know it's going to turn out awful . . .
because I'm just not a writer. Believe me,
that's what's wrong.'

"Joe smiled. 'You're a smart girl, Liz,'
he said. 'You talk well. Good writing is
just like good talking . . . I don't get the
problem.'

"Liz smiled back at him. She shrugged.
'Maybe it's no problem for you,' she said.
'But I just can't do it.'

"'A few months ago,' he said, 'you were
in London. Lying in a hospital. Dying. Tell
me about it. Everything you remember.
Everything you felt. Just talk. Now come
on,' he prodded her. 'Tell me . . .

"As you well know, Liz delivered her
speech that night at the Beverly-Hilton
Hotel, one of the most touching speeches
ever made, one of the most beautiful
speeches ever made.

"What you may not know is that the
following morning if a grateful Liz were
in a giving mood she would have sent
him two jars of Kadota figs. And with
them, a note that would have read:

"'Thus, with Cleopatra's Caesar, a
friendship is reborn!'"

"Though to call it merely a friendship—
this thing between Elizabeth and Joe,
says someone who has been working
in Rome with them these last few months,
"would be to understate it terribly.

"First of all they are together all day,
five days a week, while Joe directs her
as Cleopatra. Then, on weekends, as Joe
works on the script for the next five days' 
shooting, Elizabeth is practically con-
stantly with him—primarily, because the pic-
ture is her life now and she's anxious to
be around it at every possible moment.

"In this sense and only this sense Joe
Mankiewicz is the other one in Liz' life.
There's no doubt about it—that Cleopatra
will be Elizabeth Taylor's greatest role.
And, despite her own basic talent and
beauty, it will be largely Joe's doing.
The way they've worked it out together—that
will make it her greatest role.'

More than just a friendship

Says another Rome source: "Friendship?
Well, that is a beautiful enough
word, and I guess you could apply it to
what's going on between Liz Taylor and
Joe Mankiewicz. But I, for one, think it
is more than friendship that they share.
I think it is a need they share—a creative
need for one another. Joe is one of the
few men left in Hollywood who's con-
cerned about movie-making in an artistic
way. He wants to do new, exciting things
on film. He wants to set his sights on
something besides the jingle of coins in
the boxoffice coffers. And Liz shares his
feelings. They seem to believe that to-
together they can make great movies—
movies that say something of value and
are entertaining . . . and are successful.

"And don't forget, Liz is an actress,
making the biggest picture of her life. She
knows the money involved in the picture.
She knows the status of her health, and
how everyone is worried about it—nerve-
reakingly worried. So sometimes she is
scared. And this is where Joe comes in
to help her.

"Because if Liz should have one of her
rare, bad days when everything goes wrong
and she might feel like a failure, Joe
could say to her: 'You can't talk about
failure, Elizabeth. Why, when I was in
college, I wanted to be a doctor, you see
—and when I first started college I took
a course in physics and the professor gave
me an F-minus. I thought to myself: But
there is no such grade. So I went to the
professor and I protested. He didn't let
me protest long, though. He said to me,
'I feel, Mr. Mankiewicz, that I must dis-
tinguish between mere failure and total
failure such as yours.'" And you, Elizabeth,
you talk to me of failure?

"Needless to say, Liz would break up
on that one. And the day's shooting
would go on without a hitch . . .

"And so it's gone with the two of them
here in Rome—Liz Taylor, Joe Mankie-
wicz—two artists who need each other at
this time in their careers." —Ed de Blasio
tions, grabbing at him, tearing his clothes. "It's Fabian!" a girl screamed.

"It would have to be in front of a school, he thought.

Then the wail of a patrol car, the officer stern, unsmiling: "Let's see your license."

"Fabian—can I have your autograph?"—a girl with blue eyes and blond hair.

The truck driver stood there unimpressed, pale, shaky.

By the next morning it was all in the papers: "Fabian Forte, 19, demolishes car in accident with truck..."

Later, he just sat there in his room, letting the impact of the crash sink in, telling himself he could take this one... just like he took all the others.

For Fabian, skidding into a truck on an icy road was just one more collision in a life which, for the past four years, has never been safe or smooth.

Less than a few weeks before the accident, newspapers had carried other headlines: "Fabian and Manager Split."

Columnists asked: "Is Fabian too big for his own good?" Magazines claimed they carried 'the whole story,' but they didn't. Fabian wouldn't tell his story. His friends urged him to talk, to give his side, but he remained silent.

An auto crash threatens life and limb. The danger passes in a single instant. Fabian's smash-up with manager Bob Marucci still threatens him: as an actor, singer, human being.

That's why, for the first time, we are publishing the story behind the smash-ups of Fabian Forte. . . .

A star is made

It goes like this.

Robert Marucci, dynamic young head of Chancellor Records, actually did discover an unknown kid named Fabian Forte on a Philadelphia doorstep in 1959.

That same day, Fabian's father, Dom Forte, had been rushed to the hospital with a heart attack. From the first moment, Bob took over. And from then on, Bob replaced the ailing Dom in many ways in Fabian's life.

The boy was sweet, easy-going, honest and very young.

He listened to the promises of money and fame. He could hear, just like anyone else in his place, the waves of applause echoing through his imagination.

They began to cut records, terrible records. Bob had a partner in the business, Peter de Angelis. Pete handled the music end. Bob managed the talent, though technically Pete was Fabian's co-manager.

Bob insisted on voice lessons. The first two teachers gave up. Only Bob's faith kept the dream alive.

He took Fabian to sing at record hops, close to home at first, then greater distances. The dream began to grow. Sometimes even Fabian believed in it because he had faith in Bob's faith.

And through it all, week after week, month after month, there was Bob—managing, thinking up gimmicks, pushing, lifting, building a career out of air.

Before the first year was over, however, something happened that Fabian never learned about until now.

A close friend, someone who genuinely loved both him and Bob, gave Marucci a fateful warning:

"Stop now," she said. "Don't make the boy's life your life. No one can own another person. Stop now. Or one day you'll be terribly hurt."

Bob listened, nodded. Yes. She was right. He'd try.

But every day it got harder. After all, the dream was blossoming now. He was the one who had built that dream, who had taken a nobody and forced him into the mold of a star. And after all, a star was somebody, wasn't he? And a star was what Bob had always secretly wanted to be himself.

Meanwhile, Fabian doggedly attended school. His previously high marks dropped. He sought tutoring before class from interested teachers.

Protector or truant officer?

Once in a while he had time for dates. As one friend recalls: "Fabian's folks would leave the light on in his room when he went out. From where Bob lived, he could look over the back fence and see Fabian's house. Believe me, Bob's light stayed on until Fabian's went out. He couldn't go to bed himself until he knew the boy was safe at home."

A few friends asked themselves privately whether Bob's concern was that of a father or a truant officer. Perhaps it was both.

On the road, Bob found it difficult to tear himself from Fabian's elbow. After all, he had promised the Fortes to look out for their son. Many of his reasons were sound: Fabian was a minor with no show business background. He was easy prey in a ruthless, rugged business.

"He has to be guarded, protected," Bob repeated firmly, though some noted the protection kept off friends as well as wild fans and unwelcome business acquaintances.

When Fabian made his first film, "Hound Dog Man," it meant long stays on the West Coast. Bob trusted no one else to steer him through the new pitfalls and temptations.

The picture got cool but receptive reviews. Next came "High Time," with Bing Crosby and Tuesday Weld. Fabian's movie career was turning into something big. He was ready to stop singing and devote himself exclusively to acting.

Meanwhile, Bob induced the Fortes to move out of the modest neighborhood in Philadelphia where they had raised their three boys. He arranged for the purchase of four homes in a rather isolated middle-class development near Haddonfield, New Jersey.

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2. 

3. 

**ACTRESS:**

1. 

2. 

3. 

**FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE:**

1. 

2. 

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WG-562
Bob and his mother shared one, relatives lived in two others and the Fortes lived in the fourth. All shared picture windows that gazed blankly into each other, gardens with back yards that interlocked, and a community pool.

To Bob it seemed perfect. Now they were truly "one big happy family." Yet the culmination of his dreams was the beginning of a nightmare that has not yet ended.

Movie ties kept Fabian on the West Coast. Visits to his family grew more infrequent. Each moment with him was precious to them. And more and more they felt that they were losing their son. Dom and his wife, treating each other with eyes that admitted the truth: They had never asked that their son be a star. Only that he be a son.

The trouble started

It was shortly after "High Time" that rumors about a rift between manager and managed began to circulate.

First came the story that Fabian was working too hard, his health being jeopardized and that if anyone was to blame it was Bob.

Next came stories of arguments, angry words that filtered out of the rented Beverly Hills apartment.

As one neighbor recalls: "Those apartments were built like a cheap motel—paper-thin walls. Besides, the windows were always open, facing the pool. It was no secret that Bob and Fabian had their differences. Big ones."

For a while, the rumors stayed on the West Coast. Back in New Jersey the Fortes had no warning of impending disaster.

A close friend of Fabian recalls: "In the beginning I thought I saw an awful lot of things, but nobody else seemed to see them. But these things all along were between Bob and Fabian. When we had a minute together it seemed as if Fabian would start to tell me something, then change his mind and clam up."

"I'd say, 'Is everything O.K.?'"

"And he'd always answer, 'Yeah, sure. What could be wrong?'"

Several magazines leaked the story. Both Bob and Fabian denied it. The truth, however, appeared that the boy was being pushed beyond his endurance.

Eventually, he was given a physical. The doctor told him to take it easy and the boy went back to the grind.

Dates, of course, were limited to weekends. When Fabian fell for actress Katie Kelly, Bob disapproved. Whenever possible, Bob got a date of his own and doubled with Fabian.

Toward the end, as the rift opened more publicly, one Hollywood associate tells of "the scenes in front of Fabian's friends, not only at the apartment, or the house they later rented in Hollywood, but at parties and on dates... scenes that would humiliate any sensitive person."

By January, 1961, though few suspected it had gone that far, the lid was about to blow off the most publicized manager-star relationship in show business.

Someone had to help!

Fabian had confided his troubles to no one, but "you could see he was almost driven out of his mind," according to one associate.

Another intimate of the situation reports: "Fabe had let things go very far, almost too far. From the business end right on down to personality conflicts."

A third says: "Let's just say things were not being handled to Fabian's advantage, including finances."

Normally, he would have taken the problem to his father. But because of Dom's heart condition, Fabian hesitated to burden him with such an explosive problem. Finally, a friend who had sensed the conflict for many months acted:

"Most people had forgotten," he says, "that Fabian really had another manager as well as an agent. Pete, for one thing, thought Fabian was in deep water.예, had gotten the idea Pete didn't like him and Pete thought Fabian didn't want to work with him.

"I'd suspected many disturbing things for a long time. I began to check and found they were true. I decided to confront Pete with the facts. We sat up all one night talking. I found out Pete was concerned for Fabian, far more than we had thought. Now we had seen." When Fabian heard Pete had gone to bat for him, he broke down. All he could say was: "There's someone on my side, after all."

It was decided then that someone other than Bob would accompany Fabian on the road. Unknown to the public, the relationship was on probation, at Fabian's request, for the remainder of the year.

Ultimately, the strain began to tell on Bob, too. His investment in Fabian—financial as well as personal—was too large to be calculated. His family became alarmed. As one says: "He looked like the walking dead."

The Fortes asked themselves: "What could have happened that our boy could do this to a nice guy like Bob?"

When they tried to discuss it openly, they were told: "Fabian's an uncontrollable kid. You can't do anything with him. You don't see what kind of kid he is."

They were shocked. Fabian had always been a good, gentle boy. Was this to be the final, terrible toll of show business on their simple, unaffected family?

Rumors hinted that Bob was making himself sick over Fabian's ingratitude. Actually, he was sick. By spring he was hospitalized with a kidney ailment.

However, he had been under a doctor's care for some time. He had been warned for years to slow down, stop trying to keep pace with a boy half his age. The illness with Fabian's, though the final breakdown probably could be linked to the high tension in Bob's life.

A boy becomes a man

Meantime, without Bob at his elbow, Fabian seemed to grow up overnight. He surprised interviewers by sounding off as never before.

He admitted that, while Bob wanted him to continue making records, he wanted to act. He wanted to forget the criticism that plagued him as a rock 'n' roll star.

Last fall, his acting on a "Bus Stop" TV episode despite a controversial plot won him critical acclaim. There was more to come. Fabian was ready to act. It was right for him and he knew it.

Toward the end, it became apparent that only a clean, complete break would
resolve the differences on both sides. Finally, Fabe called his parents: "Start looking for land. We're going to build a new house!" The Fortes were incredulous. "Even when they at last agreed it was better for Fabian to break away," one friend reports, "they refused to do anything that might hurt Bob. Even now, after all the upset, they feel very sympathetic to him."

A few weeks later, an official statement to the press announced that Bob and Fabian had separated on "amicable" terms.

At present, there is one more matter to be cleared up before Bob Marcucci and Fabian are finished for good: Fabian's contract runs till he reaches twenty-one. Two more years. The contract is now in the process of litigation. Both sides hope the matter will never reach court. If it does, Fabian may have to tell a story he would prefer to forget forever.

One observer reports: "Bob is asking more for the remainder of that contract than Fabian was ever allowed to keep in all the time he's been in show business." Fabian says: "I don't care about not having much money. I just want him to do right by me now.

Bob's answer is, "I did the best I knew how." He has indicated that he is one taking the contract to court—not the other way around.

Fabian says, "People won't believe stories that aren't true. If they like me, they'll like me for myself. I don't want to make statements about Bob."

"I am grateful, but . . . !"

All Fabian will allow himself to say is this: "I am grateful. I will always be grateful. But I found out the world doesn't stop turning because you decide to stand on your own feet. Something had always hurt most the day it happens. Now it doesn't hurt anymore."

Behind that sentence lay more toll, struggle, self-denial and heartbreak than most of us can ever dream. A starmaker saw a dream take form, flourish and tear loose from his hands. A boy lost the precious years as a teenager and became a man too soon.

Perhaps Fabian sums it up as well as anyone can when he says: "There comes a time when an individual has to make his own decisions. If I make any mistakes from now on I won't have anybody else to blame. I'm nineteen. I've already learned too much too fast. But I still have a lot more to learn."

Maybe, during these last weeks, Bob Marcucci remembers certain words, too. The words of that old, dear friend so very long ago: "Stop now . . . or one day you'll be terribly hurt. . . ."

Perhaps he remembers the rest of that warning as well. The part that went like this: "If you don't—you'll have only yourself to blame."

More than one old friend foresaw the heartbreak, way back when. More than one knew it had to happen the way it has, for Fabian's sake.

And so, in his heart, did the man who put Fabian where he is today.

—BARBARA HENDERSON

Fabian's in "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation" and in "The Longest Day," both for 20th.
DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 17

And when she fell in love with Harry and married him she told me, "Certainly we plan to have a larger family, but it's important first to have time to establish our life together, time to be with Carrie and Todd, a solid family. It's important that this family unit be knit together, that the children feel rooted and sure of our love for them. Then, when all is settled and calm and secure—probably next year—then certainly we want a larger family. If it's meant to be, and we certainly hope it is, we'll have more children."

Her timing was prophetic. It's been exactly a year.

Mrs. Reynolds is with us now and we're slashing back through the rain, faster than when we crossed the parking lot. It's drilling into our backs, hurrying us along.

"I always felt that children were more important to me than any career," says Debbie. "That's how it has to be. Children and your career take a back seat."

Mrs. Reynolds shields her eyes to look up at me through the rain. "I always used to say that when Mary Frances went to work, on that side of the hill she was Debbie; but when she came back, on our side of the hill she was Mary Frances."

Debbie slips her arm through her mother's. "It's still the same way. I love working. I'm very excited about 'My Six Lives.' This was a story I enjoyed in Redbook and brought to the studio's attention. It's a happy story about a girl who gets involved with these children and my talented friend, Gower Champion, is going to direct. It'll be a half working with Gower and the six children, and I'm lucky that I'm married to a man who doesn't object to my working. But on the other side of the hill I am Mommie, I'm Mrs. Karl. It's everything I could ask and now the coming baby... I don't have to tell you, you've seen me pregnant before. Having a family is a pleasure for me, not a task, and it comes at the very fullest time of my life."

"Not the busiest, I was the busiest the year I made five pictures and wasn't married. But this last has been the fullest, most wonderful year. We've been to Miami several times, we've been to New York a half dozen times, we've made short trips with the children, we've established a rich, warm family feeling. Carrie's in kindergarten and there are birthday parties galore. New she wants acrobatic lessons—she says she wants to be an acrobat. Todd is in nursery school and being with other children is just grand for him. He's not a baby any more. He's a boy with a roomful of wooden soldiers, and he and Harry are just wonderful together. Pals. They go to the barber's, they go to the golf course. Todd has a set of tiny clubs and he and Harry sock a paifful of balls."

"I would never have married a man who wasn't a good father. Fortunately for me, Harry is more than good, he's a great father, he adores the children, he never has to discipline them, all he has to do is speak and they fly. He's a tall, quiet man who inspires confidence. As a matter of fact, they invited him to come and live with us long before I did. 'Mommie has to marry him first,' I'd say and they'd chorus, 'Then marry him!' But I had to be sure. When you're marrying for the last time, you'd better be sure."

"The last time around""

"And I was married for the last time. I'd found a man who creates the kind of atmosphere in which a family can bloom and flourish. He has a great philosophy—make the people you love happy and you'll be happy. It works. For me too. If he and the children are happy, I am. It's as simple as that. And you can imagine how happy he is about the coming baby. I phoned him in New York..."

He'll be home Friday. Saturday will be a lazy day, probably indoors if the rain keeps on. Sunday, rain or shine, they'll go to church together. Carrie and Todd attend Sunday School, Debbie and Harry at...
Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

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

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

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Richard Burton

Continued from page 8

while he was on a pass from the RAF during the later stages of World War II. He was making the rounds with his buddies in Winnipeg, Canada, when suddenly fists, chairs, tables and bottles started flying. He was flattened with a left hook but not until he had held his ground against tremendous odds.

Above all, Burton is a self-made man who attained success and vast wealth by sheer hard work and determination. Otherwise he could still be working in the coal mines of South Wales.

He was born Richard Jenkins on November 10, 1925 in Pontypridd (pronounced Pontradyfen) South Wales, where the coal dust is blacker than any California smog. He was the youngest son in a family of thirteen children whose mother died when Dick was two. An older sister tried her best to be mother to the children while their father worked in the mines.

Richard, roly-poly and unusually bright, found a friend in a school teacher, Phillip Burton, who encouraged him to seek a better destiny than digging for the black rock. When Richard entered the theater at the ripe age of sixteen, he changed his last name to Burton in honor of the mentor who had recognized his genius.

That same sixteen year Dick won a scholarship to Oxford. But by the rules, he can't enjoy being with that girl. I don't like a self-centered girl or one who wants to be boss. She makes a fellow feel like less of a man. I'm still a man and will act like one. And when I'm with a girl I want her to act like a woman.

—George Hamilton

If a girl is considerate, it's a magic formula—everything else seems to work out. A man has to be considerate, too, but first of all he has to be a man, he has to live by his lights. A girl should be more flexible and understanding. I remember when I was going to North Hollywood High School. There was a girl I wanted to take to a dance. I didn't have a car, but my father offered to drive us. She had been friendly and pleasant, but I felt a chilliness set in when I explained I wouldn't be driving her. She gave me an evasive answer as to whether she would accept my invitation, and she ended up going with a fellow who not only had his own car, but a flashy one. Later that fall transferred to another school. When the girl sort of came back to me, I sort of "wasn't there." I knew by then that she had the wrong sense of values, at least for me. Now that I'm older I still think that consideration means considering what a man is like—not what he has. A considerate girl is the last person a fellow would "hate in the morning."

—Dick Beymer

All for Shakespeare—and love

After his discharge, acting in films was the last thing in Burton's mind. His ambition was to be a Shakespearean actor—over the years he had learned all the lines of "Hamlet," "Henry V" and other works by heart.

Very soon he realized that he would have to play the roles he loved for love—and very little money. Years later, when he could command $100,000 in Hollywood for making "The Robe," he revealed that on trips home to England he played Shakespeare at the famed Stratford-on-Avon Theater for $145 a week. Now he could afford to play Hamlet for love.

You'd expect the handsome 36-year-old star who sets women's hearts fluttering with desire, to be a Casanova in real life, but. Not a single divorce has marred his life, and until last February no female entanglements were even hinted in headlines. He had met his love, Sybil Williams—a young, attractive drama student—when he was twenty-three and making his screen debut in a British picture, "The Last Days of Dolwyn." Two weeks later they were engaged, five months later they were married. When I visited them Wytham, Berkshire, last fall, Sybil gave up acting at her own suggestion.

Richard proved a very devoted husband,
a loving father to his daughter Geneva, born in 1951, and later to daughter Jessica, who now is three years old. When he first came to Hollywood to make “My Cousin Rachel” opposite Olivia De Havilland, his family came with him. They lived with their good friends James and Pamela Mason until they found an apartment.

They always appeared as a fun couple. They avoided the Hollywood nightlife in favor of evenings at home listening to Bach and reading books. Even while making “Cleopatra” on the Italian location, Richard followed this relaxing routine. It was a way of life with him.

Four—unlucky number?

Part of the time, in Italy, his wife was with him. They leased a villa only a short distance from the Fishers’, spent many evenings with them. Some compared the togetherness to a different foursome some years back: Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher and their best friends Liz and Mike Todd.

The 5’11” Burton has never met the same success in this country as abroad. This was probably due to his individuality—he never cared for or went along with the Hollywood star system of using methods other than talent to get ahead. His American pictures, including “My Cousin Rachel,” “The Robe,” “The Desert Rats,” “Alexander the Great,” met with mild success. Yet he never stayed around Tinseltown long enough to be established as a matinee idol.

Probably Burton’s biggest disappointment was in 1959 when he returned after a long absence to make “Ice Palace.” He was high on doing the epic, as he had enjoyed Edna Ferber’s novel about Alaska. The delays in preparing the production signaled the first sign of trouble. He was impatient to begin. And when he did face the cameras, he indicated that he liked the book much better—the script didn’t seem to fit him. The picture was long in the making, and soon rumors circulated about him and a young actress on the same picture. Whether or not they were true—only Dick knows.

“Ice Palace,” incidentally, didn’t even come close to being a blockbuster, but fell more in the flop category.

Today, the Richard Burton’s make their home in a spacious forty-room home in scenic Geneva, Switzerland. Only recently did he return to the estate, as he spent a year in the stage hit “Camelot” in Canada and Broadway, then went directly to Rome to play Marc Antony in “Cleopatra.” His quiet life is reflected in his habits, reading and studying etymology, the study of words. Though he both drinks and smokes, his physical condition could win a prize at any gym. He keeps in shape by taking long walks, playing tennis and weightlifting. At fifteen he won his first amateur boxing contest, but in a second bout, with a 30-year-old professional, he hit the canvass in round two and never got up until after the count of ten. That was the end of his prize-fighting. Pugilism’s loss became the theatrical world’s gain.

Like Elizabeth Taylor, Richard knows physical pain. Once while dueling with Jeff Morrow for a scene in “The Robe,” his thumb was slashed so badly that for a time doctors feared he might lose it. Another time, in 1955, his left leg caused him such agony that he was rushed into surgery. Blood poisoning had resulted from a scratch, and he was in danger of losing both leg and life.

There isn’t much Richard Burton hasn’t done or can’t do. He is a polished baritone, a talented pianist. At Oxford he wrote magazine essays. . . he’s a stickler for technique in acting. Calls it “the essence of getting the biggest possible effect with the least possible effort.”

Richard Burton may not be another Hal Roach, but he is a self-made man . . . a gentleman and a scholar . . . an individualist . . . and, in the eyes of the ladies, a Don Juan.

—Cal York
...not to the hip"

It is also true that only one percent of American youngsters are juvenile delinquents. The other ninety-nine, for all their exposure to "pervicious pull of confused standards, insufficient parental supervision, an educational system in dire need of re-evaluation.

A first-class youth is a proud boast that we can still make! But our youth deserves better care-and-feeding of the mind and soul. They deserve protection against any conscienceless movie producer who, for the sake of a fast buck, would beguile the level of our national culture.

The best protection is not censorship. The best protection comes from a citizenry that is fully educated—educated to its responsibility as free men. The great enemy of vulgarity is good taste, and the great enemy of censorship is now, and must always be, Freedom of Speech.
with her second child. And she had been ecstatic. Shortly after she and Jack Cassidy were married, Shirley had told him, “I hope we can have at least three children. A boy and two girls. Or two boys and a girl.”... Her plan had been complicated by an emergency making it necessary for their firstborn, Shaun, to be delivered by Caesarean section. When the doctor explained that a subsequent child would have to be ushered into the world in the same way, and that the number of such deliveries should not exceed three, Jack Cassidy had announced positively, “We’ll settle for this one. Shirley is never to go through that again.”... However, Shirley is an only child. Like most only children, she yearned for brothers and sisters. She said, “I don’t want Shaun to grow up without the companionship of other children and the discipline of sharing. Actually, a Caesarean isn’t much more complicated than normal birth, and look how I’ve recovered—like magic!”

When Shaun, weighing nine pounds, eight ounces—and measuring twenty-three inches long, had arrived on September 27, 1958, Shirley had been given a spinal block. She had been able to watch her son enter the world, and she had spent days in a state of awed exaltation.

She wanted a son

Now, during the first months of her second pregnancy, some of that wonder at the miracle of birth walked with Shirley. Her complexion bloomed, her hair glinted, she awakened each morning vaguely aware that she was in the midst of a precious secret. Then the full import of that secret would return with consciousness and she would burst out of bed, buoyant as thistledown, happy as Christmas.

The wardrobe mistress at Warner Brothers asked her, “What are you eating?”

Shirley moistened her lips, remembering her most recent meal with relish while anticipating her next with leaping taste buds. “Last night I had spaghetti with meat balls, hot French bread and a baked potato with sour cream. Today for luncheon I’m going to have a pizza, au gratin potatoes, and French pastry. For dinner, I’m going to have...”

“You do, and you’ll have to play the rest of your scenes behind a Chinese screen,” was the warning.

Shirley was four months pregnant at the picture’s close. “And not a baked potato too soon,” grimaced Robert Preston, who played the title role in the film as he had in the Broadway production. He added, “I bet it’s going to be twins.”

The doctor disagreed. One baby, and one only, he said, and stuck to it.

Perhaps it was then that the first faint cloud darkened Shirley’s bright day. She thought, I’m carrying a daughter; I’m almost positive. And if it is a girl, Jack won’t want me to have another child. But I still want a family of three. I still do.

Now it only if this child were a boy, there was always the chance that Jack might consent to another try—for a daughter. But this one was a daughter—she was practically sure. The pregnancy was totally different from her first. Even the maternity clothes she’d saved from last time were all wrong; too big through the shoulders, too big around the waist, but not ample enough across the tummy. She was carrying differently. It must be a girl.

In October, 1961, Jack and Shirley moved into their new home—a handsome, comfortable, rambling house with enough bedrooms for Shaun to have his own quarters, and for the new little sister to have her own nursery next to a bedroom for her nurse.

The wonderful Swiss lady who had cared for Shaun during his first year, Mrs. Martha Blattner, agreed to care for the new baby. As far as Shaun was concerned, it was the Old Home Week.

During the moving, Shirley passed Shaun’s room—with its big beds away, and the floor covered with scattered toys—and was troubled by sight of a stuffed dog, faded, ragged, but well-loved by an active child. It had been abandoned in a corner.

Through her mind ran a fragment of poetry, recalled from grade school days. Something about, “The little toy dog is covered with dust and dirt... Something about, “The little old soldier, red—when our Little Boy Blue kissed them...”

How did it go?

Shirley looked it up in a volume of Eugene Field’s poems, and read the poem through for the first time in years. Two lines struck at her heart: “... Awaiting the touch of a little hand. The smile of a little face.”

The lines in the poem were sad. But their meaning for Shirley was happy... weren’t they? Then why, for no reason at all, did the tears well into her eyes in a flash flood and spill down her cheeks?

The mood lasted only a moment; it was gone as swiftly as it had come. “Every expectant mother has these megrims,” she told herself. “Why be so silly?”

There were moments of pure surprise, pure delight, in the midst of periods of apprehension. One of her best friends, Mrs. Sari Elliot, asked Shirley to join her for luncheon one day. “I’ll pick you up around 11:30,” Sari said. “We’ll stop for Jane, then go on to Beverly Wilshire.”

But it seemed that Jane wasn’t quite ready when the girls arrived. Her mother was out of town at bridge; would Shirley please come say “Hello.”

Shirley said, “Oh dear! I really don’t look my best... but, then, I imagine they won’t really mind. Probably most of them are mothers...”

Pink versus blue

When she entered the room she glanced around, blinked, studied the familiar faces, and performed the most Oscar-worthy, unrehearsed double-take in the history of surprise parties. The twenty guests, howling with laughter and triumph over Shirley’s amazement were her friends, not the friends of her friend’s mother.

After luncheon Shirley opened the shower gifts. Most of them were pink. Frilly...
pink dresses, embroidered pink sweaters, ruffled pink panties. There were a few yellow items for the new baby, a few white, and two Diapers. Outnumbered, the donors of the blue presents claimed extra-sensory perception. "It'll be a boy!"

Wistfully Shirley admitted, "I hope you're right... but I'm afraid that... I think it will be a girl."

In November, Shirley managed to travel to Pittsburgh to visit her parents. The baby was due in eight weeks, but the doctor had been so delighted with Shirley's general condition that he saw no reason for her to remain in Los Angeles. "Seeing your mother will be good for your morale," he said, dispelling all doubts.

And off she happily went.

In Pittsburgh, however, Shirley suffered a kidney infection and had to be hospitalized for four days. She told herself (and the doctor) that she had been so pleased with Shirley's general condition that he saw no reason for her to remain in Los Angeles. "Seeing your mother will be good for your morale," she said, dispelling all doubts.

And off she happily went.

In Los Angeles again, in mid-December, Shirley asked her doctor—"What's the mortality rate for Caesarean section?"

The waiting room was filled with other expectant mothers, but the doctor told Shirley, "Sit down for a moment. Mrs. Cassidy. This is something we should discuss. Twenty years ago, performing a Caesarean section was a hazardous surgical procedure. Nowadays, however, we know so much more about techniques, about anesthesia and post-operative care that I can assure you—the danger is minimal. You'll come through in excellent condition with a fine, healthy baby. Don't worry; you have an excellent constitution and your present health is everything a doctor could desire. Any other questions?"

Shirley swallowed hard and assumed a jaunty grin. "No thank you, I just thought I'd ask..."

She tried to talk to Jack. "In case anything should happen..."

"Don't even say it, Shirley. Not one word. I won't listen."

"But I think we should discuss what should be done about Shaun, in case... well, just in case..."

"Don't be silly," he said, taking her in his arms and holding her firmly. His lips against her forehead. He repeated, "I refuse to listen."

"Well, all right. But I do think we should settle on a name for the baby."

"That's constructive." Jack agreed. "If she's a girl, I'm for 'Erin.' If he's a boy, how about 'Patrick William'?"

"I think she's a girl." Shirley mused.

"Hooray!"

Shirley sighed... and sighed again...

**Pre-surgery blues**

The afternoon Shirley went to the hospital, preparatory to surgery the following morning, she observed to Jack in a small voice, "We don't even have our wills made... I mean... nothing's settled."

"Don't need them," Jack said with finality.

Shirley slept fitfully through the night, and was down right thankful for the 5 A.M. arrival of the nurses who were to prepare her for surgery. She was dimly aware of Jack's good-bye kiss as she was wheeled from her room.

"Now my daughter is to be born," she murmured to elevate her spirits. "I'll see her the instant she comes into the world."

But the odor of the ether used as surface anaesthetic, "I'm going to be sick," she warned the doctor.

"No no, isn't," she answered, as an anaesthetist began to introduce sodium pentothal intravenously.

A long time later she sensed that she was being moved.

"Darling..." Jack's voice said.

"Where are they taking me?" she wanted to know.

"From surgery to the recovery room. The doctor says you're doing fine."

"But what did we have?"

"Six pounds, eleven ounces, and twenty and one-half inches tall."

She caught her breath in a spasm of bitter relief. "I thought, my new son! My second son!"

Thinking of Jack's reaction, she managed to ask, "Are you disappointed?"

"Disappointed! Ha! He looks exactly like me," Patting her shoulder tenderly he added. "Don't worry, sweetie. We can always try again."

In the midst of the bath that was washing over her body like a fierce and icy sea, her spirit responded joyfully. "You mean we really can?"

Jack tried to laugh, but the sound was unsteady. "What a girl," he said.

That afternoon was the worst Shirley had ever experienced. Pain-killers gave her no relief. Toward evening she was given morphine, and sunk into thankful sleep.

She was young, and though she had a steep hill to climb to full recovery—but there were those three blood transfusions, and finally Shirley awakened on the morning of January 6, 1962, feeling amazingly like herself again. She knew, as surely as if the Good Lord himself could have come down and told her that she wasn't going to die—that there'd never even been an outside chance of her dying. She was alive by a miracle—she'd never come that close! But yet, there was a miracle. Because life is a miracle, and to give birth to a child is the greatest miracle of all. For the first time in a long time, she was deliciously happy about everything.

Beside her bed was a bouquet of forty-eight roses. The card read, "You always get your way—Dearest Love, Jack."

Later, Patrick William was brought to her arms. She looked him over carefully. He had big fists that he tried to stuff into his mouth. His nose was delicately formed, his ears lay flat against his head, and the back of his neck was like a summer peach. When he opened his eyes to stare fixedly at her, Shirley could see that he was, in truth, his father's image.

Well content, Shirley thought, "Now in five or six years—Erin!"

—Freeda Dudley Balling
usually, wherever the action is, Connie is.

But when Glenn first suggested Wash-
ington, Connie was frightened. Not of him, but of the attendant publicity. One printed rumor, that she'd be returning from Paris as Mrs. Glenn Ford, mushroomed into a storm of comment. And now every column Connie picks up has either a hint of her forthcoming marriage to Glenn or an equally disconcerting hint that she's two-
timing him. That's what was said when she went to dinner with Vic Damone. That's what was said when she went to dinner with John Gabriel. "Ford's girl is stepping out on him," the columns said.

She hates this kind of publicity for Glenn. "He's above that," she says. "I hate it for his sake and I hate it for my sake. I kid you not! Ever since I've known Glenn my telephone keeps up a steady ringing from columnists who want to know the truth. How can I tell them what I don't know myself? I'm free. I love life. I live it to the fullest. I have a moral code and I live by it. I'm perfectly honest with Glenn and we get along beautifully. Glenn is a wonderful person. He's shown me a whole new world, and I'm having a ball with him. I don't just date, you know, I make friends and I keep right on seeing my friends! The moment I'm ever really in love, the object of that love will be the first to know it."

Glenn is a strong man, a sure man, a mature man. He's forty-five or -six to Connie's twenty-three—and she loves this. The one rich, secure relationship of her life has been with her father—who is just about Glenn's age.

Their tremendous attraction is their likeness. They both want to live life to the hilt; they both want happiness, they love laughter, they crave freedom as a way of life. That's what made their Paris adventure so precious—they felt like astro-

When they returned to Hollywood from Paris, Connie became ill. She'd picked up a virus in New York where she'd made thirty-seven personal appearances for "Susan Slade" in something like three days. She loved it though—especially being in the Madison Theater in Brooklyn, where she used to see movies as a kid and dream a dream that came true. Later, she visited old Brooklyn friends and they had a ball reminiscing and crying. It was fun, but it was hard work—it lowered her res-

Paris and almost kept her from going to the "Four Horsemen" premiere. Even though a doctor and a nurse hovered around her all day, the night of the prem-

However, Connie Stevens fights for what she wants. She's operatorically and honestly. And so does Glenn. They've never tried to mislead each other or the public, Connie has shown Glenn that she has faith in him. And, in return, Glenn trusts her completely. She's shown so much concern for him, she's tried so hard to protect him from the rash of publicity which follows them everywhere.

It was this very publicity which she has come to dread so, that nearly kept her from accompanying Glenn to Washington.

She hated the feeling of being pres-

And Connie, too, looks happier than ever. Her relation with Glenn has changed her. Her father knows it, her brother knows it, everyone close to her has noticed it.

This idyll is the first real challenge to her womanhood, and she's growing up to meet it. She's making mature decisions, she's probing her own feelings, and she's growing to value her relationship with Glenn more and more. She's found he's romantic enough to have given her a dia-

Connie and Glenn are invited every-

And publicity or no publicity, they accept some of the invitations. Like the Star-a-Minute Ball for out-of-work newspapermen in Los Angeles. As Glenn said, "Connie received a notification that was not to be believed." What Glenn didn't say—and what columnists duly noted, was that Connie also received a snub from Glenn's one-time best girl Hope Lange. But it didn't bother Connie. Not now.

Those close to Connie know that she's on the brink of a decision—a very im-

One thing is certain: However she should marry Glenn. She is a Catholic, remember—she wants to marry only once. Her mother and father were divorced, and

CONNIE & GLENN

Continued from page 27

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Connie & Glenn

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**LIZ & EDDIE**

Continued from page 51

again, the desperate moments of uncertainty, the terrible fear and anxiety, the dreadful and haunting specter of Liz being ill again.

The locale of this time was not London, but Rome.

The illness this time was not double pneumonia. This time, the official diagnosis was "food poisoning.

As the first bulletins of Liz's terrible plight were flashed around the world, a burning question flamed up in millions of minds: Where was Eddie Fisher?

On the ambulance ride to the hospital in London last year, Eddie was at Liz's side, comforting her, whispering his love and assurances that she would be all right. Now, on this day of February 17, 1962, as the ambulance raced to the Salvator Mundi Hospital in Rome, the only company Liz had on the ride was the ambulance attendant and the low, moaning whistle of the siren.

**Why a separation?**

Eddie wasn't with Liz to murmur words of comfort, to give her strength in her moment of need, to call upon her courage to stand up against again the cruel blows of adversity as she had done so many times in the past. Eddie and Liz were separated. Separated by many miles of beautiful, blue Mediterranean waters. Liz was in Rome, Eddie in Lisbon.

Why? That was what everyone asked when the news of Liz's new siege of illness became known. Why had Eddie gone to Lisbon?

Many reasons were offered. One columnist wrote:

"Eddie Fisher's reason for being in Portugal when Elizabeth Taylor was stricken with her mysterious ailment was to meet his long-time friend and manager, Milton Blackstone, who flew from New York to Lisbon . . . to give him advice. Milton had no desire to become involved in the Elizabeth-Eddie marital problems but he couldn't say no to Eddie's plea for moral support. He also was glad to escape the many friends and reporters who wanted information about her so-called 'rift.'"

The same columnist also posed a dynami-land question to her readers:

"Who ordered the 'Cleopatra' set barred to everybody while Elizabeth and Richard Burton were playing their torrid love scenes for the cameras? Could it have been Walter Wanger?"

"At any rate, the edict caused Eddie to storm off to Switzerland and leave his wife to those dangerous high-calorie lunches."

Of course, the columnist was referring to the numerous reports of poisoned food that had made Liz sick while lunching with Wanger, the producer of "Cleopatra." The lunch was in the early afternoon of February 17th, at Liz's sumptuous $3,000-a-month rented villa on the Appian Way, just outside Rome.

Eddie, true enough, wasn't present for this now-famous repast. He couldn't have been if he was in Lisbon. And it was lucky for him that he wasn't, because one of the entrees evidently was spoiled enough to make Eddie and his thief ill. This was what caused Liz to go to the hospital—without Eddie.

The physician who treated Liz, Dr. Richard Pennington, said oysters were at the bottom of the trouble. It was suggested that they came from polluted waters and affected Liz so severely that her blood pressure dropped to eighty, causing her to collapse.

When someone asked Dr. Pennington why Liz had to be rushed to the hospital if it was merely a case of food poisoning, he retorted:

"There are some people who don't know exactly what they're saying. Perhaps there was excessive precaution because the food poisoning could have been cured very well at home. But given the previous illness of Miss Taylor, stricken some time ago by pneumonia and subsequently undergoing a trachotomy (opening of the throat and inserting a tube to permit her to breathe), there was a certain amount of concern . . . Miss Taylor's illness is a minor one which had to be faced in a rather dramatic way because of her past history. No doctor would ever like to take the slightest risk with a patient who was so close to going to a better world so recently . . . ."

Dr. Pennington was referring to the stories that purported to tell the “real reason” for Liz's sudden hospitalization, all of which helped to create an uncertainty.

The first account was the most alarming, and it claimed shortly after Liz was carried out on a stretcher into the Salvator Mundi Hospital. It told of the word “paralysis” appearing on the log of the Italian Red Cross motor pool, which had sent the am

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Conflicting reports

Richard Hanley, Liz's secretary, wouldn't even accept the doctor's word. He pooh-poohed the food poisoning report and said that "this is simply exhausted. She has been working steadily for five months and is merely tired out."

One report indicated Liz—and Wanger—became ill after eating "boiled beans." Those were the rumors—here is the truth. Yes, Eddie had left Liz.

But not for reasons advanced by the columnist. Because to all appearances, Eddie was not angry with Liz over the torrid love scenes she had played with Richard Burton before the cameras. Eddie had left Rome the week before to stay at his villa in Gstaad, Switzerland, for a brief rest before flying to Lisbon for a hectic round of television appearances and talks with Milton Blackstone about some video projects. He was related to the trachotome by which the physician had made it clear that oysters were the cause.

Enter Richard Burton

But here were simmering rumors that flooded Rome and burst into headline-making stories around the globe in faster time than it took Lieutenant Colonel John H. Glenn to circle the earth in his orbital flight. The headlines involved not only Liz and Eddie, but Richard Burton, as well. At times, it seemed that both her rounds, Burton, curiously enough, was not in Rome but in Paris. He had gone there during a respite in "Cleopatra" to shoot interior sequences for another film, "The Longest Day," in which he was starring. . . . And according to him, it was a mere coincidence that he happened to return to Rome on the same day that Eddie returned from Lisbon to be at his ailing wife's side. Burton, of course, knew about Liz' illness before he arrived in Rome.

"Wanger had phoned me in Paris Sunday morning that Elizabeth was ill," Burton said. "But he told me it was nothing serious. The fact that I flew back immediately was merely coincidental. I was due to return then because I was finished with my work in Paris and had to resume work production on 'Cleopatra.'"

At first, however, Burton maintained stiff silence against a front of reporters' persistent inquiries. He had but one thing to say to all the questions: "No comment." He wanted to find out first what the stories circulating about him and Liz amounted to.

He also wanted to talk with his wife, who was in New York visiting his stepfather.

When he got to his hotel, Burton found his press agent, Chris Hofer, in a state of high excitement. Hofer brought Burton up to date.

"I'm being sent mad by the rumors about you and Liz being in love," Hofer told Burton.

"That's bloody nonsense," Richard replied. "I don't think the rumors deserve the dignity of a reply."

What else was discussed between Burton and Hofer wasn't made too clear, but the next day Hofer called the Rome scribes and issued a typewritten "Open Letter to Keeping legs and underarms trim is a miss's must. But oh-h-h the chafed, chapped skin that sometimes results! So right after shaving, dab on silky Cashmere Bouquet Talc. You'll find there's nothing quite like it to help cool and soothe these sensitive skin areas. Why is Cashmere Bouquet Talc so special? It's made from the world's purest, finest talc—Italian talc. Only Cashmere Bouquet Talc scents, smooths, clings more lovingly, more lastingly.

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**The Press,** which he said was prepared at his client's direction. Here is how it read:

"For the past several days, uncontrolled rumors have been growing about Elizabeth and myself. Statements attributed to me have been distorted out of proportion and a series of coincidences has lent plausibility to a situation which has become dangerous to Elizabeth."

"Mr. Fisher has business interests of his own, merely went out of town to attend to them for a few days.

"My foster father, Shil Burton, has been quite ill in New York, and my wife Sybil flew there to be with him for a time since my schedule does not permit me to be there. He is very dear to both of us.

"Elizabeth and I have been close friends for over twelve years. I have known her since she was a child and would certainly never do anything to hurt her personally or professionally.

"In answer to these rumors, my normal inclination would be simply to say no comment. But I feel that in this case things should be explained to protect Elizabeth."

No sooner was the statement released than Burton promptly denied he had ever authored—or even authorized—it. Curiously that raised instantaneous doubts as to Burton's real intent. Also, a report from New York indicated that Shil Burton was not ill—and that Sybil had flown to New York to discuss some "personal" matters with him.

Did it mean, the question was asked, that Burton was in love with Liz and wanted the rumors to continue so the stage would be set for some eventual announcement to that effect?

The "fall guy"

Or, as Hofer later said—but Burton fired him—was it "outside pressure brought to bear upon Mr. Burton" after the statement was released? Hofer did not spell out what that "outside pressure" was.

Hofer told his friends, then the press, that he had expected to be the "fall guy."

"I stand by the statement I issued under Mr. Burton's name," Hofer declared. "The statement was released after a personal consultation with my client."

So much for the "bloody nonsense," as Burton called the mass of rumors and misinformation concerning him and Liz.

What of Eddie Fisher? How did he take it?

On his arrival at the Rome airport, he was met by Wanger, who quickly filled in Eddie on what had happened—a full explanation about the poisoned oysters. Eddie was heard to say to Wanger:

"I'm surprised Elizabeth would fall victim to bad oysters. She's an expert on sea food. I wouldn't think she'd be taken in by a single bad oyster."

Wanger explained that he, too, is a connoisseur of good food, but he never detected anything wrong with the oysters until suddenly, Liz turned white.

Wanger, who said he'd become slightly ill himself, called to Richard Hanley, who was in the villa. They carried Liz upstairs to her bedroom and called the doctor. When the symptoms were explained—nausea, vomiting and severe abdominal pains—the doctor ordered Liz brought to the hospital. He didn't want to take any chances.

By the time the Red Cross ambulance arrived, Liz was just about unconscious.

"She was as pale as a sheet," said the ambulance driver, Paolo Renzini. "I thought she was ready to go. When I sat in the ambulance beside her, her eyes were open but they were blank. She was staring into space. I was very frightened."

Wanger and Hanley were also deeply concerned. Hanley called Fisher at his hotel in Lisbon and told Liz. Liz had asked Hanley to call. She wanted Eddie at her side in this new crisis.

After helping the attendant carry Liz in the stretcher to the ambulance, Wanger and Hanley followed to the hospital in Wanger's car. It wasn't until Dr. Pennington took over at the hospital and had given Liz a stomach pumping that the fears for her lifewere allayed.

"She'll be all right," was the reassuring word from Dr. Pennington to Wanger and Hanley. "But I recommend she be allowed to rest for several hours. I allowed Miss Taylor to talk with her husband, who just telephoned from Lisbon. He's flying back. But remind him the ban on visitors continues. I have a suspicion she is not well enough to come to the hospital. Miss Taylor needs rest."

When Eddie got off the plane, he rushed over to the hospital anyway. And whether it was by doctor's orders—or Liz' orders, as some wags have hinted—he cooled his heels for seven hours waiting to see his wife. When he was finally admitted to her room, his visit lasted but an hour. No one knows what Liz and Eddie discussed during this brief meeting. Only that Liz had decided in her weakened state not to come to the hospital, Miss Taylor needing rest.

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needed money, that studio was not in jeopardy of becoming non-existent. And although Jolson was now painted for the changeover from silents to talkies, if Jolson had failed, another performer would have accomplished it within the next few years. The talkies were inevitable.

I was careful to state that no actress or actor ever had the terrifying responsibility of Liz Taylor. Because some horses did. It wasn’t a secret, a few years ago, that the fate of the M-G-M Studio was riding on the chariot race in “Ben-Hur.” Millions of movie-goers thrilled to the race, rooted for the white horses, who won—and so did M-G-M. That’s history now.

It is shameful when the destiny of a great studio depends on the success of one horse race! Or one star! It is now happening in the 20th Century-Fox with “Cleopatra.” There must be, as Saroyan once wrote, “no foundation all the way down the line” when giant studios—instutions in the industry and the world—are so mismanaged they have to “go for broke” with the shooting of one picture.

I write this with the hope that the money-men and the power-men in the East (New York), who make the decisions and set the policy, will again allow moviemakers to run the studios and call the shots. Everybody’s second business is show business. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker believes he can make a better movie than the one he saw last night. Or produce a better television show. Or write a better play. The banker, the lawyer, the stockholder, always liked to relax after business hours by declaring what’s wrong with movies, television, the stage, Tuesday Weld, Soupy Sales, Katharine Cornell and Kookla. But now, instead of throw-away talk, they’re giving orders to Hollywood. It’s not right.

Knowing how to make money is not the requisite for knowing how to make movies. Keep the second business second. Honest, there’s no business like show business. It hasn’t a rigid set of rules. It hasn’t a simple right way and wrong way. Its business process is as unpredictable as its creative process. Often they are interlocked.

Take a hint, will ya, fellows? Despite all the pessimistic talk about “Cleopatra” and the odds against it, I think it’ll be a hit, a good movie. I’m stuck with a thing called hope—and reason. My reasons for thinking “Cleopatra” will be a good movie are writer-director Joseph Mankiewicz (Oscars for writing and directing “Letter to Three Wives” and “All About Eve”) and such fine actors as Richard Burton, Rex Harrison and, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, the only name star who to date can draw them into the theaters by herself. Other box-office champions (Marlon Brando, Doris Day, Rock Hudson, Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Marilyn Monroe, John Wayne, etc.) need at least a good movie. And some of them also require a co-star. In “Butterfield 8,” it was Liz Taylor all the way.

Also, I believe. Joe Mankiewicz is a fine writer and will have his characters—Cleo, Julius Caesar, Marc Antony, etc.—talking like human beings. This in itself will be a novelty. In all gigantic spectaculars shown on wall-to-wall screens, from “Ben-Hur” to “El Cid,” the actors speak a special language, wooden and unreal, invented and used only in this type epic.

Of course, “Cleopatra” hasn’t the charriot race of “Ben-Hur.” I know all about “Spartacus” and those other epics: “It would have been sensational if it had a charriot race.”

But “Cleopatra” has Elizabeth Taylor. And sex—a powerful combination. Don’t sell sex short! It hasn’t gone out of style yet.

I’ll bet if Cleopatra could know, she’d like to have lived as Liz Taylor does—with all that cads, attention and luxury—merely pretending to be Cleo.

I have to say this for Zsa Zsa Gabor and Maria Schell: They do look prettiest when they are smiling or laughing. However, I don’t believe they’re always enjoying the emotion for which a smile or laughter is usually the signpost.

Hollywood can’t win! No matter which way Hollywood plays it, it can’t win. If Hollywood plays the angle that it’s as normal as any town (like when actresses are photographed in the kitchen as good housewives), Hollywood is said to have lost its glamour. If Natalie Wood leaves Robert Wagner, for Warren Beatty, the usual talk is, “Well, that’s to you as they’re those Hollywood marriages?” If Doris Day and Debbie Reynolds are publicized as the typical girl-who-lives-next-door, they are forced to change by this chain reaction: “I don’t go to the movies to see the girl-next-door. If I want to see the girl-next-door, I’ll go next door.” It is believed by the spoken and written words that the public (this includes movie critics and magazine writers) wants the stars to have that old-time show-off glamour of Theda Bara, Gloria Swanson, etc., So Jayne Mansfield buys herself an all pink house with a swimming pool which has two hearts engraved on its bottom—one heart is scrawled Jayne and on the other is scrawled Mickey. Anytime it goes out and falls in the big drink and gets rescued from a scratchy coral reef, crying real tears. And everyone from Hollywood, Cal., to Hollywood, Fla., by way of Bangor, Me., calls Jayne Mansfield a gal who’ll do anything for publicity.

As I said, Hollywood can’t win no matter what. But Hollywood manages to survive, regardless of what is said and done. Perhaps more astounding, Hollywood manages to survive in spite of itself.

The End
I got to one hundred. The point is that you go nowhere in this world without everybody. I think I know that better than I know anything.

Another aspect of Dick's new life as a whopping success, however, is a strange mixture of disappointment and humor.

"Once I saw that the series was going to be on the air a while," he says, "I told myself, 'Well, Chamberlain, now you don't have to worry so much about money. You can invite a girl out to dinner, get a decent car, wear presentable clothes and stop sweating when the waiter brings the check.'

"That's what I said. It didn't work out quite that way, for the simple reason that I just don't get the time to date as often as I want to. I met a girl the other afternoon in the commissary. Just my type. I'm all set to make the first-date pitch. But I asked myself, when? The only night I'm not studying a script is Saturday. But I already had a business appointment for that night. The following Saturday I'd be out of town and the third Saturday was out because of an informal rehearsal for the Arthur Freed TV spectacular.

"So I wound up just looking at her and wishing there were eight days in a week."

Nevertheless, Dick, being very much male, does manage to date beautiful girls. The first beauty with whom he was linked was TV's much publicized "bride," Myrna Fahey. But insiders point out that the very press-minded Miss Fahey wasn't too pleased with the extra attention given to Chamberlain on their dates.

Vicki Thal, once John Saxon's flame of love, is Dick's most recently reported romance. But despite what some writers have tried to make of it, it is strictly a friendship with only an outside possibility of developing more seriously.

### No time for love

"I know it's been said before," says Dick, "but I couldn't fall in love these days if I wanted to. I honestly don't have the time."

Dick's appeal is intangible. Some girls swoon over his eyes, some over his lean, but muscular physique, some over his mouth ("... it's so sexy!"). Others claim his voice makes them "vibrate."

Six months ago Chamberlain could have walked down the street and be noticed only as a hand-some young man who moved with the easy stride of a track star (which he was in school). There would have been a few side glances from a girl or two, but it would have been a silent casual thing.

He cannot walk down a street today. He runs. His track training comes in handy when he's forced to sprint from a restaurant to a parking lot, the quarry of an army of autograph hounds shouting and bustling after him, waving their flags and staffs... sheets of paper and pencils.

It is now impractical for him to even as much as go to a store to purchase the simplest articles such as shaving cream, clothes and items for the house.

One visit he made to a drug store left the establishment virtually a wreck after a sharp-eyed woman spotted Chamberlain and shrieked, "Oh, Doctor!" She was kidding him goodnaturedly, but a swarm of teenagers sipping sodas at the fountain swiveled their heads as one, and with cardigans and shorttails flying they went for him like a living arrowhead, leaving the store floor littered with bottles, boxes and bows.

The scene, as it developed, got funnier as one observer saw it:

"I'll tell you how I did it... skim milk."

"First, out of the drugstore comes this fellow Chamberlain. He is holding a tube, shaving cream, I guess it was. He is headed down the street at a dead run. Then bursting out of the drug store entrance a horde of girls screaming their heads off. yelling, 'Wait a minute, Dick! Oh, Doctor!'"

"Then after the girls comes the druggist. He's holding unpaid checks and yelling, too. 'Come back! Come back!' For everyone else it was 'Oh, Doctor!' But for him it was 'Oh, Brother!'

"Anyhow, Chamberlain gets into his little car, a Fiat, and drives off, the girls still shrieking and moaning.

Despite these incidents which go off like firecrackers almost every day in Chamberlain's life, Dick is ready, willing and able to take on all of the crazy unpredictablest that his sudden success has promised.

"I'm a happy man," he explains, "I've gotten the breaks in a town where breaks are not easy to get. If I can keep my head straight I can look forward to a reasonably happy future."

Chamberlain puckered his famous mouth. A strange expression came into his eyes.

### Alone... and missing a girl

"You know," he said softly, "the other night I put on my decent suit and drove north on Sunset, over Mulholland Drive, I don't live far from the spot. It was a warm breezy evening. On either side of where I parked there were other cars, a guy and a girl in each.

"I remembered the nights when I'd take a date to the same spot for a little light romancing. I don't get a chance for that any more. For a moment or two, I must admit, I felt lonely.

"I looked down at the lights of Hollywood spread out like a million shining diamonds on a great piece of black velvet. I knew that down among those lights there were thousands of guys like myself, trying, hoping, maybe even praying a little, for the same kind of a chance that I got. I found myself hoping for them too. And I had to smile. For I knew that down there somewhere in a small restaurant there was at least one guy sweating a little, figuring desperately in his mind whether he had enough money in his pocket to pay for his girl's dinner. I hoped for him too, whoever he was.

"Then it occurred to me that I had an obligation, a curious responsibility, that I had never considered before. Here I was, literally almost, standing on top of the world. I was one of the lucky ones. What about the guys who might never make it?"

"All those young actors who were trying and hoping, some of them would never get the break I did. That's when I knew I was indebted to them, too. In a way, I had to do what I did, to make something of what had been given to me and denied them. I had to be sure from now on that I didn't waste the opportunities that would have meant so much to them. I owed it to them.

"And as I drove back to the house I didn't feel quite so lonely."

It is unlikely that Richard Chamberlain will ever be lonely again. —TONY WALL
A NEW SUPER HOLD AND A NEW GENTLE HOLD ADDED TO

Breck Hair Set Mist

Two new types, Super Hold and Gentle Hold, have been added to Breck Hair Set Mist. New Super Hold is for hard-to-manage hair and styles, and New Gentle Hold is for soft styles.

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- Use before combing—style as you comb
- Use to set hair

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PHOTOPLAY

THE NIGHT THEY DESTROYED EDDIE... CAL YORK

WHAT HOLLYWOOD SAYS ABOUT JACKIE... JILL LEE

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS ABOUT LIZ... GERRY GORDON

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS ABOUT EDDIE... J. STONFORD

WHAT PSYCHIATRISTS SAY ABOUT LIZ... JIM HOFFMAN

AMERICA'S TWO QUEENS... JOE LYLE

THEIR BIGGEST PROBLEM IS... WALTER CRAWLEY

LIFE WITHOUT NAT—IT'S A BALL!... BEVERLY OTT

THE STORY THAT HAS NO TITLE... TONY WALL

I CAN'T HELP CRYING INSIDE... JIM BACON

THEIR LOVE STORY... CHARLOTTE DINTER

COMMAND PERFORMANCE... JULIA CORBIN

PINUP #9; REBEL WITH A CAUSE... JANE AIRDMORE

CLIMB TO HIS HEART... NORMA RISMON

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EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR BEAUTY...AT POPULAR PRICES
The night Liz & Burton

please turn the page
destroyed Eddie Fisher!
Liz and Burton continued

Every moment the story changes... the situation changes... the headline changes. But one thing is as certain as death and taxes. No headline announcing Liz and Eddie's bust-up can convey the real tragedy of this latest Taylor scandal. The tragedy of the night Liz and Richard Burton, between them, destroyed Eddie.

It began with a phone call; it ended with his public humiliation.

The phone call: It was Eddie calling his home in Rome from a retreat—their chalet in Gstaad, Switzerland.

A man answered. Eddie demanded, “What are you doing there?”

“I'm at my girl's house,” said Dick.

“That's my wife's house!”

The answer: “It's the same thing.”

Reporter Earl Wilson's inside story vouchers for this. And for the second low punch to a man who is probably the world's most vulnerable husband.

... This time Burton told Eddie, “I'm in love with your wife.” And Liz stood by, beaming with the joy of being loved off-screen by her “Cleopatra” lover.

What it did to Eddie was to put him into a medical clinic in New York, very hush-hush. He'd flown over “on business” and landed in the hospital. In twenty-four hours he was out again, just as secretly. There were rumors that he was in another hospital “somewhere,” because his first hide-out had been discovered. He was a hunted man.

And then—the hunted man stood at bay and faced the pack. Before a hundred newsmen who had demanded a press conference, he stood up and flatly denied that the fabulous Taylor-Fisher marriage was over. Burton? Romance? Nothing to it!... He put in a call to Rome, to Liz, so she could join him in denying the bust-up. According to columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, it was a call pre-arranged with Spyros Skouras, head of 20th Century-Fox, when he'd come flying to Rome in a panic to save his twenty-million-dollar investment.

Liz promised! She promised Skouras and Eddie that if the call were put through, she'd back Eddie in swearing their marriage was a bed of roses. But when the moment came, Liz couldn't get herself to tell a lie. She crucified Eddie with silence. And he was honest enough to turn back to the press and tell them: Liz didn't want to make a statement.

“How is it,” one of them asked, “that all the denials come from you?”

Another told him: A Rome paper would soon print a picture of Liz and Dick in an off-screen, private-life kiss.

He sparrred. “I'd like to see it.”

He saw it. It was an off-set shot sneaked via a telescopic lens by one of Rome's notorious “paparazzi.”

That night the world knew Eddie's humiliation—while he wrestled with it—alone. That was the night Liz and Burton, between them, destroyed Eddie Fisher. ... It was also the night they publicly frolicked in a Roman night club till the wee hours—and kissed some more. Eddie was away, and Mrs. Burton was away—she'd gone to London. To help her brother-in-law decorate his new home, she said. Also to get the children out of Italy where they were “learning too much Italian.” The wrong words, perhaps?

The destruction of Edwin Jackson Fisher went on... and on... in every edition of every paper the headlines screamed new humiliations... till the world could hardly bear his misery any more. Yet, everybody read, fascinated.

They read Burton's appreciation of the woman he loved. “You don't know what fame is until you've walked down the street in Rome with Liz. Everybody's trying to pinch her, and being very insulting—she gets torn to bits.”

They read, from Dorothy Kilgallen's Rome informant, that no one had expected Burton to take his “romantic fling” with Liz seriously, thinking he'd go back to his wife “as he's done before.

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ALSO IN CANADA

69¢ (PLUS TAX)
. . . But I guess we underestimated Liz. She's proud of Dickie's effect on other women—but also jealous of it. That explains her last trip to the hospital." Burton had gone to Paris for a few days to shoot on another picture. "And she didn't think he ought to go anywhere without her. So she figured out a way to dramatize her passion for him and bring him scurrying back."

So burning is that passion, that in Rome it is believed that the only way to get "Cleopatra" finished is to keep Burton in Rome, on salary, even after his own scenes are over. "Because if he packed his bags and left for London tomorrow, you can bet Liz would follow him. Or do the hospital bit again to make him come back. She certainly wouldn't show up on the set."

Now the world knew what Eddie had known—and tried to hide—for some time. That in this marriage, he was low man for sure. And maybe the final humiliation was this: that in the middle of all the fireworks, Liz and her children, including Mike Todd's Liza whom Eddie, with a heartfelt of love, had adopted as his own—Liz and the children had piled into Burton's car and gone for a happy day at the beach.

Suddenly Liz' manager, Kurt Frings, flew to Eddie with a "personal and private message." . . Next Liz phoned her lawyer, Louis Nizer, and begged him to fly to Rome at once—her marriage was "dead and done." She "wanted out."

Next day Nizer announced it: Liz and Eddie had "mutually agreed to part" and divorce proceedings would start soon.

And then the whisperers put two and two together, and said Frings' secret—and fantastic—errand had been to offer Eddie a deal from Liz: a producer's career in return for a smooth divorce.

Immediately after the official divorce announcement, reporters hounded Debbie Reynolds for a statement, but she went into seclusion, said nothing.

But Eddie's friends said they hoped with all their hearts he'd "escaped in time." And everybody else said Liz will always be Liz—but Eddie Fisher will never be the same.

—CAL YORK

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

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

Q. How can you overcome this "sex perspiration"?
A. Science says you need a deodorant with a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this offensive "sex perspiration" odor. And here it is . . . exclusive PERSTOP*. So effective, yet so gentle.

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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. Protect your pretty dresses with ARRID CREAM!

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*Cartier Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.
THE MIRACLE WORKER
U.A.; Director, Arthur Penn; Producer, Fred Coe (Family)

what's it about? A teacher's loving battle to reach the imprisoned spirit of a deaf and blind child—Helen Keller.
what's the verdict? Simple, powerful, unsentimental, this version of the stage hit is a real movie, though Anne and Patty are playing special people, the story tells us a general truth that fits any family: Parents (Inga Swenson and Victor Jory in this case) who spoil a child are, in truth, being brutally selfish without knowing it.

STATE FAIR
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Director, Jose Ferrer; Producer, Charles Brackett (Family)

who's in it? Pat Boone, Pamela Tiffin, Bobby Darin, Ann-Margret, Tom Ewell.
what's the verdict? Farm boy and girl go for show-biz girl and boy, to the music of Rodgers and Hammerstein.

what's the verdict? It's big and brightly colored as a prize-winning fruit (grown more for display than for firmness and flavor). New and old songs, young and veteran stars (like Alice Faye) are all highly attractive. For a romantic surprise, Pamela and Bobby play it proper, while Ann-Margret and Pat Boone... why, Pat!

HELL IS FOR HEROES
Paramount; Director, Don Siegel; Producer, Henry Blanke (Adult)

who's in it? Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin, Nick Adams, Fess Parker.
what's it about? All too human GI's show their mettle when German forces have them pinned down in a tough spot.
what's the verdict? This blunt account of World War II action has a look of reality, borne out by matter-of-fact performances. Even comedian Bob Newhart fits in, as an unilitary soldier who's useful in the highlight sequence, when an isolated squad tries to pretend that it's a whole company, too strong to tackle.

ROME ADVENTURE
Warner Bros.; Technicolor; Director-Producer, Delmer Daves (Adult)

who's in it? Suzanne Pleshette, Troy Donahue, Angie Dickinson.
what's it about? Looking for romantic freedom in Italy, an American girl discovers she can't live up to her talk.
what's the verdict? Maybe we needn't save our money to visit Italy—the real thing couldn't possibly look as lovely as this travelogue-with-trimmings. The plot won't take anybody's mind off the scenery, though Suzanne is a welcome newcomer, and a boy named Hampton Fancher scores in a Jim Hutton role, played "straight."

THE HORIZONTAL LIEUTENANT
M-G-M; CinemaScope, MetroColor; Director, Richard Thorpe; Producer, Joe Pasternak (Family)

what's it about? Our hero fights a grim war on a Pacific isle (chasing a pretty nurse and a harmless Japanese).
what's the verdict? As cheerful egghed and social misfit, Jim and Paula used to be more fun than the film's stars. Now that they're the stars, Jim's not so bright, Paula's wildly popular, and the team works hard to get chuckles out of a low-gared entry in this service-comedy race which is mildly amusing. (Continued on page 10)
She's beautiful in both colors...you can be, too!

Now you can wear any fashion color! Choose the right shade of Angel Face to go with it—and you. Because it's the only compact make-up with cosmetic-silicones, only long-lasting Angel Face covers so completely and looks so naturally lovely.
FOLLOW THAT DREAM
U.A.; Panavision, De Luxe Color; Director, Gordon Douglas; Producer, David Weisbart (Family)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? As present-day homesteaders, a happy-go-lucky family has government authorities baffled.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Most of the way, it's a cheerful homespun comedy with easy-going songs and funny lines; so it can be forgiven for slowing to a near-standstill at the finish. Elvis, as a good-natured backwoods kid, and Anne, as a smart tomboy, make a romantic team that suits the picture's fresh approach.

SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH
M-G-M; CinemaScope, MetroColor; Director, Richard Brooks; Producer, Pandro S. Berman (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Escorting a wrecked movie queen, a failure returns to his boss-ridden southern town to seek love.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? So Tennessee Williams is just an old romantic! Here are Paul and Shirley playing true love gone wrong (in the shape of two pretty stupid types), while Geraldine portrays fallen grandeur with superb dash. The closeups, however, show that she's too young to be cast as a star who's too old for closeups.

CAPE FEAR
U-I; Director, J. Lee Thompson; Producer, Sy Barbett (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A lawyer can find no legal way to shield his wife and daughter from an ex-convict's revenge plot.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The idea seems to be just to scare us, and Mitchum's the actor to do it. Breathing utter evil (with no hint that his character's sick in the head), he makes the nice folks look weak and unconvincing. But then the story as a whole isn't realistic—though it goes into unnecessary and distasteful detail.

FIVE FINGER EXERCISE
Columbia; Director, Daniel Mann; Producer, Frederick Brimson (Family)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Emotional disaster comes when a gentle European joins a rich, unhappy American household.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A strong cast (including Richard Beymer and new teenager Annette Gorman) builds some moments of interest in this adaptation of a well-regarded play. But the talk and three of the talkers get so irritating that interest wears thin along with the theme. Comes an urge to holler, "Oh, shut up!"

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY
Janus; Director, Ingmar Bergman; Swedish Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Harriet Andersson, Max von Sydow, Gunnar Bjornstrand.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? With husband, father and brother standing by, a young woman struggles to keep her failing sanity.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? This straightforward modern drama about entirely believable people whose feelings we can share, is as sad as its grey seacoast settings. But director Bergman gives it an inner light and warmth with the same message as in "Wild Strawberries"—the difficulty and importance of loving.

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD
Astor; Director, Alain Resnais, French Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Delphine Seyrig, Giorgio Albertazzi, Sacha Pitoëff.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? At a luxury hotel, once a palace, a woman is haunted by a man who may be her past or future lover.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? This puzzling, oddly fascinating film doesn't make the least effort to tell a readily understandable story. It plays subtle tricks with time and draws no line of distinction between the real and the imagined. Scenes are repeated like themes in music; every shot is filled with beauty and with mystery.
If your hair is untouched by gray, you're in luck. Clairol has developed a remarkable new kind of hair color dazzle that does things for you it can't do for other women! Remember how your hair looks in sunshine? Can you imagine it twinkling with sparkling lights? That's the look! This utterly new, long-lasting hair color lotion is called Sparkling Color, and there is nothing like it in this world. No dye, no bleach, no "all-purpose" rinse that pretends to work both on gray and non-gray hair, can do for you what Sparkling Color can do. It gives you what you really want: new life, new glamour, new sparkle—plus a glow of fresh color only subtly richer than your own.

Why not look like a glowing, sun-drenched angel—or put the light of candles into your hair? Clairol Sparkling Color is so gentle it leaves your hair like spun silk—so lasting it won't rub off or wash out through more than a month of shampoos.

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

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THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF

Walter Winchell

Not since Eleanor Roosevelt’s favorite in show business (dancer Mayris Chaney), has a White House family made people of the theater, movies, television, radio and the allied professions part of their Way of Life. The President and his photogenic spouse, Jackie, have given some of the world’s most talented folk (Continued on page 72)
Three men are wandering around with diamond rings their girls gave back. Frank Sinatra got the ring back from Juliet Prowse—but she kept a bracelet and some other gee-gaws. Myrna Fahey may end up with the hefty stone Dick Beymer spent his all on for Dany Saval. He has that look in his eye when he's with Myrna, which is pretty often. Burt Sugarman is stuck with a marquise-cut sparkler which Ann-Margret returned after the shortest engagement on record. Half of their friends hadn't gotten around to wishing them well when whammy, the rich boy was out of her life. You see, Ann-Margret began getting advice from her family. They didn't want her to marry now, and Burt didn't want to wait.

Dick Powell and June Allyson (above) are like lovebirds. Dick's been wooing his Junie just as if they'd never been married and almost divorced. He even sings her that lilting love song "Second Time Around"—and she loves it. At a housewarming party given by Aaron Spelling and Carolyn Jones, June appeared in a black, low-cut satin gown. Before she left home her daughter said to her: "Mommy, you're not going out like that!" Mommy did, and when she asked me how I liked it, I answered, laughing: "It's the first time I've known that you had any Jayne Mansfields."

As expected, Mrs. Lindsay Crosby gave premature birth to her baby, a pound-and-a-half boy who lived only one hour. At last report, the Crosbys were still living together.

I'm disappointed in Juliet Prowse. After Frank Sinatra announced they'd be married I called her up and said: "I'd like to give you a champagne shower." She was delighted and said she'd let me know the date when she arrived back from Africa. I never heard from her. When I ran into her, I said: "You're a very naughty girl." Juliet deliberately avoided me which makes me believe there's much more to this marriage cancelation than meets the eye.

Doesn't Rex Harrison's bride Rachel Roberts (above) look a
lot like his used-to-be best gal—Miss Tammy Grimes?

If Van Johnson's wise he'll stay in Europe—then he won't have to pay Evie that tremendous $5,000-a-month alimony.

Vincent Edwards (with me, above) unleashed a nice voice on the Dinah Shore TV show—but the dialogue given him was dreadful. Vince, who's signed a record contract, just grins when people are surprised he can sing. They never knew he sang in "High Button Shoes" on Broadway just a few years ago.

Sharon Hugueny celebrated her eighteenth birthday, is getting good parts at Warners and no longer has to attend school. She's been seen a lot with Ty Hardin. For a time I was worried about her, she looked so desperately unhappy, but she's been coming out of that depression slowly—but very nicely.

It's well known that Nancy Kwan is that way about Max Schell. But Max has said from the very beginning that he doesn't have marriage on his mind. But another admirer of Nancy's, has. The only trouble is he's already married!!!

Edd Byrnes wed Asa Maynor (above) and feuded with the press. He should know the pen is mightier than the comb.

Ever since I've known Shirley MacLaine, I've admired her loyalty to her husband Steve Parker who's rarely, if ever, by her side. How much longer she'll continue pining for him is problematical—since there's another gentleman (and very attractive he is, too!)—who's nuts for her.

If Tony Perkins doesn't come home from Europe soon, I'll have to go over there and see what the little monster's up to. I'm very fond of this lad.

There was much wringing of hands and tears when Glenn Ford took off for Europe to make a picture and left Connie Stevens at home. They're real gone on each other, and I firmly believe she's the only girl since his divorce who has him seriously thinking of marriage.

The bets in town are fifty-fifty as to which one will tire of the romance first—Natalie Wood or handsome Mr. Warren Beatty.

Whichever way the wind blows—and before it dies down, I'm sure it'll reach hurricane proportions—I don't believe that Mrs. Richard Burton is ever going to divorce her husband. That would be the last thing in the world he'd want. His security lies in that connubial knot. Despite hopes of a quiet divorce, there'll be many more fireworks between Liz and Eddie before finis is writen to "Cleopatra."

Marilyn Monroe (above) has never looked better—but she has no love to keep her warm. Joe DiMaggio is still a good friend and I believe always will be. She found a nice companion in Mexican screen writer José Bolanos, but I don't think it's a romance. Marilyn's concentrating on a good picture. She sure needs one—her last two were just awful. (Please turn the page)
George Hamilton was so anxious to announce his forthcoming marriage to Susan Kohner that instead of permitting it to be done properly by Susan's parents, he jumped the gun and did it himself. Her family was not pleased. George may have to do a hitch in the Army before the wedding can take place.

Michael Wilding lost a wife and the role of Sandra Dee's father in "If A Man Answers" the same week. But now he and Marie McDonald have picked up their friendship where they left off before he married Susan Nell. Mike's brought his father over from England again and they expect to settle here in the United States for good.

John Wayne was a little startled when he heard his wife Pilar say two weeks after birth of their son: "I'd like another baby right away." I was not only surprised but furious when I went over the list of Oscar winners and learned that Duke Wayne's never gotten one. He's been giving fine performances for years. He's all male and I don't believe he's ever made a picture that's lost money. The possible exception is the one he did in Japan with John Huston. A horrible thought just hit me: Could it be Duke hasn't had enough flops in this town to get himself an Oscar?

Producers can get Paul Newman and-or Joanne Woodward if the script is good and they can guarantee both will be working at the same time. Jerry Wald managed to get Paul for "The Enemy Within" and pretty Mrs. Newman for "Celebration."

When Mrs. Chuck Connors divorced her husband (TV's Rifleman) she told the judge: "I guess all the adulation was what he needed more than us. About four years ago, he started staying away from home and adopted an attitude of complete indifference to me and our four sons. He didn't seem to need his family after he achieved success on television."

Arthur Miller's new wife, Ingeborg Morath, knew Marilyn Monroe quite well. She photographed "The Misfits" in Reno. She also rescued Audie Murphy when he fell into a mountain lake while making "The Unforgiven" in Mexico. Ingeborg and her camera have been around the world many times.

I think Janet Leigh (above with Jim Garner) is being very brave about her separation from Tony. She states there's no other man or woman. I hope it's the truth. I heard Tony sure was attentive to his leading lady in "Taras Bulba." He used to go to her apartment almost daily on his way home from the studio to have coffee with her. But her
mother was always present. Her name—Christine Kaufmann. She’s the same fraulein who was in “Town Without Pity.”

Lucille Ball’s decision to go back to television was a hard one to make. The real reason for it is quite a story. After the phenomenal success of “I Love Lucy” and the heartbreaking divorce that followed, she tried Broadway and Desi became the big producer. Neither got very far. Lucille’s play wasn’t the hit it should have been in spite of its fairly good run. Desilu, with Desi at the helm, was on rather shaky ground. Now they’re back where they started—Lucy as the star of a new TV series; Desi as the producer. The only difference is Lucy’s got a new husband (Gary Morton)—and Desi’s got a lot of expensive race horses.

Jayne Mansfield should take a tip from Sophia Loren who said: “I have a soul as well as a body and don’t have to parade myself any more.” I’m afraid Jayne will never learn, though. If she tried hard, she could be a really fine actress—but her superstructure gets in her way.

Dolores Hart is studying French so she can read Bob Oliveira’s letters. He’s an American who’s lived in Paris for eleven years. “He’s always writing comments in French and I’m not sure what he means,” said Dolores. “You can say ‘pass the butter’ in that language and it could come out like a great love scene.”

That’s all the news for now. I’ll write you more next month.
The tragic separation of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis will go into Hollywood history as the worst-kept secret of the 60’s. Everyone knew it was coming—except Janet and Tony. Everyone predicted divorce—except Janet and Tony. There were rumors of another man, another woman—Janet denied them.

What follows is Janet’s own story of the break-up, as she told it to a PHOTOPLAY writer.

“Tony and I have separated—to save our marriage. We are too fond of (please turn the page)
Why I Left Tony!

continued

each other to end it. We haven't even considered divorce, or spoken to lawyers. We still like—still love each other. No matter what you may hear, there is nobody else.

"Even this separation isn't a legal step. We didn't want to do anything unendurable to our marriage. We're apart so we can think how to come together again. I think of it as taking separate vacations. If we weren't in the limelight, if people didn't insist on everything having a definition, I wouldn't have dreamed of announcing a separation.

"In eleven years, Tony and I have had fights—like any married couple. We've had crises. We've had problems. But in the past we've always been able to absorb them, get over them and go on. We've been able to help each other when one of us had troubles. But in the last couple of years a lot of things have hit us all at once, they've come too fast.

"We're both under strain at the same time. Instead of helping each other we precipitate arguments, blow up little things, jump at incidents we would ordinarily pass off with a shrug. We're hoping that by being apart for a while we can each calm down within ourselves, start to breathe again. The only way we can help each other at this point is by helping ourselves. We can't do it under the same roof—because then nothing would be changed, the tensions wouldn't be eased.

"What are the crises of the past two years? Tony's father died, just as I was having Jamie. Tony has always felt a great deal of responsibility for his parents and family, and his father's death increased it greatly. It went very deep. Then when Jamie was brand new, she had to have a hernia operation. A while later we learned that Kelly had to have one also. And there was the mess over 'Lady L.' We had gone to Palm Springs after the inauguration to rest, stayed ten days, having a ball, and wanted to stay longer—but we couldn't; Tony had to be back for 'Lady L.' We came back post haste—and seven months later work on the film still hadn't begun. They were seven months of pure hell for Tony.

"If we could have gotten away, just the two of us, for part of those seven months it might have helped. But we couldn't. And then—my father died. My mother and I were wrecked. Tony wanted to be a rock of strength for me, but he was weighted down with his own troubles.

"My mother moved into our home and brought her grief with her. We wanted her, but it made a third troubled person under our roof. Then we went to South America. It was a wonderful trip, but the strain was terrific. It isn't easy to travel with two children, a nurse, eighty pieces of luggage, the knowledge that you're representing your country and can't afford to be anything but your best at every moment.

"But the troubles that hit us! Both children came down with measles. And Jaume broke her clavicle—that was the worst.

"This—everything—was one more thing in the tension between Janet and Tony. But even before South America—before the tragedy of Janet's father—friends knew that her calm in public was from desperation... that she tried to smile as "well—in the air," to hide her about Tony they "thought she ought to know." Those who loved her noticed the uncontrollable quivers that shook her in the middle of laughter and her pitiful attempts to keep the tears in her eyes instead of overflowing. And one night an unexpected visitor unintentionally overheard her cry out with all the misery and loneliness of a woman whose heart was broken.

"'Oh my God, Tony! Don't you know what you're doing? You're tearing me to pieces!'

"Time and again, Tony's "excessive friendships" with beautiful young girls were cited as the cause of Janet's unhappiness. Yet the rumors were always vehemently denied by Tony and Janet. The last year Tony met Christine Kaufmann in Argentina and worked with her in the movie, "Taras Bulba." Christine is a 17-year-old German actress whose face, figure and sexiness is said to have such instant impact on men as to make her irresistible. And though Hollywood was thousands of miles away, Hollywood soon heard rumors that Tony's friendship for Christine had become more than friendship. At the same time a great bag of publicity was released on Janet's presence in Argentina with her husband. What was not released, however, was any mention that she was not at all happy about the talk linking Tony with Christine.

"Janet took the children home from South America. She sent him to the East when he returned. But then she went on to Hollywood, and Tony stayed in New York. He was seen everywhere in public with Christine until the frequency of their "togetherness" prompted a columnist to print "Christine is just about the answer to everything" for Tony. Janet and Tony followed rather gallantly, that she never paid any attention to gossip about Tony, she's used to it. But apparently the scandalous scuttlebutt about Christine got too much, even for a fighter like Janet. For two-and-a-half months she bore it as best she could. Then Christine came to Hollywood.

"The night of the Foreign Press Awards, Janet came out. Christine came with her mother. Tony was "busy." Quite by accident, Janet passed Christine's table. Hundreds of people held their breaths.

"But so far as Janet was concerned—the table and Christine were not there. Janet walked on and ignored her completely.

This is what Janet said in her interview with a Photoplay reporter in New York:

"The first rumors about Tony and me started while we were eating the wedding cake. (June 4, 1951.) Regularly since then, we've been either splitting up or having a baby. One columnist announced my pregnancy every few months for five years, and when I finally—thank God—did get pregnant he wrote, 'Remember, I had it first.'

"Every time we had a fight, reports came out that we were splitting up. But the rumors were always false. We never contemplated parting before. Never!

"This time the rumors started when I came back from South America without Tony. They came up again when Tony went to New York. There was talk about him and Christine Kaufmann even before we separated. Tony was only upset about that, because he thought I would be. But I don't get upset about that sort of thing. I know it isn't true. He just finished making a movie with her, and then they both happened to be in New York at the same time—he with his director on business, she with her mother. Naturally they had dinner together.

"Then the rumors started linking me with people. It's like a game—which one will it be next? It's getting hysterical! Not that it's a funny situation, but you've got to laugh or go crazy. So far it's been Frank Sinatra, John Gavin, Van Johnson and—not in the papers, but my friend Marilyn Reiss at Rogers and Cowan has had a number of calls about it—Nelson Rockefeller! And I'm a Democrat!

"I haven't been seen alone with Frank. I haven't even spoken to him since the separation, though I'm sure he's heard about it. He's left the country on a round-the-world tour—it would be a pretty bad time for a romance! The rumors started, I suppose, because I worked with Frank on location, and one night we had dinner together—along with about a dozen other people from the cast.

"As for Van, he's a dear old friend with whom I made my first movie. When Marilyn found out he would be in New York while I was, she invited him to have dinner with us and my doctor and his wife. Nancy's been in a column that we 'made a date.'

"The result of all this is that I will be very careful about going out while Tony and I are apart. If I'm invited to a premiere, for example, I probably simply won't go. If I do, I'll make sure to go with a couple, or someone like my agent, whom I trust. I don't think there's much romantic interest, I don't know whether Tony will be equally careful—we didn't discuss it. But I suspect he will also be very quiet. I won't worry about items I see about him; as I told him, 'Let's keep in mind who we are, and why we did it and not let it ruin us.'

"Then why did they separate? Janet answered without a moment's hesitation.

"By the time we came back from South America, the tension had gotten unbearable. Neither Tony nor I is predictable under tension—we react in various ways, from withdrawing to sniping. We knew we had to relax or something serious would happen to our marriage. Everyone could see these (Continued on page 96)
NATALIE WOOD
WARREN BEATTY

their biggest problem is...
In all of the history of Hollywood there has never been a woman quite like Natalie Wood. There may never be another like her again.

Today, so overwhelmed by her love for Warren Beatty that it may consume her, Natalie Wood, still legally married to her first husband, has said "yes" to a man who admittedly is neither ready nor willing, at this time, to be husband number two.

Why does a woman like Natalie yearn with all the fire of her being for a man who is desperately seeking an exit from a love trap he never expected? Why does Natalie say yes to Beatty? Why does he say no to marriage?

To answer the question you must know Natalie Wood. You must understand not just that she wants to be a great actress, but you must see the relentless, undaunted and dynamic drive that charges her life with an electricity that literally "shocks the hell out of you."

Says one ex-boy friend of Natalie's, "I think of only three words (Continued on page 93)
Natalie, radiant and adoring, looks only at Warren . . . but Warren's eyes are rarely on her.
Bob with Marion Donen—could she be the next Mrs. Wagner?

LIFE WITHOUT NATALIE: 小 a
An exclusive interview with ROBERT WAGNER

"A Photoplay reporter sat watching me on 'The War Lover' set in London. I was reading a cable from Hollywood, and I somehow got the impression that she was curious about its contents. Being a gentleman, I handed it over to relieve her suspense! It was from my publicist, Warren Cowan, and the message read: 'Have just seen preview "Sail a Crooked Ship." Terrific audience reaction. Pic will open up new (Continued on page 62)"
This story is true, yet you may not believe it. It is about a man who is living in agony. He has everything a man could have on this earth except the love of the woman he adores. So he has nothing. He lives in a state of never-ending anguish and longing, a misery so consuming he may not survive it.

As we said, you may not believe this story. But it is true. As true as you are.

As true as he is.

Brace yourself. This is the beginning.

The Actor of this story became a star several years ago. Because of his splendid performances, because of the genuineness of his talent and the keenness of his mind, the road into his future was paved with the golden bricks of fame and fortune.

Since he was intelligent, he absorbed his early success without panic. He
made sensible plans to save and invest the money that was pouring in. He was cooperative on the set and did his utmost to maintain a pleasant relationship with his co-workers, from the cast and director on down to the messenger boys and the wardrobe women.

What few people know, however, was that the Actor had, for a number of years before his success, been close to an older and very wealthy woman. She had sustained him during the days of his early struggles.

She had provided for his every need. And, more important, she had saved him from despair when his depression had been so great that he'd been tempted to give up acting altogether.

“You must not give in, Darling,” the older woman would say to him. “Persevere. Find new strength in yourself. And if you cannot, my dearest I will always be here to help you.”

“You are so fine and good to me,” the Actor would reply. “I don’t know what I would do without you. Someday, somehow, I promise I will repay you.”

And he would lean gently against her, close his eyes and hope for the new strength she had promised him. Then she would purr mag.
(Editor’s Note: This touching story, never before told, was written before Tony and Janet’s break-up—a break-up we hope will be a reconciliation by the time you read this. And after you’ve read it, you will understand why it is so important that Tony and Janet patch up their differences. As for the cause of the separation, turn to page 13 for Janet’s own intimate story: “Why I Left Tony!”)

When Tony and Janet tossed a party for Miss Kelly Lee Curtis, it was a dilly.

Nothing is more fun than a birthday party in the backyard on a warm, sunny afternoon—whether the backyard is in Philadelphia or Cleveland or Beverly Hills. A birthday party is a birthday party whether your daddy is a hardware merchant, a car dealer or a big movie star . . . or whether your mommie is a housewife, a secretary or a big movie star, too. And (Continued on page 31)
I’ll never forget, says Tony Curtis, the day I nearly lost her.
this particular party was a party to end all parties. Even the parents who had brought their kids were laughing. Dean Martin was laughing. It's not unusual for Dean to laugh. Lots of people have seen him laugh. But Dean gets most of his laughs at night. And Kirk Douglas, always so serious in the movies. No one can show more pain than Kirk. Remember those lashes in "Spartacus"? But Kirk was laughing, too. Maybe it was something Dean said. Maybe it was because the kids (Continued on page 74)
What Hollywood is saying about
JACKIE KENNEDY

ROBERT LOGAN: "Jackie Kennedy? The only opinion I have about Mrs. Kennedy is that she's lucky to be married to a man like her husband." CONNIE STEVENS: "She has had too much of the wrong kind of publicity. I think it's all right for her to be in the news, or even in a woman's service magazine—but on the cover of PHOTOPLAY! It doesn't seem right to me at all." JANE FONDA: "Mrs. Kennedy was never meant to be a First Lady. I've met her and she's so terribly shy. I feel sorry for her." TROY DONAHUE: "If Jackie Kennedy is in public demand, then of course her picture should be shown. Why not? She's unique. She's the only person who could hold the special position she's made for herself in the world.

Yes, she's just the kind of girl the new Troy Donahue would like to date!" VINCE EDWARDS: "I think Jackie's had a lot of influence on Hollywood girls—maybe too much. Suddenly they're all brunette. Now I have nothing against Mrs. Kennedy—she's a real cute girl—but personally, I prefer blondes!" ROBERT CONRAD: "I think it's terrific that PHOTOPLAY's had Mrs. Kennedy on the cover. Hurray for PHOTOPLAY! Jackie's a swinger—the number two girl in my life. It's a great thing for the country to have her. There are lots of girls who are sophisticated, cosmopolitan, intelligent—but she's pretty too, and in my business—that's important." EDD BYRNES: "She's a doll. But she hasn't had too much influence on the girls

I know—which is just as well. I don't like imitations of anyone. Girls who go in for that sort of thing are usually very young and very immature." JAYNE MANSFIELD: "As a woman who is trying to get everything out of life myself, I salute Mrs. Kennedy! To me she's a lady in the White House, a woman in her social life and a wonderful mother in the nursery. Women throughout the world can now look to an American First Lady who represents the full, rich, good life—and still manages to stay 'real folk.' Look at the way she was willing to let a magazine show her actually being thrown by a horse! She's the embodiment of all women—and oh, yes, let's not forget to mention she has a very attractive figure." (Continued on page 57)
For months, the "Cleopatra" set had been a volcano of molten lava, threatening to erupt at any moment. And erupt it did—with a thunder the Eternal City hadn't felt since the days of the real Cleopatra herself. The latest eruption came when shocking headlines circled the globe, announcing that Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher had, as the saying goes, "had it!" The reason for the break-up was reported to be Liz' co-star, Richard Burton. Stories boldly hinted that Liz was so smitten with the wily Welshman that she would divorce Eddie as soon as her lawyers could work out a property settlement. The world was shocked. Hardly was the ink dry on those headlines, when new ones appeared—"Liz and Eddie Deny Split Rumors! Eddie Brands Situation 'Too Silly for Words.' " The stunned world was completely confused. What is really going on over in Rome? Is Liz divorcing Eddie? Is she in love with Burton? Is there a scandal? Those are the questions. What are the answers? To get the answers, it is necessary to ask a question. That question is: Where does a movie love scene begin and end? The person asked might well be Joe Mankiewicz, veteran writer-director-producer. And his answer would be (Continued on page 76)

What the world is saying about

Elizabeth Taylor

Is he weak? Or is he brave? Was it a marital crackup or an emotional breakdown that put him in the hospital? Here’s the story of a man assaulted by headlines—and broken by love!

At this writing, Edwin Jackson Fisher, once America’s Prince Charming, is in the hospital. The New York Daily News claims it is the result of a complete nervous breakdown. Eddie’s manager, Milton Blackstone, says he is in for a short rest. Bob Abrams, Eddie’s most intimate confidant, is being quoted by the press as having said the marriage between Liz and Eddie is over. Finished. Kaput. WE say there is an even bigger story—the story of a boy who grew into manhood while a tidal wave of contempt and hatred washed over him. This is the real story behind the headlines. Behind the rumors. Behind the scandal. Let’s go back a short while, to Rome, and pick up the action. . . .

The flashbulb burst in his face and Eddie Fisher threw his hand up.

He stepped back, but the photographer stopped him.

“We want you in this one. Stand over here, please.”
“I . . .” he stammered.
“That’s it.” The shutter snapped . . . once . . . twice.
“I . . .” he began again.
“Here, hold this compact for Liz,” someone said, and Eddie’s hand moved automatically, obediently for it.
“Higher.” Liz tipped her head, beautiful, like the Hollywood-in-Rome sphinx, more dazzling than the real thing on the Nile.

He (Cont’d on page 82)
Liz’ love record makes varied reading. Her first big love was football hero Glenn Davis (1). Her first engagement was to Bill Pawley (2). Her first marriage to Nick Hilton (3) was short but not sweet. Stanley Donen (4) consoled her till she wed Mike Wilding (5). Two children later, he was replaced by Mike Todd (6). Months after Todd’s death, Liz married Eddie Fisher (7) moments after his divorce became final. Now Liz’ “Cleopatra” co-star, Richard Burton (8) is rumored to be her new love.
Why Liz must live the way she does!  
Why she must love the way she does!  
Why, despite all appearances, she can't keep her men!

(Background information on the special problems confronting beautiful women in the public limelight has been supplied by a number of psychologists, psychiatrists and psychotherapists. Most helpful in this respect has been Nancy L. Bloomberg, Ph.D., a clinical psychologist certified by the State of New York. The specific application of this information to the problems plaguing Elizabeth Taylor, however, has been made by the present writer, and all analyses and interpretations of the "Elizabeth Taylor Syndrome" are his own, based on a careful examination of voluminous files of printed matter and on confidential reports.)

What is it about Elizabeth Taylor that when she sneezes or buys some dresses or visits a night club it immediately makes news 'round the world?  
What is it about Elizabeth Taylor that makes men—even the meek ones—smile when her name is merely mentioned?  
What is it about Elizabeth Taylor that intrigues women?  
What is it about Elizabeth Taylor that has made her a hospital patient in almost every year of her adult life . . . that has (Continued on page 84)
Now that you have read the last eight pages, what do you have to say about Jacqueline Kennedy and Elizabeth Taylor...

AMERICA'S 2 QUEENS!

Before you answer, read this comparison of their days and nights, the way they raise their children, the way they treat their men.
Everything that America's two reigning queens do, makes news. And some days, the headlines heralding the latest activities of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Jacqueline are so similar that for a moment they blur over the fact that these two lovely women are as different as pizza and beer from haute cuisine and vintage wines. Yet strike out one name and put in the other, and nobody'd be surprised: Jackie Visits New York Dress Shop . . . Liz on 20G Buying Spree in Paris . . . Jackie Postpones Trip to India Ten Days for Sinus Treatment . . . Liz in Hospital Again ('Food-poisoning') . . . Jackie Jetting to Rome . . . Liz, Eddie Off to Italy . . . Dazzling Jackie Conquers Romans . . . Triumph for Liz Taylor (She came, she was seen and she conquered Rome) . . . New Delhi Throngs Cheer Jackie, 'Rani of America' . . . Queen Liz Wins Italy's Oscar—Cheering Fans Mob Her!

But then there were those other headlines, the ones that have made Liz both famous and infamous—and which could never apply to Jackie Kennedy: Liz and Husband Split—It's Burton . . . Liz in Hiding! Rift Denied! . . . and all the others. Scare headlines; trouble and scandal headlines. What (Continued on page 90)
Annie Castor Glenn put her head down on her knees and wept. She couldn't help it. It was not just because she was tired—although she had been up since 5:30 that morning. And she had been busy ever since, setting out trays of plates and cups and glasses, piling dishes with coffee cake and buns, getting breakfast, greeting the people who were to spend this day with her. But she was not tired, not really—(Please turn the page)
THEIR LOVE STORY

excitement gave her extra energy. Nor was she simply frightened, although she had reason to be. Her husband had just begun to circle the earth. ... Ahead of him loomed the dangerous re-entry into the atmosphere. ... Any of a hundred possible disorders could end in his fiery death. At the moment of the launching, when smoke and flame belched from the rocket, their daughter Lyn had hidden her eyes and cried. ... But Annie herself had been calm. She had reached out to pat the fourteen-year-old without taking her eyes from the television screen. Nor did she cry purely from relief at the dangers that her husband had already survived, nor from tension and taut nerves. For all these things—fear and relief, weariness and tension—all these had lived with her for so many years that they had lost the power to make her weep. ... Nonetheless, she did cry. And the millions who, a few days later, would hear the Mayor of New York call her a "wonderful courageous lady," could only agree, tears or no tears.

Now she lifted her head and dried her eyes. She turned a little to smile at the anxious circle around her—her daughter, her son, her parents, her closest friends and neighbors, the Millers. But before she saw any of (Continued on page 79)

1. A few days before Lieut. Col. John H. Glenn, Jr. made his historic triple orbit around the earth, son David, daughter Lyn, Col. Glenn and his wife Annie attended church services together—calm, confident and smiling. 2. At their home in Arlington, Va., Glenn and his proud son spent precious moments together. 3. & 4. And no town in the entire U.S.A. was prouder than Cambridge, Ohio, where John was born in this rambling frame house. 5. His parents, wife and children were flown by President Kennedy to Canaveral after the great feat to be re-united with their hero, then flown to New York for a triumphal reception. 6. & 7. Next celebration—New Concord, the Ohio town where the gymnasium at his Alma Mater—Muskingham College—was renamed in his honor. 8. & 9. Life-long sweethearts John and his Annie, a brave wife.
COMMAND PERFORMANCE
What makes a star play for royalty and prisoners in one week? To Sammy Davis, Jr. it's the command of a never-to-be-forgotten past

It was a record of sorts. In one week Sammy Davis, Jr. entertained the applause and delight of the English Royal Family at a Command Performance in London. And then a few days later, despite threats of a riot, flew to Folsom, California, to play for inmates at a prison. "To me, that was just as 'command' as the first," he said. "I felt I had to do it." Why the riot? Why did Sammy have to do it? To understand, you must realize that all of Sammy's life has been a raging battle for the underdog. Playing for royalty is fine. But when your heart remembers the past—when you were an underdog—you can't say no to an appearance of this sort. And even when prison racists threaten to riot, you can't run away—not if you're Sammy Davis.
Cold . . . remote . . . or a Latin lover? Rich dilettante or eager beaver? Pan-American diplomat or the kookiest comic in town? . . . Which one is John Gavin? . . . Way back in the spring of 1955 a tall, dark-eyed lieutenant (Junior Grade, Naval Air Intelligence) received the Order of Balboa from the Government of Panama for his dedicated service as liaison officer charged with establishing relations between the Panamanian Government and the United States Navy. He also received the Order of the Elroy Alsaro Foundation for his contribution to Pan-Americanism. . . . Few officers of his youth or rank had ever been entrusted with missions of such importance as those (Please turn to page 50)
assigned to him as aide to Vice Admiral (then Rear Admiral) Milton E. Miles. Both the Admiral and other Navy top brass expected John Gavin to make the Navy his career. So did John Gavin. . . . For four years at Stanford, under the Holloway Plan, which finances outstanding Naval ROTC men with an eye to finding officer material . . . for two years as an Air Intelligence officer aboard the carrier USS Princeton (he participated in five battles) . . . and during the year working with Admiral Miles in Latin America, the earnest young officer was dedicated. . . . “Once in a lifetime,” John wrote to his best girl, Cicely Evans, “you get thrown in with a man who is a leader of truly great abilities. Miles is one of the great. He’s given me a whole new concept of what a man can be. He goes to the heart of every matter. No skirting. He moves only in one direction, the one that goes with his standards, his thinking. . . . He’s quite a guy.” The kind of a guy young Lieut. Gavin determined to be.

A few months later he retired from (Continued on page 87)
Above, Ann-Margret catches Ralph Taeger’s eye with color. Her suit: Marina del Mar’s “Sugar Daisy” ($17.95); cap: Kleinerts colorful “Bain de Soleil.” Joan Freeman’s (right) color-splashed suit (“Sucette” by Marina del Mar—$18.95) and Kleinerts gay “Pompadour” wig cap both get Robert Logan’s “date” vote.
The beach is where the boys are, and a smart girl knows that her trip to the beach can it takes is suntan lotion, sunglasses, lipstick, a portable radio, a dash of courage and a Choose the one—or two—just right for your figure and your budget and head for the

Says Ralph, "Ann-Margret in a two-piece suit is something to see!" This one's a blue and white check by Maidenform ($17.95). Extra glamour: a Vera Scarf.

Mustard, green, orange and turquoise flowers pretty up "Nevertheless" suit by Catalina ($15.95). With Kleinert's "Mob Cap" Mikki gets a mob of one—Evan.
serve two purposes—it's the perfect place to get a tan and a man. So you be smart—all streak of luck. And, of course, one of the eight outfits we've featured on these pages. nearest beach. We guarantee—you're sure to be in the swim of things this summer!

White hearts on orange cotton and Orlon suit (Lantzen—$17.95) get to Bob's heart. To make sure, Joan adds a lace "Beachnik" cap by United States Rubber.

Lime checked suit (Cole—$17.95) gives Diane that little-girl look that gets Greg's boyish heart. Another pert touch: her "Butterfly Cap" by Kleinerts.

(For more information about these Photoplay beach fashions see page 84)
Vee-Form by Modess
anatomically shaped
Continued from page 33

GARDNER MCKAY: "Jackie Kennedy? Wow! I think she’s great. If she were single I’d love to date her. Since she’s taken, I wish more women would try to be like her—especially Hollywood women—who could use improvement. They could profit by her example even more than by what she says—except that I suppose she sets too high a standard for them to imitate. I mean—how can you emulate a woman who’s capable of seating sixty people at dinner and making every single one of them feel comfortable?"

CARY LOCKWOOD: "I’m glad to say I don’t think Mrs. Kennedy’s had much influence on the girls I know—she’s not exactly my type. Secretaries and airline hostesses and salesgirls—people who come directly into contact with the public—are most likely to try to copy someone famous. The girls I know, movie actresses, usually would rather try to set a style themselves."

DIANE McCAB: "I’d love to copy Jackie Kennedy to some extent, but let’s face facts—I can’t afford Oleg Cassini clothes!"

CYNTHIA PEPPER: "I think Jackie has had a lot of influence on kids in school, and that’s fine. But I certainly don’t approve of her being in Photoplay. I mean, next thing, they’ll be wanting her for a movie! She’d probably do very well—but she’s the President’s wife. The President’s wife should be above all that."

ANTHONY GEORGE: "What’s all the fuss about? As long as her husband is a good President, I don’t care what she does! (Of course, all things considered, it’s nice to have a pretty First Lady than not!)

STEFANIE POWERS: "I love Jackie Kennedy. I love her taste in clothes. I’m sure I would have been imitating her for ages if I weren’t already imitating Audrey Hepburn!"

DINA MERRILL: "I think she’s terribly attractive and a wonderful First Lady. But as a Republican, does this mean we have to run Elizabeth Taylor on our ticket in 1964? Seriously, I’ve known her for many years and I think she’s a woman of great taste and charm. She’s a great asset to her husband—and to us. And I think she’s being very sensible about her children. She’s doing as good a job as she possibly could, raising a family in the public eye as she has to. She’s chic, she’s intelligent and she’s charming."

PAUL ANKA: "I’ve just returned from a tour of most of the major countries of the world, and I was very pleased to find that Jackie Kennedy has made a tremendous impression on young people all over. I noticed young girls who, three or four years ago dressed like Brigitte Bardot, now have the ‘Jackie look.’ Because she is so elegant and has such great charm, I think Mrs. Kennedy can set a great example in the world over."

---

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Widen your wardrobe and whittle your waist with the most colorful belts that ever crossed it. The belts look just like leather and the coins are solid brass. They come in sets of three fashion colors. Buy more than one set—and mix-match them. Each set of three is just $1.00 with an end flap from new Vee-Forms by Modess or any other Modess product.

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Good only in U.S.A. Void in any area where restricted by law. Offer expires December 31, 1963.
They got a new shipment of hope in this place. I sense it. I watch it. The unemployed actors and actresses are determined to hold on. "The Uncastables" have been given a shot in the arm. And who gave it to them? Ben Casey—that's who. They figure if Vince Edwards can make it to the top, they can, too!

Vince Edwards! Are you kidding? A year ago you could get fat odds against Vince being TV's Actor of the Year 1962. I can hear one hopeful in Schwab's Drug Store shouting to another, a few stools north, "I'll take half of that." (Continued on page 60)
HOW FAMOUS FASHION MODELS WIN THEIR WINGS

(You can, too!...with matchless, versatile Wings "Wardrobe" Bras

With 6-way strap

Above, model Danielle lays in "Wardrobe" cotton longline. Zip front, dip back. White. Also in nylon lace. A, 32-36; B, 32-38; C, 32-40. $2.58

"Wardrobe" bandeau. Four-sectioned, faggoted, stitched cotton cups; comfortable lastex back. White. A cup, 32-36; B cup, 32-38. $2.00

"Wardrobe-Torso-Mate". Cotton zip-up front, dip back. Lightly boned. White. Also in nylon lace, white or black. A, 32-36; B, 32-38. $2.98

"Wardrobe" bandeau. Embroidered cotton cups. Comfortable lastex back. Also in nylon lace, white or black. A, 32-36; B, 32-38. $1.50

If you never tire of being admired (what gal does?) take a tip from successful fashion models. Because of the varied demand of fashion modeling, they love the instant versatility of Wing "Wardrobe" bras. Straps whisk into six positions, intimate matched to every neckline...regular, strapless, halter, with halter, off-shoulder and criss-cross back. One bra gives you the beguiling beauty and comfort of many. Air-Foam contour cups in daintily embroidered or stitched cotton broadcloth, lavish nylon lace...all with supple lastex backs...in the style and price right for you! How to win your WINGS? Easy! Fly to your favorite store...or write:

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DANCE YOUR WAY TO ROMANCE WITH FLAME-GLO! It's the dreamy, creamy lipstick that now comes in five captivating brand-new colors, to give your lips that kissable look! What's more, to make hearts beat even faster—romantic Dance Party nail enamels to match. At favorite variety store cosmetic counters. Lipsticks in gleaming, all metal swivel case, only 39¢, matching nail enamel, only 29¢.

Continued from page 58

Vince Edwards

"bet!" But now that it's happened, there's no one happier than "The Uncastables," except maybe Vince himself. And his agent. Do you realize what this means to the Coke stretchers, the coffee stretchers? Vince Edwards is a star. People asked for his autograph instead of asking him to leave. He no longer has to identify himself when he wants to cash a small check. What am I saying? The check doesn't have to be a small one. Any amount for the good doctor! And who doesn't recognize him immediately from TV?

It seems like only yesterday that Vince Edwards was sitting in Schwab's saying, "If Jim (Garner) can make it, I can." Garner was also a member of the crew of the good ship Schwabadero. What's more, I'll wager right now there are at least one hundred guys on the Schwabadero (the crew rotate) who are saying to friends, or muttering to themselves, "If Vince can make it, I can." This isn't said or muttered to belittle Vince. They're just giving their egos a much needed massage. They're permitting themselves to do some positive thinking again. Believe me, it's rough for the struggling performer to have hope these days. The obstacle course to fame is long and tough. You can't get the lead in a grade A movie or TV series unless you have a name for yourself. And you can't have a name for yourself unless you get one of those grade A roles.

It's a vicious circle. There are no standard rules to follow. You can't take a course, receive A in all your studies, be handed a diploma and graduate a star. That's okay for a doctor or a lawyer or even an astronaut. But there's no text book on "How to Become a Movie Star." You ad lib it.

Rock Hudson's story is different from Marlon Brando's story. Marilyn Monroe's story is different from Liz Taylor's. George Maharis' story is different from Robert Stack's. And Vince Edwards' story is different, too. It's even different from Vince Edwards—early version.

Secret: he had girl trouble!

Vince wasn't discovered sitting on this stool having an ice cream soda. Vince sat on this stool many times trying to figure out the rat race. It wasn't just the career. It was chicks, too. Vince was having his troubles those days—and nights. It could be that things weren't as bad as they looked. Vince is a natural brooder. He can look as if he's brooding while he's only remembering the good time he had last night. This brooding look is of tremendous value in portraying Ben Casey. The audience writes in their own lines and credits Vince with being a great actor. Vince is only doing what comes naturally. It's about time nature paid off for him. Vince arrived in (Continued on page 62)
For instant curves, just take a deft stroll of dark knit with dazzling white detail...an add you! Marina Del Ma shapes this purely startling maillot with your most dramatic moments in mind, and keeps you devastating eve when you turn your back. (It's bare, nearly to the waist! Part of your bravado comes from knowing how secure you are in the carefully contoured Seashell Br. 

Casino $16.9

marina del ma

California swimsuits
I left alone. I just got on that plane and got out.

"I brought nothing with me, nothing permanent. As a matter of fact, that's what I have today—nothing. I left everything in storage. My house is up for sale. I sold my car. I gave away my dog. Things could change, but as the situation stands now, it looks as though I'll be away for a long, long time.

"If all this appears pretty drastic, let me tell you how it was. And how it is. Just for a minute, let me go back.

"When I first started in Hollywood. I won an award—the Photoplay 'Choose Your Stars' medallion. I don't think I'm crowing to say that my acting had something to do with it, though I was new at the game. The parts I was getting were good. Especially the soldier in 'With a Song in My Heart.' Parts like that were right for me—at least at that stage of my career. And as for publicity, I was being pushed as the new 'Hollywood Heartthrob.' I thought everything was great.

"What's next?"

"But then, when nothing changed, when my roles and my publicity and me kept going along in the same old rut, I began to worry. 'What's next?' I'd wonder. 'I can't go on being the most promising younger after year. Will I get good pictures? Will I be able to live up to the hype?"

"As it turned out, I had reason to worry. After awhile, I found that I was on the special studio treadmill for contract players. Since you're there—and theirs, all theirs—they put you into anything. Before long, I had a career that was in very bad shape. Spencer Tracy helped me out of the doldrums in 1955 when he got me away from the studio to film 'The Mountain' in Switzerland and France. After that, things looked up for a time. Then Down again.

"It's been said that it might have helped if I'd been more cooperative—change my career slumps. But when Natalie and I were married in 1958, we blamed the 'togetherness' publicity photos for many divorces. We knew better than most, how important publicity can be, and we were grateful to our fans for their interest in us—but we wanted to start our marriage away from the glare of the spotlight. Look at it this way: Imagine being a newlywed and setting up housekeeping in Grand Central Station.

"Maybe we were too abrupt about our announcement. Maybe if we'd never been cooperative, wanting more of this time to ourselves wouldn't have seemed such a staggering idea to others. And maybe it wouldn't have resulted in so much anger. Who knows?"

"In the time that followed, there were more movies. Good, but not sensational. Then came the actors' strike. During those weeks, I went to New York where Natalie was on location making 'Splendor in the Grass.'

"I thought I was waiting to do the proposed picture, 'Solo.' It showed every promise of being the film I'd been waiting for. I spent eight months on it, trying to get help to develop it for production. The part was a nut. I even learned to play the piano. Andre Previn was set to do the music. Dick Powell was going to produce and direct.

"Then came the blow. Fox decided to turn it into a rock 'n' roll epic—with me and Jayne Mansfield—and shoot it in about fourteen days.

"I walked out. Fox was going to sue, back aboard the Schwabadero, I recall.}
then decided to offer me a new deal. Six pictures and a million dollars. 'And go through all this again?' I asked.

'I'd been with the company for twelve years, grown up there—but no one seemed to know that I'd grown up. Leaving Fox was one of the hardest times of my life, but I felt that I had to do it. It was one of those times when making a decision wasn't too easy.

**Career jealousy? Never!**

"It's been suggested that one reason for Natalie's and my separation was professional jealousy, career problems. There was no trouble on that score in our marriage. Ever. But there are no guarantees in anyone's life. Sometimes things just don't work out the way you expect them to, but you must go on as a person and as an individual.

"As far as getting married again, I don't know whether I will or not. Life goes on you know, and sometimes things happen and that's the way it goes. Nobody is to blame, one way or the other—that's just life.

"Sometimes people are raised very ideallyistically and you find that in life, as you get older, all those ideals don't always hold up. And that's when the person himself or herself has to come in and stand for it.

"But you can't get bitter. When I was married to Natalie, I was very happy. But I'm very happy now, too. It's just an adjustment that has to be made. Nobody gets married with the idea of not being married, but sometimes, as I've said before, situations or things happen and they don't work out.

"People talk about being married to an actress and career problems and all. Well, I was married to an actress and I didn't find it very difficult. If I get married again, I wouldn't go out and say, 'I'm not going to marry an actress.' My mind just doesn't work that way.

"If I fell in love with a girl who was an actress and I wanted to get married to her, I would certainly get married to her, if she wanted to get married. Actresses are wonderful people; they're very exciting and very wonderful. But they're also very ordinary people with the same problems everybody else has got. Some of them are magnified, to a certain extent by others, and some are not. But they're not apart from other people. This is something that, unfortunately, many people don't stop to realize—the simple fact that actresses are only human beings.

"As for my departure for Europe, a set of circumstances brought it about. Marital status; separated. Career status: great picture offers abroad. The timing was a coincidence, a lucky break.

"Short hours after my plane left Hollywood, it put down in Copenhagen. And, believe me, that city is everything they say. I did the town and must have eaten every variety of Danish sandwich known to Dane. Then I sailed for France for my part in 'The Longest Day.'

"To avoid questions from the press, I sneaked into Paris. A few days later, I left, just as quietly, and took off for Normandy to begin working. Sbades of Hollywood! Fabian, Paul Anka, Tommy and Nancy Sands were all there. Fabian and Paul had their managers with them. Nancy was with Tommy. Me? I felt a little like an orphan, but I was so busy, I didn't have much time to brood about it. And that was another good thing. There's nothing for me to do here in London. I'll have no need to stay here in England at that time, but I got so involved in preparations for the picture that I couldn't seem to leave. I settled into a Brompton Square house that's the greatest. I'm not much for coming home to hotel lobbies.

"The place belongs to David Merrick, the producer. Cary Grant, Alec Guinness and Katharine Hepburn had all lived in it at various times and had told me about it before I left California. I took it sight unseen and discovered that a dream of a housekeeper came with it. There's a butler, too, and frankly, I'm overwhelmed by the whole setup.

"The house itself is about ten feet wide and five stories high. Recently, I jokingly remarked that I was going to paint the rooms black and turn it into a night club. 'I might as well,' I said, 'because it's always crowded. It swings every night.'

"This may sound as if I'm living it up over here to the exclusion of work. Not so. I'm putting in a lot of filming, but have been getting around a little. Some nights, I have dinner at elegant places. Other nights, I may stop by for a few drinks with guys from the studio. Most nights, however, I have a few people in for dinner—writers, directors, friends in show business.

"It's been working nothings' permanent, and I'll have to admit that this brings problems. I like things so much that if I see something I really enjoy, like a piece of furniture or a painting, it's hard for me to walk away without it. Sometimes I go to Portobello Road in London's Flea Market, where there are so many wonderful things. I find decanters and a dozen other items, and it's tough not to buy them.

"And sometimes I see a kid with a puppy and I wonder how Conroy's getting along. Giving up my dog wasn't easy, but in England the rules for admitting canine animals are rugged. I knew Conroy would be happy in San Fernando Valley than he would be spending six months over here in quarantine. So I left him behind.

"Unfortunately, among the things I didn't leave behind are the rumors and the gossip that goes with it. My answer: Frankly, I never really left the rumors, everybody is involved in Italy. Or this business. They go right on. And now I see in the papers one week that I'm having a romance with Joan Collins. The next week, I'm carrying a torch for Joan Collins, am nuts about Linda Christian and am falling in love with Marion Donen. That would keep a guy pretty busy.

"I love them all!"

"To be honest, I'm crazy about all of these girls. I've known them for years, and we've dated since I've been here. I first met Joan when she came to Hollywood to test for 'Lord Vanity' with me. She's marvelous and we're good friends. I knew Marion when she was under contract to Fox and Paramount. She lives for movies and goes out with me when I'm there or when she's in England.

"But my concentration has been centered on 'The War Lover.' Steve McQueen and I had been wanting to do a picture together for a long time. We'd been looking for something special. Steve was signed for the film before I was. He pushed to get into it, and I pushed just as hard to get in.

"The reaction to our work together has ranged from the ridiculous to what's pretty sublime for an actor. One day, we launched into a scene and fully expected to be stopped. Nothing happened. On we went. Still nothing. Finally, the director yelled, 'Cut!' and we heard murmurs like 'Great!' . . . 'Good show, champs!' McQueen and I consider it a real tribute. Everyone was so taken by our performances that no one noticed I'd been saying Steve's lines while he was saying mine! Pretty ridiculous, but pretty great, too."

"They are in the subordinate department. They're shown each evening and the whole thing's incredible. We walk into the projection room and the place is packed. There'll be sixty or more people—people from all over the studio. McQueen and I may be in the cast, but that's no assurance that we'll find seats! It's really a tough thing to manage.

"Whenever I have time off, I head for Rome. My first visit was last September when I went to talk to Dino di Laurentis about a picture. I fell in love with the entire city—the people, the colors, the piazzas, the way of life. There's no contest. There are no aggravations. The Romans love life and love to live it to the hilt. If you want to live among them, fine. If you don't, forget it.

"I've friends who are on the look-out for an apartment for me . . . one in the old section, preferably overlooking the Forum. And, somehow, whenever I mention that I'm going to rent a flat there, their reaction is 'out buy.' But I'll worry about that later.

"Right now my work's cut out for me. I've been called back for more scenes in 'The Longest Day' and the studio's really done right by me in this one! I've one picture to go on my Columbia deal, one more for Fox. And I'm forming my own picture company in England. Natalie and I had a company, but I gave it to her when we separated as it's more to her advantage to have it.

"I have three picture prospects on the continent, but as yet I don't know which is going to break first, or where or when. So I'll probably take a leisurely drive through Italy. Or fly to Spain, or go to Spain. I'll join a friend on a yacht trip and sail around the Greek Isles. Or both. Sounds great, doesn't it?

"I can't wait! Life's a ball!

"Or I may just buy out Portobello Road and catch the next plane to the Eternal City. After all, I'm a businessman and I've an awful lot of lire invested in the legend of the Trevi Fountain . . . "

—as told to BEVERLY OTT

Bob stars in 20th's 'The Longest Day' and in "The War Lover" for Columbia.
when all you’re wearing is a swimsuit be sure it’s a sea nymph

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**62 Easy-to-Win Prizes!**

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A wonderful way to win extra pocket money — and you don’t have to be a writer to win... enter the monthly Write a Title contest... Coming next month and for the next six months.
ic soothing words into his ear and stroked his hair. In a little while he was hers in the quiet of the room.

The Actor was grateful. Without her, perhaps he would never have made it. And when he did make it, there was no hesi-
tancy as he said, “I will never forget you. Everything I am I owe to you. I want you to know that I know it.”

The older woman smiled happily and replied, “Don’t let it concern you. Darling, all I ever wanted was for you to have what you wanted ... what you wanted most.” And again she would stroke his hair and purr magic words into his ear.

The Actor’s success worried the older woman for a while. She was aware of the deep and almost fanatical attraction he held for women, beautiful women. Holly-
wood, where he was now living, swarmed with beauties.

She would caution him, in a motherly tone, not to lose his head over any of them because they were “connivers and schemers,” interested in him not for the “sweetness and goodness” that was in his soul. “They want only to shine more brightly in your light,” she would say. “They are interested only in unfairly sharing your fame and your money. They will add nothing of value to your life.”

“But,” she would add, “you will meet the right woman someday. She will be everything you desire. And she will be rare, of course, because you are rare, and I do not want just anyone for you. Don’t let yourself be beguiled by the others ... by their bodies and their charms. The wrong woman will destroy you.”

She possessed him

The actor would nod his head at the wisdom of her words and lean gently against her, and the older woman would stroke his hair and talk softly to him in another of the many quiet rooms they shared.

For a time after his success the older woman was happy. For the Actor was hers. She was all the woman he had in his life. And he was hers. Not quite the way she wanted him. The difference in their ages was great. And she was not attractive, although she had been once.

But in those quiet rooms, with him, she was young again, in her body and in her mind.

And all the mirrors in her life were liars.

From time to time he would speak to her of some particular girl who enchanted him. A girl who seemed as beautiful inside as she was out.

“She really is lovely,” he would say, “and I believe she is the kind of girl you would approve.”

The older woman would smile sweetly and shake her head. “No, darling. I under-
stand her kind. I am wiser than you in the ways of women. She wants the part of you that does not belong to her—your fame, your success. Listen to me, Darling. Your happiness is all I want for myself. When the right one comes along we’ll know her. Forget this one. She just isn’t for you.”

The actor would look at her with wide eyes that bored his heart ... and his comp-
ulsive obedience. There were times when reluctance to obey the older woman stirred in him. There were even times when he made up his mind to choose a girl without her approval. But always, in the end, the quiet voice in the quiet room would dispel the buds of rebellion within him.

Then it happened.

The Actor met one of the most beautiful women in the world. She was also an actress. And he loved her so much that he became weak at the thought of her.

But the Actor did not tell the actress how he felt. He let the love boil in his heart. He did not tell the older woman. He knew what she would say and he did not want to hear it. Not again. Not this time.

For months he carried the secret inside him.

He would see the actress at parties, at premiers. He even dined with her on occasion. But never once did he allow his feelings to be known to anyone.

For a while he managed to live with his secret. But it was difficult, it was a struggle. In the presence of the actress he had to guard his words and glances exerted such pressure and such turmoil in the front of his mind that often he would neither hear nor see others when they spoke to him.

And there were those awful moments when his feelings, screaming for release, came so close to the surface that he would run from the room where the actress stood.

His relationship with the older woman began to change. She still dominated; she still submitted. But he gave in too easily, he agreed too quickly. And, though she still stroked his hair and held him in the quiet rooms, she sensed something was different. The sub-
missiveness he once conveyed so warmly and willingly had stopped. Now he simply gave in.

In her own way, she questioned him about it. Many times, the Actor had developed a caniness of his own. He had locked the secret in his soul, and nothing the older woman could say or do would unlock it.

As the months went by, the Actor began to change, slowly, hardly noticeably, as the minute hand travels from one hour to the next on a clock.

He was still cooperative on the set, but he turned more and more to loneliness.

He saw the beautiful actress whenever he could without making it obvious that every cell in his body shrieked to be near her.

For a time his friends suspected he was in love with her. But he would allow none of them to know him well enough to be sure.

The actress, in no way, returned his feelings. She simply regarded him as a good friend. She admired his talent, in-
vited him to her parties, knowing nothing at all of his true feelings for her.

A life of torment

And the strain began to twist the Actor’s insides. Try as he would to prevent it, the
sensitivities of his heart and mind began to warp. And before long he started to openly despise himself, his talent and his weakness.

He could not sleep. Relaxation was impossible. Every conscious moment was overwhelmed by his love for the actress. He would walk with his head bowed. He would not recognize his co-workers. He talked to himself and sat in corners.

But more than anything, he began to resent the influence of the older woman from whom he had once received his strength.

Despite the Actor's great talent before the cameras he was not, in private, a strong or determined personality. The older woman had so overprotected him for so many years, that he had become weak and indecisive. He was so dependent on her for counsel and understanding that he could no longer make his own decisions.

Yet, from some faint remnant of masculinity, the Actor realized how deeply he had become involved with the older woman.

In desperate determination, accelerated by the driving and overwhelming love he had for the actress, he decided to cut the bonds that tied him to the older woman.

He rehearsed the scene for days. Exactly what he would say. He would be kind, but firm. Understanding, but resolute. He would not even discuss his love for the actress. But, if he were ever to live a life of his own, he had to dissolve this spell the older woman held over him.

He put off the final reckoning too long.

One morning the Actor picked up the newspaper to discover that the woman he loved had chosen another man to wed.

The Actor's mind, his heart, his resolution drained from him. He was left without hope, without strength.

He was so stunned and shocked he could neither think nor speak. For days he walked around in a trance. Finally, the older woman found him . . . alone and in the depths of a depression so great she was afraid he might destroy himself.

Now she could handle him again. "He has no one but me now. He is helpless."

Instead of breaking the ties, the Actor found himself even more closely bound to her. And, helpless as he was, he soon realized that his own weakness was the cause of it all. He realized, too, that he could not escape. He'd been possessed.

And suddenly he despised the older woman as much as he despised himself.

When she came on the set, as she often did, he would look at her with eyes of liquid anger and hate.

"It was almost impossible to believe," one of his co-workers recalls. "He would show up late for work. But his performances were magnificent. He could smile, laugh and be gay, if the script called for it. But the instant the director said 'Cut,' his spirit would disappear. His body continued with us, but it was as though he were a completely different person."

"I remember once there was a meeting on the set in which the director wanted to explain the motivations of his part in the next scene."

"'Don't talk to me about the part,' the Actor shouted. 'I'm not — —. There is the real — —.'"

"With that he pointed to the older woman standing in the shadows. Then he turned and quietly walked off the set, through the stage doors and into his room."

Married women are sharing this secret

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FRED ROBBINS

interviews BOB HOPE

Fred: I understand your daughter wants to go into show business. Do you think her having such a famous parent can be a help or a handicap?

Bob: I think it's a help. People know the name for example. I don't think Bing Crosby has hurt his kids any. Do you? Now, if it was Gary Kralnik I don't think it would be so good. They got a pretty good break there, being one of the Crosby boys. And they're all marvelous kids, I've known them since they were knee high to my wallet and they used to come around and sing Christmas carols and Bing would say, "Well, come on, throw them a little crumb or something." And I used to hand them a matzo ball or some other little thing.

Fred: But in stories about these boys, you read that they've had to overcome having a famous father, that whatever scraps they're in is because of that fact. I guess you're in a spot when you're a famous father.

Bob: Yeah, but that spot's outside the bank! Bing took pretty good care of those kids financially, you know. They're all men—that's a start in the right direction right there. They're all fine golfers, good entertainers. So I don't think we have to apologize for these boys. Seriously, they're marvelous kids. They're doing pretty good—they've earned a lot of bread. That's why I think a lot of these stories are invented. I've known lots of people in show business and out of show business who have not taken care of their children—in the right way—and the kids wound up in mental cases. But that's not true just of showpeople. 'Cause I know a lot of people who spoil kids. You do, too.

Fred: You're right.

Bob: Don't stare at me, ol' boy—just agree with me.

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Bob: Don't stare at me, ol' boy—just agree with me.

The End

Bob's in UA's "The Road to Hong Kong." Fred can be heard daily on radio's "Assignment Hollywood.

"I distinctly told mom to send for Ben Casey!"
“Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her pure boy a bone, but when she got there the cupboard was bare and so her pure boy was alone. Howya like that, ole buddy? The pure boy all alone. Ha! Ha! Ha!”

His laughter died suddenly as he regarded the man standing dumbfounded.

“Get out!” screamed the Actor. “Get out and leave the pure boy alone!” He threw the liquor bottle. It hit the wall, rolled on the floor and spilled.

The visitor shook his head, closed the door and left.

All through the long nights the Actor’s chanting, in a loud, cracked voice, split the southern air. Suddenly he would stop. Then he would start again.

They finally moved the Actor to an isolated house where he “lived” for the rest of the shooting.

An incredible scene

On the last day, he didn’t show up for work. They found him running through the woods—half-drunk and naked.

They put clothes on him. He was needed for one more scene. No dialogue was necessary, so they leaned him against a tree and begged him to remain still for five seconds. He obeyed. The director said, “Cut!” The Actor fell to the ground on his face. They carried him to the house.

Back in Hollywood, the older woman rejoined him. Under her influence the Actor remained sober for longer periods of time. But even she couldn’t keep him from the bottle entirely. By now it was too late.

Each time he didn’t report for work they found him in a drunken stupor in his dressing room. And always, somewhere near him, was a picture of the actress he loved.

Once they found him spread-eagled on the floor, and under his face was a large, photo of the actress. The center of the picture was streaked with the tears the Actor had shed before he passed out.

As they picked him up and put him on the couch he muttered, “Am I dead?”

Not long after that he was discovered drunk again, sitting on a curb of the studio street rocking back and forth.

“I thought at first he was sick,” said the man who found him. “I tried to help him.”

The Actor’s eyes were wild and vacant again. His clothes were wrinkled and dirty and he staggered drunkenly about.

“Where am I? Oh, Mother, where am I?” He stumbled and fell again.

“Where’s the set?” he screamed. “Somebody, tell me, where’s the set?”

The man tried to quiet the Actor.

The Actor started to giggle.

“I’ve lost a set!” he shrieked. “How do you like that? I lost a whole goddamned set!” He laughed.

He was still laughing and screaming when he arrived on the sound stage.

A man completely without control? Most people in Hollywood probably think so. But the strangest part of the Actor’s conduct is the fact that, whenever he knows he will see the actress, he straightens out for a few days, regains his composure, forgives his alcholic diet and appears perfectly normal.

As far as the actress knows the Actor is perfectly all right.

Even if the actress reads this story she may not realize who it is written about. Because the Actor is still, to all appearances, rational and coherent. All she might see is that he had lost weight and looks considerably older than his years.

But the Actor’s unreliability is beginning to rule him out. Producers are unwilling to provide for the fantastic costs the uncertainty of his behavior could well bring on. In one instance his two-day absence from a movie came to $10,000.

As this is written the producer of his current movie, now on location outside the United States, is considering dropping the Actor from the picture. And if the Actor fails to fulfill his contract due to drunkenness, he’ll be through in Hollywood. His talent will no longer be enough.

But the Actor doesn’t care. He is intent only on destroying himself.

Because now he is in the grip of a dis-ease far worse than the near-hypnotic embrace of the older woman who has long since deserted him. Far worse than the scream of love in his heart for the actress he can never have.

The Actor is now an alcoholic.

His eyes, once bright with hope, are now glazed from the limbo in which he lives.

His tall body, once a model of lean musculaty, is now wasted and pale. His clothes hang on his frame as though to conceal a skeleton.

He is dying in torment.

He is still found drunk in his dressing room.

And, as usual, somewhere near him, can be found a photo of Elizabeth Taylor.

—TONY WALL
What in the world is going on?

New forces...new dangers...new countries. Events are moving at staggering speed. How can anyone keep up with the news?

Headlines aren't enough. That's why CBS Radio doubled its on-the-hour news service. Made time for more detailed coverage, more on-the-spot reports (over 6000 last year alone) from news correspondents all over the world.

More words aren't enough either. It takes superlative reporting to give you a clear understanding of our complex world. CBS News Correspondents (according to The New York Times) are "far and away the ablest news staff in broadcasting."

And even radio's traditional speed of reporting isn't enough. That's why CBS Radio developed NetALERT which electronically alerts stations for major news from any part of the world...which keeps listeners instantly informed around the clock. NetALERT and the crack CBS News team make this network consistently first with the news.

What is going on in the world? Keep tuned to your CBS Radio station.
The CBS Radio Network
extra added prestige by entertaining them in the Executive Mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, and by their public embraces.

Presidential playmates (as the newspaper-reading American knows) include such personables as Frank Sinatra, Grace Kelly, Lee Remick, Ethel Merman, Bob Hope and others from the Broadway stage and Hollywood magic-lanterns. When the President has a day or two in which to unwind and unlash, to where does he fly? To a suburb near Palm Springs, California where he Gets Away From It All or to New York to enjoy the hits.

Showfolks played a big role at Mama and Papa Kennedy's when the children were growing up. The President's pater was always close to show business. His great wealth was swelled as a big-money angel of films and movie theaters. He backed some stars and studios (RKO) even before Howard Hughes, another millionnaire, invaded Girl Town.

And so, the Kennedy Katzenjammer Kids grew to be very fond of actors and actresses, which explains the First Family's affection for so many of them.

Jackie Kennedy (whose taste for artistic sombodies and culture is superior to her husband's) prefers being entertained by men and women from the arts, the concert podium, the operatic stage and the ballet. She, one should add, is not snobbish or snooty about stage and movie people. Jackie simply doesn't dig most of them, including the Clans, of which her brother-in-Lawford Peter is a card-carryer.

The Kennedy's first year in Washington as Mr. and Mrs. Big reminds this observer that they spent more time with show people than they did with the socially-registered set, political stars and other bores.

The professional players who have an "in" know that they can reach the President "just-like-that" by picking up a phone. Take the time Sammy Davis, Jr. was on route to a South American country. He had some difficulty with the passport and one U.S. official. Junior simply ultimatuted: "Get me the President!" After the call was made to the White House Sammy was on the way to his destination. He paused for a fraction of a second, they say, to give the person who delayed his departure one of his best grins.

Newspapermen studying this comradery sometimes wonder. Take the situation in Las Vegas, where the gambler-landlords of some swanky hotels and casinos are the targets of the President's brother, the U.S. Attorney General.

Robert Kennedy (between bouts with Jimmy Hoffa and other alleged law-violators) is gunning for the Vegas "villains." He hopes to send them to Federal clinks for suspected hanky-panky with their in-

come tax returns and other "sinfulnesses." What if the Government's Department of Justice wins?

Where would that leave Frank Sinatra, a way-investor in Vegas inns where he (and others of The Clan) stay almost every night in the fifty-two weeks? Would he be in trouble? Will he be subpoenaed? If so, what will he testify? The very fact that Bobby Kennedy and his Feds are fighting the Vegas easy-money-makers proves that the gamblers must have discovered that influence is a thing you think you have until you have to use it.

In short, the Kennedys are the new "Untouchables."

The integrity of the Kennedy Brothers (regarding accused law-violators) is spotlighted by this fact: The U.S. Attorney-General is pressing the case against the Nevadans regardless of his friend-ship with the stars who may be partners or intimates of the gambler-takers. Take this bit of melodrama going on behind-the-scenes. When Bobby Kennedy was junior counsel on The McCarthy Committee (probing Reds) the Senior counsel was Roy M. Cohn. Newsmen who covered those Army Hearings reported the suspected professional jealousy and clashes—off-stage—between the two youngsters. There is no love lost between them to this day, one is assured. The plot now thickens.

The barrister for some of the Las Vegas gamblers is Roy Cohn.

It ought to be a helluva show.

Speaking of the Kennedys (and their love for show business and its population) a couple of actors at the Cafe Pompei were chatting about the talent hunt for an actor to portray Lt. John F. Kennedy for the film, "PT-109" which is based on the best-seller about the President.

"I guess," sighed one lay-off, "I shouldn't gone to Harvard insteada the Actor's Studio!"

George C. Scott, who landed in the papyri from Coast to Coast when he spurned an Academy Award nomination, was being patty-caked for his personal relations skill. "It's not so strange," logic'd a listener. Scott got more space for refusing he could have received for winning it."

Paradox Dept.: Top model (and actress) Suzy Parker kept insisting she was a Bachelor Girl all the years she was secretly married. It was one of our skews. After she vigorously denied it, we supplied the N.Y. Mirror (where our daily stint originates) with a photostat of the merger certificate. We also had a "schloosiv" when she secretly divorced her mate.

Now that sexy Suzy is single again (or when this was jotted down) she discards her married status freely. On the "Open End" TV program she said: "I've been married ever since I can remember."

Ackehlly, Suzy first married when she was seventeen.

Jackie Gleason (the Vast Washstand of Television who re-signed to do CBS shows) (talent, as we recently noted, must be getting fashionable again), is probably one of the very few fight fans who is no fan of Cassius Clay. He's the Kentucky contender for the higher-rungs of fistdom.

Gleason so dislikes the artful boxer that he reportedly offered $5,000 to Alex Miteff to get back in shape and defeat Clay in a return feud. The reason? Miteff was Gleason's chauffeur when the star filmed "Requiem for a Heavyweight."

Hollywood and Broadway onlookers still talk about the splituation between Romeo Sinatra and his former Juliet. Those who know them intimately are convinced it was not a plugicity-stunt to build her up. She had Nikita Khrushchev as her best unpaid press-agent when the Moscow desk-pounder complained about the "Can-Can" dancers showing too much thigh and derrière. La Prowse was one of them, you know.

The fact that Sinatra even mentions her (as he did at the Bob Hope testimonial event when he cracked; "Anyone interested in a hot engagement ring?"") has chums wondering if he is carrying a torch. That's what you do, Pal, when you're Girland-cholly.

At any rate, those of us who think we really know Frank, do not go along with some folks who argue that the "betrothal" was his way of helping her get famous and richer.

Look at the photo of the engagement party matchbook. See?

Mike Jackson of The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner quoted TV star Carol Burnett's comment in a recent magazine article. "I freeze," she stated, "when I go to a party and strangers say—make us laugh!"

Most comedians and feamedians freeze. You just can't schlepp along your writers when you go anywhere, fergoodnessakes.

What some press-agents (and actors and actresses) would do without the old files of columnists is difficult to figure. Rory Calhoun's public relations man planted this in some gazettes. Rory, the paragraph disclosed, "likes the one about the Texan who was introduced to bagels and lox (Nova Scotia salmon) in LIndy's on Broadway. He enjoyed the new-to-him delicacy so much that he feasted on it there daily for a fortnight. When he departed for his home State he complimented the headwaiter: 'Bagels and lox are the tastiest thing I've had in New York. But tell me, please—which is the Bagel and which is the Lox?'

An amusing anecdote in 1962. But it was new when we credited it to June Aser in The Vaudeville News in 1922. And to a collection of (Continued on page 74)
MACFADDEN BOOKS FOR ENTERTAINING... STIMULATING...INFORMATIVE READING

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Continued from page 72

various “wits” during the past forty years when some press-agent submitted it.

We are a pushover for a stale joke or a stale bagel.

A PHOTOPLAY reader submits this one: Lovely Belinda Lee, the British actress killed in the U.S. last year (in a Vegas Highway motor crash) ended her promising career with a sad bit of irony. Her last film was “Way of the Wicked.” Every blighty movie reviewer hailed her performance as Big-Star quality.

While Belinda lived she earned nothing but lukewarm notices. The “Wicked” picture might have been her Big Hit.

Cliff Robertson (under contract to Columbia Pictures for one film a year) “told off” one of the studio chiefs via the phone: That unless they gave him a good story he wanted out from the contract. It has two years to run.

The star reportedly told the Head Man: “You’ve got a disgruntled actor on your hands and a disgruntled actor isn’t worth a tinker’s damn to the studio. I want out from you and from my agency. Neither has done anything for me. All my teevee jobs I’ve gotten myself!”

The star’s publicity director delivered the ukase over the phone to Cliff’s job-finder. “I won’t let it happen,” he assured, “I’ll look into it at once.”

“So far,” adds the star’s pals, “nothing’s happened.”

That’s why it’s been called Hollywood.

Back-stage Tears: She was one of the slant-eyesfilms in the “Miss Chinatown, USA” pageant at San Francisco. She hoped to win The Crown to help her inherit a movie contract. But she came in a runner-up. Stranded on the west coast—she wired her former boss in Brooklyn for assistance. He suggested she return to her job hostessing at China Night, his chow-meinery.

Don’t let one defeat get you down, Margie. Wong. France Nuyen, Nancy Kwan, Jackie Chan and other girls became good actresses because they lost.

Paste this on your boudoir mirror, Margie: A champion is one who gets up for one more round.

Thatz Showbiz, Dearie: Vivien Leigh stars in “The Roman Spring of Mrs.,” etc. movie. But at the “nabes” (the New York neighborhood theaters) they gave top billing to newcomer Warren Beatty.

In 1936 “The Children’s Hour” was advertised: “For Adults!”

Now, it’s for children. In fact, many people think it’s a show for tots on TV.

Danish television, says a Radio City exec, will offer sixteen experimental programs beamed to schools during the day. At night it will be beamed to parents. Subject: Sex education.

Madison Avenue ad agency program-spoilers cannot understand why no crime program has been renewed in Austria.

Jerry Lewis’ new restaurant in H’Wood referred to a couple because the lady wore slax.

Jerry, a lifted-pinky looks silly.

Talullah Bankhead helped enrich the Stork Club when she sat at Table 50 (served for celebs) and supped in slax. “How come you allow that?”’ owner Billingsley was asked.

“Miss Bankhead,” he coo’d, “in slax and with that figure makes a swell floor show!”

In Hollywood for “The Untouchables” this narrator visited 20th Century-Fox to watch Alice Faye, our former Leading Lady emote in the re-issue “State Fair.” The girl we first met when she was a thrush at the old Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway (now The Latin Quarter) starred in “Wake Up and Live” in 1936. Ben Bernie and this heckler were in that cast. Now in ’62 Alice had the stagecrew and cast of “State Fair” weeping cause of her big-time pretending. Suchadoll!

Quote from Hugh O’Brien: “Young actors in movies today, however good, can never get across to the public the way you can on TV.” Hear that, Rock Hudson?

We were purchasing PHOTOPLAY at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel drugstore the other issue when one of the staff gave us this unpublished Judy Garland vignette.

The star went there for a soda one evening and while it was being made she whisked to the magazine counter executive: “Put every movie magazine you have in a big paper bag or something. I don’t want my public to know what a movie-mag fan I really am!”

Lovers everywhere (especially The Losers) are recommended to a book of love-songs called “Of Stars and Dust” by Robert H. Nolan. He has authored movies and TV programs. The publisher is Shamrock Publishing Co., Houston, Texas.

Our favorite (in the night-table must) this is four-liner:

Cries the sunset, then the blackaess,
Still and husked in darkened gloom.
Cries the sunrise, light with laughter .
Or was it You came in the room?

The End

Walter Winchell narrates “The Untouchables,” ABC-TV, Thursday, 10 P.M. EDT.

Continued from page 31

were laughing so hard at Tony blowing up balloons. If they didn’t explode in his face, they flew out of his mouth.

All the girls were laughing—Janet, Barbara, Douglass, Jackie Gershwin, Jeanne Martin.

No one knew what they were laughing at. Once it was when Dean started eating ice cream and cake. That’s pretty funny.

The kids played games and laughed some more. The noise was deafening, but no one seemed to mind.

“Come in for supper time at my house,” quipped Dean. “Every meal is like the mess call at Boys’ Town.”

Dean is father of seven, you know.

Tony, fast-talking, stopped and reflected for a minute. Perhaps he thought of Bernie Schwartz who spend his childhood in a cold-water flat in the Bronx. Did he have a birthday party when he was a kid?

He probably did because his parents, though poor, were rich in love. But he never had a birthday party like this—that’s for certain.

Perhaps his eye swept the Curtis backyard. Bernie Schwartz, child of the city streets, had come a long way. He was Tony Curtis now, a movie star, one of the Golden Dozen.

The Golden Dozen—a charmed circle of the big money-makers in the movie industry.

That stature had brought him all this... his huge mansion filled with thousands of dollars worth of original paintings... his Rolls-Royce parked in the driveway and his huge backyard which is really too big, according to Beverly Hills standards, to be called a backyard. It’s practically a football field when measured from its highest point—where the party was held—down to the pool and poolhouse area.

Tony could have been thinking about all this when he reflected a moment from the party’s gaiety.

It was only a moment, but in that brief instant her eyes flashed, and she always did, toward the pool. It’s a big pool, almost Olympic size, and very deep.

Tony had often thought about the pool—a luxury one is almost forced to have. They’re getting as common as patios in Southern California. But they can be a nuisance, too. Especially on a day when there are lots of kids around whooping it up at a birthday party.

Kids too little to know how to swim.

Tony laughed and joked with the others but, somehow, he couldn’t relax. His nervous, quick glances, so familiar to moviegoers, kept reverting to the pool area.

No one was there, but he kept looking.

The laughter continued. The squawling continued. The chatter and easy banter continued.

It was fun—a barrel of fun for the kids and their parents. But Tony was on edge. He must have sensed that if anything were to happen to mar their perfect afternoon—any tragedy or near-tragedy—it would come from the pool.

Anyone who owns a pool has a kind of built-in sixth sense, especially when someone is present who can’t swim. And Tony is no different.

Or perhaps he remembered all too clearly the tragedy of Lou Costello. How often he had heard Lou, now gone, talk about the pool tragedy at his home—the time little Lou, Jr., the only boy in the Costello family, had tumbled to his death in the tiny pool.

“It only took a second—just one second of forgetfulness,” Lou had lamented for the rest of his life. Everyone who knew Lou had heard that lament.

Maybe this is what Tony was thinking about as he chatted with Kirk and Dean. Who knows but Tony?

The words were show business talk— you know, gay talk, strictly fun talk.
And as they talked, Tony watched the pool. Suddenly, his voice stopped in mid-sentence. There was a ripple in the pool. Nothing more was visible, just a ripple. He didn’t stop to think. He ran. He ran full-speed like a college halfback out-racing his pursuers to the goal line. When he reached the pool, he jumped in—clothes and all.

So frantic was Tony’s dash, so terrifying the look on his face, that Kirk Douglas, strictly on a father’s impulse, followed him into the pool, clothes and all, to help.

But Tony’s quick, expert-like dive had him already above water with his arms filled before Kirk could halt his dive. A hush fell over the party. Not all had seen Tony’s mad dash, nor Kirk’s either. Janet had and she was at poolside.

As Tony handed the tiny armful over to Janet, she both realized that it was their Jamie who had fallen into the pool—and hadn’t come up.

Let Janet tell it:

“Tony turned white when he realized it was his own child. He could only say: ‘God must have nudged me.’”

And indeed God had, for little Jamie had barely fallen in when her father pulled her to safety—red and soaking, but otherwise none the worse for the experience.

“There was no one in the pool,” Janet recalls. “Suddenly, I saw Tony cry in amazement. What’s that ripple there?”

“At that, he raced like I’ve never seen him race and dived into the pool clothes and all. He didn’t know who had fallen in—or if anyone had fallen in. He just saw a suspicious ripple that made him act on instinct. Can you imagine how he must have felt when he went under and found his own child there? He turned white. I’ve never seen him so shocked.”

It was a miracle.

Tony had performed a heroic deed, but as he put it; “It was more miraculous than heroic. You don’t have to be heroic to pull a small child out of a swimming pool. You just have to be fortunate enough to get there in time. Thank God I did.

“I’m not trying to sound humble. I’m just trying to be grateful to God who must have made me run down that hill and dive into the pool. I didn’t see anything but a ripple.

“If I had stopped to think, I might have been too late. I hate to think about it.”

But he did do some serious thinking after the shock wore off. I found out about it when I went to visit the Curtises a few weeks after the incident occurred.

Janet asked if I minded talking down by the pool. As we chatted, I couldn’t help but notice the activity on the diving board. It was so unusual that I took my eyes away from the shapely Janet, who was wearing a bikini she had bought on the French Riviera.

There, on the diving board, was tiny Jamie. With her was a husky, athletic-type whom I immediately figured was a college boy earning extra money.

Jamie was on the edge of the board crying—but she knew she couldn’t turn back. The instructor was right behind her, kind but firm. Jamie, like all of her sex, must have sensed that there comes a time—and a person—when tears are useless, a point-of-no-return.

“Jamie,” prodded Janet, “you must listen to Gary. Do what he tells you. He’ll be watching you every minute. Remember what Daddy said.”

At these words, Jamie jumped off the deep end of the pool. She paddled, doggie-style, to the ladder and climbed up.

Once again Gary put her on the end of the board. Jamie cried—some more, but off she went. Over and over the dive was repeated—so were the tears, but they diminished as the child gained confidence.

Unable to contain my curiosity, I asked Janet the reason for this relentless instruction, almost speed-up torture.

“Are you afraid that you may instill a deathly fear of water in the child if you push her so hard?”

It was then that Janet told me the story of the birthday party.

“Tony called Gary, who taught Kelly to swim, and insisted that he make Jamie water-safe. That’s what he’s doing.”

When the lesson was over, Jamie took off her suit and walked over to her mother, the cutest little nudist you ever saw. Janet wrapped a towel around her and held her close for several minutes.

“My little girl gets a cuddling for being such a good swimmer,” she murmured.

A happy picture to a story that—miraculously—had a happy ending. The newspapers never got the story—that’s the way Tony and Janet wanted it. But it’s a day in their lives that they’ll never be able to forget. Even now, whenever Tony thinks of Jamie’s close brush with death, he can’t help crying a little . . . crying inside.

—JIM BACON

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astounding. For Mankiewicz feels that there is no credible love situation on screen unless it exists to some extent off screen.

Mankiewicz, working day and night, has written the hottest love scenes ever to be seen in any movie for the epic "Cleopatra." With the sexy Egyptian queen as his inspiration and with her reputation for entracing every man she came in contact with, Mankiewicz has conjured a movie handling history that is rushed and not adequately the climax of this creation is capped by Liz Taylor, the queen of the screen, who is interpreting her canny Cleo, not as she might have been, but as Cleo herself might have dreamed of being.

For the fact is, Joe Mankiewicz, more than anyone else, is aware that on this film and its effect on audiences of the world rests not only the future of a major studio (20th Century-Fox) but maybe even the destiny of the motion picture industry itself. Spyros Skouras, president of 20th is banking on "Cleopatra" to secure his own position in the faltering film company and to reinstate 20th's crumbling empire. And what Skouras wants, Mankiewicz wants to get him. So the responsibility is crushing.

But Mankiewicz has more than Skouras in mind. He is determined that "Cleopatra" will be his crowning achievement. To Joe Mankiewicz this is more of a life-and-death struggle than it is for Skouras or 20th Century-Fox and its stockholders. Mankiewicz has personally dedicated himself to making this movie an incredible masterpiece.

And this brings us to the movies' love scenes and Elizabeth's real love-life.

A tidal wave of emotion

Because the love scenes are after all the meat of the life of the Vixen of the Nile, Mankiewicz created love scenes for Liz and Burton that are tremendously exciting. So convincing was his conception and execution of these love scenes that Liz Taylor and Richard Burton themselves were swept out to sea in a tidal wave of emotion that virtually drowned their own sense of reality and caused a havoc of scandal.

Mankiewicz brought Liz and Burton together directing them to feel each other's pounding hearts, to hear each other's passionate breathing and ordering them to react to each other not as if they were Cleopatra and Antony but exactly as though they were the ill-fated lovers incarnate.

And Liz and Burton are possibly two of the best direction-takers in the entire acting colony. Liz is no make-believer in her acting. Nor is Shakespearean-trained, hot-blooded Welshman Burton a pretender. Both belong to the "I'm a kick-ass woman" school of acting, not the "I will be." What Liz portrays, Liz lives and breathes. And what Burton says, Burton feels with every fiber of his soul. They also possess in common a spectacular earthiness and directness—traits for which they both have been censured and criticized.

That's why, to those who know them well, there was nothing but the inevitable in the heady celluloid kisses and caresses. Mankiewicz knew this. Mankiewicz planned this. He deliberately staged the setting for his principals and launched them on their way to a real as well as reel climax of attraction right in front of the rolling cameras.

And then he closed the love-scenes to all non-participating personnel.

And when Mankiewicz bars, he bars everybody with a capital E. In this case the capital E stood for Eddie.

That was when things really came to a head.

Eddie could not stand for this affinity. He, the husband of the star herself, was not permitted onstage to watch his wife at work. He was put into the position of consort rather than husband.

There is no doubt in the minds of the people "in the know" that this death-to-the-ego edict of Mankiewicz precipitated violent dissension in the Fisher household.

There is no doubt that Eddie, watching his wife's complete involvement in her love scenes and her studied indifference and chronic fatigue in their own household, felt that something had gone out of their lives—that oneness they had so recently shared.

No matter that the explanations were sound and sensible and that Cleopatra and Antony should not be distracted by the presence of family or friends in these scenes.

No matter how he appraised the situation and no matter how tactful Mankiewicz was about closing the set, Eddie faced the realization that Liz could have and should have countermanded that order and allowed him on the set. This painful acknowledgement, more than Mankiewicz's edict, hurt Eddie . . . and later made him angry.

The recriminations, the words that passed between the Fishers can only be surmised. But the evidence that they had lost their blissful "all-alone-together-in-a-crowd-looking" was obvious. They stopped reaching out to touch each other's hands or give a quick kiss or wink in passing. They stopped looking in love.

Around the villa, Eddie was patently miserable. Everywhere he looked he felt Elizabeth smothering his thoughts and feelings. Her nail polish on a table, her script pages at her bedside, her cosmetics in their bathroom—all combined to aggrandise the misery and aloofness he felt. He dedicated himself to the children—to Mike and Chris and adorable Lisa and their newly adopted German Shepherd, Maria, not strong enough at eleven months to try to walk as other babies do. For a while it was fun, but when the children continuously asked for "Momma," Eddie had to choke back his emotions and explain she was working at the studio.

If Eddie hadn't left . . .

Finally, Eddie decided to go to their chateau in Gstaad, Switzerland. Unfortunately, many observers say, if Eddie had not so impulsively left Elizabeth, the subsequent events that saw her once again being bundled unconscious into an ambulance and rushed to a hospital, fighting once more to stay alive, might never have happened.

There were so many conflicting reports about the nature of Elizabeth's sudden and mysterious illness on that February night that they are all best discounted entirely. Everyone connected with the picture and with Eddie and Liz had surprisingly novel views of the "hug and kiss" that felled her. Liz's secretary, Dick Hanratty, arrived at 20th's "chili beans" and the doctors' "spoiled oysters" stories and said that Elizabeth was just tired and needed a rest. But doctors don't pump a patient's stomach if there is no food or other kind of poisoning—especially when the patient's health is as sensitive as Elizabeth's.

No one can really believe the whispers that intimated that Elizabeth in remorse, in regret, in indecision and in solitude swallowed tranquillizers in dangerous dosage. Those who know her well know Elizabeth is incapable of even the thought of suicide—much less the act itself. But the fact does remain that her blood pressure, according to hospital records, dropped dangerously low as it does in food or drug poisoning.

While she lay unconscious, Eddie was called to Switzerland. But Eddie had already left for Portugal to meet Milton Blackstone who was there on personal business. Blackstone's presence at that particular moment of crisis in Eddie's domestic life indicated that Eddie again had need of Blackstone's advice. Reached in Portugal and told of Liz's startling hospitalization, Eddie and Blackstone chartered a plane and rushed to Rome.

Burton in Paris had also been alerted to the situation and he caught the first plane back, saying he intended to visit her at the hospital.

Eddie arrived in Rome, and rushed wildly out to the hospital looking distressed and oddly stern. There he was informed that sorry, but husband or not, Mrs. Fisher was not to have any visitors until her blood pressure showed improvement. Picture yourself if you can in Eddie's nervous shoes—wild with worry and contriteness and who knows how many other conflicting emotions, being told you were not going to be allowed to see your wife, to hold her hand, to encourage her back to health, to measure her "will to live" saying presence.

Eddie Fisher was, as Eddie Fisher had every right to be, stunned.

"Why don't they use books like all the other charm schools?"
A triangle in their midst

That was what started the gossip. Rivulets of rumors began trickling out. For now that some of the Fisher linen had been hung up to public view, friends and co-workers openly discussed what they called, "the unmistakable symptoms of a triangle" in their midst.

It was the kind of sudden scandal that is unwieldy to deal with. It was hampered somewhat by the language barrier and by the complete confusion and devastating fear of far-reaching repercussions, not only to the people involved, but to a studio and industry as well.

The publicity people at Cinecitta Studios and the press associated with Liz and Burton were foolishly naive and uncoordinated in their reactions, and as a result of conflicting lies, pandemonium broke out.

Burton's agent made the worst mistake when he issued a statement over Burton's name but without his admitted knowledge, that there was positively no romantic attachment between Liz and himself. All the denial did was to make what had before been only whispered about now become a public issue. The statement banalized across the front pages of the world, the secret-secret might-be triangle that up till then was still very much "blind item fodder" and "inside-the-trade-talk." The shattering impact of the agent's statement lost him his job and very nearly cost Liz and Burton all they held dear in life.

As the gossip raged, Eddie seethed. The hospital bulletin boards were a specialty of her leisure, personally, from a nurse. One hour stretched to two, two to four, four dragged onward to six, and then seven long, unbelievable hours later, Eddie was summoned to the hospital at last to see his wife. She was pale and shaky but recovered just enough to be her slightly defiant self. Whatever passed between them at that meeting will probably remain in their secret for life. But it was no secret that Eddie left the hospital a short time later looking very much like he himself...
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ALL IN JUST 90 DAYS!
them clearly, through the mist of tears she saw one other thing, It was her husband's pearl-encrusted sword, hanging above the mantel.

How beautiful it was! As beautiful as on the day she had seen it first, so many years ago. That day she had touched it reverently, because it symbolized the fulfillment of John's first dream—to become an officer of the Marines.

How many years had passed since that day of shining pride? How many think had changed?

The changes had begun with the sword, for it had divided fast from present, one life from another, one way of love from another way.

Once—long before the sword and all that it meant came into their lives—Annie Castor and John Glenn, Jr. were inseparable. They had known each other so long that Annie could not remember meeting John for the first time—they had always been together. When she searched her memory, she decided that they were probably six and seven—she the older—when they became "pals." They played together until one day they looked up with new eyes and each saw the other. Not as the dear friend, but as the one—the only—dearly beloved, now and forever. After that they were no longer playmates but "steadies." They went on to high school, they danced instead of playing games. But still together, Annie and John, always together.

Puppy loves the older and wiser called it. Maybe it would last, they said; maybe it wouldn't. Last or not, it burned then with a warmth that gave buoy to their successes, comfort to their failures. When John played the lead in the senior play and sang in the choir at church, it was Annie he looked to for the approval that really mattered. Her shining eyes counted more than all the applause and praise. When he made only the second team at football, it was she who consoled him for the impatient hours of bench-warming while other boys ran and tackled and scored (poor John, who was known even then for wanting things so much!) and made him see that it really didn't matter. (So that years later, when Life Magazine wrote him up as a big high school football star, John Glenn was able to laugh about it.)

But she was not only on the sidelines of his life; there were many things they shared equally. Their love of God, for example. At the Presbyterian Church, Annie played hymns on the organ and John sang. She took church doctrines very seriously and John agreed, even once berating his friend Ed Houk for singing "Hail, hail, the gang's all here, what the hell do we care, after both boys had taken a vow against using profanity. Little things, all, but part of the fabric of their

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

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

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

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

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

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

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

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

Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness.
young lives. They were bound so close that even the food they ate and the prayers they said were still another thread of the bond between them. Annie and John—never apart.

John went on to Muskingham College, right in New Concord where they lived. And though all the girls looked at John, he looked only at Annie. But then came the war. America’s fleet was crippled at Pearl Harbor, and her island stronghold in the Pacific were conquered one by one. John Glenn read the papers and now he began to look past Annie—he began to look at the stars.

“I want to be a pilot,” he said. “I must fight in the war.” And of course that was to be expected of John, who loved his country, loved his God and was never one for half-way measures. Annie was proud of him when he took civilian flying lessons, then quit college for the Marines.

Their first separation

And thus the sword lured him away from her.

Away went John and Annie—together no longer. Of course, millions of girls and millions of fellows were separated by the war. Of course it was a good thing to test love by the trial of separation, in which puppy love would surely fail and true love endure. And of course there were letters and phone calls and weekend leaves. (But would Annie Castor have been human if just once she had not asked herself, Did he have to go before he was called? If he loved me as much as I love him, wouldn’t he have waited? Has any woman said goodbye to her man without asking that, in her heart, if only once?)

In the spring John came home wearing gold wings and a trim blue uniform, and, love having endured, he and Annie were married on a sunny April day. “Till death do us part,” the marriage service read, and surely it seemed to them that that was how it would be, John and Annie together again. God had joined them together. No man would put them asunder.

But the war sundered them, quickly enough. They had a honeymoon in California while John trained. They had a baby, too, a son they called David. He was old enough to wave bye-bye but not to know what it meant when John went to the Pacific to fly against the Japanese enemy.

Annie knew, though, “It broke my heart.” So John wrote her the most wrenching love letter, the kind that neither she nor John could face it openly. So: “I’m going down to the corner store and buy some chewing gum,” said John Glenn, on his way to war. “Well, don’t take too long,” said Annie, his wife, not knowing if she would ever see him again.

Love. What does love become, stretched across thousands of miles, squeezed into little words on V-mail stationery, in danger of sudden death by flame and bullet, of slow death by time and distance? How does love survive in a woman whose heart is broken, and a man whose skill and thought is given over to staying alive while dealing in death? John and Annie, together no longer—what becomes of them?

John won five Distinguished Service Flying Crosses and an Air Medal with eighteen clusters. He was a hero, one of the most decorated Marine pilots of World War II. Annie Glenn received the news and congratulations with quiet, smiling pride.

(But was there ever a woman who sent a man off to war without thinking, I don’t want a hero—I only want him to come home alive. Let the men who have no families, the men less loved, take the risks. Let my man remember me and take care of himself.)

Home again . . . alive

Somebody bigger took care of John Glenn. He came home from the war alive and well. Did he find things a little changed? Was David bigger than the snapshots had shown? Were Annie’s dark eyes a shade more solemn, matured by waiting, by loneliness, by fear? Had John himself changed, back there in the daily company of death?

Two new people picked up the threads of an old love. Surely those threads had changed, surely a little of the shine had rubbed off under pressure, surely they formed a new pattern now, of man and woman, father and mother, instead of boy and girl. But equally sure, the pressures had made the strands stronger, and the pattern, though more complex, was more beautiful.

Love had changed, but love endured. Out of love, a new life was born. They named the little girl Carolyn and called her Lyn. Now life was good and love was easy once again. Annie raised her children and worked for charity. John did his job as an officer and taught in Sunday School. Annie and John—together once more.

But the Korean War came next. Lyn was a big girl of five when she, like her brother before her, saw her father off to war.

(Did Annie Glenn, leading her children home from the airport on that chilly day in 1953, say to herself, He fought in the last one, the war that was to be the end of wars. There are those who did not fight then. Why must he go a second time? If she thought it, she rejected it at once. But what wife wouldn’t have thought it?)

John became a hero again. It was his nature to be quietly, efficiently, almost casually a hero. His crew referred to their plane (officially the Lyn-Annie-Dave) as a flying doily, so full of holes was it. But to Annie Glenn, waiting at home once more, posing her children for smiling pictures to send to Korea, all that mattered was that the doily of life was flying.

Eventually John came home again, safe and sound. Surely her prayers were prayers of Thanksgiving now. Thank you, God, for past dangers safely survived, thank you for this present moment of homecoming, but thank you most of all for the quiet future ahead, for the fearless nights and happy days I will know, when death is not in every ring of the doorbell and the phone.

He courted new danger

But that was not to be the future for Annie Castor Glenn and her husband and her family. Because John had decided to become a test pilot. He was going to take into the air the new, untried machines and see if they were safe for other men to fly.

Why? Because John Glenn, with his dozens of combat missions, his medals, his luck and his faith and his extraordinary ability to handle air and sea, knew himself qualified for the job of protecting other pilots’ lives by risking his own. Because someone had to do it. And John Glenn was a man who could not leave a duty undone.

But to Annie Glenn, did it not mean that never, never, never would she see her husband off to his work without wondering if she would see him for the last time of all? Never, never say goodbye without wondering if she were saying it forever? (How many women would have cried out, No, I have borne enough for love of you—now give up this one duty for the sake of your duty, your love, to me, how many would have added to their prayers one more: Lord, make him change his mind; Lord, make him stay on the ground?)

John Glenn tested the Navy’s planes. broke the coast-to-coast speed record, did many a dangerous feat and lived to do another. And Annie cooked his supper as if she knew for sure that he would come home safe to it. She prayed—but she also learned to take an interest in the technical aspects of her husband’s job, and never to take note of the fear any more. Their children grew up bright and strong and friendly. And love—love bent beneath the burden of danger it was never to escape and emerged smiling and strong. Love showed in John Glenn’s face when he came home saying, “Hi, Smith,” to his wife, in memory of the easy days of love and youth. Love lived in Annie’s eyes, still calm; in her faith, unshaken; in her fingers, playing hymns of Thanksgiving on the electric organ for John and the children to sing. And if ever fear crowded in despite all defenses, she could remind herself that what she did, thousands of other service wives did. That John’s risks and duties were not, after all, unique.

But when her husband came home to tell her that there was a new project afoot—
to put a man into space—and he wished to be a candidate for that role; that he had been told he was too old but thought he had a scheme to get into the project anyway—then did Annie Glenn's heart sink in spite of herself? For this was uncharted country, unknown risk, toward which John now yearned. Did she harbor a tiny hope that this time he would fail to achieve his dream?

The ultimate risk!

He succeeded, of course. He wrestled the assignment of “observer” of another man’s tests, and when the man failed, John Glenn stepped forward and offered to try. He passed the tests, of course. He became a space candidate, one of the ultimate elite, one of the tiny group of Astronauts.

Now surely not even faith could prevent Annie from knowing that John’s days might well be numbered. Even John Glenn’s luck could not last forever; not even John Glenn’s skill assure a return from the unknown shores of space. Now every moment, every second of John-and-Annie-together was doubly precious. For each might be the last.

But given his choice, John Glenn chose to live not at home with his family in the new house in Arlington, but on the base where the Astronauts trained. Where he could study, work, practice his role every waking minute.

And so, for three long years, love had only phone calls and weekends and hurried visits in which to store the precious memories it might have to live on forever. Now Annie Glenn once more raised her children without their father, followed scientific news as she had once followed battle reports. Day followed day, each one hurrying toward the moment when time might stop forever for Annie Glenn.

Now she was told that John was not to be the first man into space, but merely a possible last-minute substitute. (How disappointed he was, how stricken the town of New Concord!) But until the moment when Alan Shepard shot through the earth’s atmosphere, leaving John behind, Annie waited and prayed and kept herself calm enough to walk a golf course with a club in her hand.

And now she was told that her husband would be the first man put into orbit. Now she said goodbye to him in person, and goodbye again on the telephone as he lay strapped in his capsule. (“I’m going down to the corner store. . . .”) Well, don’t take too long, she had fixed chili for the crowd in her living room, and stared at the three television sets on which the moment of his death might appear—and then heard that the shot was called off, to be scheduled again tomorrow, or the next day or week or month. She would have to begin all over again.

“. . . and women must weep”

At last the day came. There were no more postponements. This time it was real. This time Annie Glenn rose at dawn, kissed her children, welcomed her neighbors, ate her breakfast, looked out at the reporters trampling the ivy on her lawn, turned to the television sets, saw the capsule shot into air, wept—and then ceased to weep. And all the while, with its changing burden of Annie-and-John-together, Annie-and-John-apart. hung in the balance.

In Life Magazine, Landon Wainwright wrote of the moment when John Glenn lifted from the earth toward the stars: “Three years of hope, of disappointment, of anger, of loneliness, of joy, of all the feelings that Glenn and his wife and children had shared during that period, were plunging toward their dangerous terminal instant in time.” He was right—but only partly right. For it was not three years, but a lifetime which came to its climax in that moment.

We know, of course, how the story ended, for its end was written in headlines, shown in pictures, seen in the faces of a world gone joyously mad. We know of the parades and the honors, the babies named after Annie Glenn, the streets named after her husband; we have read the words of praise heaped upon them.

But is there a woman alive who thinks such a moment of glory is payment enough for the moments of terror past and to come? Who considers a day in the sun as compensation for a thousand nights in the dark of fear and loneliness? Who would dream that a goodbye, like all John Glenn’s goodbyes, could be wiped away by words of praise for her fortitude, spoken by strangers?

Where Annie gets her courage

No, the rewards and medals, the praise and the parades—these are not the things that make Annie Glenn’s life the thing of faith and beauty that it is. These are not the hopes that balance the fears, these are not what enable her to face the future as she has the past. This is not why Annie is able to keep her head high when love changes; when time stops; when, again and again, Annie-and-John-together become Annie-and-John-apart.

No—what makes the whole thing bearable—and even worth while—is one truth. One rare and precious truth that one man put into bittersweet words three hundred years ago, as prophetically as if Richard Lovelace were writing them today for John and Annie Glenn.

Tell me not, sweet. I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much.
Loved I not honor more.

—Charlotte Diner

PHOTOGRAPHERS’ CREDITS
bulled. We want the loudmouths to think before they speak for a change.

It is in retaliation to these vicious forces that this story is dedicated. Its purpose is to make the know-it-alls stop, reconsider, look at the record. And then decide—is Eddie Fisher a weakling to be reviled... or a man with more strength of purpose than any of us suspect?

It helps to go back to the beginning.

**The years on top**

In 1954, Eddie Fisher was the hottest singer in show business. His plain, open, boyish face adorned a sea of magazine covers. Were things to do now. His fresh, strong voice had already sold more than eight million records. "The Eddie Fisher Show" was a hot spot on Mutual radio, "Coke Time" a hit on NBC-TV.

Eddie Fisher was Mr. Success that year. Rich. On top.

Then Success Boy met Starlet.

Debbie Reynolds had been around a long time in Hollywood, but up to then the public paid little notice. She had dated all the pretty boys and muscle men.

Result: nothing.

Then, suddenly, Debbie became M-G-M's hottest property, and the fans fell head over heels in love with their new image—a shiny-nosed girl in dungarees, another "girl next door."

Result: miracle.

"Saw Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds holding hands, looking like a couple of teenagers in a N.Y. record shop," gloated Dorothy Kilgallen.

The public took it from there. They knew exactly what they wanted. Nothing would do but that Boy Scout and Girl Scout hike to the altar. The couple received unprecedented publicity. "We want time to think it over," Eddie protested. And while they were thinking, Debbie collected her trousseau.

By 1955, the Philadelphia kid who once sang from the back of his father's vegetable truck, was hotter than ever. At Christmas, he and Debbie, with a man in a nutria coat and Thunderbird to match, he played the London Palladium in the spring, dutifully married in June. The diamond was insured for $20,000, and the honey-moon lasted eight weeks.

In 1956, the Fishers, parents of a baby girl, attended the wedding of their good friends, Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Todd, in Acapulco. Ironically, a Mexican reporter saw the all-American lovebirds, surmised they were there for a divorce and published a story to that effect.

New Year's Eve, 1957, found the Todds and Fishers flying down to Palm Springs together in Mike's plane.

It was late after midnight that September, 1958, when Eddie picked up the phone and heard Elizabeth Taylor, widowed only a few weeks before, sobbing at the other end: "I had a terrible nightmare. Can you come over?"

He dressed and rushed out. Elizabeth poured out her grief. Eddie comforted her. They went home.

But after that night, nothing was ever the same.

By 1959, it had already begun to happen—the ebb in Eddie's career.

He had sold millions of hit records, been the public's golden boy for five years. Except he wasn't a boy any more. He was a man. The wheel of fortune swung away. Record sales began to drop. His TV ratings sagged.

At home, Debbie told him, "At least we've got one hit record in the family." The record, of course, was "Tammy." Her. Debbie was already twice the star he was.

But, even though his fans were beginning to forget him, there was someone who still had faith in him, who needed him just as he was.

That person was Elizabeth Taylor. As far as Liz was concerned, Eddie reminded her of the happiest days of her life. The days with Mike.

When the Fishers opened Eddie to a young Mike Todd. Mike himself had said, "I'd be proud to have him as my kid."

**His punishment began**

Eddie left home for two days in 1959 and came back two weeks later. During that period, five of the unpalatable sin: He decided to leave Debbie and marry Liz.

Then his public really deserted him.

When the story broke with the fury of a flood tide, Debbie was photographed with her children, a diaper pin on her blouse. Her public never forgot that picture,
or did they ever let Eddie forget. When Debbie said, pathetically, "I never knew he didn't love me," Eddie was doomed. He was now type-cast as the heartless villain. And if Debbie had any part in the marriage failure—and there were those of us who think a marriage is a 50-50 proposition—she gave no sign.

And Eddie kept quiet. If Debbie had ever been cold or unkind, he never said so.

When the rage of his former adoring fans threatened to drag him under, he never said, "Wait—that's not true—listen to my side."

He lost his TV show, he lost his following—but he never lost his dignity. And he never contested the property settlement with Debbie.

When someone asked, "Why didn't you fit it? Why didn't you stay with Debbie—then do what you pleased on the side, like everybody else does?" he shook his head.

The day Eddie left Debbie, she was crowned Miss Pathetic Soul in the hearts of the nation. The man who had helped give her career the boost it needed at the right moment. Divorcing him gave her public sympathy as never before.

But for Eddie, the wheel spun in reverse. Meeting Debbie contributed to his eclipse as a unique personality in his own right. Marrying her turned Eddie's image into "Marrying Eddie." Divorcing her brought him only outrage, hatred.

In the same way, fortune turned her head on Liz. Marrying a man who "belonged" to Debbie made Liz the arch villainess. She was damned as a sorceress with an angel's face. But when she nearly died last year of pneumonia, public resentment faded and transformed into sympathy. Could she hold the world—no matter how disappointing—be without the world's most beautiful woman?

Today, Liz is, if anything, a bigger star than the day she married Eddie Fisher.

Eddie, on the other hand, is one of the most pitiable victims the public has ever set out to destroy.
His descent has been as diabolically swift, as brutally sure, as if the devil of revenge himself had done the plotting.

Only a few short weeks after his marriage to Liz, Eddie told a reporter wryly: "We’ve had the usual problems of every young couple—like receiving 7000 threatening letters a week."

When he gambled, the report circulated: "He seems to be turning into another Nicky Hilton," in reference to Liz' first cast-off mate.

When he signed to take a part in “Butterfield 8,” in which Liz starred, columnists sneered: “Everybody’s saying it was Liz who pleaded with her studio to hire him.”

A magazine printed the item: "She wanted to buy a monkey and he hated monkeys, and suddenly the monkey was right there in the house with him and he was wondering where he’d lost the right to assert himself."

By late 1961, when Liz went to Italy to star in “Cleopatra,” newspapers pointed out that Eddie was rather pathetically "scooting around" for a movie to make in Europe.

Rumors of a split in the marriage seemed to be the least straw in a long series of failures since his marriage to Debbie ended and his career took a turn for the worst.

Yet the bullies still screamed for blood.

They needed a scapegoat—Eddie was it.

The Eddie Fisher no one knows

Meantime, those who have known and loved him wait tensely for the outcome.

His mother waits sadly, fearfully. She remembers another day, another Eddie: "He looked and acted happier than I’d ever seen him. I said of the day he and Liz were married. Today, he looks tired, hurt, like a man condemned for a crime he does not understand.

She remembers too, the morning the flowers came, pink rosesbuds and tiny orchids in a milk glass container, with a card that said: "Merry Christmas. Happy Chanukah. Happy Yom Kippur. Happy Christmas. Happy Easter. Happy Thanksgiving. Happy Happy Happy Day. Happy Birthday." It was signed "Sonny Boy," the pet name she has always had for Eddie. It was his way of making up for the fact that Debbie, perfection in the hearts of her fans, had never sent a note, a card or a picture of the children to a lonesome grandmother for nearly a year.

His daughter Carrie must remember him, now as a coward, as a man who filled the firm authority children need and respect. People used to ask her, "What does your father do?" And she would say, "My father sings!"

Maybe, too, she remembers the night Eddie stood onstage at the Tropicana in Las Vegas. Her grandmother brought her to see the show, and she became swept up in the excitement. She bounced in her seat and called for "my daddy." The commotion threatened to break up the show, but Eddie stopped in the middle of a song, looked straight at Carrie and said without sign of fluster or anger, "Will that little girl please sit down and be quiet." Carrie sat.

Recently, a sorrowful friend made this comment about Eddie’s tragic fall: "We always forced him to play a part. We wanted him to be a boy. But he became a man in spite of us. We wanted him and Debbie to stay together whether they were happy or not. When Eddie had the courage to come forward, we never forgave him for not living up to the image we had created for him. I say he showed strength, not weakness."

Another sees it this way: "We’re such hypocrites! We go to church and talk about behaving like Christians. Yet, when somebody does turn the other cheek, the way Eddie has, the world’s swirling around and calls him a sucker. All he gets is contempt."

Nevertheless, the “Coke Kid” of a few years ago remained the villain. In spite of certain unalterable facts:

He has never said a word against Debbie publicly, despite her statements about him.

He has never struck back at his attackers, never answered the lies and false charges.

He has adopted and cared for another man’s children as if they were his own.

He has played second fiddle gracefully, no matter how much it may have hurt him.

He has given his wife the strength she lacked alone.

He has faced rejection as a star in his own right.

He has dared to try for a comeback even when the cards were stacked against him.

He has tried to do what he believes is right for him, in the face of overwhelming ridicule.

Do’s this—the record—indicate strength or weaknesses?

This writer, for one, believes it did take more strength on the part of Eddie Fisher than most of us can ever dream: strength to stand against the strong tide of public opinion, to keep silent when your heart breaks, to ask only peace of a world that has shown no mercy.

Once, the story goes, in a quiet moment apart from the usual clamor of publicity and hate, Elizabeth Taylor read the story of Rachel from the Book of Genesis. The story of Jacob who served seven years in bondage to win Rachel, but was given Leah instead, and served another seven years because it was Rachel he truly loved.

After reading the story of ageless love and one mortal man’s dauntless heart, Elizabeth turned to her husband and said: "Now I will know what our marriage ought to mean to you. Now you know what you have to live up to."

Eddie Fisher took the Bible. He read the story aloud once more. Then he looked at his wife and said: "I would have done it for you."

In a sense, Eddie has already served nearly three years of bondage to a public that seeks not understanding, but revenge.

He has been punished, as few men are, by the embarrassment, the ridicule as a man, disgrace as a husband.

Perhaps, now, when the world at last knows what a toll the anguish has taken on Eddie—perhaps now the bullies will be satisfied and end their revenge.

Perhaps now people will look back and change their minds about a scapegoat named Eddie Fisher.

Perhaps, now, before it is too late, more electricity on the bulb will remind the bullies always forget: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

—JANE STANFORD
exposed her to appendicitis, influenza, in- 
cipient ulcers, severe colds, ruptured 
spinal discs, throat nodules, meningitis, 
tachycardia, staphylococcal pneumonia 
and, most recently in Rome, a throat hem- 
orrhage or a nervous disorder or food 
poisoning or acute fatigue, depending upon 
what edition of what newspaper you 
may read?

What is it about Elizabeth Taylor that 
seems to attract trouble, invite scandal?

What is it about Elizabeth Taylor that 
has caused her to have four marriages 
two of them ending in divorce), although 
she is but thirty years old?

What is it about Elizabeth Taylor that 
has made her one of the most infamous 
and famous woman in the world?

To answer these questions it isn't enough 
to quote Lord Byron's phrase, "the fatal 
gift of beauty," and let it go at that. 
The answer won't come, either, by examining 
each of her illnesses as an isolated example 
of physical malfunctioning, or by putting 
her marriages under a microscope and 
dissecting each one separately; or even by 
looking into any one scandalous episode 
in which she has been involved (or 
legitimately involved).

What will give you the answer is the 
overall pattern of her life and her 
behavior. To discover this we must go back 
to the beginning of her trouble, or as near 
to the beginning as authentic reports and 
records permit.

Early trouble

The roots of her trouble stem from her 
family situation when she was a child. The 
general story is well known by now, yet 
often very crucial details are omitted or 
glossed over in the telling.

Liz' mother is a frustrated actress. As 
Sara Sothern, she was just getting 
somewhere in her stage career, when she 
mixed the handsomely wealthy, "quiet" 
Francis Taylor. The word "quiet" is the 
key word in Mrs. Taylor's career; she is alternately 
puptiled to the mother. Mother is the aggressive 
one; father is "quiet" and lets mother lead.

When Elizabeth is born and grows into 
a pretty child, her mother's own desires 
to be an actress are transferred to her 
daughter. And because there's safety in 
numbers, because if one fails the other may succeed, she has the same ambition for her daughter, two years her daugh-
ter's senior. He is as handsome as her 
daughter is beautiful. He must be an actor, 
too.

So when the daughter is nine, the 
mother arranges for her to begin her screen 
career. At the Taylor dinner table there is 
nothing but talk of Elizabeth's talent. 
Elizabeth's beauty, Elizabeth's imminent 
estardom. That is, the mother talks, and 
sometimes the daughter contributes a word 
or two, while the father and son sit si-

ently, picking at their food. All Mrs. 
Taylor's energies, hopes and desires are 
devoted to making her child a success. 
Nothing else matters.

Then, for six months the child literally 
has no father. The mother and father sepa-
rate. Is it that he can't stand his wife's need to dominate? In any case, they drift back together again, but the father rep-
resents no major source of strength for the 
little girl.

Imagine the absurdity of this child's life. 
Her mother is always with her, and her 
father is . . . her father is . . . the movie 
studio. She is overprotected, overdriven, 
overstimulated. She produces emotions on 
cue before the camera; she is alternately 
pampered and pushed. She is a child with- 
out a childhood. She wants to rebel, but 
she doesn't know how to rebel. She is a 
puppet, with no inner life of her own. Her 
body doesn't belong to her; her face 
doesn't belong to her; her mind doesn't 
belong to her.

She puts the problem succinctly herself: 
"In school, at the studio, we weren't even 
allowed to stop to daydream in class. So I 
used to escape to the girl's room."

Bored . . . bored . . . bored . . .

The one word that crops up most fre-
quently in Elizabeth Taylor's description 
of her feelings about herself and the world— 
then and now—is "bored." This is what 
psychologists and psychiatrists call a 
word screen, a convenient mask to cover 
a variety of painful emotions: fear, inse-
curity, inferiority. "Bored" when young-
sters her own age ignored her; "bored" 
when no one asked her for a date when 
she was fourteen—and, again, when she 
was fifteen.

Then, according to the files on Eliza-
beth Taylor, she discovered a secret, not 
consciously, but she discovered it never-
theless. She found out that people would 
pay attention to her when she was sick or 
hurt. She was always bumping into things 
on the set, falling over her own feet, even 
getting a shiver of love in her eye. And 
they paid close attention to the girl she 
noticed her. The directors, producers, fellow-
actors and her mother would panic and 
act as if the world were coming to an end.

But most important, her father would pay 
attention to her.

In the Elizabeth Taylor file there is an 
interesting event recorded. One day she 
would complaining of severe pains in her 
legs, that she had been brought to the 
side of the set, in which she'd rest 
until it was time for her to go before 
the camera. But at the end of the day, when 
a young actor she had a crush on came 
over to visit from another set, she jumped 
out of the chair and ran over and threw 
her arms around him, revealing no trace 
of her illness and no trace of her"bored-ness."

This doesn't mean she was faking or 
malingered. A malingerer is consistent. 
He's acting. He doesn't forget to fake. He's 
doing it consciously, for a purpose. But 
Elizabeth wasn't faking. Her pains were 
real. Her condition was real.

Psychiatrists have a technical name for 
what was happening to her which simply 
means that her psychological symptoms are 
changed to physical symptoms. Let's put 
it this way: Suppose she had a wish she 
couldn't fulfill. Suppose she wanted to 
leave, to run away from the set, but was 
afraid to. So without knowing it she might 
produce leg pains, which would be her way 
of saying, "I don't want to stand on my 
own feet," or "please, won't someone sup-
port me?"

And because of the illness, she did get 
attention; the studio was thrown into a 
panic. And she didn't have to work as 
hard. Somehow, somewhere along the way, 
she began to confuse "panic" with "love."
If people panicked because of what she 
did—or didn't do, that meant that they were 
really concerned, that they really 
loved her. Becoming ill or getting injured 
became the sure-fire way for her to insure 
this panic-love reaction. Soon, therefore, 
illness took on magical proportions; it was 
a way of making people pay attention to her, 
especially her father.

Her brother fought

Her brother Howard, two years older 
than she was, had a more direct means of 
handling the situation. When his mother 
arranged a screen test for him, he showed 
up for it all right, but first he had shaved 
off all his hair. This effectively accompl-
ished two things at once: it stopped the 
test and it discouraged his mother, who 
ever again spoke of a movie career for 
Howard.

But Elizabeth had no such direct 
methods of fighting her mother.
That's the pattern of her whole life: a difficulty in relating directly and warmly to people; a confusion of panic with love. Also, of course, there is her additional and fatal curse—she is too beautiful.

Imagine what that must be like. If you're told day in and day out that you're the most beautiful girl in the world—and inside you have not the time to develop anything else of your own—no convictions, no resources, no independence, no personality—then this beauty becomes your only refuge and your only weapon. Sometimes, people use this weapon against you, and this makes you cry out, "I'm an actress. I wish they'd stop talking about my being beautiful. It makes people ignore any talent I may have." But in a crisis you yourself always fall back on your beauty, your most dependable weapon.

Yet, ironically, you're frightened at the thought of having to meet people, scared that in the mirror of their eyes you'll find out that you're not beautiful, after all. So you're late for appointments, or break them completely. Why? Because you're doing and redoing your make-up, making certain you'll be beautiful.

Elizabeth Taylor's own words in this regard are most enlightening. "What do I do for so long? Well, I tint my fingernails, then my toenails. I cut my hair. I pluck my eyebrows. I comb and brush and rebraid my hair. Also, I do all my daydreaming when I'm making up. I sit with lipstick in hand reliving a scene that took place last week, wishing I'd said that instead of that."

Daydreams. She had little besides her beauty and her daydreams. A child in a woman's body, a girl with no preparation for normal life. And suddenly this child-girl is a bride. Is there any wonder that her marriage to Nicky Hilton was over in two weeks, although it dragged on for months?

After her marriage broke up, she didn't go back to her mother. She moved from friend's house to friend's house to friend's house. It was during this period that she dated an older divorced man—Stanley Donen—and contracted a most significant illness, colitis, and contracted a most significant illness, colitis, and contracted a most significant illness, colitis.

For one thing, Wilding was twice her age. For another, he was the constant companion of Marlene Dietrich, and a girl just doesn't go after another woman's man. Definitely, Mike was a "forbidden man."

But Wilding was also handsome and sophisticated, and then again, he was like her father: mild, a gentleman, soft-spoken and passive. Once they were married, Elizabeth Taylor dominated him like her own mother had dominated her father.

Like a child herself . . .

Her relationship to the children she and Wilding had was extraordinary in its intensity. She seems to have had so much empathy that she could be like a child herself with them. And when they screamed or threw temper tantrums, she would be so moved that she had to retreat and give them over to their nurse. As she said, "I'd cry, too, if I were a child."

When she was younger, she had a similar intense devotion to her pets. And when the animals became unruly and wild, she had shied away.

During her marriage to Wilding the old illness-pattern reasserted itself. Following the birth of her first child on January 6, 1953, she spent interminable weeks in hospitals in California, Denmark and England. After the birth of her second child, on her 23rd birthday, however, she did not become ill. Instead, she sued Wilding for divorce.

Michael Todd, whom she married next, was a very different sort of man. He wasn't weak, he wasn't mild, he wouldn't be dominated. Yet he was another "forbidden man." He was also much older than she was, more than twice her age. That's the important factor, but not the important factor. The important factor was that he didn't fit at all into her parents' idea of the right husband for her. He was crude, he was loud; he was aggressive; he was the very opposite of a gentleman.

Todd treated Elizabeth Taylor the way she seemed to want to be treated: like a child. He was the permissive, affectionate, understanding father. He showered her with jewels as large as lollipops. Anything she wanted was hers. "Give me that," she'd say, and Todd would get it for her. If she'd said she wanted the stars, he'd have paid to have a handmade meal for her—out of diamonds that glowed in the dark. He made her daydreams and nightmares come true.

The manic-means-love pattern did not disappear completely. There were illnesses and operations, but Todd, the man of strength, almost changed Elizabeth Taylor's fate. Almost, until that night his plane crashed into the side of a mountain and he was killed.

After Todd's death Elizabeth Taylor was heartbroken with grief. Dark, dismal grief. For in that one death, the man who had both taught her how to love, as a mature woman and had given her the childhood she never really had, died. Then along came Eddie Fisher.

Fisher, the most "forbidden man" of all, was married to Debbie Reynolds, America's Sweetheart. Fisher was the father of two children. This was the man whom Elizabeth chose to replace Mike Todd. A marriage created out of panic, and, in turn,
creating panic that wasn't short-lived. 
Panick when the Liz-Eddie-Debbie scandal was smeared across the front pages, and Hollywood big-shots tried desperately to smooth things over! 

Panick until Eddie's divorce came through! Panick at the wedding in Las Vegas! Panick after they were married. Panick from a never-ending flood of hate letters and "final-dead" messages that threatened to drown them. 

Panick among studio executives when a rash of ugly rumors (all of them later proved to be untrue) spread over London where Elizabeth had delayed shooting on "Cleopatra" because of a virus she couldn't shake. She's unhappy with the script: she's on a crash-diet because she can't fit into her costumes; she's pretending to be ill because she wants to be released from her contract; these were just some of the false rumors rife at the time. 

Panick that spread from director Reuben Mamoulian (one paper actually used the word "frantic" to describe him) up to the head of 20th and down to the extras when Elizabeth was rushed to a hospitai with a temperature of 103°, which she had been running for twelve days. Panick when her symptoms were diagnosed as meningitis. 

Panick which gripped the entire world when she lay near death in The London Clinic from staphylococcus pneumonia in both lungs. It was then, if ever, as she spent two long weeks breathing through a tube in her throat with an electronic lung assisting her, that she should have realized she has loved. Not that Eddie - or Eddie had hardly ever left her side night and day, not just because her father and mother were close by constantly, not just because friends and fellow-actors, executives and extras made pilgrimages to her bedside, but because for every one hate letter she had been sent previously, she now received a thousand get-well letters, all with the same theme: "Our hearts are with you; our prayers are for you, Liz, we love you."

That night of the Academy Award presentations, when millions watched the TV screen with their fingers crossed and heard the words, "The best performance by a female star," and then, "Winner - Elizabeth Taylor!" That night, once and for all, should have marked the end of the panic-queen's delusion. She had caused panic—worldwide panic, and she had received love—worldwide love. That should have been the end of it. 

But the pattern of childhood—the mechanisms by which one revolts against authority and reaches out for love—are more powerful than any "shoulds" or musts—or than experience itself.

A new rebellion

The studio, with millions of dollars down the drain and not one foot of usable film of "Cleopatra," cautioned. "Take it easy. Get well." Eddie, still feeling the effects himself of his wife's London ordeal, tried to insure that she'd have the calm and peace necessary for a complete recovery. Her doctors insisted that she rest and rest and then rest some more. 

But little hints of Elizabeth's rebellion against their orders—and demands—began to leak into the columns (she was staying out late at too many parties, she should never have agreed to go to Russia, etc.), and little ripples of panic began to wash against those who loved or needed her. 

Miraculously, however, the ripples subsided. The Italian shooting of "Cleopatra" started, and everything progressed wonderfully. Elizabeth was being "good"; Elizabeth was in perfect health; Elizabeth was giving the performance of her life; Elizabeth and Eddie couldn't be happier. The studio was pleased. Eddie was ecstatic and the doctors were contented. 

Then, almost without warning, crash! The same old pattern: illness ("Elizabeth in Rome Hospital"); forbidden man ("Liz, Eddie Split: It's Burton"); panic ("Skouras Flies to See Liz As Riff Reports Persist—$20 Million at Stake").

True Magazine confounded a confusing situation even more by stating, "Taylor, according to gossip, is merely using the Burton rumors to shield the real truth: that she is mad, mad, mad for her personable director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, 53, who, however, is very busy shooting all day and scripting all night."

No ending...

Immediately, however, there were headlines and stories of denial, featuring Spyros Skouras, president of 20th Century-Fox ("Skouras Has Word for It: False"); and Eddie, once the "forbidden" man—now the "forgotten" man—kept insisting rumors of a split were "silly." But columnists didn't need a crystal ball to predict that the Steel Sliver marriage would end long before Liz completed her starring role as the vamp of the Nile. 

Even when they finally flash "The End" at the close of "Cleopatra," it seems most likely that the Elizabeth Taylor Syndrome—illness equals panic equals love—will go on. There are people all along the way who have been victimized by Elizabeth Taylor's syndrome, but the Chief Victim, of course, is the actress herself. Some essential element for bringing herself lasting happiness seems to be lacking. 

She seems to have no close female friends. Is this an expression of her feeling toward her mother? There have been many men in her life. Does this reflect her early years with her father? She may also be reacting in love because her dreams may be more than any reality can fulfill. She is not happy with her beauty. She attracts men with it, and then when they cannot live up to her fantasies, she may feel betrayed. When she is most beautiful, she doubts her own beauty. With her difficulty in feeling simply and directly like other women, with her difficulty in recognizing and reacting to feeling in others, she seems unsure that she's wanted and loved. It is when she sees panic in others—as she did in Eddie Fisher that night in London when she lay near death—that she can have no doubt that she is loved. For it is the same very emotion she saw in her father's eyes years ago—when she stilemet in her eye, when the sharp pains shot through her legs.

Panic is love, love is panic, illness equals panic equals love; this is the pattern of the Elizabeth Taylor Syndrome—the unbroken pattern that has made "the most beautiful woman in the world" one of the most unhappy women in the world.

—Jim Hoffman
active duty in the United States Navy, but remained active in the Naval Reserve and is now a full lieutenant. But by retiring, he was deliberately, drastically, changing the course of his life. His great respect for men like Miles had proved to him that he must move in the direction of his own thinking, and he was determined to be impatient. No matter how you excel in the Navy, promotion is slow—and John Gavin couldn’t wait. He’d dreamed once of legal work which might lead to a post in the diplomatic corps, now he determined to go back to the university and take his graduate law work.

Instead, one month later, he signed a contract with MGM and was on his way to movie stardom. The story of his studio it was sure stardom. Jack Gavin wasn’t so sure. In his first press interviews he made an amazing statement. He’d been asked his plans for the coming year and he said, “I don’t know if I’ll be in this business a year from now.”

A future star—maybe

“They didn’t understand that,” he says now, his eyes smoldering. “They thought I was just playing around dilettante style, that I didn’t care, that I must be loaded with dough and could afford to take Hollywood or leave it. What I meant was that I didn’t know if I’d make good. Even if I learned to act and the studio believed in me—you can’t fool the camera. I’m a pretty reserved guy. The public might mistake that for coolness.”

And he grins, because there’s nothing in the least cool about Jack Gavin. True, he has the formal facade, the straight-shouldered bearing of the military man disciplined not to show emotion. He’s the son of a reserve gentleman from Indiana, a CPA, who trained his son to accept responsibilities. But he’s also the son of a Mexican-born mother. His streak of Latin impetuosity and passion has surprised even those who know him best.

Cicely, for example. They met at a party at his aunt’s home the night before John left for Stanford. Cicely was going to Stanford, too. She is a blue-eyed blonde, “very beautiful in my eyes” and he dated her for four years on campus. Not steady, he had that naval career ahead of him. But by the time they were seniors “we had a pretty good inklng how we felt and where we were going.” But first of all, he was going to sea. Cicely taught school. They corresponded. Once when he was home on leave, they were having lunch in a Beverly Hills restaurant when an actor’s agent came over, introduced himself and suggested he get John a screen test. That was very funny. John and Cicely laughed their way through lunch.

It was a year later that it actually happened. Gavin, now out of the Navy, dropped by to see a friend of the family, producer Bryan Hoy. Brynie was making a picture about the Princeton and Jack suggested he might help out as technical advisor, since he’d served on that carrier. Brynie grinned. He had a couple of admirals “on board,” he didn’t need any advice, but how would Jack like to play a small part as one of the ship’s crew? No, he wasn’t sure.

A few days later he picked up the phone and heard his own voice saying, “Hey, Brynie, okay, I’ll do it!” This time Brynie was the one who said no. The part was too small, he’d thought it over and there was no reason why Jack wouldn’t make a good actor. He’d like to introduce him to agent Henry Willson. Henry would cart him around to the studios.

To Rome—to propose

A year later, up to his ears in the new business, “I looked around, decided I’d better do something about Cicely or some other guy might step in and sell her on his brand. She was sum- mering in Europe with a girl friend. I decided to shortstop her in Rome. I flew over, dropped by her hotel, found she’d gone to the post office for mail and took a chance that she might be reading her letters on the Spiderman. It was as pat as anything. There she was, standing on the Steps with sunlight all over her, both hands full of letters. . . . I walked up and said, ‘Can you direct me to St. Peter’s?’ It was as if I had eighty violins behind me—you should have seen her face. She dropped her mail, looked up—and it was all right. . . . I wouldn’t have had to say any more.”

Jack was scheduled for his first starring picture, “A Time To Love and a Time To Die.” He and Cicely came back to America, were married at the Santa Barbara Mission by Francisca Father Kelly. It was probably the least Hollywood wedding ever. Pete Dailey, Jack’s pal since prep school and now his guest and family and friends were family and life-long friends. The couple spent a day of their honeymoon with Admiral and Mrs. Miles in Washington. Then they returned to Europe to spend their honeymoon in Berlin (where the picture was on location) at the famed Kempinski Hotel.

There’s a strong streak of sentiment in Gavin. There’s also a strong sense of humor. The night little Christina Gavin was born (August 2, 1961), Jack and his pal Pete Dailey left the hospital and dropped in at Dublin’s for a cup of coffee. Hand-some Jack was on cloud seven. He’s always liked marriage fine (“it’s the only way to travel”), and now, added to all the rest of it, this unexpected thrill of parenthood.

“Something you can’t possibly anticipate, can’t possibly explain,” he tried to explain. “People who don’t have children just don’t know what they’re missing—something marvellous and God-given.” Old Pete— with four youngsters of his own and a fifth on the way—agreed. “You need a nightcap. Pop,” Pete said, and they dropped in at Dublin’s.

They found the usually sedate restaurant jumping. The pianist was getting a solid beat and first one customer, then another, was airing his lungs in solo. One dignified man imitated Maurice Chevalier.

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Jack sat nursing his coffee and watching the sun. This was something he could never do. Sure he can speak his lines for a scene—but get up like this in front of people and sing?

Just then his off-beat sense of humor began to work. He excused himself, left the table and approached a huge man at the next table.

"I'm strictly convivial myself," he told the stranger, "but this buddy of mine—indicating Pete—wants a little action. He's spoiling for a fight... with you of course."

"Oh he is, is he!" growled the fellow and promptly grabbed Pete by the coat.

It took a while to get out of that one. Luckily, Pete is used to Jack's sense of humor. Luckily too, he's a well-built fellow, an ex-UCLA football star. He can take care of himself. And luckily, again, he and Jack react almost identically in any situation.

A fighter, Jack Gavin. Not with his fists as a rule, but with his wits. He doesn't compromise. All the men he's admired, the men he's patterned after, were strong men. Quietly strong. His grandfather, for example.

"A quiet man of steel..."

"I didn't just love him. I revered my grandfather, he was quite a man," Jack says. "I used to visit him at his ranch near Sonora. I'd make the rounds with him while he inspected the fields. He was Spanish-born, strong but not bravura—a quiet man with a will of steel. I have a picture of him when he was twenty-eight and he could be me. He had a moustache and his eyes were sea-green; except for that, we were identical. I spoke Spanish with him. That was one thing my mother insisted on, that I grow up in a bilingual house. My dad never really mastered Spanish."

"to this day the best he can do is 'Donde es mi cafe?' which means literally 'Where exists my coffee?'" High school, when you want to be just like everyone else, I got embarrassed when my mother spoke Spanish to me in front of my friends. Pretty silly. Spanish was responsible for my becoming Admiral Miles aide. What was needed was someone who spoke Spanish and Portuguese."

Gavin had a good education, his mother and father were particular about that. St. John's Military... "the best school, pound for pound, I've ever known. Of course we didn't think so then, we thought we'd been better off in Buchenwald than in this prison. I'd go home and gripe, my dad would laugh, but the routine went right on, excellent classes with the sisters, military drills with the headmaster and his staff. We had a great football field, a baseball diamond and a distinct sense that certain things were expected of us. Like learning.

"Some of it I must have rubbed off, because after St. John's—well Beverly Hills High didn't seem to have a very scholarly atmosphere. After a year of it I asked to go to Villanova Prep. There wasn't anything wrong with Beverly Hills High; it was just that we'd waste a lot of time meeting girls after school and we didn't get enough homework done. I was used to a stricter atmosphere. Not that we didn't have fun at Villanova, we did. Saturdays we'd good off to Ojai, drink pop, munch peanuts and watch the world's worst movies at the little theater owned by some bandit who knew he'd have an overflow audience. It didn't matter what he put on the screen.

At Villanova there was a priest who taught trig and solid geometry—a burly man with a keen sense of humor. One day I tried to bluff a trig problem. I'll never forget that teacher.

"Sit down, mister," he said. 'You haven't paid the price.'"

"That was the first time I'd ever heard that phrase. There's a price to be paid for everything and he taught me that if you're not willing to pay the price, don't kid yourself."

It was an important lesson. It was re-emphasized for Jack by a history professor at Stanford. He gave tests for which cramming got you nowhere—comprehensive exams which proved deftly and quickly whether you'd paid the price. Jack ran into some great and strong teachers at Stanford, not pedants who told the students what to think, but guides who showed them how to think, how to research. It didn't happen all at once, but in sophomore year his courses began to have real meaning for him. By senior year he made straight A's except for one B—in naval engineering.

"Everyone should study acting"

Today he's paying another kind of price, and the comprehensive exam has to do with his ability to project on that big wide screen. Learning to act is more than a technique, it's a matter of giving—of self—of understanding people and studying character subjectively. Jack says every-
Jack Linkletter was interviewing him recently. "Say, John," he said, "you seem like a very regular guy. Have you had trouble avoiding the big head, for example?"

"No trouble," said Gavin, "You and I have a great equalizer. We're local boys. We've grown up here. Can you imagine someone who's grown up in this town putting on airs and walking into their friends' houses? How long do you think they'd last?" Movie actors did, you want to keep your friendships going, and you can only do that by being yourself. One touch of phoniness and they'll just shrug you off with a 'get him!'"

Jack Gavin doesn't rush in and make new friends. That's why he treasures those he's had for a lifetime. He likes to go home, putter around the house they bought three years ago and rebuilt themselves, making "every mistake in the book." He figures that every mistake on this house is educational for everyone.

He likes to play with his seven-month-old baby. "This is a tremendous enjoyment. I toss her around and she's a real cutie." Sundays they take her visiting to her grandparents and Jack carts her little car bed with her in it. He loves this sense of continuing family. He loved the christening and the baptism of the baby, who had been in Cicely's family for many years, and a bonnet that had been handed down in his family from generation to generation. He likes a good hearty dinner, then some quiet time to yak with Cicely. He gives her what he feels very sure she needs, a husband who is able to make decisions.

"Women need to be dominated," he says candidly. "And I don't mean they're to be kept barefoot in the kitchen. I mean that no man is happy taking the part of Mr. Milquetoast and no woman is happy when he does. She may challenge a man, but she wants him to answer that challenge."

"I have a young friend, Robin Cannon, and he's a hotel man, one of ours. When he was a little kid I'd take Robin out for a Saturday afternoon of water skiing, diving. It was an absolute ritual—we'd never gone more than a few blocks when he started giving me all sorts of jazz and I'd have to turn around and start driving back to the house because I was afraid that we'd have a great time. Now he's sixteen, and we're still good friends. Well, a woman is the same way. She'll challenge him, but she's happy and relaxed when a man meets her challenge and faces it down."

He likes to play handball with Pete Dailey and to entertain friends and be entertained at their houses. Nothing like this, he thinks at St. John's, is "not the most migratory little fellow in the world." Back then, he once got himself to the point of inviting a bunch of kids to a party—but just before it, he failed to obey his father on a small point... something about not coming home by the clock, an offense aggravated by the fact that his mother was in the hospital. So he had to call off the party. If he couldn't live up to his responsibilities, said his dad, "Well, he's learned to live up to them, and no studio commitments, no advice from agents or publicity men, no pressures of the press are going to change him. Hollywood was right, there's a stubbornness of determination and resistance. Jack Gavin is not about to let himself be sweated along by life. He wants to find his potentials and use them—all of them. He wants creativity, he's found creativity; but none of that's enough. He wants to grow, he wants to excel, he wants to take only the one direction that goes with his standards."

He's a rebel, yes, but with a cause. A man willing to pay the price for his own integrity. —JANE AINMORE

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**PAGE 41**

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lies behind them—the headlines about Queen Elizabeth and the ones about Queen Jacqueline?

What is it like to be Elizabeth Taylor, queen of the box-office; queen of the magazine covers (a coo-queen, actually, sharing the honors with Queen Jacqueline); queen of Rome and ruler of Italy—until Jacqueline arrived on the scene briefly and took the spotlight away from her? Among the royal visitors who have made pilgrimages to pay homage to Queen Elizabeth Taylor have been the King and Queen of Greece, the Infants of Spain and President Sukarno of Indonesia. Above all, what is it like to be Liz Taylor?

What is it like to be Queen Jacqueline, queen of fashions (selected as the best-dressed woman in the world for the second consecutive year by 2,000 style experts who compared her to Helen of Troy, Marie Antoinette, and Messamade de Pompadour and du Barry); queen of popularity (the new pin-up favorite of the Armed Forces); queen to her relatives and friends (her sister-in-law actually calls her "The Queen," and author Ludwig Remmeln determines, "She's the Cleopatra of the Pomatia"); wife of a world-famous man and the new undisputed queen of the television screen? Above all, what is it like to be Jacqueline the woman?

Let's pretend that the magic of imagination you are able to really be Jackie and really be Liz. What would you do? How would you feel? Let's try it! Let's go! Alakazam...

You're Jackie Kennedy—home at last after a quick trip to Italy and a nine-day visit to India. Already the highlights of your tour have fused into a kaleidoscope of wonderful memories; your stay at a Renaissance palace in Rome, your audience with Pope John XXIII, who told you that he thought Caroline was a beautiful name...your arrival in New Delhi, where more than 100,000 Indians hailed you as "the Queen of America," and "the American Maharani"...your placing of a wreath of white roses on the spot where Mohandas K. Gandhi, India's great leader, was cremated fourteen years ago...your visit to children's hospitals, where you passed out lollipops to the youngsters and one big-eyed little girl reminded you so much of Caroline!

But now all that is past. You're swept up in the familiar whirl of the present.

Jackie's day begins

It's early in the morning when your day begins. While you're slipping into a simple dress (no collar, no sleeves, high neck and slim skirt) Caroline, still in pajamas, is entertaining your husband as he shaves. You smile contentedly as you hear her bubbling chatter and his answering laughter. Although Caroline has already eaten with her brother in the nursery, she hangs around, pouring out the non-stop information about her pets, while you and your husband breakfast.

Your husband hoists up his daughter and hugs her, then he kisses you and goes off to work. After he leaves, you take Caroline's tiny hand in yours and go to her pink-and-white bedroom. There little Fitz, one and three-quarter-years of rocket energy, is moving around as fast as his chubby little legs can propel him. To dress him, you have to catch him first, and his brown thicket of hair jiggles up and down, his dark eyes sparkle mischievously as he crawls and scrambles out of your way.

Caroline, a shy, young lady, tries to act as if she's above the battle, but just as you think you have her brother cornered, he wiggles under the bed, and from Caroline's most unladylike giggle, it's easy to see whose side she's on.

You get down on your knees, peek under the bed, and say, "Now, baby, why? (These are the words Mrs. Indar Gandhi, Nehru's daughter, taught you when you asked her how to ask a child's name.) Your son doesn't reply. Your daughter answers for him. "His name is John Fitzgerald, Jr.—silly!" But the Indian words have a magical effect—Fitz does crawl out and you corral him.

Sometime you get them both washed and dressed. You hand your son over to Mand Shaw, his nurse, and then you take Caroline upstairs to her play-group, where she can romp with twelve of her small friends.

Oh, oh, you've forgotten something. Caroline reminds you, and you return to her room. The morning ritual: as important as seeing that Caroline brushes her teeth and combs her hair. Robin. It's time to take the cover off Robin's cage. This Robin's business is a bit confusing. Robin's really a canary, but Caroline's crazy about robins, so the canary is officially Robin.

Now that Robin has been unveiled and fed, it's time to check on the others—the two turtles, "Turtle" and "Tortoise," the Welsh terrier, "Charlie," and the cat, "Tom Kitten." A quick look out the window shows you that the other important member of the menagerie—"Macaroni," the brown and white pony—is contentedly munching the White House grass in the area south of your husband's office.

Your daughter's concern for her pets is matched only by your own concern for all animals. When you went to India, your own choices as gifts to the Indian government were two buffalo cows, two bison, two whooping swans, one bear, two coyotes, two pumas, two Virginian deer, a leaping gazelle, two foxes, one bobcat and one paca. A cargo plane loaded of animals, but no monkeys. Wouldn't have been fair to Caroline, somehow, to send a monkey out of the country. Not after that question she'd asked on meeting astronaut John H. Glenn, Jr. "Where's the monkey?" she'd inquired, referring to it to her spotty muffray. And Glenn had replied, "He's eating bananas."

But now all of Caroline's pets have been accounted for, and it's time to escort her upstairs.

For the next hour you will be free—the only time you'll have completely to yourself all day—and you plan to take a walk or play tennis. But for the moment, even though it's not much past eight in the
Liz' day begins

You're Elizabeth Taylor. It's still dark in the bedroom of your fourteen-room villa on Via Appia Pignatelli when the alarm rings before 6 A.M. You want to shut it off and sleep until noon, as you so happily were able to in the years B.C. (Before Cleopatra), but you can't. This is another working day for you, a typical day, and you must get up right away. Promptly, at 7 A.M. you sit down to eat a big breakfast with the kids, Daughter Liza, three, and sons Michael and Christopher, eight and six, chatter away as you eat. Little Maria, one-and-three-quarter-years-old, the handicapped German child you and Eddie recently adopted, is still sleeping peacefully in her crib.

You have this morning, so you have dollar pancakes, hashed-brown potatoes, eggs Benedict, sausages, waffles, kippers and coffee. At other times, when your weight is giving you trouble, you diet by starving. ("Coffee for breakfast, scrambled eggs for lunch and steak for supper—with grapefruit coming out of my ears!")

But today weight's no problem, and you eat! You kiss your children goodbye and send them off to school. (It's ironical that here in Rome, Liza attends a special American school where one of her classmates used to be Miss Kate Burton, daughter of Richard Burton. He's the same Richard Burton who is your co-star in "Cleopatra" and with whom your name is scandalously linked.

At the door you realize you've forgotten something. You go back to say goodbye to the others: Rocky, the St. Bernard; Lolita and Humbert, the Yorkshire terriers; Teresa, the Scotch terrier; Brigitte and Alexandre, the Persian-Siamese cats; Perry and Giacondo, the lion cubs. Then you are off to the studio. . . .

Jackie's new friend—the camera

Back in Washington, you're getting piles of fan mail look like any movie star. More, maybe, ever since forty-six million people joined you on the recent TV "Tour of the White House with Mrs. John F. Kennedy." Even Caroline has let letters a week. Some of your answers—and hers—you write yourself; others you dictate to your personal secretary.

This morning you also check the menu for tonight's formal State dinner. Everything, from seating plan to flower arrangements, must be perfect. You consult with the head usher, then go over your afternoon schedule with your social secretary.

Your press secretary brings you late newspaper clippings and you laugh over a columnist's reference to your son as "Irving." It's the nickname a photographer tacked on Fitz when, like most new-borns, he was no beauty. . . . This will go into one of the big scrapbooks that make up a personal history of your years in the White House—along with the one quoting your dry comment as you showed off Abraham Lincoln's bed on the TV tour. ("Every President seemed to love it.")

There's one whole scrapbook on the tour alone: conferences! For the first time, JFK called his wife 'Jackie' during his brief appearance at the program's end. . . . and Walter Winchell's paragraph, "New Yorkers are Talking About: Jacqueline Kennedy's pretty movie-starlet face and debonair figure (and little girl's voice). . . . An infectious smile, stage presence, poise and even showmanship. Until her husband comes on-stage and she gets tense," . . . columnist Jack O'Brien's observation: "She sounded like an intellectual Marilyn Monroe."

Suddenly you leave your desk and walk over to the window. Outside, all Washington lies at your feet. But you don't see the historic buildings or the magnificent scenery. Promptly, John. Jr., is sitting up in it, and the top is down. Caroline is pushing, and the expression on her face is familiar. Of course! It's your own expression—amused, proud, concerned, motherly. Caroline is imitating you. Fitz is her baby. (But not just her's. Once she had proudly told interviewing reporters: "He's the President's son—and I'm his sister.")

But it's too nice to stay indoors. You tie a babushka around your hair (at one time or another, the papers have attacked you for wearing such a scarf and for allowing yourself to be photographed in a bathing suit and for having some skirts that exposed your knees and for going to church). Time for you to go out. You mince through stockings and for liking slacks), and go out to be with your children.

Caroline asks, "Is daddy coming home for lunch?"

You look at your watch. realize it's late, tell your daughter you don't know. Daddy may be too busy today, and hustle your brood inside. Your outing is over. . . .

Liz' old friend—the camera

Back in Rome, you're Liz again. As soon as you arrive on the set, eyes are on you. They follow closely as you hurry to your special four-room cottage that the studio built for you at a cost of $100,000. Eye watch as you take your place on a kind of conveyor belt that transports you from Elizabeth Taylor into Queen Cleopatra: a long, torturous make-up process, a costume to be squeezed into, a hot heavy wig placed on your head.

You're ready for the cameras. Now, as Richard Burton—Marc Antony—walks to you, your eyes are even more probing, questioning . . . piercing . . . accusing . . . reading scandalous significance into your every word, expression, gesture.

The bright lights go on and the cameras whir. The baleful red eye wheels in close to you. But this, the familiar camera's eye, is a welcome relief. It shuts out those frightening human eyes that the old Liz, the middle age, blinked off and the lights go out. Shooting is over for the morning. You walk off the set still feeling the eyes staring into your back.

You pass a gilt throne in the corner of the studio, hidden behind a pile of flats and props. But you don't bother to slow morning, you must make a few phone calls to your aides.

As you lift up the receiver, the mirrors in the room reflect back your image: jet black hair, full exotic lips, heavily lashed green eyes; widely spaced and high, almost Oriental, check bones. If you notice your reflection at all, it's only to laugh at yourself as you recall Paris Press columnnist Louis Loy's suggestion that Congress should pass a law replacing all pictures of G. Washington with yours. . . .

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down at your once favorite hideaway—a sort of adult, miniature, private Disneyland. A few months ago you'd have playfully pushed Eddie down on the throne, placed a wreath of artificial laurel leaves on his head and then plopped into his lap. And the rest of the world would have been non-existent. But Eddie isn't here, I know.

So now you hurry to your cottage. The rest of the world refuses to be shut out. There are always the papers—Italian and American—with their attacks, speculations, predictions.

You remember how you and Eddie ate corned beef flown in from Max Asnas' Stage Delicatessen in New York and drank Madeira from a bottle delivered from an Italian grocery nearby, you talked about this morning's scenes and this afternoon's scenes.

How Eddie took a nap on the bed while you went into the huge bathroom decorated with imported, hand-painted tiles and ran a tub. You took off your costume, slid into the hot sands and closed your eyes. The tension and pressures dissolved into warmth and peace. The memory of those other eyes faded . . . You could rest a while . . .

A mother and her children

In Washington, it's mid-afternoon. You—Jackie Kennedy now—are on the White House lawn. All the Feds, from Mme. de Polignac to the little swing . . . pretending to be amazed as Caroline peers down from the top of her Jungle Gym. You rescue Fitz when he stuffs a handful of sand in his mouth. You help boost Caroline into her tree house.

Finally, you and Caroline leave the baby with her nurse, and go pick some flowers. Then you go back into the house, where you set up an easel for Caroline and open a sketch book for yourself. You sketch a country house, or a harlequin or a ballet dancer. Or a street scene, which is Jack's favorite subject. Caroline paints flowers.

Late in the afternoon, after you've taken time out to visit a children's hospital, Caroline's 42nd birthday, and her 4th birthday, you order up some cigars and wait for the world to go to sleep.

The two of you go into the house, beautifully gowned and coiffed—the glamorous and intelligent First Lady by the side of her dynamic, handsome husband, the President of the United States.

And everything you wear, everything you do—you wear or do like a tribute to the man you married. You are a Queen, true—but you are like a queen married to someone who refuses to forget—or let anyone else forget—that in his castle, your husband is the king—and you treat him as one . . . Never was this more evident than in your first words on returning from India: "This has been the most fascinating experience imaginable, and I would not have missed a second of it. However, it feels good to me to go on such a long semi-official trip about my husband. I missed my family and I have no desire to be a public personality on my own.

"If people were kind to me, it was because I was the wife of the President—so the people were showing their affection for him, and he should have been there to receive it. It was a pleasant surprise because it was neither official nor private . . . The reason it happened is because my husband knew how much I had always longed to see India and Pakistan. This was my only chance, so I am grateful to him—and to my brother-in-law—for letting us two sisters be away some time. We must do this again because we need it. We will never forget the people who were so kind to us, but our husbands were the kindest of all for letting us go."

Nights in a Roman Villa

It is evening in Rome, too. Dinner is over—steak Diane and pizza, and you're sitting on the floor with your children. Chris is drawing an ocean liner, Mike a tree, and Liza's picture is something she calls "dog." You're sketching too, but mostly your eyes are on your children. Once you said, "Watching my children is like looking up at the sun," and that's the way you see them tonight.

Liza is first to bed. Maria, of course, has been asleep a long time already. After
you're tired and tickled and cuddled Liza, you return to the boys. It's homework time and, as you told a reporter, "I like to do their homework with them." From the expression on your face, you take more joy in their work than you ever did in your own, when you went to the M-G-M studio school as a youngster.

At last the boys are in bed, too. You and Eddie used to be alone, then. You'd talk. But now you are alone.

There's a weekend ahead, away from the camera—a chance to rest. And you should rest, you know that—but you also know you'd love to go out, have a glorious time—lose yourself in the crowds. But you're the Love Goddess of the World and what chance have you of losing yourself anywhere? Outside the villa walls, the eyes are waiting. They would fix themselves on you and never let you go. They were there when you went out with Eddie—there looking for signs of trouble. Now that they've found trouble, they'd be worse—much worse. Tonight you stay home.

So your social life is limited to having friends in—very small groups, Audrey and Mel Ferrer come. And yes, Richard Burton. And others of the Rome film colony. You are queen of that colony—just as you are queen in this villa. When Eddie lived there you were queen, too—and he was a prince consort—a member of royalty by marriage only—by marriage to you. Maybe you didn't really treat him that way—but the world thinks you did. And now you have a new man-in-waiting... his name is Richard Burton. Maybe you love your man-in-waiting, but the world thinks he is. You'll have to tell them he's wrong—that he's more like a king—more like another king you knew—Mike Todd.

**Nights in the White House**

Outside the door of the East Room, you chat easily with the honor guest's wife. But as you hear the fanfare of the Marine band—signalling that the great doors will open—your heart skips a beat. Always—no matter how many parties—you still get that little-girl-lost feeling just before an entrance.

Now the doors open, Jack and the honor guest enter first, wives following—into the dazzling light of the huge chandeliers. You feel all eyes on you as you finess your hair, do your gown. You can tell—they find you pleasing. But you don't really need the reassurance of their eyes. Earlier—when you first walked out of your dressing room and stood before your husband, his eyes told you. They said, you are lovely—and a great deal more.

Dinner is brilliant, everything to perfection. Later there is music and conversation and much laughter. It is late as you and Jack step into the elevator to your suite. In that instant, you switch from First Lady of the World to Jackie, Jack's wife. And you have a great deal to talk about, because there's a long, blessed weekend in Virginia ahead and great plans. You'll ride with Caroline, romp with Fiz, play tennis, ride a bicycle, jump on the kids' trampoline, perhaps get in a round of golf. Jack, in chinos slacks with the tail of his knitted sports shirt hanging out, will play with the children on the lawn, if the weather is nice.

But even if it rains, the four of you will be together—and that's fine. Once you were asked why you'd like to be if you weren't the First Lady, and you answered, "My husband's wife."

Now, too keyed up from tonight's excitement for immediate sleep, you go into the children's rooms to see that they're covered. As the two of you walk to your own room, for just one moment you leave Jack's side and slip into the family room where he'd read that bedtime story to Caroline—hours and hours ago.

You stand in the center of the room. At the huge windows the flowered drapes that you selected yourself, shut out the night. Behind you, in the hall, a picture of yourself as a child with your father gazes down at you, as does another—of Caroline with her father.

You look out the window and see the shrubs on the lawn below bending before the wind, you hear it rattling the windows. But it doesn't matter: you are safe and warm.

You turn from the window, cross the room, and go to join your husband.

—Jae Lyle

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**Continued from page 22**

when I think of her. They are—"Danger! High Voltage!"

She has suffered, laughed, lamented, loved and toiled to carve a career out of the hard rock of Hollywood. She has borne failure, Other actresses have done it before. But Natalie Wood is the first on record to the mind, her body and her heart to a career.

She is twenty-three years old. She has been a working actress for nineteen years. Nothing in her life or in the lives of those around her is important unless it has to do with furthering her acting career.

Some three months after the presidential election of 1960, for example, she is reported to have inquired of a friend, "Who got elected, Adlai Stevenson?" She may have been joking, but those who know her insist she could have been serious.

While she was still a teenager, there was hardly a person in Hollywood who did not look on with the affection of parents who were hoping "the kid makes good." Natalie was championed openly as the most promising actress of the decade, but also considered "the nicest girl you'd want to meet despite her great talent."

She worked hard and studied a thousand ways to improve her professional worth. She went at it so fervently that she thought nothing of the fact that she was denying herself the luxury of play. But for all the fervor, for all the toil, for all of the irresistible compulsions that drove her on to the greatness she wanted, Natalie was, down deep in her heart, suffering in loneliness. Try as she
might, her natural need to love and be
loved was building within her and fi-
ally, gasping from the near-agony of the
ever-swelling balloon of repressed emo-
tions, Natalie gave in and exploded in Bob
Wagner’s arms. They wed in 1958.

And for all the seeming abandon of the
moment, the actress in Natalie never
quite let go of its hold on her.

She invited actor Nick Adams, an old
boy friend, to go along on her honeymoon
cwith Wagner!

As Nick recalls: “I thought it kind of
odd, but Natalie asked me first. She said,
‘Bob wants you to come along, too, and
you know I do.’

“They both insisted so much that I
couldn’t talk them out of it—although a
honeymoon isn’t a place for a third party.”

Adams adds, defensively, “We—I mean,
and Nat and R.J.—were in separate
rooms, of course, but we had lots of laughs
at mealtime.

But the theatrical gesture of inviting a
third party made it clear, Nick was there
to remind Natalie that she must never for-
get her life of a dedicated actress.

For a while after the return of the trio to
Hollywood it appeared that Natalie had
somehow separated the actress from the
woman. She and Wagner clamped down on
publicity and begged writers and reporters to,
“Give us a chance to be happy. You know what publicity does to
Hollywood marriages.”

For nearly two years the Wagners’ re-
quest was honored. Then Natalie and Bob
learned that publicity itself has little to
do with the failure of a marriage.

And quite unhampered by her imagined
specter of “publicity” Natalie stumbled
on to another way to end a marriage.

In this case, the wife, literally, walked
away with another man.

A Hollywood insider describes the night
it happened.

“Wagner became very friendly with
Natalie during the making of ‘Splendor
in the Grass,’” he says. “I don’t say the
friendship broke up the marriage, but I do
say that it precipitated a final split.

“When the picture finished, Warren,
Natalie, Joan, and Bob often went out as a
foursome. Natalie then went into
‘West Side Story’ and Warren went to
Rome for the picture with Vivien Leigh.
Wagner, meanwhile, went into ‘Sail
A Crooked Ship.’ By the time Bob’s picture
was finished, Warren had returned to
Hollywood.

“Since the days of their romance and
all through the marriage, Natalie always
performed the function of bartender at
the closing set party at the end of Wagner’s
pictures.

“When ‘Sail A Crooked Ship’ wound
up, Natalie showed up—but with Warren.
She didn’t tend bar. Instead she and Beat-
took off on the Columbia lot—or some-
place—while Wagner stayed behind and
mixed drinks himself for other members
of the cast and crew."

In effect it was the first time that Natalie
had said yes to Warren Beatty and, at
the same time, no to her husband.

What came next is recalled by the same
insider.

What a fight came after that. It was
an argument to end all arguments. Bob
was all for having it out with Warren
and arranged for a meeting at dinner the
following night at the Villa Capri.

“Beatty, who had already chucked Joan
Collins, although she hadn’t got the word
yet, showed up with Joan. Several later
meetings between Warren and Bob had
Joan along.

“I must say, the issue of the day never
got on the table with three people pre-
sent. All they did was confuse columnists
as to the real reason behind the split-up of
Natalie and Bob. That’s when things ended,
catching Hollywood by surprise.

“Bob went to London to forget. Joan,
meanwhile, went to London to make ‘Road
to Hong Kong’ with Bing Crosby and Bob
Hope. Wagner, who probably knew that
Natalie never forget that Joan once beat
her time with Nicky Hilton, started dating
Joan—officially.

“But Natalie couldn’t have cared less
because she found out with Warren an
absolute ball.”

Now free from any real obligation to
Wagner, Natalie, swept up in the second
explosion of love, turned her attentions
and her heart completely to Beatty.

What about this young man, Warren
Beatty?

There is a great deal and all of it is
startling.

Less than two years ago, few persons
in Hollywood realized that he existed.
His name came up only after a mention of
Shirley MacLaine. He is her brother.

Somewhere back in his twenty-five years
past, Beatty decided to give himself com-
pletely to the attainment of stardom.

“All that is sex . . .”

He had a lot going for him from the
very beginning.

He is, without question, the most mag-
nificent looking young actor to hit Holly-
wood in years. But it is his incredible sex
appeal that is driving women crazy.

“It runs out of his pores and oils his
skin,” says a girl he’s been with. “I have
never in my life been so absolutely help-
less as a woman in his presence. He puts
his hand out to you and you forget every
rule of modesty your mother ever taught.
No, that’s not right. You don’t forget them,
you just often go with it.

Quite in character with his current tac-
tness, Beatty went after his career silent-
ly. He sold a top Hollywood press agent
on himself, his looks and his ambition.
Then he was seen by stuntman Elia
Kazan who was so impressed with his ani-
mal magnetism that he gave Warren a
starting role in “Splendor in the Grass.”

Beatty went immediately into “The
Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone” and, ac-
cording to some critics, was “the only salvage-
able good in the entire movie.”

Beatty’s third movie, “All Fall Down,”
will catapult him to the kind of spectac-
ular stardom he’s dreamed of.

The women movie-goers of this coun-
try,” one woman explained to another, “are going to hit so hard by Beatty that they may
not be able to stand it.”

Small wonder then that Natalie Wood,
burning fiercely for love, has said yes
to Beatty. Now for the answer to the sec-
ond question, the one that plagues Natalie
to distraction, at times.

Why does Beatty say no to marriage
—particularly to Natalie Wood?

The simple answer is: Life and Holly-
wood has played a shattering and ironi-
cally fantastic trick on Natalie Wood. The
man she loves is as ambitious as she is.

Ambition, in Beatty’s case, however, is a natural, masculine desire to be established firmly in his profession, to enjoy an unshakeable security. One that could not be undermined even by the overpowering love of a woman such as Natalie.

Beatty needs that security.

Despite the implications that suggest Beatty is all sex and nine feet tall, he is, behind that hot-love look, a formidable, clever young man. He has learned well. He feels, with great intensity, that panic-type adulation from females is not enough. He insists that his sex-appeal is a help, but that, “I was born that way.” The success he yearns for he wants to earn—not because he is Shirley MacLaine’s brother.

An actor whom Beatty really respects critically supports what Beatty may feel, but dare not tell himself.

“Warren,” says the older actor, “is not quite as good as he thinks he is. Even Brando couldn’t be that good.”

In all fairness to Beatty it should be pointed out that all actors must believe that they are better actors than their abilities show. It is as natural for Beatty to feel that he is great as it is for a carpenter to admit that he can drive a nail in wood better than a tailor.

Those not familiar with actors would, quite reasonably, call it conceit. Those who know call it “the great confidence.” Natalie has it. Beatty has it. They would not, could not, be actors without it.

When emotions explode

It is in their personal lives, however, as a man and a woman, where emotions dance and sing and explode without benefit of a script, that the problems arise.

The strain on Natalie, for example, seems to be growing greater. And the results of that emotional pressure apparently have made Beatty even more cautious about marriage.

One recent item, revealed here for the first time, indicates strongly how Beatty is so wary with his no to a wedding.

It took place at the party after the premiere of “West Side Story.” Prior to this Natalie was led to believe that she was indeed the star of the picture. But it took only the “gooolllhhhh’s” and “aaaaahhhh’s” of a first night audience to shatter her belief to shreds.

Natalie was fine in the movie. But a young unknown, George Chakiris, sent the people from their seats raving about him. That Natalie was stunned by this reaction seemed evident from what happened at the party. Chakiris, according to an observer, went over to Natalie’s table to say hello and talk to her for judgment.

But as George stood at her table, Natalie returned a stare that was unbelievable. It was like a death ray. She refused to speak to him and turned her head away.

Beatty could hardly be expected to ignore this response.

Another sign of the tide arose from a description of Natalie written by a well-known syndicated columnist.

“Natalie Wood,” said the writer, “is the screen’s greatest symbol of purity since Lillian Gish.”

The day it appeared Natalie was doing a “strip tease” on the set of “Gypsy.”

“What a laugh that is,” said a professional associate to Natalie, “with all I know about you and Warren.”

The latter remark can, of course, be accepted as good-natured kidding, but only of the kind that would turn around Natalie began to speak so daringly.

There seems to be little doubt, however, that Natalie and Warren will continue their torrid romance.

Natalie, according to her closest friends, is wildly in love with Warren. And Beatty, as much in the need of love as Natalie, does not wish to let his mind interfere with his heart. Even then he has good reason for keeping up the romance.

Each of them accorded high honors for their performances in “Splendor in the Grass,” and accolades are dear to the hearts of both.

So the romance continues. They spend hours of their time together. They go to the movies! Natalie to see a movie-going. She’s been known to see a particular movie five or even six times.

They’re both crazy about Italian food, so they spend their mealtimes in restaurants like La Scala, the Villa Capri and the Casa d’Or.

For relaxation they spend time in each other’s apartments listening to music and discussing their future dreams.

Neither of them has a great circle of intimate friends. They are loners. Publicity man Mike Selsman, Carol Lynley’s husband, is close to Warren. Natalie was very friendly with Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher when they were in this country.

What is in the future for Natalie who dreams of a yes from a man who still says no?

Some inkling may be derived from the following remark made by a director who is closely associated with Natalie’s career.

“Natalie has everything going for her but her size,” he points out. “I know this may sound callous and technical, but very, very few small women have ever become the sort of glamorous actress Natalie hopes to be.

“The glamour girls are all larger, physically than Natalie. And I say that no girl with a thirty-two-inch bust, however well proportioned, will ever pose a threat to Liz Taylor.

“And Natalie is not as versatile an actress as Liz. I want to see Natalie play something else besides the poor, bewildered teenager. I admit no actress has ever matched Natalie on this, but playing the tormented teenager is something with a limited life span in Hollywood. I want to see how she comes off as a woman.”

It would be unwise—and unfair—however, to regard the Natalie the world sees on screen as the Natalie for judgment.

For underneath, deep within the layers and years of struggle is no longer the “tormented teenager,” but the quiet heart of a woman in love. It is the real reason she says yes to Warren Beatty.

The same holds true for Beatty. He may say no to marriage—but Natalie Wood, the woman of the moment and of her sex, detects the maybe in her man.

This then, is a challenge Natalie—and Warren—must face.

—WALTER CROWLEY

Natalie’s next picture will be “Gypsy” for Warner Bros., and Warren can now be seen in “All Fall Down” for M-G-M.
tensions—everyone but the children. We managed to conceal it from them, though I'm sure the atmosphere wasn't good for them, anyway. But there was no one particularly right that brought us to the separation. If there had been, if there had been a big battle that ended in one of us yelling, 'Let's split up,' I'd be scared. That way there's anger and bitterness, the feeling that someone should apologize first. There was nothing like that. That's why I feel this is an optimistic, a healthy decision. It was simply that we knew we had to do something.

Others knew it too—maybe even before them. Friends felt that no woman, not even Janet, could long endure as a human being with her heart in shreds and her mind in torment. That you can take just so much from a marriage and then something—or someone—has to give. They point out that both are spirited, strong-willed and sensitive individuals. And that it takes two to make a marriage.

"Tony Curtis," a friend said, "is a man almost overwhelmed by a zest for living, for experiencing, for participating. His insides scream to be a vital force in his world. He wants to stimulate, to help, to be dynamic. When something hits him, his mind jumps on it and his thinking goes off in all directions. I believe he wants to do too much too fast."

Janet's the opposite of her impetuous mate. "I cannot go off emotionally aroused about something without knowing exactly what I intend to do. I want the time to make up my mind. There has to be some intelligent course of action."

Janet's passion for method and meticulousness also created a situation. She is a spotless housekeeper. "A place for everything and everything in its place," Tony understood but didn't always comply. "I like to see a house rumbled a little," he has grumbled. "It makes you feel as though it's been lived in."

Trivial differences? Compared to the heat and joy of love, yes. But it is those very differences, lying dormant in a marriage until the temperature of the romance has cooled, that threatens love. And the manner in which they are settled is a tip-off to whether the marriage will last. Tony once gave the tip-off.

"In the years we were together," he said, "we yelled at each other, slammed a hundred doors in anger and even worse. But I always believed that there are times when a man could get angry at his wife and times when a woman could cry over her husband's unhappiness—a time that I got angry, and Janet cried, too often."

In her interview, Janet tried valiantly to explain Tony—and herself.

"Tony has always been a man of moods," she said. "Sometimes I'd discover that he had withdrawn from me, from everyday.

"One time it took me four long days to break one of his moods, and after all the anguish I discovered that he was simply unhappy because he had committed himself to a movie that would take him thousands of miles from me, on location. He was afraid to tell me because he felt that it would make me unhappy.

"But trips of any length have always bothered Tony. He is afraid to fly and ashamed of his fear. I know that this disturbs him greatly. He is a man and he does not want to be afraid of anything. Even a woman can understand that. I have tried to convince him that we are all a little afraid of the unknown."

"But he is not easy to convince. Neither am I. We are always determined to have our own way. Apparently we've never learned to really compromise. In an argument each of us was concerned more with who was going to win than in resolving the bone of contention."

Tony is aware of his moods. "I have what I call great moods—soaring highs and bottomless lows," he once admitted. "I tried psychoanalysis. That's where I learned that my restlessness was caused by a strong but sub-conscious disbelief in my own capabilities. Tell me I'm great and I'd fly. Tell me I'm bad and I'm terrible."

"In the end I guess none of those self-improvement gimmicks helped very much. The one thing that threatens all Hollywood marriages finally got to ours. Too much success. When a husband and a wife devote most of their time to careers, the marriage gets hurt. I'll tell you one thing. Almost every so-called star I've known has been an unhappy person."

Which brings us back to the separation. Janet said, "We talked about it briefly before Tony went to New York. We knew we'd talk more when he got back. The night he arrived home (March 13) we were both very conscious of the strain. We began to talk. Neither of us was the first to talk. No one had said, 'I've got it—let's split up!' We just quietly discussed the fact that something was wrong. But both of us knew where the conversation would end.

"When it was over, when we had come out and admitted that being apart was something we had to try, I felt relieved. If it had been a final decision, I know I would have felt fearful. I had not dropped it. But it wasn't. Even so, it wasn't an easy thing to do, but I felt better for having faced it."

"Tony left that night for our house in Palm Springs. I went to bed. The next morning at nine all three of our phones started ringing. I was on the phone, literally. New York was on the phone. New York. I had to call a few people myself, of course—my mother had moved out two weeks before and had gone to stay with my grandfather, so I wanted to tell her. She wasn't exactly surprised; she had seen it coming. But mostly people called me—our friends, who all wanted to know if there was anything they could do; reporters; colleagues."

"I hadn't realized what it would be like. I suppose that for once I was so wrapped up in our personal affairs that I forgot our lives are public property. The same thing happened to Tony. We had told everyone that he would be staying with friends, hoping to keep people off the track, but it didn't work; our house in Palm Springs was besieged, too. He had to come back to the city.

"I don't know how we'll go about getting back together again. We don't have any signal worked out to let each other know we're ready, and I can't see myself calling Tony to say 'Let's try again.' I think it will come when both of us have had a little time to think of the separation."

In fact, I think when we both feel better, we'll both somehow know it. Tony and I often think of the same thing at the same time—I think it will work out that way this time, too. In any event, I'm not afraid of both of us sitting around waiting for the other to say something first. We can't talk of divorce all the time—I spoke to Tony only half an hour ago. We'll be able to tell.

"How have the children reacted? They don't know anything about it. I haven't told them anything because there's nothing to tell. Tony and I haven't left them often, but they're used to the idea that occasionally one of us goes away."

Janet picked up a piece of paper and her hand began to shake violently. Suddenly, she looked as if she might burst into tears. She was obviously under terrific strain, but she tried to conceal it—she talked and gestured with animation, acted out little scenes as she described them—and seemed to be, somehow—older, for all the problems. She wore a flowered hostess gown, low-cut and high-waisted, with floating panels that she had to keep arranging around herself as she curled up on the sofa.

But—she ordered a sandwich for lunch and then hardly ate any of it. And at one point, she said that she had talked to the New York hotel suite and taken to the hospital with a slight concussion and a very black eye. Five hours later she came out of her coma—and was most apologetic. "I feel so stupid about this," she said, "putting people to so much trouble. But my friends all know I have three left feet."

Her story was that she had taken two tranquilizers before having a late supper with friends. Later, she slipped on the rug in the bathroom, fell and struck her head on the sink or the tub.

Reporters telephoned Tony in Hollywood. He was all sympathy and concern but added, "An accident won't solve our problems. After the accident we still have the New York telephone call. But if Tony weren't flying, it would have taken him three long days to come from Hollywood to New York to see Janet—and by then she'd be completely recovered. So, Tony didn't come.

The accident forced Janet to cancel her trip to an Argentine film festival in which she'd been invited to participate. She returned to New York, then flew back to work on "Bye, Bye Birdie."

In talking with Janet, it was obvious that she feels she and Tony have done the right thing to save their marriage. They feel it is better to work out their problems apart—rather than together. For them, it might be the right solution. We hope it is!" —Carol Barber.
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