JIM ARNESS tells:

"Why my marriage went wrong!"

will Liz break Eddie’s heart?
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HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS

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Breck Hair Set Mist is a gentle spray
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CARY GRANT
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ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
“NORTH BY NORTHWEST”

Co-starring JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS. Written by ERNEST LEHMAN. Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK. An M-G-M Picture.
"Goodness doesn't pay!" Dot Malone tells Jacques Bergerac. Below, it's Frank with daughter Nancy, Martha Hyer. I knew him when he was Frankie.

I believe Natalie influences R.J. more than Wagner influences Wood. . . . When Sinatra first hit, he was Frankie; now, to people who like him best, he's Frank. . . . Dorothy Malone will tell you, and with authority, that good-girl roles aren't good for an actress. . . . Jack Webb's "Pete Kelly's Blues" is "Dragnet" with a trumpet. . . . I'd say whenever Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor drop in some place, they get the biggest noise from the crowds outside. . . . Tuesday Weld claims Thursday is her good day. . . . Sandra Dee is shy; Zsa Zsa Gabor isn't. Zsa Zsa pretends not to care if she's disliked; Sandra doesn't pretend. . . . I keep thinking Tennessee Williams could be a character out of a William Faulkner story. . . . I'm for giving an Oscar to the best movie on the Late, Late Show. . . . Mamie Van Doren hides nothing. She always appears ready for inspection. . . . Somehow Mort Sahl manages to look baggy even when he isn't in a suit. . . . I'm all for giving the TV public what it wants: more commercials on horseback. . . . Hugh O'Brian may be the hero of Muscle Beach, but I think he's musclebound. . . . Tab Hunter knows a colleague so anxious to make the right impression that he bought a new car to drive to the Auto Show in. . . . Tony Perkins claims that if he's perfectly cast he gives a perfect performance. . . . Seems to me Elvis Presley keeps improving as an entertainer, on screen and off. . . . If I may make a suggestion, don't fail to see "Room at the Top." It's mature. . . . By the way, do you suppose maturity will spoil Sal Mineo? . . . I never miss an old Garbo movie. On any size screen Gee Gee carries off the trick of appearing intimate and untouchable at the same time. (continued)
How can an officer in his right mind mislay a 345 ft. battleship?

...But John Paul Steckler VII (Jerry Lewis) could!

Hilarious naval maneuvers! Big WAVE swamps Jerry as he sees-hunts "missing" vessel!

Jerry goes out on a limb...looking for the destroyer he "misplaced!"

Wedding night or not, Jerry's gotta find his mislaid ship!

JERRY LEWIS
IN HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION
"Don't Give Up the Ship"

co-starring
DINA MERRILL · DIANA SPENCER · MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY · ROBERT MIDDLETON

with GALE GORDON · MABEL ALBERTSON · CHUCK WASSIL · Directed by NORMAN TAUROG · Screenplay by HERBERT BAKER and EDMUND BELOIN & HENRY GARSON · Story by ELLIS KADISON · A PARAMOUNT RELEASE
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ACNECARE medicated foam for triple-action relief of acne symptoms...

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Mrs. Chalkley still wants to live—down south where the livin’ is easy.

doesn’t make front-page headlines every day of the week! ... For my money, E. G. Marshall, who’s as neglected as Whistler’s father, is one of our really great actors. ... The minute Susan Hayward and David Niven marched down Oscar Aisle, Sunset Boulevard statisticians began counting how many of their co-winners had also never been within a head’s throw of Actors Studio. ... I’ll bet if you name the Ten Best Movies of all time, you’ll find few of them ever captured an Oscar. ... Some stars give me the impression they douse (continued)
On this fateful autumn day, the nun called Sister Luke under special and extraordinary circumstances was forever released from all her vows.

She left her convent because in her own words she was no longer a nun. And her story swiftly became the most gripping and dramatic personal story of this decade.

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Audrey Hepburn

as Sister Luke, who was not like the others

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The Nun's Story

TECHNICOLOR®

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as the cynical Congo Surgeon Dr. Fortunah

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IN THIS ISSUE

**BOYS AGREE**

- I GO TO A RESORT TOWN AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
- I TAKE A JOB—AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
- I HANG AROUND HOME—AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
- BEACH BEHAVIOR

**GIRLS AGREE**

- GIRLS ARE SNOBS
- GIRLS ARE KOOKS

**BOYS AGREE: THIS IS A PERFECT DATE**

- BOYS ARE KOOKS
- I’M SICK OF BEING TREATED LIKE DIRT
- I’M SICK OF BEING TREATED LIKE AN OLD SHOE
- I’M SICK OF BOYS WHO THINK THEY’RE IT
- MOST BOYS DON’T KNOW HOW TO KISS
- KENNY’S BATHING SUIT

**YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN**

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**Connie Stevens dates Gary Clark. Is this a new romance?**

their cigarettes in cold-cream jars... Why not team Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell in a movie and take advantage of the love scenes they’ve been rehearsing!...

Let me add this to the nice things already said about Vincente Minnelli: He was the only person connected with award-winning “Gigi” who mentioned its original author—Madame Colette. In case you were wondering about the gal who dubbed Tony Curtis’ falsetto in “Some Like It Hot,” it was a guy named Paul Frees. “One-Eyed Jacks” Director Marlon Brando to Actor Marlon Brando: “Speak up, Man. I can’t understand a word you’re saying.” Somewhere Big Jim Arnell always seems as if he’s going to bump into you. John Barrymore’s greatness increases. The blackboard from which he read his lines has become a teleprompter. Jerry Lewis is an LP—played at the wrong speed. Connie Stevens likes to describe actors in terms of food. Example: Lawrence Olivier is Beefsteak Tartare; Yul Brynner’s a hard-boiled egg. You try it—with Stuart Whitman. Billy Wilder to MM: “Congratulations, Marilyn! This is the earliest you’ve been late.” That’s Hollywood for You.

---

*Wonder what food Mrs. Whitman would use to describe rugged Stuart?*
Special!

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Foamy new lotion
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Lovely screen and TV star, JANE POWELL, wears the new Empire Pouf and keeps her hair shining and easy-to-manage with New Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

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Lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme Shampoo—now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO
**The Monthly Record**

**Vol. 1, No. 5**

**JUNE, 1959**

4 $0.0

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**BLUES vs. BOUNCE**

**HAPPY COMBO BIG HIT ON BOONE SHOW**

"We're just born squares," announced tall Jim Peterson, the banjo strummer of the Ja Da Quartet, as we all huddled around my portable lap-desk in my corner office at the Photoplay offices. "Everybody's singing sad songs, but we want to make happy music!"

"We like to play the old songs with a wild beat," drummer Gordon Ellinger chimed in. "Songs like 'Red Red Robin' and 'Sunny Side of the Street' and 'Mississippi Mud.'"

Piano player Don Royer's crew went bobbing for attention. "Everybody's crying the blues. They say sad music's in, and happy music's out, and everybody thinks we're nuts because we're singing our hearts out with ragtime and Dixieland. But we sing this way because we like to see people smile."

How did the group originate? Pretty, blond-haired, blue-eyed Margaret Ann Peterson, the featured vocalist of the quartet, said, "Brother Jim found a banjo under a bed in the attic, and he began plucking and singing as far back as I can remember."

Neighbors Gordon and Don got interested in Jim's slaphappy music-making, and the famous "jamming" sessions began in the quartet's native Greeley, Colorado.

"They called themselves 'The Availables' until they let me sing with them," Margaret Ann added. "Then they decided they'd pick a more proper name, and we decided on the Ja Da Quartet because 'Ja Da' was the first song the fellows learned to play."

The quartet played for high-school assemblies and summer conventions and sang at a resort hotel in Estes Park, where they picked up showmanship savvy.

When they clicked in a Christmas show at the fabulous Roxy theater in New York, the stampede for their happy brand of music-making was on, and TV kings Como, Godfrey and Boone joined the Ja Da bandwagon.

---

**FAD ALLEY**

Vicky Crilley of Michigan reports gals wrap counterfeit greenbacks around their ponytails to hint to the fellows they're willing to go on a Dutch Treat date. . . Out Alabama way, gals call gals "corn-starved" if they don't stand tall. . . From upstate New York, Angie Costa writes that colored sneakers are called "gumdrops." . . Slam books are back in style in a corner of California. What's a slam book? Well, you take a note pad, write the name of each of your friends on separate pages, then pass it around to them for anonymous comments. Great for laughs at parties! . . There's a once-a-week Texas dance club that rallies off partners for the first three dances of the evening. Guys and gals pick numbers from two separate boxes. This way, dancers get a chance to try out different dancing styles. . . "Star gazing" is the bayou name for daydreaming if you're sitting over a Coke on a lazy summer's day in a Louisiana drugstore.

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**TURNTABLE VOX POX**

**ALBUM OF THE MONTH—**

** культура, как отражение бурного развития музыкальной индустрии.**

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**(continued)**
So easy, so certain to get softer, fluffier washes!

**Now all these Sears Kenmore washers add Sta-Puf automatically!**

Now—for the loveliest wash ever, choose from these four new Sears Kenmore Washers. It’s the only line offering such a selection of washers that add Sta-Puf® Miracle Rinse to your wash automatically! No stopping, no re-setting... the exclusive dispenser measures out just the right amount of Sta-Puf at just the right time. You’ll see your towels fluff up to almost double their thickness. Diapers and baby clothes lose their harsh scratchiness that chafes and irritates. Ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere, muslin sheets like percale. Much of your flatwork dries almost wrinkle-free.

There are many reasons why Kenmore is America’s largest selling line of automatic washers. You get One Soft Touch all-fabric washing, plus the automatic rinse dispenser, self-cleaning lint filter, and all the other features you want for easier washdays.

**FREE!** See a demonstration of the new Kenmore Washers today at your Sears Retail Store or Catalog Sales Office... get a generous sample bottle of Sta-Puf® Miracle Rinse absolutely free!

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**a**—Lady Kenmore Push-Button Automatic Washer  
**b**—Lady Kenmore Combination Washer and Dryer  
**c**—Kenmore Space-Saving Automatic Washer  
**d**—Kenmore 10-lb. Automatic Washer

Decatur, Illinois
**BACHELOR CORNER: man talk**

Fabian the Swoon King tells me he likes a gal who can talk about everything from Sinatra to Sputnik. Sure, he goes for a little high-pitched swooning, but he digs good conversation the most—on a date night-out... "If a gal's got a sense of humor, I'm all for seeing her again. But if she can give me pointers on my favorite subject, astrology, I'll never stop seeing her," says Ed Byrnes, the Kookie Kid. Phil Everly's pet peeve is a girl who screams while she rides the back seat of his motor scooter... Tony Perkins loves swimming dates, especially "if the gal can't swim and she lets me teach her." You should see Tony high-dive. Sick as a reed... Singer Tommy Leonetti explains why he fell for Pat Quinn. "She has such a wonderful way of making me feel like a man. She's so feminine, so cool and chunky. Never lifts a finger, always lets me be boss. And I love it!" He adds, "Besides, she's got those big, wide, fluttery, helpless eyes, and, man, I just couldn't help myself!... If you want to get Will Hutchins' dander up, don't ask him to do a "cowboy rope" trick at a party... Tommy Sands' Australian flame flipped for Tommy's South Seas bongo act, and she carries a bongo with her now wherever she goes. Insists she's going to learn to accompany Tommy... Tommy and I spent a night recently at an offbeat Greek night club in New York—The Kelpiana on West 27th Street. Tommy couldn't get enough of that wild Greek jazz played on a "zoukouki"—similar to the banjo—by the fabulous zoukouki player, Pappagianou... Two new svivel-to-two bachelors have invaded Hollywood to the sweet sound of banjo-yell-from fans: 'Troy Donahue, who's starring opposite Sandra Dee in "A Summer Place," and Gardner McKay, who'll appear in a South Seas TV series, "Adventure in Paradise."... Elvis writes he's learning a yodel serenade... Tab Hunter's next album's been recorded right in the heart of hillbilly country: Nashville, Tennessee. Tab received the key to the city and waxed his new LP disc in the famous Grand Ole Opry hall. Tab's turned into quite a singer. His new album: "When I Fall In Love..." is a smash (it has jacket notes, by the way, by yours truly)... Hawaiian wigs flipped when Frankie Avalon donned a hula skirt in Aloha Isle and shimmered to the soft strains of a ukulele in the blue Pacific moonlight... Paul Anka's personal appearance trip through Europe was a humdinger. French gals decided to start "Spy Cliques" for Paul. They write him news of how his records are selling in Paris.

**TURNTABLE VOX POX continued**

**SHAGGY DOG.** Did you ever hear a dog talking? Well, you can. Here's Shaggy, warbling and shuffling through the "Shaggy Dog Song." "Shaggy Dog Cha Cha Cha" and "Flat Float Floogie," with Fred MacMurray as guest saxophonist plus a dog-barking chorus. Every Shaggy album is autographed with a neat paw print. Disneyland.

**DORIS DAY:** Cuttin' Capers. She's everybody's sweet-heart, this glad-hearted doll, and her sunshiny moods are infectious as you listen to her sing "Why Don't We Do This More Often" and "I'm Sittin' on Top of the World" in this Columbia album of Dodo sognology.

**FLAT ROCK BALLADS.** Sung and played by Carl Sandburg. Recorded in folksinger Sandburg's Carolina country, most of the songs are as American as corn-on-the-cob, from "I Could Not Find My Baby-O" to "Suckin' Cider Through a Straw." Singer Sandburg's eighty years old, plays his own guitar accompaniment and sings in a warm, rich voice. Columbia.

**BACKSTAGE WITH PETER GUNN**

When Peter Gunn's composer, Hank Mannini (and if you haven't listened to his Peter Gunn music, you're missing out on the jazz score of the year), visited me in my Mother Hubbard cupboard at the office, we talked about everything from steel mills to "ad lib" jazz.

Hank grew up in the steel-mill country of Western Pennsylvania, and he played piano for proms and holiday dances with high-school bands in his teens. "Best teacher of all," commented Hank, "is old Mr. Experience. If you really want to do something, do it—and the experience you get'll be your best booster. I was nuts about music, and I was crazy about show business. So I guess I've found a happy marriage of the two in TV!"

But, Hank adds, it's good to listen to different kinds of music, to study the types that are popular before you begin composing your own. Hank calls his brand of music "ad lib" jazz because it's so free and easy.

Sorry, gals, Hank's married, with twin daughters, Monica and Felice, and a son, Chris.

**YOUR PHIZZOG**

Wherever he goes, whenever he's alone, King Elvis has the habit of carrying a paperback book of poems for relaxation. One of his favorite poems is "Phizzog"—and he'll bet you can't name the poet who wrote it.

The poem goes—

This face you got,
This here phizzog you carry around,
You never picked it out for yourself, at all, at all—did you?
This here phizzog—somebody handed it to you—am I right?

Somebody said, "Here's yours, now go see what you can do with it."

Somebody slipped it to you and it was like a package marked:

"No goods exchanged after being taken away——
This face you got.
Lovely Nina Shipman says, "A perfect suntan does so much for a girl's looks. And... Coppertone is the best way to tan." Now you can have the same glamorous tan Hollywood stars rave about. Yes, with Coppertone, you get a faster, richer tan— with maximum sunburn protection— than with any other leading product!

"Sunbalanced Screening does it!" The special scientific screening agent in Coppertone, homomenthyl salicylate, has a selective double action. It lets in the ultraviolet tanning rays that activate coloring matter deep within your skin as it shuts out fiery, burning rays. Thus it lets your skin tan naturally, from the inside out.

Conditions Skin, too! Coppertone is rich in lanolin and other moisturizing ingredients that keep it on the skin longer... protect you even after swimming. And—Coppertone prevents ugly drying and peeling, too— keeps your skin smooth and soft. (Contains no drying alcohol.)

America's Favorite! Originated in Florida, Coppertone now far outsells all other suntan products. Available everywhere— in Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray, and new Shade for children and others with sensitive skin. Also Noskote. Be sure you have a deep, rich Coppertone tan this summer.
THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

GIDGET, Jimmy Darren (Colpix) .............. Smooth
BECAUSE YOU'RE YOUNG, Jimmie Rodgers
(Roulette) .................................... A honey
MOONLIGHT BAY, Tab Hunter (Warner) .... Song-shine
YOU DREAMER YOU, Johnny Cash
(Columbia) ..................................... Heavenville
DRIVE-IN MOVIE, Ron Hargrave (Cub) ........ Ye-ah!
THIS IS ALWAYS, Billy Storm (Columbia) .... Um-saw
I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES, The "Go"
Sound of the Kirby Stone Four (Columbia) .... Gone
SEA CRUISE, Frankie Ford (Ace) ............... Go!
JO-JO THE DOG-FACED BOY, Annette (Vista) ... Wuf!
TAKE A MESSAGE TO MARY, Everly Bros.
(Cadence) ....................................... Fine
I STILL GET A THRILL, Joni James (M-G-M) .... Uh-uh
DREAM LOVER, Bobby Darin (Atco) .......... Red-hot!

BOOK NOOK

Vamp, my trench-coated gal spy, reports June is bride's month (as if any bachelor has to be reminded—it's the time he writes Mrs. in front of a mess of names in his little black book); and for the last word on Dogpatch Day manners, Vamp says, "The Brides' School Complete Book of Engagement and Wedding Etiquette," by Barbara Wilson, is hard to beat. Vamp adds, "What I love about it is the way every religious faith is taken into consideration." Many stars have been spotted reading "A Quite Remarkable Father," the fascinating life story of Leslie Howard (he co-starred with Clark Gable in the famous "Gone With the Wind"). Written by Leslie's daughter, the book reveals how deeply attached he was to children and his strong belief in a "family life." West Coast young marrieds write me that the "Shirley Temple Storybook" is the gift for sons, daughters, cousins, nephews and nieces on birthdays and holidays. "There's a large easy print for the young folks to read," they note, "and pretty colored line drawings of the characters in the wonderful fairy tales." TV fans who missed two raved-about original plays, "Little Moon of Alban" and "A Wind from the South," can now catch up with them in book form. Jimmy Costigan, the handsome author, is in his late twenties, and his photo on the book jacket was snapped by actor Roddy McDowell (who can be seen riding around New York on his Vespa these days clicking camera shutters like crazy)... For a colorful Hollywood novel, young stars recommend "The Shattering of the Image" by R. G. Hubler. "It's fast, furious and fabulous," they comment.

Hollywood bookworms are gaga over the crazy "Peanuts" cartoon collection, and there's talk a brand-new edition's on its way.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S STORYBOOK

A gift for children of all ages.

CONNIE TOWERS' DREAM OF A LIFETIME

Connie Towers, a willowy Grace-Kellyish beauty with blond hair and bewitching grey-green eyes, leaps from obscurity to eminence next month with "The Horse Soldiers," a Civil War film starring Bill Holden and John Wayne. Connie plays a high-spirited Southern gal forced to ride with the Union cavalry on a six-hundred-mile raid through rebel territory.

I talked to pretty Connie, and no wonder she was cast as the bouncy sweetheart in the film. She's full of enthusiasm for everything from folk songs to health foods.

Connie talked of a "happy home life" in Whitefish, Montana (where she was born), music studies ("...but would you believe I was tone deaf as a child?"). In "The Horse Soldiers," Connie sings "Lorena," the first love ballad recorded in America's folk-song history.

How did she get her lucky break? Director John Ford spotted her at a party and was not only impressed with her grooming, but with the way she held herself.

Acting and singing have always interested Connie since the first time she faced an audience in a kindergarten recital. A pop music fan for years, Connie says, "Right now, I'm crazy about the Chipmunks and Andy Williams."

She enjoys classical music, too. "So many people close their ears to something that seems a little highbrow, without giving it a chance and really listening to it."

Where does she get her energy? I asked.

"From eating properly," she answered, "and sleeping! Eight hours a night is a must with me. I eat lots of vegetables and green salads. Ever try a fresh spinach salad with lemon juice? It's great—and wow!—what energy!"

EGGS DARIN

A summer recipe for your how-to-please-a-bachelor collection comes from Bobby Darin, who guarantees, "These are the only eggs in the world that will turn out tasting like pizza!"

Melt a chunk of sweet butter in a small frying pan. Add grated Parmesan cheese, paprika and oregano. Add two eggs, and simmer for a minute; add more cheese on yolks, simmer for another two minutes, then turn eggs over and simmer for thirty seconds. Serve immediately.

Bobby's recipe for boiling water, by the way, is for those gals who cringe at the flap of a cookbook. Bobby says:

1. Find a leakproof pot and fill it with running water.
2. Light a burner on the stove.
3. Put water-filled pot on burner, and turn burner up high.
4. Stand back and wait for the rocky sound of a rolling boil—and you've done it.
MAX FACTOR sets your lips aglow with IRIDESCENT MAGIC
new luminous lipstick brings them excitingly alive with soft shimmering beauty

It's New! It's DAZZLING! It's different from any lipstick you've ever known! These are truly iridescent lip colors that gleam with silver through and through. Only from MAX Factor at $1.25*...each fits Hi-Society... glamorous case, mirror, lipstick all-in-one.
NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!

PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—

No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive’s mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you’d dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

A. Not for burning: High Noon suntan lotion by Noxzema protects against sun’s burn rays, allows tanning rays to come through. 6-oz. plastic bottle, $1.45.*

B. Ciro’s double-strength Eau de Parfum Mist Concentré comes in slim, leak-proof, aerosol container. “Reflection,” “Danger,” “New Horizons.” $5.00.*

C. No shiny nose: One Touch of Glamour, Frances Denney’s moisturizing under-make-up foundation, also contains an effective facial anti-perspirant. $5.00.*

D. Prince Matchabelli’s “Summer Show-er” bath preparations are newly repackaged to look as cool as they help you to feel. Shown, dusting powder, $1.00.*

E. New Stoptette Roll-On deodorant and anti-perspirant is a cool, clear, sea-blue liquid, formulated to dry quickly and leave no powdery residue on skin. 98¢.*

*plus tax
CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

ASK ANY GIRL—M.G.M. Directed by Charles Walters: Miles Mqoughton, David Niven, Meg Wheeler, Shirley MacLaine; Lynn DuBout, Gia Young; Ross Tafrod, Rod Taylor; Mr. Maxwell, Jim Backus; Lisa, Claire Kelly, Jennifer Border, Elizabeth Fraser; Zeni Richards, Dody Heath, Fred, Reid Morgan; Brunette in Police Station, Carmen Phillips; Interviewee, Mickey Shoßn

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN—de Rochesmont. Directed by Ernst Marischka: Teta Luneh, Annie Rouz; Father Seydel, Hans Holt; Ida, Victor de Kowa; Little Arvon, Vilna Dagnschter; Muschi, Kai Fischer; Kopmert, Rudolph Vogel, Mogunt, Kurt Melich, Mrs. Line, Lotte Lang; Dora, Christine Kaufmann; Elly, Edith Elmay; Mizzi, Ulla Moritz; Leopold Aynas, Fred Liecner; Pastor of Hustopes, Kurt Heintel; Fashching, Frida Mullar.

FLOODS OF FEAR—Rank, U-I. Directed by Charles Creighton: Downey, Howard Keel; Esmer; Anp. Honeywood; PĘeetles, Cyril Cusack; Harky, Harry R. Corbett; Muryh, John Crawford; Sheg, Eille Breue; Dr. Mathew, John Phillips; Wiltchphant, Mark Basker; Major, James Durytnort; Businessman, Jack Lester; Bandit, Peter Maddern; Deputy Sheriff; Guy Kingsley Poynter; Lt. Col., Gordon Tanner; Police Capt., Robert Mackenzie.

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—U.A. Directed by Terence Fisher: Sherlock Holmes, Peter Cushing; Dr. Watson, Andre Morell; Sir Henry Baskerville, Christopher Lee; Céleste, Marla Landi; Sir Hugo Baskerville, David Oisley; Bishop Frankland, Miles Malleson; Dr. Mortimer, Francis De Wold; Stapleton, Béen Solon; Barrymore, John Le Mesurier; Percib, Sam Kylie; Servant Girl, Jodi Moyens; Mrs. Barrymore, Helen Goss; Servant, Dave Birks; Lord Caphill, Michael Hawkins; Lord Oscars blood, Ian Hewitson; Mrs. Goodliths, Elizabeth Dott; Selden, Michael Maleaster.

LOVE IS MY PROFESSION—Kingsley International. Directed by Claude Autant-Lara: Godbolt, Jean Gabie; Yvette, Brigitte Bardot; Pierc, Enard Ewfeilere; Mazetti, Fanco Interarc; Inspector, Julien Bentheu; Jessica, No ida Berger; Anna, Mathilde Casadesus; Bordeneuve, Madeleine Barbara; Duer, Jacques Clancy; Vonna, Annick Allieres.

RABBIT TRAP, THE—U.A. Directed by Philip Leacock: Eddie Colt, Ernest Borgnine; Everett Spellman, David Brian; Abby Colt, Bethel Leshe, Darren Colt, Kevin Coerson; Judy, June Blair.

RIKISHA MAN, THE—Cory. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki: Minhomat, Tashiro Mine; Mrs. Yoshoba, Hideko Takamine; Cete, Yoshoba, Hishiro Akagawa; Mrs. Yuki, Chishu Ryu; Storekeeper, Chuko Iida; Kinamihi, Haruo Takiita, Toshi (scoundrels); Kenji Kasahara; Toshiro (child), Kazuo Matsumoto.

SAY ONE FOR ME—20th. Directed by Frank Tashlin: Father Crony, Bing Crosby; Holly, Debbie Reynolds, Tony Pinciarelli; Wagner, Phil Stanley, Ray Walston; Harry Laalate, Les Tremayne; Harry Manning, Connie Gilchrist; Jim Douglas, Frank McHugh; Joe Greb, Joe Best; Suddy, Lena Auran; Sherry, Celda Stevens; Ray Flagg, Nina Shimpan; Monitor, Sebastian Castor; June January, Judy Harriet; Law Christy, Dick Whitingthill; Hotel Clerk, Robert Montgomery, Jr.; Otto, Murray Aler; Capt. Bradford, Richard Collier; Rabbi Berman, David Leonard, Dr. Lovenal, Thomas Henry; Rev. Kenned, Wilkie de Martel, Pastor Johnson, Alexander Campbell; Detective Minelli, Bruce McFarlane.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL—U.A. Directed by Michael Anderson: Sean Leinhau, James Capney, Kerry O'Shea, Don Murray, Jennifer Cress, Dana Wynter, Kathy Brady, Giafa Johns; The General, Michael Redgrave; Lady Edinburgh, Sybil Thorndike; Chris Newman, Cyril Cusack; Mary Madigan, Marianne Benet; McGeorge, John Breslan; Cazldy, Harry Bronson; Sergeant, Robert Brown; Judge, Lewis Casson; Mike O'Callaghan, John Caimrey; Clancy, Harry Corbett; Mrs. Madigan, Elizabeth Carter; Captain, Allan Cuthbertson; Willis, Caffery, Donal Donnelly; Tommy Connor, Donald Douglas; Doreen, Joyce; Edna O'Leary, Elinor Dunne; Dagnes, Paul Wallace; Terence O'Brien, Richard Harris, Spt. Jenkins, William Hartnell; British General, John Le Mesurier; Michael O'Leary, Niall MacGinness; Dooner, Patrick McInerny; Puddle Knob, Ray McAnally; Sir Arnold Fielding, Clive Morton; Liam O'Sullivan, Noel Purcell; Captain (Black and Tan), Peter Reynolds; Col. Smithson, Christopher Rhodes; Sergeant (Black and Tan), Ronald Walsh; Capt. Fleming, Alan White.

a story of LOVE and LONELINESS
...a MAN'S LONGING
...a WOMAN'S SECRET HUNGER

Together
they fought the hate
the lust of
the scandalous
Rambeau family
whose shocking
secret threatened
to destroy their love!

The Cry that Rocked the VALLEY of THE SUN...

"This Earth is Mine!"

with Kent Smith; Ken Scott; Cindy Robbins; Casey Robinson and Claude Heilmann

Hear Don Cornell Sing "This Earth is Mine"
NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

/// COMPULSION—20th, CinemaScope: Powerful movie suggested by the Leopold-Loeb case, with Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell as the young killers. Orson Welles as their defense attorney. (A) May

/// COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Sparkling gem of comedy, Rossano Brazzi as a Frenchman, and his English war bride, Deborah Kerr, need no Chevalier's marriage advice. (A) June

/// DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, THE—20th, CinemaScope: A film to be remembered! As a tragic teenager, hiding with her Jewish family in Nazi-held Amsterdam, Millie Perkins still knows the magic of first love, the solemnities and humor of living. (F) June

/// GIDGET—Columbia; CinemaScope, Columbia Color: Recommended for all Sandra Dee fans! Sandra's a tomboy who thinks boys are just pals—till she meets James Darren (who does his first movie songs). (F) May

/// GREEN MANSIONS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Intent on revenge and gold in his jungle journey, Tony Perkins instead finds romance and adventure with the strange sprite played by Audrey Hepburn. (F) June

/// HEY BOY! HEY GIRL!—Columbia: Winning story, with lots of chuckles and music, starring Keely Smith as a girl who loves a handlebar—and he's quite a man! (F) June

/// IMITATION OF LIFE—U-I; Eastman Color: In a drama full of intense feeling, Lana Turner faces problems of love (with John Gavin) and motherhood (with Sandra Dee). Joanita Hall knows the heartbreak of a Negro mother whose light-skinned daughter (Susan Kohner) wants to "pass." (A) May

/// MATING GAME, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Debbie Reynolds is a delight in a daffy farce, romancing with Tony Randall while her dad (Paul Douglas) struggles with income-tax woes. (F) May

/// PORK CHOP HILL—U.A.: Strong, realistic war film which shows you what Korea vets won't talk about. Lieutenant Gregory Peck leads doubling men in an attack necessary even while peace talks go on. (F) June

/// RIO BRAVO—Warners, Technicolor: Big, bold western puts sheriff John Wayne in a touch spot but gives him three likable deputies—Rick Nelson, Dean Martin (yep, they sing!) and Walter Brennan. (F) May

/// SHAGGY DOG, THE—Buena Vista: What a happy romp's going on in the house next door to Annette Funicello's! Teenager Tommy Kirk keeps turning into a dog. That's right—a large, shaggy dog. (F) May

/// SLEEPING BEAUTY—Buena Vista; Technirama, Technicolor: Disney does the beloved fairytale in magical animation—sweet, funny, scary and tuneful. (F) May

/// SOME LIKE IT HOT—U.A.: Marilyn Monroe's really something special in this rollicking comedy of the crazy twenties. So are Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, hilariously disguised as a couple of flappers. (A) May

/// TEMPEST—Paramount: Technirama, Technicolor: Scenes of sweeping spectacle are the chief attraction in an epic of 18th Century Russia. Tough peasant Van Hefflin leads a revolution; young lovers Geoffrey Horne and Silvana Mangano oppose him. (F) April

/// WARLOCK—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Well-acted, fast yet thoughtfull western. Can the law alone lick a brutal gang? Fonda, Wimmark and Quinn disagree, as Dorothy Malone awaits the outcome. (F) June

/// WILD AND THE INNOCENT, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Fun-filled ramble into a tough frontier town with Audie Murphy and Sandra Dee, naive hick kids. Gilbert Roland's the sheriff. (F) June


/// YOUNG LAND, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Finally released, this forceful western proves worth waiting for. Pat Wayne's every inch the lawman. (F) August '58

ELVIS PRESLEY IS BACK ON THE SCREEN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A YEAR IN HIS TWO BEST!

ALL HIS BIGGEST, BIG-BEAT HITS!

"LOVING YOU" / "BANANA PEEL" / "DON'T ASK ME WHY" / "LET'S HAVE A PARTY" / "HARD-HEADED WOMAN" / "LOVER DOLL" / "KING CREOLE" / "DIXIELAND ROCK"

His terrific Technicolor musical... with a punch!

Loving You

Also starring

LIZABETH SCOTT - WENDELL COREY

HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION • TECHNICOLOR®

Directed by HAL KANTER • Screenplay by HERBERT BAKER and HAL KANTER

From a Story by Mary Agnes Thompson • A Paramount Re-Release

His explosive dramatic smash about shook-up youth... with music to match!

King Creole

HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION

JONES MATHAIU HART JAGGER MORROW

A Paramount Re-Release

"LET ME BE YOUR TEDDY BEAR" / "STEADFAST, LOYAL AND TRUE" / "AS LONG AS I HAVE YOU" / "CRAWFISH" / "MEAN-WOMAN BLUES" / "NEW ORLEANS" / "GOT A LOT OF LIVIN' TO DO" / "TROUBLE" AND MORE!
Exciting news from Lux! A wonderfully effective way to moisturize your skin from within—naturally! Keep your complexion looking fresh, dewy!

Unlike beauty preparations that moisturize your skin from the surface, Lux care has a Skin-Tonic Action that stimulates natural inner moisture. It’s inner moisture that keeps your skin toned... makes your skin look lastingly smooth.

Every time you wash the new Lux way, Skin-Tonic Action gives you natural inner moisturizing—for radiant freshness.

4 magic seconds vital to skin beauty. Swirl on the mild Lux lather. Leave it on, and count 1...2...3...4. Then rinse—and you can almost feel how the remarkable Skin-Tonic Action of Lux Soap care moisturizes your skin. Tones it. Makes it satiny-smooth and glowing.

See how your complexion appreciates the marvelous mildness of Lux care. See how, from day to day, its Skin-Tonic Action makes your skin look lovelier and lovelier.

Sparkling Shirley MacLaine says: “My complexion loves Lux beauty care! Its Skin-Tonic Action keeps my complexion fresh and clear—and marvelously smooth.” And you can be sure—the Lux care that works for Hollywood beauties like Shirley MacLaine can work for you, too!

Lever Brothers guarantees your complete satisfaction with Lux Toilet Soap—or your money back.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE co-starring in “ASK ANY GIRL”
as an MGM release in CinemaScope & Color

“To get the full benefits of Skin-Tonic Action,” says radiant Shirley MacLaine, “I swirl on Lux lather as I would a creamy cosmetic lotion—leave it on and count 1, 2, 3, 4. I rinse, and my complexion feels toned up, alive, deliciously smooth!”

Today get mild, fragrant Lux Soap in white, or four lovely cosmetic colors.

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on Lux care with“Skin-Tonic Action”
Say One For Me

Put Bing Crosby back into his “Going My Way” garb, team Debbie Reynolds with Bob Wagner, and then wait for something extra-special! You won't be disappointed. Father Bing's parish is off Times Square in New York and you'll find that his show-people's problems supply enough action to keep a six-ring circus going in full swing. Debbie's got problems too—fending off Bob, her night-club boss, whose hobby is girls. How can she make him understand she's not interested? (Both pictured top left.) Right from the start, there's not a minute's dawdling as the picture bounces along, jumping from drama to laughs, to song or dance numbers, with all three stars making the utmost of their roles. Cast as a priest for the third time, Bing manages to mix spirituality tastefully with plain humanity (and fun); and Debbie shows her flair for comedy while Bob's doing what seems for him so natural—acting as a keep-'em-guessing kind of guy. Count this movie a winner.

Shake Hands with the Devil

Did you ever think how long it's been since you last saw a really good exciting adventure film? One where you truly didn't know what was going to happen next? Well, this is just such a film. With a cast headed by James Cagney, Don Murray and Dana Wynter, the film unit journeyed all the way to Ireland to find an authentic background for this strongly patriotic movie about intrigue in Dublin back in 1921, when organized bands of nationalists did all they could to fight off the British get-tough policy. Did your mother come from Ireland? Whether she did or not, you'll wind up rooting for the rebels, just as American student Murray does in the movie. With a complicated role, Cagney reminds us that he's still one of the screen's finest actors, skillfully making us believe at first (along with Don—they're chatting, bottom left) that he's simply just a dedicated surgeon, a quiet-spoken professor. Only later do we discover that he's the daring leader of the underground, a hero. And by the finish? Well, we're not so sure again. As a high-born English lady, Dana's contrasted with Glynis Johns who plays an easygoing barmaid; yet both girls feel a woman's hatred of wartime violence. And overall, through the wild raids, breathless chases, sudden captures and clever escapes, there's solid realism that makes this more than an expert thriller—and even after you've left the theater you'll still be wondering who James Cagney really was.

The Rabbit Trap

Marty is back! In this sensitive and beautifully-made picture, Ernest Borgnine has a part as lovable and believable as his Oscar-winner. It's almost everybody's story: the struggle of a man who wonders what he can do when, to keep his self-respect and his family's respect, he must risk losing a job. Bethel Leslie, a pleasing new face, plays his wife, and their son is Kevin Corcoran (the crazy kid brother in "The Shaggy Dog"). Another promising newcomer, June Blair, sympathetically presents the dilemma of the secretary who's attracted to her married boss. He's also Borgnine's boss. But he's no cartoon executive, he's real and human.
THE MIGHTY SAGA
OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN!

heroic Hercules rip down the Age of Orgy's lavish palace of lustful pleasure!
him crush the savage ape-men who guard the shrine of the Golden Fleece!
the Mightiest of Men vs. the Mightiest of Beasts—the killer Cretan Bull!
the seductive Amazons lure men to voluptuous revels and violent death!

Cast of Thousands...
Cost in Millions!

JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS
HERCULES

STARRING
STEVE REEVES
SYLVA KOSCINA
GIACOMO MARIA CANALE

FEATURING
Fabrizio Mioni • Ivo Garrani • Arturo Dominici
Mimmo Palmara • Lidia Alfonso • Gina Rovere

WITH
Ivo Garrani • Arturo Dominici
Mimmo Palmara • Lidia Alfonso • Gina Rovere

DIRECTED BY PIETRO FRANCISCI

COMING SOON TO MOTION PICTURE THEATRES ALL OVER THE NATION!
The Rikisha Man

This is Japanese movie-making at its finest. You’ll find here all the expected beauty of photography and settings—plus the frank emotion that many people don’t expect of Eastern peoples. Toshiro Mifune (seen in “Rashomon”) is not only a splendid figure of a man, husky and strong-featured—he also expresses all the violent temper, tender devotion and deep capacity for love that make his character a memorable one. He earns his living humbly, as a kind of human horse, pulling his rickshaw through the streets of a Northern Japanese city. Befriending an Army officer’s widow (Hideko Takamine) and her son, he falls in love with the exquisite lady. But rigid class barriers keep the two lonely people apart. Fascinating details of an ancient way of life (dying slowly) give the movie a poetic air. Yet the characters aren’t the two-dimensional shapes in a painting done on silk; they are very human.

Ask Any Girl

Especially, ask Shirley MacLaine, at her brightest, breeziest and sweetest in this demurely sexy frolic. She can show you the way to an evening of mad fun—on film. Shirley’s out to learn the tricks of husband-hunting in New York, and what girl could ask a more delightful teacher than David Niven? He’s back at his old specialty as your favorite romantic comedian, coaching Shirley in techniques of man-trapping. The big game she’s after is Gig Young, as David’s girl-collecting brother.
New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting

The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers...waves in the style you want with the support it needs.

Style-support...the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting.

New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50.

**ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS**

- 40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.
- 6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".
- 6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.
MOVIES continued

The Hound of the Baskervilles U.A., Technicolor

These days, the British are doing a jolly good job of scaring us half to death digging up Dracula, Frankenstein and other such gruesome characters to delight American audiences. If you saw “Horror of Dracula,” you’ll remember tall, thin-faced Christopher Lee as the sinister “undead” count. Now Chris turns up as a live and pretty handsome guy, falling heir to a family estate—and a mysterious family curse. He wants to stay live, so whom does he call in but good old Sherlock Holmes (Peter Cushing). Of course, Dr. Watson (Andre Morrell) comes along too—still slow on the uptake, still goofing here and there. A hell-hound bays at midnight on the weird English moorland, and shadowed people creep in and out of an old castle and an abandoned mine, with death lurking everywhere. Don’t see this alone!

Embezzled Heaven De Rochemont, Agfa color

Magnificent photography of the Vatican—in color—and a moving performance by Annie Rosar, provide the highlights of this religious drama. Miss Rosar is convincing all the way as a hard-working old servant whose idea of true faith is at first distorted and selfish. She scrims and grits herself to educate a nephew for priesthood—not because she loves the boy, but because she wants to be sure of her own place in heaven. Then she discovers that he’s a worthless scoundrel who never had any intention of taking the cloth; he has simply frittered away her money. Realizing her terrible error, she does penance by taking a pilgrimage to Rome. Although the story is told in jumpy fashion, with dialogue that is too often stilted, the splendor of the closing scenes and the power of Miss Rosar’s acting make this worth seeing.

Love Is My Profession Kingsley International

Here comes Brigitte Bardot again, bouncing along a Paris street with a wild blond hairdo and tight skirt. As usual, she’s up to mischief. Instead of sticking to her original, older profession, the tough kid portrayed by BB turns thief, but bungles the job so badly that it takes criminal lawyer Jean Gabin to get her out of her fix. Then it’s Gabin who’s hooked. Oddly enough, Brigitte doesn’t try to glamorize the sleazy role of a girl who just likes men, and Gabin’s as dependable as our own Spencer Tracy. Italy’s Franco Interlenghi is handsome and impassioned as a student who—poor dope!—wants to take Brigitte away from it all. It’s a grubby sort of story, you’ll have to admit, but it’s reasonably well-done and quite well-acted, although we are inclined to see BB as a comedienne.

Floods of Fear RANK, U.I.

This title with a pun heads an exciting suspense story which enjoys an ideal background: flooded farmlands where the rampaging Mississippi has knocked out communications and left many people in terrified isolation. One of them is Anne Heywood—a new and very pretty face—who is marooned in her own house with two escaped convicts and their injured guard. Still, there’s hope; one of the cons is Howard Keel, and you just know he’s been serving time on a bum rap. Too long missing from the screen, Keel makes a vigorous hero as the plot swings into the evergreen pattern of the chase.
DuBarry dazzles your lips with...

'Snow·Ball of Fire'

The new summer excitement in red— it's icy-cool and fiery!

Cool deliciousness with a spark of hidden fire... that's DuBarry's new lipstick color, 'SNOW·BALL OF FIRE'. A hot-and-cold blaze of icy brilliance... it's the softest, brightest, sheerest red you've ever seen. Maddeningly beautiful!

And it brings out maddening new beauty in you, makes everything you wear exciting! 'SNOW·BALL OF FIRE' in DuBarry's fabulous Royal Lipstick is enriched with special softeners that silken your lips with luscious young smoothness.

Light up your summer beauty with this 'SNOW·BALL OF FIRE' and see the sparks fly!

DUBARRY Royal Lipstick

1.50
(Click-in refills, 1.10)
plus tax
Collectors Corner

I would like to increase my large collection of pictures and autographs of famous people and movie stars from all over the world. Your help would be appreciated.

DONALD R. SIEGELER
267 West 3rd St.
Winona, Minn.

I used to collect pictures of movie stars and also movie magazines. As a result, I now have a huge scrapbook of many of the top stars of today.

Since I am a high-school sophomore, I no longer have time to collect pictures and I thought perhaps somebody could write me about it if they wanted it.

LYNN KILLIBREW
121 West Newkirk Lane
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Say, why don't you two get together!—Ed.

Washington Tree

Could you please tell my husband and I where "The Hanging Tree" was filmed?

Mr. & Mrs. L. B. Green
San Bernardino, Calif.

All exteriors of "The Hanging Tree" were photographed in the pine-covered mountains some 40 miles from Yakima, Washington, where the Rattlesnake Creeks meet.—Ed.

Auld Lang Train

I may not be another Robert Frost, but these few words say how I feel about TV's "Wagon Train":

With Flint MacGuffin riding scout,
Seth Adams at the head,
I love to see a fast fist bunt,
Or a round of throwing lead.
To Ward Bond's acting do I bow;
Bob Horton is a dream.
They always seem to know just how
To work out every scheme.
When all Auld Westerns be forgot
And they no longer reign,
Oh! we'll remember, like as not,
That great show, "Wagon Train."

—VIOLA HAUTZ
Halifax, Pa.

Lost in Natalie Wood's arms is a "Kookie" somebody missed (below).

Help! Mr. Byrnes Is Lost!

Maybe you won't think I'm very hep, but I have a question to ask you. In one of your past issues you stated that Edward Byrnes played in the movie, "Marjorie Morningstar." Well, I've been racking my brain, but I can't figure out who he played.

Irta Desow
Detroit, Mich.

Edward did appear in "Marjorie Morningstar." He played the part of Sandy Lamm—the boy she thought she loved.—Ed.


Louis Jordan

No one will ever beat Louis Jourdan. For he's so talented and handsome a man. In "Three Coins in a Fountain" and "Julie" he starred, which really made his career zoom far. I saw him as the tutor in "The Swan." And also in "Gigi" in the part of Gaston. I think that in this film he acted the best, though I enjoyed him in all of the rest. After these his fame rose still higher. As he brightened the "Chevy Show" with "Great Balls of Fire," "Accent on Love" was really the most. With Ginger Rogers hostess to his host, pictures and articles about him I hoard, and stick them up on my bulletin board. The rest, in a special scrapbook I store, and though it's all full now, I wish I had more.

Not only is Louis handsome, but he's smart and valiant. And besides being charming, he's loaded with talent. All teenagers like him because he's so neat, anyone who's not seen him is missing a treat. And though he is loaded with fan-mail galore, his autograph I'd give anything for. Cause I'm "gone" completely on Louis Jourdan, and I will forever remain his loyal fan.

—PATSY BAUM
Washington, D.C.

Competition for Rick?

I just had to write and say something about the wonderful new movie "Rio Bravo" and the superb acting of Dean Martin as "Dude." Good luck, Dean, and keep up the fine work.

One of your new fans.

—MARTHA HOLLE
Fayetteville, N.C.

Bravo to Dean for playing it sharp in "Rio Bravo," writes a new fan.

Not High-headed

I was recently in Las Vegas, and while there I went to see Johnny Mathis' show. I was very lucky in being able to go backstage to meet Johnny, talk to him and get his autograph. I was very impressed with him—especially his sincere manner. Why, he's not at all high-headed because of his popularity. I just thought I'd let you know what a swell guy Johnny Mathis is, in case you didn't already know.

—BETH PAGE
Mercer Island, Wash.

We know—but thanks for letting everyone else in on it.—Ed.
vive la différence!

since even sisters have different needs, there must be two dramatically different types of hair control...

only Helene Curtis Spray Net gives you a choice of sister sprays!

one for firm control...

If you want your set held with windproof obstinacy...
the beauty of no dulling stickiness, no flaking...
if you want the only never-droop hair spray in the world...
magnifique — choose...

REGULAR SPRAY NET

one for soft control...

If you want the feel of silky-soft curls...
the confidence of no sticky film, no flaking...
if you want the ease of restyling with just a quick comb...
très jolie! choose...

SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET

gowns and accessories by Saks Fifth Avenue

© 1959, HELENE CURTIS INDUSTRIES, INC.
fashion memo from the editor

If there's one place an adventurous spirit shows off to good advantage, it's on the beach! Even if you're strictly the gray-flannel suit type all winter long, here's your chance to show off "the real you" as a girl with sparkle!

Pam Law

On Top Where He Belongs

Your spring issue was grand and I was delighted with the picture layout "Romance in the Park."

Will Hutchins is rather a new personality around Hollywood, but he's making friends fast and with such favorable publicity in your magazine, he will soon be right on top where he belongs.

Lelada McCullough
Alexandria, La.

Kookie Talk

Does Edd Byrnes really understand that "Kookie Talk" of his?

Jane Squires
Dayton, Ohio

He sure does. We'll translate some:

"Want the horses stabled?"—Do you want your car parked?

"Mushroom people"—People who come out at night to live it up

"Busted by germville"—Put in the hospital

"A Washington"—A dollar

"The colors got pale outside"—The other person got bored

"What's on the front burner?"—What's the current crisis?

"Antville"—A place full of people

"Chick in the skins"—Girl in fur coat

"Like her heels were on fire"—In a hurry

"It's real nervious"—It's good

"You're sure she's not lighting up the tilt sign?"—Sure she's telling the truth?

"Don't blow your jets"—Don't get excited

"Smog in the noggin"—Lost her memory

"Lid of your cave"—Door of your office

"Long green"—Money

"Pile up the zis"—Sleep, more

"You make with the king's jive"—Your English is good

"You're getting the beat"—You're beginning to understand

"The long and airy"—An airplane ride

. . . Do you dig this?—Eo.

Casting

I have just finished reading a book called "Student Nurse." It is a novel of romance by Renee Sharr. I would like to make a suggestion as to who should be in the cast if it should ever become a movie:

Shirley Davidson—Sandra Dee
Anna Marsden—Deborah Kerr
Gerald Trent—Jeff Richards
Mrs. Bleston—Carolyn Jones
Mr. Bleston—Eddie Albert

I think they would make a terrific cast.

Caroline G.
San Francisco, Calif.

(continued)

Kleinert's ruffled swim-cap is of drip-dry Dacron and cotton eyelet. $7.00

Italian sandals come in black, white or natural leather. Connie, $5.00

Let the beach crowd know your hobby with a record satchel. Bonne Age, $3.00

For new idea in cover-ups, striped "Poga Poncho" tops anything. Glentex, $3.00

continued
Exciting new horizons await you in your modern world. How comforting to know that, wherever you are, new Kotex napkins bring you much longer protection, much better protection. The secret is... Kotex now has the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric greatly increases absorbency, makes Kotex softer, gentler... gives you perfect confidence at all times, both at home and away.

New Kotex Napkins—choice of most women

Win the Magic Carpet Contest...

GO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD...FREE!

5 GRAND PRIZES:
2-WEEK ALL-EXPENSE VACATION FOR TWO
anywhere you choose
via TWA
plus $1000 spending money
plus $1000 bonus for your travel wardrobe if your entry includes the opening flap from a box of Kotex 48's.

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Entries must be postmarked by midnight, Aug. 31, and received on or before Sept. 9, 1959.

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Thirty Days Hath September...

The will that Auntie Mame's brother drew up in the movie was dated June 31. Can you explain this?

Barbara Dauvera
Schenectady, N.Y.

No...—Ed.

Happy Birthday

In a recent Readers Inc. you ran a letter from a friend of mine in which she requested a picture of Wayne Preston for me, since it was my birthday. Well, may I say thank you for one of the best birthday presents ever. And may I wish a very happy birthday to anyone on your staff who may be expecting one soon. I'm Sixien.

Barbara Durham
Ontario, Canada

Cartwheels on the Ceiling

I am an adult woman (it says here) and not supposed to be aware of things like, you know, sex-appeal and that sort of nonsense; but when I saw those colored pictures of Elvis in your May issue—WOWEEE! If I weren't so dignified and reserved I'd scream, too, like the young girls do. As it was, I just did cartwheels up and down the walls and across the ceiling.

Mrs. Jayne Miller
Montvale, N.J.

To Eddie's Mom

I'm glad to see that Liz and Eddie have a right to happiness. Life is to be enjoyed, not just endured!

Children need a happy home, full of love and laughter, not discord and tension. Think of all the people who become mentally disturbed, often because their unhappy parents stayed together when divorce would have been best for all concerned.

Mrs. Drex Calvert
Goldendale, Wash.

Abnormal Teenager??

I am probably a normal sixteen-year-old Canadian teenager, but my classmates and friends think there is something quite odd about me. When we are asked about our favorite actors, what do you hear? Rick Nelson, Tab Hunter, Bob Wagner, etc. But my favorites are Bob Taylor and Richard Widmark.

Nicole Millas
Montreal, Canada

“Yul” never guess who’s been shorn! See left for Millie Perkins’ escort.

Mr. Hoboken

About 24 years ago, I lived next door to the high school Frank Sinatra attended in Hoboken, N.J. Mr. Hoboken, I’m not joking. You’re improving with age...

Like a rare port wine or a children’s rhyme, You’re really the rage. Mr. Hoboken, I’m not joking. “They All Came Running” was great. You did no crooning, but I was swooning, As an actor you rate.

Alice M. Scheffler
Indianapolis, Ind.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 265 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

“Lunch, sir?” asks Niven’s lovely lackey—the highest-paid actor in Mexico!

Gentleman’s Gentleman

Who played the valet to David Niven in “Around the World in 80 Days”?

Mrs. E. Donahoe
St. Louis, Mo.

He’s none other than Cantinflas, Mexico’s most famous comedian. Have you seen our story in this issue on his boss?—Ed.

Reactions to “Elvis Elopés”

... This was the best April Fool’s joke ever pulled on me. It was written so realistically that I had tears rolling down my cheeks before I turned the page and saw to my relief that it was only a joke.

Jeannie Johnson
Jackson, Miss.

... When I read the story about Elvis’ marriage, I was with a boy at the time. I actually started crying!!! The boy grabbed the magazine to see what was wrong. He saw the April Fool’s joke and showed it to me. Pul-leeze! Don’t do that again.

Kathy Painter
Portland, Ore.

... I thought your April Fool’s joke was pretty good about Elvis. But not everybody agreed with me. I told my niece (age 5½) and she started crying.

Mrs. Andy Hockenhull
Farmington, N. M.

... Hey... what’s the big idea April Fooling us like that? I was reading Photoplay in bed when my mother heard my sobs and screams and came dashing in to see who was murdered.

Louise Bousman
Winchester, Ind.

A Family Affair

Your May cover of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis with their two darling daughters was a pleasure to see.

Such a short time ago, the Fishers’ “family portrait” was appearing on your cover in almost the same pose as the Curtis’, and now it’s past history.

May that “past history” never become “future” for Janet and Tony.

Betty Santore
Killeen, Texas

Big-Hearted

So my beloved Dave, Nick and Bob are all three married! Well, although it breaks my heart that they didn’t wait for me, it’s really all right, because the Kingston Trio is so great. How about a feature on them, please, with lots of pictures (I’ll be big-hearted—even ones with their wives)?

Victory Van Dyck
Austin, Texas

Maybe you’d like to write them e/o Capitol Records, 1730 Broadway, N.Y., 19, N.Y.

Push-Pull, Click-Click

My girl’s got a crush on Yul Brynner, and it makes me so sick I told her that, with the help of a razor, anyone could look like him.

When we saw “Compulsion,” I rubbed it in, “Take Dean Stockwell, for instance,” I said. “All he’d have to do is...” Can you back me up?

Steve Warnis
Scranton, Pa.

We’ve done our best (see picture)—Ed.
It's a glorious pink that mingle the bloom of azaleas with the excitement of summer lightning. And it has that European touch. Helen Neushaefer discovered it just for you!

Helen Neushaefer's Neu Love lipstick in the gold swivel case with the Color Teller Tip...39¢*

by day — Helen Neushaefer's Contessa DeLuxe Nail Polish 29¢*

at night — Helen Neushaefer's Golden and Pastel Iridescent Nail Polish...29¢*

*plus tax

look for Helen Neushaefer cosmetic fashions at your favorite variety or drug store
new Suave
revives hair surely as moisture refreshes a flower

Just a touch of Suave moisturizes hair problems away—new greaseless way. Dryness, drabness go. Highlights sparkle. Suddenly your hair obeys perfectly, takes any hairstyle easily. New Suave is available at cosmetic counters and beauty salons everywhere.

New moisturizing miracle by Helene Curtis
in a series of
PHOTOPLAY PINUPS

ROCK
HUDSON
HOW FAR IS A STAR?

I was sitting on the sand,
Thinking of boys and getting tanned,
When "Surely," said myself to me,
"That's Rock Hudson! Can it be?"
Who else is so tall? Six feet four
Of rugged he-man any girl would adore.
Who else is so dark and built like Adonis,
Whom no girl can resist—if she's honest.
Tall, dark and handsome wore a red sweater,
Which made him, if possible, look even better.
Only he and I were on the beach,
So there he was, within my reach.
I'd have given up sodas if he'd give me one look
But Mr. Hudson, instead, stuck his head in a book.
Later he took a stick in his hand
And drew faces of girls in the wet sand.
Me, I'm much too shy by far,
But want to know? So was this star!
Me, I'm full of hopes and dreams.
He, he does things. Still it seems
He dreams and dreams, like you or me
Of things to come, and worlds to see,
And a girl to love—like you? Like me?
And I'm still wondering, as I did that day,
If I say, "Hello," what will he say?

—by Joanie Williams, 16
Today I can smile, but do you know,
I still remember the day when I was
watching the other kids run off
without me, feeling that—
nobody loved me

When Solomon A. Shore—a Russian immigrant who was the grandson of a rabbi—and his pretty young wife, Anna, arrived in the little town of Winchester, Tennessee, they went that very afternoon to a local banker. “I want to open a department store,” Solomon explained. “A nice big store.”

But the banker cautioned him. “Don’t try,” he begged. “You’ll lose all your savings. Unfortunately,” he explained, “you can’t do anything much about prejudice. The last Jewish merchant didn’t last six months.”

“But I plan to stay,” Solomon told the man quietly. And he did.

Nevertheless, as the only Jewish family in the town of 2,500, they were resented at first, but by the time Frances Rose (Dinah) Shore was born, on March 1, 1917, the Shores had earned both the respect and acceptance of their neighbors. They had made good friends with the townspeople, joining many of the local cultural and civic organizations. Anna would bake her special cakes for meetings and her warmth and helpfulness won her the admiration of her friends, who finally made her president of the PTA. Solomon had meanwhile been made a leader of the Masons. The business prospered too. “I built it up by hard work and (Continued on page 88)

by TRICIA HURST
MIJANOU BARDOT says-

you think
Brigitte was always a miser!” Mijanou Bardot tucked her feet under her chair and laughed. “You don’t believe me? But it’s true. She was always very careful about her budget and had a little notebook in which she kept her accounts, and every night before going to bed, she went over them.

“I remember one day when Brigitte was about eight, and I was five. It was spring and we were walking through the park in Paris when Brigitte suddenly stopped, turned to me and said, ‘Want to buy my chewing gum? It’s practically new. I’ve only chewed it for three hours. I’ll sell it to you for five” (Continued on page 97)
DADDY, IT'S TOO EARLY FOR ME TO GO TO BED.

I WANT AN ICE-CREAM TALK? SNOOPY THE DOG TALKS.

CRITICS INSTEAD OF TALKS. I WAS NEVER LIKE THAT, WAS I? IT'S FOR A STORY, DADDY. TELL ME ABOUT A

THE CAT AND DADDY,

LET'S TELL MOMMY WHAT YOU SAID...

"mommy, daddy says God does like ice cream..."

(turn the page for more fun with Tony and Kelly Curtis on Father's Day)
why are you a 🌟 and I'm a girl?

A lot of good things come in pairs. You have two eyes, two ears, two hands and feet. You also have a Mommy and a Daddy. When you grow up you’ll be a Mommy; that is, if you go to bed on time so that you will grow big and strong. Now, if all children were girls like you, what would we do for Daddies? If all children were boys like me, what would we do for Mommies? That’s why there are two kinds of people: boys and girls. Besides, it’s very nice to be a girl. Boys fall in love with girls.

do the ⭐️ get tired of hanging up there?

No, I don’t think so. Why don’t they? Because they eat their oatmeal and so are very strong? Well, maybe! But the stars have been hanging up there millions of years and they are used to it. Did you know that the sun is a star? It is. It looks much bigger than the other stars because it is nearer to us. And did you know that when half the world is facing the sun, the light becomes so bright that we cannot see the other stars? But at night, when our half of the world is away from the sun, we can see them.
do you like the \( \text{\textvisiblespace}} \) better than me?

I love you and Jamie both the same amount. It is perfectly easy to love two people the same at the same time. For instance: you love both Mommy and me, don’t you? And you love Jamie? There, you see, it is possible to like two or more things as much as one another. You like ice cream and you like your doll, too. And you also like to snuggle up to me and have me tell you a story before you go to bed. See? And as you grow bigger you will find that there are lots more nice things to like and love.

why can’t \( \text{\textvisiblespace}} \) see when my dress goes over my head?

It’s dark when your dress goes over your head so that when you can see the beautiful world again, it looks even better. Haven’t you noticed? It’s dark for another reason, too. When something is all around your head, the light cannot reach your eyes. But you should never be afraid of the dark. The dark is an important time. It is when the wise owls come out and the other birds sleep. It’s nice when it’s dark. Next time you’re in bed and it is dark, don’t be afraid: you can watch movies in your head.
Can a girl ever be really sure?

Even with Buddy's arms holding her close,

Anna Maria Alberghetti had to confess to herself—

"I'M SCARED OF MARRIAGE"

A sudden gust of wind, sweeping across the garden, made Anna Maria shiver, draw her sweater more tightly around her and snuggle closer into Buddy's arms. Then she turned her head slightly, and, tracing a finger thoughtfully along the low stone wall which backed the terrace seat where they sat, looked over towards the modern, Chinese-style home behind them.

"... and the extra bedroom, darling, will make a wonderful nursery." She could faintly hear Buddy's words coming to her over a sea of thought, and she nodded her head in agreement and listened as he continued. "That studio will (Continued on page 103)"
I guess... I guess I just couldn't give enough," said Jim Arness from the bed where he was sitting, two pillows propped up behind his head and shoulders, a blanket pulled up to his waist. The catch in his voice wasn't from the virus he had caught—but from what he was trying, with great difficulty, to say. "I admit I often took Matt Dillon home with me. And I think Virginia objected to having Matt and not me around the house. But it wasn't always like this. In the beginning... when we first (Continued on page 93)
JAMES ARNESS
we couldn’t tell if our love was real

The last week in January,” Diane Jergens explained softly, “we moved into our new home. We thought things would get better; both of us felt sure of it. With the house, surely whatever was bothering us would be straightened out. But instead of getting better, things got worse. I couldn’t seem to talk to Peter. I’d start—and then I’d think, what’s the use. Never mind. Then, when we’d been living (continued)
in our new home only two weeks, the situation finally came to a head.

"It was late on Sunday afternoon, and Peter suddenly got up. He didn't say anything, but I watched him go to the hall closet and get a jacket.

"'Where are you going?' I asked, finally.

"'Out to work... on the arrangements for some songs... with a couple of the guys.'

"As Peter started to go out the door, I couldn't stand it any longer.

"'Peter,' I said, 'I can't take it anymore. I can't. I just don't know what's happening. You've hardly said a single word to me all week...'

"Peter just turned around and stood staring at me." Suddenly, at this point, Diane paused, looked over at Peter, who was sitting beside her on the couch, and smiled in a way that asked him to continue the story.

"I knew Diane was right—a hundred percent right," Peter said finally, toying a little nervously with the cigarette he held in his hand. "I'd been moody, quiet. I'd neglected her. I knew it. But I was trying to figure things out. All I knew was that I loved my wife very much, but that somehow I'd hurt her and I'd been hurt, too.

"But instead of telling her this, I simply said, 'Diane, I'm not ready to talk about it. I want to wait till I have things settled in my own mind.'

"Diane just looked at me and finally she said, 'Peter, please stay and let's talk things over.' When I didn't answer, she said, 'Peter. I'm miserable... (Continued on page 95)
WILL LIZ BREAK EDDIE'S HEART TOO?
As a new life began with Eddie, Liz tried not to hear the

They were leaving for Las Vegas in half an hour. In the midst of the flurry of packing, the children had been looking for Maggie, their big, beautiful Persian cat. Maggie just couldn’t be left behind. Then suddenly the shouts and the running back and forth stopped as the gardener walked slowly through the house, his head bent over a furry animal he held in his arms.

Liz, who had been kneeling by a trunk, struggling to fit in last-minute odds and ends, got up as he approached her and tossed back her hair.

“Mrs. Todd, I’m so sorry,” he said quickly. A few feet away her two boys—young Michael and Chris—were standing rooted to the spot, looking aghast. They could see that the gentle paws were (Continued on page 90)

Arriving at the Tropicana for Eddie’s opening, Liz hesitated for just a moment. Somehow, she felt uneasy.

Afterwards, she hurried to kiss him and to give him a green jade ring. “We can’t live by public opinion,” she said.
hissed words, “She’ll break his heart . . . like the others.”

Eddie forgot his lyrics, then Liz heard him say, “I must really be in love.”

They planned a quiet wedding, hoping it could be that way. “We’ll travel as man and wife,” they vowed.
I wasn't too keen on the idea of a blind date, but when a girlfriend of mine called and said she knew a nice boy—kind of shy—I was persuaded. But the minute I hung up I thought, "Donna, you've made a mistake!" So when the big day came, Saturday, I sat in my room moping, thinking all kinds of horrible things—like he was going to be about six inches too short, or maybe a wolf. I had the wild idea of calling it off, but mother insisted: "You're exaggerating. You've promised, now you must go."

At about two o'clock I heard a car drive up. "Stop hanging on the curtains and go answer the door," Mom said. So, with heavy heart and broad smile I opened it—and nearly fell over backwards. There was Pat Wayne chewing on the end of a spearmint-gum wrapper. "Hi," he said sort of lazily, "Can I come in?" I'm glad he asked, because I don't think I could have spoken.

We talked, but I wasn't really all there until, on the way to Long Beach Pike amusement park, I told him about having come from New York and wanting to be a dancer, and that I'd even had a small part in his new Columbia picture, "The Young Land." He wasn't surprised. "I know—and ever since I first saw you on the set I've wanted to ask you for a date." He was so easy to talk to, more like the college boys I date than an actor. He loves to play chess and he's in pre-med at Loyola College and... well, I had a glorious time. Turn the page and see for yourself.

by DONNA BOICE
17, Los Angeles, California
Next time you’re sitting at home and someone asks you

“And I thought breaking Dad’s horses was hard!” Pat laughed as we jiggled and bounced in the “Whirligig,” but he wasn’t dying to try it again.

All that fresh air was making us hungry, so we stopped for cotton candy. “Let’s get some real food now,” urged Pat as he spied some hot dogs smothered in sauerkraut.

Back and forth, back and forth—my stomach was doing the cha-cha but my hearty date just yelled to me, “Come and see the view—it’s great!” I had to take his word.

Pat was so good at “loop the hoop” the man who ran it begged him to stop. “You make it look too easy. Here, take these pandas, before you win the concession!”
to go on a blind date, remember what happened to me!

Cranking flickers: "What, none of Dad's old movies?" cracked Pat.

Maybe it was my lucky straw hat, but I got a strike in the "baseball" game and a "Hey! Not bad," from Pat. Home again (below) and a too-soon end to a perfect day with the nicest "blind date" ever.
JOANNE WOODWARD asks:

**do you sometimes believe in fate?**

Joanne Woodward turned her head sharply. She thought she heard a noise but, no . . . one look at the crib reassured her. She listened a moment longer, then turned back and looked out the window. All the pieces seemed to fit together. Paul . . . the new baby . . . her career. Everything fit together in such a perfect way. And yet if she had lived one hour of those days differently, she would have changed the whole (Continued on page 74)

by NANCY ANDERSON
Let's face it girls; you can't get along with 'em—or without 'em. So this month, let's talk about—
Hey there . . . hold that crowd back. We fellows didn’t mean any harm. We were only trying to help you gals when we wrote “Girls, You’re Wonderful, But . . .” a while back. That’s no reason for you all getting your pretty young heads storming and coming after me with sharpened hat pins and .38 caliber hair-curlers.

All I did was float around the edges of some conversational sessions, picking up a few words here and there and gluing them together so we could answer that ever-burning question, “Now just what do boys talk about?” You were sure right. It was girls after all . . . But don’t worry, ’cause I’ve been doing a little research on the other side of the fence. No, it’s not a white flag of surrender I’m waving here. It’s my latest batch of notes. Right here in this collection of type I’ve got evidence—and it’s pretty up-to-date—that when the girls gather they have a favorite topic: Boys. And you know what else? This may come as a blow to the fellows, but the girls have been able to find a few rusty spots in that suit of armor we guys wear.

That’s no surprise to you girls, is it? Well, suppose we focus our super-sensitive microphone on some pretty feminine readers and guests at “American Bandstand,” and broadcast some of their top-secret confabs, which sound like this . . .

“Why is it,” Mary Anne Cuff is asking, “that some fellows seem to think they are big shots even when there isn’t anybody around to back them up in their opinion?”

“I was just thinking that, too,” Marie Murphy chimes in. “Some fellows like to be the center of attraction no matter where they are. They always jump up and try to answer all of the questions in class, even when they’re (Continued on page 86)

by DICK CLARK
JIMMIE'S NOT THE MAN
If you're married, you'll want to read this...

If you're not married, you must read it

I THOUGHT I MARRIED

The first week we were married my husband hit me over the head with a picture frame. And all because of something that hadn't even been my fault... but I'm getting ahead of my story.

It all really began—the picture-frame fight, I mean—because of course I had no idea that Jimmie snored. Even though our home was right smack under the Hollywood freeway, where the traffic made more noise than a jamboree, you could still hear Jimmie's snoring. No sooner would he crawl into bed than he'd snuggle over to his side with all the covers, close his eyes and rock the bedroom with the most perfectly modulated "Groor—whee, grroor—whee." And he would sleep like a log. Me? Well, I just had to get used to it—but not without effort.

I remember one chilly morning, right before dawn, hearing what sounded like an overworked pneumatic street-drill coming to me over the waves of sleep. In a dream-like sort of way it seemed as though these drills were people marching towards me and I, in true dream fashion, was unable to move an inch and, to top it all, was standing shivering in a sub-zero cold.

It was too much. So I must have unconsciously put an end to it all by waking up. And then I knew. It had been Jimmie's snoring—snoring as he'd never snored before. He'd taken all the blankets again, too. So I began my counter-attack by tugging for my share of the bed-covers, totally ignoring his sleepy protests. Then I decided to put an end to the snore—but for this I chose a more subtle approach. If he could make noise—I could, too.

So, feeling very abused, I began pounding on the wall behind the bed. "Hey," I said, "how about a break, huh?"

But no sooner did my fist hit the plaster than our marriage license (framed and hanging precariously from a thumb tack above the bed), came tumbling down—arriving on the bed by way of a bounce off the top of Jimmie's head.

He sat bolt up, looking bewildered. (Continued)

by MRS. JIMMIE RODGERS

as told to GEORGE CHRISTY
“What happened?” he yelled. Then, still quite puzzled, he put a hand to the top of his head. “Something hit me,” he concluded. Then he eyed me suspiciously. “Thanks,” he muttered sarcastically. And right then and there he picked up the only possible offending article—the frame—and hit me with it plump on top of my head. “There,” he said, evidently feeling better.

I shrieked and slapped him right back.

Then Jimmie climbed out from under the covers and walked stiffly over to my side of the bed. For a moment I thought he looked sorry and was going to give me a please-forgive-me kiss.

Instead, he picked me up, threw me over his knees, and gave me a spanking that made it painful to sit down for days afterwards.

“Fiend!” I whimpered. “This isn’t in that contract.”

Sometimes we take everything too seriously. I know I did—that time. I packed my bags, mumbled some mumbo-jumbo and said I was going home to mother. Jimmie just stood there, looking sheepish in his pajamas, and watched me pack. Then suddenly he came over and showed me the funny, egg-shaped lump on his forehead. He didn’t say a word. But it melted me. I just swallowed all my silly pride and scurried into the kitchen to make a big pot of coffee. Over it, I explained to Jimmie what really had happened.

But, anyway, how was I to know I was marrying a man who snored? And who’d thought it significant?

As a matter of fact, that pot of coffee has its significance, too. “Colleen,” my mother had said, just before Jimmie and I were married, “no matter how glamorous marriage may seem to you now, no matter what dreams you may have, remember, there’s bound to be some trouble. And when there is, sit yourself down with Jimmie over a pot of coffee, and you’ll find it’s the best referee in the whole wide world!”

I was very young at the time, and still dreamy-eyed. Marriage seemed strewn with sweet-scented rose-petals. Then I got married and found that, well, it is . . . lots of times . . . but there are problems, too. At first it was a shock to realize we were just two ordinary people, living together within four ordinary walls, faced with each other, a coffee pot, and just plain living.

Come to think of it, ours was a “coffee” courtship too. The first time we dated we went for coffee—and ended up staying out all night! Oh, I’d known Jimmie all my life since both of us grew up in Camas, Washington. We used to have fun back in grade school, with the Shetland ponies that belonged to Donna, the girl who lived across the road from me. I was Colleen McClatchey then, and Jimmie always referred to me as “that McClatchey girl.” By the time I was in eighth grade, I had a terrible crush on him. But he was a junior (he’s three years older), and I didn’t think he’d go for a kid with braces on her teeth. But I remembered how we’d gone horseback-riding before we became teenagers—and all the fun we’d had. Jimmie’d sing all the time, whether we were riding, or sitting by the roadside chewing quackgrass and clover-leaves or taking the horses back to the stable.

Actually, Jimmie didn’t do much dating, although he did go to the high-school prom with a really glamorous girl before he enlisted in the Air Force.

But we never lost touch. When he was assigned to Korea, a friend of mine named Connie sent him packages of goodies, and a couple of times I baked peanut-butter cookies and packed them in coffee tins for Connie to put in Jimmie’s packages.

“You can tell that McClatchey girl I said thanks for the cookies,” he wrote back to Connie. And that was that!

By the time Jimmie came back from the war, I’d already left town. I’d gone to Hollywood for a screen-test and was studying acting at Universal-International and also playing bit parts. I couldn’t get back home much. Then the studio sent me home on tour and that’s when I ran smack into Jimmie at the Modern Cleaners on Fourth Street, where my mom worked.

He was lonely; I could tell. He’d just gotten out of the service, and, like most guys fresh out of uniform, was trying to find something to do in civilian life.

He asked me if I’d go out with him later that evening, and, even though I felt rather (Continued on page 82)
Beauty News—
Summer 1959

Ever Ask—

“what can I do with my hair?”

Sandra Dee’s Hair Secrets
"what can I do with my hair?"

If you’re like lots of girls, you pass up hairdo’s you’re dying to try because you are convinced your hair looks well only when it’s long. Or only when it’s short. Not Sandra Dee. She’s discovered what top hair stylists confirm, that when it comes to hair, a girl can go to any lengths.

Sandra’s favorite long hairdo (opposite) and short cut for her latest picture, “The Wild and the Innocent” (following page) can flatter almost any shape of face or feature. So that you can copy them yourself, cutting and setting instructions have been provided by Larry Germaine, head of Universal-International’s hair dressing department. If you’re handy with a scissors—go ahead. Otherwise, take directions to your local hairdresser.

Instructions needn’t be followed too rigidly. Hair may be trimmed a bit longer or shorter without changing the finished results. Same goes for setting. Follow placement and direction of curls exactly. But number of curls will depend on amount of hair and the size of your head.

Both styles need hair with plenty of body and some curl. If this doesn’t sound like you, give yourself a good home permanent. For curls that are soft, yet firm and long-lasting, use a rod-type kit with large-size curling rods.

Because freshly washed hair looks twice as thick and fluffy, Sandra shampoos every third day, finishing with a creme rinse. And because hair tends to become dry and dull when allowed to remain damp and rolled up over a long period, she uses a home hair dryer. With daily brushing and a cream treatment every ten days, her hair is always in good condition, lustrous, springy and easy to manage herself.

A girl who rolls her own when she’s not before the cameras, Sandra learns styling tricks from studio hairdressers, discovered that large pin curls give a longer-lasting set than small, tight ones.
Sandra's loose, casual hairdo seems to just grow that way. It doesn't—quite. Her hair is trimmed once a month: crown and sides about eight inches long, bangs three to four inches and hair at neckline three inches. While still damp after shampoo, non-oily hair dressing is smoothed over crown, distributed evenly by brushing. Hair is then parted on right. Bangs are set on medium rollers, from right to left. (If your hair is parted on the left, reverse the direction of your bangs.) Jumbo rollers are used on crown of head, medium-size for sides and back. Curls are wound away from part on top and sides, toward neck in back (see diagram). In front of rollers, three flat pin curls are wound toward face on each side. When dry, hair is brushed briskly, combed into place and sprayed lightly to stay that way all day. (continued)
"what can I do with my hair?"

When Sandra is in a short hair mood, she loves a frothy, bubble hairdo. Like most girls, she takes a dim view of styles that need lots of fussing and primping. "For me," Sandra admits, "constant worry takes the joy out of the most becoming hairdo." Nicest thing about her bubble cut, is that she needn't be concerned about its "coming down." Short hair, she's discovered, eliminates most of the "straggly ends" problem. For girls who need the flattery of softness around the face, Sandra's hairdo also provides plenty of fullness. More even than most longer hair styles. So you can copy her bubble cut, Larry Germaine tells exactly how it is done: Hair is cut in layers, three to four inches long on crown and sides, graduating to 1 1/2 inches at nape of neck. (While Sandra's hair is trimmed every two weeks, this hairdo looks well at in-between lengths, too, can be trimmed as infrequently as once a month.) To set, all hair is wound on medium-size rollers. Like most girls, Sandra's hair frizzes when it's curled tightly and frizz straightens out fast. Follow diagram for direction and placement of rollers—crown and back, away from face; sides down toward ears. For extra fullness at sides, set rollers in diagonal direction, from eyebrow toward ear. Any stray wisps around ears and neckline are set in large, flat pin curls. After rollers are removed, Sandra's hair is brushed briskly for extra sheen and fullness. Hair is then combed back and waves pushed forward with side of hand. Small tendrils around face and on crest of waves are pulled loose with fingers. To give rounded look, hair on crown of head is back-combed slightly.
revealing...
the wacky private life of an English gentleman, David Niven, ESQ.*

David calls himself "a displaced Cary Grant," but the only time he ever was really displaced was the day Hjordis stole his chair. As always, David did what any British gentleman would do in that case—he married her!

David Niven reached into the side pocket of his dress suit. Yes, the lucky old regimental tie was there. Then he put his hand into the pocket on the other side, felt another tiny good-luck charm and tried the inside pocket of his jacket. A faint jangling assured him further good luck had not left him. Then he put a hand to a back pocket and a nobbly bulge convinced him that the good-luck miniature one of his sons had put there was still with him.

David grinned, and, taking out a large white folded handkerchief, patted his brow. "Hot," he whispered to his wife, Hjordis.

She smiled back, and then, suddenly, all the waiting, all the wondering was over. From the huge stage at the Pantages Theater he heard Irene Dunne announce, "For the . . ." David looked up, for a second shocked with surprise, as he heard his name. Then he jumped up from his seat, pausing just for a second to kiss Hjordis, and ran down the aisle, fairly bounding onto

by ANITA ALLEN

*everything seems quacky
the stage, like a cricket wicket-runner.  

"I'm so loaded with charms," he announced, breathing heavily into the microphone, "that I could hardly make it up the steps."  

It was a moment David Niven had awaited for twenty-five years (since his first role as a sleeping Mexican in a Hopalong Cassidy movie—total salary, $3.50). And yet, even after so long a career, it was surprising that few of the 100 million people who watched, knew much at all about him. Probably less has been written about David Niven than about almost any other actor in Hollywood; and little is known except that he has great charm, wit and a never-failing British diplomacy in all matters.  

Like the afternoon when, while lunching with friends, David was greeted warmly by a pretty red-haired woman who came over to the table and cried, "David!"  

David instantly sprang from his seat, kissed her on both cheeks and cried enthusiastically, "Darling!"  

Suddenly his expression changed to a frown. He (Continued on page 101)
Somehow, Joan Crawford manages to get through the long days,

but at night she knows the emptiness when there’s—

no one to come home to

Joan Crawford picked up a pale blue nylon housecoat which lay draped over a low chair and, slipping it on, walked quietly through the apartment to the kitchen. Opening and closing each door carefully, she made sure not to make a sound, so that she would not wake her husband who had gone to bed, the night before, complaining he felt unusually tired.

She glanced at the white-and-black clock in the living room—9:15 a.m. Still early, she thought, and, for an April morning, oppressively hot. She turned and walked over to a window, giving the cord of the blinds a slight tug. And, looking out over the rooftops of Manhattan, she noticed the sky was a heavy gray and the sun wasn’t beating down as she had expected, but a strange dullness and heaviness about the air gave an eerie quiet that made her feel uneasy. But she shrugged (Continued on page 80)

by ELAINE BLAKE
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pattern. If she had acted differently on that steamy July night.

She was sixteen and sitting slumped in the front seat of the car, staring straight ahead, as the headlights stabbed through the thick hot South Carolina night. What’s wrong with me, she thought. And she shivered.

“What’s the matter, honey?” Taking one hand from the wheel, the young boy on the passenger side turned and reached over to tuck a stray wisp of hair behind her ear. “Cold?” he asked.

“Uh-uh...”

“Scared?”

“N-no I’m not scared.” But she shivered again.

“This should be wonderful,” she told herself impatiently. “This is supposed to be the most wonderful night of my life. This is the night I’m going to be married.”

The boy turned the car off the road and into a driveway. Fat crepe myrtle bushes on either side of the front walk almost hid the front sign of the house of the Petes.

She couldn’t even speak. She was still trembling. Woodedly she allowed herself to be led up the front steps, past the wrought-iron show-scaper, to the porch.

“Not here,” he whispered in her ear, “that your folks will understand about this.” Tenderly he squeezed her arm. “What do you think your father will say?”

Her face turned suddenly. And then she knew for certain. This wasn’t the marriage she wanted.

“I can’t marry you,” she said, meeting his eyes for the first time that night. “Not now... Not tonight. I’m not ready. I’d like you to take me home.”

The boy stood quietly for a minute. “Joanne,” he said finally, “Joanne, what have I done? You can’t mean it.”

But she did. She didn’t know why.

Even today, if anyone asked her exactly why, after they’d gone ahead and bought a ring and made so many plans, she’d suddenly backed away from that teenage elopement, she would still find it hard to explain. Maybe if he hadn’t made her come. Maybe.

Her father and mother were wonderful people. They had loved one another; then they didn’t anymore... they’d separated, divorced. She tried, but she couldn’t understand what had happened. If it could happen to them, couldn’t it happen to her?

After her parents’ separation, she moved to Greenville, South Carolina. A chubby girl, unsure of herself, she missed her father. When her mother remarried, she got along all right with her stepfather, but she just couldn’t feel really close to him.

Then her Aunt Nancy Merritt, maybe hoping it would end her daydreaming, phoned the drama teacher at high school and asked him to take a special interest in her—after all, she’d been named after actress Joan Crawford.

She appreciated this. She used to lie on the bed in her room, burrow her head in her pillow and listen to the tree toads, the late sound of farm trucks homebound on a distant road. Listening to what? She’d ask herself over and over. Sometimes love had touched her so nearly that she could feel it. But whom could she love and be sure that was the way it was meant to be?

She sighed, remembering the past Saturday afternoon when, as usual, she and her friends had gone to the movies. That afternoon’s show, a musical, featured, to strains of swelling music, Van Johnson sweeping a bride into his arms and kissing her for a long, long time. His hair was thick and curly, his arms strong. She had reached deep into her pop corn bag and scooped up a handful of fluffy kernels. The hot butter left her fingers greasy and warm, but she didn’t care.

“Isn’t he wonderful?” The girl in the next seat nudged her with an insistent elbow. “Mmmmm.” Her heart (as well as her mouth) had been too full to answer. How could anyone talk at a time like this, she wondered irrationally. This was love. Great Love! This was what it would be for her.

That had been Saturday. Now she wondered: “Will it really be that way? Will I ever get married?”

She rummaged in her top bureau drawer for the old blue stationery box. Lifting the lid, she pulled out a finger-marked envelope. "Darling Van,” the note began, though the signature, quite formally, was “Mrs. Van Johnson.” She touched each letter of the name with her fingertips. Mrs. Van Johnson... She’d been thirteen when she’d written letters to her friends (and to her idol) and signed them ‘Mrs. Van Johnson.” She’d mailed some of them, and some of them she’d kept. She had stopped writing, but she hadn’t stopped dreaming.

I wasn’t that she didn’t know any boys. The mirror frame over her dressing table was filled with snapshots stuck around it. There was the gang at the lakeside—grinning boys in bathing trunks and cow, bedraggled girls with wet hair over their foreheads. There was a picture of the high-school fraternity officers and their dates taken at the Christmas dance. She was in that picture, and as she studied the tall boy in the white dinner jacket who’d been her date, she thought, "That time should have been the perfect time. Why wasn’t it? Why..."

For months before that dance she’d been misty-eyed over a student leader. He was everything, her heart and mind agreed, that anyone could want.

His manners were superb. Half the girls in high school wrote his initials on their books. And she coveted him madly.

Would he like her? Could he like her? She simply couldn’t believe it. If ever she had a date with him, it would be a dream.

In spite of the fact that she hadn’t been born in Greenville, and that she’d felt so inadequate when she moved there, she’d ended up one of the most popular girls in school. Through her aunt’s interest and her early introduction to the drama teacher, she quickly identified herself with the dramatic club. She joined a sorority and even made the initiation.

And, to crown her successes, the dreamy young man asked her to go to the dance. Trembling with anticipation, she dressed for his fraternity dance. Were her white gloves as they should be? She put them on and took them off half a dozen times. Other great loves had gone sour. Other Prince Charms had been dethroned, but this one couldn’t be. He was perfect.

“Joanne,” her mother called from the living room, "your date’s here."

"I’m glad I waited; I’m glad I waited. This is it. This is it," she whispered to herself as she danced down the hall. "There’s got to be a real love—a love to last—and tonight, maybe, it’s come to me."

Hour after hour (she seemed even longer), she walked slowly back down the hall. "Did you have a good time, dear?" her mother called.

"Yes, Ma’am."

"And that is nice young man going to call again?"

"I don’t know, Mother."

And, if he did, would it make any difference? Not at all. Her lovely dream was in fragments, like the fragile, porcelain cup she’d dropped once.

S

She was searching for some indefinable quality in a man that would tell her he was the one, the only one, who’d love her forever, whom she could love. As her school friends got married, they worried, why wasn’t she? Only her grandmother understood her reticence.

"Never," she warned, "marry a man unless you know you’ll be glad to look at him before breakfast every day for the rest of your life."

The rest of her life... When she met Paul Newman, there was nothing to tell her this was it. She admired him first as an actor. Her father liked him instantly and maybe, because he was so close to her, he knew even before she did that Paul was the man she’d been waiting for.

"Thank goodness," her father had said with a twinkle which he’d confided to him that she and Paul were planning to be married. "You’re twenty-seven years old, and I was beginning to think you’d never get married."

"Me too," she’d laughed. "Me too."

Looking out the window of her New York apartment, waiting for Paul, she felt a warmth as she saw him swinging down the street. He had a light raincoat slung over his shoulder, the top of his open jacket flapped in the breeze that had come up after the spring rain. Joanne tiptoed away from the window and, bending over the side of the crib, she tucked back the covers where little Nell had kicked them off.

"Your Daddy’s home," she whispered. The End
Look Back: To Eaton Chalkley quietly saying to his wife, Susan Hayward, as she sprung from her seat to accept the Oscar, "I love you." And Susan's fraction-of-a-second halt to let him know she had heard. And what a story-book ending for Susan after her clamorous, unhappy, headlined life. A lesson to all who become discouraged almost beyond bearing. . . I'm thinking back to Ingrid Bergman's return to Hollywood, which wasn't all sugar-pie kisses and tossed confetti. Many felt Ingrid's flaunting of conventions was too easily overlooked. But all agreed her present husband, Lars Schmidt, is a charmer and daughter Jenny, a beauty. "Will you become an actress, too?" I asked Jenny at the party given for Ingrid. "Oh no, I plan to be a nurse," she smiled sweetly. My feeling is some worthy suitors will sweep this lovely miss into an altogether different career of home and marriage. A happy home and a happy marriage, I hope. . . I'm comparing those days when Debbie Reynolds was too crushed to think of dating to these happier times when Debbie and wealthy Bob Neal are doing the town. Debbie's and Bob's latest date was dancing and dining on the Beverly Hilton's Star On The Roof room. "And guess who sat at the very next table?" Debbie asked. "No one but ex-President Truman. I was delighted." . . . I peer even deeper into the past to a young actor called Robert Walker, a forerunner of the late Jimmy Dean, in looks, in thinking, in sweet confusion. Like Jimmy, Robert met death quite suddenly on the very threshold of more wonderful things to come. Robert's two sons by his former wife, Jennifer Jones, bear such strong resemblance to their father that people in Hollywood stop to stare and mourn again the passing of this fine actor, who lives again in his TV movies, made years ago. Jimmy and Robert! How odd their names have never before been linked in memory and regret.

Party of the Month: With three stamped and sealed letters attached to my party dress, I sashayed off to the birthday party director Walter Lang and his wife "Fieldtie" gave for Sol Siegel, executive producer of M-G-M. "Come as one of Sol's movies," the invitation read. So, all done up as "A Letter to Three Wives," I drove down with the John Negulescos, each wearing three coins and toting a small erupting fountain. John, of course, directed the Siegel hit movie, "Three Coins in a Fountain." Dancing up a storm when we arrived were Ginger Rogers as "High Society" and Cesar Romero, with a lighted candle on his silk hat, as "Man on Fire." At one point Cesar pulled out for Shirley MacLaine, who was wearing Dean Martin's famous hat from the Siegel production of "Some Came Running." And it's strange about Shirley, who can be so bubbly before an audience and so quiet in homes. And this gay evening was no exception, with Shirley sitting off in a corner playing gin rummy all evening long with producer Bill Perlberg.

Rory Calhoun and his cute wife Lita, "yacht" happy as "On the Riviera" characters, chatted with Fred McMurray and June Haver, riots as "Dizzy" and "Henry" of the early "Henry Aldrich" series. Clifton Webb and the so-in-love couple, Nanette Fabray and husband Ran McDougall, done up as "Fourteen (continued)
Hours,” danced and clown ed while Shirley played on. Even the “ob ing” and “ah-ing” over lovely June Rogell, wife of the Twentieth Century-Fox production manager Sid Rogell, failed to rouse her. And June, in the exact gown worn by Marilyn Monroe in the movie “Show Business,” was a sight worth viewing. “I think,” said a prominent guest, “Shirley is deeply unhappy with her husband Steve Parker living and working in Japan.” And who can blame her? At any rate it was the craziest party of the month and one the town is still talking about. Another thing the town’s talking about is how surprised it isn’t over the Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell separation.

**TV Jottings**

Such commotion! Such comings and goings as TV swings into its full summer session and the old pros take off for other climes. The western stars are flitting in and out of out-of-season chores while re-runs take over. Jim Arness, for instance, took off for Europe before his movie “Alamo” with John Wayne and next season’s “Gunsmoke.” Dennis Weaver, of the same series, elated with the success of his first platter, “Girls Wuz Made To Be Loved,” cut a few more before joining the Robert Montgomery movie, “The Gallant Hours,” with Jimmy Cagney as a star. Truth is, I’m not a bit surprised at “Chester.” Everyday I pop by the “Gunsmoke” set, the producer and writers assure me Dennis Weaver is one of the best actors in the business. . . . Clint Walker alternates his new series with the movie “Yellowstone Kelly,” while James Garner and Edd Byrnes leap into the movie “Cash McCall” before creating new episodes for their

“The way Shelley and Tony Franciosa fight—kookie!”

“Maverick” and “77 Sunset Strip” series. . . . Lloyd Bridges rose dripping wet from his undersea show, “Sea Hunt,” to sing, yet, in “Guys and Dolls” on tour through the New England states. . . . Barbara Stanwyck began shooting her new series in which she’ll play a role at times and act as mistress of ceremonies at all times. “How’s it going?” I telephoned Barbara. “Great, I love it,” she said. And a great girl, this forthright dame. . . . Sandra Dee became so enamoured of TV after a session on “Juke Box Jury” with Rick Nelson, Dwayne Hickman and Annette Funicello, she’s hoping to do more. But not when she’s toiling in a movie. Otherwise welfare workers frown on outside activities for a teenager. . . . Frankie Avalon gave up TV appearances for a spell in favor of the movie “Guns of Timberland,” with Alan Ladd and Jeanne Crain. “How do you like movie acting?” I asked Frankie. “Scared?” “Only stiff,” he grinned. . . . Up in San Francisco, Shirley Temple is studying hard with Johnny Mathis’ former vocal coach, preparing for her new fall series. And out at Twentieth Century-Fox, the boys call that new doll, Luciana Paluzzi of the “Five Fingers” TV show, “La La” Paluzzi. You’ll understand why when she flashes across your set in the early fall!

**Lunch Date:** Sal Mineo looked a mite glum when I joined him at the studio for lunch. “King Hussein of Jordan stole my girl, Susan Cabot,” he grumbled. “His Majesty is a fast worker. In town three days—and out of my life goes Susan.” Bouncing in like a French waltz, petite Christine Carere joined us. “No, no, no,” she assured Sal. “The King did not take Susan. She grabbed him. I was at the party where it happened. All evening she kept him off in a corner to herself.” Dipping stalks of crisp celery into a carefully blended concoction of oil and vinegar, she smiled sweetly at both of us. “This is supposed to cheer me up?” Sal demanded—but secretly we both knew he was far from heartbroken.

“Movie acting is not for girls,” Christine suddenly announced. “The work is too hard, too demanding.” I sympathized, thinking of all the pretty young things who make their way to this Mecca each year, only to find a starlet’s life isn’t the breeze they’d imagined it to be. Sal agreed heartily. “I cured my sister Sarina of wanting to act,” he said. “I forced her to get up at five one morning, go with me to the studio, sit there all day until six, then go right into a meeting with the producer and director until late that evening. When we finally got home, she’d had it. I never heard another word.”

It’s astounding how amusing and gay Sal has become. His imitation of an exaggerated Bronx and Brooklynese accent had me in hysterics. “Who talks like these?” Christine demanded. “A lot of people we know,” Sal said, winking mischievously at me. Sal and his brother-manager have taken a house in Laurel Canyon while he’s making “A
Private's Affair" with Christine, Terry Moore and Barry Coe. "But you should see my house in Westchester, New York," he said. "It's on an island with fifteen other homes and it's beautiful—built by Mary Pickford when she lived there. Now look, Sara, there's one thing I want you to promise," he insisted. "When you visit New York again, you telephone me right away and I'll come and get you and take you up for a visit with my family. Is it a deal?" "It's a deal," I agreed.

Everything Is "Kookie" (pronounced Eddy Byrnes): It's the newest catchword in Hollywood. For instance, Millie Perkins' wonderfully flat voice in "The Diary of Anne Frank" is kookie. So's Jayne Mansfield's silver eyebrows for evening; the way Tuesday Weld wears small corsages tied to her wrist and Eddy Byrnes' pompadour hairdo in "77 Sunset Strip." All are kookie. So's the pastel pink, yellow and blue hose that teenagers are wearing with their summer dresses; Jane Powell's open suture "with the fringe on top" and the town's wholesale crush on Fabian—all kookie. So's the great big polka dots tiny June Allyson is wearing for summer evening dresses; the way Shelley Winters and Tony Franciosa fight and make up, with harsh words and costly gifts; and Sophia Loren's preference for wearing her diamond brooch as a hair ornament—kookie, delightfully kookie.

The Truth Is: While Liz Taylor embraced Judaism, Gary Cooper became a Catholic, the faith of his wife Rocky and daughter Maria. Which proves, in both instances, movie stars are seeking the Way through the faith of their own choice. . . . Nancy Sinatra is the loveliest, most wonderful ex-wife this or any other town ever knew. "Frank is good to me and the children," she assured me recently at a party. "He never forgets our birthdays. He comes to see us and to care for us." I determined, because Nancy, to see and to know the good in Frank. It has to be there to earn the loyalty of a woman like Nancy. Anyway, his warm welcome to Gina Lollobrigida, her husband Dr. Milko Skofic and son Milko Jr., was most gratifying, Gina, who co-stars with Frank in "Never So Few," declared right off there would be no feud with Sophia Loren. Whatever the two may have felt about each other in Rome, in Hollywood it's to be love and kisses. And just to make sure, Sophia and her husband Carlo Ponti took off for Europe shortly after Gina's arrival. . . . The feeling is Janet Leigh couldn't care less whether she ever makes another movie or not. This once ambitious actress has relaxed into contented motherhood. Besides, husband Tony Curtis earns enough fame these days to do the both of them. . . . Bing Crosby, who recently made that rather plaintive confession that he'd failed his boys as a parent, will become a daddy for the sixth time in the early autumn. "I've stopped talking about wanting a girl," he told me. But Kathryn confided they're both praying quietly for a little Mary Frances. In the meantime, his four grown sons flew to their dad's defense in his self reproaches, creating a warmer, more friendly relationship among the Crosby clan, which is as it should be.

New Boy In Town: Brandon de Wilde, Carol Lyndol and Warren Berlinger were rehearsing a scene when I crept onto the "Blue Denim" set. "Quiet" was the order of the day. But the instant the scene was finished, Brandon and Carol came by to say hello, before he dashed to the schoolroom on the set, and Warren and I sat down for a chat.

Right off, I think you're going to be crazy about this nineteen-year-old lad who made his movie debut in "Teenage Rebel." He's been a part of the entertainment world for eleven years, attending Children's Professional School in New York in the morning and rehearsing and performing in radio and TV shows in the afternoon. Evenings, he'd scoot over to Broadway for roles in such hits as "Anniversary Waltz," "A Roomful of Roses" and the stage version of "Blue Denim," which is the frank story of teenagers trying to be independent of their parents—even when faced with an illegitimate pregnancy.

"I wasn't pushed into acting," Warren says, "I wanted to do it." And he still wants to. "I've been going with the same girl, Betty Lou Keim, for five years," he told me. "I met her in the movie 'Teenage Rebel' when I was fifteen and there's never been another girl for me. She's level-headed and wonderful." We watched as the next scene was being set up. "I hope parents flock to see this picture," Warren said. "Maybe they'll find out things about their kids they were too busy to notice." (continued)
Looking Back: She was Hollywood’s first golden girl and I look back now to her blond beauty, frank quips and generous heart with a nostalgia we all feel at the mention of Carole Lombard’s name. There was a surface vivacity about Carole that attracted everyone who knew her. And there was an inner sadness only those who knew her best could sense. As if she knew the fate that lay ahead; a fate that snatched her up in the time of her greatest happiness as Clark Gable’s wife and left her dead on a western mountain side. An air crash victim on her way home from an eastern bond rally, Carole was and still is mourned by all of us who knew her. Born Jane Peters in Fort Wayne, Indiana, she came to Hollywood with her well-to-do family while still very young. It was only a step later on to movies and stardom. And what a bright comedienne she became, tossing her hair and letting fly her devastating observations. She was the original modern girl—open, generous, frank, free. I recall the day she surprised us by marrying Bill Powell: I remember, too, the day she first met Gable and found a new way of life; and when it all ended. Though I tried to say goodbye, I couldn’t... The flame burns on in memory. —CAL YORK

Lunch at Universal: “Peter Gunn” walked into the Universal studio dining room and off in a corner someone softly whistled his TV theme song. With a smile in that direction and a friendly wave toward us, Craig Stevens, who is “Peter Gunn” of course, sat down to lunch. I had expected a quiet hour of newsgathering in the dining room and instead met up with a banquet of males. Handsome John Forsythe, a very old friend, greeted me with a kiss on the cheek. John is again shooting his TV “Bachelor Father” series. Producer Ross Hunter stopped by our table with “happy talk” over his latest movie, “Anyway the Wind Blows” with Rock Hudson, Doris Day and Tony Randall. In the next instant, Rock himself, in his shirtsleeves yet, sauntered in. With a “Do you mind?” he sat down with me and studio publicist Betty Mitchell to eat his cottage cheese with pears, to swipe the hard boiled eggs from Betty’s plate, to sneak forkfuls of my chicken salad and to scrape the gooey icing from Betty’s cake and eat it all. “This is the Hudson diet method?” I asked. “I only eat because I’m so nervous. Let’s you and I stop smoking,” he suggested to Betty. “I smoke two packs a day,” he told me, “and I’ve got to cut down. First thing I do in the morning is reach for a cigarette. The minute I step out of the shower, I reach for the lighted cigarette that’s waiting.” Betty was a little dubious but finally the contest was agreed to, with me as referee.

At this point, another costless and equally handsome gentleman, Cary Grant, strolled in, took a second glance at the three of us, and came over, instantly getting into a discussion with Rock on boats. Rock told us he’s renamed his boat. “I used to call her the Lady Claire,” he said, “but I found the new name ‘Khairizan,’ in a book. Later I discovered that it’s an Arabic word meaning ‘Luck and Good Fortune.’” After the discussion, Cary asked, “Are you going to the Cannes Film Festival?” Suddenly I remembered that was precisely where Kim Novak was planning to be. And remembering the way Kim had nestled up to Cary on the dance floor a few evenings before, I began putting two and two together and came up with two—Cary and Kim. And what a handsome pair! Coming out of my dream I listened to Rock explain his near-future plans to Cary. “The minute this picture is over, I’m getting on my boat, crossing to the island of Catalina, tying up for a few weeks to just read and listen to music and sleep.” “And eat?” I suggested. “And eat,” Rock agreed.

Across the room Sir Laurence Olivier and Peter Ustinov were having their tea. Tony Randall waved on his way back to the set. Tony Curtis, who grows handsomer day by day, especially since his dark hair has become silver-tipped, came by to say goodbye to Cary, his costar in “Operation Petticoat.” His role in the film had been completed that morning and he was off to join his friends Kirk Douglas, Olivier and Ustinov in “Spartacus.” And then it was time for both Rock and Cary to return to their sets.

As for that no-smoking contest, “Betty smoked first,” Rock told me later. “I didn’t have one cigarette,” he added proudly, “till evening!” And that’s what the stars’ been saying to —SARA

Carole Lombard was the forerunner of the modern girl.

Shirley MacLaine looks sad—till Steve (left) comes home.

Big Coop and Duke Wayne made us women feel so-o-o little.
Cal York's Jottings:

It's good to see such familiar faces as George Raft, Joe E. Brown, Frank McHugh and Jack Oakie in movies again.... Those busy "tycoons" Cliff Robertson and Jeff Hunter are doubling in plastic these days. Cliff, between movie chores, is promoting his plastic surf boards and Jeff his plastic boats. .... It's fun to watch Millie Perkins driving down Sunset Boulevard with an ice cream cone, oblivious to stares from those who recently had no idea who she was. .... Vic Damone won no friends with that court order restraining his ex-wife Pier Angeli from taking their small son to Europe where a job awaited her. What will happen to Pier, who mistakenly disobeyed the order, is a worry to her friends. .... Inger Stevens and composer Jimmy Van Heusen are a twosome. .... Ronnie Burns scared everybody, himself included, while he was cleaning his Colt .45 at home. The gun went off accidentally and the slug went through an open window, bounced off the drapes and landed on the living-room floor of George and Gracie's next-door neighbor. .... Jane Wyman and her ex-husband Freddie Karger have been having dates, but friends don't expect a reconciliation. Jane says they're just friends. .... Not for Kim Novak the upkeep of a lavish home. She placed her new manse on the market and will batch it at the beach in the simple style she prefers. Incidentally, though Kim came to the Dirk Bogarde party with her secretary, she went home with director Richard Quine. .... The final decree is in the records of Superior Court, ending the marriage of Esther Williams and Ben Gage. Is this a cue for Jeff Chandler? .... Sue and Alan Ladd have one of the busiest families in town. Have you heard young David's disk of "Can I Carry Your Books?" and "The Sad Horse"? He's going to wax another soon. His beautiful sixteen-year-old sister, Alana, joins father. Alan, Jeanne Crain and Frankie Avalon in the movie, "Guns of the Timberland," so off she goes on a career of her own.

Ingrid's husband Lars charmed us all.

BOURJOSI

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TALL VALUE
IN COLOGNES

ON THE WIND - SPICE 'N' ICE - FROSTY MIST Three refreshing moods in fragrance... crisp, spicy and floral cool. Each in a towering 6-ounce decanter, beautifully gift boxed. Matching cologne stick and cloud-salt, dreamy dusting powder, EACH 1.00. And for the first time in these summer fragrances, new Spray Cologne to spray with the lightest touch of your finger. ONLY 1.50.
JOAN CRAWFORD

Continued from page 72

it off—it's always still, so early on a Sunday, she thought.
She moved away and walked into the kitchen. Gently opening the door of the refrigerator, she took out a pitcher of orange juice and filled a glass which was standing on a nearby enamel-topped table. Then, picking it up, she drank a little and then walked slowly back towards her husband's bedroom.
She paused at the door, seeming to wonder whether to wake him. He'd been extremely tired the night before, but even so, had insisted they play a round of gin rummy before bed. And with a goodnight kiss, she'd left him and retired to her own room. It had been a good evening... they'd had dinner on trays by the fire, watched Perry Como on TV, and then Joan had done some last-minute packing for their Jamaica holiday.
Now, as she opened the door, she was hesitant. "Al," she called softly, into the darkened room. Then, as she opened the door a little further, a look of horror crossed her face. The bed was empty, rumpled and twisted, and suddenly she let out a terrible scream... because he lay quite still on the floor.
She ran over to him and, crouching down, touched his forehead. And then, as she started to feel his pulse, she was already breathing heavily... because there was no beat from it at all.
She put her hands to her face and began screaming... screaming uncontrollably. Tears were running down her cheeks.
It was more than ten minutes later before she became calm enough to go to the telephone and call a doctor. He promised to be right over. But she knew that it would be ten, twenty minutes... maybe, before he arrived... minutes to wait, to wonder... Yet already she knew the answer.
Turning from her husband's bed, she walked slowly back into the living room and sat down on the edge of the couch, crouching over, her head resting in her cupped hands. And she began sobbing quietly... They'd shared so much together, even in those few short years—years which had brought her more happiness than she'd ever known in her life before. And now? She was scared, very scared... scared of the loneliness, the emptiness, the knowing... that there would be no one to come home to any more.
The droning of a plane overhead made her look up as though she could see it through the ceiling of her apartment. She puckered her forehead a little: wasn't it a plane—because of a plane, that it had all begun? The memories were confused now, but that voice reminded her of a special one, one so clear because it had been a part of her wedding day...

But you know I'm afraid of flying," she'd been saying to Al as they had been sitting in Romanoff's, in Hollywood, discussing wedding plans one evening.
"You just say that," he chided. "I know you're not really." He picked up a spoon and stirred a cup of coffee vigorously.
"Okay," she had laughed. "So I'm not.
"Then prove it to me by flying to Las Vegas tonight and getting married."
"Tonight? Oh, Al. Be sensible."
"Why?"
"Well... you're supposed to be sensible. One of the country's top businessmen and you talk of eloping?"
"Yes." He put an arm around her and kissed her very lightly on the cheek. Then he looked at his watch. "There's a plane that leaves for Las Vegas just after midnight. I'll call for reservations."
"Al?" she looked at him, not quite sure what to say. "We... you... well, all right then..."
"Knew you'd say yes. I won't be a moment." And suddenly he was gone, disappearing through the clustered tables and out of sight before she could say another word.

An hour later she was already sitting in the plane, and safe though she felt with Al, she found herself tensing a little and clinging to him as the engines roared and they left the ground.
"It's... it's beautiful, isn't it, Al?" she said, still a little dazed, "Look! Look at the way the moon's shining on the wings."
He leaned over and looked out of the tiny round window by the side of her seat. "Yes, it is. And it's even more beautiful at dawn and at sunset. You'll see. We'll make many, many more flights."
"Al—to think it all happened so suddenly. And me—still in my dinner dress."
She looked down at the black and gold lamé dress she was wearing and pulled her mink stole a little tighter around her shoulders. Then she laughed, "I'm sounding like a high-school girl who's just been to her first prom."
They were silent for a while. Then she put her hand in his and said softly, "I'm
And from that moment on she worked to keep her promise, to build a home, a warmth, a feeling of love between them that would grow and last.

There had been this apartment... and she smiled a little as she remembered the tremendous fun and pleasure they'd had in choosing it and decorating it and picking out furniture and little objects for it.

"I feel as though I'm back in California," she'd laughed to Al as they stood in the living room and looked around them—at the wide, mirrored wall, the dazzling white carpet, the sun-yellow sofa and the flowering dogwood tree that stood in the corner. "It's the dogwood tree that does it," she concluded.

"You and your dogwood," he'd chided. And they'd found themselves laughing.

"And whose idea was it for a mirrored wall?" she'd tossed back.

"And how long is that carpet going to stay white?"

"We'll have people take off their shoes when they come to see us," she'd said.

"Okay. At least it will give them something to talk about!"

Yet even the long, tiring business trips—the times away from their home, had been good, too, she thought. For the first time in her life she'd played just a single role: that of a wife. As Mrs. Steele, she had followed him around the country—even around the world—helping to make his life happier, warmer... to be just a wife and want nothing more.

"He's the most wonderful man who ever lived," she'd told a friend just recently.

But now it was all over...

She got up and walked over to the window. It was still oppressively hot and cloudy. Yet she was shivering... shivering as she had been every one of those awful times in her earlier life when she'd had to face a judge and say, "I want a divorce... he made unreasonable demands on me... I couldn't live a normal life," when in essence she was saying, "My marriage has been a failure. Maybe I'm just not able to make marriage work."

Now fate had taken a cruel stand.

Joan turned away from the window. On a low table she noticed some colored travel pamphlets picturing the West Indies... We would have been there in a few days, she thought, picking up the one marked "Jamaica" and then dropping it back on the pile. There was a hopelessness, a finality about her gesture.

It was to have been their second Honey-moon, a rest from the tiring, endless business trips Al had been taking; trips which had exhausted him but which had made him known as one of the finest businessmen of the day. And two young people who had just been married couldn't have been looking forward to anything as much. Now she knew they would never make it.

The sound of the doorbell made her start. At first she didn't move. She just stood, looking towards the bedroom. Then, finally, when it buzzed and buzzed again, she walked wearily over towards the door. And opened it.

"I got here just as soon as possible," said the elderly man with a black case who stood in the doorway.

"I know, doctor," she said quietly. And she followed him as he walked toward the bedroom. But she did not go in with him.

And a few minutes later when he came out, she knew she had to face for certain what she'd feared all along.

"I'm sorry," was all he said.

And then she began to sob, to cry like a child... there was nothing left... There was no one to come home to now.

The End

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Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*... So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is Arrid Cream America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? Use Arrid to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perspop® actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.

Arrid Perspop®

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Carter Products trademark for antiseptic hydrocarbon surfactants
annoyed with myself for becoming suddenly so excited over just a simple date, I accepted instantly and then suggested maybe he’d like to come over to the house—about eight. I had dressed into a white angora sweater and pale blue skirt, and when he arrived he told my folks, “We’re going downtown for some coffee—just for a little while.” Well, what last minute shopping was I going o’clock the next morning! We drank dozens of cups of coffee at a little place Jimmie liked, and talked about everything from Camas to Korea. At midnight I called someone and said, “I’ll tell you right now, Jimmie. He’s singing now, and I just can’t leave.” I was seventeen then, and funny as it sounds, I was quite at ease sitting alone at our table while he sang to everybody in the place.

But the thing that scared me—yes, really scared me—was that we got along so well together, as if we’d been going steady for years and years. I felt sort of excited by myself. Everything can’t be so perfect on our first night out. I kept waiting for something to go wrong. But nothing did. And when Jimmie brought me home in his second-hand car, he turned towards me, put arm across the back of the seat and asked me for another coffee date the following Sunday. I accepted. You know that on Sunday I’m dead back in Florida. I said softly, realizing, even after our one date, how much I’d miss him. Jimmie smiled his slow easy smile, and I felt a chill run up my spine. “It’s wrong,” I told myself. “For me to feel so funny. I've known Jimmie for years.”

I watched from the doorstep as he revved up the engine of the car and started off slowly down the road. And when I went inside and slowly got myself ready, I started twisting and turning, completely unable to sleep a wink. I must have thought about Jimmie for hours and hours and finally gave up trying to sleep, going downstairs for a cup of coffee. Everything in my mind seemed to围绕 our Sunday date.

But that Sunday May 10th, I had my accident. In one split-second my face was ripped apart as I crashed through the windshield of our car. A siren-screaming ambulance carried me to Longview Hospital while Jimmie and doctors sewed my lips together and tried to hold my broken nose in place.

For months I didn’t know what I looked like. And the doctors couldn’t promise much, although they said they’d do everything they could. But, as the dental surgeon, sewed my lips together a number of times because the lip-line was uneven. He gave me confidence. “We’re doing everything we can,” he’d say, “to make things look as normal as possible.”

It was Jimmie, though, who gave me the most confidence of all. Jimmie understood my feelings. He knew I didn’t want to see anything they did to my face. But, Bay, the dental surgeon, sewed my lips together a number of times because the lip-line was uneven. He gave me confidence. “We’re doing everything we can,” he’d say, “to make things look as normal as possible.”

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And suddenly I found that he had put his arms around me and he was standing quite still for a moment. Then gently, for just a moment, I knew him. He’d kissed me on my lips. “You’re beautiful,” he said. And he held my arm as we left the room.

I clipped up a cup of coffee in a luncheonette around the corner and all the time I could feel people staring at me. It’s a small town; everyone knew us. I’m sure they were wondering how I’d been since the accident. The surgery was as thorough as normal. All I could do was to thank God for giving me Jimmie to stand by me through it all ... through the most frightening moments of my life.

I was on my birthday, August 22nd, that Jimmie called me up for a ride, and, in the midst of a traffic jam, gave me my engagement ring. We drove into the outskirts of May. "If you’re going to throw it at me,” I teased, "then I don’t want it.”

We went to tell his folks and mine. My mom, standing between us, her face bright with happiness, to see nothing from the first. At last she spoke up, “Will you have her?” Jimmie nodded yes.

Then she said, “Will you have him?” I nodded yes. It was just like a wedding ceremony and we both began to cry. On January 4, 1957, we eloped to Portland, Oregon, because so many folks kept saying we shouldn’t get married—that Jimmie’s parents would wait for us to be completely well.

We spent our first “mountholidays” in Hollywood, where Jimmie was trying to find work. Reports came to us from back East that he’d been offered a job through some wrong because we’d rushed off into marriage. But we were learning not to let small talk bother us. Of course, we had occasional misunderstandings, when they’d say our “I do’s.” Jimmie didn’t have a steady job; he picked up what he could at the clubs. There was a lot of surgery still ahead for me, and my parents had already engaged their home to pay hospital expenses.

I was terribly anxious about Jimmie’s career. I wanted him to begin making records. What I needed was a down payment to our last dollar that he was first asked to audition for a record company in New York. After he told me the news, I just stood still and bowed. I cried so hard I almost—literally—cried myself sick.

“We came to New York on a shoe-string,” Jimmie often says, “and we had more guts than brains.” And in many ways it was true. We drove to New York, and the Flats staff, Arizona, then nonstop again to Nashville, where we slept for two days. We had three blowouts. When we got to New York, we lived on baked beans and sausages in a couple of places we could find. Sometimes we’d pass the hours counting cockroaches on the wall to forget how hungry we were. Honestly—whatever counted the most cockroaches on their program, I’d get extra change at Tootsie Rolls. You’d think it was the last thing you’d get away with.

Finally, after days of starvation and prayer, when our hope was running out and we were on our last few dollars, we arrived to the West Coast. Roulette Records signed Jimmie and advanced us some money on his recording of “Honeyscomb.” It became a national hit, and our dark days seemed to be over. We drove back to the coast and home in Granada, California. We love it, of course, but, as I’ve already told you, when two people live under one roof, they learn to expect the unexpected.

And suddenly I found that he had put his arms around me and he was standing quite still for a moment. Then gently, for just a moment, I knew him. He’d kissed me on my lips. “You’re beautiful,” he said. And he held my arm as we left the room.

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New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it conditions as it cleanses...so very effectively even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!

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Beautiful Columbia newcomer Yvonne Craig, now being seen in “The Young Land,” sews her gifts.

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7190—Simple cross-stitch kitchen accessories look like gingham applique. Six 5½x6-inch motifs on transfers.

(Continued from page 82)

swept past me and slammed the door shut before I could catch onto the handle.

“Don’t slam the door at me!” Jimmie shouted, from the music room.

“I didn’t...” I began to protest. Then I noticed the doorhandle was jiggling around, and I went up to it and turned it. But nothing happened. The door was jammed.

Jimmie must have been really mad because the next minute there was a loud crack and his foot appeared right through the door-panel.

“Say—why did you do that?” I said. “It was only the wind.”

“The wind?” he repeated, puzzled. And then we began to laugh. That door still hasn’t been repaired.

Usually, at the beginning, you want to have everything just perfect. But it isn’t. Not too long ago, I remember feeling foolish at a small party we had for some important people, and Jimmie kids me about it to this very day.

An executive and his wife had dropped over to see the new house, and I asked them what they’d like to drink. “Martinis—with onions—for both of us,” said the executive.

Now I don’t drink, so I checked our handy bartender’s guide. I mixed the gin and vermouth, but when it came to the onion I didn’t know what to do and I couldn’t disturb Jimmie because he seemed so busy talking. The book said nothing about it. So I went into the kitchen and took a big Spanish onion, chopped it up real fine and sprinkled it all over the top of the drinks.

I thought the couple gave me strange looks when they took their glasses, but it wasn’t until I noticed them both scrutinizing their faces as though they had bad tastes in their mouths and as though something was stuck in their teeth, that I really knew something was wrong. Nevertheless, I acted as though nothing was wrong.

“Now?” I asked, half smiling, half mad.

“No!” I answered, wide-eyed.

“You’ve made those Martinis all wrong. You’re supposed to use tiny pickled cocktail onions, silly, not chopped pieces.”

I should have been mad at him for making me look such a fool but all I could do was stare at him in wonder. My Jimmie suddenly seemed to have the social know-how I’d ever given him credit for.

“Don’t stare at me like that,” he said sharply. “At least try to be a good hostess.”

I made a joke of the whole thing when we went back inside and afterwards I kept telling Jimmie, “But how was I to know?”

“I could have sworn I saw a movement behind the shower curtain. Jimmie was downstairs in the lobby with some fans, and I wondered if maybe I wasn’t imagining things.

I kept going out of the bathroom and coming in again in the hope that the dark shadow might disappear. But it didn’t. And one time it even moved. My heart started to pound. Thieves! Burglars! Hold-up men! It could have been anyone.

Finally I mustered all the courage I could, and, umbrella in one hand, I
marched into the bathroom and pulled at the curtain in one quick sweep.

"I'm only a fan," squeaked a tiny voice as I drew it back. And there stood a small, thin little girl who looked quite somber, the top of her head wet from the drip-drip of the shower. "Don't be mad," she added, looking up at me out of enormous brown eyes.

"Jimmie's downstairs," I said. What else was there to say?

"I know," she answered, still speaking in a small voice. "I sneaked in when he went down and left the door ajar—my precocious husband! I thought, he'll never remember to shut a door—" and, she went on, "I thought I'd wait till he got back—just to touch him, Mrs. Rodgers. I hadn't meant to frighten anyone."

Then, like a terrified rabbit, she scurried to the door and disappeared before I could say another word. But seconds later she was back. Peeking her head around the hall door, she said, "Mrs. Rodgers?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Could I . . . could I have a souvenir?"

What could I give her? There was an old sock of Jimmie's lying nearby on the bed. So I grabbed it. "Is this all right?"

"All right?" Her eyes lit up. "Gee—Mrs. Rodgers, how can I ever thank you?"

"Oh, don't mention it," I said happily. I forgot all about the girl and the sock until two hours later when Jimmie and I were dressing for a dinner party we had that night. "Where's my sock?" he began mumbling, first to himself, then to me.

"Sock?" I said, surprised, for a moment forgetting its fate. Then I remembered and told him the story.

"But it's my only pair of black socks," he wailed. "Can't we get it back?"

"Oh—Jimmie, be serious," I scolded. "How can you ask anyone to return a sock?"

He looked really hurt.

In many ways our marriage has given us both a great deal of insight. One thing you learn—and learn fast—is that nobody's perfect. Sometimes you'll say something you don't mean, and the other person takes offense. And before you know it, the coffee pot's boiling again.

But during our marriage I've grown watching Jimmie grow—as an entertainer and as a human being. Before we married, Jimmie couldn't cry. Now, when he feels things deeply, he's not afraid to show his emotions. When his father, Pop Rodgers, drowned suddenly on a fishing trip at Lackamas Lake, Jimmie cried. He wasn't afraid to let himself go.

And when we were home recently, one of my friends and I had a long talk, and I'll never forget her saying, "I don't know why, but I figured you just couldn't be yourself and stay married to Jimmie. I expected you to lose your personality. But you haven't. You're still Colleen to me."

I like to think this ability to be ourselves is what has made our marriage so wonderful. We love each other very much; yet we have understanding and consideration for each other's feelings and differences. Jimmie enjoys fried chicken, for instance, and he loves steak, but there's no law in the world that says because we're Mr. and Mrs. we have to think alike.

Fans have told me they envy my having such a perfect marriage. It isn't so. It's not perfect. It's something we both have to work at to make grow, to make better. Marriage is never perfect, but if you want to, every day you can both work at growing more closely together, at understanding each other a little more and so forming a more complete and happy partnership as the years go by. The End

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Creates an all-day "moisture reserve." At last a cream that goes beyond superficial smoothing . . . that actually controls the moisture level of your skin under your make-up. At the same time, it normalizes your skin's protective chemistry all day long.

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Pond's Moisture Base
NEW GREASELESS UNDERMAKE-UP MOISTURIZER
the wrong answers. He has to be heard.
Carole Gibson adds, "Then after class they walk down the corridor as if they should be teaching the rest of the students.
"They burn you up," Mary Anne Cuff remarks. "Even if a boy is real handsome, a terrific dresser, or a swell dancer, that's still no excuse for thinking he's better than you and me.
A small voice (mine) interrupts to ask: "But are all fellows conceited?"
"Oh, no," the girls answer, "but enough are alive enough.
Barbara Magolon makes a point. "For instance, if you are at a dance and a 'Ladies Choice' comes up, you walk up to some fellow and ask him to be your partner and he just looks down his nose at you. You think you're being friendly and what do you get? A real cold stare.
"Most of the fellows just stand around anyway, on an anonymous voice (not mine) assures me.
"Well," I ask, "how do you break them of this conceit?
Mary and Barbara voice some ideas they've tried: "Use the direct approach. When a fellow thinks he's too good for you—and for everybody else—let him know it takes more than looks, clothes, or being a good dancer to make the girls fall for him.
Carole agrees, "There are a lot of nice fellows who become popular on their personality, even though they aren't the best looking ones around," Marie Murphy has another point to make, "That's another reason why a fellow shouldn't be afraid to go up to a girl and ask her to dance, even if he doesn't look like a movie star.
Peggy Wheatley of Los Angeles brings up something that's been annoying her: "I hate it when you get dressed up and go to a dance and the fellows are standing around as if they are having a club meeting.
"The only thing you can do to stir things up," offers Carole Gibson, "is to mingle with them and try to hint you'd like to dance."
"That might work sometime," Barbara Magolon thinks, "but some fellows don't go for that at all. You try to join in and all you get is a glare."
"It takes time," is Carole's advice, "but sooner or later they sort of get the hint.
That is, if you feel like waiting." Carole and Barbara suggest that there are most of the gang knows each other," Barbara suggests, "then maybe the host or hostess should start a game or special dance so everybody has to join in. You know, where maybe only the last one out without a partner has to dance with a broom."
"That might do it," Peggy agrees—"if the host isn't in the huddle himself!"
Almost as bad to the girls is the fellow who takes a date and then proceeds to forget all about her. "When that happens, it's best to forget about him," Barbara Magolon advises "That is, unless he's really got a good excuse."
Breaking off with a fellow can give the girls a pain in the neck as well as the heart. The girls report that after a fellow has gone steady with a girl for a while and then breaks off, the fellow usually won't talk to the girl any more.
Barbara says, "Most of the girls are still willing to talk, but the fellow gets stubborn and thinks he means his giving in if he tells them to forget him."
Carole is inclined to let the fellows off easy here; "Perhaps his pride is hurt, even if he's the one who broke things off.
A smile might let him know there aren't any hard feelings." That's true even when the girl feels she's the injured party, my friends tell me, "That way he's bound to keep a good opinion of you. Who knows? You two may conceivably be off-guard and make him wonder if it was right to break off."
Say, look at the lively group over by that camera. Let's wander across and find out some more of the secrets the girls have managed to discover about the guys.
Pat Molitieri is wearing a new checked skirt and a slightly painted expression. I wonder if she's even going to cry if I asked her what the trouble was. Oh, I'll ask her anyway. "It's boys," Pat groans. "I'll never understand them." And Franzi Giordano and Rosanne Silver echo her. The reason? "Well, fellows never seem to pick the right time for compliments. You spend the afternoon and evening getting ready for a date, come downstars thinking you look terrific, and he says 'Hello.' And that is it. A few days later you're running back from an errand hoping nobody is around your apartment, walking, with your hair up, wearing--
Barbara assures me. "They've all been out of the car and come to the door, instead of just sit in the middle of the road honking his horn," is the rule that Doris Graham would set for big wheels.
There's another fellow who doesn't rate high in the gals' affections, either. He's a fellow who you might say has a reputation. "You mean Joe Molitieri? . . . but let Rosanne tell you about him.
"You're sitting watching television (or reading Photoplay) and the phone rings. After letting it ring a few times, so you won't look anxious, you answer it. It's a fellow you've already been out with several times, and when he asks 'What are you doing Saturday night?' I think he's asking you out.
"You mean he isn't?" I asked.
"Nope," Rosanne set me straight, "he's just building up to tell you he'll come over and spend the evening at your house!"
I think I get the point. "You mean a parlor date?" "Right. And believe me, when he says that, you really don't know what to say," Rosanne assured me.
"Maybe you could have a prepared answer for calls like that," Mary Hill sugests.
"One time I told a fellow I was going out with my mother," Franzi Giordano relates, "and when he came by the house, my mother and I had to go out and ride around and in the car until he left.
Anna Marie Andreozzi suggests, "Tell him you might be going out with your girlfriends when he asks what you're doing. That way, you'll have an excuse for nipping any parlor date in the bud.
And if he does ask to talk with you, you can always say your arrangements with the girls could easily be changed."
Andy Schwartz and Barbara Levick are having a quiet little session over by the autograph table, and Andy thinks boys who are always talking about their ex-girlfriends should find something else to discuss if they want to impress their present dates. Barbara agrees: "Everytime there's the least bit of an argument, whom, up come the names of his former
But what can a girl really do about it when there are things about a boy that drive her mad? "Change a boy?" moaned Frannie Giordano. "Who can?"

Well, since we boys have to live together with your girls, some boy's got to try. Let's dig up some rules to start by:

1. If you're going to change him, never let him know you're trying.

2. If he acts like he's too good for you, remember that behind that superior air may lurk an inferiority complex. Try to understand what makes him act like that.

3. If you don't like the way he humbles, help him become more of himself by praising the little things about him that made you first go out with him.

4. If he's jealous, think back to the time the two of you ran into that other boy. Did you just say a friendly "Hello," or did you gab on and on about things that made your date feel left out? If you can honestly say it's not your fault that he's jealous, then the least you can do is get it with what's wrong with your relationship.

5. If all he ever wants to do is come on over to your house, it may be because he's short on his allowance. Next time he calls, pass on your sweetest, friendliest manner and say something like: "Mom and Dad say that even if I have company, they don't want to watch 'Maverick.'"

Then suggest he come over and just spend some time with his friends for free. The last thing he needs is too much money, like walking over to the "Y" to see what the gang's up to or having a look at that great new ride over at the amusement park.

6. If the boy will flip your wig if he says one more sentence about baseball or sports cars, just look interested and hope that he'll grow out of it. If he doesn't, then keep doing your best to share his interests. Look at the brighter side of things-you can get a great tan watching a drag race.

After all, girls, I'm pretty sure you'll find that the fellows aren't too bad. That's just about the way the sexes have it figured out about you, too, if memory serves. Boys really like girls and girls really like boys—and isn't it nice that it worked out that way?

See you next month—if I don't hear from you before—DICK

5. Alan Ladd  9. Esther Williams
11. Elizabeth Taylor  15. Frank Sinatra
18. Rory Calhoun  23. Peter Lawford
22. Burt Lancaster  25. Dale Evans
26. Gene Autry  34. Roy Rogers
35. Audie Murphy  38. Janet Leigh
46. Gordon MacRae  74. John Wayne
78. Audie Murphy  84. Stoney Drye
56. Perry Como  57. Bill Holden
66. Gordon MacRae  74. John Wayne
78. Audie Murphy  84. Stoney Drye
92. Guy Madison
105. Vic Damone
109. Dean Martin
110. Jerry Lewis
112. Tony Curtis
128. Debbie Reynolds
137. Jack Palance
140. Dale Robertson
141. Marilyn Monroe
150. Marlon Brando
147. Tab Hunter
148. Robert Wagner
149. Russ Tamblyn
157. Jeff Hunter
158. Johnny Carson
159. Julio La Rosa
160. Lucille Ball
182. Jack Webb
185. Richard Egan
187. Jeff Richards
192. Jean Simmons
194. Anthony Franciosa
202. George Nader
205. Ann Southern
207. Eddie Fisher
212. Grace Kelly
213. James Dean
214. Sheree North
215. Kim Novak
219. Natalie Wood
220. Dewey Martin
221. Jean Collins
222. Jayne Mansfield
224. Sal Mineo
228. Shirley Jones
235. Elvis Presley
227. Tony Perkins
228. Clint Walker
229. Pat Boone
232. Debbie Reynolds
233. Pat Boone
239. Anita Ekberg
236. Corey Allen
240. Pat Page
241. Lawrence Welk
244. Buddy Merrill
245. Hugh O'Brian
246. Jim Arness
247. Sanford Clark
249. John Saxon
250. Dean Stockwell
252. Warren Berlinger
253. James MacArthur
254. Nick Adams
255. John Kerr
256. Harry Belafonte
258. Luana Patten
259. James Napier
260. Tom Tryon
261. Tommy Sands
262. Will Hutchins
263. James Darren
264. Dick Nelson
265. Faron Young
266. Jerry Lee Lewis
267. Ferlin Husky
268. Dolores Hart
269. James Garner
270. Ely Merriweather
271. Erin O'Brien
272. Sandra Dee
273. Lili Gentle
274. Robert Culp
275. Michael Ansara
276. Jack Kelly
277. Darlene Gillespie
278. Annette Funicello
279. David Stollery
280. Tim Considine
281. Nick Tucci
282. Johnny Mathis
283. David Nelson
284. Shirley Temple
285. Pat Conway
286. Bob Horne
287. John Payne
288. David Janssen
289. Dick Clark
290. Yvonne Craig
291. Carol Lynley
292. Jimmie Rodgers
293. Guy Williams
294. Frankie Avalon
295. John Gavin
296. Lee Remick
297. Diane Varsi
298. Joanne Woodward
299. Ted Bessell
300. Paul Anka
301. Peter Brown
302. Eddy BYRDS
303. Joni James
304. Jack Mahoney
305. John Gary
306. Lemmon Zampietristi, Jr.
307. John Smith
308. Lloyd Bridges
309. John Russell
310. Gene Barry
311. Chuck Connors
312. Geo. Montgomery
313. Craig Stevens
314. Steve McQueen
315. Conway Twitty
316. Ty Hardin
317. Charles Bronson
318. Fabian
319. Roger Smith
320. Tuesday Weld

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fair dealings," Solomon would always say. And in only a few years he had built up his store into a prosperous concern, even during the depression years.

But Frances Shore never quite had that feeling of belonging, at home or in the town. "I felt disgraced," Dinah remembers, thinking back over her early years. "My mother had polio; eighteen months had left one leg slightly weak, an affliction which lasted only a few very years but enough to cause her concern and worry. "I was painfully self-conscious," she now says. "And I never told anyone about it until I was grown. I thought that the rest of the kids would shy away from me if they knew. And at home it was a forbidden subject."

This was particularly so because her mother was an extremely athletic woman, and it seemed to Dinah that she didn't want to sympathize with her handicap. Like that afternoon in the park.

It was a pretty, warm spring day and Dinah had been taken out by her mother for a ride on her tricycle. She had wheeled it through the streets until there had reached the outskirts where the traffic was light, and then whirled away from the danger of traffic. Her mother had said she could ride. "I'll just sit here for a while," her mother said, "while you ride around a little to keep your leg in shape."

"It's a quiet path here, so you won't have to worry about running into anyone. Go ahead—climb on.

"Come over on the center of the machine, Dinah clambered on, hugging tight to the handlebars. Slowly she pressed one of the paddles with her right foot, then the one on her left. But the tricycle had moved. She had started it, but it still only rolled forward very slowly. Ten minutes later she was only about six yards further on.

"Come down and kick your mother, anoyed, "Pedal up. Your foot's all right."

Two small children, playing with a ball nearby, stopped to listen, looking teasingly at Dinah. "Come on—pedal up?" her mother repeated. And Dinah had to struggle forward.

Then, there was also the crisp winter's day when she was playing hopscotch with friends, and tripped and fell down the street from her home. Thinking that her mother was inside the house, she began to favor one foot, now and again looking over her shoulder to make sure her mother wasn't anywhere near to see. Then suddenly, just as she had rolled her stone into almost the last square, and was hopping along toward it, a voice shouted, "Frances!" She stopped quite still. Even her playmates, thus far forgetting her other disabling, had stopped, their chattering at the sound of the commanding tone.

"Frances!" the voice repeated. She turned her head and caught a glimpse of her mother, just a little way off. "Frances," her mother repeated a third time. "What have I always told you about that foot? What do you think your friends will think of you?"

Dinah didn't answer. She just looked from her mother to her friends and then back again, wishing that the ground would open up and she could disappear.

"Sorry, you know how much she really murred. Her mother turned and walked back home.

You must have known me," she says quietly to her friends. "I'm Dinah. My mother, the aide of their cold staves. "Maybe I should go home?" And she began walking away. "Don't be stupid," another small girl piped up. "My mother's always telling me off about something. Come on, let's finish the game. It was your turn, wasn't it?"

I often think of that day now," Dinah says, "because I learned something very important. It was that as long as you dislike or are afraid of accepting yourself as you really are, people won't be ready to accept you. But if you have to be perfect for people to like you... just have to be yourself.

And I also know now that my mother's refusal to be very sympathetic with me and my right leg, and the sports which involved a great deal of exercise, were not because she was ashamed of my handicap but because she realized that I shouldn't find a psychological crutch to hide behind."

Actually, Dinah's limb was not noticeable at all, as the polio attack had been too severe. Yet in every game she played after that, she insisted on wearing her right leg's stiff, bulky brace. "Why, it was a heavy, heavy brace, sports which involved a great deal of exercise, were not because she was ashamed of my handicap but because she was determined that I shouldn't find a psychological crutch to hide behind."

And then came her teenage years, which, for Dinah Shore, meant another plunge into the fear of not being wanted or loved. "She was like this," she says now, " didn't even seem to notice me. And only the times I didn't care for seemed to want to date me. I knocked myself out trying to change into something I wasn't, the type I thought she would be interested in. But somehow it never came off."

She was attending Hume Fogg High School in Nashville at the time. And there was one special boy.

"Like Dinah," a dark-haired, good-looking and the captain of the football team. And they would meet on their way to school each morning, for he lived just around the corner from her. Dinah knew he left his house at exactly ten after eight every morning and each day she would make sure she turned the corner of his block at the very minute he left.

"Hi, " he would say each day, jumping down the front steps two by two. "You again," he would laugh. And they would walk along to school together, Dinah feigning the other kids, particularly the girls, because he was the most sought-after boy in the school.

"Coming to the football game on Saturday, " he would say, "you can work—throw the discus during the winter. And she would nod her head, hoping he would ask to meet her at it. But he never did.

Then one rainy morning he saw her arm as she was splashing through the puddles as though a pack of wild animals were at her heels.

"Hey—steady! " he called, catching her arm as she reached him. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing—really," she sputtered, breathless from her run.

You come running around the corner as if you had asked her in from the rain, and with your eyes all red, and you say it's nothing.

"My eyes aren't red."

"Oh yes they are, you've been crying."" I know what it is."

"Well, don't say I didn't ask what was wrong," he shrugged.

"It's that...that...I..." she began, hugging her schoolbooks tightly against her cheek and trying to keep her voice from shaking. "It's that...since I started cheerleading this winter my voice has gone all husky from shouting and my singing teacher—remember I said I wouldn't audition for the school chorus because I can't do both. So I had to make a choice. And I decided to give up singing. And this morning..." she paused and sniffed...
When Dinah finally clicked as a singer, Hollywood beckoned.

"They should have saved themselves the trouble," Dinah grinned. "To put it nicely—I bombed as a movie star. I failed for a lot of reasons.

The most important was that I'm not particularly photogenic. Besides, I played such sweet, icky, good-girl parts that made me feel sick, and I think the audience felt the same way, too.

Yet when I finally came into television I was still sure that I wanted to be one thing if nothing more. I wanted to succeed at being me." And she did.

Our story is told about the first day Dinah arrived at the studio for a hair, makeup and lighting appraisal.

"Dinah," ventured the makeup expert, "about your mouth. . . . Well, maybe we should . . . ." The question went unfinished, but Dinah understood.

"Yes, I know," she agreed, in a resigned tone of voice.

"And about your eyes. They are beautiful, but perhaps in front of the camera we should . . . ."

"I understand," came the reply.

"And perhaps here around the nose we could add a little shading?"

"Naturally." The makeup man deftly worked away and finally, standing back, he admired Dinah's new face.

Dinah took a long look in the lighted theatrical mirror in front of her and then, turning to the makeup man, said smilingly, "Beautiful, just beautiful.

And with that, and much to the amazement and horror of the man, she walked over to the wash basin in the corner, lathered her face, rinsed it, and returned to her chair in front of the mirror.

"Now let's take it from the beginning and this time let's not try to kid anyone," she said. "I'm me and I'm stuck with it, so I guess you are, too. We'll never fool people the other way and, honestly, I don't want to." She put her hand to her face. "There's my mouth, those are my eyes and that's my nose. Let's go along with them, okay?"

And when she went out on the set to make lighting tests she looked great. She didn't look like Lena Turner, she didn't resemble Joan Crawford. And you certainly couldn't identify her with Marilyn Monroe. Yet she was terrific—beautiful. And like—Dinah Shore!

"It was a great lesson to me. But one I had to teach myself. Standing out there in front of those cameras I kept repeating to myself—if they like me this time it's because they like me, what they see and what they hear. Not something I'm pretending to be. And they did like me."

"Then the most amazing thing happened. All of a sudden I had enough confidence in my appearance to stop thinking about it."

"When I married George in 1943, well, I know it sounds like a cliche, but it was truly the luckiest day of my life. My career was progressing, but Dinah, as a person, wasn't. Because above all, I also wanted and I needed love. Everything else seemed pretty second-rate. And I knew that if I hadn't been for George, I would have been finished in two years."

"I think it's true that above all, we all need to be loved and feel loved, not for something we pretend to be, but for ourselves as we truly are. And I'm thankful for so many people liking me the way I am. It's nice to feel wanted, . . . because I know that it wasn't always this way. I remember the time when I was a little girl . . . . and I'm thankful."
meals over at the main building. Feeling oddly listless, she chose a white chiffon dress. No longer new, it was cut full in the Empire style. After she'd put it on, Liz scarcely glanced at herself in the mirror. She wandered into the living room and sat idly by a window. The quiet she had longed for suddenly seemed oppressive; the dark sky, in spite of the brilliance of stars over the desert, suggested looming loneliness.

Moving to the opposite window, she saw the stars blotted out and the darkness lightened by a pink-tinted glow rising from the north; the gaudy flare of Las Vegas' neon-lined streets. She could sense the gaiety and music in the night clubs, the tension hot and crackling around the gambling tables. But it was all more than skin deep; and suddenly she felt cut off from everything, suspended in air, aimless. Where was she heading?

Yet in a split second, her restless mood changed. All it took was the sound of familiar footfalls on the wooden steps leading up to the porch. The screen door creaked open and closed gently, and then he was across the porch and into the living room and his arms were around her and everything was all right. She smiled at him and slid her hand across his hairy, long brown chest:

"We'll be at home here," Liz said softly. "It's going to be a wonderful rest." Eddie had brought with him, into the room, the exhilarating gambler's spirit of show business, and Liz was swiftly caught up in it. His opening night had to be a complete triumph. It just had to be. She had faced him with the uneasy atmosphere of his TV show's closing night. Oh, he had put on a terrific performance then; the columnists had saluted his showmanship and courage. Ship had gone down with colors flying.

"We've got just the right line-up of songs, I think," Eddie was now striding up and down the room. "And the boys in the band are great. I've got a feeling—the Tropicana's lucky this time.

"You mean you're lucky for it. You were its very first star.

Eddie had scored a hit at the hotel's opening, two years before. People in Las Vegas remember the occasion sentimentally; one woman says, "Debbie came up while he was here. She brought their baby, and Eddie brought them out on the stage. It was real nice then." Yes, Debbie had turned her suite at the Tropicana into a nursery, with lots of furnishings from home, even a rocking chair for Car- ri's lullabies. But this time Eddie's suite at the Tropicana was reserved in his name alone.

"I think I've learned a lot since then," Eddie said. "Singling—singing whatever it is, the important thing is to keep on learning."

Liz looked at him. "Hmmm," she said, her head on one side, her long finger on his. "There's something there, all right."

Eddie knew in a second that it was that she wasimitating, who it was that she was quoting.

"I never forget Mike saying that." The name was never long absent from the conversation whenever Liz and Eddie were together. Now they could talk about Mike Todd happily, grateful to remember the man they had both loved, as husband and as friend. "First time I met him," Eddie had told her once, "I was only seventeen, the greenest kid you ever saw. But Mike gave me the chance and another at this audition. No favors, mind you—he did turn me down in the end. But he believed I'd make it some day."

He crossed the porch in quick, springy steps, charged with nervous energy. Eddie would need that for his opening show, Liz understood. Who could forget the surging vitality, the drive that had made Mike Todd. Now Eddie had that energy, too, she was sure.

The next three days were lazy days for her. Michael and Chris seemed to be in the pool as much as they were out of it. Whooping and splashing, paddling around with superb confidence, they made Liz laugh, they made her happy. Liza played in the sun, gaining strength and new life under its warmth, which gradually made her mother forget the frightening days of the little girl's illness, only a few months before. Tenderly, Liz shielded her from an overdose of the desert heat.

Whenever Eddie had time between rehearsals, he came out to the ranch, and on each visit he seemed full of buoyant optimism. Yet Liz could feel the mounting tension as Monday went by, Tuesday, Wednesday, with the minutes ticking closer to the opening that night.

Fortunately, there was one experience she did not share; it was kept from her until the day after it happened, when the ugly facts hit the papers. On Wednesday afternoon, Eddie left his room and arrived downstairs at the Tropicana entrance to see a line of pickets outside, four men and a woman, parading up and down with

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**WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?**

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

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

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Name...............................................................................

Age...............................................................................

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

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Just a quick squeeze of new Cuticura Shampoo—
you get mountains of gentle lather. A rinse of clear water—your hair becomes naturally luminous, with starry highlights. Naturally smooth with completely manageable body. Cuticura does far more than ordinary shampoos. Combines two kinds of cleansers. Guards the life of your hair as it cleanses, conditions, beautifies. Goes twice as far—costs no more. Can't break—a joy for the shower, children, all the family.

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Wonderful new way to wash your hair!
necklace. This had been one of Mike's sharpest investments. Over in the crowded room it turned her way. And then, as she heard a rising tide of warm applause, she felt calmer.

Another burst of applause, loud and long greeted Eddie’s entrance. And he sang as he never had before, sweeping the audience along with each change in mood. But then the sound of two women’s voices, softly唱ing a whisper, at an adjacent table made Liz start a little, and want to turn her head.

"... break his heart. She'll break his heart just like the others," she heard one of them say.

"What do you mean, exactly?"

"Surely you remember?"

"No, I remember... the others before Eddie... right back to that first fellow—Glenn Davis, the football player."

"Didn't she break her engagement to him after just a few weeks?"

She had done the same to that ambassador’s son, Bill Pawley. And then there was Nicky Hilton and her next husband, the English actor, Michael Wilding. Don’t you remember—she left them both?"

"I guess Mike Todd was her only match." The voice was sarcastic.

"You’re so right. So you see, she’s bound to break Eddie’s heart too. He’s so weak compared to her. Just a boy, you know, he’s Mike, but one morning she’ll wake up and realize he isn’t."

"You really think so?"

"Of course.

Liz could listen no more. It made her sick. She looked across at the stage—at where Eddie was singing, seeming to sing to her alone. She smiled across at him, tried to see a smile in her own eyes, but—no, it’s Eddie, he’s Mike, but one morning she’ll wake up and realize he isn’t."

Though she hurried to his dressing room immediately after the supper show, he was already the center of admiring crowds. But well-wishers made way for her as she pushed through. Suddenly seeing Eddie, his hair mussed, a wide grin on his face, she ran over to him. "You were wonderful, darling!" she whispered, then she laid her hand to his forehead and gave him a long kiss. Then she slipped a small box into his hand and, opening it, Eddie found a green jade ring inside. First, he tried it on the third finger of his left hand, then he pressed it lightly to the little finger, thanking her with a kiss.

And everyone knew. "Yes," Liz said, caressing the blaze of diamonds on her wrist, "this is Eddie’s engagement present to me. He’s going to marry—in six weeks, if we can.

The babble of questions rose, and the couple’s answers were swift and spontane-ous. In the end they stood together, holding hands. "We’d like to travel as man and wife... I will ask Debbie for her consent again."

The nagging question crept in: "What about public opinion?"

Though her hand rested on Eddie’s hand, Liz said, "We respect public opinion, but you can’t live by it. If we lived by public opinion, Eddie and I would have been married long ago."

But I can shamelessly say we have been terribly happy. We have been accused of being indiscreet—but then, we haven’t tried to cover up anything. We have been honest."

As she spoke, Debbie’s plane, still many hundreds of miles away, was winging homeward from Europe. Over the desert, the sun was high the next day before Liz woke from her exhausted sleep. The house seemed quiet, but then the cook-housekeeper would long since have given the children their breakfast. Michael and Chris would be at the pool, Liza was still asleep, and in their nursery charge. The clock said eleven. Debbie, Liza thought, should be at the Los Angeles airport by now, just arrived, and going through customs. (Actually, the plane was still on the way, delayed two hours by bad weather.)

Sharing brunch in the main building, Liz and Eddie didn’t talk much. A smile exchanged, a quick clasp of hands—nothing more was needed to express their happiness. Then, late in the lazy afternoon, the telephone rang inside the house. They didn’t stir from their chairs; the housekeeper would answer it.

"It’s for you, Mr. Fisher."

Eddie went in, and Liz heard him say, "I don’t want to talk to any reporters."

"I know, but this one said he had a message from—from Mrs. Fisher."

Leaping to her feet, Liz ran into the living room to find Eddie at the phone, listening. His face was taut. Her hands clenched in suspense, Liz tried to hear what was being said at the other end of the wire. The voice was speaking loudly enough for her to catch a faint murmur, but she couldn’t make it out completely.

Suddenly, Eddie’s expression changed to one of unebelieving surprise, and he smiled a wide happy smile. He said into the phone.

"Really great news—the greatest I’ve ever heard! Thank you, thank you, thank you, Wait!"

He clutched the phone to his chest and spoke directly to Liz. "They told her right at the airport. She said ‘Yes!’ Oh Liz, she’s given her consent!"

She went into a little skipping dance, all around the room. "Liz is flipping!" Eddie shouted into the phone. "She’s so excited, I’m so grateful to Debbie for this."

Snatching the phone away from him, Liz cried into it, "I’m so happy I almost passed out. I knew all along that Debbie would consent."

There’s Eddie again. The radio dials in search of romantic music, and to flip through the magazines. But names would leap out at her—"Liz and Eddie... Debbie, Eddie and Liz."

"I’ll commute from here for those days," Eddie said. "I’ll spend every minute I can with you."

"Darling," she leaned on his shoulder, "we should get away."

Liz returned to the quiet round of days and nights in the desert country. She was happy, she insisted, and yet the waiting told on her nerves. So she busied herself—first making up her mind as to a wedding dress, then ordering the jewel, finally ordering one in moss-green from Jean Louis. She dozed in the shade too; she rested in the sun; often wandering idly amongst the cactus flowers, to twirl the radio dials in search of romantic music and to flip through the magazines. But names would leap out at her—"Liz and Eddie... Debbie, Eddie and Liz."

For public opinion was still there, and it wasn’t always so friendly as it had seemed to Liz on Eddie’s opening night at the theater. This week, the streets of Las Vegas during those weeks, you’d have heard rude remarks.

One woman tourist, eying the advertisements for the show, said, “I wouldn’t walk across the street for it.”

Another woman pulled her date toward the Tropicana, giggling, “Let’s go in ‘n’ thumb our noses at Eddie Fisher.”

Toward the end of the week, a woman in town—on the Tropicana to watch Eddie’s act, at the Variety Club convention—the first reaction was almost always admiration of her striking beauty. But then you’d hear whispers about the marriage of Liz and Eddie.

Eddie was the target of the same sort of criticism from some Las Vegas residents: "I liked Eddie when he first came up here. He was so easy to talk to, so nice to every- body."

But Eddie and Liz tried to ignore this criticism and seemed secure in their relationship. They were living in the same hotel, sharing the same room, toasting the same hope, looking forward to the moment when they would hear the rabbi’s voice uniting them, the day when they would seal their union by sipping wine from the same cup. The End.
fine in all the other scenes, but those love ones. Murder.

Now what could a fellow do? He couldn't blurt out to the director, "Look, I can't kiss her because if I do I'm hooked for good. No more beachcombing. No more freedom. Once I kiss this girl I'll want to marry her." And he couldn't say to Virginia directly, "Look, I'm crazy about you. I'm fighting against it, but it's no use. Maybe it's silly, but I want our first kiss to be in private. Not in front of all these people."

So he stood in the center of the stage like a goof whenever the script called for him to kiss her. And the director had to coax him, cajole him. He felt like a big, lanky, high school boy on his first date; he just couldn't take Virginia in his arms.

At the end of the day's rehearsal, the director took him aside and gave him an ultimatum. "You kiss her tomorrow, or else..." Jim hung his head despondently and then went out to his jalopy, an old 1936 Buick touring sedan, and prepared to head back to the beach. But when he opened the car door, there was Virginia, waiting for him.

"Wonder if you might driving me home?" she asked, relaxing back deep into the low-slung seat. "I'm beat."

"Sure... sure," he said. "Glad to." And he started the car and drove towards her place. Neither of them said anything. But he adjusted the rear-view mirror a little so that he could get a glimpse of part of her face. Her eyes were closed, and suddenly he realized she was fast asleep. He edged the car gently towards the curb, pulled the brake and leaned over to kiss her. She looked up at him and smiled, and her smile was exactly like it had been the first moment they'd met. Except now, she was blushing.

Then she began to speak, slowly and very softly. "I wanted you to kiss me in the play, Jim, not just because it's in the script... but because I wanted you to want to. And when you didn't... I figured you didn't like me."

He tried to speak but she put her fingers to his lips. "No, wait," she said. "There's something else. When I put my head on your shoulder just now, I was faking. I wasn't really asleep..."

She started to draw her hand away from his mouth, but he wouldn't let her. He kissed her fingers, and then he kissed her again. She closed her eyes, but this time he knew she was wide, wide awake.

On the following day at rehearsal, when the time came for Dr. Morrell to kiss Candida, the harassed director leaned forward, rested his chin on the seat in front of him, and waited. There was no problem. The kissing scene was perfect.

I'm sorry," Jim Arness said, bringing me sharply back to the present, back to his bachelor apartment in the Regency apartment hotel at 7940 Hollywood Boulevard, back to our interview. "Now what were we talking about? Oh, yes, about Virginia not wanting Matt Dillon around the house."

"I guess it's ironic, in a way, that Marshall Dillon can keep peace in Dodge City but not in his own home. You get so you can't escape from the pressures. They keep building up—and then—well, that's it. Often I used to get home too late for supper with the children and Virginia. Then Virginia and I would quarrel and..."

The telephone rang. Jim said "Darn" and picked it up. I got up and stretched my legs. For a second I looked out of the full-length picture window that opened on to a bal-
of Interest to Women
P.W. July '59

conky overlooking a swimming pool. Evening shadows crept across the water.

I began to see how difficult it must have been to do any sort of thinking and planning. I had a phone in his hand, there was another phone on one of the two night stands that flanked his bed. That was the one which Larry had said he felt safe in. The apartment hotel, had told me about when I'd asked for Jim at the desk. "He says for you to come up," Larry had said, "but he's busy on the phone." And he had added, "It's been all installed up there. Unlisted. And only three people have that number—his wife, his agent, and his secretary."

Jim put his hand over the mouthpiece and said to me, "Sorry, it's business."

And I remembered the other times I had interviewed Jim and Virginia at their Pacific Palisades home. There'd been no talking, so I'd begun my interview there.

"Prepare. This pressure stopped... and living started. That's where I'd watched Jim frisk in the back yard one afternoon with his three kids, Eldy, eight, and Rolf, six. There, behind the house they christened "Tobacco Road," Jim seemed the happiest kid of them all, as they climbed in and out of the tree houses they'd built and hung from another tree, like Tarzan and his family, and wrestling with Lady, their German shepherd. Virginia would bring out milk and cookies for everyone.

And I remembered, and I hold to the idea, 'It's nice to have you home, Jim.'

But Jim's work was intruding more and more—like the time he packed the whole family, and some of the neighborhood kids, into a trailer loaded with sleeping bags, tents, and saddles, and made a long trip to Monterey. It was a trip they had been looking forward to for weeks. The message had been sent out to him from his agent, telling him to return to Hollywood immediately for retakes on one of his Matt Dillon episodes. So he'd packed up the kids, the baby, the toys, the trailer, and made the trip from home. But when he came home, Virginia had been feeling as if he'd been out to sea for a month.

"During the past year our relationships with my wife got worse and worse. Marriage is give and take, and, as I said before, I just couldn't give enough."

"All during the day at the set I'd have to be good-natured about everything. Dozens of people would visit and all have to be taken care of. And if I had my problems, my pressures, home. What she wanted, what Virginia wanted, was more companionship... more love... more home life. But I couldn't meet these demands. And then to add to that was the job and the constant pressures from the public."

The phone made that funny plip-clip sound and I quickly started to speak. Jim stationed for a moment, then picked it up. He talked to the operator for a moment, and then to a caller on the other end.

"Pressures for the public... the job." I remembered what Virginia had said about these pressures, and this job, which had begun to take her husband away from her in the morning until eight or nine at night, day after day, nine months of the year... which even ate into his weekends when, on Friday nights, he flew out to state fairs and rodeos and made personal appearances. It all felt as if he had ﬂattled his arm would fall off. And this, in only one year, had made him fly 30,000 miles and spend countless hours away from her and the kids.

"I just couldn't stand it any longer," Virginia had said, "that he couldn't even say a word. He would look doped with fatigue... Half the time he'd be so tired he could hardly eat."

And I never seemed to manage to catch up with the things our life demanded of us. I sometimes felt as though I was running down the track ahead of the locomotive, and was always losing on me faster than I could run."

JIM put down the phone; then he picked it up again and told the hotel operator not to put calls through to him. I started to say 'pressure' to Jim as to where we'd be in the conversation, but as I mouthed the word we both looked at the telephone. That was a pressure."

"Cold," Jim said. "What do you mean, "cold," I asked, "by cutting down on your acting and personal-appearance schedule, or by taking breaks in between?"

"And we may be able to work it out."

"Will you be leaving 'Gunsmoke'?

"I don't think so," he said. "I don't know, but I don't think so. It's a thing that can go over with what we have, and I think there is true of a possible reconciliation. We may get back together again."

"But how about the kids?" I asked. "Isn't separation hard on the kids?"

"I'm sure it causes his hair. Then he leaned back on the pillows and stared up at the ceiling for a moment."

"We've thought about that. We thought a lot about that—both Virginia and I. But I think it is that part of his relationship is just as bad—if not worse—on kids as separation. So I moved out in October, to make things easier for the family."

He sat up suddenly. "Oh, I still see them at lunch, of course the three days of the week. If I can't make the week, too. I have a place at the beach. And we spend every Saturday there together. We have a great time. And in a way, it seems to be better for them. There's no lack of relationships. Yes, I think it's better now."

I thought about what he'd just said for a moment. "Then you seem to have found peace of a sorts with this relationship, even if it is tempo.

"Right," he said. "And there's one thing I'd like to add. There was never at any time any question of another woman. No sir."

He grinned boyishly, and added, "If I could save this marriage of mine, the last thing in the world I'd want to do would be to marry anybody else."

"Virginia is a wonderful woman and a fine mother, and we're still very good friends. We do see each other often and, despite rumors, she hasn't seen lawyers about a legal separation. Nor have I."

He looked over towards the window. It was now very dark outside, but across the cool moon-filled coloring. "We'll just have to see how it works out," Jim said. "It can go either way."

"We shook hands—a strong good shake—then started to talk. He was holding the phone—and the other phone, the one whose number is only known by his agent and his secretary... and his wife."

The End
and you’re miserable. Maybe it would be better if we were apart, and... well, that can be easily arranged.”

Peter stopped speaking and turned to Diane.

“That wasn’t what I’d meant to say at all,” Diane explained. “I’d wanted to ask him to stay, but when Peter didn’t answer, I couldn’t help it. I just added one harsh thing on top of the other.

“I don’t think you even tried to make a go of our marriage,” I told him. ‘It’s always me that has had to give and give, and you just take. I think it would be better if you come... if you spent the night with one of your friends. . . .’

This time I was sure Peter would answer me. I waited to see what he would say, but he didn’t speak. Instead, he walked out the front door and closed it behind him. He didn’t come back home again that night.

“The following morning,” Diane continued, occasionally pausing a little nervously as she spoke, “I called my mother and asked if I could come home. Of course, she said yes. I packed a few things and loaded them into the back seat of the convertible Peter had given me as an engagement present. I spent the morning at mother’s unpacking and getting resettled in my old room. Then I sat and waited, sure that any moment the phone or the doorbell would ring and Peter would be there to take me home again. He didn’t call...”

“Things seemed to be going from bad to worse between us. They seemed to have even begun badly. We’d had to cancel our plans for a big formal wedding because we were busy working. We finally eloped. And even that went wrong. The authorities wouldn’t believe I was old enough... then Peter had to wait for proof to arrive that he was of age... then we almost lost the wedding ring. And then, at the last moment, the minister told us our license was made out wrong. But anyway we were able to laugh at it all. After we were married, we found we couldn’t laugh.

“There was that weekend I wanted to go to the rodeo,” Peter began. “Diane said she didn’t want to go and I accepted her decision without a word. But inside, I kept thinking about all the jokes guys make about losing your freedom when you get married. And I brooded to myself.”

Diane had brooded too. “Peter was the only boy I ever dated who could tell me what to do,” she explained. “the only boy I ever learned to lean on, to depend on. Only after we were married, Peter seemed less willing to make decisions. When I tried to discuss matters with him and get his advice, he’d say, ‘Oh, honey, you can take care of it.’ I resented this. I wanted him to be head of our household. But I couldn’t somehow say anything about it.”

“I didn’t know Diane felt this way,” Peter interrupted. “I always admired Diane’s independence when we were dating. I thought this was what she wanted. I liked the way she thought for herself. But, after we were married I began to feel it irritating. Why did she have to insist she was right even when she knew she was wrong?

Like the night we went for a drive along the seacoast and then stopped for dinner. On the way home, I turned off the main highway, deciding to take a different route back.

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“Where are you going?” Diane asked.

“This is Alternate Route 101,” I answered.

“No, it isn’t, Peter. We’re lost!”

“But honey,” I insisted, “I’m telling you this is Alternate Route 101. We kept going back and forth, each insisting we were right. Then we came upon a road sign and I turned my bright lights on it. The sign said ‘Alternate Route 101.’ Well, I didn’t say, ‘I told you so.’ I just waited for Diane to admit she was wrong. But she didn’t and it bothered me.”

“And all the time,” Diane said, “I was waiting for him to speak, to tell me I’d been wrong, to say something like, ‘Honey, you goofed!’ and clear the air. And when he didn’t say anything, I kept still, too.”

And Peter explained, “I felt that as each day came and went we lost a little more of the closeness we’d once shared. Even Diane’s wonderful sense of humor,” Peter added, “seemed to be strained.

“One Friday night,” he related, “we went to a small party at the home of friends. Well, after a hectic week’s work, I was grateful for the few hours of fun and relaxation. I was sitting there, listening to the music from the hi-fi when suddenly I felt this uncontrollable urge to get up and dance. And since we were among friends, I did just that—got up and danced. And then I heard Diane groan, ‘Oh, honey!’

“It was the tone of her voice that made me sit down—fast. I was embarrassed because I thought she’d shown disapproval of me in front of friends. The rest of the evening we tried to have fun and I guess things looked all right between us. But on the way home, neither of us said anything. I was hurt.”

Diane tuckd her legs under her on the
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couch. "All the way home," she said, continuing the story. "I thought of what I wanted to say. I wanted to say, 'Peter, dear, I didn't mean to embarrass you. It's only that I want my husband to appear pleaseable. I thought maybe my husband would say that Peter was making a fool of himself. I didn't want that to happen.' I wanted to say this, but instead I just sat there, quiet. Diane paused.
And as she did, Peter smiled softly at her and whispered, "I wish I'd known." And he continued, "As I drove us home, I was thinking that I wouldn't even mind if the criticism of the M. D. says something, if only we could talk it over."

At last Diane broke the silence to go back to tell about the actual separation. "When that first day of our separation had almost passed and Peter still hadn't called me, I knew what I had to do. After I'd unpacked and put away the things, I reached for the tiny jewel box, slipped off my gold wedding ring and put the ring in a box in the drawer.

A few weeks later, Peter and I never saw each other and after the first few days, I stopped juggling up every time I heard the phone ring.

"I must have reached for the phone a dozen times," Peter said, "but I never quite finished dialing Diane's number. Maybe she doesn't want to talk to me, I'd think. But finally, after eleven days, I did call her. And when I heard the Diane's voice, I didn't know how to begin.

"'How are you?' I finally blurted out.

'Fine, just fine,' she answered in a small, weak voice.

'That's good,' I said. 'Well...well...well, I'll call you again. Goodbye.'

'Goodbye.'

"Finally, after seven weeks of calls, it was getting easier to talk about things. On Sunday, March 29th, Peter called again. 'Look, Diane,' he said, 'we can't accomplish anything by juggling up on the phone. Please let me see you.'

"I agreed, and we met a little while later and decided to go for a ride. But when we got in the car and talked the car, we just sat there, staring at the water. Neither of us was able to say a word. I sat watching the way the full moon cast its beauty on the water and even breaking before the silence. It's miraculous, isn't it, Peter, that something so high up can cast such a glow?"

"I was grateful to Diane for filling the silence," Peter said, "but when I started up the car again and was heading back, I realized that we'd just talked on and on and hadn't said any of the things that needed to be said.

"I drove Diane back to her car and then opened its door for her. But I couldn't let her drive away.

"I held her hand, Peter said, taking her arm. 'Diane, we've talked for hours and we haven't said one word about what we came to talk about. Please, come back to the car.'

"She agreed and then we were sitting side by side again. Then suddenly our eyes met and we both began talking at once. Suddenly we could talk about all the things that interested us, and it's funny, but as we put each problem into words, it disappeared. The wall between us dissolved. For the first time in months, we were able to reach out to each other, and as we did so, we came to understand what had happened."

"And for me," Diane continued, smiling a little as she remembered that day, "and I learned my head on his shoulder. Now I understood that it wasn't a lack of love that had pulled us apart. Instead, too much love had inhibited us and we'd both gotten so that we preferred silence to speech, because we were afraid to hurt each other."

"Finally," Peter said, "but there were still some things we hadn't settled, and this time we wanted everything to be right. We went to the next night's meeting and then we didn't have to talk about the moon first. It was eleven o'clock before we stopped for dinner at a restaurant in the Valley, but by that time I think we were both sure that, whatever we had lost, we'd found it—and more again.

"Again, I didn't want Diane to go back to the distance she was, but tried to bring one more thing to be a part of that. Out of respect for Diane's parents, we decided that, before we could go back together, I would have to speak with them. But that night, I knew Diane and I whispered, 'This is the last night you'll ever be alone. Now go home and unpack your rings.'

"The next day, Tuesday, March 31st, I met Diane and her mother at the luncheon and then I went to their home and talked with Diane's mother. They both gave us their blessings and that afternoon I went back to our big house, packed my clothes and dug the 'For Sale' sign deeper into the earth and closed the door behind me."

"Someday, Peter and I will have another child, but Diane interrupted, "but it's too much for us now. We decided we'd look for an apartment, a place to be comfortable in without all the worry and responsibility of keeping up a big home. We'll wait until the second honeymoon trip to Palm Springs."

"Peter said, "It makes good sense, but it took a separation to bring us really together again. Now we know that a love that inhibits is wrong, that it's better to close our eyes and let us keep what we love the best, without hurting someone you love. Before, I don't think we were secure in our love—we couldn't tell if our love was real. But now we're sure of ourselves and our ideas and real and we have understanding to back it up."

"The night Peter and I got back together again," Diane smiled, "I took the jewel box out of the drawer and handed my gold ring back. He slipped it on my finger. Then I put his ring back on his finger and we both said the words that are engraved inside those gold bands and which only fully understand: 'For better, for worse, forever.'"
"sous" and that's a bargain 'cause I bought it this morning for ten.

"Don't you think five 'sous' is a lot of money for your old used chewing gum?" I asked, jumping up onto a low wall and balancing myself along. That way I was as tall as she.

"But it's fresh this morning!" she exclaimed, staring up at me. "I'll put the price up if you don't hurry and say yes. And you know you can't afford a brand-new piece.

"The truth was that I couldn't afford my own, for I was always spending my allowance on Brigitte's various and sundry cast-offs. Okay?" I said, jumping down from the wall, 'but only if there's still some taste left.'

"I give you my word," she said, solemnly.

"As a child, Brigitte always found little ways of supplementing her pocket-money—at my expense!" Mijanou laughed, tossing back her head as she spoke.

And as she did so, I noticed how delicate and fine Mijanou's features were in contrast to her sister's provocative sensuality. Lifting her hand to her face to brush back a lock of hair that had fallen over her eyes, she paused for a moment, and then went on: "This also reminds me of a time during the liberation, when we would lean out of the window and watch the parades of handsome uniformed men pass in front of our apartment house. Brigitte always had her little camera with her, and she would photograph them and then sell the best prints to Mama, Papa, or the other members of the family. The bad fuzzy prints no one else wanted, she sold to me. That's where most of my allowance went. Every time, no one could resist her, least of all, me.

"We were inseparable as children," Mijanou continued. "Much more so than sisters usually are, because we had hardly any friends of our own age. Our parents' best friends had no children we could play with. The one exception was a girl about Brigitte's age, Chantal, who was the daughter of one of our father's business associates. We often played with her, but most of the time Brigitte and I stayed together.

"We were not allowed to make friends with anyone outside our immediate circle. We had a very protected childhood. Our activities were closely scrutinized, and we were never allowed out unless an adult accompanied us. My grandmother took me to school, and Brigitte was conducted to her dancing classes every day by our governess."

As Mijanou spoke, I remembered something an acquaintance of the Bardots had told me. "Everything was regulated with military-like precision in the Bardot household," she had said. "Voices were never raised, either in jest or in excommunication. Madame Bardot had been raised in Italy, where her father directed a French insurance company, and her ideas were definitely old world style.

"But she was also a busy woman. She had a natural flair for fashion, and so, when she grew bored with her social life, she persuaded Monsieur Bardot to let her open a dress shop. That left her little time to supervise directly her children's activities. These, in accordance with the best European traditions, were left in the hands of a governess, a widow named Madame Legrand, who had a keen sense of religion."

I told Mijanou that I'd heard she'd had a strict upbringing under a governess.
"Madame Legrand was all right," Mijanou recalled with a slight grimace. "But we didn't think so at the time, calling her 'La Bique' (The Goat) behind her back. It wasn't her fault, but she was always following us around."

Yet it was only natural that the two sisters, who were supervised, watched, and corrected with so much severity, would seek to escape into an imaginary world. One favorite game which Mijanou told me, was playing at being orphans.

"We had a huge wicker basket where we kept our dolls and took them home. Mijanou said, "They were big enough to hold us, and we would often climb in and pretend we were in a boat. We invented dialogue as we went along. Usually we were Orphans, swimming away to America to seek our fortunes."

The Bardot family was opposed to outside, modern entertainments, but they had no objection to the children's amateur theatricals—which thrived whenever they were in their country home.

"We had a small house in Louveciennes, about fifteen miles from Paris, which had been built by our great grandparents," Mijanou continued. "And we would spend our weekends there. Our father turned the garage to us to use as a playhouse. Arranging the little house became our main pleasure during weekends. As we got older, we gradually abandoned the swings and trapeze in the back garden and changed fixing up the place. We christened it 'Cabanon,' (Little Hut). We painted it ourselves and sewed lace curtains and chair-covers. We hunted out more curtains, no longer wanted, and fixed them up. Brigitte is very clever about painting and repairing old furniture. Our prize item was a long chest of drawers which we moved into the back yard and filled with lemonade and fruit juices to the family.

"The little house looked out over the garden, and on Sundays we would take out the furniture and arrange a row of chairs to look back our theater. The family and a few friends were our audience. One of our favorite plays was 'Cinderella,' and Brigitte would very generously give me the title role, while she played the nasty stepmother."

"Didn't Brigitte like to write too?" I said, remembering a remark about her writing that I'd overheard one of the children mention. "Was it little wasteful for a moment. 'Yes,' she said. 'And her stories always had a Prince Charming who never failed to love and marry the heroine. We were born in a country where the Middle Ages was our favorite historical period."

Like any other older sister, Brigitte, it seems, adored teasing Mijanou. "We used to play in a park near our home almost every afternoon, and I remember that I was in a state of terror for months once, because we would climb up to a particular large oak tree she would scream, 'Mijanou—watch out! There's a fierce-looking man with a long beard hiding behind it waiting for us.' When I heard this, I would cover back in terror, and beg our nurse to take us by the long route around to the other side of the park so that I wouldn't have to pass the tree."

"The nurse would tell us that the nurse was right, and that if we would not have gone off into peals of laughter."

"What's he like?" I would ask Brigitte, when we got home.

"He's very tall," she would answer, in hushed, serious tones. "And he's got three eyes—one in the middle of his forehead. And he's also got a big, booming voice that has the power of making you stand still and not run away. Then, if he likes you, he carries you off and you're never seen again."

"How do you know?" I would ask.

"I met him once. That time when you were at home with a cold. It was horrible."

And each time she would tell this story she would screw up her face to show how terrible the experience had been.

"I got so frightened that one day I refused to go to the park. Our nurse begged and begged, and finally I told her what was wrong. She called Brigitte and made her confess to me that it was all just made up. It took me a while to believe."
"I was eight at the time, and Brigitte was twelve. Of course, it was all a big lie. I'd made up the whole story, even the boy's name. For a month Brigitte believed me, and every day she asked me questions about Gerard. She was quite worked up by the fact that I was only eight and I had a boy interested in me and she didn't.

"One day, after questioning me very closely about him, she suddenly said, 'Swear to me that you are not lying.' That finished it. I had to admit to her that I'd made it all up. After the first few minutes of anger at having been duped, she laughed and laughed.

Ballet lessons, I learned, were indispensable in the Bardot conception of the right education for well-brought-up girls, but it was Brigitte, rather than Mijanou, who received them.

"Bribri began taking ballet lessons a few years after I was born," Mijanou recalled. "Every day our governess took her to the dance studio on Rue Spontini. At the same time she enrolled at Hattemer's, a private finishing school."

Although Brigitte had a natural gift for "entrelâches" and ballet turns, she developed an intense dislike for grammar books. The only subject she showed any aptitude for was ancient history, and to this day she can hold her own in any discussion of Egyptian civilization. She soon gave up any hope of being even a passable student, and pinned her dreams on entering the dance conservatory. She didn't give up her studies at Hattemer's, continuing them by correspondence.

"Brigitte was an exceptionally gifted dancer," Mijanou told me. "When she was only thirteen, she was one of seven chosen from 600 candidates for the National Conservatory of Music and Dance, and her teachers predicted a brilliant career for her as a ballerina."

One of Brigitte's classmates and an object of her wide-eyed admiration was Leslie Caron. They were the top students.

Mijanou explained, "One of the reasons why Brigitte loved the dance was that it gave her a chance occasionally to escape the constant strict eye of our parents." The class often went on tour. Most of the times, the Bardots or the governess accompanied the class to keep a watch on Brigitte, but once she did go on a Mediterranean cruise without any supervision.

She returned home to whisper into Mijanou's ear the exciting details of her first trip away from home. Wonderful. We danced on the deck of the ship very late into the night. It was fabulous and so exciting. And once boy even tried to kiss me!

Mijanou, who was then ten and terribly impressed and envious of her older sister, yearned with all her heart to take up dancing, too. But the Bardots were adamant against it.

"My family decided that at least one of us should be a serious student, so I didn't have dance lessons," Mijanou said. "I've always regretted it."

It was not that the Bardot family considered a lack of book learning a disadvantage for young girls, but it seemed that Mijanou showed a greater taste and aptitude for knowledge than Brigitte, and they wanted to encourage this.

Mijanou went to the Lebeck Convent as a day student and was intending to go on to the University and major in applied psychology.

"I was very timid as a child," Mijanou confessed, "much more so than Brigitte. She was shy and awkward with adults because we'd been brought up that way and still when we were together. But when we were together, she was gay and cheerful and as warm as a puppy."
Incredible though it may seem, Mijanou says that Brigitte has an inferiority complex which dates from her childhood. A slight squint, she said, caused her to wear corrective glasses when she was a child, and she was always self-conscious about her large teeth and thick sensuous lips. "In fact," even today, when Brigitte laughs, she puts her two hands in front of her mouth because she thinks her teeth are ugly," Mijanou said. "Have you noticed?"

She then told me that Brigitte has a constant need to reassure herself that she is beautiful and desirable. And she must have loved the few weeks she spent at the School, because she was happy in a pair of slacks and a turtle-neck sweater.

It seems that Brigitte's career was the result of one of those accidents of fate you can't ever predict. If Roger Vadim, the film director, had not met her and seen her possibilities, she would certainly never have become an actress. Probably, she would have stayed in ballet.

Brigitte was at that awkward age of late adolescence when Roger first saw her. But he was sure from seeing her just once that when she lost her girlish plumpness she would become quite beautiful.

"It all started when my father's cousin, Madame de la Villuchet, phoned my mother," Mijanou recalled. "She was one of the editors of the magazine 'Elle.' She explained to my mother that one of her models was sick and she was in a terrible jam. She asked if she could borrow Brigitte for a photograph, because she thought she was just the girl for the job."

At first, it may seem odd that Madame Bardot, so rigid in her ideas, would have agreed. She probably wouldn't have if she hadn't known Roger.

Brigitte immediately confided the great project to Mijanou. "But you're so fat!" Mijanou giggled.

Brigitte ran to the mirror and looked at herself. She had never seen herself without clothing before. The "Elle" people, she said, had even ordered the now famous special-delivery letter from Roger Vadim, assistant to Marc Allegré, the director. Allegré, thinking he had found his new Brigitte, phoned Simone Simon, wanted Brigitte for a screen test.

Brigitte showed the letter first to Mijanou, and it was her sister who broke the news to the family. Mijanou, snatching the letter from her, was filled with excitement, ran to find her parents.

"Brigitte's going to be a movie star!" she yelled.

Her parents were shocked. It was one thing for a baby to go to the movies, but to be named Brigitte, they wouldn't do it even if they had a daughter as smart and attractive as Brigitte. And in this letter Brigitte saw a chance for freedom. Her parents finally agreed to let her meet Allegré, on the condition that Madame Bardot accompany her. At that first meeting Brigitte was alone with Roger Vadim, who was also there. She excitedly confided in Mijanou on returning home, "I'm in love. I've met the most terrific man. He's so good looking, so dark and handsome—just like in my dreams.""

Marc Allegré did not have Vadim's perceptive eye. He saw only Brigitte's aching face, the falling teeth and her awkward timidity. He rejected her.

But Vadim was intrigued, and a few weeks later he phoned Brigitte. Her parents were away in Biarritz, and she was home alone with Mijanou and her grandmother.

He managed to see her alone, once, twice, then several times. By the time Madame Bardot's mother had phoned her in Biarritz in alarm to say there was something odd going on, Vadim had captured Brigitte's heart. And finally he won the Bardots' consent to their marriage.

Brigitte was sixteen when she gave a party to celebrate her engagement to Roger Vadim. "The Cabanons and Louise-Jacquemins was the setting for it," Mijanou recalled. "I was only twelve, but my parents let me give a party to attend on condition it didn't include wearing glass, and had my hair in pigtails, and was more self-conscious than usual. Brigitte's personality was already blossoming over one of her wonderful hostesses. I hid behind the bar, so no one would see me, and silently admired her."

As the lights dimmed and everyone went to their elegant little jazz records, I started to sneak away and go into the house to go to bed. I was too unhappy to just sit there and not be able to dance.

"Then one of the boys, a friend of Vadim, ran into me behind the bar. 'Why don't you dance?' he asked me."

"I'm not allowed to,' I answered."

"'Come on,' he said, 'I'll take the blame if someone's angry.' And he pulled me out to the dance floor.

"Brigitte was amazed to see me. 'Mijanou isn't to dance,' she insisted."

But her friends persuaded her to let me stay. I was sure I had never having been so happy. Brigitte didn't tell me on, but I confessed to my mother myself the next day. She wasn't as angry as I thought she would be.

Mijanou and her parents often visited Brigitte in the tiny apartment on Rue Chardon-Lagarche that the Bardots had bought for the newlyweds. But Madame Bardot was busy, her old hands were coming negligent and careless about her appearance. She said it was because Vadim preferred to see her in an old pair of blue jeans and bare feet rather than her former starchy and always-neat clothes. As her mother, she found it easier to slip into the subdued Paissey district.

"It's only natural, though, that so much fame has so deep an effect upon Brigitte," concluded Mijanou. "Yet she's basically the same. When she comes to see us with some kid or another, she always says, 'Papa, me, the maid and the dog!'"
turned to his companions, shielding the woman. "She's all mine," he announced. "And she's still with me this day!"

Then he led the obviously flattered young woman away a few steps, chatted gaily with her and then kissed her hand as she departed. And after she'd left, he apologized to his friends.

"You'll have to forgive me," Niven said. "I couldn't remember who the devil she was!"

When asked how he'd come by his inimitable charm (he once called himself a "displaced Cary Grant"), it is rumored that David replied, "I'm a product of one of the most exclusive schools in Britain."

"He wasn't joking—but the facts are not as convincing as they sound. The incident that got him there all took place when David was 12."

After his father, Captain William Graham Niven, was killed in the First World War, at the age of 26, his young mother moved from England to Canada with David off to boarding school at Heatherdown, where, without difficulty, he immediately adjusted himself to a mischievous merriment that ultimately got him his place in the "Gibbs-Miller School." His downfall was a caulliflower.

One day, a contest was announced among the students at school to find who could make the biggest vegetable. Each boy was given his own garden patch in which to cultivate the winning item. Permission was granted to write in his family story, and one boy, every one, each boy wrote a letter; each boy, that is, except David, who hated writing and decided he would simply grow a crop of mustard and cress. But, as time went on and the other boys' vegetables grew, David began to feel that his crop hadn't a chance to win, although, he insists, "It was simply beautiful." So the day before the judging, he carried seeds and entered another student's garden, nipped a gigantic caulliflower and, with a touch of conscience, placed it in the center of his own spreading vines.

The prize he did not win. Instead, he got a severe caning, immediate expulsion and a spell at a Portsmouth school he considered a "reformatory for boys." So began his British "lifestyle" (Though everybody calls him "English," James David Graham Niven was born in Kuressaare, Scotland, and is quick to point out that he's "British").

He later joined the Army, maintaining he did it because he had ambitions for the Navy. But when he took the Naval exam, he missed 292 questions out of 300. "So I joined the Army," he said. "And I was out of the Army, I knew that I had the Army's money and was happy."

David was transferred back to England, and he says, "I was dead. And then I began to write."

David has always conducted his private life as a perfect decorator, but surprisingly from almost the very beginning, Hollywood tagged him as "No. 1 Bachelor."

"It all started," David explains, "on one of my first days on the Coast, when I knew nobody at all, and was busy touring the casting offices. The single exception was Sally Blaine, whom I had met the year before in London. I immediately left myself on her doorstep and was eventually the only way to do it. If I'd waited to think it over, I might have been talked out of it by the men at the barracks."

"That was a Wednesday. That night I sent in my resignation and called my colonel to say 'Goodbye.' He didn't like the idea very much. Thursday, I sailed for Canada, telling my friends I was off to seek my fortune in the New World."
The war brought an end to many things—including David's freedom. It was 1940 and England was under the siege of the first onslaught of German air raids. At a Fighter Station on Biggin Hill, the alarm had gone out.

The now Colonel Niven of the British Army rushed out to the slit trenches along with other men and women at the base. David dived into one just as the droning of a German plane sounded overhead.

"One!" screamed a woman's voice as he jumped in and hit something soft that moved. Then suddenly he heard a growl and felt sharp teeth bite into the calf of his leg. Winning with pain, he looked down, rubbed his leg and peered about.

"What on..." he began, then, gradually, through the darkness, he noticed a young WAAF crouching in the trench with a snarling Pekingese. "Oh... excuse me... I am sorry," he stammered, "the WAAF, ignoring the offending Pekingese.

Three weeks later the WAAF, Primula Rolo, and David Niven were married.

And it was a happy marriage, to end, six years later, in tragedy.

It was a Sunday night in Hollywood, and David and Primula had gone to a small party at Tyrone Power's home.

It was a gay party, and after dinner they decided to play a blackout game of hide-and-seek, called "Sardines." Mrs. Niven was "it," and after the lights had gone out and everyone had hidden in corners, she started off to look for them.

She groped about in the dark, peering behind drapes and in closets. Then suddenly she opened one door and was stepping forward and looked out the hall. She had not been paying attention that nobody was in the hall.

"I was like one of those crazy very slowly," David told a friend. And he never talked of those days.

In 1948 he was sent back to England to do a movie called "Bomby, Prince Charlie." One day, while he was finishing the picture in a London studio, he found a beautiful girl ensconced in his chair on stage—a chair which was plainly marked "David Niven" across the back. Seeing his look of astonishment, almost annoyance, at anyone else occupying his place, a friend quickly introduced them. Her name was Hjordis Tersmeden, a Swedish model.

He was wearing his Prince Charlie costume and looked quite dashing.

"I thought your hair was dark," she said, as she got up from the chair.

"It is," said David, obligingly pulling off his royal blond wig. And a few minutes later he asked her to lunch.

Several days ago, David had decided to get married and just a few weeks later were on their way, one morning, to a registry office. Just as they were about to enter the building, David turned to Hjordis and said, "We mustn't forget to stop by and pick up the children afterwards."

Hjordis stopped in her tracks. "What children?" she exclaimed. David had forgotten to tell her he had two boys.

The next day they set off—all four of them—for Hollywood and David's home in Pacific Palisades. That was eleven years ago.

And Hjordis says today, "In all that time I have never had one moment of boredom. Life with David has always been one constant surprise..."

And it's hard to find someone to disagree.

THE END

I saved my MARRIAGE

A spade is called a spade on the radio program "My True Story." It brings you frank stories about real people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you may easily recognize some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine.

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“I'M SCARED...”  
Continued from page 45

be a dream, too, and I'm sure it will be almost soundproof, his words seemed to fade into the thousands of other sounds they could hear, as they sat by the home they would soon be living in; and Anna took a long, deep breath.  

"Buddy...?" she whispered.  

"Yes?" He bent his head slightly as he spoke, and kissed her affectionately on the tip of her nose.  

"I... I... I'm scared."  

He drew her more closely to him. "Don't worry. Ours is going to be a good marriage—you'll see," he said gently.  

"And maybe you're right," she thought, and then added, "I'm glad we bought this house..." And she remembered the first time they'd heard about it and how they'd been reluctant to drive out and see it. Actually, they'd never intended buying such a large house, although they needed a good-sized place because Buddy did a lot of work at home. So when Chickie, Buddy's mother, told them about it, they hesitated to look; it was very expensive. And at the time, she remembered saying, "Don't even show it to me," knowing that she and Buddy would probably fall for it.  

But somehow they couldn't resist and they finally did go to see the house and looked around, neither of them saying a word. But as they drove home, they were already arguing about who would get which closet!  

She remembered that drive quite clearly. Buddy had been talking, while now, chatting eagerly about what they'd do with each room, and she'd drawn all sorts of plans on the misted windows of the car while he kept screeching, "I can't look... stop it or we'll land in a ditch!" But she had been so happy, so thrilled to be planning the first home of her very own, and so eager to have Buddy like the ideas she had for it.  

"And then there's the nursery..." she remembered saying these very words—which had brought them into a difficult discussion. Because she had such definite ideas about what should be done for the present—she thought they were both too young. And she wanted her children brought up as Catholics, though Buddy is Jewish. But it had not stopped her from wanting to buy the house, was so understanding, so willing to please and, she remembered thinking at the time, so different from the snobbish, aloof sort of fellow she'd taken him to be when they'd first met.  

And she smiled a little to herself as her thoughts moved back to their first date—almost a year ago now. How she'd almost come out and told him how she wouldn't enjoy herself... how they'd met two other couples, friends of Buddy, and gone to the Scandia for dinner and to a show... and how she'd told him off for his conceited manner when he'd driven her home.  

"Hey—come out of that dream!" Buddy's words rang out sharply against the muted sounds of the radio. "Whatever were you thinking about?"  

"I'll miss you the next few days while I'm in New York," she said quietly.  

"I'll miss you, too. He paused for a few moments, then added, "But it'll be the last time. From now on we just won't accept any engagements that will keep us apart."  

Anna left the following day for New York. But once she was in New York, away from Buddy, away from the hustle of her wedding plans, away from Buddy's calmness and stability, she began to feel more and more nervous—more and more aware that instead of looking forward to her marriage she was afraid even to think about it. Instead of dreaming and laughing, she found herself waking up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, and trying to avoid being left alone. Was her marriage to Doug Pillen too well-advised to marry a divorced man? Was their difference in faith an obstacle to happiness? Would they be able to overcome the pressures of their careers? She knew she loved Bud; she tried to reassure herself.  

Yet just nine days before their wedding, once back in Hollywood, she came to her decision and issued this statement from her home in Hollywood: "After careful deliberation," she said, "I have decided that marriage at this time would be premature. It is my own, decided against the wedding."  

It seemed cold and impersonal, but it was only a front—a front to hide unexpressed fears and the assumption that even she herself could not fully understand the situation. You yourself have to listen to your own heart..."  

And theirs had not even been a swift romance, like so many in Hollywood. She had met Buddy six years ago while preparing for a Las Vegas nightclub act. Buddy had been assigned to work on the musical arrangements. Their first meeting was not memorable. In fact, she didn't even like him. He had just started to become successful and was on the defensive. He seemed sort of snobbish.  

"I don't think I would have worked with Buddy at all if my manager hadn't insisted that he was such a talented, up-and-coming young man. Incidentally, he was still married the way Bud. Anna slowly seemed to find it difficult to talk even about the early days.  

"I did know his first wife, Gloria Haley. We'd met through some people in The Thalian together. We used to say hello, but it wasn't a close friendship."

Anna paused for a moment, then continued, "After that first meeting, Buddy and I talked about it for a period of about six months, and during that time I heard he'd become divorced. Occasionally I would bump into him at parties and we'd try to talk about it, but he regarded me as snobbish and didn't encourage a friendship. And I guess if it hadn't happened that my manager, Pierre Corsette, met him by chance a little over a year ago, none of this would have happened. He really was the one who suggested it, and when he did, Buddy—during the course of conversation—asked about me and wanted to know if I were going steady. When Pierre said no, Buddy asked for my phone number."

The very next day Buddy called. 'Hi,' he said, 'this is Buddy Bregman. I don't care that you're not my divorcee now final and I was wondering... wondering if you would consider having dinner with me this evening?'  

She said, 'I didn't want to make a date with him, because I still disliked him.'  

"Well, when can you have dinner with me?" he asked.  

"And he was so insistant that I made a date—for some time that seemed far away." Anna laughed a little sadly as she remembered. "Actually it was only
five days off. Then as soon as I'd hung up, I called Pierre and asked, 'Why did you give Buddy Bregman my phone number?'

"Pierre joked, 'If I hadn't, someone else would have given it to him. Why?'"

"Because I can't stand him," I said, 'and I don't want to have anything to do with him.'

"And, as a matter of fact, the night before the date I thought of cancelling it, but I didn't know how to do it. So we wrote to the New York Times, out of anger with two other couples, for an ad and a show. And we were home by 11:30.

Then, as Buddy drove up in front of my house, he asked me out for the next night."

"No," I said. 'I can't make it,' I lied."

"How about the day after?" he asked.

"Again he persisted so, I found myself giving in. 'The reason I asked you out with you tonight was to tell you off.' And I began telling him so he was spoiled, that he couldn't take success, and that he was very hard to get along with. Actually, I had been envying this, because he had never done anything to me personally. But I went on and on, telling him how fresh he was and how a snob he was, and what a fool I had expected him to help me out of the car, slam the door, and never talk to me again.

'Instead, he just sat there quietly,' looked at me and said, 'You're absolutely right. I can't have to grow up the hard way. I certainly believe I’ve changed, and I’d love to prove it to you if you’ll take the trouble to find out.'"

"Well, if you say so," I was blushing off steam, calling him everything, only to have him say very humbly, 'You’re right.'

I accepted a date for a few days later, but when Budd had gone to the North Carolina school for a while with Eddie Fisher. She paused and seemed deep in thought.

"That was about March of last year," she went on, finally. "And I remember being in the front row of the time of the Academy Awards. I had a date for that evening with someone else, but the night before we had an argument and cancelled it. I had to go, though, because I was one of the performers. And I needed an escort.

'I called up a few friends, but unfortunately they were all busy. Finally, I decided I didn’t have to go. But when she had finished, I glanced and said, ‘Oh no!’ I just got back in town and made another date twenty minutes ago. If only you’d called me sooner,' I asked her out to dinner for the following night after the Awards and I said yes.

"After we’d hung up, I was just about to call some other friends and ask them to take me out. But when I stopped and thought about it, I told myself, ‘If I know in my heart what I think I know, I’m not going to ask anyone else.” And sure enough, ten minutes later, the phone rang and it was Buddy.

"He said, ‘Oh, something happened to the girl I was taking, so I can take you.’

And that was the beginning of it all." Anna looked a little wistful as she spoke.

"We went together quite regularly after that night, but I don’t think I finally finished with him until six months or four months later. I was attracted to him, I liked seeing him, but it wasn’t love yet. Because for me, love is more than just liking him. It’s a complete feeling that the other person is the most important person in your life, and you are in theirs, that he would give up anything for you and you would for him. And I think that this feeling is a long time in coming.

Anna looked a little nervous as she continued, "However, after I first started to date Buddy I called my parish priest.

I explained to him that Buddy was Jewish (I’m a Catholic) and a divorced man. I told him that Buddy’s former wife, Gloria, also a Catholic, had been married once before in church and so that was why she and Buddy had had a civil ceremony. That now they were divorced. And he told me that since they’d had a civil ceremony, Buddy and Gloria had never been married in the eyes of the Catholic Church, and so if something should develop here—Buddy and me, we could be married in church.

Anna lowered her voice and seemed to find it hard to talk. ‘When I told Buddy I’d called the priest, he was very hurt. He said, ‘What do you think I’d said to her that she’d have to marry me in April. You’ve got to tell me.’

‘I’ll decide when I come back,’ I told him.

‘No. You’ve got to tell me now,’ he insisted.

‘So finally I said, ‘I’ll marry you.’ And after that I couldn’t believe it, and yet I was so relieved I had finally made up my mind.

‘Actually, I knew three months before Buddy proposed that I would say yes. My mother knew it, too, and it wasn’t really that much of a surprise even to me—expecting it, and there was no argument, no scene. In fact—although I’d admit I wasn’t too delighted—the newspaper clipping saying she would be sick the day of the wedding was quite out of context.

‘What happened?‘ Anna explained, ‘was that five or six months before Buddy and I were at a party and he asked me over the phone if we were serious. I said something like, ‘Well, we might get married.’ There was a columnist there, and at one o’clock that morning he wrote a column and said, ‘Your daughter’s going to get married. In fact, I understand they are probably going to elope.’

‘He woke her right out of her sound sleep; she was so shocked she made a harsh statement that wasn’t used until months later, when we were officially engaged. Then the newspapers got a hold of it, and that's when he proposed and said, ‘When Anna Maria and Buddy get married you’d be sick and stay home? She couldn’t deny it. But she tried to explain the circumstances. However, when the clippings came in the paper, it was taken out of context again. Certainly, my mother still had doubts, but she’d consented to come to my wedding.

‘Today, Anna went nervously, ‘And it was all blown up between my mother and me until . . . until finally I made that statement. Sure, I’m scared of marriage. I think I’m the only one who can say that. I’m saying, you see, it’s because he’s not a single qualm is lying. I used to wonder if she was too young. Otherwise, I would have hot-and-cold chills, and even nightmares. And I used to be glad when she was away, so hard, it didn’t leave me time to think.

‘It was the end of Anna’s story. There was no word from Buddy with the statement, and everything he had parted—evidently for good.

Today, Anna makes sure she moves quietly outside the headlines, while she struggles to resume her life as it was before Buddy came along. But there is so much to remember . . . wonderful things like the day he’d come to the Moulin Rouge club during rehearsals for her show and had phoned Sandy Shore, her photographer, showing him all the photos to her in a beautiful album on opening night . . . the day she’d done a fashion layout for Don Joseph—Buddy had bought the dress she’d admired most . . . the many times he would call while he was away. But now, for Anna, the phones that ring aren’t the same. She knows there won’t be any funny messages from Buddy waiting for her when she gets home . . . and knows, too, that things won’t ever be quite the same again.

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For The Best Time

Golden-voiced Lanza sings as he never sang before . . . and he brings you a bright new star you’ll love!

M-G-M presents ‘THE GREAT CARUSO’ STAR

MARIO LANZA

"For The First Time"

with JOHANNA von KOCZIAN • KURT KASZNAR • HANS SOHNKER
also starring ZSA ZSA GABOR • in Technirama® and Technicolor®

Original Story and Screenplay by ANDREW SOLT

Music Supervised and Conducted by GEORGE STOLL • Directed by RUDI MATE
Produced by ALEXANDER GRUTER • A CORONA FILM • AN M-G-M RELEASE
The Nun's Story

Once a young girl has made the decision to become a nun—what then? In this remarkable film, you'll see the discipline she must follow, the profound spiritual struggles she faces. Audrey Hepburn (top left) stars as a young Belgian girl who becomes a nursing sister in the African Congo, and once you've seen her stunning performance, you won't have to be told that the picture's based on a true story. Every moment has the steady, beautiful outlines of truth, something not to be watched but to be lived through, to be shared with the young novitiate who's haunted with doubts as to whether she really has the strength to face a nun's life. Peter Finch, dedicated to medicine but not to religion, comes closest to understanding the terrible tensions underlying her fight to keep her vows. Their scenes together, among the most powerful in the film, are the most delicate. Director Fred Zinnemann turns his camera from Belgium to the sweltering Congo. It's all visually and emotionally breathtaking! Family

This Earth Is Mine

Rich and juicy as the grapes that start all the commotion is this family drama of prohibition-blighted California. It's a concoction that serves up every ingredient a moviegoer could ask for, plus a few he might not have bargained for! Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons (below left) are as attractive a pair of co-stars as ever were stretched across the boundless reaches of CinemaScope. Jean's a shy English lass who comes to settle with her prosperous ex-immigrant relatives. She finds an emotional thunderstorm brewing over their vast vineyards, mostly in the person of Rock, who, as a go-getter out for trouble, once again proves himself today's top romantic hero. Folks hint he's not the rightful heir, but—shhh!—his real parentage is a dark family secret. Isn't it only sensible, reasons Rock, to do business with bootleggers while the price of grapes is right? But Claude Rains, the clan's stony patriarch, is bound to exercise his veto power, and Dorothy McGuire has schemes of her own. In a refreshing departure from her customary model-wife-and-mother roles, Dorothy sets to work to make you hate her—and succeeds! Provocative newcomer Cindy Robbins has big eyes for Rock, and we bet you'll like the ardent Italian-American (Ken Scott) who marries her in a hurry. All in all, a lushly produced entertainment special. Adult

Middle of the Night

Our Oscar-money's on Fredric March for this tender, funny, heart-breaking and altogether wonderful portrayal of a lonely widower smitten by a girl young enough to be his daughter. And as the receptionist in his New York garment company. Kim Novak, the May to his December, does her best work to date. In their startling—but entirely believable—love, Kim and Fredric think they've solved their many problems, until their families start ganging up on them. Although more time could have been given to Lee Philips, as Kim's young ex-husband, so we'd have a better understanding of why they parted, all the roles are splendidly acted. (continued)
HALF HIS CREW LOST... HIS SHIP IN FLAMES AND SINKING—
BUT WHEN THE ENEMY DEMANDED SURRENDER... HIS REPLY RANG OUT—
"I have not yet begun to fight!"

For the first time a star-spangled motion picture captures the real-life excitement of America's JOHN PAUL JONES! This was a man who lived up to the hilt... one of the most incredible adventurers the world has known! Range with Jones from Jamaica's burning shores to Russia's frozen steppes; from George Washington's Virginia to Louis XVI's Versailles to daring raids along Europe's coasts—as he inspires a mighty Navy into being!

You will see it all—Jones sailing a noose around the Old World and pulling it tight to free the New... Jones winning the respect of the world's leaders for his new nation... Jones storming the defenses of the world's women, from dancing girls to Catherine the Great—as this fighting leader and fiery lover conquers in battle and in boudoir!

Your whole family should see—and we weigh every word—one of the most important films ever produced... a motion picture worthy, if any can be, of that red-blooded era when a proud banner was raised and a proud nation was born!

Produced by SAMUEL BRONSTON
Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screenplay by JOHN FARROW and JESSE LASKY, Jr. • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER • Distributed by WARNER BROS.
MOVIES continued

Once again, “Marty” collaborators Paddy Chayefsky (script) and Delbert Mann (direction) have chiseled a warm and natural movie cameo out of what might have been, in less perceptive hands, a slightly sordid romance (below left: Kim and Fredric).

A Hole in the Head

★★★★ Imagine what happens when all-around champ Frank Sinatra, who could keep you entertained all by himself, has a solid-gold cast in his corner! As an easy-money boy, Frank will neither settle down nor grow up; he’d rather slouch along for kicks on the trail of a fast buck. His idea of fun is a kookie-looking boarder in his bankrupt Florida hotel! (Carolyn Jones, below right), who one minute blithely hangs her hongos on the balcony, and the next, droops into darkest despair. Representing the new respectability are Edward G. Robinson and Thelma Ritter, a priceless pair as Frank’s nosy brother- and sister-in-law, who’d like to mate him with a pretty (and proper) widow, sympathetically played by Eleanor Parker, or, failing that, adopt his small son by a former marriage (carrot-topped Eddie Hodges of TV and Broadway), who gives Sinatra a run for his money in their delightful duet, “High Hopes.” It adds up to this month’s heartiest laughs, punctuated now and then by a catch in the throat.

Don’t Give Up the Ship

★★★★ Suffice it to say that Jerry Lewis has actually managed to become a Naval officer, and from there on, nobody but his enragéd superiors would be surprised if he somehow managed to mislay a whole ship somewhere or other. Most of this zany movie is devoted to misguided efforts by Navy brass, who snatch Jerry from his honeymoon, to keep him tracking down a missing destroyer escort instead of a wow of a Wave (Dina Merrill), while bride Diana Spencer pouts and puts up with it all. Loads of laughs for Lewis fans, loyal despite his recent Oscar fiasco.

The Mysterians

★★★★ Those creatures from far-off space have landed in the Far East! So says this exciting Japanese science-fiction thriller. And Tokyo moviemakers prove they’re experts at film magic when their slick technical tricks send a monster robot stalking across ancient villages to plant a huge flying-saucer base at the foot of Mount Fujiyama. Then, while a young scientist fights for his sweetheart’s life, the nations of the earth, forgetting the cold war, team up in a stirring climax to save our planet. Well, we can dream, can’t we?
Here's new relief from miseries of
HAY FEVER
and other pollen allergies

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet acts directly on
CRITICAL AREAS of POLLEN IRRITATION

Working through the bloodstream, Dristan:
1. DECONGESTS swollen nasal passages.
2. RELIEVES watery itchy eyes... checks sniffles, sneezing... restores free breathing.
3. PROTECTS against further pollen irritation.

This season, you don't have to suffer the maddening miseries of hay fever and other pollen allergies.

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets... remarkable medical achievement... bring quick, long-lasting relief. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN's decongestant and anti-allergic actions reach all delicate pollen-irritated membranes. Shrink swollen tissues... drain clogged passages. Breathing becomes free, deep and natural. Moreover, DRISTAN sets up a special protective barrier to curb further pollen irritation. This is DRISTAN's kind of relief... swift, prolonged, effective.

Millions already depend on DRISTAN for relief of hay fever miseries. Why don't you? This season, be ready for the pollen invasion. Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. And... important... accept no substitutes!

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AFTER: Swollen membranes decongested, drained by DRISTAN. Swelling is reduced, free breathing restored. And a protective barrier guards against further pollen irritation.

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets
MOVIES continued

Last Train from Gun Hill  WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTASOUND, TECHNICOLOR

This big brawling western features a head-on clash between mighty Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Marshal Kirk sets out on a trail of revenge for the murder of his Indian wife (Ziva Rodann, with him below left) that leads him to a town ruled by old pal Quinn, whose weakling son (Earl Holliman) turns out to be the spark that sends the lead flying. As a cool young cynic involved with both antagonists, Carolyn Jones once again demonstrates her versatility in a humdrum picture saved by first-class acting.

Hercules  WARNERS, EASTMAN COLOR

Already a sensation in Europe, Steve Reeves (below right), the huskiest hunk of he-man this side of Stillman's Gym, is a natural as Hercules, top muscle-man of ancient Greece. Here we have him facing dingy doings in the kingdom of Jolco, where, in the process of trying to restore the throne to its rightful heir, he's periodically distracted by a succession of curvy Italian actresses in roles ranging from young princesses to Amazon warriors. Matter of fact, Steve's aren't the only biceps displayed in this muscle-bound adventure spectacle.

Gideon of Scotland Yard  COLUMBIA

Crime is busting out all over London, according to this eventful account of one day in the life of a police inspector. All in the course of an average day of duty, virile Jack Hawkins contends with a crooked colleague, a sex mania, a dope ring, a payroll robbery and a trio of society bank-thieves. In the midst of all this hanky-panky, however, there's a nice feeling of authenti-

city about the dry dialogue. At least to American ears, it seems so very English of cops and robbers to saunter around each other with such a delicate, parliamentary air. One almost is persuaded—but not quite—to believe that this could really be a typical Scotland Yard day. Everybody does what he has to do in such a real, matter-of-fact way. And what does it matter, after all, if it is or isn't, for the entire proceedings hold you in their own way. The cast, including Anna Lee as Jack's wife and Dianne Foster as a seductive moll, hardly has a chance to rise above all the mayhem.

The Young Philadelphians  WARNERS

Paul Newman is a disappointment in the promising role of an opportunist who mistakenly assumes that his family name entitles him to a place in conservative Philadelphia society. Despite an interesting plot, several appealing performances by Barbara Rush, as his high-born true love, Brian Keith, as his real father, and Alexis Smith, as a restless blueblood, and a climactic murder trial, the long saga never soars. Perhaps the picture-makers were trying to revive the old joke about the city—you know, the one about going to Philadelphia for the weekend and finding it closed.

Woman Obsessed  20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

An Oscar-winner deserves more than this! For all her fire, Susan Hayward is pretty well extinguished here as a farm widow whose second marriage is haunted by the brooding of her new husband (Stephen Boyd) and the jealousy of her own young son (Dennis Holmes). The Canadian Rockies steal the picture, for nothing else about it can be expected to obsess anybody, least of all the remarkable Miss Hayward.

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Separates and Curls
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Never has lash-loveliness been so easy, so pleasant, so perfect! New SPIRAL BRUSH supplies exactly the right amount of MAGIC mascara—waterproofs, separates, darkens and curls each lash individually—as only the new SPIRAL BRUSH can do. Takes just seconds. No more stuck-together lashes. No more smears, blobby spots! Never any sting or smart . . . for new MAGIC mascara is so smooth, so safe, so pure . . . lashes look their longest and loveliest always, never stiff or brittle. Makes you look as if you were born with long, luxuriant lashes! Four beauty-giving shades: Velvet Black, Sable Brown, Midnight Blue, Jade Green.

Maybelline... devoted exclusively to the art of eye beauty!
**Sing a Song of Gophers**

Calling all Gophers! (A gaf a gopher if she goes for guys.) Remember the Gopher Club I wrote about a few months back? Well, it looks like I’ll have some sensational news for you pretty soon (keep your fingers crossed). Meanwhile, the-hall Ginnie Kent from South San Gabriel, California, sent me some mighty niftyville lyrics I want to share with everyone. THE GOPHER GAL.

Some women go for silks and laces. While others gopher friends. But I’m the kind of a woman Who just gophers men, Some women run for streetcars, Others for a taxicab. But I’m the kind of a woman Who just runs for men!

I remember when I was three And the boy next door was four. How he would patiently wait By the garden gate For the girl who lived next door. It was then and there I made my mind up I’d get all that was comin’ to me. So the next time you’re in town And would like to get around—Just call the Gopher Gal! That’s me!

“Gang, this waitin’ game’ll be the death of me,” says Private El. “so till I’m back, buss all the baby-dolls for me, will ya, huh?”

**turntable vox pox**

ALBUM OF THE MONTH:

★ ★ ★ LOOK TO YOUR HEART: Frank Sinatra. Singers come and singers go, but the Voice is here for always. Capitol’s latest collection: twelve of Frank’s warmest love songs bound to send your heart-thermometer up a few degrees. You’ll love “If I Had Three Wishes” and “Same Old Saturday Night.”

★ ★ ★ MOTHER GOOSE. With Boris Karloff, Celeste Holm and Cyril Ritchard. This is one children’s record even grownups will cherish. And if you deal in the babysitting trade, this Caedmon lp should be basic equipment for pacifying the little ones. Everything’s here from rollicking songs to lusty ballads. (Continued)

The editor’s telephone rang at the Photoplay offices last month, and the telephone operator could barely talk. She was flabbergasted.

No wonder! El was on the telephone, and he sounded great. He said “Hi” to everyone from our editor to the dream doll who sits outside the lid of our cave.

His voice sounded just the same, even across an entire ocean. “Would you please tell everyone I’m not doing that closed-circuit TV show the kids are writing to me about?”

El was speaking about his welcome-back show next March. “Colonel Parker and I,” he continued, “both decided to do my first show on ABC-TV. It’ll be a big one, and there’ll be plenty of rock music and a whole lot shakin’ going on. It’s my way of saying thanks to the fans for everything they’ve done for me while I’ve been in the Army.”

And how about the frauleins? “They’re real nice, but I miss pork chops ‘n’ corn bread—and drive-in movie dates.”

What about his career? “Well,” he said, “I’m gonna make a movie for Hal Wallis when I’m out, and a couple of others for Twentieth. And I’ve been doing lots of listening over here, so maybe I’ll come back with some yodeling tunes for an album. Wonder what the fans would think of that!”

“I sure miss every one of them,” he told us before we said goodbye. “Tell ‘em I send lots of love and kisses!”

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*Vol. 1, No. 6 July, 1959*

*By GEORGE*
NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely... Gently!

PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—

No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive's mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

INTRODUCING
JOHNNY PACE

Looking for a guy who'll help around the house? Johnny's practiced with brooms!

When Johnny Pace was a kid in short pants, his mom handed him the broom everytime he wanted to sing, "I pretended it was a mike," Johnny admits, "and I used to say, 'Hey Ma, look at me! I'm Frankie Sinatra!'

Johnny's new album of ballads and love songs, "Johnny Pace," has just been released by Riverside Records, but he still looks at the end of a broomstick with a fond eye as he recalls the hundreds of hours of practice-wailing he and his mom's brooms shared.

When we visited Johnny in his hometown of Paterson, New Jersey, where he lives with his mom, dad and grandmother Mary, he told us, "The first time I sang in front of an audience was at my uncle's wedding. I was about five years old. I sang 'Be Mir Bis Du Schoen' and everybody clapped and clapped. I'll never forget it. From then on, I knew I wanted to be a singer.

"But I started singing in night clubs only last year. Chet Baker heard me at the Midway Lounge in downtown Pittsburgh and came up to me and asked me if I'd like to make a record, and I thought he was kidding. But he wasn't. He brought me to his record company, and they listened to my audition and put a pen in my hand and, before I knew it, I was signing on the dotted line!"

Johnny's a baritone, brown-haired and brown-eyed, a neat dresser (he likes continental clothes) and slim enough to be a jockey. Already he's made a number of appearances on Jack Paar's TV show.

His avocation? Hunting. "I just go for the fun of the outdoors. I never shoot anything. But after a day of it, I eat everything in the house—and, boy, do I sleep good!"
PORKY AND BESS. Diahan Carroll and the Andro Previn Trio. Diahaan's one of the smoothest singers in today's supper-club circuit. She can sing a ballad with a dreamy romantic air (like "Summertime") or give out with a rhythm number that's got a jazzy beat (like "There's Somebody Knockin'"). United Artists.

MUSIC FOR FRUSTRATED CONDUCTORS. (Baton included.) Every guy thinks he can lead a band, so try this album out on your boyfriend. If he's timid, there's a list of ABCs by expert Deems Taylor. Besides, there's plenty of good music to listen to: "Sabre Dance" and "Mexican Hat Dance" and excerpts from "Carmen" in this RCA album.

HOLD THAT TIGER. Fabian. The Tiger's fans will dig every one of these thirteen tunes. They'll go for "Tiger Rag" and "Love Me, Love My Tiger." Chancellor. ODETTA AT THE GATE OF HORN. Odetta, born in Alabama, sings folk ballads to her own guitar accompaniment, and her full, rich voice does justice to them all. One of her best: "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands." Traditions.

THE EXCITING CONNIE FRANCIS. This pretty-eyed dollbaby, a top vocalist at twenty, can do no wrong, in our opinion. Her renditions of "Hallelujah, I Love Him So" and "Blame It on My Youth" are out-of-this-world smashes in her latest M-G-M album.

ANNETTE. Her first collection, including her big hits, "Tall Paul," "Jo-Jo The Dog-Faced Boy," "Lonely Guitar" and "Wild Willie." A Buena Vista album.

THE GIRL ANDY MARRIES

"Everybody's been asking me—When are you getting married, Andy, when?" Andy Williams confided between breaks during the recording session of his great new album, "Two Time Winners."

Andy continued, "I'm twenty-eight, and I guess it is time I settled down in life. It isn't because I haven't found girls I like that I've stayed a bachelor. Somehow things just haven't always gone right."

What does he like in a girl?

"First of all, I'm all for a gal who isn't 100% satisfied with herself, a girl who likes to learn and who's willing to teach me a few things. You know—she keeps her eyes and ears open and picks up interesting information wherever she goes. I don't always get a chance to do all the reading and thinking I'd like, since my work schedule's so crowded. But when I go out on a date I enjoy having a girl tell me about a good movie or book."

"I'll tell you a secret. I go for a gal who's a little daring, someone who isn't afraid to try out something new, like black stockings or white lipstick. But I do feel funny if she goes to extremes and ends up looking spooky."

Andy added he wants a wife with a sense of humor, one who'll not only laugh at other folks' jokes but take a joke on herself.

The gal Andy marries, by the way, won't have to cook breakfast. Andy announces he'll take over breakfast duties for always. Why? Well, he's a crackerguy when it comes to cooking eggs!

Andy would like to hear from all you gals who qualify. Says he's kind of lonely.

Andy's looking for a Mrs. ... questions?
BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

Don't be surprised if Tab Hunter picks you up in a tux for a formal date with his blue Ford pick-up truck. He prefers it to rented studio limousines. Best new dance band of the year: Clark Gordon and his band of California! What a gang of smoothies! Did you catch them on the Dick Clark show? Rock Hudson is taking singing lessons! Why? He'll star in the big Broadway musical of “Saratoga Trunk” this fall. Maybe Rock'll wax a single for his fans soon! Biggest moment in Frankie Avalon’s life: meeting Frank Sinatra in Honolulu. “I flipped when Frank said he was following my career,” Frankie told me. About his Australian tour, Frankie commented, “They’re two years behind in their musical preference. They kept requesting old tunes like ‘Hound Dog’ and ‘Blue Suede Shoes’ and ‘Good Golly, Miss Molly,’ but, just the same, they’re hip to good jive, and in no time at all every place we visited was jumpin’—and I don’t mean with kangaroos!” The Hollywood library, only a block from Hollywood and Vine, reports Clark Gable, Barry Coe and Tommy Sands are its most regular customers. Prettiest new songstress: teenager Barbara Evans, who flies high with her first rock’n’roller, “Souvenirs.” Mark Damon is double-dating with Elvis in Germany, where Mark’s filming a TV pilot, “Little America.” Falling-in-love Dept: Molly Bee and Dwayne Hickman. Ponytail siren Tuesday Weld spends at least two hours “making up” before she steps out on a date. She says it takes that long to look natural!

BOOK NOOK

If you want to follow a fabulous career in the making, read Fred Astaire’s life story, “Steps in Time.” Fred recalls everything from the first kiddie show he and his sister, Adele, danced in in Keyport, New Jersey, to his hob-nobbing with kings and queens after the kiddie-show tap-dancing paid off. “Don’t Get Personnel With a Chicken” features more nuggets of children’s writings from the files of H. Allen Smith. Sample:

“I hate to see the sun go down
And squeeze itself into the ground
Since some warm night it might get stuck
And in the morning not get up.”

Author? Grace Kelly—at an early age!


The story’s a dream: illustrations—dreamier.

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

LONELY BOY. Paul Anka (ABC-Paramount) .................................. Spanky
YES-SIR-EE. Dodie Stevens (Crystalette) .................................. Bouncy
ALONG CAME JONES. The Coasters (Atlantic) ................................. Wild
ONLY YOU. Frank Pourcel (Capitol) ........................................ Fiddly-sweet
KISSIN’ ON THE RED LIGHT. The Morgan Bros (M-G-M) ........... Uh-huh
FIRST TIME. Johnny October (First) ........................................... Ummmm
SOMEONE. Johnny Mathis (Columbia) ......................................... Clicko
BOBBY SOX TO STOCKINGS. Frankie Avalon (Chancellor) ........... The greatest!
THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS. Johnny Horton (Columbia) ........ Smash
WALKIN’ TO MOTHER’S. Ray Anthony (Capitol) ............................. Okay
WATERLOO. Stonewall Jackson (Columbia) .................................. Tricky
Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" again (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful Neet goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually beauty-creams the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer; silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, neatest legs in town, why not try Neet—you'll never want to shave again!
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TO PROVE NEW PROTEIN WAVING SHAMPOO CAN GIVE YOU
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boys reveal their secret opinions on:

SUMMER DATING

TEENS TODAY is the sensational new magazine that sold out in most localities... the day it hit the newstands! This terrific magazine tells teenagers exactly what they want to know. It does not preach... it reveals the secret opinions of what boys and girls think of each other.

The second issue of TEENS TODAY is even greater than the first issue. Here in frank language boys reveal what they think about summer dating and beach behavior. And the girls talk back and tell why some boys don't rate with them.

Hurry to your newsdealer and get this great issue before all copies are gobbled up. WARNING: Make certain you get TEENS TODAY and don't accept a substitute.

IN THIS ISSUE

BOYS AGREE

I GO TO A RESORT TOWN AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
I TAKE A JOB—AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
I HANG AROUND HOME—AND LOOK FOR GIRLS
BEACH BEHAVIOR
GIRLS ARE SNOBS
GIRLS ARE KOOKS
BOYS AGREE: THIS IS A PERFECT DATE

BOYS ARE KOOKS
I'M SICK OF BEING TREATED LIKE DIRT
I'M SICK OF BEING TREATED LIKE AN OLD SHOE
I'M SICK OF BOYS WHO THINK THEY'RE IT
MOST BOYS DON'T KNOW HOW TO KISS
KENNY'S BATHING SUIT
YOUR PLACE IN THE SUN
GIRLS AGREE: THIS IS A PERFECT DATE

GIRLS AGREE

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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I kissed Liz, but I forgot to notice if her eyes were closed.

I know a Brando friend who describes Marlon as "the most difficult nice guy in the world."... Louis Prima played the violin before he started swinging with the trumpet... Keely Smith started as President of the Prima Fan Club in Norfolk, Va., before Louis invited her to sing with him. ... Kim Novak likes luxury in the bedroom. ... I'll bet if Betty Grable hadn't been a movie star someone would be discovering her for pictures today... I know a real Private Eye. His name is Norman Placey and his address is 77277 Sunset Strip... Efrem Zimbalist Jr. is the matinee idol of night-time TV. ... Out of the mouth of Tina Louise: "I'd rather be seduced mentally than physically." ... Jill St. John wears crazy sport shirts and on her they're form-fitting. Jill has a figure whose message is easy to decode. ... I've been informed, Clyde, that square was first used by jazz musicians to describe anyone who didn't understand their type of music and all that jazz. But if a bopster tries to apply the word to Jimmie Rodgers' lovely country ballads, he'll have to fight Jimmie's wife Colleen first... Holly.

If you want to know about squares, don't ask Colleen and Jimmie Rodgers.
wood Weather Report: Tomorrow no fog so you can see the smog. . . Shirley MacLaine looks as if she cuts her own hair. . . On TV all gangsters have blond girlfriends who look tough and cry easy. . . My friend Mike Curtiz called a popular performer “a bathtub actor with a swimming pool complex.”

Perry Mason is so busy that Raymond Burr often sleeps in his studio dressing room, not having time to go home to Malibu. . . I’d say Yul Brynner is now imitating himself. . . Get a load of June Christy singing “Lament.” It’s Edna St. Vincent Millay’s poem “The Penitent” put to music. . . Tab Hunter likes mood music. . . Out of the mouth of Maureen Stapleton: “I can’t stand to have life go on. That’s why I like to stay up and watch the Late Movies on TV. With them, it’s always 1935!” . . . Brigitte Bardot claims she never wears a flower on an evening gown because it would wilt!

I was there when Sir Laurence Olivier was thrown by his white horse. Calmly Sir Laurence picked himself up, saying, “It must be a Method horse.” . . Liz Taylor uses her eyelashes as provocatively as a fan dancer uses a fan. But when I kissed her at her wedding, I was too excited myself to notice if she kisses with her eyes open or closed. (See my story on page 25.) . . On TV Westerns the heroes have gals who are understanding and wait for them until they run the bad man out of town. . . I’ve never seen a tree as lovely as a good poem. . . Zsa Zsa Gabor has a wonderful women’s instinct. Zee Zee can discover anything except the obvious. . . If you haven’t seen “Room at the Top,” hurry to do so as soon as you finish reading this column. . . Out of the mouth of Robert Mitchum: “The worst thing for an actor is to get rich. It’s ruined far more actors than drink.” . . Cara Williams is always in orbit. . . If you want to see David (Richard Diamond) Janssen, you can find him in the third row at La Scala trying to guess movie stars’ names from initials tossed at him by music man Pete Rugolo. . . The non-conformists now constitute the largest group of conformists in the country. If you doubt it, ask Mort Sahl. . . And That’s Hollywood For You.
Dear Readers: I've honestly tried—but it seems I'm falling behind in answering your letters personally, so I thought you really wouldn't mind if I take this spot in Readers Inc. and we correspond here.

—Evelyn Pain, Editor

Dear Evelyn:

I'm fifteen years old and nothing like this has ever happened to me before. I'm so embarrassed I can't even tell my girlfriend, Larry and I had gone out together six times—just to movies, for a Coke and to talk—before the night he took me to my school dance. After the first intermission when we started dancing again, he told me he loved me and proposed—right there in the middle of the dance floor. I wanted to run away and hide from him but I told him he shouldn't have said that to me. I had a horrible time at the dance after that and made him take me home early. Was it my fault that he proposed? I only let him kiss me goodnight after our fourth date. Why do boys do things like this? My mother answers the phone when he calls now and tells him I'm not home but she wants to know why I won't talk to him. Should I go out with him again and pretend it didn't happen? Or shouldn't I ever see him again?

CATHY W.
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Cathy:

You shouldn't be embarrassed. One of the nicest things that can happen to us—

Worthy heirs to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy? One reader says so.

Good Judge of Acting

A couple of years ago when I was in junior high school, I met an actor named Jay Cossey at the Red Barn summer stock theater in Westboro, Mass. He was everybody's favorite and all my friends predicted big things for him. When he went to New York City in the fall, I saw him in a TV role but after that I've heard no more.

I think I'm a pretty good judge of acting but I cannot understand why Jay hasn't gone straight to the top. Here is a picture of him that he gave me on my thirteenth birthday. I don't like to part with it, but I think it might do him some good if you printed it in your magazine. Maybe everyone will see the talent he has in his face. I think he is a combo of Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster.

PEGGY O'MALLEY

We think he's a little bit of Bob Mitchum too. Don't you?—En.

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. If we regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write favorite stars, contact their studios—En.
Have you discovered this new kind of protection?

Your modern life demands the newest, most modern protection...the kind you find in today's Kotex napkins. These new napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer...feel softer, too. That's because the Kimlon center greatly increases absorbency. Why not find out about new Kotex soon and see how really confident you can be.

New Kotex napkins—choice of most women
confidentially...

How can a young man break into the movies? I am nineteen years old and was born in Anniston, Alabama. I was an orphan at the age of eight.

I am 6’2” tall, weigh 180 pounds, and have brown eyes and hair, and a fair complexion. I finished high school at McAlester High and was in the band for about ten weeks. I was also the Baritone solo in the school choir, and took piano lessons for five years.

My hobbies are cars, records and swimming. (I also like)

GERALD HUGH (Jerry) WATER 1305 Potter Ave.
Bessemer, Ala.

I am starting a survey on Ricky Nelson. Have any of you ever met him? If so, please send me your true opinion.

LUCILE HENDRICKS 1541 Puente Ave.
West Covina, Calif.

My name is Maria Alexandra, I live in Portugal and I am sixteen years old. Is there a boy or girl who would like to be my correspondent? I’d like that so!

MARIA ALEXANDRA GAMA
Rua Dr. Lacerda e Almeida
10-Lave/Esq.
Lisbon, Portugal

I have a good voice and I’m determined to sing. I took lessons from Dr. Dordan, who taught Perry Como when he was a child. So if anyone needs a good male singer, please look me up. I’ll sing for anything!

BRO DUMAS 809 Charles St.
Mobile, Ala.

I have started a new fan club for Louis Prima & Keely Smith. There are no dues and each new member will receive a membership card and surprises. Please write:

KATHY DICKERSON
PRESIDENT
Midwest Louis Prima & Keely Smith Fan Club
Box 115
Helston, Ill.

...As a lonely British soldier serving with the forces in Malaya, I don’t get very much mail, and would like to share my interests with an American female between nineteen and twenty-two years old.

I am twenty, and my interests are records, swimming, fishing, cycling and all types of dancing—and I’m not a bad dancer.

If my request is published, you will make me very happy, even if no one answers. But I’m hoping someone does.

Blair, Box
2500 LA
2 Inf. WKSAP Rene
GPO, Taiping
Perak State, N. Malay

Dear Everyone, Everywhere;
I would very much like to have pen pals from anywhere, and I promise faithfully to answer every letter I receive.

I am fourteen years old and dig r’n’ the most. Besides writing letters, I like to swim, Please write.

CAROL FOOTE
R.R. 2 Duncan
British Columbia

...I would like to become a singer and perhaps an actress, and although I’ve written to several stars, nobody has given me any help.

Rock’n’roll is what I want to sing, so if you know people who are looking for talent, ask them to give me a chance.

ROBERTA SMALL
1209 East 9th St.
Eldston, Pa.

...I am much interested in collecting filmstar photos and their names. Perhaps some of your readers, who are interested in this hobby will correspond with me.

I am a single man of 30 years, a graduate, and a born Indian from Kerala State. I also like to collect stamps.

GEORGE C. WATTAKUNNL, B.A.
Pali, P.O.
Kerala State, India

...I am a girl of nineteen, 5’7½”, and weigh 100 pounds. I am studying Ballet.

My teacher says I have lots of talent and I should go far, but all I need is a chance. And, believe me, I sure work hard.

So if there is anyone looking for a new discovery, I’m available.

MRS. JEN TAAY
164 N. 68 St.
Milwaukee 13, Wis.

...I think I have a picture of a young lady who, in my opinion, could sell many magazines if she were on the cover.

Her name is Pat DiShelter. She’s a senior in high school and will be eighteen in July. She sings and is a majorette. Don’t you think she’s pretty?

Mrs. Leo DiShelter
Toledo, Ohio

...I am sixteen and would like to hear from a pen pal in Memphis, Tenn. or in Hollywood who would exchange movie stars’ and singers’ pictures with me. For a long time now I’ve been cutting pictures from Photoplay and many other magazines.

How about you?

MISS BETTY LOU LAMER
Box 58
Cherokee Falls, S.C.

...I have just started a Jimmie Rodgers Fan Club and we’re in need of members.

Dues are 50¢ a year, and you receive an 8x10” picture of Jimmie with your membership card. So come on all you Jimmie Rodgers fans—Join!

MURIEL ANNE GESSNER
R.D. 1, Box 214
Alice, N.J.

...I am starting a Van Cliburn fan club and all people of all ages are invited to join. Even though Van is neither a movie star nor a singer, because there must be millions of young people like me who admire him. For information, please write to me.

FRANCINE NOVAK
5551 W. Congress
Chicago 44, III.
Favorite Foreign Star

My name is Delbert Jackson and I am seventeen years old.

I am writing to you for some information on France Nuyen. After I saw her in "Love and War," and also in "South Pacific," she became my favorite foreign movie star.

Words can't express how much I enjoyed "South Pacific" and the three dollars that I was so reluctant to spend, were really an underpayment!

Delbert Jackson
Detroit, Mich.

France Nuyen is a nineteen-year-old Eurasian beauty born in Marseilles. She came to New York in 1957 with her mother to continue her modeling career, but all the schools turned her down because, they said, she was too small. But Candy Jones, once a famous model, took an interest in France, got her a screen test, and before long she landed the part as Liat in "South Pacific." She loves to read and writes poetry in her spare time.—Ed.

Write?

Please tell me where I could write for a picture of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh? I've looked everywhere.

Tobi Feldstein
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We suggest you write to P.O. Box 1535, Beverly Hills, California. —Ed.

"Mr. Wonderful"

I wish to sing the praises of one of the nicest guys in show business, Sammy Davis Jr. I have been a fan of Sammy's for about three years and every letter I have ever written him has been answered. He is never too busy to help out a worthy cause. For instance, when Sammy was on Broadway, appearing in "Mr. Wonderful," our church (St. Augustine) gave a benefit dance to help raise funds for college scholarships for our younger group. We asked Sammy if he would appear at the dance and say a few words. Not only did he appear, but he sang a few songs as well! All this after his appearance in "Mr. Wonderful." Needless to say, the dance was a success and everybody just adored him. He is just the greatest.

Lena Shivers
New York, N.Y.

Get a faster, deeper tan with GUARANTEED sunburn protection

There's no tan like a Coppertone tan! Lovely Myrna Hansen agrees... she says, "I wouldn't go in the sun without Coppertone!"

Sunbalanced Screening does it! With Coppertone you get a faster, smoother tan, with maximum sunburn protection, than with any other leading product! That's because its special screening agent, homomethyl salicylate, lets in the ultraviolet rays that activate coloring matter deep inside skin, shuts out fiery, burning rays.

Conditions Skin, too! Coppertone is rich in lanolin and other moisturizing ingredients that protect you longer, even after swimming. Thus it prevents ugly drying and peeling.

America's Favorite! Originated in Florida, Coppertone now far outsells all other suntan products. Available in Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray, and new Shade for children and those with sensitive skin. Also Noskote.

DON'T BE A PALEFACE
Use Coppertone whenever you're in the sun—swimming, boating, picnicking, or in your own backyard.

Coppertone, another quality product of Plough, Inc., is available in Canada, too. Seven—buy large size.
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

It's a head start for a happier vacation! Just be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Takes only minutes! Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier! So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde or mousy brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, that's a beautiful advantage!
“please, give Eddie and me another chance...”
It is 12:31 a.m. At the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas.
The act on the stage is finishing, the audience is applauding, Liz Taylor quietly takes her seat, ringside.
Liz is wearing a rainbow-colored dress covered with sequins. Her eyes sparkle, too. She slips into a chair next to Eddie’s mother, Mrs. Kate Stupp, who is sitting next to Eddie’s father, Joseph Fisher. Kate and Joe are divorced; both are now remarried; they are friendly, although they don’t talk much to each other. Mike Todd Jr. is sitting directly across the table from Liz. Mike Jr. is dark and handsome and his face, usually expressionless, is that of a serious and intense person. Liz and Mike Jr. are very friendly and are said to understand each other. Mike Jr., one of Eddie’s best friends, flew in from Spain to be best man at the wedding. Earlier that morning Eddie and Mike Jr. played 18 holes of golf on the famous course at the Desert Inn. It was a (Continued on page 84)

I watched from a window in the Temple Beth Sholom as the crowd pressed toward the limousine bringing Liz—late—to her wedding.


“This wedding,” Eddie promised, “is going to go off the way Liz wants it.”

Their kiss was brief and warm, not clinging. “There’s nothing blue about this wedding,” Liz told me later. “I broke with tradition.”
In this exclusive at-home interview, Debbie tells Photoplay:

“I wish Elizabeth and Eddie all the happiness…”
“I’ve got my children...all I need to be happy”

Debbie had invited us to come over on Sunday, and it seemed a particularly warm and lazy morning that day we went to Debbie’s house. “Just to talk about a lot of things,” we had said over the telephone. “Fine,” she answered in her bright voice. “Could you come over at about eleven? Carrie will be in the garden... Todd will be asleep... so if you come at eleven, that would be just fine...” she said again, almost without taking a breath.

She gave us the number of the house, adding, “You’ve never been here before, it’s quite different from the enormous one in Beverly Hills. It’s a very nice comfortable house and you’ll probably see Carrie’s toys on the front lawn! You can’t miss it,” she added with a lilt to her laugh.

We weren’t as confident as Debbie about finding her home. We noted each house as we drove down the charming street in Holmby Hills, those of Early American or English architecture, each perfect and dignified, sturdily solid as though they had had many years of gracious living. The atmosphere was serene and hushed as it would be on a Sunday morning at eleven o’clock.

We recognized Debbie’s house almost immediately, without hardly glancing at the number. It was an attractive English home of buff-colored brick, situated back from the sidewalk with a wide expanse of lawn. Trees shaded one side of the house, while brilliant flowers were planted all up and down each side of the brick walk. It was certainly a charming house. And, just as Debbie had said, Carrie’s doll carriage was casually propped up against a tree.

We rang the doorbell, and when the maid opened the door, Debbie called from upstairs.

“Hi... I’ll be down in a minute. My mother’s in the garden with Carrie...”

We couldn’t resist the opportunity of giving the interior a quick glance on our way to the garden. It was a restful interior, done in pale beiges and rose... the chintz drapes at the wide English windows... the large pieces of fine old mahogany furniture... the huge fireplace over which stood a row of pewter mugs. There were books and scripts on the tables... bowls of white flowers and a profusion of green plantings.

It was a warm and attractive room, where it seemed that Carrie must have been playing, for many of her toys were scattered across the floor. The entire atmosphere was of friendly charm and comfort. (continued)

by RUTH ROWLAND
"I wish Elizabeth and Eddie all the happiness..."

continued

The garden was linked to the living room by an inside garden, which was filled with all kinds of plants of various shades of green. Arranged with these were exotic plantings of rare tubus begonias and fragile orchids... the hot-house variety of plants that need the most delicate care and live in cool shaded places. The whole arrangement was simply beautiful. It was like coming upon some exotic island in the middle of a very sensible and sturdily built English house.

The garden was not very large. The kidney-shaped pool had a fence built around it for the children's protection... some comfortable garden furniture was
clustered on the grass and a sand play-box took up one corner. Toys were everywhere. There were miniature chairs, animals, and there was obviously no question that this was somewhere children could feel quite free to romp and play to their hearts' content.

Carrie's grandmother, the young-looking Mrs. Ray Reynolds, in her yellow flowered-silk slack-suit, was carrying on a very animated conversation with Carrie, who was busy toting dishes of sand both to her grandmother and to a young lady we didn't know (who, we later learned, was from one of Debbie's charity organizations). Mrs. Reynolds smiled warmly and (Continued on page 86)

“..."I'm not going to let anyone hurt me anymore," said Debbie. "I've got so much to be grateful for—my two children—my family. Every day I spend with Carrie and Todd is such a wonderfully happy day. We're usually together a great deal of the time, but now that my career is keeping me so busy, I won't be able to stay with them as much as I would have liked."
The notes on the pages spread out on the music stand before me were just a blur. I sat hunched up there on that stool looking out at the rows of empty seats, and straight through rehearsal all I could think of was her. Where was she, I kept thinking, why hadn't she called me? I knew the police were doing everything they could, but I felt I ought to be out there, too, looking up and down every street in the city to find her. Even when everybody kept trying to tell me it wasn't my fault, it (Continued on page 72)

by TOMMY SANDS as told to GEORGE CHRISTY
what was MARILYN MONROE doing at 685 Third Avenue?

That's me—circled in red. And I'm the only guy in all the world who knows the answer to that question. Why? Well, you'll see. It's a crazy story.

You know how sometimes, all of a sudden, you feel that something's going to happen—something important? Well, one lazy Saturday this spring, I was walking along New York's fashionable 57th Street, (continued)
Marilyn seemed to say: "Look what fun I'm having!" Everyone gaped—but me.

taking in the fresh air having just seen "Gigi" at the plush Sutton Theater for the third time. I guess you can guess I'm a movie fan. I love sitting in a dark theater and munching on a bar of candy and eating the world of the silver screen take over all my problems for a couple of hours.

But that Saturday, after I'd seen "Gigi," I was wandering along 57th Street, looking at the tall apartment buildings and at the cluttered antique shops, when smack-bang-boom, there she was. I couldn't believe it at first, because she looked more like a fan than a star. She wore a loose camel's hair polo-coat, brown leather pumps and a pink scarf over her famous... (Continued on page 80)
SUMMER LOVE

20 fellows open their hearts to you...

Rick Nelson
Fabian
Dick Clark
Peter Baldwin
The Diamonds
Travis and Bob
Duane Eddy

Elvis Presley
Edd Byrnes
Roger Smith
Hugh O'Brian
Dale Hawkins
Neil Sedaka
Joey and Frankie Jordan
a girl should

HE (thinking):
So big deal!
She doesn't even look glad
I came!

Peter Baldwin
meet a guy halfway and

SHE (thinking): He's so superior sitting there. What can I say to him?

Connie Stevens
A few weeks ago, we had waved a "see-you-soon" to our own special corner in the Photoplay offices and were scooting along above the clouds heading for a personal appearance. Naturally enough, the conversational ball was being batted over all the topics. When it finally stopped rolling it was dead center on a subject that comes up every time you get a group of fellows around—the subject? *Girls.*

That is, girls in general and girls in particular.

A particular young lady was giving fits to one of our popular young recording artists, and to spare them both we'll just leave out the names and initials. This p.y.l. was a friend of long-standing, but the boy—no matter what—couldn't get it across to her that he thought she was something extra-extra special. "I can't quite reach her," was the way he put it. All through high school they had danced together whenever the school was having a social, and he had hoped that these pleasant moments would grow into special dates, maybe an engagement ring, and then some wedding music. But no. She was always just a little bit distant after the dance ended, or the party broke up, or they had reached her front door after the walk home from school.

Now that he has waxed some fast-moving discs, and put several into albums, he has a mutual friend make sure that she "just happens" to get a copy each time. He always gets a short note wherever he is appearing telling him how much she enjoyed his work . . . and

*Left to right: The Diamonds; Travis and Bob; Rick Nelson, Sandra Dee; Dick Clark, the Diamonds;*
then silence. "Shattering silence," if I can quote him again.

We were all very sympathetic to this tale of woe, and we were all getting ready to give our opinion when the topper came. "You know," our boy told us, "I was all set to forget her as much as I could when her mother told my mother that her daughter thought I was the greatest, and that she dreamed, talked, and pestered everybody about me constantly."

This was a real curve ball but it didn’t stop us, and as it developed we all had our own opinions on what was wrong. This young Miss evidently hadn’t the vaguest notion of how to make a fellow understand he’s not just one of the crowd, but is really something special. Sure she had told her mother, father, brother, sister, and I guess her classmates, too, that she had flipped over our young disc star, but the really important person didn’t even have an inkling that she knew he existed.

"I imagine it’s a pretty tough situation for a lot of girls," my fabulous friend Fabian thought out loud, "but there are ways to let Him in on your secret."

"You don’t have to fall all over a guy to do it, either," Bobby Darin added. "If a girl wants me to know she likes me she can do it just by the way she listens to me she can do it by the way she listens to what I have to say and tries to add something of her own to the conversation," he pointed out.

Fabian recalled, "One of the most popular girls in my neighborhood had all of the fellows doing dance steps (Continued on page 70)
Fabian:

Man!
this was a
perfect
date

It started out, I suppose, just like any date. I'd come to New York to do a TV film, but it was cancelled on account of rain. So I called up Marti Jewell (she studies with the same voice teacher as I do) and asked her out.

"I'd love to," she said. No excuses, or pretending to be busy, even though it was past six o'clock and I told her I'd be by at seven. In the elevator, I remember wondering how long she'd keep me "parlorized," but when she opened the door there was a smile on her face and a coat over her arm.

"Hello, Tiger," she grinned as I helped her into it, "how do you feel?" (continued)
We began guessing what people on the bus did for a living. "That young man," she teased me out of the corner of her eye, "must be a professional tiger!"

We missed our bus-stop, had to trudge back six blocks to Loew's.

If it weren't for girls like Marti, a fellow like me could forget what fun it is to go to a movie.

When I found out she was hep to football, I guess I just talked my head off . . . but she didn't look bored at all.
After a while, we turned off the phonograph and just listened to the rain on the roof.

FABIAN continued

"I'm glad you wore your hair down." I blurted out. "I like it that way—"

"—And I'm so glad you're glad," she cut in gayly, tying a blue bandana under her chin.

Somehow, in the hall, we got talking about how I'm afraid of ghosts—I really am, you know—and she told me about the gremlins people still believe in where her folks come from in Ireland. So it must have (Continued on page 71)

She looked like a little girl, saying "I love to walk right after a rain!" It gave me an idea—so we took the long way home!
Gosh, I like a girl with long hair. She told me it’s auburn, but it still looks like strawberry blonde to me.

She told me she’d been admiring my jacket all evening. It happens to be my favorite... I’m glad she liked it.

I kissed her—I’d been wanting to all evening. She felt so soft and fragile, what could I do? I kissed her again.
Edd Byrnes—Someone to watch over me

Edd Byrnes checked his watch. It was seven-fifteen. He’d been delayed at the studio. Now he had only half an hour to shower, shave and dress. He crossed the living room, flipped the switch on the hi-fi and loaded the turntable with records.

For the next few minutes the music was drowned out by the staccato patter of water bouncing off the tile floor. Then, drying off, Edd attempted a precision-like job of lathering his face, making even strokes with the razor while keeping time to a rock ‘n’ roll tune. He grinned. Next time he’d better try it to something a little bit slower.

Twenty minutes later, after putting links into the French cuffs of his white shirt, straightening his black tie and slipping on his suit jacket—stopping just to take a fast look in the mirror—he headed out the door. It had been a long while since he’d looked forward to a date with such anticipation. He’d been on a real merry-go-round lately; weeks just seemed to fly by. His routine consisted of work and more work, followed by sack time, with no hours of relaxation in between. Then the other day, on his first free Sunday in months, he’d met (Continued on page 77)
Hugh O'Brian:

When there is no happy ending...

Hugh O'Brian was strolling idly across the wide green lawn in front of the summer theater at Santa Barbara when he first saw Linda. It was a warm, lazy afternoon in early June. He'd been looking the place over and wondering if he'd ever get a chance at a good part, when he spotted her. She stood talking with some friends a little way off to his right, and (Continued on page 79)

by GEORGE CHRISTY
Roger Smith to wife, Victoria

Did I remember today to tell you I love you?

It was almost eight o’clock by the time Roger Smith, tired after a long day at the studio, turned the key in the lock of the front door of his home. Walking inside, he took off his jacket and threw it over the arm of a chair. Then, looking over towards the kitchen, he was about to call out to his wife, Vici, when he remembered—she was still away on location. He groaned. (Continued on page 65)

by MARCIA BORIE
pin-ups answer the questions you have asked Photoplay most frequently:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>QUESTION</th>
<th>GUYS' ANSWERS</th>
<th>YOUR SCORE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>What do boys expect of a date? What do they really want from a girl anyway?</td>
<td>We like an enthusiastic girl. It's nice to feel she enjoys doing the things you've planned. Beefs: a bored and blase date who doesn't know she has to do her part.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Should you kiss on the first date? Will he like you for it or think you're “too easy”?</td>
<td>It's a nice way to let him know you like him. Beefs: (1) the girl with a “rule against it,” (2) the girl who makes you feel she's just paying her debts with her kisses.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How does a boy like a girl to look? Sometimes, the way they act, they don't seem to care.</td>
<td>We like the girl who knows, what to wear where. Beefs: the girl who attracts the &quot;wrong kind of glances&quot; in clothes that are too tight or too revealing or too old.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>When, if ever, should a girl telephone a boy? Will he blame her for being “forward”?</td>
<td>Girls can call a boy to ask him to a party or to thank him for something special. Beefs: the girl who ties up a guy on the phone for hours—just to chat about nothing.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>What do boys think of hen sessions at dances? Do they think it shows you're popular?</td>
<td>Negative! Beefs: We think it's a sign of insecurity. There are lots of other times and places for girls to get together . . . the dance floor is but definitely not one.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What do boys think of girls who drink? Who smoke? Who bleach their hair? Look older?</td>
<td>It depends on their age. Beefs: Hair that's black at the roots, tobacco-stained fingers, or the young girl who thinks she's making a big hit by acting twice her age.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Does a fellow mind curfews? Does he think you're from Squaresville if you have one?</td>
<td>No guy should object to a curfew when it's in line with the rest of the crowd. Beefs: the girl who doesn't give you any fair warning at the beginning of the evening.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TOTAL

*Score 10 if you match the guys' ideals, 0 if you're a "beef" type. If you've 50-70, don't worry. Below 40, better change your ways.

assorted beefs

Rick Nelson  John Saxon  Rock Hudson
James Garner  Tony Curtis  Pat Wayne
assorted beefs: summer pinups '59

John Saxon

Rock Hudson

Rick Nelson

James Garner
Tony Curtis

Pat Wayne
Eleanor Powell, elegantly dressed in a light beige suit, walked slowly and deliberately down the stairs of her Beverly Hills home and, reaching the hallway, stopped to pick up the morning paper. Glancing over the headlines, she took the paper with her as she walked out to the car.

The date at the top right-hand corner caught her eye, and immediately she realized why. It was Glenn's birthday.

Slowly she drove into town, but did not stop, as she usually did, to pick up groceries on the way. Instead she headed straight for her lawyer . . .

A few hours later all Hollywood was buzzing with the news. Eleanor had announced that she was divorcing Glenn. "I am suing on the grounds of extreme (Continued on page 75)
The little girl held her arms tightly around her father's neck as he lifted her from the bench in the crowded hospital waiting room. Her heart-shaped face was white against its frame of bright-red hair as he carried her into the clinic next door.

"Over there," the young doctor said, nodding toward the white-sheeted examination table in one corner. He spoke curtly, reading from the registration card the nurse, her white uniform wilted from the heat, had brought in. "Edythe Marrener, six. Car accident. Dislocated hip. Internal injuries."

"That was six months ago," Walter Marrener explained. "We've been caring for her at her home. You see, she ran into the street..."

"I had to catch my parachute before it got run over." The girl's voice was unexpectedly clear.

"Was it a real one?" (Continued on page 67)
Susan and husband
SUSAN HAYWARD: her life in pictures

1. “Can I have a nickel for a pony ride, huh?” Little treats looked big to Edythe Marriner, Brooklyn-born on June 30, 1918.
2. She grew up in a family that knew how to be happy on a short budget. Their Church Avenue apartment was a long way from Park Avenue.
3. And depression days pushed the teenager into modeling jobs.
4. These caught Hollywood’s eye, but at first she was given only publicity shots—and a new name. Susan Hayward was luckier in love—she thought, when she married actor Jess Barker, July 23, 1944.
5. It took twins Gregory and Timothy, born 1945, to hold the stormy marriage together.
6. After a long, sensational divorce suit, Susan won her decree August 17, 1954. Custody fights kept up, searing her nerves until she took a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills on April 26, 1955. Rapid recovery found her ready to face life with new courage.
7. In the meantime, Oscar began flirting with her when she was nominated for her 1947 hit in “Smash-Up—The Story of a Woman.”
8. Her role opposite Dana Andrews in 1949’s “My Foolish Heart” brought a second Academy nomination.
9. The third saluted her acting and singing as Jane Frohman in 1952’s “With a Song in My Heart.”
10. Missing the Award for her Lillian Roth role in 1955’s “I’ll Cry Tomorrow” (with Eddie Albert) was a real heart-breaker.
11. Fifth nomination—third real-life part, as Barbara Graham in “I Want To Live”—and this was it!
12. Yet true happiness in Susan’s life had already begun, with her marriage to lawyer Eaton Chalkley, February 8, 1957.
13. Between films, she’s a happy housewife.
14. An estate in Carrollton, Georgia, lies at the end of the road from Brooklyn.
Hi! I told you Photoplay would be the first to know when it happened—and you are. We eloped—Carol and I. Do you remember Carol? Carol Nugent. I don’t know whether you met her when you were out here. She’s in the movies, too. I can hardly believe it myself—but we got married just twenty-nine days after we first met! In Las Vegas. And, folks, married life is just great. How’d it happen? Well, it’s a long story, but here goes... (continued)

by NICK ADAMS
MARRIAGE IS SWELL continued

I guess it all started that Saturday in April when I decided (at first) to stay in (Carol, by the way, is leaning over my shoulder as I'm writing, and says she wants to fill in parts of the story herself). Anyway, that day I had a lot of work to do and, besides, it felt good to stay home once in a while. Somebody—I can't remember who—had invited me to a big party in town, but I didn't feel like going out.

Then, about eight that evening, just as I'd settled down to study a TV script, with my new Frank Sinatra record crooning lazily at me from my new hi-fi, the doorbell rang. It was two actor buddies of mine—John Ashley and Bob Conrad, both obviously dressed up for a night on the town.

"Say—aren't you coming to the party?" John wanted to know.

"Nah—I'm too busy right now."

"You can't say that—out of the question!" And with that, Bob took a dark navy suit out of my closet, and, before I could protest, they'd both convinced me to go to the party. Fifteen minutes later, I found myself sitting in the front seat of John's car.

When we walked in, there weren't many people around. Then gradually, as it always happens at parties, the room started to get noisier and fuller, mostly with people I didn't know. About an hour after we'd arrived, I decided I (Continued on page 81)
Another evening by himself. It seemed longer than two weeks since Vici had gone.
He walked through to the kitchen and opened the icebox, thinking how quiet the house seemed without her. Pulling out a long package, he glanced at the label: "TV Chicken Dinner," it read, picturing a gaily colored platter of food. He placed the package, then the stove, pausing just for a second to glance around at the silent, empty rooms.

Then he began pacing restlessly around. Somehow he just couldn't relax. He turned on the television set, clicked through a few stations, but soon turned it off again, impatiently. Then he walked over toward the staircase area, leaving up finally, at that time, he turned right at the top and peeked into the children's room. A tiny baby and a two-year-old girl lay sleeping in pink and blue organza-covered cribs. He leaned over and kissed them both lightly and affectionately on their foreheads. Then he turned and went downstairs again.

Suddenly, his face lit up, as though a thought had occurred to him. He went over to the telephone and, picking up the receiver, began to dial a number. "Hello Vici! How are you, darling?" he said a few moments later.

"Oh . . . Roger," she answered. And he could tell she was smiling.

"How've you been?" he asked.

"As fine as when you called earlier," she laughed. "I just got in, as a matter of fact. Thank heaven we've almost finished shooting that scene. Now I'm sure I'll make it home by tomorrow." She paused.

"How are the children?"

"Fast asleep."

"Did Tracy eat her dinner?"

"I'm sure she did because Mary had no complaints tonight . . . but Vici," he hesitated for a moment, "that's . . . that's not why I called." There was an awkward silence. Then he added, "Did I . . . did I remember today to tell you that I love you?"

There was silence at the other end of the wire. He could hear a small voice whisper, "Yes . . . yes, darling. I love you, too.

"Goodnight, Vici," he said softly.

Goodnight.

Roger slipped the receiver back onto the telephone and smiled. In the beginning, it hadn't been like this. He hadn't felt the same. He'd loved Vici, sure—but not, somehow, the way he did now. When he used to tell her he loved her, the words never seemed to have quite the meaning he felt in them today. Love grows, he thought, it changes.

Three years ago, when they were first married, he'd been far too jealous of her, feeling unsure of her love for him and so wanting to fight every man that even looked at her. There'd been that day in early summer when they'd been driving through a side-street out of the city and had stopped for a traffic light. Some boys standing on the corner outside a drug store had begun to whistle at Vici.

"Hey—cutey!" one of them had shouted.

"How's about getting out of that car?"

"Yeah—we wanna meet you."

Sitting at the wheel, he remembered getting madder and madder. As he turned to look across at Vici, he noticed she was sitting quite still, ignoring the remark.

"I'll show them," he'd said finally. "Just you watch." And he grabbed the doorknob roughly, about to get out.

"Stop! Roger—no," she told him.

"Please—" Then she added, "Anyway, the light's green—let's go . . . darling—please?"

He looked back at the boys, then at Vici. Finally he shrugged his shoulders, turned back to the wheel and eased off the brake.

Their biggest quarrel had been a jealous one—all over a cigarette lighter one of her former boyfriends had given her. It was a beautiful lighter, engraved "To Vici with Love," with the fellow's name under the inscription. He'd been convinced the boy had purposely given her a gift like that so that every time she smoked a cigarette she'd be reminded of him. And all her reasoning couldn't change his view.

"But darling," she said, "this lighter doesn't mean anything to me anymore. I love you, remember? But it's a lovely thing and I can't see any sense in throwing it away just because you didn't give it to me."

But every time she lit a cigarette with it, it burned him up!

Then, just before they were married, they drove to Arizona to spend two days with his folks. On Sunday afternoon the subject of the lighter happened to come up, and Vici, who'd been tense all weekend, suddenly began to cry. And then, minutes later, she ran out of the house. He followed her. The house is on top of a hill and, just as he got past the front door, he noticed that she was standing at the edge of the cliff, one arm raised high in the air. She was tossing the lighter over the side.

"Honey, why did you do that?" he screamed out.

"Because I'm sick of us arguing over something that means nothing to me, and yet bothers you so much. I'd rather have you be happy than have the lighter."

Then she added, "But Roger, it was only an awfully nice lighter."

Suddenly the corners of her mouth broke into a smile and that seemed to break the tension. They began laughing—and then they kissed.

The next day they were due to return to Hollywood. But before they left, he told her he wanted to stop downtown and say hi to an old high-school buddy. Instead, while she waited back at the house, he found a jewelry store, searched the showcase until he had come up with an exact duplicate of the lighter, then waited while it was engraved with the same words (except the signature) as before. He didn't have it wrapped, but simply put it in his shirt-pocket and planned a big surprise presentation. But it backfired.

As soon as they got on the road, he asked joyfully, "Would you like a cigarette?"

"No," she answered, unsuspectingly. Then he puffed out his chest until she couldn't help noticing the outline of a lighter in his pocket. She didn't say a word. Actually, though, while he didn't know it at the time, she thought he'd spent the morning searching for the original lighter at the foot of the hill, and she was just sick of the whole subject she was determined to hold out for the entire eight-hour drive without smoking.

Finally, however, he became impatient. He took it out of his pocket and dropped it in her lap. She looked at it quickly and, since it was a duplicate, she assumed it was the old one and started to cry.

"Honey, look again," he said softly.

Then, when she saw his name engraved on it, tears really started to roll down her face, and for the next hour she sniffled into a tissue and snuggled up to him like a kitten.

After they'd been married a while, Roger remembered, he lost that overly jealous streak. He knew Vici loved him. He was secure—there was no need to have a fit every time a man so much as glanced at her. Instead, he started to feel proud when she got stares and compliments. But Vici's own lack of jealousy and possessiveness used to bug him in the
beginning, when he wasn’t sure of her love. Frankly, he knew he couldn’t make his wife jealous, even when he wanted to. She never questioned him. But now, now he understood how much she really loved him, he realized how good it felt for a married man to know that, say, if he called his wife to tell her he had to go late, or go to a business meeting, she wouldn’t third-degree him about it. You can’t put chains around love; he thought, you can’t put love in a package marked “Fragile,” you just have to have trust and faith, because when real love exists between two people nothing or no one can shake it.

Before he was married, Roger remembered how he used to wonder why a man could go through such frightening experiences in a war, learn to defend himself and not give in or give up and yet, why the same man could be reduced to quivering jelly if a certain girl shed a tear or gave him a rough time. Now he felt he knew why: You have to live with a woman to understand one.

And he began to think about an article he had read recently on the subject of women that said one of the most important challenges most men face in a lifetime is to learn to get along with women. Start, it advised, by realizing that, since a woman’s mind is completely different from a man’s, it is almost impossible to second-guess a woman—in fact, it’s usually futile even to try. Many things she does probably seem to you silly, stupid, rash, impractical. And this is what causes most of the arguments between the sexes, battles that could be avoided if only a man wouldn’t try to use his own rational attitude in analyzing a woman’s behavior.

Roger smiled to himself, remembering something that had happened a short while back that had made him realize the truth of the piece.

It was early evening and he’d just come home when she bounded up to him wearing something on her head that looked like an eggbeater. It was brilliant orange.

“Do you like my new hat, darling?” she cried, beaming.

He glanced at it, and, saying the first thing that came into his head, murmured, “Gee, honey, not particularly.”

That did it. She turned away, lowering her head, and when he put his hand under her chin to turn her head back toward him, he could see that she was almost in tears.

“But honey, you’ve got dozens of hats I like,” he began, trying hard to understand why such a small comment should have made her so upset. “Is it such a tragedy that I just don’t happen to like this one? Besides,” he added as an afterthought, “you know you look good in whatever you put on.”

But that didn’t help. She wouldn’t say another word. Instead, she took off the hat and walked sullenly away. “Honey,” he called, chasing after her as she went into the bedroom, and he came back in a large round box that sat on a chair, what difference does it make whether I like it. It’s you who has to wear it, and if you like it, then that’s all that matters.

She’d put her hand to her face and was wiping her eyes . . . she was really crying. He didn’t know what else to say.

Then in a small voice she said, “But Roger, I only bought it because I wanted you to like it.”

All through dinner they were silent. He tried to talk about other things, but she would just smile weakly and say, “yes” in no inappropriate tone, keeping her face calm. He felt for me. And since that’s the basic thing to keep constant, her little whims are pretty unimportant. So I content to spend the rest of the evening trying a formula to calm her female brainstorms. The thing that matters most is that, because of her love, I’m confident and prepared to face whatever tomorrow may bring.”

The End

“No,” the girl told him, “just a paper one.”

The doctor’s face relaxed into a smile as he put down the registration card and turned to face her. “All right, now, young lady,” he said, “let’s see you stand up—Automatically, Edythe’s father hoisted her to her feet and held her for a moment.

“—Alone,” the doctor added. Cautiously, her father let go, and Edythe’s tiny hands gripped the wall tensely, her legs trembling under her. But she was standing, looking gravely up at the doctor. “Now walk,” he commanded gently.

Mr. Marrrener stepped back two paces and bent toward her, his arms outstretched. The moment she let go of the wall, her legs crumpled beneath her as if they had no bones. Mr. Marrrener took the sobbing child in his arms. “There, there, sweet-heart,” he crooned, his own eyes filling with tears as he rocked her.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Marrrener.” The young doctor’s voice was soft, but nothing could ease his verdict: “I’m afraid you’re going to have to face it; the X-rays show your daughter is going to be permanently crippled.”

That afternoon, in the same third-floor front room where she’d been born, Edythe lay on her bed, pretending to sleep as her family murmured in the kitchen. “Edie’s tired from the trip to the hospital,” Ellen Marrrener told her older children, Florence and Walt. “You can play with her later.”

On the street below, Edythe could recognize each of the shouting voices. “In clear! In clear!” they chanted. On this July afternoon they were playing, but in September they’d be starting school at P.S. 181—the grocer’s curly-headed son, the cop’s little towhead, both Edythe’s “boy-friends,” who paid her regular visits—all the kids.

“Edie! You mustn’t!” Her sister’s cry brought Walter Marrrener hurrying, too late to keep Edythe from wriggling over the edge of the bed and touching her feet to the floor.

Propped against the bed, she was trying to stand up straight when her father reached out for her. “No, no! Don’t pick her up,” she cried. “Help me, Daddy—help me walk.” With his hands firm under her arms, she turned from the bed. Her face crinking with effort, she moved one foot forward, then the other. And then her knees buckled. But this time she didn’t weep. All she said was “Tired . . .

Swooping her up to his chest, Walter Marrrener said, “Sleep now. We’ll try again tomorrow.”

A few days later, he appeared in her doorway with his hands behind his back. “Present for you, Edythe,” he said, a glint in his eye. “A brand-new kind!”

She had been inching along one end of the bed, holding onto the footboard while she set one foot slowly ahead of the other. Her father swung his hands around and held the present toward her. It was a pair of children’s crutches, but the way her face lit up, you’d have thought it was a pair of angel’s wings. “You hold them like this,” he said, fitting them gently under her arms.

“I know, I know!” she said breathlessly. “Now, let go of me, Daddy. He stepped back and clasped his wife’s hand as she, too, came into the room. They saw their daughter lean against the footboard to adjust the crutches, shift her full weight onto them and, finally, onto her own two feet. Then, slowly, she began to walk toward her parents, looking down at her feet first in concentration, then in wonder and delight. And she lifted her head with a child’s sweet, crowing laugh of pure happiness.

When all the kids started at P. S. 181, Edythe Marrrener was with them. Each day her mother pulled her to school and home again in a little red express-wagon, and she hobbled through the hallways on crutches till the end of Grade 2-A. No one ever heard her whine, but then, few heard her laugh, either. For even after her crutches were discarded and she walked straight and grand, Edythe still felt different, somehow cut off from her classmates . . .

In the auditorium at Girls Commercial High School (now known as Prospect Park High), Edythe Marrrener sat a little apart from the other members of the dramatic club. They sometimes shifted in their seats, exchanged whispered remarks. But she was utterly intent on the stage, where a slender blond girl was reading from a script.

“Speak out, Mary,” interrupted Dorothy Yawger, sponsor of the club. “You’ll never reach the last row of the balcony that way.”

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Yawger.” Strengthening her voice, the girl went through the last lines of the love scene and came down from the stage.

“Anyone else trying out for Helene?” Mrs. Yawger asked. “You, Edythe?”

“No, Mrs. Yawger. I thought I’d rather try for Agatha. You know—the old woman who comes on in the second act.”

“I see . . .” With a searching look at the beautiful but puzzling Marrrener girl, the teacher again consulted her notes. “Well, I think Mary’s our leading lady. Now does anyone else want to read for Agatha? . . . No one? I guess that makes the part.
GODFREY:
His Courageous Fight Against Cancer
Plus Exciting Features on
EDD (Kookie) BYRNEs
ELVIS PRESLEY
CONNIE FRANCIS
FRANKIE AVALON
in the August TV RADIO MIRROR on sale at all newsstands

Yours, Edythe. That's all for today, girls. Rehearsal next Tuesday at three-fifteen sharp—and I want you all to study your lines hard over the weekend."

A chatter of young voices broke loose: "They're real smoothies—said they'd meet us at the drugstore... Let's go to the Glenwood. Joan Crawford—and they're giving away soup dishes today. My mom bought us a new stereo—I've got a new Cab Calloway record."
The girls streamed out of the auditorium by twos or threes, but Edythe Marrener walked alone.

"May I speak with you a moment, Edythe?" Smiling at the friendly note in Mrs. Yawger's voice, the girl paused. "Did you—didn't you want to try out for Helene? You're certainly pretty enough to be the heroine."

"Thank you, Mrs. Yawger."

Edythe began to laugh. "I guess I had enough of playing princesses at P. S. 181. Miss Rapaport always made me the fairy princess—even when I was a bad fairy who didn't believe in Christmas."

"But you know you have to wear a homely sort of makeup as Agatha. And it's an unpleasant part—the audience won't like you."

"It's a good acting part," Edythe said quietly. Even then, she knew... vaguely... "I want something... something more than other girls." She couldn't express it, but she wanted people to recognize her and love her. Edythe Marrener was seventeen, and she could only hear the silent cry in a seventeen-year-old heart: Look at me, love me, anyone!"

After finishing school, she decided to become a model, and she worked hard at it. Her father was bedridden and the family had moved to an even shabbier Brooklyn apartment, but it was all she could do to keep up with the rent.

Every time the phone rang, she would rush to answer it because she hoped it would mean another modeling job—maybe an illustration for an etiquette column, in which she would superbly portray a dinner guest picking up the correct fork.

Then one day, without warning, a voice on the other end of the line said, "Miss Edythe Marrener? Katherine Brown of Selznick International Pictures calling. One moment, please."

The name "Selznick" was enough to panic her. Everyone in the country at that time knew the producer was hunting for an actress to play Scarlett O'Hara in Gone With The Wind."

"We saw that modeling story in the Saturday Evening Post, Miss Marrener—and I must say we were very favorably impressed. Girl, you're really photogenic! Have you any acting experience?"

"Several school plays, and—"

Edythe heard her voice falter, and prayed that she sounded all-right—that her Flanagan won't ruin things. She remembered her dad's advice: "Always keep your voice soft, Edie," he'd told her. "Remember, you're a little lady. You're not trying out for my old job at Coney Island!" (In his youth, before he had a family to support, Walter Marrener had been a Barker at a Barker show.) Swallowing hard she went on in carefully low-pitched tones. "And I've been studying drama for five months."

"Good! Now, Miss Marrener, I suppose I don't have to tell you what we have in mind; three-thirty, 630 Fifth Avenue, thirty-fourth floor. As she fumbled the phone back onto its cradle, her thoughts were racing far beyond the interview.

"She's that matter. Dish-towel in hand, her mother stood in the kitchen doorway. "You look all upset."

Edythe started to laugh. Then all of a sudden she was sobbing and throwing her arms around her mother. "Oh, Mom, I—No, wait. Come on into Dad's bedroom. I want to tell you and him both at once."

Looking gravely into his daughter's face, Walter Marrener heard her finish. "Then I'll read a scene for the talent scout, and if he thinks I'm good enough, I'll be given a screen test."

"I hope you don't get it." His voice was urgent and his large hands trembled on the bedcovers.

Startled, Edythe and her mother turned toward him. "Why, Dad . . . Oh, I see. You just don't want me to be disappointed—just in case..."

"No. It wouldn't be good for you."

At his words Edythe felt a chill. But she chose to put a lighter interpretation on the warning. "I know I haven't much experience," she told him, "and maybe I shouldn't rush ahead so fast." She dropped to her knees beside his bed and put her hand on his shoulder. "But don't you see, Dad? Right now, I have to believe I'm going to be Scarlett! If I don't get the part why, I'll be out there anyway, and there will be other parts. People are going to look at me and know me! . . ."

"Who's the gorgeous redhead," said the salesman from South Bend.

"Some starlet, I guess," said the salesman from Bangor. "You know—the kind who spends all her time posing for cheesecake and looking for roles in a movie. Hey, here comes Gary Cooper!"

While Paramount proudly introduced its top stars at the company convention in 1938, the gorgeous redhead was sitting far off on one side of the auditorium stage. Sat and seethed. Inside, the girl who used to be Edythe Marrener was boiling up. For her two months at Selznick, she had held the job to show but a flunked screen test, and for almost a year at Warners, nothing but lots of leg-art and a new name that nobody knew. The little actress from Paramount, nothing but a few bits and an insipid role in "Beau Geste," a fairy princess who did a fast disappearing act.

Production chief William LeBaron had worked his way almost to the end of the Paramount contract list when he finally said, "Now I want you to meet one of our most promising new actresses. Susan Hayward!"

Red hair whipping after her like a defiant flag. Susan crossed the stage and seized the microphone. "Did anybody in the house ever see me before?"

Astonished silence was followed by laughter. "No!" shouted the salesman from South Bend.

But not the salesman from Bangor, along with the men from the other Paramount exchanges, who knew that theater-owners demanded names.

LeBaron itched, hands on hips, frankly Flatbush. "But I'm drawing my salary every week. Is that economics? Do any of you boys out there get rich doing it?"

"Noo!" The shout built into a lively clapping of hands.

"Anybody in the house like to see me in a picture?"

"Yes!" Applause roared up at her. Abruptly, Susan turned to Mr. LeBaron. "Well, how about it?" she asked the boss. Then, without waiting for an answer, she threw back her head and sailed off the stage.

After that, she began to start working, to start being noticed."

"Hello, Miss Hayward!" The youthful GI's freckled face lit up in admiration as he nudged the sailor next to him.

"Where?" The sailor turned and gave a slight, appreciative hitch of his eye. Yeah, she was in 'Adam Had Four Sons'? Man, what a witch!"

"That was actin' ya dope. She's a nice girl. Let's go over and talk to her."

Through the uniformed crowd in the Hollywood Canteen, they headed toward the poiseled redhead at the tea table.

For the moment, Susan's mind wasn't on her job; she held an empty cup under the spigot of the silver urn, and her fingers rested forgettily on the handle. She was looking at a tall, blond young man in uniform, just outside the kitchen section with a heavily loaded tray. Suddenly their eyes met. She caught a bright blue glint of answering interest and quickly returned, in embarrassment, to her tea-pouring. But she was thinking, "Please, look at me . . . ."

"Hello, Miss Hayward."

"Stallard. She glanced up to find one of the Canteen's GI's gazing at her. "Me and my buddy, we're both fans of yours. You were great in that show at Fort Ord. Remember, you stepped right up and hollered, 'I'm from Brooklyn! Nobody else here from Brooklyn?' Well, I am!"

Even while Susan shook hands, her eyes watched the tall blond man who was busy unloading stacks of saucers onto the tea table. He looked back at her, grinned
and, before she knew it, was coming toward her.

"Is this club for Brooklynites only? Or can a fella from South Carolina join up?"

Susan laughed. "I'd love introducing you, only I don't know your name."

"It's Jess Barker, ma'am," she answered in a soft Southern drawl. And she had no idea that months later she would become Mrs. Jess Barker.

But as her career progressed—she began piling up Academy Award nominations—her marriage, after ten years, faded.

Susan slid the wedding ring back and forth on her finger as she forced her halting voice to go on. "Someone loves me," she had thought when she first wore the ring.

Now she had to repeat in the divorce-court words she had spoken on an ugly night that she wanted to forget: "If you don't love me, why don't you get a divorce?... I told him, 'I don't understand you.' Then he slapped me—twice—and knocked me down.

She heard the judge's words: "Decree granted." That's what she'd wanted to hear; it was the only possible solution, painfully arrived at after bickering, quarreling and violence had torn their love to pieces. Yet, when it ended, it seemed to have a frightening finality. Her future looked blank and dark, full of questions that had as yet no answers. . . .

She was looking at a white ceiling. Morning sunlight poured into the room, but it was a strange room, and the narrow bed, beneath her was strange. She felt lost and terrified.

Memories of the night before confused her. She hadn't been able to sleep that night. She hadn't been able to stop her mind from thinking. So she'd taken sleeping pills—too many sleeping pills. And they had brought her to this white room.

She lay there, awake. She was alive! For a few hours, she put on a frilly, embroidered nightgown, brushed her hair and added lipstick to her pale mouth. Then she faced the reporters. "I feel wonderful!"

She told them.

Four days later, in a bright print dress, she was ready to leave the hospital. When an attendant brought a wheelchair into her room, she asked, "What's that for?"

"Hospital rule, Miss Hayward."

"That's nonsense," she answered. "I can walk alone—now!"

It was true, she could walk alone, but on that night at the Pantages Theater, she knew that she didn't want to.

"Nominees . . . Susan Hayward, for I'll Cry Tomorrow!"

Deliberately, Susan made her hands lie quiet in her lap. Her heart was pounding. Surely, this must be the time. She had worked so long, so hard.

The winner is . . . Anna Magnani, for The Rose Tattoo."

Tensed for a moment, Susan's hands lifted, and the palms beat together in applause. She was smiling, and—to her own surprise—no threat of tears disturbed her smile. Glancing toward the nearest exit, she was already planning to leave as quickly as possible when the ceremonies were over, for she had planned a party at her home—win or lose. At that party she was to meet a man who would change her life.

The names on the marriage license were Floyd Eaton Chalkley and Edythe Marren. It was February 8, 1957. The tall good-looking Georgia lawyer slid onto Edythe-Susan's finger a wedding band set with diamonds and whispered thoughtfully, "I love you . . . you are my wife."

She was wearing black satin again, but in a subtler design than the dress she'd worn on an earlier Academy Award night. It was April 6, 1959. Her husband's big hand was folded reassuringly over hers, but she couldn't help frowning in suspense as she watched Kim Novak and Jimmy Cagney up there on the dais, watched the white envelope in their hands, and tried to steady her thoughts as they opened it. Then she heard the unbelievable—

"The winner is . . . Susan Hayward, for I Want to Live!"

The applause deafened her next thought, and then, like a long-coiled spring suddenly released, she was out of her seat and walking up the aisle "with the proud, quick, graceful step," as one friend remarked, "that has been a lifelong mark of Susan's character" . . .

When "he" stood on the table in their Beverly Hills Hotel suite, slim and golden and awfully small to have created such a fuss, surrounded by a forest of red roses tagged with congratulatory cards, Susan said softly, "I've wanted an Oscar for so long. Winning him means so much to me."

"I know," Eaton said, his arm around her. "But we still have a plane to make. We're going back home tonight."

With her Oscar cradled in her hands, Susan walked across the room and, looking down at the cherished award, she thought funny, I wanted one of these so desperately when it seemed as though I had nothing else. Now I already have everything I want from life—and now is the time I win! The lid of the suitcase closed over Oscar. "He'll look wonderful over our fireplace," Susan said.

"Every home should have one," Eaton agreed.

—JANET GRAVES

CURRENTLY IN 20TH'S "WOMAN OBSESSED," SUSAN NEXT FILMS U-I'S "ELEPHANT HILL."

Yesterday Jim brought me roses

I thought I was a good wife and mother . . . but I almost made a fatal mistake.

When the children were small I was often too busy to fuss over my husband when he left for work or returned . . . and too busy to take the right care of myself.

When the children started to school and began to criticize my looks, I woke up to the fact that I was doing an injustice both to myself and my family.

I talked to a friendly neighbor. How did she manage to look so fresh and attractive?

"I'll tell you my secret," she laughed. "No matter how tired or rushed I am, I always give myself a one-minute lather-massage morning and night with Cuticura Soap."

I decided to try Cuticura Soap. In just a few days my skin began to bloom. This inspired me to take better care of my hair and figure. Most importantly, I stopped taking my patient, uncomplaining husband for granted.

You know, he must have appreciated the change because yesterday Jim brought me roses.

When blemishes occur, get the full treatment. Along with superemollient Cuticura Soap get soothing Cuticura Ointment to overcome dryness and relieve pimples and blackheads . . . cooling Cuticura Medicated Liquid to keep blemished skin antiseptically clean, curb oiliness, dry up pimples fast. In soup and toiletry sections everywhere. Canada also.

(Advertisement)
around her just because she made it a point to devote all her attention to the fellow she was talking to. It seemed to come naturally to her, but I found out she had a way with words that seasoned others and had worked hard to overcome it.

That's a situation that often affects fellows as much as it affects girls. I know of a few from personal experience. You may be just on pins and needles with anxiety that you will hold up your end of the banter when you are with someone you like, and want to like you. In fact, you get so excited you can't think of anything to say, and you start feeling like a big drip besides. Relax! Just be yourself and don't try to imitate that girl down the road you envy so much. Remember he asked you out—not her! Connie Francis backs us up on that. "It's when you're trying hardest to be at your best that you can fall flat on your face," Connie predicts. The idea terrifies you when you think of it later, but the important thing is not to let it throw you entirely. You could almost compare it to going out in front of an audience. You want to put on your best show, and you want the audience to like it. If you are strung or nervous, then the audience catches some of that tension and the show comes out pretty flat. On the other hand, if you relax, tell yourself you are going out to do your best, the audience cooperates and accepts you instead of getting behind a barrier.

That seems to me as true for just talking to one fellow or girl as it does for performing before thousands. Relax, be natural, and concentrate on the person you are with and he or she will realize you consider the companionship something special. Try to find out what special interests the boy has and see if you can't learn something about them before the date so you won't feel a fool and can chat with him more easily. "But don't be a clinging vine," Travis of Travis & Bob warns. "Fellows like to feel you are interested in them as individuals." Bob added, "but they start getting nervous if you make them feel out what special interests you have around their necks and you're tightening the noose."

Amen to that. You probably know what Travis and Bob mean. You see a fellow at a dance with his honey's fingers wrapped around his arm in a clutch that says, "He's mine and he's not getting away."

That doesn't make a fellow feel special. It makes him feel trapped.

See how things are looking on land again, we took a break from rehearsal. Between sandwiches and sodas we drifted back to our airborne subject.

Connie put in her two cents on the track saying, "Don't make the mistake of thinking all girls know exactly what to do to make a fellow feel she is thinking only of him."

She really got us thinking with the next part. "For most of us, it's the result of hours of worrying and planning about things like "Will he like, or even notice, my new hairdo?" 'Am I making him take me home too early?' and hundreds of questions like that."

Well, it seemed that everybody started to answer at once, and then everybody just stopped at once. After a few minutes, while we thought over what Connie had said, the ball started rolling fast again with everyone throwing various ideas they wanted to express.

While each fellow, on the surface, had a different "ideal girl" it soon became apparent that there were little threads that tied most of them together. For instance, a friendly personality rather than looks or even clothes was considered most important by the fellows. "A girl can look like a million dollars," Fabian commented, "but if she doesn't have a nice personality the looks won't be enough to carry her through on a date. I don't mean that I want her to agree with everything I say or show an interest in, say, something like auto mechanics, when I know she can't really mean it. I'd much prefer her to say what she thinks, to hold her own opinions. It's more interesting."

Duane Eddy sided with Fabian and added, "The same is true for clothes. A girl pays so much attention to her clothes and to everything else it can turn into a mighty dull date." All agreed that while girls can err in concentrating on how they look, the guys can be just as bad by not paying any attention at all when a girl is wearing something special or something new.

He feels you consider him a prize catch when you put him completely at ease. That can be from the boy going from crowd to crowd. If your crowd are conservative dressers, the boys staying with the Ivy look, you can well imagine that if you came waltzing out in something way out of the ordinary he might have a hard time trying to guess at what you were wearing."

In your contacts with a fellow there are many areas where you can show him that you care. Don't be just an ordinary chapter in your date book.

Bobby Darin illustrated one way. "It might be because I'm used to being on a stage, but I really appreciate a girl being almost ready when I step on the stage for a date."

Sure, girls, it's okay to have him wait for a few minutes, but no half-hour delay, please. You know in five minutes he's in the middle of a number, and parents can chat with him and get an idea of the type of fellow he is. That's always good home-polities, and most boys understand and go along with it.

Another idea was advanced by Fabian. "We have a curfew in Philadelphia, so we are used to the idea of getting home on time. I think some of you are so worried we think fellows get sore if you tell them their parents want them home at, say, eleven or eleven-thirty."

The boys agreed that a fellow could get off the right foot by telling the front row of the class, "I have to be home at such-and-such a time. Most of them would prefer that, rather than to be out really enjoying themselves and then have you come in and make them get up and roll."

They don't want you to have trouble with your parents on their account, and most of them feel that they'll get the blame if their leg is out of the window when you have to head for that front door.

When you get there don't gloss over the whole thing about your "having a wonderful time."

Tell them it was great, and want to go on and on. A few words about how much fun you had, and perhaps mention one or two amusing or interesting incidents that took place, and then a fellow with "a little Mucho" in him and he'll believe you are either pulling his leg or haven't been on many dates before.

Don't force your gratitude—or a compliment—let it come naturally. He'll appreciate it, because there's nothing worse than hearing a girl say something you know for sure she doesn't mean—because how can he be sure when you do mean it?

While you're standing in the doorway, or maybe parked at the curb for a few minutes, the idea might dawn that there is a hint of romance in the air. If there is, don't force it. You don't make him feel special by awarding your goodnight kisses too easily or too generously. On the other hand, don't get several wrong ideas again. If you, in your anxiety to please him, throw yourself at him, he'll get the idea you're that way all the time. If he tries to go a little beyond what you intended? Then you lose that "something special" you wanted to impress him with, and rather than helping your cause you hurt it.

Well, at just about this time we got the call for us to continue rehearsing, and we headed back for the stage and more work. A worthwhile conference had covered thousands of ideas, and maybe a few topics you've been thinking about. I think we'll get back together again real soon, and I hope to give you good others that may have been giving us all a few sleepless hours during these summer nights.

The End

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WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

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

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

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Name: ______________________ Age: __________
Address: ____________________

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. 8-59
been ten minutes before I noticed the elevator was out of order, and I felt pretty silly. But Marti joked about "elevator gremlins," and by the time we walked down the six flights, we were giggling like a pair of idiots.

I was about to hail a taxi when I realized we had no destination. "Maybe a movie?" I thought out loud.

To my surprise, she bounced right back with "How about 'Green Mansions'? It's at Loew's—and we can get a bus at the corner that stops right there."

On the Eighty-sixth Street crosstown, she saw an old man who looked to her like "a typical family doctor on a TV soap opera," and we started guessing all the passengers' professions—like on 'What's My Line?,' and missed our stop by six blocks.

But luckily, when we finally got to the movie, there were still some seats in the first row of the balcony, and I got wrapped up in the story. Until that part when the sun went down over the jungle, where I reached for her hand and brought it over to my lap. Then, when it got real romantic, I leaned over and brushed her hair with my lips... and from then on I honestly don't remember much about the picture, except that it got awfully sad. And Marti looked so cute when the house lights suddenly went on and caught her with wet eyes.

Later, over a hamburger, I found out she has a cousin at Harvard who's been giving her a blow-by-blow description of every football game since he made the team. This fall he'll be a senior, and she's finally getting to go up and watch him help beat Princeton. (Boy, it'd be fun to see a big game with a girl who knows the score.)

We decided to walk home, the long way, around Riverside Drive. The rain had just stopped, the streets were shiny and the air smelled good. We didn't talk much, so when we got to her front door and both of us started to speak at the same time, we laughed, and I thought she seemed a little nervous. So I looked at her real hard. And then she smiled—long, slow smile—and I got the message. She didn't want to say goodnight yet, either.

So we went in and listened to records (Frankie's, mostly) and she told me about some of the plays she's always going to, and how she wants to get a job in summer stock after graduation next year.

After that, I forget what we talked about. Because the rain started up again, and we turned off the Vic, got kind of cozy in the car and just listened to it beating on the roof.

And that's all there was to it. Maybe it doesn't sound like such a terrific date to you, but Marti's one girl I sure will call again... THE END.
WILL SHE DIE?

Continued from page 33

didn't help. I felt responsible. The condition was a mixture of fear with confusions to the musicians behind me, but all I could really hear was a terrible still voice inside of myself asking over and over again, Will she die? Will she die because of me?

I'd heard the news the minute I got off the plane. My manager, Ted Wicks, and I had landed in Australia that warm Friday afternoon, and there was a great turnout of fans all shouting, "We want Tommy! We want Tommy! We want Tommy!"

After flying through the calm skies of the Pacific, I saw miles and miles of peaceful blue ocean glittering in the sunlight, it was an exciting day to see and hear such a happy welcome.

I started to walk off the curved aluminum runway than a pretty brown-haired girl, just a little over five feet, wearing a pale-blue shirtwaist dress, came up to me and introduced herself. There was such a whirl I didn't hear her name.

"... I'm the vice-president of the Australian Fan Club for you," she was saying.

"Is your president here?" I asked, smiling, and I noticed both of them for this was a thrilling welcome—over three thousand fans. I spotted one group of over fifty of them. They were dressed in my favorite colors—red and white, and they had big red-and-white bow pinnions on their dresses with the titles of all my songs printed on the long ribbon-ends in bright lipstick-red letters!

She didn't answer me. "Couldn't she make it?" I said.

"Oh, Tommy," she broke down, her soft brown eyes staring into mine. "Bronwyn was going to be here more than any of us, but...

"Is something the matter?" I wanted to know.

But she just glanced away from me and, as we began walking through the hollering crowd, she said something I couldn't hear.

"What?" I shouted above the clamor.

"Bronwyn..." she continued, and tears streamed down her pink cheeks, "... Bronwyn's lost!"

"What?" I said, not fully believing what I'd heard.

"She's lost..." she said, stifling a sob.

"She's been lost for two days."

"But... how can a grown-up girl get lost?" I wanted to know. Maybe this was a joke or a trick, they were playing.

"Oh, Tommy," she said sadly. "If only you knew...

The crowd roared like a lion, and everyone stomped his feet to the beat of "We want Tommy! We want Tommy!" I waved to them all, then asked her if she would mind waiting for me until I'd gone through customs. I just couldn't understand what she meant. How could a teenage girl get lost in her own home town? But as I looked into my companion's sad brown eyes, I knew this wasn't a prank. She was telling me the truth, and I wanted to know what had happened.

After customs, she explained everything. Bronwyn King, the president of our fan club, was terrified about my arrival. She was the one who'd organized the sensational turnout. But her dad, when he heard Bronwyn was coming out to the airport to lead the welcome-to-Australia gang, refused to give her permission. He told her he'd heard about all the awful things fans did to their idols. He'd read about singer Johnnie Ray's visit to Australia, when the fans pulled his hair and ripped his clothes

and just about sodomized him. And he didn't want his daughter to be a part of a wild rock 'n' roll riot.

Bronwyn tried to tell him it wasn't usually like that, but her dad wouldn't listen. He told her she wasn't allowed to visit the airport, and he was adamant about his decision. "Anyone who sings rock 'n' roll," he said, "simply couldn't be a gentleman, and I don't want my daughter associating with that sort of people."

Bronwyn called the vice-president in tears and asked her to lead the welcoming party.

Then, two days before I arrived, Bronwyn was reported missing from home. Her parents summoned the Sydney police to look for her. Friends, relatives, acquaintances were called. No one knew where she was. For two days the police had been trying to track down information on Bronwyn; they even wired New Zealand, where she had distant relatives.

"Doesn't anyone have any idea where Bronwyn is?" I asked the vice-president, after she told me the upsetting story.

Fidgeting with the long sleeve of her blue shirtwaist dress, she said, "I... I don't know. But you're going to Mel- bourne tomorrow, aren't you? Maybe..."

She paused, "If nothing's happened to her, maybe she's waiting for you there, waiting to say hello..."

Suddenly I felt cold. Goosebumps appeared on my arms. Supposing something had happened to Bronwyn, supposing she was lost in some out-of-the-way area, suppos- ing she didn't have any food, supposing she was hurt... I choked on my thoughts. All on account of me, her life was in danger!

Scary images throbbed in my head. I looked into the vice-president's redrimmed eyes, took her hand and tried to comfort her.

"I'm going to make a plea," I said, my voice fuzzy from fear. "Right now!" And we all drove to the main section of Sydney, with its friendly inns and modern drug stores, old-fashioned dry goods shops and slick beauty parlors, and I asked permis- sion from the city officials to set up a microphone on top of a roof to speak to the townspeople. If anyone knew anything of Bronwyn's whereabouts, I wanted him to come and tell us... and I'd go to her personally, wherever she was.

But nobody knew a thing. That afternoon and evening we waited hopefully for some word, but all everyone kept saying was "Poor Bronwyn!" or "Gee, maybe she's all right" or "I hope nothing's hap- pened to her."

And that night, when I was on stage singing, I kept hoping Bronwyn might be out there, hidden in the audience, lis- tening. Maybe she'd come backstage and tell me she was all right. But, still, a shuddering fear rифfed my heart. "Supposing she isn't here," I told myself. "Supposing she's lost somewhere and it's dark and she doesn't know where she is. Supposing she's hurt and needs help!" I kept praying to God to look after her, to keep His eye on her, to protect her. Because, deep down somewhere in the cave of my heart was the awful, awful thought, the scariest one— "Supposing Bronwyn is dead...!"

As I packed to leave for Melbourne the next morning after the show, I kept wishing the telephone in my hotel room would ring, that someone would tell me Bron- wyn was found and that she was all right. But the phone never rang. I tossed all night long.

The next morning, I was up at dawn to call the police station.

"Any news, or any word from Bronwy- n?" I asked.

There was a long pause from the desk sergeant before he answered, "No, Tommy. I'm sorry. Not a word!"

Melbourne's a couple of hundred miles from Sydney, and it took about an hour for Ted and me to fly there in a shiny grey, four-engine airplane. When I got off the plane, one of the disc jockeys for the top rock 'n' roll radio program in Melbourne greeted me and told me all the fans in Melbourne were worried about Bronwyn. The newspapers were carrying stories about her. Bronwyn's mother, Mrs. King, had flown in yesterday to check with Melbourne relatives.

I asked to meet Mrs. King. We drove to the large Chevron Hotel where Ted and I had reservations, and Bronwyn's mother came to see us.

She was a young-looking woman— Tommy smiled and waved as he greeted his Australian fans, joking with them and signing a thousand autographs, but inside he kept asking himself, "Where is she?"
slender, tall, brown-haired. Her dark eyes looked kind; and although she appeared calm I knew she must be nervous be-cause she spoke in unknown words.

"I just can't understand it," she said in a soft voice. "Bronwyn's such a good girl. Why, she's one of the honor students in our class.

"Why don't I make another appeal?" I suggested. "On the rock 'n roll program this afternoon. I'd be scheduled for an interview first."

"If you don't mind," she said, "I'm playing more and more of my songs (be-cause of Bronwyn's strong fan-club cam-paign in my behalf). Everyone, by the way, told me how influential Bronwyn's friends are for the disc jockeys.

Shaking her head, Mrs. King said some-thing under her breath.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't hear you.""I meant that, you know who had met you. I think he'd change his mind about all those rock 'n roll singers if he didn't feel a little funny for a minute. Then we left for the radio station where I was to make my appeal.

"Hi," I said over the table mike. I sat next to the manager, who had met me at the airport. "This is Tommy Sands. I want to say hello to Bronwyn King, the president of my fan club here in Australia. If you're out there, Bronwyn, you'll be proud of me. I'm listening to this interview and I hope you'll call me up after the broad-cast. I'm at the Hotel Cheyenne. Just ask the telephone operator to connect you with my room"

"Bronwyn," I continued, "we're all anx-iou-s about you. Please get in touch with us. We're all praying that you're well!"

I returned to the room for running away.

"Tommy," she cried, her eyes brim-ming with tears. "I never, never thought I'd meet you. She swallowed hard, then sat down, a chickin'-chested armchair and she looked lovely. "I'm horrible, Tommy. I'm terrible."

"I ran away, and I've made my parents look so awful in front of every-thing." She sobbed so loudly it was hard to hear her. "Oh, I wish I hadn't done it."

"This is my girlfriend," she said. "I've...I've been staying with her. I didn't tell her I'd run away. I...just told her I came to see her.

Ted was on the telephone now talking to Bronwyn's mother.

"Bronwyn," I said, "would you mind if we talked about you again?"

"I'm afraid," she said, "I'm so worried, and she wants to see you." "I'm not," Bronwyn sobbed, dabb-"ing her eyes with a wrinkled ball of a handkerchief. "I...I miss her so much."

"She'll never forgive me! And my father." Bronwyn never finished the sentence.

"She's afraid her father will hate her,"

"I told her I was running away."

"He'll forgive you," I said.

"He won't," she told me through her tears. "You just wait and see."

Mrs. King arrived, and both Bronwyn and her mother cried as they embraced each other. "Oh, Mom," Bronwyn sobbed. "I'm sorry, but I...I just couldn't help it."

I paced the floor, Dad saying all these terrible things about Tommy and rock 'n roll.

"Bronwyn," her mother said quietly, "don't say anything like that now. What matters is that you're safe."

"Mom," Bronwyn said, her dark eyes glimmering from crying, "what's Dad going to say?"

Her mother patted Bronwyn's arm. "Don't worry about that now."

I interrupted—I couldn't help myself.

"Mrs. King," I said, "I hope we get to Sydney next week, so I can sit down and talk to Mr. King."

"Oh, Tommy," she said softly. "I don't know if I'll love anymore. Mr. King's a man with a strong will and I...

And suddenly Bronwyn started to cry all over again.

The first thing I did when we got to Sydney that next week was to pick up the telephone. Mrs. King was at home.

"Last night," I told her, "I had an idea."

"I was wondering if you and Mr. King and I could come..."

She promised she'd ask him, and I crossed my fingers for good luck.

That night, dressed in my white dinner jacket and my rose-blue pants, I waited in my dressing room at the Sydney Stadi-um for news from Ted about Bronwyn
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and her folks. Had they come... or hadn't they come? I wanted to know.

Ted finally came backstage and told me they hadn't arrived. The tickets were in their name in the ticket cage, and the usher would show them their seats if they arrived late. But the show couldn't be held up any longer. The crowd had arrived, and it was time to start.

Sydney Stadium's a huge arena, bigger than Madison Square Garden, and when I went out there to sing in the bright blue-white pool of light while The Sharks accompanied me (Hal on drums, Scotty on electric guitar, Leon on bass fiddle and Eddie on rhythm guitar), I couldn't help thinking... "I'll never know if they're out there, so I'll just pretend they've come, and I'll sing all these songs for Mr. King."

I sang "Sing Boy Sing" and "Teenage Crush" and "Going Steady" and "Un-chained Melody"—all the songs from my albums. I also sang a special one I'd written for my Australian fans called "Sydney Blues." I wrote it in Hawaii before we left for Australia, and I didn't realize what an eerie, fateful meaning the lyrics had until I sang them in front of that hushed audience."

"There's an old back road leading down our way:

Yes, there's an old back road leading down our way—

Where you can find and lose a woman
All in one day...

Everyone in the audience loved the blues beat, and the applause was wonderful. After the show I went backstage. I was moody and blue. I'd hoped Bronwyn and her mom and dad would come. I'd wanted them to see the show. I guess, deep in my heart, I'd wanted Bronwyn's dad to know what rock 'n' roll really is.

All smiles, Ted burst into the dressing room. "Tommy, Tommy," he said, "the show was great! And they're here! Bronwyn and her folks, and they're coming backstage to meet you."

"You kidding?" I couldn't believe it.

But there they were—Bronwyn in a lovely sky-blue dress, her mother in a smart lilac-colored suit and her dad—a nice-looking man of medium build with grey hair at the temples. He seemed very quiet, and I noticed he wore a hearing aid behind his ear.

"Gee," I said, my voice a little too loud from the sudden surprise of it all, "I'm so glad you came."

I shook hands with them all.

"Tommy," Bronwyn's dad said in a low voice. "I... I guess I have an apology to make. I just didn't have any idea that you rock 'n' roll fellows were decent young men. But this show... why, it was wonderful!"

Bronwyn beamed.

"Rock 'n' roll," he continued, "isn't so bad, after all. I just didn't know any better."

There was a tight lump in my throat. I didn't know what to say. Finally, Mrs. King spoke out. "I hope you're going to let Bronwyn see Tommy off at the airport when he leaves for the United States."

Mr. King grinned. "Why not," he said. "And if she needs a lift, I'll drive her out there myself."

Suddenly I was speechless. I tried to smile, but that lump in my throat wouldn't budge.

"Gee, thanks, Mr. King," I said.

We talked for a while longer, and as they said goodbye the lump in my throat kept getting bigger and bigger. Like a fool, right out of the blue, I started to cry. I don't know why. But I did, I was so happy, guessing, knowing everything had turned out all right.

The End.

BIG TOMMY SANDS ON THE CAPITOL LABEL.
mental cruelty, and that's exactly what I mean," she said. "We've been quarreling sixteen years. My marriage wouldn't have lasted this long except for my religion and my feeling that I should keep the marriage together.

"I am sure Glenn will be much happier alone," she continued. "He isn't happy now.... I have asked for complete custody of our fourteen-year-old son, Peter."

Immediately, columnists and reporters began asking questions, turning up at her home and calling constantly over the telephone. "Didn't you separate a few years ago?" one asked.

"No," said Eleanor, trying to slip past him into the house. "We didn't actually separate because I still wanted to have custody of our son, but I was determined to keep my marriage intact. I have tried hard—but now I know it just isn't any use. We cannot go on."

"When did this all start?" said another. "It is nothing new," she answered a little wearily. "I have been unhappy for a long time."

"And are you going to begin dancing again?" the reporter asked.

"Yes—I intend to resume my dancing career."

"What about your mother-in-law?" But this question went unanswered as Eleanor closed the front door of her home.

He had been referring to the charge about Glenn's mother Eleanor had made in the suit. She had said that over the past two years Glenn had been putting property into his mother's name to conceal his assets from her. "He just bought her a new picture," was how Eleanor stated, "among many other things."

The reporters were anxious to speak to Glenn, too. He had left his home five days before and had given his address as New York for a new picture. "Are you surprised?" asked one who managed to get to him.

"A thing like this is always a surprise," he answered quietly.

But he later admitted to a close friend that he had been who managed to get to him. "This has been the shock of Glenn's life."

It had been only a short while before this day that I'd gone to the Forts' Beverly Hills home to interview Eleanor and Glenn—the last interview they were to give before the breakup. And, oddly enough, one of the first things they said to me was that they had always had to defend their marriage against divorce rumors.

"In all our sixteen years of marriage," Eleanor had said, relaxing back in the deep couch of their English country-style living room, "I don't think a year has gone by that someone didn't give me a divorce story. The first time it happened, I remember Glenn arriving home with a very strange look on his face. I hadn't seen the papers that day, but somehow I knew what could be wrong because, as far as I could tell, everything else was all right.

"But he kept walking around and around the house all evening, asking what the other oddest questions. Finally, I worried him so to tell me what was wrong that he did. He put a hand in his pocket and without a single word, handed me a crumpled newspaper clipping.

"'If that's what you really want,' he began."

"I just looked at him. 'Glenn,' I said, 'you don't really believe this.' And a few minutes later, I was straightening the whole thing out. Now, when we read reports about our divorce, neither of us worries, because we know it's not true—just a hardy annual that seems to be printed around the time of our wedding anniversary—October. In fact, it has been going on since Pat O'Brien first introduced us, in the late 1930's, at a large party at his house.

"'I've always thought you kids should meet each other,' Pat said, in what he obviously thought was a whisper, but anyway could be heard half-way down the next block, and now you have.' He stood back while the two of us eyed each other a little cautiously. 'Glenn, why are you standing there with your mouth open?' 'Didn't somebody?' Pat added, slapping him on the back."

"So I did," Glenn broke in, continuing the story. "I took Ellis's arm and guided him over to the porch. She was helpless with laughter. But from then on, not even Pat could complain of our progress. I'd see Ellis in 'At Home Abroad,' with Bea Lillie and Bert Lahr. She was beautiful, and she could dance like a leaf in the wind, but she was as remote from me as the farthest star. I was hitting a new low in my acting career at the time, and was broke as the Ten Commandments.

"Yet somehow this didn't seem to hinder our romance. 'I believe in you,' Eleanor told me that evening at the party, and she seemed sincere. She gave me confidence. Soon afterward, I found a part in 'Martin Eden,' then 'Destroyer,' and by the time the war started, I was well on my way up.

"But war is war, and I enlisted in the Marines, seeing Eleanor as often as I could get leave. After just a few months we were sure we wanted to marry, and did so on October 22, 1943, in Beverly Hills.

"By the time our first baby, Peter, was sixteen months later, the war was almost over—and soon I was able to come home again to the family—and my career.

"As I sat in their home, listening to the stories about their romance and about how they had begun their married life, I couldn't believe it. But, however, I had already regretted giving up such a promising career. But from the way she looked at Glenn, who was sitting on the couch next to her, and from the way she talked about her home and marriage, I felt sure this could not be so.

Eleanor never won an Academy Award at the time when she was dancing the Academy did not recognize dancers. But she did win five Emmys, three for the 'Best Television Show' and two for 'Personality Woman of the Year.' Yet, she had told only, 'a career fades to nothing beside the pleasures of having a home and children. And Glenn himself gives me no time for a dull moment!' she added, laughing.

"Like that day Glenn took me to Montana on a hunting and fishing trip. A studio publicity man came up with an idea without getting a good shot of us both coming in for an apparent landing in our plane. It was a lumpy little runway, but since I was quite certain Glenn didn't know anything and expected to be, it guaranteed that I was all just a publicity stunt. I went along, assured the plane would never get off the ground.

"I climbed into the co-pilot's seat, heard the plane start up, and we were airborne. The view underneath us was a beautiful one of an amazing landscape. I was over the earth, and getting higher every second.

"'Glenn!' I yelled. 'You turn this thing around and let me out!'

"But he only shook his head helplessly. I think I must have gotten paralyzed with fear, because I don't remember anything
Glenn did or said until I heard him telling me to pull on a certain knob sticking out from the instrument panel. I grabbed the thing and yanked at it. And, to my utter disbelief, the plane started to circle, and we headed back toward the strip. Glenn kept talking continuously, telling me I was doing fine, to pull out the knob a little further or push it in a trifle, till we landed.

"There was something in his eye that should have warned me. But the truth never dawned on me until we were in the car, headed back toward camp. Then I asked, 'When did you learn to fly?'"

"He didn't burst into laughter. He just said gently, 'Quite a while ago, Ellie; I should have told you.'"

"What was that thing you told me to push in and pull out? I asked."

"It controls the air conditioning."

"We looked at each other and the corners of his mouth began to twitch, and we both exploded at the same moment."

They smiled warmly at each other as she finished the story.

Actually, their marriage had seemed particularly happy and peaceful that day when I visited their home. "We go out very little because we can have better evenings at home," had been Eleanor's words. "Glenn built our hi-fi set himself, and it's so beautiful. We have a library of over 7,000 records, and from that we can have wonderful entertainment. But, like all women, I do like to go out occasionally—just to see and mingle with people, although Glenn would rather stay at home."

One thing Glenn enjoys at home, I learned, is carpentry, and a few years ago he built a small clubhouse in the garden for his son, Peter—"a place where he and his friends could make all the noise they wanted," Glenn told me. "I taught them a little about carpentry, too, and they were crazy about the house. Then, little by little, they grew out of it, so I took over and turned it into a workshop for myself.

"But when Pete saw this happening, and watched what fun I was getting out of it, he asked if I'd build him another. But I'd have nothing to do with the job this time. Instead, I told Pete I'd buy timber and tools and he could build it himself. Well, he got a few friends together and they had a wonderful time. And now they love it, because it's something they've created themselves."

"I do get very worried about Peter, though," Eleanor continued. "Because of the way the kids at school taunt him about his father being a famous actor. 'You're Glenn Ford's son,' I heard one of them say one day. 'Maybe you think you're better than the rest of us. We're probably a little too common for you!'

That day, I came home and told Glenn about it, and we decided we'd have to take Pete out of that school, because he had become very moody and I knew this was the reason. It forced us to put him into a private school, reluctantly, because we had always wanted Peter to grow up without that 'apartness' so many actors' children have."

She paused, looking over toward the door as it began to open. I turned, too, and saw a small, white-haired, lavender- and-old-lace lady come into the room. I got up.

"Hello—I'm Glenn's mother," she said, shaking my hand and then going over to an armchair by the couch. And soon I began to ask her a few questions about Glenn's childhood and she spoke quite freely—with Glenn interrupting every now and then.

She talked about the early days in Santa Monica, and about how her son was very determined, right from the time he was quite small, to become an actor. Delivering newspapers, she told me, Glenn would dream of the day he'd be a star.

Only, however, when a telephone call called Glenn away from the room a few minutes later, would she be at all critical. "He would always try not to do things in a hurry, too," she said, "without thinking things clearly through. Also, he's too trustful. Glenn gets hurt now and then by those he has tried to help. Sometimes, if he attaches too much importance to things that are part of the past. Do you know he's got every one of his report cards from the first school he's ever been to, even though they are sentimental, but sentiment can be harmful, too. So many people in this fast moving world don't understand it and interpret it wrongly."

"But I hope I don't seem too fuzzy, or too possessive," she said, looking at me, "I hate 'Momism.' And I'm certainly not one of those mothers who takes the credit for her son's success. My husband and I would have been just as content if Glenn had settled for some good trade—like carpentry (he would have been a wonderful carpenter and an inventor)."

Yet it was this charming old lady whom Eleanor complained about in her divorce announcement, saying she'd been the cause of the marriage's downfall."

"I did try to keep our marriage intact," had been Eleanor's words. "But it was just no use—we cannot go on. I have been out of work for a long time, and this is no sudden thing."

It seemed so different from the Eleanor who, with Glenn, had talked to me about all around the world in her own home. I saw the hi-fi set, and the study on the second floor where they both keep their trophies (Glenn was awarded a Silver Apple in 1958 for being Hollywood's Best Supporting Actor, and a year earlier he won the Man of the Year trophy from Optimists International; the same year, he and Eleanor were chosen as Man and Woman of the Year by B'nai B'rith...)

Eleanor had been anxious and pleased to tell me about her jaunt as a Sunday writer, a program which had sprung out of a class she had just happened to take over one week, and which had become so successful, they had put it on TV. And Glenn had explained how he was official Scout Master for his son's Boy Scout Troop.

And the only faults Eleanor could find to tell me about Glenn had been in complete test..."

She had been silent a few moments, then she'd said, "Sure he has faults."

"If I send him to the store to get a few things and don't give him a written list," she had said, "he can't remember two articles that I need. If I give him a written list, he loses it. He can commit an entire script to memory in an unbelievably short time, not only his own but the other roles, too, but he can't remember when dinner is served at home. If he waits to see the day's rushes, he'll probably wander around eight or eight-thirty, starved as a wolf, and maybe with a guest along. If I intrude on any matter that is indisputably his business, like a personal telegram, he will explain that the only reason I opened the envelope was that I thought it might be something he'd want to know at once. Then everything's all fine and finished.

And their only difference seemed to be that she liked westerns on TV, while Glenn preferred serious dramas."

It had seemed such a happy marriage. The End

Glenn co-stars with Debbie Reynolds in Twentieth's "It Started with a Kiss."
They arrived at the party. Jane knew only one other couple there, so Edd introduced her around; then they went and sat down on the couch. The room began filling up. People drifted by and exchanged hellos. Sounds of laughter, mixed with snatches of dialogue, tinkling glasses and loud music blaring from the record player, made talking to one another almost impossible. Edd glanced around; at the opposite end of the room he saw a girl who looked familiar. He couldn’t place her at first, then—no wonder she looked familiar! He’d taken her in a few times! He tried to recall forgotten details, such as when he’d last seen her and why he hadn’t called her again. Then he remembered and took her in just before he’d gone to Arizona for location of “Yellowstone Kelly.” He’d promised to call her when he got back, but that was months ago. He must have been the first time he’d ever been so busy working that he hadn’t remembered to call back a girl he’d enjoyed dating. He looked across the room to where she was, but she’d disappeared. Then he heard someone call her name and realized he’d been so preoccupied he hadn’t noticed that she’d come over and was standing by the side of the couch.

“Hi, Edd,” she said, “How are you?”

“I’m fine, Carol. And you?” he asked, standing up. “Carol, I’d like to meet Jane,” he added.

There was a strained silence; then Carol sat down on the couch. Jane just sat quietly, making only the barest effort to be friendly. Suddenly, Edd had a sinking feeling that something embarrassing was about to happen. Carol had obviously come over because she’d been hurt that he hadn’t called, and at any moment now he was going to feel her to be typically “dumpy.” There was nothing he could do. He’d have to politely divide his time between them. But, as Carol started chattering away, he realized with a sigh of relief, that he’d misjudged her. She was being very friendly and had probably come over just to show she had no hard feelings.

The party had become unbearable—too much noise, too little to talk about—so finally Edd suggested he and Janie leave. They got into his car and headed for the Sunset Strip. Earlier in the evening, Edd had suggested they stop for a late supper after the party; now he was sorry he’d mentioned it.

Finally, he shrugged his shoulders. “Jane,” he said, “I’m sorry, but I have to make an early start. Relax, he told himself, picking up a magazine from the coffee table. He tried reading, but couldn’t get sufficiently involved in the story not to be aware that thirty minutes had elapsed since he’d walked through the front door. Finally, he heard the click of high heels on a wooden floor, and she came walking into the room. He looked, then distinguished the kind of hair, and how relaxed she seemed; he took several glances before he was sure this was the same girl he’d met a few days ago. As he stood up to meet her, he noticed that her hair was actually in an overly ornate knot that was perched on top of her head, and she had on a dress that was, well, just a little tight. He smiled said hello, and as he walked over to help her with her coat, he couldn’t avoid observing that, even under all that makeup, the peeling on the tip of her nose was plainly visible. For a moment he saw her again as she had been, standing on the beach, wringing wet and laughing. She had certainly made a drast-
second goodnight had meant goodbye! But he hated saying goodbyes. Besides, he was sure Jane realized he wouldn’t call her again. Girls could sense things like that—

He got home and went right to bed. The evening had been a real drag. He’d looked forward to having such a good time after all the preparatory work. But if he stayed up for a while he could figure out why the evening had been such a failure. It worried him—had it worried Jane too? And had he disappointed her maybe? Had he done something wrong to contribute to the evening’s unpleasantness? But it was his usual pattern to sleep away depressions, not try and sit all over them. We’d been a cold man. It was time enough. He’d think about it then. He’d try to discover how it had happened that a girl, he’d forgotten to call back suddenly seemed so appealing, while the girl he’d looked forward to seeing had been such a terrific disappointment.

All the next day Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of Edd was preoccupied with his work. It wasn’t until he had stopped off for dinner and then come home alone that the previous evening came back to him. He listened to the hi-fli and walked outside. He pulled up the canvas chair and sat down on his back porch. He was tired. His mind was full of...
there was something about the way she smiled, about the way her long blond hair glittered in the sunlight, and the comfortable feeling her easy, natural laugh gave him, that made him decide to ask her to meet her. All he knew about her was that she was an apprentice, like himself, at the theater; he didn't even know her name.

Hugh had always been reserved when it came to girls, afraid he couldn't please them because he had so little money in his pockets. He'd saved only fifty dollars to see him through the summer. budgeted from busboy work in the noisy cafeterias at Los Angeles City College, where he'd been studying. And then, as he stood admiring her, he saw her turn and walk toward him.

"Hi, I'm Linda," she said, holding out her hand. "We've never met."

Hugh was startled for a moment. Then he grinned back. "Hello, I'm Hugh."

"Oh," There was a trace of disappointment in her voice. "Hugh's such a formal name. I'm not going to call you Hugh all the time. You can let me see... ." Her voice trailed, then she clapped her hands. "I have it," she said triumphantly. "Hughie! Hughie's such a nice name."

Hugh swallowed hard. He hadn't heard anyone call him Hughie since the day back home in Winnetka, Illinois, when he'd kissed his childhood friend out, Missouri, in goodbye, and then off with twenty other guys for Marine boot camp where nobody even considered a fellow's first name. In the Marines you were either a serial number or "hey, Fella! Men!"

All that night Hugh dreamed of the bracelet, and when he got up the next morning he decided to buy it. Something about it haunted him. It seemed to him how that Mary was telling him to be thoughtful and to think of Linda. He went to the jewelry store at noon, plunked down a hard-earned five-dollar bill, and asked the jeweler to wrap the narrow cardboard box in some pretty gift paper.

When he returned to the theater that day, Linda rushed up to him, her eyes wide with excitement.

"Hughie! Hughie!" she bubbled. "You've been cast! You're in the next play. A speaking role! You're going to play the rancher in 'Of Mice and Men! Oh, Hughie! I'm so happy for you!"

Hugh was stunned. He didn't know what to say. Finally he asked, "Did you get a part?"

"No," she said softly, adding, "but that doesn't matter. You did! Come, look, they've just posted the casting notice on the bulletin board."

Unable to hold back, Hugh suddenly let out a "Yippee!" and the two of them, holding hands, ran over across the lawn toward the theater barn. After looking at the notice, the girl could hardly contain a patch of wild flowers. "If you're good in this part, Hughie, every talent scout in California will hear about you," she said.

It was then that Hugh lifted the thin silver-wrapped box from his khaki shirt-pocket and handed it to Linda.

"What's this?" she asked, bursting with curiosity.

"Something... something I want you to have."

"Oh Hughie," she said throwing her head back in surprise. She knew he had little money for gifts. In fact, whenever they went out for an ice-cream soda or a hamburger after the show, she'd insist on going Dutch. But second-guessing Hughie her father sent her a nice allowance every week, because she hadn't wanted Hugh to scrimp and spend money because of her. She started to unwrap the box and suddenly, without reason, she stopped. The two of them looked into each other's eyes for a minute. Then she began to speak. "Hughie, she said softly as she started taking out the bracelet, "you're... you're just wonderful."

"They were silent for a moment, then she said "I'm glad you're happy to see me when I go back to Iowa."

"Do... do you have to go?" Hugh kept his voice low so she would not sense his

...gliming silver wristwatch caught his eye. He stopped a look and, in a corner of the window, noticed a delicate gold charm bracelet. A card in front of it read "Special Sale," but no price was listed. All through the next day he couldn't get the bracelet off his mind. Maybe if he could watch his money very strictly, he could buy it for Linda. He wanted to give her something. She had been so thoughtful, often bringing homemade peanut-butter sandwiches from the girls' residence for a snack between their chores. "Out in Iowa," she would say, laughing that was... "we don't let men starve!"

Other times she would make a thermos jug of ice-cold lemonade for their afternoon break. Hugh liked the way Linda didn't try to make "a thing" of their relationship. She just let it happen.

Finally, toward the end of the week, he decided to price the bracelet. The hand that held his silver-rimmed eyeglasses halfway down his nose, told Hugh it was a ten-dollar bracelet, now selling for $4.98. But even the cut-rate price seemed too costly for poor Hugh, who he thanked the jeweler and left. All that night Hugh dreamed of the bracelet, and when he got up the next morning he decided to buy it. Something about it haunted him. It seemed to him how that Mary was telling him to be thoughtful and to think of Linda. He went to the jewelry store at noon, plunked down a hard-earned five-dollar bill, and asked the jeweler to wrap the narrow cardboard box in some pretty gift paper.

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"Do... do you have to go?" Hugh kept his voice low so she would not sense his

In the summer, Hugh had come to New York, to the old-fashioned frame boardinghouse where people lived in Illinois. She seemed so friendly that he asked her to have coffee with him and found himself talking easily to her, telling her about this, that, and the way he wanted to learn this summer. Suddenly he noticed that the coffee shop was almost deserted and that it was getting late. But by then they'd already become friends.

All through those first weeks they built and painted scenery together, repaired broken furniture for the prop man and sold soft drinks in the lobby during intermission. They never formally dated, but Hugh would often walk Linda home to the old-fashioned frame boardinghouse where the girl appeared quite at home in Illinois. She seemed so friendly that he asked her to have coffee with him and found himself talking easily to her, telling her about this, that, and the way he wanted to learn this summer. Suddenly he noticed that the coffee shop was almost deserted and that it was getting late. But by then they'd already become friends.

Then, one night in early July, as Hugh was walking home to the Hotel Lobiero, he passed a jeweler's window, and a
unhappiness at the thought of her going.  
"I ... I think so."  
Oh. Linda ... I don't know why you can't, but he didn't finish the sentence because, suddenly and uncontrollably, in the middle of that lazy summer afternoon, with the warm, honey-colored sunlight haloing her silky blonde hair, Hugh leaned over her lightly, tenderly, on her small pale lips.  
"I'm sorry," he said afterward, turning his face away in embarrassment, "but ... you looked so beautiful in the sunlight..."  
I knew ... I knew from that first day we met that you were going to be somebody special," she whispered.

Hugh tried to answer her but couldn't. He couldn't imagine anyone so sweet, so pretty, caring so much for him—a hard-bitten leatherneck sergeant with a chip on his shoulder, who felt life had cheated him, when it took away his childhood sweetheart.

Then, as he sat thinking, he felt Linda lean over and rest her head against his shoulder, and, as he let her, Hugh whispered, "I can't help it. I think I'm falling in love with you!"

From then on, they spent every free moment together. They found they had much in common. She loved Broadway-musical record-albums, and they listened to them back-to-back on a record player before curtain-time. Their favorite album was "South Pacific" with Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza. They talked about careers in movies or on the stage and exchanged news of old friends. And they took one another snapshots of friends and relatives and family. And the summer passed by in a day.

On Labor Day night, after the final performance of the season, the theater managers arranged a farewell wiener-roast and clambake for the cast, crew, and the workers from the nearby beach. The night was cool and a full moon cast a diamond-bright glow in the sky. One of the cast members brought a portable Victa, and everybody danced barefoot in the white sand. Hugh and Linda danced for a while, then ate charred frankfurters and toasted a few marshmallows.

"I want to walk a little?" she asked him.

It was shortly after midnight.

"Sure," she said, her eyes glistening in the white moonlight.

Hand in hand, they walked by the shore. Hugh carrying an old Army blanket with him. And when they came to a secluded spot surrounded by craggy rock formations, Hugh spread the blanket on the sand and the two of them sat down and listened to the waves crashing against the shore.

Then Hugh turned to Linda and took her hands in his. "I ... I never knew I could ever be so happy ... again," he said tenderly. And it was then he told her of Mary, of their hopes and their young love, and of how she had died. They both cried a little together and then, from exhaustion, they both fell off to sleep.

They awoke to the mournful sound of the sea. The night seemed unusually black around them, and then they noticed that the moon had disappeared behind the steep rocks. Hugh looked at his luminous, military wristwatch. It was two o'clock.

"Linda," he said in a groggy voice. "We fell asleep. Are you chilly?

She nodded.

The two of them arose, and Hugh picked up the warm, velvety blanket. Shaking it thoroughly in the ocean breeze, he wrapped it tightly around Linda. "I don't want you catching cold," he told her.

For the first time in his life since his Mary had died, Hugh was comforted by an intense nearness, a oneness with another person. Hugh told Linda this as they walked along the edge of the beach with the waves tossing behind them. Slowly the moon began to reappear. "I ... I wish I could reach out," he said, thrusting an arm upward, "and give you a piece of it. You've brought me out of myself, out of my sadness."

Hugh stopped and put his arms around her blanket-covered shoulders. And he kissed her gently.

"Will ... will you marry me, Linda?" he asked.

Her eyes, seeming so large and hopeful in the moonlight, looked directly up into his.

"Yes, Hughie! Yes," she said softly, "I will."

That next day Linda left for Iowa on the afternoon train. She had called her folks long-distance that morning and begged her mom to allow her to stay a few days longer. But her mother was adamant. Linda had been away long enough, and she was ordered to be home as planned.

That morning Hugh bought her a bouquet of white carnations, a pair of Japanese "kokeshi" dolls with wooden heads that bobbed if you tilted them, and a secondhand copy of Lord Byron's love letters printed on an elegant ivory vellum.

He carried her suitcases to the beat-up Plymouth he'd borrowed from one of the other apprentices, and he took her for a ride around Santa Barbara before train time. He promised her he would come out to Iowa over Thanksgiving and visit her and meet her folks. Meanwhile, they agreed to write letters every day. And when the time came for Hugh to take her to board the train, he said, "Remember, Linda, we're just saying so long. This isn't goodbye."

She nodded, and he carried her suitcases to the coach-car of the train, where they kissed for the last time. The conductor's "all aboard" echoed through the station, and Hugh and Linda parted. As he watched the train shirk down the track, Hugh dreaded the coming months without her.

He enrolled for his sophomore year at Los Angeles City College, and he worked many long hours after school at odd jobs to save all his earnings for the day he and Linda would be together. They wrote to one another every day except for the occasional request and waited until the week before Christmas. He had lined up a ride with a classmate to Chicago, and from there he planned to take her to Iowa.

He bought Linda a rose-beige cashmere sweater and an expensive vial of Chanel perfume. He had a gold heart inscribed for her. For Linda, it said, With All My Love This Christmas and Always, Hughie.

Then, three nights before Hugh and his buddy planned to drive to Chicago, the one and only time she had seen him in a month, the boy said that because of family, he couldn't come to visit her, explained, because things had changed. Her parents wanted her home, and she had been talking with the boy before she met Hugh, but she hadn't thought much about him. Now, under family pressure, she felt helpless. She didn't want to feel this way.

"I'll come and get you out of it," Hugh said firmly. "I'll tell them all you're marrying me!"

But her voice over the telephone sounded almost unfamiliar. "It's too late. Hughie. I've given my consent. I'm ... I'm just a small town girl ... and you ... you're going to be somebody. You're going to be a big actor. I don't want to be in the way."

"But, Linda," he said brokenly. "I ... I love you, Linda." And she whispered, "But I ... I can't marry you." Then she admitted, "I've gone with Timmy since we were kids, and I can't back out of it now. They're in love. They always have been."

He didn't know if he were wide awake or in a dream as she spoke to him. "Hughie, I don't think so before saying goodbye, "thank you for a wonderful, wonderful summer..."

When he clicked the black receiver onto the cradle of the wall telephone in the dormitory hall, he decided to make the trip to Iowa nonetheless. Perhaps he could still persuade her to marry him.

But making the trip was a mistake. When he got to Iowa and he gave her the gifts he'd bought her, but Linda wasn't the same. She seemed almost a stranger—cool and distant. She told him yes, she was very much in love. She felt closer to Timmy. She'd known him all her life.

Hugh left the snow-covered fields of Iowa and hitchhiked to Chicago. He spent Christmas Day itself in a lonely YMCA; then he decided he was depressed and downhearted, to Los Angeles.

He simply couldn't figure it out. I guess love is that way, he decided. There are no mapped-out formulas for anyone...

The next month wasn't easy for me to receive a Christmas card from Linda or a get-well note when she read in a gossip column that I'd had the flu or something worse. I still can't put together any of her those sweet summer days we spent together, but I've made up my mind about one thing: To find love, you have to be open for love, to accept the past for what it was. You can't live in it. I'm a man who needs love—and I've been lonesome long enough!"
couldn’t take it any more. I wanted to leave. But try as I might I just couldn’t find friends John and Bob—they’d been completely swallowed up by the crowd. I began pacing up and down, looking about here and there, floundering before I give up the search for a while and get something to drink.

I headed for the punch bowl, and it was then that I saw Carol. Something real cute, I thought and I did a double take. A wisp of a girl with sparkling blue eyes, dressed all in white and looking just like a doll, I almost thought I should have been able to have escaped my notice all evening.

She had chin high in the air and seemed to be looking for someone over the heads of all the people. I wanted very much to speak to her, so I decided to use an old standby I always try when I see a girl I want to get to know. I just stare at the girl for a while, and this invariably acts as a cue for her to turn and smile—in surprise, if nothing else. Then we talk. But with Carol it didn’t work. She was obviously not interested in hiding and even glance my way—not once. Something’s got to be done, old Nick, I told myself, and it’s gonna require thought. I reached into my pocket and took out a pack of cigarettes; but it was empty. Before I knew what I was doing, I’d crumpled the paper and cellophane in my hand and thrown it on the floor.

A few seconds later she reached up, and without so much as a look in my direction, gracefully removed the wrinkled package and placed it in an ash tray. She didn’t seem angry—just startled, so I moved nearer to her and was about to strike up a conversation when, for what I believed to be the first time in my life, I just couldn’t think of anything. Minutes, embarrassing minutes, passed while she smiled at me, expecting me to start speaking. Finally I blurted out, “I’m Nick Adams. What about you?”

She shook her head. “Thank you—but I’m not hungry,” Then she smiled and said, “I’m Carol Nugent.”

“You . . . you looking for someone?” I said, realizing as I did so, she’d been looking around on her tip-toes.

“Yes. My sister. I wanted to leave but I don’t see her anywhere. We came together.”

Well, I’m sure the expression of relief at her mentioning her sister must have shown all over my face. I’d have been disappointed if she’d come with a date.

“Don’t you like the party?” I asked her.

“It’s not that,” she began, speaking quite softly, tilting her head a little to one side. “It’s just that . . . that I guess I’m not used to huge parties, nor usually go to them.” Then she gave me a wonderful smile and added, almost in a whisper, “I didn’t really even want to come at all.”

“I didn’t either,” I confided, feeling immediately a little blushing.

“Really?” She looked at me wide-eyed.

“No,” I added. “I’d planned to stay in, but some guys dragged me out . . . I don’t usually go to parties, either.” Then, the wonderful way she was looking at me, out of her saucer-like bright blue eyes, made me add, “But I guess I’m glad I didn’t, though I don’t think I knew what I meant because she looked down for a moment, and I think she blushed a little.

“Take it easy,” I offered. She shook her head, yes.

Carol and I talked on and on. We seemed to have so much to say to each other about our likes, our ambitions, the way we both felt about a lot of things . . . Then a girl walked up to Carol.

“Oh, there you are,” she said. “Where in the world have you been? I haven’t seen you for hours. She was slim and attractive, and looked like Carol. Carol smiled, introduced me to her sister, Judy, then answered, “I’ve been sitting right here in this one spot for hours.”

We chatted for a while, Judy left and it was then that Carol said—to no one in particular, “I’d like to go home.”

Although she was speaking directly to me, I found myself saying, “Gee, Carol, I don’t have my car with me.” I came with a couple of friends. But . . .

Then before I could finish, John and Bob had stroked over.

John looked surprised. “Nick where have you been for the past two hours?”

“I’ve been sitting right on this spot . . .”

They both smiled at Carol, and I introduced her.

“I, John,” I said finally. “I want to drive Carol home, but you’ll have to take me to my car first.”

“Sure thing, Nick.” John agreed.

The four of us piled into the car, and when we arrived at my place, Bob and John came in, stayed a polite few minutes, and left. It was nearly one o’clock and, picking up my car keys, Carol and I went straight out after them.

Fifteen minutes later, we had stopped in front of Carol’s house, and I decided to begin talking and talking . . . as though we’d known each other for years.

I discovered that Carol and her sister had never seen the movies since they were kids , . . that their family was in the industry too. Her father’s an M-G-M prop man. I realized I’d even seen Carol on the screen—in “Green Dolphin Street.” She’d been a child then, and had played Luna Turner’s daughter. We laughed when I told her about going to the show near my home in New Jersey and seeing them back in a couple of times of what I’d liked it so much.

Then we stopped talking, and I turned to Carol, took my arm around her, gently, and drew her close to me. We sat quietly, not speaking, just listening to music coming from the car radio, just sitting together. I don’t think either of us were thinking. Finally I took my arm from around her, put my hand under her chin, tilted her face up towards me and said softly, and very seriously, “Carol, I have something to say to you. But I want you to promise me first that when I get through you won’t say anything. I want you to just sit and listen and take my words for what they’re worth and remember them. Carol, I love you. I know it may be hard to believe; we’ve only known each other a few hours; but I swear to you that I love you. I want you to believe in me and to trust me. I want you to give me a chance to prove my love. I . . .

Carol started to speak but I silenced her playfully with a kiss. Then, getting out of the car, I went around and helped her out. We walked up to the porch, holding hands, still clinging to each other.

When we got there, we kissed goodnight, but before I knew it, she said, “I’ll pick you up tomorrow and we’ll spend the day at the beach. Okay?”

She nodded a yes and then said, “Nick, I don’t know if I can do this, but I believe things will work out for me too.” And she leaned forward, placing a tiny wisp of a kiss on my forehead.

At noon, the following day, John Ashley and I came by for Carol. For the past few years we’ve always gone places with friends; double dates, triple dates, always part of a group. I guess I invited John out...
Hot July days
don't have to be dog
days if you treat
yourself to a few
midsummer pick-me-
ups. Here are some:

For instance, for
a Yule-cool feel-
ing, try this cube
punch for non-
squares. Freeze any
fruit juice in your
ice tray and, when
you're ready to
serve, put cubes in
a tall glass and
then add ginger ale.

Why not start a new game with your
crowd? One that doesn't
take too much leaping
around is a variation
of tiddly-winks for so-
phisticates—to play,
you shoot your "winks"
on a miniature shuf-
kleboard, bumping off opponents' winks
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Just slip elas-
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of force of habit, but I knew that for
the first time I didn't have the same need to be
surrounded by a lot of people.

Then, that night, after John had left us,
we came back for dinner at Carol's house.
We walked into the living room, hand in
hand, grinning like a couple of lovesick
calves. Carol introduced me and we all
sat down and started talking. I could see
Carol was watching for some reaction
from her folks—particularly her dad. He
was always courteous and polite, but never
over-friendly.

Suddenly Carol noticed her father get-
ing up from the couch and leaving the
room. She seemed upset. Then before she
had a chance to think further, her dad
came back, a stack of records under his
arm. Try as she might she couldn't con-
ceal a feeling of delight as her father put
the records on the turntable and said to
me, "Nick, you look like the type that ap-
preciates good music. Well, here are a
few of my favorites." And for the next
hour, we all sat listening to a succession
of Irish folk songs. Carol told me later
that her father only takes out the Irish
records when he really likes someone.

From that day on, we were together con-
stantly. Every time we saw each other it
became harder to say goodnight, and
every time, there seemed to be more and
more to talk about.

On Saturday, May 2nd, I picked up
Carol as usual. We weren't planning to go
anywhere special—except that when we
were together anywhere, it was always
someplace special.

It was a magnificent day, not too hot,
with the sky a deep, clear blue and
bright sunshine. We cruised along by
the shore, relaxing, both of us rather quiet.
I don't think I've ever seen Carol look
more beautiful. She had on a simple cot-
ton dress of pale pink-and-white candy
stripes and the sun was shimmering over
her blond hair, making it sparkle.

Suddenly I pulled over to the curb and
stopped the car. Then, I said simply,
"Carol, let's get married."

She turned to me, looking startled for a
moment. Then she just said "yes." I kissed
her and then put my hand into my jacket
pocket and pulled out a ring. I took
Carol's left hand in mine and put the ring
on her third finger. It was a little too
large and kept slipping around on her
finger.

"Oh, darling ... it's beautiful," she said,
holding up her hand. "It's a lovely ring...
I always wanted one just like this ... how
did you know?" The questions came
pouring out.

"It's my mother's ... my mother's en-
gagement ring," I said, a little nervously.
"She gave it to me a few years ago and
told me to keep it until I found the right
person." Tears started streaming down
her face. "Oh ... Nick ... I'm so happy,"
she whispered.

It was a moment we'll never forget.

A few minutes later I started the engine.
"Let's go straight home and tell your
folks ... and I'll put a call through to
New Jersey to mine," I said.

She moved across the front seat and sat
close up next to me.

"When would you like a wedding?" I
asked her softly. "Today?" I joked. But
I knew that if she had said yes I would
have married her right there and then.

"July's a nice month—and let's have a
church wedding. Nick, I've always
dreamed of one ... of walking up the
aisle in white."

"We'll have my family fly out for it
too."

"And I'll devote all the rest of my life
to making you a wonderful wife. No more
acting for me."

"Really?"
"Nick," she said, gently pushing back a stray lock of hair that had fallen over her forehead. "All my life I've had opportunities to really move ahead in pictures but it's never meant much to me. I've always wanted a home and a family. And I want to get married and have children the last day of my career. I want to spend my time making a home for you, being there when you need me, raising our children.

"I'd never . . . never thought about children before . . . but I'd like some . . . I'd like a little son."

"What would we call him?"

"Algernon Adams, I laughed."

Montgomery Adams, joked back Carol.

"Honey, I've got it!" I said suddenly.

"Well, call our first son Reb . . . Reb Adams after the title of my new series, The Rebel, that's going to give us all the money we need to raise an enormous family."

"Reb Adams," she repeated quietly.

If it hadn't been for a phone call I got four days later from my agent, telling me that ABC-TV's new TV series had been scheduled to start at the beginning of July, I don't think we would have ever eloped. But when I heard this, and jumped up to write a letter which I knew we didn't want to put off the wedding.

"Honey," I suggested, "let's get married right away instead—this week."

She looked thoughtfully at me for a minute, just a minute, before she said, "Yes, Nick. Yes . . . I'd like that."

And we were both so happy because her family was pleased about it all, too. They were having their last weekend. There were her mother and father, Judy, and Bob Conrad, an old friend of mine who was going to act as best man and be present at the wedding. They also produce my TV series, The Rebel, and his wife, Mary Frances. And the first thing we did when we got to Vegas airport was to ask about a license bureau. What we found was a 'tie the knot' chaplain, who did the wedding.

We had a champagne lunch back at the hotel and there was one thing left to do before we went home: I wanted to call and tell my mother. It was Mother's Day, after all, and I knew she was expecting a call from me anyway.

"Mom—Happy Mother's Day!" I shouted, when she came on the line. "I've got a special surprise for you, and it's something you really want."

"Never mind about that, Nick," she said, before I could continue. "How's Carol—when's the wedding?"

"I'll tell you later. It's a surprise. That's the present. We just got married . . . I'll let you speak to my wife now . . . It sounded strange saying "wife" for the first time. But it felt good.

"Yes, it's true," I assured her, "it seemed to be crying at the other end and Carol had tears in her eyes too. 'He'd better be good to you . . . . she was telling Carol.

We managed to slip away for a few days' honeymoon to a wonderful spot called Lake Arrowhead. It was still early in the season and we had the entire lake front to ourselves. We rented a tiny cottage overlooking it—a small, rustic cabin with a huge fireplace for a log fire.

And we talked about the future . . . about how we met . . . about how it all happened . . . as though it had been a movie we'd both been in . . . and about how happy we were . . .

We've found a wonderful apartment in the San Fernando Valley. It's got one bedroom . . . and a pink kitchen just the color of Carol's dress that day I asked her to marry me . . . and it has a balcony overlooking a nice garden.

That's where I'm writing this letter . . . we both want you to know we think marriage is just swell! The End

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LIZ AND EDDIE
Continued from page 26

close game, Eddie winning this one. You and I are sitting at the adjacent table, facing Liz. We couldn’t be closer to her without being her escort.

Two minutes later—12:33 a.m.—Eddie comes out stage, wearing stage makeup and his hair is disheveled. He’s standing in the dark. The spotlight is on the other side of the stage. Eddie is baffled. He doesn’t know whether to walk toward the spotlight or wait for the spotlight to find him. He continues singing, waiting. The spotlight doesn’t move. Eddie, continuing to sing, walks toward the spotlight. The spotlight lights up the face as Eddie has vacated. Eddie gets a little wise.

“Oh...you’re starting with the gags,” he says.

Liz giggles. The audience is amused. They are watching Liz as intently as they are watching Eddie. She has become an important part of his act as well as his life. She should receive billing.

Eddie never sang better. He feels free and comfortable on the stage. The spotlight is good and unembarrassing. At first, he is busy. He is in command and projects authority. He is no longer the boy singer. He acts like a man.

Practically every song he sings has a double meaning. Early in his routine Eddie sings “Makin’ Whooppee!”

“Another bride, another June, another sunny honeymoon...”

All eyes in the rather large Tropicana club room travel from the singer over to ringside Liz, who is smiling, her right arm resting on the railing of the orchestra pit. Liz Taylor is almost as much a part of the act as Eddie. She divides the attention of the audience, composed of friends and relatives.

Often during the performance Liz mouths the words with Eddie. She has a crabmeat cocktail and some wine. The real food and the champagne (Liz’s favorite beverage) she is waiting to have later with Eddie. Sometimes she beats out the tempo of the song with her fingers on the table; it looks as if she were tapping. I don’t have the slightest doubt that Eddie is playing mainly to his future bride and she is loving it.

During the performance, the gags continue. For example, when Eddie sings his hit “Oh My Pappa,” every musician in the orchestra takes out his handkerchief and pretends to wipe his eyes. Papa Fisher wears a slight smile.

A little later, Eddie sings “Hava Nagila,” announcing that it is Liz and her favorite song. I guess we could call it their “song.” Liz stops eating, drinking and tapping the table for this one. She looks at Eddie with big, love-filled eyes.

Eddie concludes with “Somewhere,” from Leonard Bernstein’s “West Side Story.”

“There’s a place for us, somewhere a place for us. Peace and quiet and open air. Wait for us somewhere. We’ll find a new way of living. We’ll find a way of forgiving. Somewhere—there’s a place for us.”

The audience applauds fast and loud and long. So does Liz.

While Eddie is taking still another bow, a waiter can be heard bawling out a customer. All attention goes to the waiter.

Dee Don Rickles, the professional insulter. He happens to be in Vegas, playing the Sahara Lounge. Fisher announces him, and in less time than it takes to get a marriage license, even in Vegas, Rickles is on the stage. He gives Eddie a few rapid insults—“Why should tomorrow night be different from all other nights?”

I’ts the night before the wedding. That’s why Eddie, Liz, the relatives, the friends are in Las Vegas. The scene shifts to Eddie’s dressing room. He is now taking off his makeup. The room is crowded with friends, relatives, newspapermen and, of course, Liz. The traffic is continuous, coming and going. With the exception of Liz. She is constant.

Eddie says to no one in particular: “That’s it. That’s it. That was the end!”

Liz answers him, “No! It’s only the beginning. You’re only starting, Mr. Fisher.”

“It was your last night as a single,” Joey Forman wisecracks, “and you were great. Get it—as a single!”

Eddie laughs, gets up from the chair and kisses Liz. “Elisheba, you’re wonderful...and beautiful. Elisheba is Liz’ name in Hebrew, and his pet name for her.

“What about tomorrow?” Milton Blackstone, Eddie’s manager, wants to know.

“The judge. Don’t you think we ought to discuss it?”

“Discuss...discuss,” Eddie says, “I’m disgusted with discussing.”

“That’s pretty good,” Joey says. Then, having caught the note of irritation in Eddie’s voice, Liz suggests, “Why don’t we get something to eat, say, in the room? We can arrange everything there. Eddie must be starved. He hasn’t eaten anything all night.”

Mike Todd Jr. nods and says, “Good idea, Liz.”

“I feel fine,” Eddie says. Then, looking around the room, he asks, “Good show tonight, wasn’t it? A great audience. I could feel they were with us.”

“Only time I got nervous,” Liz answers, “was when you introduced me and that fellow in the audience hollered, ‘Get her up on the stage.’ You quieted him nicely.”

Most of the people begin to leave the dressing room. Shortly afterward, Eddie, Liz, and a few relatives exit. They are met in the corridor by a newspaperman who asks a typical question about the situation and pending marriage. Eddie has grown accustomed to this type of question—in fact, all types—and answers smiling.

He says, “I’ve come to believe that if you’re heart says it’s right, do it.” Liz nods her approval. “I say goodnight until tomorrow.”

The next day Eddie Fisher leaves the Tropicana Hotel at 1:30 p.m. for the courtroom, where two officials were to shatter the atmosphere of love in bloom with fiery blasts. At the courthouse, District Attorney George Foley declared: “The whole thing is a spectacle...a circus...a travesty of justice in Nevada courts.”

District Judge George Marshall was even sharper. He said it would make a “sham” of Nevada divorce laws to grant Fisher an immediate divorce “if the publicity in this man’s life is only one-tenth truthful.” Judge Marshall said he was referring to the state law listing requirements for applicants for divorce. Nevada law requires a six-week residency with indication of intent to live in the state.

Someone murmurs, “At least Fisher displayed more evidence of intent to live in Las Vegas than the vast majority of people who are granted divorces according to the Nevada law. They shouldn’t try to change the people; they should change the law.”

While this is going on, I drive out with photographer Larry Barbier to the modern house with a butterfly-shaped roof that Eddie bought from the builder, Irwin Mulasky. The house is so new that the foliage hasn’t been placed in front and the house doesn’t even have a number yet. It will be 310 Twain Road, and it is opposite the third hole on the Desert Inn golf course. In fact it’s merely a short putt from the master bedroom.

A tree grows right in the living room of the new Fisher house, and provision has been made for full-growth, so it will be able to protrude through the ceiling and lift its leafy arms toward the sky.

There’s a fireplace and a laundry and a refrigerator. These objects will remain no

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Fisher came from the Temple looking radiant. “Never been happier,” murmured Liz; then I got a chance to kiss the bride.
matter what new furniture Liz brings in and how they arrange the rooms. I don't know if Liz can cook or likes to; I know that both of them love to eat. The master bedroom will have a king-sized bed. It now has twin beds. Although realizing she and Eddie wouldn't occupy them, managed to push together during their inspection of the house.

Supposedly, Eddie bought this house. The truth is that he only made a down-payment on it, with an option to buy. Also, Eddie didn't buy this house in his name but as a trust. The family-to-buy was taken by Ramrod, a production firm owned by Fisher and Blackstone.

Meanwhile, back at the Las Vegas courthouse, Eddie Fisher, wearing a gray coat and slouched and slumping, adds spectators, newspapermen and photographers. It is 1:50 p.m. District Judge David Zenoff presides.

Eddie receives authorization for a closed hearing on the divorce action, declaring: "If the public only knew the truth, the real reasons for our split-up."

Is there a more publicized and publicized romance and split-up that the public doesn't know? It's difficult to believe, but District Judge Zenoff grants Eddie's petition for a sealed transcript of the court.

Eddie's only witness is Nat Brandwynne, the orchestra leader. The divorce hearing lasts only twelve minutes. Eddie then asks a few questions of witnesses for Liz. She arrives about fifteen minutes after the divorce has been granted. He is informed of her approach and goes to join her at the entrance to the courthouse.

"You got it, honey?" Liz whispers.

Eddie smiles, "Yes... Mrs. Fisher."

Then Eddie and Liz walk on through blazing neon lights and camera lights and flashes to Clark Reed's car, with Eddie's own movie lights and flashbulbs as pop as they fill out marriage license number 394535.

The scene now shifts to the Temple Beth Shalom, a large red-brick structure not yet a year old. It is the Jewish community center of Las Vegas as well as the town's synagogue. The carved Hebrew letters on the entrance to the Temple read: "House of Worship" and "House of Gathering." The Hebrew letters over the door of the synagogue itself, where the ceremony is to take place, read: "House of Study." The Hebrew words on the west wall of Temple—Gathering, Study, Worship.

The marriage ceremony is to be private, with only members of the family and close friends who have been invited about 12 people; Liz about 14. The press and the photographers are ushered into the Temple social hall—a gymnasium-type structure adjacent to the synagogue where the ceremony takes place. In fact, only a thin sliding door, more like a full-length screen, separates the synagogue from the social hall. When there is a large crowd, the sliding door to the Temple's social hall is used as part of the synagogue. Almost every word spoken in the synagogue can be heard through the sliding door, if one listens carefully. After the press, I will stay in this social hall during the wedding ceremony.

"This wedding's going to go off the way Liz wants it to go and not how her wedding. She doesn't want to cheapen it or make a circus out of it. I want to make her happy."

Edie arrives smiling at the Temple well in advance of the ceremony. He is dressed in a dark blue suit and a black tie. He immediately goes into a room for a closed conference with Jack Entratter of the Sands Hotel (he is the newly-installed President of the Temple), Rabbi Bernard Cohen and Rabbi Max Nusbaum of Temple Beth Israel, Los Angeles, who has recently converted Miss Taylor to Judaism. Both Rabbis are to officiate at the wedding because, according to the state law, the marriage wouldn't be legal if performed by a Visiting Rabbi. In fact, Eddie Fisher has to be a member of Temple Beth Shalom congregation, and he had joined the day before.

Liz Taylor arrives, not eighteen minutes late for her fourth wedding. The only excitement breaks out as she drives up to the Temple in a black Cadillac limousine, as not quite one hundred spectators, including some teenagers, press against the car and try to to tear at her dress for souvenirs.

The crowd is comparatively small because Eddie and Liz, despite the front-page publicity, didn't want to turn their wedding into the Hollywood-premiere category.

Two policemen keep the crowd in order. They seem to enjoy their work.

"It's an easy one," one of them says. "Nothin'. You should have been around when Rita Hayworth married that other singer, Dick Haymes."

"That was a real clambake," the other policeman answers. "I'd say it was Vegas' biggest wedding."

Liz and Eddie aren't out to break any attendance records. Liz is strikingly beautiful in her specially created wedding gown over a moss green taffeta underskirt with matching satin shoes. The gown was designed for her by Jean Louis of Columbia Pictures, who is making her wardrobe for her next picture, "Suddenly Last Summer." Liz may wear the dress in the movie.

The wedding starts at sundown, at exactly 5:37 p.m. Eddie and all the male guests wear the traditional Yamulkas or skullcaps. Liz carries white lilies-of-the-valley and green orchids. She also wears green satin veils.

Standing in the social hall next to the thin sliding door, I have the custom of Temple music. Rabbi Cohen reads the orthodox chants. Rabbi Nusbaum, the sole Cantor, is performing the double-ring ceremony and then delivering a sermon on the responsibilities of marriage, turns to the Old Testament, to the "Song of Solomon" and reads: "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle in our land."

Following is the traditional Jewish ceremony of exchanging rings and sipping the wine, with Eddie then breaking a gobbet of matzoh to feed Mrs. Fisher, with happy guests. Eddie all through this occasion, of life's sorrows. Then Eddie kisses Liz, briefly but warmly. It is not a clinking kiss.

It is 5:57 p.m., and at long last Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor are man and wife.

Immediately following the completion of the marriage rites, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, with all temple members of the Temple's social hall to face the cameras of the photographers and the questions of the newspapermen. Eddie and Liz stand next to each other, smiling big.

"Liz, what do you want us to do?" Eddie asks.

"Kiss her," a photographer shouts. "It's legal now."

Liz giggles and Eddie leans over to kiss her softly. Then Edie takes out his handkerchief and wipes the lipstick from his lips.

Another photographer calls out, "You don't have to get rid of the lipstick, Eddie."

"He's neat," Liz explains, laughing. "Eddie is neat."

While this scene is taking place, I see Judge David Zenoff, who granted Eddie his divorce. The Judge also attended the wedding ceremony and has been invited to the small wedding party later at the Hi-

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DEN WELL RANCH, where Liz has been staying.

And I learn that the marriage certificate is signed by Rabbi Bernard Cohen, Temple Beth Sholom, and Jack Entratter, who is the President of the Temple.

After the photographers and most of the press have finished with Eddie and Liz, I kiss the bride and congratulate the groom.


“I don’t know how I look,” Liz tells me, “but I know that I feel beautiful.”

“And what about you, Eddie?” I ask.

“I’ve never been happier.”

Then it was worth everything you went through to have me.

“I’ve come to believe,” Eddie repeats, “if your heart says it’s right, do it.”

“The something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue,” I ask Liz.

“ar what it was with you?”

“Something old is this handkerchief,” Liz says, “an heirloom . . . in the family for years. Something new? This dress. Something borrowed? A green garter I borrowed? A blue garter?” Liz pauses and then smiles up at Eddie. “Nothing. I broke with tradition. There’s nothing blue about this marriage.

There is a small wedding party reception at the Hidden Well Ranch. A big wedding cake and champagne. It doesn’t take long because Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher have to be back in a few days to tell you if they’re going to have their marriage is going to last. So how can I tell you about a singer and a glamorous queen? However, I do know this: I last caught on my first wedding because it turned into a wedding and I’m sure Eddie and Liz are married, because I was there.

NEXT FOR LIZ: COLUMBIA’S “SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER,” THEN “TWO FOR THE SEASAM” TO BE RELEASED BY UNITED ARTISTS.

DEBBIE

Continued from page 31

came over and, smiling, said hello to us.

And then we were introduced to Carrie, a pixie of a little girl with fine, pale honey-colored hair combed back against her forehead in an old-fashioned way. She was very shy and not yet doll-like. When one hears her speak so distinctly it is almost a shock to realize that the words are coming from a little bit of a girl, not from an old woman. I present my hand to her mother very much. “Excepting the eyes,” Mrs. Reynolds said. “Debbie’s are green, but Carrie’s eyes are dark brown."

When we asked Carrie to give us a dish of the sand she had been energetically filling and spilling, she threw us a smile and immediately filled a tin, fish-shaped dish and presented it to us. She never stopped talking. Bits of words, some very clear, half talking to us, and half to herself, but as happy as a bird. When we asked her to show us her doll, she cocked her head for a moment, smiling enchantingly as she pondered whether or not to leave the sandpile to get them. Finally agreeing, she said, “If you don’t want it, I can go and get the doll.” Her movements reminded me so much of Debbie’s.

“She’s just like her mother,” Mrs. Reynolds remarked, with a twinkle, as though reading my thoughts. “Carrrie and Debbie—both alike, and both of them busy all the time.”

When Debbie joined us in the garden, Carrie’s face lit up immediately. She rushed into her mother’s arms. Debbie kissed her fondly and said, “You stay out here, Carrie. I’m going into the living room to show your father that last night you’ve had your lunch, so we’ll go out for our walk. Okay?”

Inside, Debbie sat up straight against the couch. The bright gold of her dress shone with the muted shades of the chiffon covering. She had a piquant look about her, and she wore her hair piled high on top of her head and coiled in a soft swirl, a row of bangs on her forehead. It didn’t seem to make her look older or more staid, or old-fashioned. It was really very pretty. When we admired it, she said, “I never liked myself in short hair . . . my hair is very long now . . . I like it this way best.” We agreed with her. She looked like a movie star.

She seemed to sense how charming and comfortable we thought the house seemed, because she said softly, “I love it, too. And it has so many advantages. . . . It’s near a park where Carrie can play . . . there are other children on the street . . . and it’s quiet here, and not too far from Westwood Village for shopping . . .” She curled her legs under her. “I think,” she said, casting her eyes around the room, “that this house looks like it has been lived in, and that’s how a house should look.”

Then we both looked at each other. She was answering for the questions, but, at that moment, the phone rang, and Carrie kept wandering in and out, staying just long enough to lay her head on her mother’s lap and then ran outside again.

Finally, we said, “They say you do not wish to give any more interviews. Is that true?”

She admitted it. “I have been stunned,” she said. “Stunned and hurt by so many of the things that have been printed . . . things the press did not even bother to check. I can’t and I don’t expect every member of the press to adore me. But I do feel I have the right to expect him to check a story before printing it.”

She continued rather nervously. “I have always been interested in reporters. I know how much they have done for my career. I have always tried to cooperate . . . I always enjoyed giving interviews—it was something I got out of it. That now I can’t feel the same way about it.”

She got up suddenly and stood out into the garden. When she turned toward the room again, she seemed very quietly, I’m not supposing it to get me. I’ve been so much to be grateful for: my two children, my family. Every day I spend with Carrie and Todd is such a wonderfully happy day. That is the whole of the time. But now, I’m so busy with my career, I won’t be able to be with them as much as I would like.”

“I feel sad, dear,” said Debbie and I love taking care of Carrie myself. I don’t find it difficult at all. And I think it’s very important to spend as much time as possible with the children. Sometimes, Mummy, most of the, completely to the care of a nurse.”

Can you describe an average day with Carrie?” we asked. “When does it begin and what do you usually do together?”

“Both of us are very early risers,” she laughed, “About 7:30 in the morning I hear: ‘Mummy, please, Mummy, come, Mummy.’ So I get up, dress Carrie. She has her milk. I have my orange juice. We always have breakfast and lunch together and sometimes with Todd, too, now that he’s growing up. Carrie’s favorite dish is meat and potato chips. But Todd loves milk and Graham crackers best. We have a regular routine. After breakfast I read my newspaper, and Carrie sits beside me looking through her picture-book—she loves the ones with animals. Then we decide where we will take our morning walk. We go out for one hour. Sometimes she wants to go to the park or have down the street to pick lollipops from her favorite bush. She’s crazy about that berry bush. We generally take Rocky with us; he’s our little four-pound parade. Sometimes we drive, and I’m afraid of Carrie he just hides under a piece of furniture, where she can’t get at him, and stays there until he’s rested. Then he goes back for more tough and sensible walk.

“We love to walk early in the morning. It seems the world has all kinds of adventures for Carrie. Those fascinating little things which she can’t resist picking, but then offers generously to me. Once she brought me a small . . . and I had to take it, too,” Debbie said with a wry face. “She is very curious about everything . . . an interesting pebble, a tiny flower, some leaves. It’s wonderful to watch her earnestly turn them over in her hand and study them.”

We asked her daughter she would cast a glance from time to time to the garden, where she could see Carrie playing.

“She’s really such an amusing little girl, and she’s so much more intelligent than all kinds of music. But she has a temper. Like me.” Debbie grinned. “She knows exactly what she wants, and if you try to make her work, and her walk, she’ll come down to her favorite bush by herself. It wasn’t too far away, and while I’d sit on our front steps reading the paper, one eye on her all the time, she’d keep running to the bush, package it up, one time. I looked up and she was way down the block crossing over to the other side of the street. I rushed after her, and when I caught up with her, I was furious with her and howled at the top of her lungs. I don’t know what the neighbors thought of us making such a racket so early in the morning. You know, the most of these streets. Every once in a while I catch Carrie trying to outwit me. She’s made up her mind that someday she’s going to be beside the street . . . and she’s quick as lightning.

“When we get home,” she continued, “Todd’s generally up and we visit with him for a while."

“Does he resemble Carrie?” we asked.

“No, I don’t think so . . . he just looks like himself. He’s very lovely baby, amiable all the time . . . calmer than Carrie , and she adores him. She calls him ‘Todd’ . . . on the nurse’s day off Carrie helps me take care of him.”

Debbie had, we discovered, very definite ideas as to how she wanted to raise her
children, and was carrying them through. "I believe," she said, "even though I have a very busy career, I must spend as much time as I can with my children.

The neighborhood is charming. Carrie has her pals—her sewing circle, I call them. We all live close by. There's Kelly Curtis, who's the same age as Carrie, and curiously enough they resemble each other, although I think Kelly is taller. Then there's Cindy Calhoun. She's a real charmer, with dark, dark eyes and hair. When she and Carrie are together they laugh all the time. Sometimes she meets Greg Champion in the park. He's such a handsome little boy, . . ."

The doorbell suddenly rang. We were sure Debbie's other guests had arrived and the interview had come to an end. But she asked that we remain for a moment. When she returned she informed us that only one guest had arrived. The other would be late, so if we wished, she would be glad to answer any more questions.

"What about dating again?" I asked.

"I'm going out again, but I'm not dating anyone steady," she answered. "I don't want any serious romance right now. I'm not ready for it. But," Debbie smiled, "I hope I marry again. I'm not soured on marriage. There isn't a woman alive who someday, somehow, doesn't hope to find happiness in, and I'm certainly one of them. I had great happiness with Eddie, but I don't want to go back over all that. It's all been said. I want to face the future. It's suddenly so bright again.

"Do you feel it's possible to make really lasting and true friendships in Hollywood, where there usually are so many jealousies and pressures, and careers are so competitive?"

Debbie considered the question very seriously before answering. "All my life," she said, "my friends have meant a great deal to me. Our house was always filled with my friends . . . close friends. As you know, Jeanette Johnson, who accompanied me to Europe two years ago, is one of my closest friends. And Camille Williams went with me to Spain only a few months ago, when I was making 'It Started With a Kiss' over there. We all went through school together. Camille is a teacher, and even though our careers take up much of our time, we see each other as often as we can. We will always be close friends. I have other school friends, too. We keep in touch with each other on the phone, meet at showers. Pier Angeli is a close friend. We talk on the phone—but I don't see her as much as I'd like. We never seem to be free at the same time. It's the same with Jane Powell. She's so busy with her nightclub engagements, and she has three children—it's always a question of having free time.

"I think it is as possible to make friends in Hollywood as anywhere else. However, I do expect the same kind of loyalty from others that I give myself. 

"People have helped me," Debbie said. "I can't forget that. I am grateful for all this . . ." she said, indicating the house. "I suppose I have changed, too. I know one thing. I have learned there is something more important than ambition. It is being happy. It's being with Carrie and Tod. It's fine to have a career, too, but they will always come first in my life."

She turned to look at Carrie playing in the garden. "Funny little Carrie," she said musingly, "so busy all the time. She'll have a long map after her lunch today, I'm sure,"

"What electronic stove?"

"It's wonderful," she answered enthusiastically. "Of course, you have to learn how to use it. It has all kinds of dials, like an airplane, but it cooks a steak in about six minutes . . . bakes potatoes in four . . . it's fabulous! It isn't difficult to learn how to cook in it. . . but it just seems formalizing the idea of using it.

"The doorbell rang again. "It must be the other guest I'm expecting," she said.

"I guess I will have to go now. Would you like Carrie and my mother to walk you to the car?"

She called out to Carrie who came running in—"with Mrs. Reynolds right behind her.

"Carrie, will you take our guests' hands and walk with them to the car?" she asked.

"Carrie threw us a quick look. She hesitated a moment, then, with a bright pixie smile, put her little hand in ours and we walked slowly to the car. She said goodbye and ran back down the walk, up the stairs and into the house. As we watched her, we thought, "Debbie's working everything. She's changed, but somehow, you know, her feet are always on the ground."

THE END

See Debbie in M-G-M's "THE MATING GAME" and TWENTIETH'S "SAY ONE FOR ME." Watch M-G-M's "IT STARTED WITH A KISS."

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Marilyn Monroe

Continued from page 56

blond hair. And she had on hardly any makeup, I stared. I couldn't help myself. Then my first impulse was to run and ask for her autograph.

But something stopped me. "No," a voice inside of me whispered. "Follow her in.

Now that's not very nice, I know, but I just couldn't help it. I had a wild curiosity about what she was going to do.

So I waited for her to get a headstart and I shadow-trailed Marilyn all over her East Side neighborhood. In New York each block is a community, with a distinct population, and when you really wanted to, you could live on one block forever—never leave the vicinity, that is—because you'd be able to do everything there having old shoes resolved by buying ham-and-cheese sandwiches at the delicatessen.

Marilyn walked with her bouncy Mon-roewalk, but, strangely enough, not very quickly. A lot of people recognized her and were evidently taking her to be a part of the New York crowd. I followed her through her rounds of the neighborhood stops, unobtrusively and at a distance.

My first stop was the day-doorman of her building on East 57th Street (I noticed on the doorknob that Marilyn and Arthur lived in Apartment 13E). The building is very elegant, with a marble floor in the lobby, a domed ceiling and delicate murals on the wall. There are reclining Empire couches in a mottled silk unholstered.

Joe Yulstra, the tall Dutch day-doorman, blue-eyed and jowly, told me in a broken dialect, "The first time I saw her, she was coming from the grocer's with a big bag. And some little boy said, 'Marilyn, Marilyn, give me your autograph.' And do you know, she put her big package down and smiled and signed the little boy's notebook. Now, isn't that something nice for her to do?"

He added, "She and Mr. Miller, they like to go to Central Park when the weather's good. She wears white pants and he wears Old Army clothes, and both of them whistle and sing. They're very happy together."

"No, she never wears much makeup in the daytime when she goes out. But I don't know what she does in the evenings. You ought to ask the night-man, Jimmy Quade."

I asked Jimmy McQuade, of course, when he came on duty later that day, and Jimmy, a youngish, handsome man, told me in a thick Irish brogue, "Oh Marilyn? She's the most sociable of anybody. She just loves kids. She wants a baby more than anything. Everybody says so. She'll always say hello to a little kid on the street or in the elevator. And when you say the way she treats Mr. Miller's two children. Just like she was their mother. She's always buttoning up Robert's coat and it's a cold day, and she goes out shopping with Jane for pretty dresses and things."

"Marilyn has a maid, but she isn't afraid of hard work. Sometimes, when the boys are sick, Marilyn's maid. She told me of the neighbors once that hard work never hurt anybody—and I agree with her."

I asked if Marilyn and Arthur had fabulous parties.

"No," Jimmy told me. "They don't entertain too much. They love to go to their country house in Connecticut for quiet weekends, and she always takes her dog, Hugo. He's a black-and-white bassett hound."

"At night, they go for a walk or to the movies. She dresses up just a little bit, puts on some lipstick—but that's all!"

One of Marilyn's first stops that afternoon was the 400 Cake Shop around the corner on First Avenue. It's a small shop with glass cases filled with tempting, sugar-smelling goodies.

When I talked with Alma, one of the white-uniformed waitresses, she told me Marilyn had a passion for poppy-seed rolls and rye bread. "Oh, she likes desserts too," Alma added, "but she doesn't like anything chocolate. She only says once she finally got over her craving for chocolate. And was she glad! Now, she likes cheesecake and macaroons, straw-berry tarts and layer cakes. She doesn't ask for us to deliver—most times she'll carry the cake-boxes home herself."

"She's a sweetheart of a customer. Both she and Mr. Miller seem to have a sweet tooth—like mine!"

Alma offered me a butter cookie and helped herself to one.

The next day, on the store shelves, Marilyn goes to "The Gristed Brothers Superior Market" near the bake shop. When I asked the curly-haired clerk at the counter about Marilyn, he said she likes to take her time in the store and browses through the service shelves. She's always very excited when she discovers a new product, like an instant soup or an unusual cheese. She orders her groceries annually, to make sure she gets a good cut.

"Half the time," the clerk said, smiling, "she takes the groceries with her. The other half she lets me deliver them."

She also goes to the "Metro Savings Bank" on 1204 First Avenue, where Marilyn borrows books from the rental library.

"She doesn't come in here too often by herself," the proprietor, Jack Newman said. "Usually she's with Mr. Miller, and she's holding on to his arm. I don't know why, but to me she's never seemed like Marilyn Monroe, the sexy girl in the movies. She's just like an everyday housewife who's crazy about her husband. Mr. Miller stops in for Half-and-Half pipe tobacco or an evening newspaper.

"We carry his book, 'The Collected Plays of Arthur Miller,' and she likes to point to it when they're together, and both of them smile. She's never dressed up, and he likes open shirts without neckties and old pants. My wife calls the way he dresses 'in the rough.'"

"She always says hello to me. She does read a lot. She's always exchanging books, but I don't have time to pay attention to the titles."

I'd heard that Marilyn loves antique shops, and that afternoon, when I trailed her, my next stop was the Sutton Holmes. I then noticed her stop a number of times to look in the Third Avenue shop windows.

Between windowshopping, she visited

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Finally, she did go into one. The French Antiques Store at 957 Third Avenue. It has everything from huge white china dogs to inlaid Oriental chests. I couldn't take my eyes off the rows and rows of sooty crystal chandeliers on the ceiling, and there was a pleasant scent of lemon oil in the air.

"We never bother Miss Monroe," a clipped, smartly dressed young man with a soft pudgy face told me later. "Usually one of the salesmen'll ask if he can help her in any way. She's so bony, her head and looks around. She likes to touch the tops of old chests and feel the smooth finish. She has a genuine love for antiques," he said.

A few doors down, at 969 Third Avenue, Marilyn paused by a delicatessen and feasted her eyes on the tiers and tiers of gourmet foods in the display cases. She stood for a moment in flat Scandinavian meatballs in cans, champagne-flavored sauerkraut. Across the street is the huge white-stone edifice of Bloomingdale's big department store, and in the red light changed, she crossed over.

In the store she wandered her way through the crowd of Saturday shoppers to the self-service lunch counter. At the elevator in time—just getting there as the door closed. I stood in the back. Marilyn pressed the button for the sixth floor.

When the elevator stopped, she got off and walked towards the housewares department, and, from the sparkle in her eyes and the grin on her face, I could tell she was going to have a field day. She walked from counter to counter, handling bright yellow and green enameled pots and pans from Europe, studying the apothecary jars of herbs, tinkering with the copper tea kettles.

Finally, she went over to the Au Gourmet Corner, with its chintzy early American atmosphere. A man in a white apron explain to wandering shoppers the secrets of making the fancy French pastry, "Flutes Enchantées." She watched him stuff the flutes with a specially prepared cream and, picking up a recipe sheet from a little table nearby, she folded it into her coat pocket.

There was a pause in the lesson as the cook checked a pocketwatch and then picking up a recipe sheet from the counter, began talking about what they planned to do for that evening.

"Oh, I was thinking," one of them said, "about going down Third Avenue for some good Polish sausage. I don't get to the city too often, so there's a little place I used to go to where they make and sell wonderful kielbasa . . ."

"Where is it?" Her friend was interested.

"Well," the first one said, "I haven't been there in years, but I have the address written down somewhere." She opened her purse and leafed through a bulging address book. "I think I've listed it under sausage," she said, her voice trailing as she flipped the wrinkled pages. "Oh, here it is! 685 Third Avenue. I guess I never bothered to get the name of the store." Marilyn "A number of stories. As soon as the lesson ended, she went down to the first floor and hailed a yellow cab at the corner. She hailed another cab and told him to follow Marilyn. I really felt as if I were in a movie—for a change. We rode down

Third Avenue in the thick New York traffic, and suddenly her cab stopped and deposited her in front of a parking lot on 43rd Street.

I got out and watched her. Maybe she was going to pick up her car? But no, she seemed confused. She kept looking all around her.

Then, of all things, she came over to me. I was standing near the streetcorner, pretending I was waiting to cross the street. I suddenly felt a little nervous. Maybe she had noticed me following her—and was going to tell me to get lost?

"Hey, mister," she said in a soft, whispery voice, "is this 685 Third Avenue?"

pointing to the blue sign.

I could barely get my voice out. "Gee," I said, "I don't know. I'll . . . I'll ask somebody.

"Oh, there's a passerby who shrugged his shoulders. Then I went across the street to the Gold Coast Cafe and asked the bartender. He said, "Yeah, that's 685 Avenue. Why?"

I told him Marilyn Monroe wanted to know. He looked at me as if I were crazy. I went back to Marilyn. And was told, "Yes, there's 685 Third Avenue where.

He got the expressionless she. She looked so disappointed. "But somebody said this is where they sell Polish sausage, and I wanted to get some. My husband's crazy about it."

"Maybe," I ventured, "they've torn the building down."

Reflectively, she shook her head from side to side. "Maybe," she said, "they're tearing down this whole city, and it makes me mad. Isn't it a shame to see everything go?"

There flashed a wide, doll-like smile, stepped into the street and hailed a taxi. I never got up enough nerve to ask for her autograph. I just stood there like a jerk, not knowing what to say; and that's when I decided to go back to all for places she had visited that afternoon to find out all about Marilyn.

That following week I heard there was a going to be a preem of "Some Like It Hot," and I was out front, waiting with the fans for Marilyn to appear. There were roving spotlights and TV announcers, and brass bands playing jumpy songs from the twenties.

Marilyn finally stepped out of the shiny black limousine, smiling a wonderful "star" smile to everyone. She wore heavy makeup and a gorgeous skin-tight white gown covered with hundreds and hundreds of glittering bugle beads. And she kept smiling that fabulous smile all over the place.

When she went into the theater we—Arthur—who wore a tux and black tie—she sat in the front section reserved for him.

Then, as I watched her, I felt that wonderful feeling get you when you know something nobody else knows. I knew, from "our" Saturday together, another Marilyn, an everyday Marilyn—the housewife who wanted to find Polish sausage for her husband.

The End

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PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Edie and Elizabeth Fisher color by Jack Albin; Ted Ainsworth color by Unl Art; Some Like It Hot! Debbie Reynolds and daughter Corinne Langdon color by Art; The Country Girl Helen Hayes color by Art; and Chalikey color by Barbier (Globe); Debbie Reynolds and children by Lou Jacobs; Jr.; Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell by Sid Avery; High O'Brian by Curt Gunter (Topix); Nick Adams by Leon Beaufour; and Rock 'n' Roll in Florida by Allan Gould (Globe); Fabien by Henri Deumon.
"Where's Dot Malone?" I whispered to Efrem and Jim. Bergerac was all alone.

Signs of Summer: It's the latest, the newest, the livin'est end! The younger crowd at all the beaches are wearing white lipstick with nail polish to match. And the effect against those dark-tanned faces is so startling that one Malibuene woman who had landed in his midst... Frank Sinatra's once-in-a-while date, starlet Sandra Giles, ripped off the fur that completely covered her car, replacing it with sequins. Cooler, you know. ... Sal Mineo, who's been siring Jill Corey around town, spends every spare moment at the beach with "older" girls, those in the 21 to 23 category. It's my guess that Sal's dating more "mature" girls to impress his producer that he's old enough to take a wife in "The Gene Krupa Story." Once the movie's finished, Sal will come back to his real teenage loves. Just wait and see... Frankie Avalon took his first movie location-jaunt when the Alan Ladd picture, "Guns of the Timberland," moved to a small Nevada town for outdoor scenes. Raring to go, Frankie hardly listened to Mom as she filled his bag. "I'm putting a small package in your suitcase," his mom announced between warnings to dress warmly and take care of himself. "So that night as I'm unpacking my clothes, I find the package," Frankie told me later. "And guess what was in it? An Italian sausage, a huge salami and a knife! I guess Mom was afraid the company wouldn't give me enough to eat." Incidentally, Frankie tells me he gets to kiss teenage Alana Ladd in the movie and is quite happy about it all. And—just in case you haven't already guessed—so is Alana.

Lunch at Warner Brothers: "I thought I saw you come in," Edd "Kookie" Byrnes said, drawing up a chair to our table in the Warner Brothers dining room. Edd, who had been lunching with his "77 Sunset Strip" pal, Efrem Zimbalist, and the lovely Kathleen Crowley, was all done up in western garb for his movie "Yellowstone Kelly." "Come out to the set and see me," he urged. I accepted the invitation—who could refuse one from Kookie?—but first I wanted to know the latest news about his romances and heart interests. "I haven't time to pitch a grain of sand," he sighed... Efrem then pulled his chair over to my table to tell me how thrilled he is over his new house in the Valley. "The minute Stephanie saw the stable, the house just had to be ours," he confided. "She's a great horsewoman, you know." ... Pretty Joanna Moore, busy on a TV sequence for "Bourbon Street Beat," joined us for a chat when suddenly, whamie, a publicist upset coffee all over her studio frock. Bedlam followed, with "Kookie" Byrnes running for water, Efrem grabbing up a napkin and all of us rubbing, sighed Joanna. "I'll keep my back to the camera." From across the room James Garner called, "Sara, see you on the 'Cash McCall' set." And out of the corner of my eye, I noticed the kindness of Barbara Rush, her hair in pin curls, gathering up a solitary luncher, Jacques Bergerac, and taking him to her crowded table. Brides like to make everybody happy, I thought.

Bus Stop! If you were one of the lucky ones who met that bus load of Warners' cross-country "Young Philadelphians," you'll get a kick out of their take-off troubles. To begin with, Peter Brown and Diane Jergens, who were late with their packing, held up the bus while the kids outside howled and hopped. At the next stop—to pick up Connie Stevens, Diane was suddenly struck with an awful thought. "Go back, go back," she cried, "I forgot to pack my fluffy petticoats." Peter had to promise to replace them. Then Ty Hardin accidentally sat on a box containing the birthday cake Will Hutchins' mother had baked for the trip, squashing it flat. Next, Victoria Shaw missed her connections from a location jaunt and husband Roger Smith had to go on without a word of farewell. P.S.: All of these bad starts still turned into a good trip.
I watched her grow from a wistful child to a lovely woman, so when Margaret O'Brien told me of her plans to marry Robert Allen this summer, I had two wishes.

Inside Notes: "Sara!" The voice on the telephone was breathless. "Were going to be married in August." I wished Margaret O'Brien all the happiness and, to myself, I also wished that Margaret changes her mind about giving up her career when she becomes Mrs. Robert Allen. . . . Hollywood almost lost Rock Hudson for a spell. At least Rock was working hard to lower his singing voice and, if he'd made it, he'd have accepted director Martin De Costa's offer to star in the musical version of "Saratoga Trunk" on Broadway. Then U-I said no, so Rock's staying home in Hollywood where we all love and understand him. . . . Even if a reconciliation with Glenn Ford comes about, I have a feeling Eleanor Powell will still go back to her dancing career and maintain her independence. After all, enough is enough. . . . John Wayne is determined his son, Pat, will make few mistakes in his movie career. He passes on all Pat's scripts! Pat doesn't mind. . . . Maybe I shouldn't reveal this, but some varmint sneaked into Hugh O'Brian's house and made off with his guns. "Can you imagine stealing Wyatt Earp's guns?" Hugh asks. "It's embarrassing!" . . . And Gary Cooper is keeping mum about it, but the truth is Gary's been plain seasick all through the shooting of "The Wreck of the Mary Deare." One look at that old craft swingin' and swayin' on the waters of M-G-M's back lot and I was calling for the seasick pills myself.

Party News: "Save Wednesday night," Rock Hudson's telegram read, "I'm having a party at Romanoff's." Rock and Jean Simmons were celebrating after the preview of their movie, "This Earth Is Mine," and the turnout was starry bright. Handsome Cary Grant came by himself, but lovely Lana Turner, looking very happy, brought her steady beau, Fred May. Rock escorted Jean, whose husband Stewart Granger was absent, and with Louis Jourdan and his wife they made about as handsome a foursome as the world can produce. Robert Horton and blonde Cindy Robbins, who scored in the movie with Rock, sat at our table. "Bob, your hair is red!" I said in surprise. Bob roared. "I get the same reaction from everyone!" he laughed. "For some reason no one thinks of me as a redhead." A note came over from Lana Turner to me. "Please bring that fine young actress over to my table," it read. "I want to congratulate her." Cindy was flabbergasted. "It'll always be the highlight in my career," she confided. . . . With hand outstretched, Frank Sinatra came over to our table at the Grammy Awards, a few nights later, aglow with enthusiasm. "This is the very first Award meeting of the Recording Arts and Sciences," he said, "and look at the turnout." Many of us felt Frank should have won more than one Grammy—and that one just for an album cover—for after all his records and albums sell like crazy. As Milton Berle announced, it took the Chipmunks to beat him. In fact, "The Chipmunk Song" grabbed off three Awards, one for each of them. And Perry Como, Ella Fitzgerald and composer Henry Mancini also won well-deserved Grammys—a tiny gold miniature gramaphone replete with horn and winding crank.

People are wondering about Frank Sinatra and how easily they're finding it to like him these days. . . . about Rock Hudson and how he almost left Hollywood. . . . about Lana Turner and the sparkle Fred May's put in her eyes. . . . about the way Robert Horton surprises everyone, me included, when they meet him.

It Started With a Kiss: All of a sudden Brandon de Wilde, 17, and Carol Lynley, 16, knew they were in love. "It happened on the set of 'Blue Denim,'" Brandon told me. "I'd been steady-dating Bonnie Trompeter, a model, back in New York, and I never thought of anyone else. Then in one scene for 'Denim' I had to kiss Carol and, well, it happened. I suddenly knew I was in love with Carol." . . . "And how does Carol feel about it?" I asked. "The same," he said, with charming frankness. "We both knew it the minute we kissed. So far we've had over thirty dates and we still feel the same. Of course, I've got to tell Bonnie," he said, looking around rather bewildered. "It wouldn't be right not to."

Coop's at sea; Pat and Duke Wayne are standing firm.

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TV Jottings: Prepare yourself for Roger Moore. Done up in parka and fur-lined boots, I met him toiling away on Warner's Stage 12 on the first of "The Alaskan" series. You probably remember Roger opposite Carroll Baker in "The Miracle." If I read my own sights right, he should be the new dreamboat of the airways... Equally handsome, but in a darkly brooding way, is Van Williams of the new "Bourbon Street Beat" series. Van has Richard Long and Arleen Howell to keep him company. And Clint Walker, on his "Yellowstone Kelly" set, told me how happy he is to be making only 13 "Cheyenne" episodes next season, with Ty Hardin, in his new "Bronco" series, alternating each week with Will Hutchins' "Sugarfoot." Incidentally, Clint is mighty happy to have Edd Byrnes in his "Yellowstone" movie, as well as Ty Hardin's wife, Andrea Martin, who's expecting a baby in the fall. "The first in our own series," Andrea told me... Twentieth, of course, is in a complete dither over their handsome new giant, Gardner McKay, who steps from "The Best of Everything" movie into the "Adventure in Paradise" series. And no wonder they're excited. The day I lunched at Twentieth, every feminine eye in the dining room followed McKay to his table. And some kept right on looking... Phyllis Kirk—Mrs. Thin Man—who was so set up by her Emmy nomination, was a bit let down when her romance with the caustic-tongued comic, Mort Sahl, blew a fuse. The romance got turned on again soon after, but with these two you never know what will happen next... Fred Astaire, still aglow over those 9 Emmys for his one TV appearance, "An Evening with Fred Astaire," is already mapping out another such TV evening. With Barrie Chase, of course.

Cal York's Jottings:

When Sandra Dee isn't spending her holiday hours at the beach, she's home playing records. Her favorite, at the moment, is Edd Byrnes' fast-selling "Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb."... George Hamilton, the handsome young star of "Home From The Hills," drives a very old Rolls Royce that once belonged to the Royal Family of England. George, who has dated Cheryl Crane a few times, finds her a charming teenager, sometimes quite grown up and other times very young and sweet in the things she says and the way she thinks. ... It isn't true that Lassie was present at the wedding of June Lockhart to architect John Lindsey but June's two small daughters by a former marriage were there. Little Jon Provost of the Lassie series sent flowers to "My TV mother."... Yul Brynner, having hair problems in Paris, telephoned Hollywood for a new hairpiece. ... Since Fabian signed that Twentieth contract, every young starlet in town is nagging her agent for a job, any job, at the same studio. The handsome young crooner would be surprised if he ever discovered the gals' plans for him. ... And if half the things they say about fifteen-year-old Tuesday Weld are true—like Danny Kaye's remark that "Tuesday is 15 going on 27!"—my goodness, it seems our teenagers are already becoming "old timers"!... As if it wasn't enough to be thrown from a horse and almost break her back, Audrey Hepburn has now lost her baby, and all Hollywood hopes the future will be brighter for Mr. and Mrs. Mel Ferrer... Glad to reassure you that Doris Day's illness is not as serious as reported in the papers. They said mononucleosis, but it's nothing worse than a virus... Sophia Loren cried an outraged "abund!" over rumors she'll divorce husband Carlo Ponti to get back to Italy, "Everything she'll be fine," she added. We'll see next month.—Cal York

Have you heard about Yul's hair trouble... about the way Sandra's feeling over Edd Byrnes... what they're saying about Tuesday (below with Dennis Hopper, Mark Damon)?

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PHOTOPLAY

SEPTEMBER 25¢

has Sandra gone Kookie? 

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and 
EDD BYRNES 
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SEPTEMBER, 1959

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Elvis Presley

Margaret O'Brien
Sandra Dee & Edd Byrnes
Judi Meredith & BARRY COE
Efrem Zimbalist
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The overseas Sergeant wins a dream-car as a prize... and a dream-girl for his bride! Each has the most beautiful chassis in the world. But the government won't let him use one... and she has her own ideas about the other!

And it's a joy-ride all the way... from cool dolls to hot flamencos... from fiestas to bullfights... in gay, romantic Spain!

M-G-M filmed it in Granada, Barcelona and Madrid... IN COLOR!
I’d say Joan Crawford is the modern version of “Poor Little Rich Girl”—with poverty never having it so good. . . . Jean Simmons is as amusing as she is curved. . . . Peter Ustinov told me that nobody knows when he’s angry unless he tells them so—except Mrs. Ustinov. . . . After seeing “Room at the Top,” I’d pick Simone Signoret instead of B.B. So sue me; . . . Robert Mitchum’s Quotable Quote: “The worst thing for an actor is to get rich. It’s ruined far more actors than drink.” . . . Most girls who date Rick Nelson wind up dating Dave Nelson, and vice versa. . . . Of all the child actors, Mickey Rooney remains my favorite—because he’s the only one who didn’t grow up and outgrow me.

Bing Crosby can turn the collar around now. He’s done that role enough. . . . I don’t blame you if you don’t believe me, but I did hear Lawrence Welk call a musician a square. . . . Tuesday Weld doesn’t know she’s the domestic type. . . . Elvis Presley always puts on his right shoe before his left one. . . . Eddie Fisher’s Quotable Quote: “I had a dream last night that my marriage license expired.” . . . Girls tell me that George Nader has sex appeal; so I take their word for it. . . . Sal Mineo wears his own clothes and looks as if he’s in costume. . . . Dale Robertson looks like the type who’d enjoy a Dale Robertson TV show.

For a treat, get the album “Secret Songs For You Young Lovers,” featuring Andre Previn and David Rose. . . . I wish you could hear Judy Holliday’s tape recording of “Lush Life,” with composer Billy Strayhorn at the piano. . . . I believe folk singers sing long after most folks’ve had enough. . . . I’d hate to have to eat some of those meals I see prepared by heroines in pictures. . . . Tom Jenk was told by a TV producer, “We’re looking for an unknown actor with a name.” . . . Remember the days when a blonde could be flat-chested and be a movie star? I don’t.

My idea of a real heel is a guy who’d try to do Ann Blyth dirt, even in a movie. . . . Sometimes I wonder if Grace Kelly longs for those days before Cinderella turned into a Princess. . . . Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse are beginning to look like each other. It happens with married people. . . . Kim Novak’s Quotable Quote: “I choose my friends as I see them—not as others see them.” And That’s Hollywood For You.

Bob says money’s bad for actors. Any one in mind?
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DEAR MISS PAIN:

What should you do if you see your boyfriend out with another girl when you're supposed to be going steady with him? This has just happened to me and I just have to get him back. For two years Johnny and I were steady and talked every weekend and sometimes during the week. A week ago we went to one of the places by the lake where all the crowd hangs out. Johnny saw an old friend of his there and they just sat around and talked. A couple of boys came up and asked if they could sit with us and when I asked Johnny if it was all right, he said sure. So they did and I had a pretty good time. When we went home, Johnny was just as sweet as he always is. He even told me he loved me when he kissed me good-night. He didn't call me all week but he had a new job and I thought maybe he was very busy or we were going steady, so I trusted him. Then on Saturday night when I went downtown to the movies, I saw him there with another girl. When he saw me, he just looked away. He hasn't called me or anything and I don't know what to do. I may only be fifteen but I know I love him very much and just last week he said he loved me too. How can I find out what I did that was wrong and make him angry? Is he mad at me for talking with those boys? I didn't do it to make him jealous. What can I do to get him back? Please, answer right away.

LINDA M.
Springfield, Ohio

DEAR LINDA:

I wish there were an easy solution to your problem. You do have a right to know why Johnny doesn't call. But you should very carefully think through what you want to do. Do you feel that what has happened is your fault? If, as you say, Johnny didn't mind your talking with the other boys, he shouldn't take out another girl to "get even" with you. Could he be using this as an excuse because he doesn't have enough courage to say he wants to stop going steady?

If this is true, what you can salvage from this romance is your self-respect and a deeper understanding of the question of love.

Why don't you call Johnny and ask him, honestly, why he hasn't phoned you? Don't make the call, though, unless you're sure you can do it without a single tear or harsh word. Crying won't win him back, and he'll think more highly of you if you don't make "a scene." Why let Johnny and the whole world know you have a broken heart? Maybe you'll find in a couple of months that, after all, Johnny isn't the "only man for you."

The fact that you admit you enjoyed talking with other boys could mean that maybe you were getting a little bored going steady. Besides, if two boys found you attractive when you were with a date, I don't think you should have any trouble finding interesting boys now that you're on your own. You might even discover you've been missing something these past two years.

And if you and Johnny do go back together again, I think you'll find you have a finer relationship and appreciate each other more.

Know why? Because you've gotten to understand each other. Please write and tell me how your decision works out.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

My problem is I've got a perfect girl—good dancer, pretty, swell personality and all—except every time we go dancing she cracks her gum in time to the music . . .

EMBARRASSED
Queens, N. Y.

DEAR EMBARRASSED:

It could be worse. She could blow bubbles!

DEAR EVELYN:

I'm fourteen and a freshman in a midwestern high school. Even though I'm kind of heavy (5'6", 150 lbs.) I try to keep my figure—maybe once or twice a month. I even got asked to our spring formal this year. I'm a good dancer because my older brother practices new dance steps with me. My problem is that even though boys seem to have a good time when we're out, I've never had more than three dates with any one boy. And I just know it's because the gang teases them about going out with a fat girl. What I can't understand is if a boy likes me enough to ask me out more than once, why does it matter so much to him what his friends say? How can I make them understand that it doesn't matter how much I weigh? I used to have such fun on dates but now all I do is worry that the boy won't ask me for another.

PATTY R.
Des Moines, Iowa

DEAR PATTY:

Sometimes, it's easier to change yourself—this time by losing a little weight—than to try to change a boy. We know it's unfair—but true—looks do count. It's only human, though. I guess we girls would be ribbing if we said we didn't feel particularly proud when a nice-looking boy takes us out. Well, it seems the same with boys. They want to make a big impression on the gang, too.

I think it would be easier for you to try setting yourself a weight goal—to lose a certain number of pounds by the time you start school. Sometimes it helps when you do things—like dieting—with someone else. (There's always someone dieting on our staff!) Why don't you keep a strict list of everything you eat for the next two weeks and send the list in to me. Also send your measurements, whether you think you have a small or large body frame, and tell me how much weight your doctor wants you to lose. Also why don't you tell me a little about yourself?

In the meantime, start eating your carrots.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

My boyfriend thinks Brigitte Bardot is absolutely the most. Yet every time I try to look like her, he tells me he doesn't like me. How come?

JEANNE L.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR JEANNE:

Maybe it's your French! continued
New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis makes hair easier to manage... actually leaves curls far livelier, springier! That’s because it conditions as it cleanses... so effectively, even limp hair instantly gains bounce-back beauty, spring, sparkle. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!
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Postmaster: This Parcel May Be Opened For Postal Inspection If Necessary.
Tab in Our Hometown

Tab Hunter was staying in our home town—St. George, Utah—making his latest movie, "They Came To Cordura," when the kids at school suggested I interview him (I'm on the school paper). I started out for the hotel where Tab was staying, but when I'd gone about halfway, I thought I saw someone who looked just like him coming down the sidewalk. As I got closer I found I'd guessed right. He said, "Hi Paul." Tab must have a wonderful power for remembering names because he'd only met me once before—along with some other kids, just for a second, at a place in town we call Dick's Cafe.

I told him that the kids had asked me to interview him and he said, "Fine." He invited me to join him at a place called the Big Hand Cafe, where he was planning to meet some friends. He told me that his real name was Art Gellian and that he was born in New York in 1931—and all about his family and how much he loved to act. He told me he liked horse-back-riding, water-skiing and swimming.

He was wonderful to talk to and while he stayed in town we became good friends. So, to Tab, I want to say this: I'll never forget you. I remember the first night I saw you over at Dick's Cafe and asked you for your autograph. I remember that ride to Santa Clara in your pickup truck. I remember the time you couldn't come to the Senior Ball because you were working, but you still found time to send your best wishes for its success. These are only a few of our good times together, and I remember every one. And some time, if you have time I'd love to hear from you.

Paul Lorraine Hunt
St. George, Utah

Movie Better Than Book

Recently I saw the movie "The Sound and The Fury" and I was happy indeed that Hollywood did not remain true to the book. In my opinion the book and its characters truly signified nothing—while the movie version was hard-hitting, and a more warm and meaningful drama I have seldom seen.

Keep it up, Hollywood. You can even improve on Faulkner!

Teresa Proctor
Raleigh, N.C.

Thanks From Israel

I write to you from Israel. I want to tell you that your magazine is wonderful. The stories are very interesting. I am sixteen years old and I have read many other magazines of stars in Hebrew and English and since I began to read your magazine I found that it is the most interesting magazine from all the others. One thing I'm very sorry that the magazine appears in Israel only one month after it appears in America. May you have the best of luck and success for giving me this wonderful Photoplay magazine to buy.

If there are mistakes please correct them.

Leora Bezjak
Nes-Tiana, Israel

For some reason we couldn't find one mistake!! Thanks.—Eb.

Terrific Picture

Just where does a person begin to say thank you for making a picture as fine as "Compulsion"? From the smallest role to the leading role, all the acting was terrific. Especially the performances given by Orson Welles, Brad Dillman and Dean Stockwell. Bravo, everyone!

M. H. Burden
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

My Friend Insists

... I have a friend who keeps insisting that Jane Wyman played the wife of Van Heflin in the picture "Shane." Could you tell me if this is true?

Larry Pasco

Your friend is mistaken. Jean Arthur played the role of Marian Starrett. Van Heflin was her husband Joe.—Eb.

... My friend and I are having an argument. We are undecided as to who played opposite Doris Day in the motion picture "Julie." I think it was Louis Jourdan—she disagrees. Can you settle this argument?

Phyllis Levine
Columbus, Ohio

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All Smart Girls Say No! No! No!

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Fashion Quick
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Shampoos each curl as it locks in your wave!

FASHION ‘QUICK’ contains exclusive “Clean Curl” Neutralizer
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in half the time . . . with half the work . . . get Salon-Tested
Fashion ‘Quick’. Guaranteed to take! Guaranteed to last!

Regular, Gentle and Super Fashion ‘Quick’ (for each type of hair)

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NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!

Palmolive’s rich lather contains—

No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams!
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You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive’s mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you’d dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

New! lather fragrance color wrapper

CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. For fuller reviews this month see contents page.

ASK ANY GIRL—M.G.M.: CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Shirley MacLaine's at her brightest and sweetest in this demurely sexy frolic, as David Niven teaches her how to get a husband in New York. (A) July

DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Charm, eerie comedy, full of Irish magic. Shiftless Albert Sharpe shares a leprechaun to help his teenaged daughter, Janet Munro. (F) August

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP—Walls. Paramount: Loads of laughs for Lewis fans when Navy officer Jerry manages to sink a whole ship! Diana Dors is Jerry's lonesome bride; Dina Merrill, a Wave. (F) August


IT HAPPENED TO JANE—Columbia: Eastman Color: Friendly movie, bubbling over with fun, shows Doris Day as we love her best. A spunky Maine gal, she has a hilarious feud with Ernie Kovacs and a shy romance with Jack Lemmon. (F) April

LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL—Walls, Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Big, brawling western finds Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn in a head-on clash. (A) August

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—Columbia: Our Oscar-money's on Fredric March for his wonderful portrayal of a lonely widower in love with Kim Novak, young enough to be his daughter. Warm, realistic story. (A) August

MYSTERIANS, THE—M.G.M.: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Slick film tricks roose plenty of excitement as space monsters invade Japan, threaten Earth. (F) August

NUN'S STORY, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Visually and emotionally breathtaking! As a nun who becomes a nursing sister in the Congo, helping doctor Peter Finch, Audrey Hepburn outdoes herself. (F) August

RABBIT TRAP, THE—U.A.: A sensitive, beautifully-made picture gives Ernest Borgnine a role as lovable as Marty. Good husband and father, he gets tired of boss David Brian's bullying. (F) July

SAY ONE FOR ME—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A winner! It can't miss, with songs, laughs, Bing Crosby as a show-people's priest, Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner as his problems. (A) July

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL—U.A.: Fine adventure movie, shot in Ireland, gets American Don Murray mixed up with rebels led by James Cagney. (F) July

THIS EARTH IS MINE—U.I.: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rich, juicy family drama plunges Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons into a fight over California vineyards during prohibition, lavish, romantic. (A) August

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this perspiration without irritation. And now it's here—exclusive Persstop®, So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is ARRiD CREAM America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of Persstop®, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRiD CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe?
use Arrid to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiperspirant ARRiD with Persstop® actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRiD CREAM Deodorant today.

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Coldwyn family this thrilling. far best-seller ^ Columbus all adult. does. GOOD motion.

What's on tonight? You've got to go out to see the best! Look for these new pictures at your favorite theater

Anatomy of a Murder

COLUMBIA

★★★★ People will talk about this startling courtroom drama. There are words in it—all the way from "rape," familiar to every reader of newspapers, to the Latin "spermatogenesis," straight out of a medical textbook—that are bound to shock many of you. But we'll wager that by the time you get back to your own living rooms, you'll be thoroughly wrapped up in the kind of stimulating talk that always follows a really good movie. Under the scalpel of defense attorney James Stewart, superb as ever, the anatomy of this murder (by Army officer Ben Gazzara, of his wife's presumed attacker) is dissected—nay, vivisected—before your eyes, to the accompaniment of a score by Duke Ellington that plays havoc with your ears. Yet the total effect is far from tabloid, for producer-director Otto Preminger knows how to make you feel as though you were sitting on the jury yourself, with all the doubts that those who sit in judgment must feel. And you'll feel them long after the movie's over. A standout is, oddly enough, an old pro in Boston courts, lawyer Joseph N. Welch, facing movie cameras for the first time. He makes the Judge a completely unique character, combining wit and dignity with a special, sunny humor that relieves the trial's murky atmosphere. Kathryn Grant and Arthur O'Connell are noteworthy in unusual roles . . . and Lana Turner, who quit the part of the wife in a wardrobe dispute, should turn green when she sees the sexy things Lee Remick does with it—even in the baggy suit (and girdle!) her lawyer makes her wear in court. Mention should certainly go to the imaginative way Saul Bass presents the credits, and the movie's slogan—"Last year's No. 1 best-seller . . . this year's (we hope) No. 1 motion picture”—may well reap the rewards such refreshing modesty merits.

Porgy and Bess

GOLDWYN, COLUMBIA; TODD-AO, TECHNICOLOR

★★★★ For the first time in history, seven million dollars has been invested to bring an opera to the screen. And producer Samuel Goldwyn and director Otto Preminger have assembled it with such artistry and loving care that it almost seems to have been written for the movies. The poignant love story of the crippled beggar (Sidney Poitier) and the repentant gun-moll (Dorothy Dandridge) will touch your heart, as do the denizens of a Charleston slum of 1910, called Catfish Row, and all about the pair (top left) in all their goodness, gaiety, misery and evil. As Sportin' Life, Sammy Davis, Jr. is Mr. Evil himself, the city slicker who chants "It Ain't Necessarily So," and there is terrifying brutality in Brock Peters, nicely counterbalanced by the innocence of lovely Diahann Carroll and the good-natured grouchiness of Pearl Bailey. The fine offscreen vocal assistance of Adele Addison and Robert McFerrin makes the protagonists' duet, "Bess, You Is My Woman Now," a thrilling climax. Yes, it's opera, all right. And we don't mean "folk" or "light"—just plain opera. To call it anything else would be an injustice to George Gershwin, who once said: "If I am successful, it will resemble a combination of the romance of 'Carmen' and the beauty of 'Die Meistersinger.'" Well, he was—and it does.

The Big Fisherman

BUENA VISTA; PANAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

★★★★ Suddenly, you're plunged into Biblical days! Among scenes of breathtaking spectacle and settings of colorful splendor, you see the dramatic, stirring beginnings of Christianity unfold before you. The veteran director is Frank Borzage, John Saxon plays a youthfully bearded Arabian prince, and Susan Kohner, matching her "Imitation of Life" success, is his desert princess. In case you're wondering, their affecting love story is fictitious; historical roles are taken by Howard Keel (below left as St. Peter), Herbert Lom and Martha Hyer.
Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling 
neet—you'll never be embarrassed with unsightly “razor shadow” again (that 
faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful 
neet goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually beauty-creams the hair 
away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer; silkier; there’s no 
stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, neatest legs in town, why 
not try neet—you’ll never want to shave again!
MOVIES continued

**North by Northwest** MGM, CINERAMA

††† Can a movie be fast, funny and frightening at the same time? Ordinarily, no, but this time there's a Hitchcock—who's been at it for over thirty years and getting better all the time. Who else could manage to scare us with the spectacle of a bemused Cary Grant, a New York ad-man pursued all the way to South Dakota, of all places, by a sinister James Mason, a spy-ring leader. Mixed up in the curious proceedings is a "new" Eva Marie Saint, minus her halo and glamorized to the teeth, who lures Cary into one trap (below left) only to save him from another. Who cares if she's for real? She's mysterious—and we **like** her. FAMILY

**The Horse Soldiers** U.A., DELUXE COLOR

††† Hurrah, a "men's" movie at last! If you're weary of tear-jerkers, here's a strong Civil War drama for men (and people who're interested in men), starring John Wayne and William Holden (below right), as, respectively, a tough officer who hates doctors and a gentle medic who hates war. In the course of human events, both land up in the Yankee cavalry fighting side by side for the Union. On a mission to cut Confederate supply lines, they're challenged by a brave Dixie belle and her loyal servant (newcomer Constance Towers and Althea Gibson, the tennis champ). The key word here is action, complete with blood and sweat, as director John ("The Quiet Man") Ford once again gets the most out of the cast, his fine instinct giving form to the maturing experiences of a couple of soldiers who, then as now, are obliged to come to terms with a world they never made. FAMILY

**The Big Circus** MGM, CINERAMA

†† Hurry, hurry, hurry! Plenty of intrigue's slithering around under the big top. Who's sabotaging Victor Mature's circus? Couldn't be gorgeous lousester Rhonda Fleming, could it? Or ringmaster Vincent Price, or clown Peter Lorre? Certainly not Red Buttons, who goes to the circus for business and stays for love—with Vic's sister (Kathryn Grant). Gilbert Roland, the man on the flying trapeze? We'd rather not suspect such a charmer, especially since he's the boss of David Nelson, whose fans are in for a big surprise. Not quite The Greatest Guessing Game on Earth, but fun. FAMILY

**The Angry Hills** MGM, CINERAMA

† Sometimes offscreen and **always** on. Robert Mitchum has a flair for getting himself into hot water. Here are his adventures as war correspondent with a tremendous assignment in Nazi-occupied Greece. It's the old but eternally amusing game of telling the goodie from the baddies. Like, for instance, Gia Scala. She's a partisan, so that makes her a goodie . . . or does it? And what about lovely Elisabeth Mueller? She seems mighty chummy with the Gestapo, but, on the other hand . . . and so on. Co-starred is majestic Greece herself, and she's pretty as a picture. She deserves a better frame. FAMILY

**Women Are Weak** NTA, EASTMAN COLOR

† Not to be taken too seriously, we imagine, is this far-fetched tale of an irresistible young Frenchman (Alain Delon) and the hordes of "jolly fillies" who go for him in such a wild way, they almost kill him. "The Trap," in other words, is not so "Tender," and the sex is applied with a junior sledgehammer. But there's Paul (Continued on page 92)
New improved Bobbi waves in style-support
with the ease and softness of a setting

The only permanent with 3 kinds of curlers...waves in the style you want with the support it needs!

Style-support...the new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and there's no re-setting. Just brush out natural-looking waves right from the start. New improved Bobbi-waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50. Look for the bright pink box.
DO YOU REMEMBER?

FRANKIE'S BELLE OF THE BALL

The train got me to Philly, Pa., just in time for a record hop where Frankie Avalon was singing "Bobby Sox to Stockings." Did you know this guy is great on the dance floor? I asked him about it.

First off, I asked what makes a gal a good dancer.

He said, "A girl should follow. Sometimes a girl gets an urge to do a certain step, and before you know it she's just about leading the guy.

"But a gal shouldn't be limp or dead weight, either," Frankie continued, "After all, dancing's a partnership, and a guy likes to know he's got a gal in his arms. I don't think fellows like these show-me-else Venuses who want the guy to drag them along the floor."

Frankie added that a gal should know a basic step or two if she's planning on going to a dance. He doesn't mind teaching a gal—even; but if she's at a record hop, she ought to be able to do a simple two-step—or else be a wallflower.

"But you know," Frankie commented, "guys are flattered if a girl admits she can't do a certain step and would like the guy to teach her. Makes him feel kind of special. It means she likes his style."

One thing gripes Frankie: girls who go to a dance and complain about how tight their shoes are. Why wear them if they're not comfortable? When you're dancing, your feet have to be free to follow the rhythms. Loose shoes are just as bad. Once I was dancing on a boardwalk with a gal In sloppy loafers, and she kept having to stop, reach down, shove them back on."

Above all, Frankie says, don't show off on the dance floor. Most guys feel funny if their gal-partner attracts too much attention.

Gals, how do you rate? Anyone ready to be Frankie's belle of the ball?
JANET (AGE 15):

"Maybe I could go to my Aunt Clara's. She's over two hundred miles away. Maybe I could just disappear somewhere or—just kill myself."

ARTHUR (AGE 16):

"You're not going to go anywhere — or do anything. I'm responsible and I know a way out... I'll take care of everything..."

CAROL LYNNLEY · BRANDON de WILDE · MACDONALD CAREY · MARSHA HUNT

Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT Directed by PHILIP DUNNE Screenplay by EDITH SOMMER and PHILIP DUNNE

Cinemascope® STEREOPHONIC SOUND
In Stereo! All the great, rousing Dixieland tunes (and more) that Red and the boys play in their just-released film biography, "The Five Pennies," with Danny Kaye and Louis Armstrong. ST 1258

The Pennies really shine with eleven arrangements from the old days of Red's rollicking Dixieland music. T 1051

Red adds strings and reeds to his usual jaunty jazz. A brand-new mood that's a listening and dancing dream. T 999

Red's blazing horn and the Pennies don't quit for over six minutes in two of these 10 tunes they're famous for. T 775

*also available monophonically

In this Dot long-play of lilting love songs, Debbie Reynolds reminds you of why you bought a million copies of "Tammy." Debbie sings "You Couldn't Be Cuter," "I Like the Likes of You," "Time After Time," "Tammy: When I Fall in Love." Tab collects songs "all-stashed away in a notebook—special songs I've liked since my high-school days." Listen to this round-up of love favorites and see if you aren't impressed with Tab's delicate handling of the vocals, his extra-sensory perception of the heart's moods, Warner Bros. Slimmastics. If you're looking for a helping hand in the weight-losing department, you'll dig this wild Decca release. Exercise to the instructions with their musical background, and you'll have a ball!

Themes from the Hip. If you have a favorite TV Western with a jivey theme song, it's bound to be here. Bud Wattles and orch hang up their spurs and ride herd on bras- and drums, Roulette.

The Five Pennies, Danny Kaye/Louis Armstrong. This is the original sound track, a trip cavalcade of jazz woven around the triumphant story of trumpeter Red Nichols. Everything from New Orleans blues to ragtime ballades, Dot.

Pat Boone: Tenderness. On his fourth anniversary album, Pat sings twelve of his most popular songs under the direction of maestro Billy Vaughn. Listen to "Maybe You'll Be There," "True Love" and "More Than You Know." Dot.

Bing: A Musical Autobiography, 1941-1944. Three of the songs here are in the gold record category: "Sunday, Monday or Always" (a dreamy ditty); "Pistol Packin' Mama" (and this packs a wallop); "White Christmas" (old over nine million records, the hands-down Yule favorite 'round the world), Decca.

Did you know most actresses consider blue an unlucky costume color? But a bow or a belt or a buckle of silver, they say, will help get rid of the hex.

Movie and TV stars, like most folks, have special superstitions. Rock Hudson hates wearing any kind of men's jewelry (cuff links, watch chains, rings) while on a movie set. Dancers Marge and Gower Champion won't start a dance routine before exchanging kisses on the forehead for good luck. Joanne Woodward shuns the number eleven like the plague.

Singer Tommy Sands stays in bed all day if it's Friday the 13th; doesn't want to flirt with fate. Carol Lynley, born February 13th, considers 13 a lucky number, but she shudders over wearing black, an unlucky color for her.

Kim Novak thinks wearing a hat in a dressing room is taboo. So is opening an umbrella backstage. Or rehearsing in brand new shoes!

"Break a leg," says Rock. (i.e. "good luck.")
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

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

Beautiful SUSAN HAYWARD, winner of the Academy Award for the Best Actress of the year, always makes sure her hairdresser gives her a Lustre-Creme Shampoo—to keep her lovely, auburn hair soft, shining and easy-to-manage.

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

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

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

Lustre-Creme—never dries—it beautifies—now in liquid, lotion or cream!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

All you gals who've asked about Dion's last name; it's DeMucei. Troy Donahue, Sandra Dee's blond heartthrob in "A Summer Place," says Sandy is a real doll to work with, and Troy adds with a wink, "I loved our love scenes!" Phil Everly has fallen for a dark-haired fan from Bennington, Vt. Shari Sheely, who wrote "Poor Little Fool" for Rick Nelson, tells about a Saturday-night party in movieville: "Sal Mineo went up to the bandstand and took the drummer's place, and he sat in on a couple of numbers, and, boy, did he do a great job! He sure looked handsome in his navy-blue suit!" If you ask me, Shari's got goo-poo eyes for Tommy Sands. Says Shari, what a dreamboat! KWKH Radio in Shreveport, Louisiana, seems to be the training ground for famous country music stars (Elvis, Johnny Cash, Hank Williams). Latest hit: Johnny Horton. Elvis writes he misses peanut-butter cookies. David Nelson's new thrill kick: midget car racing—plus flying through the air on a circus trapeze. Dave became quite an acrobat during the filming of "The Big Circus." Mark Damon says the opposite of beatnik in bop talk is chichenk. And folknik is what the bops call the folk song fans. Cary Grant likes the new slinky look in fashion for fall. Tab Hunter's postcard from his recent Australian tour reads: "Dear George—Over 26,000 teenagers turned out for the rock 'n' roll show in Sydney, and, man, did we have a ball! They're great r & r fans, these Aussie gals." Edd "Kookie" Byrnes is looking high and wide for a girl "who doesn't make a big thing of a date, but just wants to be with a guy for the fun of it!" I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that's the gal who'll hook Edd.

BOOK NOOK

In the mood for a good long story? Read "The Light Infantry Ball" by Hamilton Basso— all about love and life during the Gone-Without-the-Wind days of the South. What happens to a fifteen-year-old who falls madly in love with a thirty-one-year-old fellow? Venetia Murray tells us in a charming novela, "Waiting for Love," Best suspense story of the summer: "The Chinese Box" by Katherine Eyer. It's as breathtaking as a Hitchcock movie. Ingrid Bergman: An Intimate Portrait by Joseph Steele traces Ingrid's life with great sympathy.

With Lars, happy ending for Ingrid.

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

If you're the adventurous type you're up-to-date and sophisticated—you like to go places and do things. Made to order for the life you lead is new Kotex with the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric helps keep Kotex softer by far. And it protects longer, better—gives you perfect confidence when you need it most.

Special tips for you on grooming

Where others hesitate, you dare to be different. Take the simplest of fads like the Italian gondolier sunhat. Add your own flourishing touch with a pretty scarf tied around the band, accent with a cluster of flowers.

- To express your flair for color, be bold with this year's fashions. Mix or match the pretty pastels . . . accent one vibrant color with another. Or give a whirl to the elegant one-color look.
- Jewelry, too, can express your individualism. Satisfy your expensive taste with one good decorative piece . . . a pin, a neck pendant, a pair of earrings. Let it be your fashion trademark.

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vive
la différence!

since even sisters
have different needs, there must be two dramatically
different types of hair control...

only Helene Curtis Spray Net gives you a choice of sister sprays!

one for firm control...

If you want your set held with windproof obstinacy...
the beauty of no dulling stickiness, no flaking...
if you want the only never-droop hair spray in the world...
magnifique... choose...

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If you want the feel of silky-soft curls...
the confidence of no sticky film, no flaking...
if you want the ease of restyling with just a quick comb...
très jolie! choose...

SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET

gowns and accessories by Saks Fifth Avenue
VOTE TODAY!

Photoplay's First Annual
Gold Medal Record Awards

help Discover the
Tops-in-Pops
1959

RCA VICTOR PORTABLE
STEREOPHONIC "VICTROLA"
of course you're old enough to vote
If you've been around for thirty-eight years, then you know that's how long Photoplay readers have been voting Gold Medal Awards to their movie favorites. Now, because of your interest in records and because the record industry has grown to such importance, we think, too, there should be a Gold Medal Award for the tops in pops. Fill out your ballot below, paste it on a postcard, and mail to:

GOLD MEDAL RECORD AWARDS
BOX 1937
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

My votes for the
GOLD MEDAL RECORD AWARDS

Best Male
Best Female
Best Vocal Group
Best Newcomer (male)
Best Newcomer (female)
Best Newcomer (vocal group)
Best Instrumental Group

Name_________ Age_________
Margaret O'Brien:

When a girl's getting married, there are certain things that she can only ask one person . . .

I miss my mother most of all now.

She was wearing a straight-cut yellow silk Hawaiian dress. Her hair was pulled back into a French knot, but, across her forehead, the uneven black bangs made her face pixie-like. The light California breeze ruffled her hair, and, as she looked up at her fiance, she seemed about sixteen.

"You'd better leave me off at the door of (Continued on page 85)
Liz and Eddie

love on the run

love in a hurry
Three months later, they laugh at the skeptics:
our honeymoon will last 30 years

WEATHER REPORT

fair and sunny on honeymoon yacht... storm clouds ahead?

The sound of a cabin door suddenly opening behind him made Eddie start in surprise and, turning his head sharply, he looked over his shoulder across the deck. For the past half-hour, he'd been leaning against the railing of the yacht, watching the sailors on the Barcelona quay (Continued on page 68)
“What about the weather?” Eddie called out. They checked the forecasts every day and, to Liz, the friendly Mediterranean sun was reassuring, a good omen.

In Nice, milk for Chris, Mike and Liza was delivered at the gangplank.

On board, it seemed nothing could go wrong—until London. “We’ll be happy,” they vowed.
What a perfectly beautiful day, I thought as I ran down to the water, without even stopping to take off my sweater. The sun was hot—but not too hot—and the sand felt good and scrunchy under my feet. I dipped one toe in the water . . . Brr! It was still too cold for me, and then I heard a voice behind me.

“It can’t be that cold,” it said.

I jumped. “Edd Byrnes!” I said. “Don’t creep up on people like that.”

Laughing, he tousled my hair, the hair I’d just spent hours fixing just right. “Sorry I’m late,” he said. “Or can it be that you’re early?” (Continued on page 73)
Judi Meredith and Barry Coe:

it should have been a perfect day

but something went wrong...

as we watched the sun go down,

both of us knew-

WE'LL NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN
All that day, as we tried to be happy, I wanted to cry out, "I love you, Barry. Why isn’t that enough?"
I listened to the sound of the waves breaking on the shore. And then I heard his gentle sigh—filled with a sadness I had never noticed before.

(Continued on page 83)

by JUDI MEREDITH

as told to MARCIA BORIE
If you’ve ever wondered what would happen to your loved ones if you died today, you must read Efrem Zimbalist’s story.

“LIFE DOES NOT
Efrem Zimbalist sat back, reached into a brown tobacco pouch for a match, and lit his pipe. He puffed a few times, until blue-white wisps of smoke came curling up, and then, leaning forward, he reached down and fondly ruffled his wife Steffi’s brown shaggy-cropped hair. She glanced up, smiling shyly, and announced in a soft voice, “I guess it’s time to put little Steffi to bed.”

“Can I help?” asked her fifteen-year-old stepdaughter Nancy, looking up from a book she’d been quietly reading in a corner of the room.

“Sure,” Steffi answered. “Come along.”

As they left, Efrem relaxed deep into his tan leather armchair. “I’m one of the luckiest guys around,” he said, almost as though to himself, “What would I ever do without Steffi?” Then, as though the

(Continued on page 79)
PIER ANGELI:

One night I heard him
crying in his crib...

"Where's my daddy?
Where's my daddy?"

I knew I had to do something.
I couldn't go on
letting Perry be

A LITTLE BOY LOST

In the living room of a small
apartment, high above the bustle
and noise of London's Baker Street,
three-year-old Perry Damone sat
twiddling knobs on the dashboard of
his new, large model car.

"Zoom ... we're off!" he an-
nounced, placing his feet on the
pedals and moving off slowly around
the room. "We're off to see Daddy
in America."

"No, darlings," said his mother,
Pier Angeli, who had just come
into the room carrying a glass of
milk. "Please don't say that any
more ... just try to be patient and
maybe, (Continued on page 76)

by ANDREE AELION
can you identify the

COPS, CROOKS, and the CUTIES?
what went on 5 minutes before the pinup was snapped


Rock gets “moving” pinups of his own.

Joan Collins and Shirl MacLaine hide behind the cars. But the boys found and dunked 'em.


"Ready in a second," Kim calls out. "Do I look all right?"

HOW MANY DID YOU KNOW?

In the pinup on preceding pages (taken by Judd Bernard), the cops are, left to right, Don Murray, Tommy Sands, Fess Parker, Gower Champion, Buddy Ebsen. The crooks are Paul Newman and James Garner (in top hat). The cuties surrounding Rock Hudson are Debbie Reynolds, Shirley MacLaine, Marge Champion, Sheree North, Kim Novak, Lee Remick, Dana Wynter, Joan Collins.
Don't try this experiment if you're all alone!

WARNING:

Don't try this experiment if you're all alone!

can you resist his eyes?
If you're like $99\frac{3}{4}\%$ of the gals . . .

**Fabian will**

**hypnot-EYES you too!**

**DIRECTIONS FOR THE EXPERIMENT**

1. Hold up this page six inches from your face.
2. Gaze deep into his eyes for one full minute.
3. Close the magazine; now shut your own eyes, too.
4. How do you feel? What's happening to you now?
5. Re-open your eyes.
6. Check your reactions by turning to the next page.

I was just about to put the folder of Doris Day photos back in the steel drawer—just a routine part of my job as secretary to the editor of Photoplay—when I realized there was somebody standing on the other side of the filing cabinets. I got up on tip-toes and peeked over the top—and there he was. Fabian! At first, all I really saw were two eyes looking back at me. There were more than eyes, of course—the bridge of a nose, eyebrows, forehead and hair (lots of hair, dark wavy hair)—but all this I only became aware of later. For the minute or two that I was looking into those eyes (all right, I must be honest: I think it) (Continued on page 81)
RATE YOURSELF

WARNING: Below 60 means you'd better start worrying.
Sure that you're breathing?
NOTE: Most of our staff got up to 120.
A rooster crowed. Elvis opened one eye, wrinkled up his nose, and smiled. Yeah, that was bacon frying, all right. Must be time to get up. Stretching, he reached out across the bed and tuned the radio on to the Armed Forces Network. Sometimes they gave some news about what was going on back home.

“El,” his dad’s voice, calling from downstairs, broke into his thoughts. “Six-fifteen. Time to get up.”

Slowly, reluctantly, he slid out of bed, put on his robe and padded over to the French window and out onto the balcony. Across the street was a park, with its shady walks, its flowers and its man-made embankments, down which Bad Nauheim’s famous health waters dripped constantly.

The house on his left was being renovated. They’d started the work while he was in the hospital having his tonsils taken care of, and he was surprised to see how much they’d gotten done in just a (continued)

by BETTY ETTER

Being made corporal didn’t mean there was any less “hurry-up-and-wait” time.
Chow . . . a training film . . . inspection, whatever it was, you had to stand in line for it. It gave you time to think . . . though that wasn't so good sometimes, like thinking that pretty soon it'd be a year—almost a year—since Mom died.

He had some real friends among the guys at the camp. There were no more dead silences and curious stares.
“Coming!” he yelled in answer to Dad’s breakfast call. He sure was grateful for the way they’d grown so close this past year.

A last-minute lick at his crew-cut and then he was off, climbing into his Caddy and driving —carefully these days—to camp.
it started out like any other day...

few days. Today they’d be working there again, he knew, even though it was Saturday. The German people didn’t go in for long weekends. Why, even the kids went to school Saturday mornings. He’d often seen them trudging home with their books after he’d gotten back from camp at noon.

Camp! He’d better hurry. He double-timed it into the bathroom, showered, shaved and then pulled on his uniform. If he ate breakfast fast and drove quickly... No, ever since his father’s accident on the Autobahn, he’d promised himself he was never going to speed... The accident—he wouldn’t think (continued)
we snapped this photo in Germany of

about the accident now . . .

"Breakfast," his dad called. He headed for the stairs, taking them two at a time, and then stopped short on the landing. There on the piano—the first thing he noticed—was a vase of white roses, the kind his mother had loved. Next month Mom would be dead a year . . .

"Elvis—your coffee's getting cold."

"Okay, Dad, okay. I'm coming." He made himself look out

(Continued on page 87)
ELVIS in front of his house
What is an Annette? Who is she? How did she get that way?

What is an Annette? What is any girl sixteen years old?

She’s the voice on one end of a telephone conversation, giggling, whispering, talking with her very best beau. She’s the eyes that peer intently into the dressing-table mirror, cautiously inspecting her face, wishing that she’d grow up to be an Ava Gardner. She’s dreams, ambitions, blushes.

She’s the daughter of Joseph Edward Funicello, who owns his own garage and is proud (continued)

by NANCY ANDERSON
how did Annette get that way?

Born in Utica, Annette grew up in Hollywood. She began dancing at five, to get over her shyness. Disney discovered her in an amateur show. She's five-feet-two, going on seventeen.

but sometimes puzzled by his daughter. She has two brothers, Joe, 13, and Michael, 7, who don’t understand how a girl can take so long to get dressed. She looks a little like her mother, Virginia, who does understand—most of the time.

She likes: hot fudge sundaes, football games, her T-bird (which she got for her birthday and which she can drive only within a few blocks of home), dancing, the way Fabian sings “Turn Me Loose,” beach parties, eye makeup (which her mother lets her wear only on very-special occasions), the new house the Funicellos are getting (Continued on page 71)
the way
to get a
second look
from him
this fall

Diane Jergens' costume gets a nod from husband Peter Brown. "Sacks are out," she says, "the young American classic look is in." Hand-sewn separates: Simplicity 3080, 3117. (continued)
"You’re wanted on the phone," says Ty Hardin. If you don’t hear these words as often as you’d like, it’s not your phone that needs repairing—but it could be your wardrobe. You can fix it and still not put your budget out-of-order by simply sewing your own clothes. This fall, fashions are on your side—they’re man-pleasing. What’s new? The knees show, especially in Arlene’s trim length of sheath jumper. The waist shows off, too, in Jackie’s bolero suit. Full skirts, like Connie’s, are definitely back. The season’s hottest trend is Diane’s American-classic look, a pleated skirt topped by a braid-trimmed blazer. Once you’ve picked a favorite Simplicity Pattern, there are bold stripes, magnified checks, muted plaids to lose your own pretty head over at the same time that you’re turning his.

MORE ABOUT OUR MODELS AND THEIR PATTERNS ON PAGE 84

4 patterns to make to make him look

Getting the twice-over from Ty Hardin and Peter Brown: left to right, Connie Stevens, Jacqueline Beer, Arlene Howell.
Smile at him in a blazer that borrows its braid 'n' buttons from a cadet. Diane's is brass wool tweed, her pleated skirt is a harmonizing plaid by Anglo. Shoulder strap bag goes feminine in soft leathers, slim shapes; high-throated pump has wooden heels. All shoes by Chandler.

Steal him with a stole that makes a costume out of fashion's first full skirt for daytime in years. Connie likes it in red-and-black wool by Crestwood. The little heel's big news, especially with a strap. Changeabout bag is tote or clutch (folded view below.) All jewelry by Coro.

Beau-bait him with a bow on a big-collared jersey blouse under this waist-whittling suit of misty green 'n' black wool plaid. Both are Lebanon fabrics. Jackie's T-strap pumps dip low at sides. Tote (above) becomes a clutch to show off her Coro bracelet. All handbags by Park Lane.

Wink at him in a jumper whose molded lines would make even a dormouse wake up and stare. Arlene dons it in jumbo-checked blue-and-gold Fabrex wool over a make-it-yourself sweater of Coats and Clark yarn. Strapped spectators sport fake lizard touches. duffelbag is barley-cloth.
Princess Grace leaned her head on her husband’s shoulder so that he couldn’t see her face, and thought—

If only I could tell him what I’m really afraid of

Leaning wearily against the draperies, Princess Grace paused as though to gather strength before speaking, and then, finally, turned to her husband. “It’s been a difficult day, hasn’t it?”

Prince Rainier sank back on the window-seat, let his arms drop to his sides and nodded.

Though the late afternoon sun was no longer in her eyes, the Princess kept a hand over them—so that he can’t see my face, she thought—as she (Continued on page 65)

by JIM HOFFMAN
"Now we look the way I've always wanted us to look! And do you realize I made all three of their suits and my own for less than I would have paid just for mine? The fabrics are just what I wanted, too—right down to the exact shade of red for my little blondes. Am I glad I finally got my sewing machine out of the closet!

"It's been a long time since I've made anything, yet sewing seems easier than ever with those wonderful Simplicity Printed Patterns. I'm going right back to that Simplicity Catalog and find something really elegant to make for next Saturday night!"

"My Chanel-look suit complete with blouse is Simplicity style #3081. My oldest wears suit and blouse style #3136 and the little ones wear jumpers and jackets, style #3134."
looked up at him with a weak smile. Finally, no longer capable of pretense, she let her head fall loosely on his shoulder, closed her eyes and relaxed for the first time since morning, when the pains had begun again.

If only I could tell him, she thought, if only I could explain what I'm really afraid of. Not rain, or snow, or wind; though she had so many worries already. Besides, I'm sure it's not anything really serious. I'm just being oversensitive.

She opened her eyes, leaning her head sideways a little so she could study her husband's profile. She never tired of looking at him, though she knew every inch of his face so well: the wavy black hair that had never been cut, the freckles that he drove through the countryside in one of his sport cars; the thin mustache outlining his fine mouth; the patrician nose; the soft, deep eyes that could reflect concern one moment and gaiety the next.

But now, as she watched, she saw neither of these things. He seemed not to feel she was looking at him, and she noted an expression of such profound unconcern that he was a tiredness, but it was not of the body. It was a tiredness of the spirit. Here, in this unguarded moment, was clearly the face she remembered the best for his people, who was finding his actions misunderstood, his decisions misinterpreted, by almost everyone.

I cannot add to his worries now, she told herself, as she turned on his mind already. But when he felt her hand tight around hers, she was grateful for his nearness. After the events of this afternoon, she too, needed to be reassured, comforted.

It was supposed to be just another routine visit to the doctor. She'd go to see his mother—cold—the cold that had plagued her since childhood, that always settled in her nose and gave her voice its peculiar nasal quality. But while he was examining her, she remembered the little pain she'd had in her side recently, and she told him about it.

"Hm," he'd said, "we'd better have a look at it.

Then, afterwards, she felt exhausted again, she sat across the big mahogany desk from the doctor, waiting for him to finish making notations on her card. He was so wrung down, she thought, against the sunlight to see him more clearly. I wonder why he looks so worried.

He glanced up at her, sought her eye and looked away, as if he didn't quite know what to say.

"Doctor," she said, "what is it?" She half rose from her chair.

"Oh, it's nothing," he said. "Nothing serious, anyway. But still he wouldn't meet her eyes. "I'll be a few days before we'll know for sure just what it is," he added.

"Now of course," she said, and came around the side of his desk to take her hand. His voice seemed too hearty.

Twisting her white gloves into a ball, she wanted to shout, "Tell me the truth! Tell me!"

Suddenly she shrieked.

"Take these pills," the doctor said. "I think you've got a little chill with this cold.

He pressed a box of tablets into her hand.

"No, I--" She wanted to ask again: What is it? But her throat was too dry. She could scarcely speak.

As if she had no will of her own any more, she allowed him to put her wrap, open the door for her, to say goodbye...

That night she slept fitfully and in the morning she was still tired, she would not miss breakfasting with her husband or going to the hospital. She renewed her resolve to see Prince Albert. This was the magic hour of her day, the time when all problems seemed to fade away, and she was just a mother alone with her children.

As she got a little better, she went to a hospital to inspect the new operating room. As she walked toward the swinging doors that led into the new, marked by a gold plaque, she stopped and clutched her side. The head of the hospital, who'd been showing her around, gave her his arm for support. She told him she felt too tired to take it. She was far away and the walls were spinning.

She woke up in her own bed in the palace. Her husband was leaning over her. She had never seen tears in Rainier's eyes before. He asked her to wipe them away. But he caught her fingers and pressed his lips to them.

"How did I get here?" she asked.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Rainier looked at her a moment before answering. "Nothing to worry about," he told her. "But you must get lots of sleep. Doctor's orders. His tone seemed too cold, too impersonal.

A doctor—the same doctor who'd been showing her around the hospital—came in and gave her an injection. She sat around to her, drawing the down into darkness. She tried to say something to the doctor, to her husband, but the questions froze on her lips as the blackness closed over.

Once, in the middle of the night, she woke up for a second. Rainier was sitting at her bedside, his head buried in his hands. He tried to speak to her, started to call her name, and then she pulled her back into its center. Now, she was haunted by dreams she could never quite recall upon awakening. The dreams flew together suddenly and she found herself in her childhood, with Harper Davis.

She had met Harper when she was fifteen. Examining the usual, the Kelly's were holding open house in their Philadelphia home. People started dropping in early in the afternoon, to see her father and mother, to see her. Kelli was there, too, when she saw him. It was as if she had never really seen a boy before.

"Be cool," she told herself. "Be nonchalant."

But all she could do was stand there and gawk at him, till Kell came to her rescue. Grabbing her elbow firmly and guiding her across to where he was standing, her brother said, "This is my sister Grace." Thank goodness, he hadn't introduced her as he usually did, as his kid sister. "And this," Kell had continued, "is my friend Harper—Harper Davis."

She knew him all right. They were always at each other's side, but it wasn't much of a secret. They even went to school together.

Then, suddenly, there were no more dates with Harper. His mother had been the one to tell her why. Harper is ill—ill with multiple sclerosis, she'd said.

Every day after that, Grace went to his house, and every night she came home, and all she could do was cry. Soon after that, her friends were watching him, and she and some of his friends saved up and bought him a television set, hoping it would make his pain more bearable, and help pass the time away. But he had so little life left...

She sat down, and opened the door. She told him she had come to see him in the hospital. She talked and smiled. She tried everything to make him just a little happier. Sometimes, for a fleeting second or two, he responded. But most of the time his brown eyes were closed, and he was breathing, distinctly. He would have a fit edge of how and when that pain would end. And watching him waste away, she felt as if she too, had lost some of her youth.

When Harper died, she felt death a little, too. It seemed that if death could come that suddenly to someone she knew and cared for, if it could strike him down out of nowhere, then who knew when it might come for her. She was suddenly. She grew older but still the presence of death stayed with her... She had felt its nearness today, and her fear had been so real.

To take it away. To let her see the doctor had told her yet not told her—what was wrong with her, what had caused the awful pains in her side. She found herself gripping her side tightly now. The pain had returned.

In the morning she saw the doctor and a nurse and her husband standing by her bed. She knew her body bearable to others. She heard what they were saying. Immediate operation... Lausanne... heavy sedation...

"She tried to interrupt: "Why Lausanne?" The words formed in her head but wouldn't come out. She pressed her lips. Another word flickered feebly, "cancer," and then it, too, was snuffed out.

When she opened her eyes again, she saw men, and she spoke softly and he smiled again, but she felt she had to force herself to look cheerful.

"How am I?" she asked then.

"Fine," he replied. "But you have..."

"No, no, I'm not going to the hospital in Lausanne today and operate. They say it's best."

She wanted to say, "Why Lausanne?" She must have said it softly. She asked them. "Are they sure?"

But the anxiety and fear in his face, she heard her questions.

Then the nurse and the doctor came back and gave her another injection. She was soon asleep.

At exactly 8 a.m. on the morning of March 4th, 1959, she was wheeled into the main operating room of Lausanne's Cecil Clinic. She was wearing a pale blue gown and had his white surgical mask. He smiled at her and introduced her to Dr. James David Buffat, the physician who was to assist him in the operation.

The face became more blurred into the powerful reflector lamp and Dr. Charles Bovay, a Swiss specialist, was giving her a total anesthetic. She started to say, "Are you sure?" but the medicine took effect, and she knew nothing, until she looked up into her husband's face.

Why, he's growing a beard again, she thought, looking at the stubble all over his face, and then: What a funny thing to think of now.

When she saw her open eyes, he bent down and kissed her lightly on the cheek. "It's all over, darling," he said.

"How long was I away?" she asked.

"It seemed like days," he told her, "but actually, it was only a little over an hour."

"Was it--" she started to ask, but her husband broke in.

"You're fine," he said. "The operation was simply appendicitis and nothing else. That's what the doctor told me."

"Then there was a question?"

Rainier said nothing; he didn't have to. They knew she wouldn't meet her eyes was answer enough.

Suddenly she laughed and broke the silence. "You know what?" she announced.

"I feel wonderful!" And she reached up and kissed him as if she had never expected to be able to do it again. This was 65
6 guys tell you:
THE FIRST TIME
I ASKED A GIRL
FOR A DATE...
Ever get the feeling you’d like nothing better than to spend one whole afternoon doing nothing but recalling the funny things that’ve happened to you? Well, ever since we decided to move to a new house, Bobbie has been after me to dig out that old cardboard box and go through the Clark Collection of Valuable Souvenirs. That’s what I call it. Bobbie has another word—I believe it is spelled J-u-n-k.

So, one Sunday afternoon, I decided to sit down on the living-room floor and sort out what I wanted to take with me, tearfully discarding the rest. My intentions were honest, but I’m afraid I just couldn’t find anything that shouldn’t go with me. One issue of the A. B. Davis High School paper, for instance, had a story about a dance that meant a lot to me. Another issue of Syracuse University’s “Daily Orange” told about a dance I’d rather forget. (That’s the time I knocked a bottle of soda off the table and into the lap of a young lady I was trying to impress. I sure impressed her—right out of my life.)

Then I came across a certain card that ended whatever good intentions for working I’d had. It was about two inches deep and about four wide, and all the printing it had was “Admit Two.” But after so many years, it still held an awful lot of meaning for me. The two admitted were me and my first date, and a high-school play was the occasion.

You know, sometimes that first date business is a tough one to narrow down. For instance, I can dimly remember the day when a little neighbor girl and I played tag for two blocks on our way to a party, when we were about seven. That might have been a date of sorts, but it wasn’t the “asking” kind. You know what I mean—the time when a fellow really comes right out and says, “Will you go to such-and-such with me?” Wow! What a feeling. Girls, don’t tell me it’s anything like the way you feel when you’re the one who’s being invited. It can’t be. You have to know what a guy goes through in order to understand it. For days—even weeks—he’ll walk around doing anything to postpone coming out in the open with that one little question he’s dying to pop.

For me, it was even tougher, I think, and Mom was in on it. We all were being urged to support school activities, and when the play came up, Mom thought it would be a good idea to get tickets. Me too. I figured we could all go together. Boy, was I in the dark! When I came home with the tickets in my pocket, all set for a swell time at the show, I found I was the only one in the family who wasn’t tied up that night, so what was I to do with the extra seats? “Oh, no trouble there,” Mom smiled. “Why not ask one of the girls in your class to go with you? She might like to see the show.”

It was my first year in high school, and the few girls I knew didn’t seem too interested in anybody but the football captain. Well, it was worth a try and I’d see what I could do about it . . . tomorrow. And then another tomorrow . . . and another . . .

“Dickie, did you get a date yet for the show?” Mom asked.

“I’m working on it,” I told her. “I should have an answer tomorrow.”

That’s right, I should—and in order to get that answer, I’d better ask tonight. Well, I studied history, math, the telephone book, the old magazines in the rack, anything to keep from going near the phone. Every time it rang, I’d hope it was some aunt or uncle inviting me over on the date-night. But no soap. Finally, about eighty-thirty, when the folks were busy in other rooms, I managed to get up enough will-power to start dialing. Halfway through, Dad came in looking for a magazine, and I hung up rather clumsily. I must’ve looked guilty, because he grinned at me knowingly and went back into the kitchen.

At last, I decided they could parade the entire high-school band straight (Continued on page 89)

by DICK CLARK
LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 32

load bags onto the ship. His face had been thoughtful, almost worried. But now, as he saw Liz coming through the doorway, he smiled.

"Hello," he said, looking approvingly at the comfortable turtle-necked sweater, denim and sneakers that had replaced the more formal dress she'd worn on the plane.

She walked over toward him, slipped her hand through his arm and said, "Oh, Eddie—" it's going to be a dream trip... I just know it.

He patted her hand and for a moment they were silent, both watching the men loading supplies. Then the sight of two small, deeply-tanned Spanish boys, chattering and tuggering at the sailors as they came down from the ship, made Liz laugh.

"Wonder what they're saying," she said, turning toward Eddie again. "You know, kids are the same the world over... full of fun and questions. I bet they want to know where we're going. Gosh, they look alive and happy... Eddie, we're going to be all right. We won't let anything hurt us, will we?"

"No," he said, "no. I was just thinking—no. We'll be very happy, darling. If we were to stay that way, it'll be true." After all, he told himself, we've believed it all this time, through all these months of name-calling, of loss... He looked again at the little Spanish boys and wine deck.

At that moment, one of the sailors on the quay called out to them. "We're almost through loading," he said. "Should be casting off any minute..."

Glancing up at the sky and then out toward the sea, Eddie shouted, "What about the weather? Any news?"

"No", the sailor called back, "It's clear and sunny—the outlook's very promising."

"Good," said Liz, pushing back a stray curl that had blown loose in the breeze. "Let's hope it stays just this way... no storms... no troubles... and clear sailing ahead..."

Eddie nodded, but he looked thoughtful again for a moment. "It will stay this way," he reassured her, and he thought, It must. This happiness had been bought with a lot of sweat and tears.

"Oh, look!" He pointed to the sailors untying the ropes binding the yacht to the shore. "We're casting off already..."

"Off and away to France."

Putting one arm around her, he turned her toward the stern of the ship, the Olisco, as it began sailing slowly out of Barcelona Bay. "Are you happy, Liz?" he asked, "I can tell..."

"More than I can tell you," she said. He bent and kissed his bride.

That day their yacht sailed into the harbor at Cannes, the sun beautiful. In the early morning sunshine, Liz and Eddie relaxed in deep canvas chairs up on deck, watching the Mediterranean fade away behind them and the harbor draw nearer and nearer.

"It's been wonderful," Liz said softly. "Somehow, Eddie, each day of our honey-moon is more like a beautiful dream... the yacht, the sun, the... oh, just everything has been perfect." Eddie smiled. "But it isn't a dream. It's real, and that's the most wonderful part of it." He looked report just a few minutes before. "Look," he said, "we're almost in London—what about spending the whole day here?

"Would you like to stroll on the Rivera?" "I'd love it," she said. "There's plenty to see, and the weather's magnificient. Oh, Eddie... I do love you so much, do you know that?"

A short while later, they clambered down the ladder and then both took a flying leap onto the quay. Then, before walking off into Cannes, they turned and waved to the sailors on board. "See you later," Liz called.

"Much later," Eddie laughed.

"Come on," said Liz, dragging Eddie excitedly along. Let's look at the shops. Do you know where the restaurant is?"

"And we'll go through every one, if you want to," he promised, thinking how like a child she was in many ways—yet in others. He closed his eyes for a moment and left the thought unfinished.

They spent the day shopping and, after dinner in a little port-side restaurant, were back to the hotel by nine. But the next day high winds swept into that part of the Mediterranean, making the sea treacherous. Eddie stared out of the porthole gloomily, thinking: Can this be an omen? Can this be a sign of trouble ahead for us? Then he shook his head, as if trying to clear away any doubts, any fears at all. "That's no trouble," said Liz joined him at the porthole he was smiling. "How can you smile?" she asked, plucking at his sleeve. "The weather's miserable."

"But we're not," he told her.

"No," she laughed, "That's certainly true. Oh, Eddie, I'm so glad you're not a moody sort!"

"A moody sort!" she thought, and then: No, I won't be moody. I won't worry until there's a reason to.

"What are we going to do?" Liz asked.

"Do you think it will clear?"

"Yes, we hope it will clear," he said. "But I think we'd better put in to port."

"Looking at a map tucked up on the wall, he slowly traced his finger down the coast of France. "Out of that... out of that, his finger moved a fraction of an inch—the port of Imperia. I think we'd better put in there."

"Oh, Eddie..."

How disappointed she looks that it is over, thought Eddie. Of course, it is a shame. But... "I tell you what," he said, "Let's go back to Imperia, then take a taxi back to Cannes, pick up the children and then head straight for London."

"Alright?"

Liz interrupted. She wanted to see her three children sooner than she'd expected this way. "All right," she said, "let's do that. My, won't Chris and Mike and little Liza be surprised to see us so soon! Oh, Eddie, we have to." But it was not fun.

When they passed through French customs on their way to London, they ran into the first part of a different kind of storm.

The blue-uniformed officer handed Eddie back his passport. "Thank you," he said and turned to Liz. "And now, Mrs. Fish."

Liz reached into her shoulder-strap bag, withdrew the green passport and handed it across the customs desk. The officer took it in his left hand and, then, puzzled, looked up at her.

"But this passport says Mrs. Michael Todd," he said. "I thought you and this gentleman..."

"It's an old passport," Eddie interrupted. "That's her old passport. There wasn't time..."

"They'd been in such a hurry. We've always been in such a hurry, Eddie thought. It was almost a relief, he thought, but you'll have to wait while we check this through. It's highly irregular, you know." He smiled at them apologetically. And now, they had waited. For several hours they'd waited, and then, finally, they'd been cleared. But, somehow, some of the fun had gone out of the trip.

A short while later, they reached London Airport late that night. Before they walked down the ramp from the plane than they were hustled into a small reception room where newsmen and photographers were waiting.

Holding tightly onto Eddie's hand, Liz forced herself to smile. She tried not to seem nervous when they entered the room. Few of them there. Reporters began firing questions at her.

"What about your career—now?" asked one.

"I'm committed to four more films, then. My, I'm ready to give it all up and be a good wife and mother," she answered slowly, as if weighing each word individually, before speaking the next.

"Have we heard you say that before?" the reporter shot back sarcastically.

"Yes, haven't we just, though?" said another reporter to his photographer friend. Liz looked helplessly at Eddie. "But..."

Certain things have changed since I—"

Eddie interrupted. "If Liz is happy with her film career, so am I."

A flashbulb exploded close to his face, made him flinch. After taking back a step or two, he went on. "The most important thing is that we both know that to make a marriage successful the two people have to be together. And that's what we plan to do."

The newsmen looked at them in disbelief. "Can't you answer questions your- self, Miss Taylor?" one man called out.

"Almost immediately," she answered.

"Well," said one, "is it true that the picture will have to be held up until you lose enough weight?"

"The same man asked. "Yes..."

"Is that true, that is...?"

"Maybe the part calls for her to be this heavy, a man in the back of the room sniggered.

A publicity man, seeing the frown on Liz's face, stepped forward and announced. "Please, fellows, that's all for now."

"Look this way, Liz," a photographer called, ignoring the announcement. "Say, Miss Taylor, have you had a chance to see those publicity pictures?"

"That's enough, boys," the publicity man repeated. "The conference is over."

"So you can't answer questions, Miss Taylor?" he asked, and Liz said, "Yes... yes..."

"Said she repeated. She looked confused and hurt as she replied, "But I object to that one, adding, almost in a whisper. "Won't you give us a chance."

Eddie took the camera and tried to hurry her out as a photographer screamed, "Look this way, Miss Taylor."

This was too much for Eddie. Angrily he took the camera away from the man. There was a look of fury on his face as he lunged forward, trying to locate the photographer behind the blinding glare of the arc lights. But it was no use. Finally, he gave up and followed Liz out of the room to a waiting car.

Liz was looking back over her shoulder toward the airport, but she caught hold of his hand. "Eddie," she whispered. "Maybe... maybe one day it'll all be right."

"Maybe," said Eddie, and, sighing a little, guided the car. "What's the matter, Mummy?" said Liz's eldest son, Mike, who was waiting for them in the back seat, bobbing up and down.

"Yes, you look so funny," repeated his brother, Chris.
"I'm all right," she told them quietly.
"Then tell us about the house we're going to," began Mike.
"Well," she said slowly, gratefully, that children can be so quickly satisfied with just a few reassuring words, "it's a big farmhouse in the country by a huge old castle, with a winding path of England sometimes staying. And you'll have very large gardens to play in...and..." Liz stopped for a moment, noticing the way their heads were beginning to droop slowly. "And," she said softly, "you'll be your even Prince Charles and Princess Anne when they come to stay at the castle.

In the front seat next to the chauffeur, her smallest child, Liza, was already asleep in the nurse's arms. And so Liz herself leaned her head back against Eddie's shoulder.

"Take it easy, darling," he told her. "Everything will be all right." Would it? he wondered. He'd worry about that tomorrow, he decided. Tomorrow he'd worry about the comments he and Liz would still have to live with. We've overcome them in the past, he thought, we will go on doing it...He forced himself to think of brighter things. Tomorrow he was going to take the whole family out walking and bicycling in the parks near the house. A little thing, perhaps—but important because they had planned it. As they'd planned a thousand tomorrows, so that whatever people said couldn't hurt them. And wasn't tomorrow the day he'd told Liz he'd try to get tickets for the concert his friend Van Cliburn was giving at the new concert hall in London? He'd even played at Eddie's house in Hollywood, and Liz had heard Van there. He had said, too, that maybe tomorrow night he'd take Liz to a real English pub.... And tomorrow Liz would be beginning a new film. Sam Speigel should be calling her about the first arrangements...But wasn't tomorrow also the day when Michael Wilding, the boy's father, would be planning to come to see them? But tomorrow they would have to open a morning paper and read about tonight at the airport...tomorrow...tomorrow...

He looked across at Liz and he patted her arm gently, trying to reassure her about anything she might be fearing.

"Don't worry," he said softly. "Everything will be all right. We've arranged so that no one will disturb us at the house. You'll see. In no time we'll be settled. And as for troubles—we'll just continue trying to put them behind us."

He hoped she sounded more cheerful than he felt.

"Yes," said Liz, but she looked thoughtful as she stared ahead through the window of the car and out at the road ahead.

Waking the next day, Eddie could hear the children, up early on their first morning in England, anxious to see their new countryside around them. The night before, it had been dark when they arrived at the house and also very late. So they had been sent straight to bed without even having a chance to explore.

"Look!" he could hear Mike shouting, and Eddie could just picture the three of them kneeling on a wide window seat in one of the downstairs rooms, peering out at the grounds. In front lay acres and acres of wide green lawns, greener than they'd ever seen, he knew. And, over the top of the high hedges at the end of lawns, they would glimpse the quaint thatched cottage roofs of the village of Englefield Green.

"Let's go outside and play," he heard Chris say, and then he heard all three of them run outside, shouting and laughing...
as they went. Smiling, he turned over and went to sleep again.

It was more than an hour later before Liz—dressed simply in an attractive white housecoat—came downstairs with Eddie. They had breakfast alone together before calling the children back inside. While they sat waiting for them, the children’s nurse knocked on the door and came into the room. “Mrs. Fisher,” she said, looking worried. “I thought I kept tell you that there’s no suitable crib for Liza, or a high chair for her, either.”

Before Liz could answer, Mrs. Gratton-Storey, the owner of the house, who had been in the room arranging flowers by the window, turned around and said, “Don’t worry, Mrs. Fisher. I’ll go down to the village and buy them. There’s a baby store.”

That’s very kind of you,” answered Liz quietly.

At that moment, all three children came bursting through the door.

Gosh, they seem happy, Eddie thought, and then he looked at Liz. Did she look a little tired?

“Come on, let’s see the house,” he suggested then, and all five of them began exploring the fifteen-room country home that was to be theirs for at least three months.

When they finally came out of a picturesque attic room, the last one there was to see in the house, Liz sighed. “That was some tour,” she said, looking weary. “I thought it would be great and then I’ll join you in the garden.”

“Fine,” said Eddie, and then he stopped short by one of the windows. A large crowd had gathered by the main gate leading into the grounds, a crowd that seemed to be growing by the minute. With a heavy sigh, he walked quickly back to his study. “Could you ask one of the porters to take a message for me?” he called to one of the servants.

Then, after fumbling through a desk in the far corner of the room and finding a sheet of paper, he sat down and wrote out a note. “Mr. and Mrs. Fisher do not wish to see anyone today. Absolutely no one,” it read. The policeman knocked at the study door and Eddie handed him the message. “Would you post this on the gate for me?” he asked. “Because I understand from one of the maids that some people are even asking to come in.”

It was only after the policeman had gone to the gate and told the people what Eddie had said, and posted his note, that they all saw that they were able to spend a day quietly together—just the family. Sometimes I wish nobody knew about us—or cared, Eddie found himself thinking. If they knew what they decide to go out. Then, to make sure they wouldn’t be noticed by anyone who still might be by the gate, they used a back exit, driving off through narrow winding country lanes. The children were in tow and the “ahshed” at almost everything—even if it wasn’t very novel. Finally, reaching the secluded green stretches of Windsor Great Park, they all tumbled out and spent an hour romping and nicking before coming home.

“We’re here,” he announced.


“Your pub.” He pointed to an Elizabethan-style building in front of them. She was all white-eyed when they went inside, for, even though she had been born in England, she had gone to the States at a very young age—long before she was old enough for pub. And she hadn’t had a chance to visit one on her other stays in England. Eddie was glad he was able to show things to her, to delight her with new sights, new scenes, new feelings.

It was quite dark inside and the walls were covered with deep mahogany-colored wood paneling. At one end was a long bar, fitted out with high levers. They were facing the bar, edging their way between barrels beneath the bar. Eddie explained. Small round tables filled most of the room, although there were booths around the edge.

This visit was as pleasantly surprised as Liz at how calm and almost uninterested the “regulars” seemed to be in them. It made Eddie and Liz feel almost like they belonged. “That fellow right next to us doesn’t seem to know who we are, or if he does—he certainly doesn’t care,” Eddie whispered playfully to Liz. He’d been referring to a proper, business dressing with a striped suit, who was sipping sherry.

Ten days later it was time to go to the Van Cliburn concert. Liz dressed in a black and white polka-dotted dress, with a matching hat, and with Eddie wearing a light lounge suit, the two of them drove into the heart of London to the impressive new concert auditorium called Festival Hall. Here they heard their friend play. And every Van Cliburn fan—the whole house—was there.

And from a box high above the platform they listened intently as he performed works by Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven and then a rather jazzy piece by Prokofiev.

And later they went down to Van’s dressing room.

“Wonderful to see you!” Van cried as they went in. But the room was already so crowded that Eddie and Liz had to sit on the side for more than twenty minutes while crowds surged around the pianist.

“It was a wonderful concert,” Eddie told Van when he finally returned. “Every time I hear you play I seem to get something more out of it.”

“Yes, we enjoyed it tremendously,” Liz said, “though I must admit it was even more when you played for us at Eddie’s—wearing a suit!”

She laughed and Van laughed with her.

Eddie managed to smile a little, but the thought of that house that was no longer his home, and that had been his home for so long, hurt. He wouldn’t show it. He’d have to control himself.

“You look wonderful,” Van told Liz.

“I’ve managed to take off eighteen pounds,” she said. “And it wasn’t easy!”

He’d eaten his plate piled up with meat and gravy and potatoes, and then how grimly she’d looked at her salad, Eddie chuckled. Life with Liz is never dull, he thought, and slipped his arm under hers. “Then he looked at his watch. “Hey,” he said, “time to go. Ready, darling?”

No, life with Liz was never dull. A few weeks later: just on the spur of the moment, Eddie had flown home for a week end and seen everything together.

When they returned to England, Liz pulled his face down to hers and kissed him. That was lovely!” she said. “Just like a schoolgirl!”

“Eddie held her tightly to him. “No second honeymoons for us, darling,” he said. “Just one. Our honeymoon will last thirty years.” He kissed her again. “Just you and me,” he said. “Just you and me and see . . .”

—ELAINE BLAKE

NEXT FOR LIZ: COLUMBIA’S "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER" NUMBER "TWELVE FOR THE SEASON," SOON TO BE RELEASED BY UNITED ARTISTS. EDDIE'S LATEST RECORD IS THE RCA-VICTOR ALBUM CALLED "AS LONG AS THERE IS MUSIC."
so she and her brothers can have more room, the old bedroom she’s leaving decorated in pink and usually strewn with her clothes, books and souvenirs, the girls she met as a Mouseketeer, slumber parties.

Like the slumber party she had just the other week.

Ten girls, some of them from the neighborhood, some from the Mouseketeers, were spending the night with Annette. They tried on each other’s lipsticks and then they gathered around the record player in the Funicello’s modest living room. So used to girl-talk that he didn’t even hear it, Mr. Funicello watched television in the adjoining sun room.

Her brother Joey watched fascinated as Annette, in pink and white candy-striped pajamas, pushed her hair to one side and then swooped a big wave down over one eye.

“Gee, Annette,” he said, “you sure look funny.”

In the mirror, Annette spotted Darlene Gillespie’s blue shortie pajamas and called out, “Darlene, what do you think?”

Looking up from a stack of records, Darlene thought a moment. “Uh-uh,” she said.

Annette brushed her hair back into the curly bob she normally wears. “Here comes Mom,” she told Joey. “Guess it’s time for you to go off to bed.”

“Can’t I wait till . . .”

“No,” Mrs. Funicello, hearing his plea, put her hands on Joey’s shoulders and pushed him gently toward the door. “And take Mike upstairs with you,” she called out after him. “There are more sandwiches in the refrigerator,” she told Annette, “if you have some unexpected guests. I’ll be next door in the sun room with Daddy, watching TV.”

“Thanks, Mom,” Annette said gratefully.

Then, as she reached for another piece of fudge, her mother turned. “Better not have any more of that,” she advised. “You know what it does to your skin.”

“Annette,” called out Darlene, “if you’re really not going to eat any more of that fudge, how about passing it to me?”

Just then, Mary, another ex-Mouseketeer, emerged from the kitchen, her terry-cloth scuffs slap-slapping on the carpet as she walked. In one hand, she carried a glass of milk, and in the other, a long-playing record album.

“Gollee,” she said, “will somebody please tell me what this simply fantastic Frankie Avalon record was doing in the kitchen? I found it on the sink!”

A minute later, the bell at the front door rang.

“Boys!” Mary announced.

Jumping up, Annette ran to the front door to let them in. “I bet they think they’re surprising us,” she laughed to herself. The other girls quickly forgot about Frankie Avalon and Fabian. They paired off and started to dance. Only Annette still thought of a boy who wasn’t there.

What is an Annette? She’s thrilled (“simply thrilled”) by the color violet, John Saxon (whom she’s never met), long-distance phone-calls, practically anything to eat, a brown rabbit with an orange stomach and ears named Paul, and an eighteen-year-old vocalist, also named Paul.


Annette extended a trembling hand and hoped the nice-looking boy didn’t see her gulp. Here he was, the very same Paul Anka whose records she adored. Who would ever have expected a business agent to play cupid? But that’s how it had come about.

Paul’s agent had called on her about a business matter. She’d told him she liked Paul’s records, and the agent suggested an introduction. And now here they were . . . and, of course, the business agent, too.

Southern California is cool at night, and a breeze from the canyons of Hollywood Hills whipped her skirt as she walked across the yard to Paul’s car. Courteously, he opened the door. Analytically, she considered him.

“I believe he’s a little bit shy,” she concluded. “He’s hardly said a word so far.”

Luckily the agent was expansive.

“Wow, kids,” he said, “I think maybe we’d go over to some place on La Cienega for dinner. Unless there’s somewhere else you’d rather go?”

She had no preference. With most of the boys she knew, she ate dinner at hamburger stands.

“That sounds good,” said Paul, expertly cutting the car in and out of traffic. “Just anywhere will be fine with me.”

And so the evening had begun, a chaperoned dinner. When they were having dessert, the agent stood up. “Excuse me,” he said, “I have to make a telephone call.”

Then Paul had an idea and he leaned across the table.

“Annette,” he said coaxingly, “let’s go somewhere together, just us. Could you go to the Palladium for dancing? I’d love to take you.”

“I’d love to go,” she said. “I really would.”

The agent wasn’t slow to take a hint. They dropped him at his apartment, so they could go on to the Palladium alone.
Colored lights flecked the mammoth dance floor on which dancers moved to the music of Harry James, and moving with them were herself and Paul.

“Having fun?” Paul wanted to know.

“Mmm,” she nodded. It had been a wonderful evening.

Dancing at the Palladium was the beginning of something pretty important to Annette, the way she feels about Paul Anka. There’ve been crushes before ... the big thing with Lonnie, the really mad crush when she first joined the Mouseketeers ... a much-publicized crush on Guy Williams that was simply a case of hero-worship—he didn’t even know about it ... a few brief “passions” for Studio City and North Hollywood High School boys ... but, for the past few weeks, the crush on Paul Anka has been the biggest thing of all.

After the first date at the Palladium, Paul visited her home several times, had dinner with the family. And since he’d been in New York and England, he’d written and telephoned.

Flipped across the bed, reading and rereading his letters, she remembers dancing at the Palladium, circling lights, the music of Harry James ... Paul.

He’d given her a necklace (“with a real cultured pearl”) and a zoo of stuffed animals. Her favorite was the brown and orange rabbit named Paul, and although she knew it wouldn’t go very well with her bedroom in the new house, that’s where it will stay.

“My new room,” she says, “is going to be done in eight shades ... all violet. I’m just mad about violet. But I’m going to keep my rabbit there anyway.”

When friends tease her about Paul, she’s not embarrassed. She freely admits he’s the boy she likes best of all.

Annette dislikes: the color maroon (“It’s such a dull color,” she says).

“We used to have a car that color and it never ran right”); an overdose of classical music (“Though a little is all right”); shoes that are too tight; washing dishes; people who are loud and impolite; people who hurt others.

When she thinks of impolite people, she remembers the boy who almost made her cry at school.

She had just made her television debut as a Mouseketeer, and was still attending North Hollywood Junior High School. At twelve, she was still timid, but not as painfully so as when her parents, to help her get over her shyness, had first enrolled her in dancing classes. Still, it took all the self-confidence she could muster to see through those first weeks in the Mickey Mouse Club.

The morning after she appeared on television for the first time, she wanted to skip and run along the street—she was so excited. The next evening, when she finally got used to seeing herself on the monitor. The other Mouseketeers were so nice, and the director so pleasant. He’d even confided to her that he, too, was timid, and this had helped her through some bad moments.

“I wonder if the kids saw me,” she thought.

She noticed that two boys were already at the flagpole, ready to hoist the flag. The bugler, whose quavery notes always made some of the kids snicker, was carefully removing the shining bugle from its case. And the same for the home-room bell, she thought, walking a little faster.

Groups of kids were still lingering in the playground, but she hardly noticed them. She was so intent upon reaching her room before the bell, on hearing what the kids had to say.

Suddenly, though, she became aware that some of them were pointing toward her. Her face flushed.

What could be the matter? Surely her shoes matched. Had she put her skirt on backward or something, she wondered. No, everything looked right.

She was nearly abreast a knot of boys when she caught the word “Mouseketeer.” A red-headed boy laughed raucously.

“Annette,” he bawled. “Annette.”

And then he put his hands to his head and made mouse ears. It was contagious. Other kids imitated him. Someone started singing the Mouseketeer song, and others, whooping with merriment, pointed toward her.

Everywhere there were mouse ears and pointing fingers. The red-headed boy ran along beside her yelling, “We are the merry Mouseketeers.” She fought back her tears and almost ran screaming for the sanctuary of the school building.

“They’re mean,” she sniffled, fumbling in her shoulderbag for a tissue. “May-be,” she tried to tell herself, “maybe they don’t really mean to hurt me ...”

But she could never really convince herself of that, and from then on, till she started going to school at the Disney studio, she avoided crossing the school yard when there were lots of kids there. She was frightened when anyone began to look her way and whisper.

She’s embarrassed: People who stare.

Usually when people stare at Annette, they’re intrigued by what’s she’s wearing and she’s not an actress. But there are other reasons.

There was the night of the Mouskeeter party, for instance. Lonnie was starring.

Just a few minutes earlier, Annette had been dancing radiantly with Lonnie. But Lonnie was a dream come true. Annette, at twelve, was in love. Luckily she was in love with Lonnie, a fellow Mouseketeer, and she got to see him practically every day, and tonight they were at a party together.


But Lonnie was a dream come true.

Dancing, Lonnie whispered, “You dance better than any girl I know.”

“Do you really think so?” she asked, glowing.

For a long time, he pursued, “I’ve wanted to tell you how much I like you, but I’ve never had a chance before.”

“I like you, too, Lonnie,” she said softly.

The music grew faster. Annette, her little figure swaying, kept pace ... cheeks pink, eyes sparkling. She’d never had more fun.

Then ... suddenly ... rip.

Her dress had split from sleeve to waist. Her slip was showing in the worst possible place. As Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, Lonnie, Lonnie, Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie, and Lonnie.

She was half-naked, practically bawling, “What in the world is wrong? Where are you going?”


“T’ll just stand here.”

Scarlet-faced, she prayed he wouldn’t guess what had happened.

Standing by the wall, she pressed her elbow against her side to hold her dress together.

“It’s kind of cool, isn’t it,” she said finally.

“Cool!” Lonnie exclaimed. “I’ve never been so warm ...”

“Maybe,” she suggested, “maybe you could get me out of this ...”

What is Annette? A girl sixteen ... a girl with a crush ... a girl whose parents insist upon being introduced to her friends ... a girl who’s allowed to date only on Friday and Saturday.

She hates doing dishes ... she sometimes forgets to pick up her clothes ... she’s wild about chocolate but knows what it does to her complexion ... she answers the phone every minute it rings (it might be Paul) ... and on Sundays she’s usually in church.

She doesn’t mind lessons, but doesn’t enjoy them. She’s not a good swimmer but adores the beach. (“I can dive, though,” she says.) She goes swoony over records (Fabian, Avalon—and especially Anka). She’s a bundle of dreams, blazes, and enthusiasms. Could she be defined in a word? Oh, easily. She’s Annette.

The End

SEE ANNETTE IN “THE SHAGGY DOG” AND HEAR HER RECORDS (FILM AND DISCS ARE DATED).
Kookie?

Continued from page 35

I blushed. I was early. Long before my alarm had rung that morning, I was up, pulling on dresses and throwing them off again. Nothing seemed right for the way I wanted to look. Finally, Mom came in and looked over the havoc I'd created.

"Where do you think you're going, Sandra?" she asked. "To an Academy Award event?"

"To an Academy Award event...I used to dream about things like that. Back in New York, when I was just going to school. I'd dream about sailing into a party in white mink and diamonds and saying: "Hello, Cary. Hi, there, Clark...Oh, Greg—how are you?" And, believe it or not, I've never met any of them..." I fell silent, even to call them mister, since coming to Hollywood. But I have met Ed Byrnes.

"No," I told my mother, "I've got to meet Ed at the beach and I haven't a thing to wear..."

"You have a million things to wear, and you'd better hang them all up again, before you leave, too," she answered.

"Why don't you wear those new white shorts and your shaggy-striped sweater?"

"Mom! You're an angel!"

And that's what I'd put on. But even after trying on everything else first, I'd still arrived at the beach early.

"Come on," Edd said, "stick your whole foot in the water. Look, it doesn't hurt a bit."

"No," I protested, but when he took my hand and led me nearer the water, I did. I plunged my whole foot in and nearly fell in all the way.

He saved me. "Hey!" he said. "We can't have you sopping wet, now, can we?"

But next he looked into my face intently. Then, with his eyes very close to mine, he said, "No, I think you'd be pretty—"

Too...I could have hugged him for saying that.

"Now, let's be dancing shadows," I suggested, taking both his hands and pulling him away from the water.

"Dancing shadows?" he started to say, and then Edd looked where I pointed.

There were two foreshortened shadows in the sand, holding hands, looking as though they were waiting—poised—to whirl off in a fandango. "What a kookie idea!" Edd laughed.

Then, all courtly gentleman, he circled one arm around my neck, and smiled his biggest smile. "Miss Dee," he said, "will you conga with me?"

"I will," I said, and right away we fell into a short conga-line, with me behind. "Oh, look!" I cried, pointing down to the sand. "We look like a couple of Koala bears—a mom with a baby on her back!"

And we did! My shaggy sweater looked all furry in the sandy shadow. We did a fast conga all over the beach, till my heart got out of rhythm. It began doing the cha-cha-cha, and I guess Edd's did, too, because he said, "Let's flop down on the beach-mattress a while, and I'll tell you what the stars have in store for you."

Even the mattress was toasty-warm when we plumped down on it. It felt good just to lie there and relax, with Edd's arm across my back, and with the surf lapping gently against the shore.

Edd began my fortune with: "Miss Dee, I see a tall dark man in your future—no, wait—he's in your present!"

Then Rog Marshutz said, "Okay, kid, I got it," and he put down the camera. He'd been taking fun-pictures of us all the while, for Photoplay.
Sitting up, I shaded my eyes with one hand and looked over at Ed. In one bound, he was standing up. "Wait," he said, "we haven't even played ball." He picked up a huge, multi-colored beach ball and began batting it around. "Come on, Sandra," he called.

I jumped up and ran over to him, and, for a while, he was a wallflower at the beach, tossing the beach ball back and forth. Then it was time to go. But, just before I was ready to take off in my T-Bird, he said: "By the way, Sandra, don't you think I should do a story for a magazine, listing you as one of the ten most fascinating women in Hollywood?"

I shrieked. Then, having recovered my poise, I said, "I won't," and hoped I sounded nonchalant. But, when I got the car around the corner, I practically went off the road... One of the ten most fascinating women... Then he noticed me before!

The first time I saw Ed—in person—was last February. Friday the thirteenth, to be exact. I remember thinking, maybe today will be lucky for me, or maybe something awful will happen.

It turned out to be lucky. Marcia Borie was giving a party for Evelyn Pain, the editor of Photoplay, and she asked me to come. "Don't bother dressing up," she said. "We'll all be in slacks and pedal pushers. Just run a comb through your hair and come on over after you get off from the studio."

She also said it was stag or date, whatever I wanted, and, since I hadn't any plans for that night, I decided to go alone. But at lunch that day I was talking to Susie Kohner, and she asked if I were going to the party. I said yes, and she said she'd come too. Srusie had said at the same time, "Are you going alone?" When we discovered that neither of us had made dates, we decided to go together.

We piled into my T-Bird right after work. Susie wore black slacks and I had on olive-green ones, with a pink turtle-neck sweater and a rather cool-looking black leather jacket. I'd talked my mother into buying for me, after I saw someone wear one in a movie. At the party, everybody was dressed the same way. Even Evelyn Pain, who looked more like she'd just come home from a day on campus than a magazine office, was dressed in powder blue slacks and a matching sweater.

Everybody—but just everybody—was there. Susie and I sat down on the floor with Molly Bee and Nick Adams and Mark Damon. Then Tuesday Weld and Diane Baker came over to say hello, and then Will Hutchins almost stepped on me when he walked across the room, and—oh—it was fun.

Marcia's dog, Mr. Chips, came over then and wanted to be friends, so I pulled him into my lap and petted him. That's just what I was doing when Edd walked in, in a blue suit, tie, everything.

If he was embarrassed to be dressed differently from the rest of us, he sure didn't let it show.

"The new diamonds," Marcia whispered to me, "he's Kookie!"

I stared at her. Then I said, "He is not. He's not a bit weird. He's—well, he looks very nice.

I thought she raised her eyebrows a little, but there were so many people around that she just went on serving shrimp to everyone. It was Susie who had to tell me that Ed was Kookie, on the elevator, that day. "Then Ed's back," I thought. That day, when you call someone Kookie, it's a compliment. I thought I'd wither away.

Pretty soon the kids began to mix and have fun. One girl started to play the piano, and we started singing. But when I looked up, I saw that Edd was all alone. He was sitting up straight in an overstuffed chair. Just sitting there, right across from the room from me, not saying a word.

I do wish he'd come over and say hello to me, I thought. Then he suddenly looked up at me, and I felt myself begin to blush. He doesn't have to stare, I thought. But he could come over and talk. It wouldn't hurt him any. I mean, would it?

I buried my face in Mr. Chips' fur, and then Marcia's voice cut into my thoughts. "Edd," she was saying, "I'd like to say hello to someone awfully nice—Sandra Dee. Sandra, this is Edd Byrnes."

Looking up, way up, I tried to smile at him. His smile was certainly warm enough—and it didn't end with his lips either. He smiled with his eyes, too. "Hello," he said. "Hello," I said.

And then the party was over. Edd and I had said hello to each other and that was all, that was the end of it. Or so I thought.

Only, it wasn't.

Two days later I saw Edd again. He'd won the Photoplay Gold Medal award for being the most outstanding newcomer and so had I... I mean, he won for the boys and I won for the girls.

"What are you doing here?" I blurted out, before I knew what I was saying. "I mean, hello." "Hello to you, too," Edd said, smiling. "And congratulations on your award!"

"I don't really believe it yet," I managed, jokingly.

Looking around me at the enormous amount of activity in the NBC studios, at the people kind of milling around, and at all the lights, I began to feel worse and worse.

"You know, I'm scared," I said. Then the director, Nick Vanoff, pointed to Edd and me standing behind the curtains, and said, "Okay, you're on!"

"Oh, no..." I whispered, and I could feel my knees beginning to shake. "Oh, no...

Edd looked at me. "What's the matter?" he asked, looking puzzled.

"My knees," I said, "they feel so weak—suddenly. I—" and blushing to the roots of my hair, I added, "I wasn't holding your hand, or I won't be able to take one step."

He took my hand in his big, strong one, and held it tight, and then we were on the floor, everything was all right. It was more than right, because he held my hand.

When the program was over, Photoplay gave a party for everyone, but there were no cameras around. Susie and I and Holly and Edd had<br>to sign autographs, and I only got to say a few words to each other. Then Mother and I, and Edd went home by himself.

A few minutes after Edd had left the beach at that one time, and that was all, except he had said he'd told a magazine I was a fascinating, a fascinating woman, so maybe, maybe... Just in case, I decided to keep my fingers crossed.

It worked! Two days later Edd called. I was concentrating on my textbook, but I got half-hearted when I said hello. Then he said, "Hey, this is me, Edd Byrnes."

The book fell to the floor and I sat up straightening it.

"Would you like to go to a party Wednesday?" he asked. "Unchaperoned by Photoplay this time." He laughed.

"A party? I felt kind of stunned. I had dated a really believed crossed fingers could work.

"Yes. Frank Sinatra's giving a dinner at Puccini's restaurant; then we're all going on to a special showing of his new picture, 'The Hole in the Head.' Would you like to go with me?"

"You mean," I began rather stupidly, "without Photoplay?"

"Well, I decided it was of anything else to suggest," she said finally. "I just hope you think of something to wear before Edd gets here."

At last, I did. I settled on a champagne satin dress with an empire waist. With that problem solved, I hopped into a luxurious bubble bath and tried to relax. Of course, it was useless. There were more things than just me and Edd waiting out there. Edd arrived promptly at seven-thirty and I thought I would be able to go right down, but then I smeared two nails and had to do them over again. Why is it something always goes wrong? While I was waiting for my nails to dry, I could hear him talking with my mother. My, he has a nice voice!

When my nails were dry, I was almost afraid to go downstairs. I had waited so long, it seemed, that the bubbles started all over again.

And then it wasn't bad at all. As soon as I saw him, looked up into his wonderful eyes, I was all right. I didn't feel shy any more.

When we got to Puccini's, I felt as if I were back in the middle of my dreams in New York—only now they were in

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Sandra saw little blushed he all know, "I sat Marcia saw pink asked. "Each thought all wouldn't We Then, superemollient, and room time, first there. Then I spotted the album from "77 Sunset Strip. "Look, Edd," I cried, "there's one with your picture right on it!" "I know," he said. "Heard it yet?" "No. I don't know where I've been, but I didn't even know it existed." Edd just? I didn't have time to take this in fully, because he stopped in front of a record store in Beverly Hills.

We didn't play any records in the store. The jackets were so beautiful that we spent all our time just looking at them. And then I spotted the album from "77 Sunset Strip.

"Look, Edd," I cried, "there's one with your picture right on it!"

"I know," he said. "Heard it yet?"

"No. I don't know where I've been, but I didn't even know it existed."

Edd looked at his watch. "It's getting late," he said. "Guess we'd better go."

But he picked up that album and had the man wrap it up. Then when we got in the car, he gave it to me.

He drove me home slowly, as if he were as reluctant as I was for it all to end. The stars seemed brighter than ever, the moonlight was beautiful, and the radio was playing softly. Then, suddenly, I sat up straight.

That was Edd's voice I heard on the radio: "Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb."

He tried to switch it off, but I wouldn't let him. "No, let me hear it," I said. So he began to sing louder than the radio, trying to drown it out.

Then, just before we got home, the announcer said: "And now a word for..."

and he mentioned a suntan preparation for which I'd done a commercial. The next thing I knew he was saying: "And here is Sandra Dee, the excitingly beautiful Universal-International star..." and it was my turn to be embarrassed, to try to switch the station.

But Edd pushed my hand away. "You really are," he said, "do you know that?"

I blushed and said nothing. We were home by now. Edd led me up the steps and into the house. "It's hard," he said, "to realize you're a glamorous star to millions of people, when you know you've only just graduated from school, and you're still getting up in the morning with the same face, the same voice you've always had."

He added, "because sometimes I find it hard to remember I'm Kookie."

"Yes," I said and smiled, remembering the girl at that first party, "you certainly are!"

**THE END**

"I know it's polite to let the lady have the last word but I'd like to add a postscript. Sandra is one of the loveliest girls I've ever met. She's refreshing in a town where too many girls are blase. She's a big star, but I'd have liked her and asked her out if she worked as a secretary or a schoolteacher. She's fun to be with, an easy conversationalist, looks great in whatever she's wearing, is a good sport, has a sense of humor and such enthusiasm for living that it's catching. Wow, this is the longest speech I've made in quite some time... I think my on-screen TV personality would have summed up the whole thing in one concise phrase: Sandra—man, she's the chichest!—edd"

See Sandra in U-I's "The Wild and the Innocent," then Warners' "A Summer Place," watch for Edd in "Yellowstone Kelly," and then in "Savage Streets," (both for Warners) and follow him on ABC-TV's "77 Sunset Strip," 9:30-10:30 P.M. EDT on Fridays. Don't miss his Warner Bros. records.

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maybe one day soon he will be here with you.

"But I want to see him now," insisted Perry, looking deep brown eyes opening wide. "Why isn’t he here with us like he always was?"

"He will be.... he will be," said Pier softly, placing the milk on a low coffee table, then standing up to look out on a cloudy, gray afternoon. She shivered slightly, thinking how much more like late autumn it seemed than like the early summer weather. Then, turning away again, she glanced over at Perry and sighed. It was so hard to explain to him that she’d separated from his father and that they were living in different cities. It took several long, over-laden conversations with her children before she understood that from now on she would only be seeing his father on certain particular days and occasions. Because Perry depended on his father so, and at every opportunity would speak about him and about the things they had done together.

As she looked at him, it occurred to her how long his hair had grown. He hadn’t let anyone cut it since Vic had left home almost eight months ago, and now it almost reached to his shoulders.

"Perry, she began, kneeling down near the boy’s car. "Why don’t you let Mommy cut your hair? It may be a long time until Daddy can do it again. He’s very busy now—working hard."

"No! Daddy do it!" answered Perry, with that same little voice. "Daddy always do it!" And this certainly was true. For, ever since Perry had been old enough to have his hair cut, his father had done it himself, then she’d let him gently stroke his own hair. "Daddy always do it!"

"Please darling—just for me," insisted Pier. "You can’t go around with long hair, like that. Everyone will look at you."

"No, please, no," pleaded Perry, putting one hand up to his head as though to save his hair.

Pier sighed and sat down in an armchair. What was there to do? She’d tried everything, but to no avail. For that whole day when she’d even attempted to take him to a special children’s barber ....

I t had been a beautiful, warm sunny day in March, that day in Los Angeles when they’d gone to the beach. As soon as they neared town, Perry had begun to jump up and down on the car seat, excited that he was being taken "like a big boy." She hadn’t told him yet that they might be stopping in somewhere for him to have his hair cut. Because, as long as he was on the telephone, the barber had insisted it would be better if Perry knew nothing about it until he got there.

"Perry get new toy?" the child asked, as they drove slowly on the road to a working lot.

She laughed. "Yes, darling," she said. And, bringing the car to a halt, she got out and walked around the car to let him see well, thinking how smart he looked in his new navy-and-white suit. If only that hair ....

Holding onto her hand, he hopped and skipped by her side as they walked along the street, pulling back at every opportunity to peer into shop windows. Then, suddenly, he stopped quite still. "Look!" he said, pointing to a little grey elephant that sat in the front of one window. "Oh, Mommy!" he gasped, turning to look up at her. "For Perry?"

They bought the elephant and then, quietly, tried to let him see she was very happy about the purchase. Perry, however, seemed not to want to be the best boy of them all.

"Yes, Mommy," he said, but he really didn’t understand.

Thus they went to the corner and then went through a doorway, past a sign which read “Children’s Beauty Parlor,” and into a large room crowded with boys and girls of all ages.

"Look over there Perry, at those horses!" she said, pointing to a long line of picturesque high-chairs, carved and painted like wooden horses on a carousel. Then Perry, starting, slid off a white towel about his neck, and behind each chair stood a white-coated barber with a pair of scissors.

Perry’s face was a look of bewilderment.

As they stood in the doorway, a tall, grey-haired man came over towards them. “Mrs. Damone?" he said. And she knew, instantly, that he was a person she’d encountered before, had seen him in a book, a tiny pair of bathtub trunks, tossed in a corner of Perry’s room, caught her eye. They made her remember something she’d never tell anyone—of having made her remember the day in Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, not so many weeks ago (she’d been on location for a week) that she’d shown him just how much he missed his father.

That day Perry hadn’t been filming and so she’d told the nurse, Abbie, to take him the whole day off—she would look after Perry.

"What about the two of us going to the beach for the day?" she suggested to Perry as soon as the nurse had left. "You’re all washed and clean, and ready to light up. And he began kicking the legs of his chair with excitement.

Humming softly to herself, Pier went through the bathroom. She slipped quickly into a bathing suit, pulling a loose cotton wrapper over it. Then she took Perry by the hand and they walked along the corridor to the room he shared with Vic, and there she found both of them, the two bathing trunks and put them on, collecting his large rubber toy duck before they left the room.

On the beach, she looked around for a secluded corner, where Perry could build sandcastles and be quite safe, and then stretched out next to him, waiting for many minutes before he began pulling at her.

"Can I go in the water?" he asked, sounding so coy that she had to smile.

"Yes, of course, darling. I can’t come in the water and not swim. But I’ll take you down to the water and you can splash about on the edge." She got up, took him by the hand and they went running down towards the sea. When they reached a shallow bank where gentle waves lapped over and over and then ran back again to the deeper ocean, Perry waded in happily. But he had only played in the water a few moments before he said, "No fun without Daddy. I want Daddy."

He’s away in America—working and singing. I never knew what he always did when he asked. Someday, she thought, he would have to know the truth but now he was definitely still too young to understand. There was a lost look in Perry’s face that her mother felt lost .... His father had always taken him swimming.

Then, before she knew what he was doing, he threw off his little head and started running down the beach. "Perry?" she called. "Perry... come back!"

He didn’t answer. He just shouted, "Daddy!"

She hurried after him and then her footsteps slowed. She had seen what had made him run off. For he had stopped by a man who, from the back, looked exactly like her father. He was a tall, dark man, with brown hair, and as he heard him say as he threw his arms around the man’s legs....

But when the man turned around, and Perry saw him, he suddenly let the man go. And, as he did, he flushed a deep red and put a finger up to his mouth. Then he began to cry softly, brokenly.

Pier reached him at that moment, and she took him down to pick Perry up. Holding him very close to her, she said, “No, darling... it’s not Daddy.” Then, turning to the man, she explained, “My son thought his father’s here. I hope you will excuse us."

“That’s quite all right,” he answered. “Is there anything I can do?” Your boy seems terribly upset.”
"No... no thank you," said Pier. And she took Perry away, speaking softly to him, trying to comfort him. "Daddy's only away because he's singing for Perry. He'll be back soon," she said gently. But the look of complete hopelessness on Perry's face made her want to cry.

She carried Perry all the way back to the hotel, put him quietly to bed, and then read to him from his favorite Be Be book until he had calmed down and fallen asleep. Sleep did not come to her so easily that night, and, when it did finally, it did not last long. Waking suddenly, she heard him crying in his crib.

"Where's my daddy? Where's my daddy?" he was saying over and over again.

Running into his bedroom, she picked him up and tried to comfort him. But it was a long time before he fell asleep again. She knew she had to do something. She couldn't go on letting Perry feel so lost. But what? What could she do?

Mommy... Mommy, why don't you start reading?" Perry interrupted her thoughts again.

"I'm reading," she softly.

And he snuggled closer to her. "It's all right, Mommy," he said, "but please—don't look so sad." Then, in one of those amazing spouts of understanding children sometimes have, he added, "I miss Daddy too."

Pier smiled weakly and, looking down at the book, finished the story. But she could not help thinking about how much Perry talked about his father. He seemed to talk of nothing else these days, and it worried her.

Finishing the story, she tucked him in, and kissed him good-night. Poor little fellow, she thought. For weeks now, he'd been refusing to eat—except to have "eggs over easy" like his father always had, and spinach—"because Daddy likes spinach." She'd taken him to doctors in Los Angeles, doctors in London and doctors in Las Palmas, but they hadn't been able to help. She'd talked with friends who had boys of Perry's age, but they didn't know what to tell her.

He seemed to be pining so much, always asking why his father never played to him any more on the guitar; never sang to him or read to him when he went to bed; never took him to "that big park" (the golf course) to sit him in a caddy's basket and wheel him around the course while he played. And whenever Vic's voice came to them over the radio, singing one of his latest songs, Perry would always run to find out, "Is it my daddy?" He knew his father's voice so well.

Lately, he'd begun to draw pictures, and he'd tell her, "This is my daddy." She'd become aware of the way he'd drawn faces with curly hair—just like his father's—and shaped the eyes exactly in the unusual shape of his father's eyes.

She heard the doorbell ring and so she left Perry's pale blue bed and walked back through the living room to answer it, wondering as she went who it might be... she couldn't remember having invited anyone to come over that afternoon...

When she opened the door she gasped and her hand flew to her face. For there stood Vic—laden with boxes and packages so big she could only just see his face. "Vic... I... I didn't know... why... why she was upset.

"May I... May I come in?" he said in a small voice.

Pier stood back to let him pass, not knowing quite what to say. And then, as he walked into the living room, Perry saw him from the bed, and the boy came running over towards him shouting, "Daddy... Daddy. It is my daddy!" And
YOUR NEEDLEWORK

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Pier recently signed with Roulette Records, and Vic's, of course, are Columbia.
thought had just struck him, "You know, most people are lucky to have loved deeply once in their lives—and I've been lucky enough," he said, "so I'll have said twice. "Believe it or not," he went on, pointing his pipe at me to emphasize his own astonishment, "nine years ago I was at the end of my rope. I had a family, and suddenly I felt as though I had nothing, after Emily—she was my first wife—died."

"I was very young when I fell in love with Emily McNair. I was studying art at the Neighborhood Playhouse, in New York and Emily was a student there, too. We started dating immediately and we were engaged almost every day for nearly two years. Then I went into the Army and, as soon as we could manage it, we were married. That was in December of 1941, a month to remember."

"It was a time when all the world seemed to be falling apart, being destroyed by a war, families being torn apart. But even if the world's future was uncertain, ours was certain. We were in love; we would be together...always, we thought. We never dreamed how little time we were going to have."

"He drew a deep breath, then went on. "I was assigned to Office's Candidate School and our first child, Nancy, was born just before I went overseas. I didn't see the baby or Emily for the next two years. I spent the war in Europe, returning to the States in early 1946. I remember thinking, as the ship pulled homeward, 'At last... Emily. Nancy... From now on, I swear we'll never be separated.'

"From the very beginning, ours was an extraordinary marriage. We were so terribly in love that we lived only for each other, thinking of each other. It was just one of those relationships so incredible that—even when we did have an argument, which was almost never, we were so in love that neither of us could bear hurting the other. We'd wind up defending each other's positions until there was no argument left."

"And then, in June of 1947, our son, Efrem III—we nicknamed him Skipper—right after the Second of July, so his name seemed fuller, richer than anything we'd ever hoped to know. Six months later, this happiness was shattered.

"One day, our doctor called me into his office. I had no idea Emily had even been to see him. He tried to be kind, but what he told me, secretly, was that she was seriously ill. She has a sickness for which there is no cure," the doctor said. 'She has only two years left to live.'"

"Emily passed away in 1950. And even today, it is still difficult for me to talk about it."

"He paused, bending over towards a big glass ashtray and concentrating on knocking the ashes from his pipe. I couldn't see his face. Then he said, 'At first, I brooded before disengaging there with me, and then, because of my faith and belief in the fact that life does not end with death, I was able, after a while, to work things out. It took me two years to really understand that it is a responsibility to make a new life for the children and for myself, too—for Emily's sake as much as for our's.

"I thought the answer was to try to pick up the pieces of my life by throwing myself completely into art, and for the next few years that seemed to be enough. Then I met Steffi..."
I'll always remember that night, December 15, 1955—just a few days before "Fallen Angels," the Noel Coward play I was in, was to go on the road for its pre-Broadway tryout. Rehearsals broke earlier than we'd expected that night, so Billy Winsome, a fellow in the cast, and I had a few hours to kill between dinner and a party we had to go to later on that evening.

"Like to meet a couple of cute girls?" Billy had asked, and then, I guess because he was afraid I'd say no again, he headed for the phone before I could answer. Ten minutes later he was standing in a cab on our way to some apartment on the East Side. Billy gabbled away enthusiastically. "Linda told me her roommate isn't too happy about us coming tonight, but I told her I'm not company and you don't really mind how she looks."

"I paid the cabbie as Billy searched for the key. I remember it was a large number. We walked up and Billy made four hard raps with the brass knocker.

"We're here," he shouted.

"When Linda opened the door, I could see a figure, bentforward and wearing jeans and a wrinkled cotton blouse, sitting on the living-room floor.

My roommate, Stephanie Spalding, Linda said."

"She looked up briefly, said hello and then went on busily polishing a pair of riding boots that looked almost as big as she was. I wondered she was upset about our coming over; I thought, as I walked over and sat down near her. Her hair was sort of touselled, and she had freckles on her nose and a couple of smudges of black pencil on her mouth. She didn't do much makeup on and, looking at her, I figured she could be about fifteen.

"Billy kept teasing her, asking why she was in love with her. "I'm polishing them for a hunt," she finally burst out. "I'm going to one out on Long Island tomorrow. I love horses," she added, suddenly beaming, and from then on she seemed to talk only to him."

"I reminded her that the Hollywood Hills section and arranged to move in on New Year's Day, less than two weeks away. The studio wanted me to start work right away so Steffi had to go back to New York alone and arrange for the move.

"It was the Saturday morning before Christmas when I took her to the airport. This should have been our first Christmas together. It was the second time that Steffi had taken me to Christmas tree all decorated with balls and lights and with Christmas packages heaped under it. I just stood and stared until I heard a giggle. Turning around, I saw Naney, Skipper, and Steffi.

"After we'd stopped laughing, Steffi said she'd wanted us all to be together for our first Christmas and had rushed back to New York to pack up our furniture, rented the apartment and taken Naney out of school—all in time for them to fly to California that morning. And when she'd told the landlord what she was planning, he suggested they moved into the house before January 1st, but had suggested the way of getting me out to the house without ruining their surprise. Later Steffi told me that I'd been so afraid I'd spoil things by going to Nevada for Christmas that she'd called my sister and made her promise not to let me come and see them.

A lot has taken place since that first holiday in Hollywood. I've made more pictures and, of course, wound up playing Stuart Bailey on the week-long special "Saturday Night." On the night of October 1957, little Stephanie was born, and since then we've moved into this rambling ranch-type house. I guess I should mention that the most important reason for this is my unshakeable fondness for horses; we're both crazy about the entire animal kingdom. At the moment, our family consists of three healthy children, two horses, seven parakeets, a turnip, a parrot, a black cat and a black bantam rooster she calls George, who follows her around like a puppy.

"Being married to Steffi has made my life complete again. It has also taught me that there is a God-given capacity for an infinite amount of love, and that because of this, the love for those who are taken from us is not, after all, love, but a continuous force, a force that began when time began—that has no ending, that goes on reaching us from those to us around, always. Love is what all human beings should experience. Without it, everyone else is meaningless."

THE END

FOLLOW EPREM's ESCAPADES ALONG ABC-TV's "77 SUNSET STRIP" 9-20-10:30 P.M. EDT FRIDAYS. NEXT MOVIE: "SAVAGE STREETS," FOR WARNERS.
was a minute or two; it could have been a lifetime) there was nothing else. It was as though I were floating. No, I couldn't be floating, I must be in a motorboat. There was a definite beating somewhere in the region of my chest.

Then there were the butterflies in my stomach. And then there were those eyes, those fantastic, deep blue-green eyes... They were looking at me! I was singing high singing in my ears, I heard a voice. Those eyes had a voice, I mean, whoever those eyes belonged to had a voice.

"I'm Fabian," the voice said.

Of course, it's Fabian, that's why—that...this whatever it is, I thought. But I said, "I'm speechless."

And he laughed. "No, I really mean it," he said.

"So do I," Maybe, I thought, if I can look away, I'll be all right. With all the will left in me, I forced myself to concentrate on something else besides his eyes. My gaze settled on his chin and I noticed that my pulse let up somewhat. I cleared my throat.

"Oh, of course!" I told him. "It must have slipped my mind."

Slipped my mind, I laughed to myself. All week long we had talked of nothing else. We are me and Flossie. I have a steady boyfriend, myself, but I'd done nothing to prove it. I'd worked in the filing department and who just graduated from high school, that I'd definitely arrange for her to meet Fabian.

"But I've cleared eleven-fifteen," I said to Fabian. I looked at my watch. "It's only—" and after I'd said it I wished I could have stopped the words in mid-air.

"Ten," I said. "Yes, I know I'm early. I didn't think you'd mind.

"No, of course I don't," I managed to say. "Uh, sit down.

I knew even was tumbled in a meeting so I said, "I'll show you around, interview you. But as we walked back to my desk, I knew better than to look at him."

"That's nice," he said.

I started looking around my desk. "I've used to have a steno book," I muttered, still searching.

"Yes, I understand."

He said it up, "Is this it?" It was right there in front of me.

Snapping a look at him, I saw that he was smiling. "Go easy on me at first," he asked. "All this is new to me—being interviewed, things like that. I'm just a little scared." I looked him straight in the eye for a moment. "You're scared," I said, and thought, I'm petrified. Then I had to look away. Those eyes. They talked. I couldn't look at them long enough to know what they were telling. A little confidence is, the voice said, They're not good for you. Taking a deep breath, I told my conscience, Go away now—!

"Well," I said, "do you want to see around the place first, or have you anything special?"

By not looking at him, I found I could be quite brisk, quite efficient. Only, why was I twisting and twisting a hold of my like, I didn't seem to stop."

"Why don't you show me around first?"

"Sure, I'll show you around the place."

I picked up the phone. "Give me Flossie," I said to the switchboard operator.

"Flossie," I said, "it's me...

"Tobi," she said, "is it—did he . . . ?

"Only an hour ahead of schedule."

"Uh—yes.

"Yes, I would. Would you please mind my telephone while I show him around?"

She groaned. "Darn it!

"Listen," I whispered, "he'll have to pass right by you. On the way to Evelyn's office."

"Front of you," I lowered my voice still more, so Fabian couldn't hear. But I whispered so softly that even Flossie misread it, and I, and Evelyn, and Tobi, and God, the rest of the questions you want to ask. Otherwise, I warned, 'you won't be able to ask him any.

"Now, not Flossie," I said. "Please, not now.

After putting the phone back on the hook, I stood up. Only, I couldn't feel my legs under me. "Shall we go?" I asked, but no sound came out. I cleared my throat and repeated my question; this time my voice boomed.

"Sure," he said easily, "let's start the tour. Say, you haven't told me your name.

Keeping my eyes down, I told him my name. "Tobi," I said, "Tobi Simon."

He reached out and shook my hand. "Well," I said, "and then, there's a virus going around. Of something."

Or something, like Fabian, I thought, and started to lead out of my office to Macfadden's. But I'd bumped into three girls. Two I recognized, but I don't know where the other one came from. I'd never seen her before in my life.

"Have you met Fabian?" I asked.

Three smiles broke out simultaneously. Fabian: they chored. "Why, no, I don't think, I don't think this certainly is."

Another crowd of girls was waiting by the water cooler. But this group was better prepared. Shy, they held out little cards for me to auto graph. We will never get this tour over with, I thought, if this keeps up.

W

continued walking down the hall to find Claire Safran, our managing editor, but then, as we passed through the reception area, where the walls are hung with big framed portraits of those stars, he stopped and looked at each one.

"Guess I'm a real movie fan," he admitted, turning to me.

"Honest? I squawked.

"I've been buying movie magazines for years," he told me, "and I know all about the stars."

"Did you ever get to meet any of them?"

I asked, finding my voice again.

"No, uh—"

"Uh, shaking his head."

"But maybe this summer, when I'm in Hollywood . . . Boy," he said, his eyes all lit up, "that's going to be the greatest. Imagine . . . Hollywood! I'm going to make my bits. I want to do the 'Frozen Dog Man,' for Twentieth—and I only hope I don't goof."

"You won't," I said quickly. I looked around me then. "Well, that's it, I guess."

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FREE WRITING SERVICE. Free writing for publication markets. Write, Literary Agent, 915 Broadway, N. Y. 10.
You've seen it all. And Fabian and I started to walk back toward Evelyn's office.

"Gosh," I said, "I almost forgot. I'm supposed to be interviewing you."

"Sure," he said, "shout." But I didn't think of a single question.

We walked on a little bit more and then, as we passed the little office where we have a phonograph and all the new records were going to review, I said, "Let's go in here."

There were two chairs, facing each other, and I took the one facing the door. After opening my new book, I flipped my pencil real hard, and then I looked up at him. Those eyes again. I gulped. Suddenly, I realized what I'd done. I was all alone with Fabian! I couldn't think of a thing to say. In that moment Fabian must have read my mind. (I only hoped he couldn't do it all the time.) Because he opened up his wallet and took out a photo. A girl? My heart stopped. What would I tell Flossie? It'd break her heart if she knew he had a girl. But I felt good again when I actually saw the picture. It was a snapshot of Fabian and his family—his father, and mother, and two brothers, and himself.

"That's Mom," he said, pointing proudly to a small, pretty woman, "and that's Dad—he's on the Philadelphia police force. His name is Dominick Forte and hers is Josephine. That's Tommy, my kid brother... ten years old, although he'd slug me if he heard me say 'kid brother.'"

For a moment Fabian's smile faded as he pointed to the other boy in the photo. "And that's Robert. He's thirteen. Recently he had a serious operation on his spine. But he's getting better. Soon he'll be playing football with me again."

He smiled again. "And that big lug at the end... that's me."

"Is there anything you specially like?"

I asked, and then, blushing, I added quickly the first thing I could think of. "In food, I mean."

"My favorite food is meat ball soup."

"What?"

"Meat ball soup," he repeated. "It's something only my mother can make. She takes these tiny meat balls and puts them in a special broth—she won't tell me how she makes that, it's her secret—but the results... the results... the very best."

"Say," he said, pointing to an album cover standing out from among a pile of other records, "isn't that Frankie Avalon's new one?"

"Mmm," I answered, pulling it out of the pile, "I heard it the other day. It's great."

"It's the most," Fabian agreed, "and it couldn't happen to a nicer guy. I only wish I could see more of Frankie. But we're both too busy. We hardly ever get a chance to get together any more."

"Last time I had a chance to talk to him we were both selling newspapers. Did you know Frankie and I have the same manager? Bob Marucci. He's a great guy, but..."

He smiled.

"I didn't always think that. It seemed as though every time I sat down on my front steps, up would pop this man, insisting I could sing. It went on so long, even Mom was convinced I ought to try to sing anyway. Then he laughed. "So the last time I called into the house, 'Mom—I'm a crazy man's here again,' she said, 'All right, go with the crazy man.' And I did—and, well, here I am."

"Well, anyway, Bob owns a place in Philadelphia. The Chancellor Room, and his place sponsors a charity to help handicapped children—sends them to camp, things like that. The charity's tied up with the Philadelphia Inquirer's 'Newboys Day'—June seventeenth—so on that day Frankie Avalon and I stood out on the corner of Thirteenth and Market streets in Philly, selling papers to help the handicapped kids."

At that moment I saw Flossie in the doorway. "Come on out," she motioned. "I shook my head, indicating 'not now' to her, and finally, she disappeared.

"You know what?" Fabian was saying. "Some people spent more on one paper that day than they'd spend on newspapers in a month. I didn't have such a tough time. In fact, but Frankie—his was murder! But there he was, right beside me, doing his bit for the kids. And with all the crowds, teenagers and grownups as well, and the photographers, and the rush and noise, we managed to have a longer conversation than we've had in months. About the neighborhood we've grown up in together, about the gang we knew, about Philadelphia High School. Things like that."

Again, I saw Flossie's head poking in the door, and again I shook my head at her.

"Well," Fabian continued, "I told Frankie how sad I was to be leaving Philly in the fall, how I almost broke up the band, but Frankie—I was probably never see my classmates again. But Frankie brought me down to earth. He pointed out that Haddonfield, New Jersey—that's where we're moving to—is only ninety miles from Philadelphia. So even if I was crazy about my new home and school, I'd never forget the old gang and could always drop by and visit."

"I took Fabian's course," I thought down at the blank pages of my steno book. "Do you and Frankie talk about girls?" I asked, thinking of Flossie.

"Sure," he said. "Frankie and I always talk about girls. We agree we both like quiet girls. Natural girls. Neither of us can stand girls who wear tight slacks, torcador pants or shorts.

Flossie said to those torcador pants we'd seen in the store on the way home last week.

While Fabian had been talking I'd been rifling through the stacks of records. Finally, I found the one I'd been looking for. "Look," I said, holding up his new album, "Hold That Tiger."

First he blushed and sort of shook his head "no." But then, when the record was spinning around, he began to sing along softly to the music. For a second or two, I thought as if we weren't there, as if Fabian were all alone with the music. And as the album was spinning to its end and the music got a little tricky, then Fabian did something he expected us to catch. It was a most magnificent "death ray" look and gesture. And I thought I was going to faint.

When the song was over, Fabian dropped his arm on the record, and said, "I'm a ham," he said, "I'm sorry... but music always does something to me."

"Me, too," I breathed.

Then I put on his single record. "Turn Me Loose," and he stood up and smiled at me. Before I could protest, I was in his arms and we were dancing. Fabian was dancing with me. Heaven. But I had a Flossie on my arm. She got me out of the clouds. She was standing in the doorway, her eyes blinking, her face an unbecoming green—contrasted nicely with the new dye job she was wearing. Her hands were on her hips and her foot was tapping—not in time to the music. I tried to signal with my face that this wasn't my fault, that I couldn't help it. But she didn't seem to catch the signal, or she simply didn't believe me.

"It seems a shame to end this," she said, her eyes boring into Fabian's back, "but I'm seventeen thirty—am I?v"

Fabian snapped off the phonograph switch and turned to face her. He was smiling and his eyes were all lit up, I think he liked what he saw. But Flossie! That girl was a part of someone else. That smile was on it she meant to ask him flattered to the floor. Her face changed from green to white, and her eyes looked glazed, hypnotized almost. The music stopped, crumpled up and fell in a heap on the floor.

"My goodness," Fabian gasped as he bent over her, chafing her wrists, "get me some water for this girl. That sure is something we girls go in.

As he said this, he looked up at me, and then, suddenly, I could feel the floor giving out from under me. The last thing I saw were his eyes. The last thing I heard was him saying, "I mean, this is one awful virus!"

—TOBI SIMON

WHILE WAITING FOR FABIAN'S MOVIE DEBUT IN TWENTIETH'S ADAPTATION OF "THE HOUND DOG MAN," LISTEN TO "HOLD THAT TIGER!"—HIS LATEST HIT ALBUM FOR CHANCELLOR RECORDS.
JUDI AND BARRY

Continued from page 39

It was like those waves being drawn back to sea again. Barry, his arms still around me, leaned back to look into my face. Then he brushed my hair back with one hand. "Judi," he said at last, "Judi! Let's make it a good afternoon. Let's try to be a little happy. At least, let's try."

I took a deep breath and tried to smile. "All right," I said then, but my heart begged, Barry, why? Tell me why this is happening now, why it is over, but let it be all right. Or, at least, it will be a little better.

But I could not say it. I could not make myself ask that question. "What shall we do?" I asked.

"What would you like to do?" he said.

"I—" What would I like to do... I'd like to turn the clock back. I'd like to have never met you. No, no, I don't mean that. It was my fault, it made it in one of those rowboats over there and pretend—like we used to—" my voice caught, but I forced myself to go on, "pretend we're in the yacht we dreamed about going to Costa Brava, or—or anywhere. Why don't we do that?"

"Fine," he said, taking me by the hand and leading me to the group of boats, bobbing on their moorings. "What will you have?" he bowed ceremoniously. "A red one, or a white one, or—"

"Let's take that one." I pointed out a rainbow-colored rowboat. Someone had really been painting it. Every conceivable color had gone onto it. Barry helped me into it, and we sat down facing each other.

"All right," he said, and assumed the serious pose that was part of the game, "now, where would you like to go? Portugal? The Riviera? Or, how 'bout up the Amazon?"

"Anywhere," I said quickly, "anywhere will be all right with me." For today I was acutely aware that the boats weren't really going anywhere. They weren't going anywhere today, or tomorrow, or ever, as far as I was concerned.

"You're not in the mood for this today, are you?" he asked. "You're not enjoying it."

"No," I said. "No."

I'm sorry," he told me then, and I knew he was really sorry for a lot of things, a lot of things more important than whether or not I was in the mood for a make-believe voyage.

But his being sorry didn't make it any easier. It only made it harder. Because, if he were sorry, if he really were truly sorry, and I believed he was, then why?

This was the last time we saw each other, after having gone together for a year.

The first time I saw Barry I didn't think twice about him. Not really... I was aware of him before we met. I'd seen him on stage in "Peyton Place" and thought him rather good. But the first time we met, last year on the night of the "South Pacific" premiere, we were both dating someone else.

My date that night was Floyd Simons. I'd had to work late and couldn't attend the premiere, so Floyd picked me up at eleven and we went straight to the Beverly Hilton Hotel, where the studio was giving a party. We were seated at a table with a few other couples, among them Barry, whose date was a beautiful actress, also under contract to Twentieth.
WHERE TO BUY
PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

We celebrated the New Year together, and 1959 started out as wonderful as 1958 had ended. We were pretty busy working, but still we kept seeing each other all the time. Barry did two pictures practically in a row, and I was busy with my television work, and January slipped into February and all of us were still in April. And all was well. At the end of April there was a lot going on. My older sister Mab had her wedding date. We were to be attendants. Mab and Stan and Barry and I had become quite a foursome. It was fun planning things to help celebrate the coming event. Then, on April 23rd, I got a call from home that my grandfather had died. We went to Portland, Oregon, for the funeral, to spend some time with my family. I was gone for a week, and during that time Barry called me at home, sometimes two and three times daily.

It was during one of those phone calls that I detected a difference in him. He was pleasant and very considerate over our loss and yet, inside me, I knew something was wrong, that he was trying maybe to tell me something, but that he couldn’t quite get out the words. It was a weird, strange feeling. At first I thought maybe I was being overly sensitive or intuitive, but, being honest with myself, I knew that Barry and I were too close for him to do just that. And even that didn’t exist. It was as if I had an unseen enemy. I couldn’t put my finger on what was wrong.

When I got back to Barry and he didn’t tell me anything after I told him that I knew that I had been right, there was a change in his attitude, a difference. We talked about a lot of things and we left a lot unsaid. But I was afraid that it was over.

Two days after I came back from Portland, my sister got married. Barry was the best man and I was her maid of honor. She was his sister, and I knew that he was afraid of losing his sister, but, as I stood at the altar with her, my eyes met Barry’s. I was glad that it was customary to cry at weddings... Just before the ceremony, he had finally put it into words.

“I’d be happy for you,” I told him.

“Why?” he asked.

“I’m only saying that Barry was his sister, and he was afraid of losing her, but, as I stood at the altar with her, I knew that it was over. And so we went on to Paradise Beach, and he said, ‘let’s go out on the rowboat that was never going anywhere. We held hands, and we looked at the sea. But I couldn’t laugh. I couldn’t even smile.”

“You’ve got to try,” Barry said, almost fiercely. “I want to remember you happy.”

So I tried. “You always wanted to be a dancer,” he said. “Prevent you’re Pavlova,” and he boosted me in the air. “Point your toes and exasperated, but, as I stood in the face from swinging me around.

Suddenly, I laughed. Everything he did, he did with such intense concentration, as if he were doing it for the last time.

I laughed until he set me down, and I lay weak with laughter on the sand.

... We could carve our names in a heart again,” I said then, looking around me.

I wanted to say to him, “And we could build another castle... Oh—there’s a perfect stick!”

One last time, we drew the heart and put our names inside of it. One last time, we stepped little rooms out of the dry sand. Then we waited for what had always happened to happen again. Each wave a little closer than the last, until the big one that, in days, would Smarty men off of us and erased our names. They would never be entwined again. Why? I will never know.

I shivered. The sun had set, and there was no way to get back to the air. ‘I’ll take you home now,' Barry said.

And that was the last time I saw him.

Now, the ragged edge of hurt is gone. I don’t sit alone any more. I go places and meet people. Sometimes I walk and, if I hear a song or see something that reminds me of when we were together. Then I ask myself, Was it really love?

Then I think, Why? Then I think, Well, if it was love, shouldn’t that have been enough? And the answer is: Sometimes even love is not enough. For marriage, you need a combination of so many other things. That night, we had them all. Now I know I was wrong.

The End

BARRY COE CO-STARS IN TWENTIETH’S “A PRIVATE’S AFFAIR”; HE WILL ALSO APPEAR IN PARAMOUNT’S “BUT NOT FOR ME.” JUDI MERRIDETH IS UNDER CONTRACT TO CBS-TV FOR THEIR NEW SERIES, CALLED “HOTEL DE PARÈE.”
the shop, Bob," she explained seriously to her fiancée. "You know, it's bad luck for you to see your dress until..." Her voice became faint; no matter how hard she tried she could never say "our wedding day," without choking up.

Her fiancée, a tall, sandy-haired, good-looking young man, put his arm around her shoulders and, kissing the tip of her nose, he looked down at her reassuringly. "I'll wait till our wedding day," he smiled.

"Do you think it will ever come?" she said eagerly. "Ten days. It'll never come.

"Anything worthwhile takes time," he answered her softly, for this was their special secret. "I'll see you tonight," he promised.

The bridal shop was empty when she entered, except for a young girl with her mother, sitting on the sofa. I wonder if they came just to go and be a bride, she thought. I wonder if I show it.

Most girls plan their wedding all through their growing-up years. But she had never done to see it. It was strange. Except for acting, she had never had another dream. She'd never had time to think about love...not until a year ago when she'd started seeing Bob Allen again. And he'd told her he wouldn't marry her—he probably knew it would have scared her to death! They'd just sort of drifted into it. She had been dating three or four boys, but the thought was a strange, without a word between Bob and her, she found herself saying no to the other boys, and just going with Bob. He was enough.

She had a door swing open, and the fitter bustled into the showroom, followed by his assistant, whose hands were full of tapes and pins, and a salesgirl holding the wedding gown. "If it were a cloud that might blow away.

"Magnifique!" the fitter said.

He held up the short full-skirted dress, spreading out its big cape collar. Made of Italian cotton faille, it was a Simmetta, and it was meant to be worn with the high tight gloves that looked like sleeves, and, of course, the tulle veil. It was a beautiful dress; she thought, taking the dress from him and going with the salesgirl to the dressing room. But then, after she had slipped into it and looked into the mirror, she had a feeling—suddenly, unexpectedly, sad. Perhaps it was seeing the other girl with her mother, perhaps it was just a feeling that every girl wants to share this moment with someone close to her. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't help feeling, I wish Mother could have seen me in my dress. I just wish she could have lived long enough to see.

"It was just made for you!" the fitter said, when she returned to the showroom. "A few minutes and it will be perfect.

She said, "Oh, yes, felt that way, too."

"Will the bridesmaids be here this morning also?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No, they're coming this afternoon," she told him, thinking how lovely it would be if none of the bridal party came to the shop while Bob was there.

"Oh, Bob," Bob's teenage sister, Jean, would look in their champagne-colored gowns. But—she smiled—Margaret, her cousin, would be the proudest of any bridesmaid. Ten years old; one maid of honor! How happy she had been when she'd asked her.

Hanging the fitter the very last pin, the woman assistant stepped back. She shook her head admiringly. "What a beautiful bride you will be," she said. "Oh—and your engagement ring—it goes perfectly with the gown.

"My fiancé designed it," Margaret said, touching the ring—two pear-shaped diamonds, with baguettes, forming a butterfly on a platinum band.

Margaret smoothed the skirt of her dress as she added, "Oh, and we're going to Hawaii on our honeymoon.

Fine," the fitter said. Then he looked at the hem of the gown critically. "Ah," he murmured, "we are done!"

As she stood by the wrapping desk, watching the salesgirl place the gown in tissue paper and then close the box over it, Margaret thought of the hundred-and-one things she still had to do when she got home. She would have to hurry if she wanted to get them done before Bob came tonight.

She raced up the stairs to her apartment and unlocked the door. Then she walked swiftly through the off-white living room she'd designed herself, past the panelled den done in rattan and red, and the green-and-gold papered TV room, to her bedroom. She was glad Bob liked the way she'd decorated the apartment, because this was where they would spend their first year together, while he finished his course at the Art Center. Next year they planned to go to New York, where he'd begun his art career with some advertising agency—and then, maybe, they'd come back west some day, and build a house at the beach. Bob would design the whole thing himself, just as he and his dad had planned their new house. It will all be along simple beautiful lines, she thought. He loves simplicity, he loves beauty... Will he love my wedding dress?

Taking it out of the wrapping tissue paper, she hung it on the closet door in the bedroom. Oh, it is beautiful, she thought. It's perfect.

But, once she'd hung it up, she could think of nothing else to do. She'd thought she had to hurry home to handle so many last-minute things, but when she saw them, she decided to have them evaporated. Everything was sorted and ready to pack. The apartment was in perfect order. It didn't even need dusting. The only thing wrong was that it was empty.

Turning from the gown, she walked around the bedroom, touching the red-frocked Oriental geisha dolls she'd bought back from Japan, but when she made a picture there, straightening the perfume bottles on the dressing table. Then, with a sigh, she sat down, feeling more alone than she had that day eight months ago when she was told her mother was dead.

Then, shock had dulled her sense of loss. But now—when everything should be so perfect—it's like no one needs anything for anything but happiness—there was no one to share it with—he, here, now.

She felt her eyes begin to fill with tears. I shouldn't be crying, she thought. That's not the way it's supposed to be. But Mother should be here with me. For a full minute, Margaret stared at the large photograph on the wall without really seeing it. When he took her picture, she focused her eyes again, and looked at the little, pigtailed girl she had been, calmly chatting with President Truman. Mother was so nervous that day, she remembered. And so proud. She'd have been proud now, too, Margaret told herself. Mother had liked Bob from the very beginning.

At that time, Bob had been dating Natalie Wood, and she'd been a blind date for his best friend. She hadn't been able to think of a word to say that whole first evening, she remembered, and she'd been angry with herself when she got home. But Bob had called her shortly after that, to thank her.
"I can’t believe anyone’s that quiet," he told her. "You must have a scintillating personality hidden somewhere, and I want to be the first one to see it!"

In a way, his words had proved prophetic. He had indeed to her and Margaret, the Army and stationed in Germany for two years shortly after that, had given her confidence the few times she’d seen him. While he was away they had written to each other in friendly notes—and then he had come back.

But he had been different. "I don’t understand it," she had told her mother, as she sat there by Margaret’s white china table, "he’s the same, and yet so changed."

Her mother had set the bedtime glass of milk down on the table and smiled. "I think he’s grown up, Margaret," she’d said.

And she ran not to talk about the future, what he’s going to do with his art, things like that. He—do you like him, Mother? And suddenly she blushed.

Sitting down beside her on the dressing-table bench, her mother had pushed back her bangs. "Yes," she’d said, "I do like him. He’s not like the others. He’s level-headed. He’s wonderful."

How much she cared for Bob, she was to learn quite suddenly one day. She’d dated him constantly and learned to dislike his quick and stock still strength. But it was that day at the beach that told her everything she wanted to know, that told her this will be forever.

It had started out like any other day. A hot sun had been causing them to race into the water, to cool off. Standing uncertainly at the breaker line, she’d tried to make up her mind to dive into the next wave and follow Bob. "Then, feeling really and joyously reckless, she’d dived. But she had not dived deep enough. The wave caught her in its angry curling motion and tossed her over and on again, finally pushing her up toward the beach. Her arm was scraped and bleeding, and for a moment she lay there choking and exhausted. But the next wave was bearing down upon her, and she recognized the same danger. So she jumped up and ran away from it. Then, just as she realized there would not be time, Bob swooped down upon her. Picking her up as though she was a child, he carried her toward the shore.

In a way, it was such a little thing. She had been in no real danger. The wave would have dunked her again, maybe roughed her up some more, but that would have been all that had been feared.

The sea had looked so huge, so menacing, and Bob, in his act of saving her, had suddenly seemed a giant god, who would let nothing happen to her. He had gotten his first-aid kit from the car and cleaned off her arm, all the time scolding her for taking chances. Looking up into his eyes, seeing the concern—and something, though he knew then that she loved him.

Mother had been so very happy when they’d told her. And now—now she had to come, to be present, to miss her most of all now, Margaret thought. At times like this a girl needs her mother more. There are things I need to know, Margaret had asked. There was never time enough.

Big things—and little things too... like how to make beef Stroganoff... an elegant-sounding dish that her mother had been too tired to make for Bob’s family to dinner, to show them what a good wife she’d make Bob—and she didn’t know how to cook. She even had trouble with ordinary dishes like dish-water. For several days before Bob’s folks were to come to dinner, Margaret experimented with the Stroganoff. Once she burned the onions. The next time the sour cream curdled. Finally, the night before the dinner, she thought she had it just right.

The night of the dinner Bob came earlier than his family, "I’ll help with the hors d’oeuvres," he said, "I’ll help with the hors d’oeuvres." What hors d’oeuvres? She asked herself, but then she remembered she had a whole box of crackers and some cream cheese. She could put them with salted nuts, with cold meat and olives, and that would be all right.

Then Bob’s sister Nita and her husband arrived. They’d double-dated a lot with them, and it had been easier, Margaret thought. "I’ll set the table, so that when Mother and Dad and Jean get here, everything will be ready," Nita said, and began laying the rose-patterned chinaware and the silver out on the snowy table cloth.

Then the bell rang again. Margaret slid the flannel steak she was slicing into slicers back in the refrigerator, put on her apron, and went to the door. She smiled at Mr. and Mrs. Allen and at Bob’s teen-aged sister, and admitted she was a little nervous.

With Nita’s help the Stroganoff, rice and salad were finally served. But during the meal, Margaret didn’t say more than a few words. Then, at last dinner was over. Nita had gone out of the house and run to the plates in the sink. She was humming to herself. How can she hum? Margaret wondered, feeling even closer to tears. She carried the serving dish of Stroganoff over to the disposal and started to empty it.

"What are you doing?" Nita asked, catching her arm.

"No, it’s awful. I’m throwing it out," she said.

"But it was fine! You just made too much, that’s all. I think you must have doubled the recipe or something."

Margaret shook her head. "I don’t blame you for being sick of it," she said. "After four nights of it I’d hate it, too—but it was new to us and we loved it."

It was hard to believe. Had it really turned out that way? When Bob and his mother came into the kitchen and seconded the motion, Margaret finally broke down and believed it.

The sun was fading from the room now. Margaret watched the square pattern of light change to a rectangle that grew narrower and narrowly. Then the light was gone. Still, she could see the shimmering shape of her gown hanging on the door. Next week, she thought, I will meet Bob at the end of the aisle in that dress.

Filled with happiness and excitement, she stood up and took the dress down, holding it to her. It is beautiful, she thought again. But I wish Mother were here to tell me that. And then she realized something wonderful. Though there had not been room to teach her to cook, or to advise her on this gown, her mother had given her something infinitely more precious. There had been time for her mother to teach her to wait—and then work. She taught her the "secret" she now shared with Bob. Her mother had, indeed, given her the "secret" of happiness.

Margaret turned on the lamp. Her wedding dress was hanging there in the mirror, behind it on the wall, her mother’s picture smiled. But tears came once again into Margaret’s eyes. Oh, Mother, she said, clutching the dress to her heart. Only you were here, then everything would be perfect.
The light blue Cadillac he'd bought second-hand from an American Army officer when he was on leave en route to his base, reached the camp gate at exactly seven-fifteen. Good. He thought to himself, fifteen minutes left till roll call.

A billy goat with horns, just bounding over the grass that looked as if it had been manicured instead of cut, he began gathering up odd bits of cellphone covers, match sticks, even a pocket knife left in the grass, his regular 7:30 to 8 a.m. chore. "If it don't grow, pick it up," was the Army's slogan.

With a mock frown, he pulled out two of his friends' letters and reread one of them, "Wish you guys was more careful where you toss things."

"Who's talking?" he kidded back. "Who's needing his ass, with all those kids wanting autographs?"

He grinned, but said nothing. The cracks were good humor, meant in fun, this he knew. There were no more of those dead silent letters from home.

He had a neat pile of crumpled cigarette packs and candy wrappers when, "Hey, soldier," came a yell from a jeep, "get up off that ground. We gotta check our equipment."

"What's with this inspection?" one of his buddies muttered under his breath. "If I polish this thing one more time, they're gonna dissolve!"

Elvis had to agree. He thought. He'd already scrubbed and repaired his jeep until it purred like his Caddy. And his belt and helmet and his boots were all new, even his left boot, the popular brand everybody said was the Army.

"Hi, El," a soldier greeted him, pounding his back so enthusiastically he dropped the rifle he was cleaning. "Just got back from a furlough and I heard you made corporal. Say, that's great!"

"Thanks. And how was the furlough?"

In answer, the soldier just rolled his eyes heavenwards.

And then he heard a sergeant yell: "Hurry up, you guys, the film's about due!" "Hurry up—and wait." That was another Army slogan.

After they'd marched, single-file, into the auditorium, they sat for fifteen minutes before the title came on. But when it did, Elvis said:

This two-hour film was like no other he'd ever seen. No cowboys galloped off in all directions. No pretty girls smiled amid the action. Young men's arms and legs weren't even like the standard Army films he'd seen. It was a lesson in how to keep alive at the front, how to disguise, camouflage, yourself and your weapons for night patrols.

He watched a jeep roll by, covered with leaves and branches, painted olive drab and yellow and brown to blend with the surrroundings. Just before he hit a mine field.

The driver came closer—closer—and then he hit. For an instant, the jeep simply stopped dead in its tracks; then the explosion. The whole sky was alight with it. Bouncing high in the air, the jeep turned over and burst into flames as a soldier crawled out of the wreckage.

"Fire," someone said at his head, covering his eyes with both hands. He couldn't look. The scene had brought death starkly home to him, with all its ugliness, all its emptiness.

He felt he'd gone back to that night not long ago when he'd thought his father had been killed.

I t had started off like any other evening.

With Bobby West and Lamar Fike, the buddies he'd brought over from the States to keep him company, he'd polished off one of his grandmother's delicious meals. His dad, feeling restless, had said he thought he'd take a drive around the countryside.

Grandma and the boys were all sitting around in the cheerful living room and, getting out the guitar his father had given him on Christmas, he began strumming it and singing a few songs. Then the boys switched to records, and somebody said about a little refreshment. He got up to check the pantry, since Grandma had gone to bed, and thought of home—of how Mom used to do this, and how things could never really be the same without her.

Did anyone, he wondered, remember him back there? He wondered if the kids still wanted to hear him. Colonel Parker said they did. He'd go over a letter just that day. "You're already signed up for a dozen movies; for TV, too," he'd written. But he felt he had to see, to know for himself. "If I quit my discharge I would really know the answer."

"March 24, 1960," he said aloud, "it sure seems a long time. It seems a hundred years away."

He laughed suddenly to himself, pulling the key through the dining-room door, yelled, "Come and get it. Coffee and doughnuts."

Then the phone rang. Funny, it sounded different, the telephone ringing in the quiet night—in sharp contrast to the records they'd been spinning.

One of the boys moved toward the phone, but something made him stay. "No, I'll take it, " he said. With so many strangers aware of his telephone number, he usually let someone else take charge of the doorbell and the phone, but not this time.

"Hello?" he said into the mouthpiece.

"Mr. Elvis Presley?" someone asked.

"This is the Bureau of Police." The voice was guttural, heavily accented. Elvis struggled to understand, to understand what he was saying.

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"On the Autobahn ... an accident ... car overturned ... Vernon Presley ... Gripping the old-fashioned telephone so tightly he could feel his hand beginning to perspire, he shouted into the instrument. "Tell me," he asked, "Tell me ... From far down in his chest he could feel a scream beginning to well up, fighting to rise to the surface, to take over. "Your father's been in an accident ..."

Dad, he thought, Dad ... and he struggled for control. The room seemed to fade before him ... a mixture of antiques and modern furniture, the soft, thick rug. The gun and tape recorder and record player. The piano ... when his eyes rested on the piano, the room stopped spinning. Time stopped. On the piano sat the one photograph of his mother before her illness.

Not quite a year ago, Mom had been taken from him. Suddenly there was no one to listen, to advise him about the million big and little things that made up his life. And so, slowly, falteringly, he had turned to his father, as his father had turned to him. They had begun building something together, something warm and rich and almost—almost like what he had known with his mother.

And now, was this being taken away from him, too? To lose both father and mother in one short year ... his whole body felt drained, numb with shock.

Then, as if from a great distance, he heard the gutteral voice again: "Herr Presley—what was it you meant?" He heard the officer jiggling the phone.

"I'm here. I answered: "Herr Presley—what was it you meant to say you, what have I been trying to say you ... your father, sir, is all right. Shaken up. But all right." And then the voice added, "Could you come and get him? The car, it is not so lucky. I'm afraid. How he escaped alive ..."

Elvis made no comment as he took the address and dropped the receiver back on the hook. Finally, turning to the officer, "Herr Presley, are you there?" They looked at him without understanding.

"Dad," he said, nearly collapsing. Then, forcing himself erect again, reaching with effort into his pocket for the car-keys. Stiffly, like a sleepwalker, he moved out of the door to bring his father home.

Gradually he became aware of the camera grinding behind him, of the darkened room, the old and flickering film before him. His dad had not suffered a scratch. Like the soldier climbing out of the burning wreckage of the jeep, he had lived. He had lived.

The film went on. Even with his eyes closed, he could see the pattern of light and dark, the changing of scenes. It still seemed strange to sit in a movie with a bunch of guys—without a girl. What, he wondered, will the girl I hope to find one day and drag home—will she look like? It didn't really seem to matter any more how she looked, the way it used to. Whether she was a blonde, brunette or a redhead didn't matter, as long as she was truly feminine. And she's got to be real.

Not a sophisticated girl pretending to be something she isn't. That's not what I want.

Still I ever find her? he wondered. Will I ever find the kind of girl I want? Opening his eyes, he saw "The End" flash by as lights came on sharply, blindingly. He blinked and tried to smile. I'll know her when I see her, he told himself. I'll know her if she's two blocks away. Then he smiled. After all, the Army says my vision's twenty-twenty!

Patiently, he joined the slow line of soldiers leaving the auditorium. It was noon. A few more minutes and he'd be in the car with his buddies, heading home to one of Grandma's pick-ups Saturday lunchtime. The club he was off to the mess hall wasn't bad, but he knew he was lucky not to have to eat it three times a day, lucky to be able to eat breakfast and dinner at home.

When he got to the Caddy, Red was already there, his gangly length leaning against the front bumper. "Exercise, that's what I need, man," he said. "Those push-ups barely warm me up!"

Smiling, Elvis waved to three more GI's approaching on the double. "Hey, everybody made it," he said. "Let's get this show on the road. You as hungry as a bear on the first day of spring!"

The house was quiet in the summer afternoon, its dark-red shutters on the second and third floors closed against the heat of the day. The first floor were closed, too, but they were seldom open anyway. They were too much of a temptation to curious strangers who strolled by. The downstairs, a white sports car, its black leather upholstery gleaming, standing in the driveway just inside the gates. Dad's home, he thought, as he parked the sedan at the curb and led his guests up to the side door. Although there was a front entrance, nobody except strangers ever used it.

"Stow your gear upstairs," he said. "You
“Better let the boys go first,” his father suggested quietly.

He turned back to his guitar while the four soldiers trotted outside into the street, where they began a leisurely game.

Bobby followed them out and looked carefully around. Traffic was lighter than usual for a Saturday afternoon. A few people strolled by, but that was all. “Okay, El, the coast looks clear.”

Elvis propped his guitar against the wall, ambled out the door and into the street. He had only caught the ball once, when several small boys appeared from nowhere, armed with the usual pencils. Tossing the ball to Elvis obligingly signified that he was out. But the strollers were increasing, too, from two or three to what was rapidly becoming a crowd. “Elvis,” they called. “Hello, Elvis!”

Smiling, he waved briefly, then disappeared into the house again.

For a few minutes, the others continued to throw the ball back and forth. Then, as the crowd thinned out and the street began to look normal once again, the boys followed him inside.

“I’m a shame,” Red said. “You can’t even have a little ball game.”

“Nothing to worry about,” he grinned and, picking up his guitar again, sank down into a chair. “There’re so many good things in my life. . . . I’ve learned a lot about them this past year,” he said, and, as his eyes moved from the photographs of his mother, coming to rest on Dad, he added: “And they’re more important than a ball game.”

The End

PARAMOUNT HAS REISSUED “LOVING YOU” AND "KING CREOLE” SO YOU CAN SEE THEM AGAIN, AND RCA VICTOR’S THE KING’S RECORD LABEL.
school, church, and soda shops were, he hadn't quite had the time to get a rundown on the local belles. He sure had to do some quick research and, practically in his place, really. He is, he soon found out that one of the girls he courted lived in the same place, and that the other sister hadn't been invited to the cookout... yet. Duane decided his best approach would be through the brother. "I'll get it over with," he told himself. "I know you, some guys don't like to have their sisters and brothers on the same parties with them. Guess they figure the family spoils the fun." The new friend gave his O.K. as long as Duane would do the asking himself. Since Duane barely knew the sister by sight, he had to figure out a way to get to know her before inviting her to the party.

"Well, most girls are interested in popular music," Duane continued, "so I got the sheet music of some of the top songs and headed for my buddy's house... to see if he'd be interested. But he said, 'Sure, I'd love to have her down.'" She might be there. I knocked on the door, guitar in hand, and she answered it. No, her brother wasn't at home, but if I came to visit him, I could sit in the glider on the porch.

"So, pretending to be real casual about the whole thing, I sat down and began strumming the guitar and playing some of the songs I knew best. Then I started to pick out the melody of the newest one. Well, she'd gone back in the house right away, but pretty soon the door opened and she came out to listen."

After a biopsy of me, the object of his intentions remarked about his being new around town, Duane agreed. She allowed as how she liked the music. Duane said he loved to play it. She thought it was real fun to sit outside and sing and play all the old favorites. Duane spotted the opening and shot in fast. "Why, that's what I'm practicing for," he told her. "We're having a cookout next Saturday and we'll all sit around the fire and sing.

Duane knew he was on the right track. The way her interest quickened, he didn't want to move too fast. They chatted a few more minutes, and then he brought up the words he'd been waiting for, "I'd love to go to something like that," she said.

"Well, gee, why not along with me?" Duane asked, "I just can't come to him. And before he could even strum another note, his offer was accepted."

"I was so keyed up," Duane recalled, "I don't think I hit a right note for the rest of the party!"

But the other mother came home, he sat down with us for a few minutes while I tried to play. He soon got up and went inside, muttering that he didn't see why I wanted to play the guitar, maybe I should try the piano!"

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The family also entered into the first date of the life of the Belmonetoys. In New York City, Dion tells me, it's kind of difficult to do anything without someone finding out about it. He found that out on his first date. Some of the fellows were staying with friends that evening and the Belmonetoys, as fellows do, they started wondering about what they were going to do on the weekend. Well, if you saw Ernest Borgnine in "Marty," you got the idea. "What are you going to do on Saturday?" I don't know, what are you going to do? I don't know, let's do something.

Well, after the "What?" there's usually a large band and some dancing. Dion decided to break it by getting himself a date for the movies. "What, are you nuts?" and similar questions stirred the air on Belmont Avenue.

Dion reassured his buddies, "I'm getting a date." Hours later, at home, he began to think maybe he was off with the heat. Who would date? The next morning, when he woke up, he found that he wasn't singing and playing around as usual. He felt it himself. It was almost as if he'd taken a dare. Dion hadn't had a date before, and now he'd put his word on the line. This time he had to go through it if he didn't want them giving him the razzmatazz. The list of eligible girls in New York is pretty long, but Dion knew this one had to be somebody special since all the fellows would be watching.

This is where the family comes in. You know, Mom and Pop—and sometimes sisters and brothers. Dion told her about his pals, and how they had plans to go along with someone the gang could really needle him about. "I guess I saved one name till near the end," though, Dion recalls. "She was the girl I think I must
have had in mind when I mentioned a date in the first place. I was afraid to mention her name because I was scared someone would criticize me. I didn't want anyone to find anything wrong with her because to me everything about her was perfect. Finally, when I couldn't stand the suspense any longer, I said I had met her let's call her Mary, at the store that day. For the first time no one came out with anything critical. The family liked her. I knew the guys must have, too, and I knew I sure wanted a date with her.

Romance has a strange way of working out, for on the way to the swimming pool the next day, Dion found himself strolling along with a lot more confidence. She certainly was innocent of any suspicion that the fellow with her desperately hoped she would be at his side Saturday night. Later that afternoon, spotting a moment when she was alone, he called out to her, to the side of the pool, Dion sat down and joined her.

"Now's the time," he told himself, and before he knew it, the question was out.

"Would you like to go to the movies with me Saturday night?" The answer: Yes. When Dion went back to the crowd, the fellows were still debating plans for the weekend. "Include me out, fellows," Dion told them.

"You've got a date?" was the astounding reply, in chorus.

"I sure have," Dion told them. "In fact, I might have a double date in mind, and you'll hear from me Saturday night."

It's a long stretch out between Louisiana and New York, but James Reed Clanton has traveled it by train, plane and car. But the first time he made a date, he wasn't much of a traveler.

"My first date was hectic, because it was almost a bonfire, andI told her, "One of my buddies and I had met these two girls at a high-school football game, and we thought they were very nice. So, in fact, I think she was a little worried too. We asked them if we could walk them home, and after some cakes and sodas we dropped them at a real nice house not too far from our own neighborhood.

"A couple of weeks later," Jimmy continued, "we met them again at a community dance. They were terrific dancers, and we really had a lot of fun. The next week we went out again, and we talked to them the same way and the same, and we were really going swell, we thought. About a week later, my buddy called me and told me he had a date with this one girl, and he suggested that I take out the other one. Sure, I thought, we'll have another good time."

Then Jimmy had another thought. "How could I get in touch with her? I'd forgotten how to spell her name, so I figured I might ask her, and I might ask her and she might ask her in person. When I rang the bell, her girlfriend came out. She knew why I was there, but she had a surprise for me. Her girlfriend was her best friend, and she told me, but this wasn't her house. She lived out of town, about fifteen miles away. All I had to do was pick her up at eight o'clock Friday night."

The only trouble was, Jimmy didn't have a car. What problems fellows can have. He was desperate. Here he was in on a date he really hadn't formally made, and he had to go through with it and he might have to. The other town ran about an hour and a half, and there were six trains, and certainly no helicopters. Things really looked dim.

For my Philadelphia friend, Jimmy Darro, this was an unexpected one, one that could be his first date in his mind. It was the telephone and that old demon, the busy signal.

One cold January night, Jimmy was anxious to set up a date for a school dance. He just couldn't seem to get near the phone at home. Someone was either calling in or calling out. Jimmy hadn't been too sure he'd be able to go to the dance, so he'd had his doubts about getting a date. All the other fellows must have latched on to all the local lovelies by this time, he thought. But after classes that afternoon, a girl he had remarked to that morning bought a bouquet and didn't seem at all off getting a date. Many of his classmates had been asked to a date, but Jimmy still had no luck. He phoned his friends, and a few minutes later Jimmy Darro's name was down as the girl who would be the 9th of the month and 2nd—dates I've ever had.

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MOVIES
(Continued from page 16)

Anka records in the background. Alain has long hair and lashes and women are (thank God, don't you think?) weak.

The Five Pennies
PARAMOUNT; VISTA-VISION, TECHNICOLOR
\(\checkmark\)\(\checkmark\) Listen to the beat—all the way from Dixieland, through swing, to r'n'r: Red Nichols has played just about everything on his hot cornet, and now he does an off-screen recap while Danny Kaye tells his touching story on film. Listen to the heart-beat, too, as Danny takes a wife (first-rate actress Barbara Bel Geddes) and watches his daughter grow into a charming teenager (Tuesday Weld, with him below left) who is cruelly smitten with polio. Nobody but Louis Armstrong could have played Satchmo, but contemporary musicians such as Bob Crosby and Shelley Manne double nicely as other greats of the day. And thanks to Mrs. Kaye (composer Sylvia Fine). Danny also sings four new songs in his best madcap tradition.

John Paul Jones
WARNERS; TECHNI-COLOR
\(\frac{3}{2}\) The rousing story of the American Revolution has been pretty much neglected by Hollywood, but now moviemen with patriotic intentions make a laudable, if unsuccessful, effort to fill that gap. Scenes from your schoolbook flash on the screen with a star-jammed cast headed by Robert Stack as America's first naval hero. Two shore loves has he: Marisa Pavan as a mysterious French girl and Erin O'Brien as an impatient Virginian. But his true love is the fighting ship he steers through some of the most spectacular sea battles ever filmed. Among many familiar faces, you'll spot Charles Coburn as Ben Franklin, Bette Davis as Catherine the Great, MacDonald Carey as Patrick Henry.

Born to Be Loved
\(\checkmark\) Keep an eye on a couple of appealing youngsters in this curiously naive little movie. Even under those standard Hollywood de-beautifiers—dowdy clothes and bifilms—Carol Morris, a former "Miss Universe," still looks like a beauty queen, and though she's sweet as can be, you probably won't believe a word she says. Opposite her is Dick Kallman, the very model of a pop singer, who's supposed to be taking music lessons from elderly Hugo Haas, Carl's neighbor in the darndest tenement house you ever saw, where something's always going on, and everybody sneaks about the halls snooping into everybody else's business.

Holiday for Lovers
20TH: CINEMA-SCOPE, DE-LUXE COLOR
\(\checkmark\) Why not book yourself on this low-fare, fun-filled tour and watch sisters Carol Lynley and Jill St. John get their men in romantic Latin America? Parents Jane Wyman and Clifton Webb think they're doing a good job chaperoning wide-eyed Carol, but they reckon without the ingenuity of the U.S. Army, in the person of Sgt. Gary Crosby (below right with Mom, Dad, Carol). And while we're worrying about whether Jill's seriously involved with "an older man" (Paul Henreid) ... but why tell the plot, so long as Nico Minardos, "a Brazilian beatnik," according to Clifton, is mixed up in it. (Nico was once married to Debbie Power.) While you need more than a couple of dates to make a double wedding, we're sure you'll take it all as a kid takes to fairy tales.
Around Town: I caught my breath and held it when I overheard a friend say to Debbie Reynolds at a recent Beatin' party: “I wish you had dressed as smartly and worn your hair as becomingly a long time ago. It might have helped,” For a long minute, Debbie stared at the woman, considering the idea. Then, with her usual honesty, she replied, “I think you have a point there.” These come-as-you-make-beatin' parties are the latest rage in Hollywood. But after the party, I'm again the no-lipstick lad among young girls. It's spooky. Susan Talbot, for instance, would be twice as lovely with even a faint pink outline on her lips. Although I like Sandra Dee's combination of two pale pink lipsticks, one frosted and the other plain. . . . Al Hedison looked forlorn when I ran into him at the Bank of America on Wilshire Boulevard. “Overdrawn, cham?” I asked. “No,” Al said, “it isn't that. It's just that the studio wants to change my name before I begin my TV series, 'Five Fingers.'” “But after 'The Fly,' Al Hedison's a famous name,” I said. “They want to change it to Ara Hedison, which I think is awful,” he moaned. “Personally, I'm holding out for David, which is my real middle name.” Why not write and tell Al which name you want him called? . . . Sal Mineo, whom I spotted carrying a package that looked suspiciously like still another long drum is, having name trouble too. “I'm beginning to be sorry I chose Sal as a name,” he told me. “My real name is Salvatore Mineo, but I shortened it one day when I was about eleven and decided it'd be too long for a theater marquee,” he explained. “Now, I wish I'd stuck with Salvatore.” . . . When I investigated a crowd of teenage girls on the corner of Wilshire and Beverly, I found they were clustered around Edd Byrnes, signing bits of paper and every once in a while, at the request of one of the girls, combing his hair. This town usually doesn't even notice movie stars any more, but Edd, of course, is Kookie.

Sadness Hits: The entire town, remembering how she charmed us all on her visits here, was saddened by the death of Ruth B. Manheimer, whose husband is the publisher of Photoplay.

For Your Information: “Tony,” I said, practically shouting into the phone, “what happened?” “Oh, it's nothing,” Tony Curtis answered calmly, “I hurt my foot on the set. We're going ahead with the shooting and I'll be off crutches in just a few weeks.” “He broke a tendon,” Janet cut in from the upstairs extension. “It's called—” I'm sure I heard Janet giggle here, “—the Achilles tendon.” . . . Frankie Avalon says you can borrow his coat, tote his luggage and even share his wallet. But when it comes to touching his guitar—hands off . . . Saw Jerry Lewis riding around the Paramount lot in a golf cart. “Saves time between my dressing room and the set of 'Visit to a Small Planet,'” he explained. Each time I see Jerry, I'm surprised at what a really handsome man he is. But the way he seems to grow more and more nervous has his pals worried . . . The Italian court's ruling that she is still legally wed to Roberto Rossellini has all of us wondering if Ingrid Bergman's woes will ever end. . . . Kim Novak confided, “I love dark men.” But curiously enough, Kim's favorite date, director Richard Quine, is a medium brown head. The town's crossing its fingers over the Vie Damone—Pier Angeli reunion. One false move and the dream could shatter to bits.

Snappers: How about Peter Lawford's new album, "The Thin Man Swings"? It's great—just like the news that Pete's becoming an American citizen after all these years. . . . For my money, Bobby Darin has the greatest beat, best timing and sense of rhythm of any of the young singers of his type today. Both Bobby and Fabian are battling for roles in "The Most Courageous Game," the movie Dick Clark is producing this summer. Their reason? The big boost Dick gave both of 'em. . . . The Crosby boys, hitting the road and the public's fancy with their night-club act, have nicknamed Lindsay, the youngest and the only brunette in the quartet, "Old Mysterious." Seems Lindsay likes to keep his comings and goings to himself. Including dates with Sandra Dee?
The town is happy to have Henry Fonda and Alda back.

Your Favorites: Movie fans are the loveliest. I'm surer than ever about that since your flood of letters began asking whatever happened to some of the people you've missed seeing on the screen. To fill you in on where they are and what they're up to, let's begin with lovely Frances Dee, a former Paramount star. I remember when Charles Boyer, then a newcomer from France, was her devoted swain. Instead, she married Joel McCrea, and with their sons—Jody, David and three-year-old Peter—they celebrated twenty-five years of marriage at their big ranch out in the valley. . . . Front Page John left a wealthy family in Niagara Falls, paused long enough to graduate from Cornell U., and gain experience on Broadway, and then hit Hollywood—hard. He immediately became the good friend of Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and later married Doug's ex-wife, Joan Crawford. Still later, he wed Jean Wallace, now Mrs. Cornell Wilde. He now divides his time between stage and TV. . . . On a "77 Sunset Strip" episode, Doris Kenyon made a rare appearance in her old world of cameras and lights. One of the loveliest of the silent-screen stars, Doris now lives a quiet, happy life in her beautiful Beverly Hills home. . . . Corinne Griffith, so the jokesters say, owns Beverly Hills. Still a great beauty, Corinne does own valuable property in the community and is an ardent campaigner for a museum to commemorate the Hollywood of the past, the present, and the future. . . . Jean Arthur, who was the finest comedian ever to appear on the screen, co-starring with such prominent actors as Jimmy Stewart, Fred MacMurray and Cary Grant, finally permitted her shyness and longing for privacy to drive her from the screen. Hollywood tried hard to hang onto Jean of the delightfully "kookie" voice, but after her divorce from producer Frank Ross, Jean retired to Carmel. . . . Looking back, I remembered, too, something Barbara Stanwyck once told me about welcoming the years as they come. "Look," she said, pointing to her head, "gray hairs! What a welcome change after that old all-over brown!"

I'm not telling anybody's age, but Gable doesn't look his. And Roz Russell doesn't look old enough to be anybody's famous aunt.

Personal Peeves: Why doesn't Hollywood wake up to Jane Powell? She needs a good movie right now—and movies need Janie. . . . Tuesday Weld's two years younger than Fabian, her co-star in "Hound Dog Man," but in experience she's many light years ahead of him. Wonder if he'll ever catch up. . . . In my opinion, Paul Newman could become an all-time great—if only he avoids those artsy-craftsy pitfalls. . . . Do you agree that John Kerr is the most unappreciated actor in Hollywood, Monty Clift the weariest and Tony Perkins the one who needs a new start in movies?

TV Jottings: It really happened—honest! A Los Angeles judge warned a brash defendant: "Remember, young man, this is not a Perry Mason courtroom. Sometimes, our district attorney wins a case." Raymond Burr roared when I told him the story. "I think I'll invite that judge home to dinner," said Ray, who's one of our town's great chefs. . . . Now that the Gunsmoke's cleared away, Jim Arness has started dating, while his estranged wife, Virginia, basies herself with little-theater work. And fans have taken care of the rumors that Jim, because of his contract demands, would be shot plain "daid" by a gunman next season. "You kill off Sheriff Dillon," they wrote, "and we'll shoot up the town." . . . Watch out for Steve McQueen in "Never So Few." One look at the first rushes and the studio optioned this brand-new father for a movie a year, which he'll do on TV vacations from "Wanted: Dead or Alive." . . . "Rawhide's" Eric Fleming told me that on the first day of his vacation, he met up with an off-camera horse who promptly reared and kicked him in the jaw. Big Eric spent the rest of his vacation behind a bandaged face.
On the Run: I bought the wildest cowboy shirt I could find, to wear to the Share party, an annual charity shindig that had a western motif this year. And it worked—I landed Kirk Douglas as a dancing partner. "There's Roz Russell," he said. "Wonder why nobody's ever cast her in a western," I could almost hear his mind perking. Later, I split a canape with Milton Berle. "New York was never like this," he admitted. . . . I remembered his words as I continued to run into old friends all month long. At the "Hole in the Head" party at Puccino's, for example, I sat near Clark Gable, and, not four feet away, there was Henry Fonda. "When Frank Sinatra gives a party," Jack Oakie explained, "nobody wants to miss it." . . . At the annual play presented by the Buckley Schools, I found Bob Young and Bill Bendix, poring over a program and arguing over which of their offspring really had top billing. And Bob Cummings, walking up the aisle to join his Mary, stopped to remind me, "Sara, don't forget to eat those health foods," I promised—but then I do every time that I see Bob. . . . And didn't I predict that—finally—Dot Malone would marry Jacques Bergerac?

"New York was never like this," admit Milton Berle and Ruth.

Cal York's Jottings:

Friends are hoping the trial separation between Dean Jones and his wife, after five years, will do just what Dean himself hopes it will—"Help us work out our present problems." . . . After ten months of marriage, Barry Sullivan filed suit to divorce Gita Hall. At the time of their marriage, Barry announced, "It was all pretty silly." And, especially at his age, we agree. . . . Gordon "Tarzan" Scott and his mate, Vera Miles, are moving to separate jungles. . . . Terry Moore's Mormon wedding to socialite-businessman Stuart Cramer caught the town by surprise. . . . Liz Taylor donated $70,000 for the completion of a new theater in Tel Aviv, to be named after Mike Todd. . . . When Marlon Brando landed in New York, he immediately began to feud with Anna Magnani, his co-star in "The Fugitive Kind." Joanne Woodward, also co-starring, has stayed friendly with both volcanos, but fingers are crossed all over town.

Why doesn't Hollywood put comic Jack Oakie back to work?

Bill Bendix and Bob Young, both dads on TV, play it for real at the Buckley School.

greeting and, remembering how thoughtful Joan and her husband, the late Al Steele, had been to me in London, I decided I didn't care how cold the set was. Julie Payne, John's lovely teenage daughter, came over to tell me how excited she is to be working in her first movie. "She'll be great," director Jerry Wald said, and then, pointing to Sue Carson, added confidentially, "but there's the girl who's likely to steal this picture. Just wait till you hear her make with the Brooklyn accent." Jerry, whose wonderful "Johnny Belinda" had me crying all through the late show the other night, led me across the maze of wires to the set. "Make you feel at home?" he asked, nodding at the magazine publishing office complete with desks, typewriters and the inevitable paste-pots. "Mum," I said, "but it ought to make you a little nostalgic, too. Didn't you start as a newspaperman?" Jerry laughed and led me over to a corner where Diane Baker and Bob Evans were practicing a more real than real love scene! Martha Hyer and I clustered around director Jean Negulesco, watching him, in one big sweep of his hand, fill a sheet of paper with a sketch of a woman. Then, dissatisfied, he crumbled the paper and tossed it away. But art collector Martha Hyer, who knows that Jean well deserves his reputation as a fine artist, bent down and retrieved it. As I left, she was carefully pressing out the creases. (Continued)

I Look Back: I still remember the lift of the music, the lift of the spirits as I stepped on a Paramount stage in 1930 to watch two newcomers, Jeannette MacDonald of Philadelphia and Maurice Chevalier of France, make their debut in "The Love Parade." It made stars of both of them, but Jeannette really found her niche in the public's heart when she teamed with Nelson Eddy in "Naughty Marietta." The world adored their romantic duet and redheaded Jeannette and blond Nelson repeated it in "Rose Marie," "Maytime," "New Moon," "Bittersweet." Jeannette made pictures with other leading men, but the public always expected her to return to Nelson—where she belonged. In 1937, when she married Gene Raymond, fans groaned with disappointment. The dream of Jeannette and Nelson as lovers on and off the screen was shattered. Today, she and Gene emerge from their Pacific Palisades home to take occasional flings at night-clubs and TV. And in other homes across the country, late-show fans keep sighing over the perfect pair, MacDonald and Eddy.—CAL YORK
Wish Brigitte Luck

They’re off to a harried start—Brigitte bit a photographer’s hand; Papa Bardot grabbed a photographer’s camera, threatening to whack him with it, then turning on the Mayor of Louveciennes, Fernand Gullaume: “Too many photographers, too few police,” he accused; the Mayor declared he wasn’t going to turn into a boxer to perform the rites and was so shaken that he blew his lines during the ceremony; this changed Brigitte’s tears to giggles. Brigitte, 24, and Jacques Charrier, 23, cooed in St. Tropez, even while he had his appendix out!
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what EDDIE'S mom heard from the honeymooners

that MARILYN couldn't tell the doctor

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Hazel Bishop
AN EVENING WITH LERNER AND LOEWE starring Robert Merrill, Jan Peerce, Jane Powell, Phil Harris. Composers Lerner and Loewe are feted with a two-piece LP featuring some of the niftiest tunes from their big Broadway and Hollywood hits: "My Fair Lady," "Gigi," "Brigadoon," "Paint Your Wagon," RCA. ANYWHERE I WANDER: Rod McKuen. Decca's latest find is young, blond Rod McKuen who's written songs for Tommy Sands, Johnny Mathis, the DeCastro Sisters. See if you don't flip for the gentle rocker, "Kisses Sweeter than Wine," and his own bouncing "Jump Up." NEIL SEDAKA. Dick Clark says, "Neil's talent just busts out all over. He can sing without an accompaniment, he's that good." And here's Neil in a neat collection. RCA.

BILLIE HOLIDAY. Ray Ellis and Orchestra. Billie's dead now, but nobody who heard her sing the blues will ever forget her. Lady's bittersweet interpretations of "I'll Never Smile Again," "It's Not for Me to Say" and "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home" are heartbreakers, M-G-M.

ON-CAMERA FAVORITES FROM TV. Patty Page. In a roundup of her most-requested tunes from TV-viewers, Patti gives 'em all a pat-on-the-back treatment. Dig her warm warbling of "It's A Good Day," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "I Didn't Know What Time It Was." Mercury. THE ORCHESTRA. Leopold Stokowski. If you want to pick up some music savvy on the different sections of the orchestra (brass, strings, woodwinds and percussion), this Capitol package makes it fun.

BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

The good word: Edd "Kookie" Byrnes tells me a "kooknik" is both heat and kookie. . . . You should have heard the top crew in at the Waldorf Astoria's Starlight Room when Tommy Sands played there this summer. It wasn't only the young folks who were clappin' and stompin', All the moms and dads tuned in their radar mightly quick to Tommy's R & R jive, and they kept hollerin' for more. . . . When I stopped by to catch him, Tommy told me, "October 1st is A-Day, the day I take off for the Air Force." Why not let Tommy know how much you'll miss him? Drop him a line—airmail, of course—at 6606 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. . . . Watch out for Johnny Restivo, fifteen. Named last year as "the most perfectly proportioned teenager in America," he's coming your way on a rock 'n' roll beat. . . . Most popular teen foods, Mark Damon tells me after a record-breaking tour across the U.S. plugging his new Wynne record are spaghetti, pizza, ice cream sodas and milkshakes. . . . Six-footer Gardner McKay (actually he's six feet, five inches tall) offers this bit of beauty advice to gals, "Always walk tall—taller than you are. Even if you're only four feet eleven, walk down the street as though you were taller than anyone else, and, before you know it, you'll feel tall. I've gone out with gals who were very short, but I taught them to stand tall, and they never thought about their height again!" . . . Frankie Avalon promises not to get married until some time in the early 1960's. Anybody got any ideas as to who might be the lucky miss? . . . Flash! Rumor has it Elvis, who's due out of khaki in March, might get a "good behavior" release around Christmas time.

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This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying, "MARK," and he also mentions the word WAY. The letter "T" and the letter "N" appear. What else can the answer be? MARK TWAIN?

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WIN AN RCA STEREO
Pick a song for Louis and Keely

After one of their smash performances at the Copacabana, Keely Smith and Louis Prima invited us to a musical gab session. "First off," Keely (Mrs. Louis Prima in private life) spoke out, "let's face it. Pop music will always have its critics. It's like politics. Everybody's got something to say."

"Yeah, man," Louis chimed in, "and that's good. The more discussions, the more interest it proves there is!"

Keely added, "I love the teens' open-mindedness. They don't close the doors to any kind of music until after they've listened to it. But some of the older folks aren't as fair. They make up their minds they don't like something even before they hear it."

The Primas kept sending and we stayed tuned in to them. And though Keely stayed dead pan through it all, I think even she was excited when, before we knew what was happening, we were working out a contest to give everybody a say-so about the kind of song they'd like Keely and Louis to record.

Pick a song you like or think would be perfect for Keely and Louis to harmonize on (remember their out-of-this-worldville version of "That Old Black Magic")? In twenty-five words or less, tell us why you think it's such a great song for their kind of music-making.

First prize is a revolutionary new RCA Victor Portable Stereophonic Victrola. It's a beauty, with a removable speaker lid that becomes a second speaker so the sounds of those new stereo records can come at you from all sides. Your monaural records will sound great on it, too.

Second prize? A $25 package of seven albums Keely and Louis have recorded. Third-prize winner will have his choice of a $10 package of three albums by Keely or Louis.

But win, lose or draw, everyone who enters the contest will receive a good-luck charm from Keely and Louis, plus autographed photos and free membership in the Louis-Keeley National Fan Club.

Contest deadline: September 30th. Write to Keely and Louis, Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BOOK NOOK

Acting bug bit you? Check "How to Act" by Robert Graham Paris, who's trained Lucille Ball, Shirley Temple, Steve Forrest, other top performers. His book will give you all the basics if you're looking for a showbiz career. . . .

Slated for Broadway and Hollywood: "Hard Hearts Are for Cabbages" by Vivi Putnam, the heartwarming novel about a family of raggle-taggle California gypsies. Wait'll you meet Aunt Vanya, who sleeps on the floor in a mink coat. . . . If you go for humor that cocks a quizzical eye at the world, you'll have a ball with "Wake Up, Stupid" by Mark Harris. . . . Bound to be a big best seller: "Barbara Greer" by Stephen Birmingham (it'll make a hit movie, too).

Everything, the story says, isn't always as bouncy-dory as it seems on the surface. . . . "The Little World of Stephen Delaplaine" features the writings of the popular San Francisco columnist who tells you about his rambles 'round the world. . . . If you liked Harry Golden's "Only in America," there's more of the same in "Two Cents Plain."

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music to sigh by

The first classical pianist in eons to set the girls sighing was Van Cliburn. Now, it looks like there’s a second one.

He’s John Browning, twenty-three, six-foot-plus, with brown hair that’s combed a la Kookie. Like Van, he’s a good-looker (at least that was the staff’s verdict the day John visited my corner cupboard in the Photoplay offices).

John’s a concert pianist, yes; but he loves pop music. “I’m nuts about Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and a lot of others,” he told me. But he also admitted that he split with a girlfriend after she told him she didn’t like him to play Bach.

“What’s wrong with playing Bach?” he asked. “You know, some very popular songs have come out of classic themes...” Here he rattled off a list on which the quiz below is based (answers are upside down).

When John isn’t practicing—hours and hours each day—he’s reading Agatha Christie or whodunits or digging into a sirloin steak. What does he do on dates? He loves weepy movies or dancing the cha-cha at a juke joint or driving through the countryside in an open convertible.

Come October, John will tour the U. S. and appear in every major city. He’ll play Mozart and Rachmaninoff, but he hopes this won’t scare the gals away. He’d like to meet music fans, so when he comes to your town, why not drop by and visit him backstage? Be sure to tell him George sent you.

WHAT POPs DID THESE BECOME?

1. Chopin: Fantasie Impromptu
2. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6
3. Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole
4. Schubert: Symphony No. 8
5. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2
6. Grieg: Wedding in Troldhagen
7. Leoncavallo: Mattinatta
8. Borodin: Prince Igor

FLIP YOUR WIG

Tuesday Weld’s tip to Judy DiBuono, Mary Jo Palone, Barbara Bost, Peggy Riva, Michele Giannini, Babs Gustin and Marcie Cenker, all of whom wrote in for advice in restyling their hair to satisfy the boys, is: “Get yourself a phony pony!”

Tuesday explained that she owns several ponytail hairpieces and uses them to sit atop her head, as a braid hanging down her back milkmaid style, sometimes just straight pony style and, to dress up, sometimes, she makes a braid and uses it as a crown around her head.

“Nobody ever knew it wasn’t me,” she went on, “until I went to a dance and started to jitterbug. I felt lightheaded but I thought it was the beat. Was I red when my partner said, ‘Tuesday, I think you’ve dropped something.’ It was my hairpiece! I was in such a rush I didn’t tuck it down with enough buddy pins.”

I will be frank. I’d never given the matter much thought. I mean the matter of what a girl with short hair does when she wants to impress a guy who goes for long hair. That’s why, when Doris Fleischer, who makes chiffons and braids for lots of top stars, including Audrey Hepburn, invited the girls on the staff to a showing, I tagged along. I saw everything there—from raffia hair pieces, fun for $2 to $7 only—to complete green wigs. And as Tuesday said, the ponytails were realer than life. How can our readers get hold of information on this? Mrs. Fleischer suggests: “Send on their letters to me.”

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

A BIG HUNK OF LOVE. Elvis Presley. (RCA)..................And how!
RAGTIME COWBOY JOE. David Seville. (Liberty).............Kookie LIKE I LOVE YOU. Edd Byrnes. (Warner Bros.)......................Hip SMALL WORLD. Johnny Mathis. (Columbia)....................Wow BEI MIR BIST DU SCHÖN. Louis Prima and Keely Smith. (Dot) ... Bouncy LONELY GUITAR. Annette. (Vista)..........................I’m with you HUSHABYE. The Mystics. (Larry)..............................Dreamy IT WAS I. Skip and Flip. (Brent)..........................Ooh SWEETER THAN YOU. Ricky Nelson. (Imperial).............A honey ANGEL FACE. Jimmy Darren. (Colpix)..........................Neat MY HEART IS AN OPEN BOOK. Carl Dobkins Jr. (Decca).......Good boy FORTY MILES OF BAD ROAD. Duane Eddy. (Jamie)..............Look out THERE GOES MY BABY. The Drifters. (Atlantic)..............Ummm TABOO. Arthur Lyman. (Hi-Fi)............................Smash

Tuesday’s man-bait is a phony ponytail.
Rings from left to right: ~ JULIET Ring $575. Also 500 to 2475. Wedding Ring 175. ~ CAMBRIDGE Ring $500. Wedding Ring 125. ~ VISTA Ring $250. Also 100 to 2475. Wedding Ring 1250 ~ KENNAN Ring $150. Wedding Ring 75. All rings available in yellow or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ®Trade-mark registered.

Rings

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Keepsake's valuable new booklet, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," gives expert advice on the announcement, parties and showers, trousseau, invitations, attire, gifts, the ceremony and many other details. Another booklet, "Choosing Your Diamond Rings," gives interesting and helpful facts about diamond quality, value and styling. For both booklets, send 25¢ with name and address to: Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 2, N. Y.
Your Letters To The Editor:

This is a problem that a lot of our girl friends have. We're all fourteen and just starting to go out on dates. What we want to know is, what should you do when you're out with a boy for the first time and he takes you to a movie you've already seen?

Beth, Ruth, Jeannie and Sue

Dear Beth, Ruth, Jeannie and Sue:

When he suggests a movie, the idea is to tell him the picture you'd like to see. But if you feel too bashful, see it again. Just be sure not to give away the plot!

Dear Editor:

My best friend Margie said she should write to you and see if maybe you could help me. I'm all mixed up, but good, and I don't know what to do. You see, I'm just crazy about this boy who's in the 10th grade with me and I know he likes me. His friends are always telling me he does. Well, this boy sits a row ahead of me in English Lit and every time I look over at him, he's staring at me with a kind of dreamy look. But when I catch him he pretends he's reading something from the blackboard. And he's always following me home after school, even though we live opposite ends of town. And sometimes at night I see him riding back and forth on his bicycle in front of my house. Even my father noticed him. Bruce, his friend, said he tried to ask me out one time but before he could I started talking to another boy and he just walked away, kind of sad and unhappy. But honest I didn't even hear him and when I found out I was so mad I could have cried. Now I'm sure he doesn't think I don't like him. What can I do to show him I really do?

Cindy

Canton, Ohio

Dear Cindy:

To start with, what have you done? You know, little things like saying "Hi" when he walks into English class could make him feel awfully good. Don't be overfriendly and don't sound too giggly. Be casual.

Another tip that is almost "sure-fire" is to notice little things about the boy—like a wild pair of desert boots or maybe a good grade in math. Or if you're shy, tell it to his friend and let him pass it on.

If he's still too shy to ask you for a date—if your friendly advances—why not invite him and some of the other kids over to your house some Friday night. Subtly (remember!) make him feel important—invite him to help with the records.

Dear Miss Pain:

If only you could help me, it could change my whole life. I'm sixteen years old and I've never had a date and I don't know how to get one. I've watched how other girls act and it doesn't seem to work for me. The only boys who pay any attention to me aren't very nice and I don't think I should go out with them. I want so much to be popular but I want to be good, too. I'm so lonesome. I don't have many girl friends either. I'm not very pretty.

Rita R.

Miami, Fla.

Dear Rita:

I wonder what popularity means to you. Is it the pretty blonde-haired girl in your school who's captain of the cheerleaders and who seems to attract boys and girls without even trying? Well, we can't all be like that, can we, and maybe it's a good thing, too. In a few years she may lose that secret formula and not know how to make people like her.

And that's where just about all of us who have faced this problem and found an answer have an advantage. (Look at Janet Leigh, Doris Day, Kim Novak.) Knowing how to make friends is a skill, and once you've learned it, you'll never be without friends again. But to acquire this skill you must be very harsh and critical of yourself. I think you're very wise and mature in refusing to date boys who would jeopardize your reputation, but did you ever ask yourself why the "nice" boys don't ask you out?

Being pretty isn't the only way to get a date. It's a big help, but if you look down the movie line next Saturday and think of all the pretty things that it takes more than just prettiness. Why not stand before a full-length mirror and answer these questions. Do I attract the wrong kind of boys because of the way I look? Do I wear my sweaters and skirts too tight? Do I try to look older than sixteen? Do I put on too much make-up or is my lipstick too dark? Are my hair, skin, nails in good condition?

From what the boys have told me (Mark Damon, Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Bob Evans), they like a girl to have a clean, fresh look (soft pink shades of lipstick and nail polish, clean, shiny hair; neat and yezi clothes that are fresh-looking). It seems, summing up, they want girls to be sweet and friendly, and not aggressive. Some girls may flirt a little but I don't really think any girl has ever "caught" a boyfriend unless he's been trying to catch her first. Don't you agree? So instead of chasing after dates, why not start chasing down some hobbies and interests? How about church and school activities? Try making friends with another girl. You'll begin to learn how to get along with others and there will be two of you to pool ideas. You'll soon find that as you become interested in new things, people will become interested in you. But you'll never be really happy, Alice, unless you learn that you can be lonely even in a big crowd of people . . . that real popularity can mean being liked by just one very special person. If you know that, then you won't mind waiting a few years to be popular with him.

Dear Educational:

Even though all my friends were dating, my mother never let me go out with boys. She always told me to wait until I was older. I guess she wanted me to be one of those sweet sixteen's who's never been kissed. Well, I am, but I'll be 17 next month. Don't you think it's time I could have my first date?

Sally

Camden, Maine

Dear Nearly Seventeen:

Tell your mother we think you've got a point.

Dear Evelyn:

I have a crush on a boy in my neighborhood.

If he's not with a girlfriend, he'll stop and talk to me. But he's never asked me out. How can I get him to ask me for a date?

Ellen F.

Evanston, Ill.

Dear Ellen:

Since you want to date, not debate, better find a boy who speaks your language. You know the old saying: You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink!

Dear Evelyn:

I don't know what to do about my parents. I'm thirteen-and-a-quarter years old but they treat me like my baby sister. They won't let me do anything and I don't think it's fair. I can hardly ever go out at night and even on Saturday nights I'm always the first one to have to go home. How late do you think I should be able to stay out for a Saturday-night dance?

Joan W.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sandra Dee

Dodie Stevens

Dear Joan:

Sandra Dee says 11:00, and only on weekends. Molly Bee says 11:00. Dodie Stevens, who's fourteen, says she still can't go out.

Dear Miss Pain:

I've been dating a boy for a whole year—ever since my 14th birthday—and it's been wonderful except for one thing. I'm two inches taller than Tommy and sometimes when we're out together somebody will make some wise remark, and he gets terribly embarrassed and then gets mad. Tommy told me he likes me a lot but I'm afraid he might stop asking me out because of this. I don't mind being taller and I want us to keep on dating because we like all the same things, like dancing and football and pizza, and there's no one else I think is even nearly as nice as him. I don't mind being taller, really, but how can I show him it doesn't matter?

Linda

Newark, N. J.

Dear Linda:

You can't—because it matters to him. Chances are before too long he'll gain on you anyway. In the meantime, a few suggestions: wear flats; stand straight up—never slouch; avoid new crazy hair styles that pile the hair high and make you look taller; and watch out for bold colors. Sometimes they can exaggerate height. But most of all, make him feel he's the most fun to be with.
NEW NO-MIX TONI

ONLY PERMANENT WITH A NO-MIX NEUTRALIZER THAT'S DOUBLE-RICH, TOO!

NO MIX...NO MESS!
Snip off the tip...
Toni's neutralizer is already mixed.
Drop by drop, you neutralize. No more drenching.

DOUBLE-RICH
Only Toni with double-rich neutralizer puts Hidden Body in your hair. It holds any hairstyle (curly or smooth) like no other permanent can.

P.S. And for very young hair, there's Tonette Children's Permanent. It has its own No-Mix Neutralizer.
Open Letter to Dan Durree

Mr. Durree, I would very much like to thank you for being so very nice to your fans and myself. Every letter I've written you has been answered personally. I hold a very high respect for you and I believe you to be one of Hollywood's finest actors. Though I've never met you, I think you must be a very wonderful person.

I would also like to thank Earl Holliman, James Arness and Audie Murphy for letters I received from them.

JERRY HOLLOWAY
Shreveport, La.

I Love Them!

I love Sal
He's my guy
But some of his movies make me cry
All of them are great in every way
I'd go to see them every day.
If all the stars I had to choose between
Sal would be king and I'd be his queen.
He makes you feel great with just one look
Sal's number one in my dream book.

Now I'm a "Maverick"
Not really though.
Only on his TV show.
Do I like him? Well, yes!
When I see him—holy cow!
He's handsome, manly, cute and trim
Man, oh man, I really like him.

Edd Byrnes is his name
He's real cool.
When I watch him on "Sunset Strip"
I really drool.
He's alias "Kookie."
If you know what I mean.
He's a real gone cat
He's really a dream.

Pete's a "Lawman"
On his TV show.
He's a fine "deputy"
I guess you know.
He's twenty-three
And really suits me to a tee!

These actors don't ride in flashy cars
Just because they're movie stars.
They're not conceited
You can bet.
These fine stars I'll never forget!

Vint — BLONDA MCDONALD
Atlanta, Ga.

Let's Go, Producers!

I'm surprised nobody has thought of making Emily Loring's romantic mystery novels into movies.
I have thought of Efren Zambalist, Jr. as the hero but can't think of the heroine yet.

PHYLIS DUNN
College Point, N.Y.

Ideal

My ideal family and friends would be:

Steady boyfriend—Tab Hunter
Best friend — Sandra Dee
Father — Robert Young
Mother — Jane Wyatt
Sister — Debbie Reynolds
Brother — Roger Smith
Grandfather — Earl Ives
Grandmother — Janet Gaynor
Uncle — Cay Gilray

B. CHAMPAGNE
Covington, La.

confidentially...

... I'm a young man of seventeen who is interested in the field of acting. I've been a professional model for two years, though I've also appeared in several off-Broadway shows. Perhaps some of you readers will recognize my face? I stand exactly six feet tall and weigh one-hundred-and-sixty.

PETER WILLIS
15 Fairmont Ter.
Jersey City, N.J.

... Dear Ed: Our pack's been doing some buzzing about this Confidentially bit and we'd like to lay the question: How's about if us frellies send in snapshots of ourselves when we write? Should make a real blaze this fall, if we all get together and show how we glow. Dig it?

—THE FRISCO FLAMES

Do we... like, it's on the front burner. So file your celluloid via the long and airy, only don't blow your jif it doesn't make a round trip, cause everybody's else are on fire in this case. (In other words, we welcome your pictures but, being awfully busy, cannot promise their return.) EDD... cops!—Ed.

... Anyone interested in writing to a girl who likes everything connected with this magazine? Drop me a line. I'm sure we'll find many ideas to exchange and much to write about.

MERRILL HORN
521 N. Mil. Riv. Pkwy
Milwaukee, Wis.

... My name is Ernest Riley, Jr. and I am nineteen years old. My greatest ambition is to become an actor and I plan to work real hard at it. I've wanted to act in a movie since I was six years old (that's when I saw my first). The reason? I'd like to make those who are unhappy happy.

ERNST RILEY, Jr.
182 South Street
New York 38, N.Y.

... I'd sure like a pen pal from New York City, because one day I hope to live there. Now let me tell you what I'm like: I love horses, boys, dancing, food and money, and though I haven't made up my mind yet, I'm thinking of becoming an interior decorator.

DEAN THOMAS Grammy
1476 8th Ave.
San Francisco, Calif.

... I'm a young boy of eighteen and my name is Akhtar Jamal Batla. I would very much like to correspond with American "Gys and Dolls" about movies, music, stamps, sports and magazines.

AKHTAR JAMAL BATLA
2787 E. P.E.C.H.S.
Karachi. (W. Pak.)

... If anyone would like information about Deborah Kerr, I'd be more than pleased to help. So do write me:

ERICH ULRICH
37 Granite St.
Brooklyn 7, N.Y.

—and see our story on page 38—En.

... Dear Audrey Hepburn lovers; Please send me any pictures of her you'd like to give away or trade.

TONY MAREE
East Central Ave.
Atkins, Ark.

... Attention Jerry Lee Lewis fans. Interested in "the great hall of fire"? Think Jerry's the end? So do I, and that's why I'm inviting you all to join the National Jerry Lee Lewis Fan Club of America. For full information, write:

SUE BENNETT
6133 Yolo Dr.
Alexandria, La.

... I'm a girl of sixteen and would like to correspond with boys and girls who are interested in horses.

ARLIE GREY
2839 W. Haddon
Chicago 22, Ill.

... Fabian fans can "join their team" by writing to:

FABIAN INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUB
Box #314, Planetarium Station
New York 24, N.Y.

... Attention Kathryn Grayson fans: We welcome new members of any age. We feature many photos and articles about Kathryn in our club journal, "The Katy-did." Why not write me?

CAROL QUINSENBERRY
4006 Venable Ave.
Charleston, W. Va.

... I would like to increase my collection of pictures and clippings of Paul Anka.

FAVE EMHSOFF
Route 1, Box 102
Brenham, Texas

... As president of their Canadian national fan club, I'd like to inform everyone that "The Diamonds" have a new address:

THE DIAMONDS
P.O. Box 720, Station Q
Toronto, Canada

... I've just graduated from high school and my hobby is boat-making, though not long ago I sang on television and won several contests. I'm planning a trip to New York, Albuquerque and Galveston. I'd like sure to get acquainted with friends in these cities.

MONTY ARLO ISLEY
787 East 20th St.
Tulsa, Okla.
Remember who Frank was gunning for as the baddie in "Suddenly"?

Who Starred?

Can you tell me if Frank Sinatra had a part in "Suddenly"?

LARRY BROOKS
Laramie, Wyo.

Yes, Frank Sinatra played the lead in this movie. He was a "professional killer" who had been hired for the biggest job of his career: a $500,000 job—to assassinate the President of the United States!—Eb.

Old Movies

There are several old movies that I think would make excellent television series. "The Dolly Sisters," the movie in which June Haver and Betty Grable starred as singing and dancing sisters, and "Mother Wore Tights," would be wonderful as a series or a special night-time musical show. There could be a funnier comedy shows than a series like "Mr. Belvedere" or "Cheaper By the Dozen.

Oh, I'm not through. There's another movie in which Robert Young played a minister from Baltimore and Shirley Temple played his mischievous teenage daughter. I think it was "Baltimore Escapade."—M.N. CHAMBERS
Mobile, Ala.

Tall, Blond, Goodlooking

There's a tall, blond, goodlooking man in Hollywood who has been my dream man for a long time. I have seen every one of his pictures and I think he's just great.

Some time ago, we had a Cerebral Palsy Telethon here in Miami and I got to meet my dream man.

He was even more wonderful than I thought he would be. He was so nice and friendly to everyone. He stayed on stage all day talking to people and working to raise funds for this wonderful cause.

What's his name? Peter Graves, naturally.
JUDY CARRADY
Miami, Fla.

Typing: What's that new kind of greaseless foundation cream? Pond's Moisture Base brings you "night cream" moisturizing under your make-up all day!

New!

Pond's Moisture Base

new kind of greaseless foundation cream!

brings you "night cream" moisturizing under your make-up all day!

Creates an all-day "moisture reserve." At last a cream that goes beyond superficial smoothing... that actually controls the moisture level of your skin under your make-up. At the same time, it normalizes your skin's protective chemistry all day long.

Prevents under-make-up dryout! Protects your skin against sun and wind—the drying effects of make-up itself! Your skin stays soft and dewy all day.

Leaves a smooth, no-shine finish. Pond's Moisture Base is greaseless. Your skin never feels sticky, make-up never cakes or streaks. Transparent, it can't conflict with any make-up shade.

For a lovelier face, smooth on New Pond's Moisture Base every morning. Use it for nighttime moisturizing, too.

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

Pond's Moisture Base
NEW GREASELESS UNDER-MAKE-UP MOISTURIZER
I know Errol Flynn has suggested himself for the role of Humbert Humbert in "Lolita," and it's not a bad suggestion. ... Liz Taylor may be a cat on a hot tin roof, but she giggles. ... It seems that whenever I meet Sandra Dee, she's buying perfume or sampling lipstick. ... I don't know any actor who has improved as much as a person because of success as Tony Curtis. ... Doesn't Fabian sound like the name of a race horse to you? ... Judy Holliday is strictly an indoor female. Her only outdoor sport is hunting antique shops. ... Peter Lawford often sits in the driveway of his Santa Monica beach house. This keeps tourists for the beach from parking there. ... I like to see actresses without their make-up on. Of course, sometimes I don't recognize them, but I like to see them. ... Who does Brigitte Bardot think she is—staying away from Hollywood—Ava Gardner?

These are great days. An actor can be a beatnik with a beard at night, and work in Westerns during the day. ... I think Dean Martin has only begun to come on. ... I heard Ed Byrnes cheering the Dodgers. Then he turned to his companion (female), saying, "I wonder if they'd cheer as much for me?" Kookie! ... Our old friend Mike Curtiz interviewing a New Face: "I can make you what you can never be."

Paul Anka was driving along Sunset Strip with the radio on, listening to Paul Anka sing "Lonely Boy." ... I don't think there's anything as lonely as an actress who leaves a party saying, "I must hurry home because my dog's all alone." ... Glenn Ford's contract stipulates that he doesn't have to wear make-up. ... The best hunk of real glamour to hit this town in months is Patricia Crest. She'll make a noise. ... I think Tab Hunter is underrated as an actor. Sue me! ... At a small party, playing games, Tuesday Weld was asked to make a short and quick remark about togetherness. Tuesday said, "Just think what a wonderful tan freckles would make if they could get together."

I'm for Lana Turner making a fortune, which she is. Lana rates a hefty bankbook in my book. ... Burt Lancaster likes to talk a lot and doesn't object to talking about himself. ... Know what Frank Sinatra says when he looks at himself on the screen? "I could still put on a few pounds." And Deborah Kerr? "I thought I spoke more distinctly than that!" ... Jayne Mansfield doesn't like to be caught looking tired. ... I have difficulty recognizing Ricky Nelson when he isn't with his mother, Harriet. ... I'll bet Kim Novak wishes her romances were the way they are in the movies: the happy ending. ... Jerry Lewis al-
ways appears as if he had just left someone and is on his way to meet someone.

Will Marriage Spoil Nick Adams? ... I can't recall seeing E. G. Marshall give a bad performance. ... Bing Crosby should be proud of Gary, and vice versa. ... If you want to find David (Richard Diamond) Jansen and Sal (Gene Krupa) Mineo, go to "La Scala, Goodevening." You'll discover them in a booth, tossing initials at each other—playing the Movie Game. ... From some of the photos I've seen, it appears that Yul Brynner wears a hat as if it were a disguise from process servers. ... When Bobby Darin told starlet Googie Schwab, "You're driving me crazy"—she replied, "That's how it is in this town. No one walks." ... Debbie Reynolds is getting tired of the Tammy bit. ... Janet Leigh is our most underrated glamour.

I'm informed that Rock Hudson watches his figure as much as May Britt watches hers. If there're no objections, I'd rather watch hers. ... Bill Holden always leaves the cap off his toothpaste tube. ... Shirley MacLaine's big fat success pleases me. ... "I'll tell you what Hollywood is like," said newcomer John Cassavetes, "Hollywood is like a rich woman who can afford to buy everything and does. Yet somehow it doesn't look good on her." That's Hollywood For You.

With this girdle, you’re armed for anything, even the slinkiest sheath! Reason: twin cross-over panels in front slim your hips, yet leave you free. Spiral boning, no-roll top gives you fabulous comfort too, at a fabulous little price: just $7.95! Get FLIRTATION WALK® by

BESTFORM

BRA SHOWN: FLIRTATION BRA, $2.95 @
They Came to Cordura  Columbia; Cinemascope, Eastman Color

What with those big mountains and burning deserts, this looked like it was going to be another typical Western. But it wasn’t—not even an “adult” one, as they say on TV. Actually, it’s a drama that tries to separate the men from the boys (see left top). Van Heflin’s one of the boys and he’s a brute. Then there’s Tab Hunter, who’s self-centered and ambitious; Richard Conte, a not-too-bright veteran with a chip on his shoulder; Dick York, a farm-boy looking for adventure; and Michael Callan, a very religious boy. Then, of course, there’s Gary Cooper, an officer who in his earlier fighting days was pretty much what you’d call a boy. Rita Hayworth is great in this. She doesn’t play the usual glamour role. Instead, she’s a kind of bitter woman who has nothing but her pet parrot and a liquor bottle. It all takes place in 1916 during the Mexican-American border wars, when Pancho Villa’s raiders were around. To sum the whole thing up, this picture will leave you somewhat drained, what with all the tensions. But it’s different—and it’s good.  

The Devil’s Disciple  U.A.

Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas are getting to be old hands at both producing and acting in movies. This time, what they’ve come up with is a witty, fast-stepping film about the American Revolution. But don’t put away those history books before you see it, because this is sheer entertainment. Even though it’s all supposed to take place in 1777 in New England, it was filmed in old England, and the only historical character is Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne, played by England’s Laurence Olivier. Olivier tries to hew the line of G. B. Shaw’s theme, despite his American co-stars: Kirk (with Olivier, bottom left) is an engaging rogue who isn’t afraid to sass King George III, and Burt’s a peace-loving preacher. Where lies the dilemma? Well, it seems Burt’s wife, played by Janette Scott, has a yen for action and finds herself gravitating toward Kirk. As you might guess, she ends up with a choice of two men, and although the finale is more Lancaster than Shaw, the film is rousing good entertainment.  

Blue Denim  20th, Cinemascope

Here’s a picture that’s likely to keep many parents awake all night, worrying about something most teenagers have known about all along . . . the fact that nice kids can get in trouble, too, and when they do, their parents are the last people in the world they’d think of turning to. As two Suburban Heights youngsters who have experimented with sex too far, Carol Lynley and Brandon De Wilde can see only two ways out—either unwed motherhood or the abortionist. As for me, I couldn’t blame the kids for overlooking those parents. This is Carol’s picture—the one that’ll make her a star.
Sapphire

This is the first time England has sent over a movie that is set against a background of big-city racial tension, and even if the treatment's a little naive in spots, you're not likely to go buy popcorn in the middle of it. The murder of a beautiful student has detective Nigel Patrick baffled as he trails Africans and West Indians through seamy London streets few tourists ever see. The shocker is his discovery of race prejudice in his own department. Mixed-up as it may seem, the characters are good and convincing, the pace almost break-neck and the style distinctly American, jazz score and all. Essentially, this is a whodunit—and a pretty good one at that.

The Scapegoat

Some time or other, it seems to me, all of us wonder what would happen if we met somebody who looked exactly like ourselves. That's what happens to a bored English schoolteacher (Alec Guinness) as he walks along the waterfront of a shabby French town and suddenly sees his own face materializing out of the gloom. The double, it turns out, is a debonair Frenchman whose life is rather full of problems. Perhaps too full in the end, so that the whole affair never quite lives up to its dramatic opening, despite a cast that also includes Bette Davis and a host of Old Vic players. But it's off-beat—and you can always count on Guinness to be Guinness.

Rosemary

This is the picture that kicked up such a fuss at the Venice Film Festival, when the German Foreign Ministry violently objected to its being shown there. But it was shown anyway, it ran off with the Italian Film Critics Award, and it will make Rolf Thiele (director) a name to remember. A satire on post-war German decadence, it has so much "atmosphere," it seems to give you a weird evil glow, and once you've seen it, you'll understand what all the ruckus was about. It tells of the dubious rise of Rosemary (Nadja Tiller) from a decoy for a band of thieving street-singers (their sassy ballads recall such "Threepenny Opera" hits as "Mack the Knife") to a reigning courtesan, with enough tape-recorded confessions of powerful merchants to keep her in sable for life. That such a life cannot last long we are sure, for Rosemary was a real person, whose story could only be told after death. Although the remaining characters are supposed to be fictitious, German tycoons have been putting up quite a holler. If the shoe fits, this picture may not be much fun for them: for us, it's an engrossing glimpse of a pretty macabre way of life that must be seen to be believed. See it!

PADDED FRENCH SECRET, big photo, adds curves via soft-as-life stitched-in foam contours, feels like it belongs. Nylon lace 5.95. French Secret, top, molds a's fuller, c's firmer, molds b's to perfection via foam frames. Nylon lace 5.95. White and colors. For store name, free figure booklet write Olga, Dept.PH109, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Calif.
**Questions answered on becoming a woman**

Q. My friends have already started on their monthly days. Why haven’t I?
A. Some girls may begin to have their monthly periods at 9 or 10 years; some not until 15 or 16. There’s no set rule. It all depends on individual growth and development. If you haven’t started by 16, however, why not see your doctor?

Q. Must I feel blue at certain times of the month?
A. As you learn more about your monthly cycle, you will realize that “blues” are only temporary. Just don’t give in to them. Take your mind off yourself—Do things you enjoy doing. Get into loose clothing—Feel free. Smart girls won’t wear anything that binds on those days. They prefer wearing Tampax because it’s invisible and unfelt when in place. It helps them forget a difference in days of the month.

Q. How should I act on a date during my period?
A. As you would any other time of the month. Your naturalness and discreetness will prevent embarrassment. Be sure to change your protection as often as necessary. Keep extras out of sight in your handbag. You’ll appreciate Tampax® because it tucks away in a tiny purse. You’ll like it, too, because it prevents odor from forming. Banishes other telltale signs—lines and bulges. Ends chafing, too.

Q. When can I start to use Tampax?
A. Every normal girl, married or single, can use Tampax as soon as she is completely matured. Its use is approved by doctors. Girls usually turn to it after friends tell them of its many advantages. As a new user, you will quickly learn how easy it is to insert and change. And how dainty, too. You’ll especially like the way it keeps you feeling poise, confident—as on any other time of the month.

Why not try Tampax internal sanitary protection? We’ll be happy to send you a trial package (mailed in a plain wrapper)—together with our free booklet on monthly problems. Just send 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover mailing costs, to Department A, Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
EXCELLENT  VERY GOOD  GOOD  FAIR  A-ADULT  F-FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For full reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

ANATOMY OF A MURDER—Columbia: In a startling courtroom drama, shriekingly directed, James Stewart defends Ben Gazzara, accused of killing a woman who allegedly raped his wife (sexy Lee Remick). (A) September

BIG CIRCUS, THE—A.A., Technicolor: Colorful, but to those who've seen Victor Mature's show, Rhonda Fleming, Red Buttons, Kathryn Grant, Gilbert Roland and David Nelson all keep you guessing. (F) September

BIG FISHERMAN, THE—Buena Vista: Panavision, Technicolor: A dazzling spectacle illuminates the beginnings of Christianity, with Howard Keel as St. Peter, John Savo and Susan Kohner provide the romance. (F) September

FIVE PENNIES, THE—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Listen to the beat, as Danny Kaye Olds jazzman Red Nichols, the heartthrob in his love for Barbara Red Geddies and daughter Tuesday Weld. (F) September


HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Carol Lynley, Jill St. John invite you on a happy holiday in romantic Southern America, Jane Wyman and Clifton Webb are their nice, puzzled parents. (F) September

HORSE SOLDIERS, THE—U.A., De Luxe Color: Fine John Ford action film pairs John Wayne and Bill Holden as feuding Union officers on a mission down South, where they capture Constance Towers. (F) September

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—Columbia: Our Oscar-money's on Fredric March for his wonderful portrayal of a lonely widower in love with Kim Novak, young enough to be his daughter. Warm, realistic. (A) August

NORTH BY NORTHWEST—M.G.M.: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Only Hitchcock could make us shiver and laugh at once, as James Mason's pique chase ad man Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint does some chasing of her own. (F) September

NUN'S STORY, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Visually and emotionally breathtaking: As a nun who becomes a nursing sister in the Congo, helping doctor Lorne Greene, Audrey Hepburn outdoes herself. (F) August

PORGY AND BLESS—Goldwyn, Columbia: Todd-AO, Technicolor: Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, the states' greatest lovers and Sammy Davis, Jr., as their tempser stand out in Gershwin's classic. (F) September

THIS EARTH IS MINE—U.I.: CinemaScope, Technicolor: Rich, juicy family drama plagues Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons into a fight over California vineyards during prohibition. (A) August

JUDY GEYER, Senior, Plymouth High School, Plymouth, N. H., says:"I scrubbed and tried all kinds of remedies, but the blisters stayed. Then I heard how well Clearasil worked for other girls like myself. Now, every time I look in the mirror, I thank Clearasil for the way it cleared my complexion."

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES


BLUE DEXIL—20th. Directed by Philip Dunne: Arthur Franz, Brandon DeWilde, Joel Willard, Carol Lynley, Malcolm Bartlett, MacDonald Carey, Jessie Bartlett, Martha Hunt, Julian Harris, Cleve Common, Alain Berenger; Professor Willard, Vaughn Taylor, Axel, Duck Class.

DEVIL'S DISCIPLE, THE—U.A., Directed by Guy Hamilton: Anthony Havelock, Brian Lane; Martin; Richard D'Asquino, Kirk Douglas; General Burgoyne, Laurence Olivier; Judith Anderson, Janett Scott; Miss Udder; Eva Longoria, Earl Cameron, William Alance, Lorna Gray, Fernando Rey, Patricia Stewart, George Ross; Christopher Dedicado; Neil McCallum; John McCallum; Maxine Cooper; William Booth, Jack Warner.

THE FIRST TIME—M.G.M., Directed by Rudy Mate, Texño Costa, Mario Lanza, Gloria de Palma, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Laddie Tabor, Kurt Kaszar, Christa Behrnhauer, Johanna von Rosenau, Helga Schuchardt, Leopold Hochner, Peter Capell, Angelo, Renzo Casella, Alessandro, Sandro Giglio.


FOR YOUR INFORMATION

21
Dino won't know what Jeanne was whispering about till he reads it here. "You'll never believe the boner Dean pulled," she told me.

Flashes: The Bob Wagners are tip-toeing through an imaginary nursery these days. "We want to have a baby some day," Bob told me, and the gleam in his eye as he looked over at Nat was like a neon sign, blinking "I love you."... When Kim Novak and director Dick Quine wind up "Strangers When We Meet," I predict they'll marry. Dick's gift to Kim, a T-bird, is in a bride's color—white—and with Dick's divorce problems all ironed out, there's nothing to stand in their way. Except Kim's own unpredictable behavior. ... The rumor of the month had Hope Lange and Don Murray at opposite ends of their marital ties. Then Don showed up at the studio, three days in a row, to lunch with Hope and their friend Steven Boyd, her co-star in "The Best of Everything." That ended that.

Party Time: Janet Leigh was a dream walking, at the garden party for songwriter Jimmy McHugh. She wore her hair clipped short, with the gray frankly crowding out the golden brown, "the way Tony likes it." Tony Curtis, I noticed, still carried a cane, but more as an ornament than a prop for his injured ankle. And in his so-smug trousers, sharp jacket and cane, Tony looks more London than Hollywood these days. Saw Jack Benny, and I never cease to think when I meet Rochester's boss that a friendlier man never lived. Martha Hyer applauded like mad as Patti Page sang "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," but I thought Buddy Bregman looked sort of wistful. And the two gals who really stole the attention were lovely Irene Dunne and Paulette Goddard, who was in town for an "Adventure in Paradise" TV sequence. "What's Gardner McKay like?" I asked her. "Like the title of his show," she laughed. ... A few days later, at the Beverly-Hilton party for "Porgy and Bess," the gals who caught everybody's eye weren't stars—they were the wives of Ronald Reagan and Dean Martin. Dino's Jeanne told me, "Sara, you'll never believe what Dean did! He told me proudly, 'You say I don't take enough interest in the house. But, look, I'm having these eucalyptus trees cut down.'" Only," Jeanne moaned, "they weren't our trees! ... I thought I'd seen everything—till I found myself at a party in a barber shop! Harry Drucker, who's been snipping at Hollywood heads for years, was opening a new place. I spotted Bonita Granville there. Why don't we see her in more movies?

Bonita Granville and her Jack celebrate—in a beauty parlor! Tony's still using that cane, but now it's just part of his "British look." Janet's new look is "the way Tony likes it."
Hunch: Are John Saxon and Vicki Thal married? I'd be willing to bet they are. I saw Vicki at producer Ross Hunter's pool-side party for Sandra Dee, and almost failed to recognize her. A lovely green print dress and smart hair-do had replaced the drab frocks and old combed-on-the-run look. She just radiated warmth and happiness and the change was startling. Later, when John said, "Come on, Vicki, it's time to go," his tone was for all the world like a that of a man of the house. I could be wrong.

People in the News: I know how much Pat Hardy and Richard Egan want the baby they expect in January, so when I heard she'd almost lost it, I called Pat. "All two-and-a-half of us are fine now," she told me. "Thanks for calling." . . . Spotted Dana Wynter shopping for baby things and that's why Greg Bautzer's beaming. . . . I was sad but not surprised about the David Niven separation. Rumors of their unhappiness have been whirling about town for months, although nobody really knows what the trouble is between David and Hjordis. . . . Can't wait to run into Jimmy Stewart now that his promotion to Brigadier General in the Reserve Air Force has come through. I've been working almost as hard on my fancy salute as Jimmy worked to get the "general" tag. . . . The house Eddie Fisher bought in Las Vegas, to establish residence just before his divorce, was sold in no time flat.

Here and There: I hurried over to see Pat Boone on the set of his new picture, "A Journey to the Center of the Earth." "The children have the measles again," he reported. "Last year it was the German type, and now it's the red measles." Pat told me that he's going dramatic in the next film after this. "No singing at all?" I asked. "Nope," he answered, "not a song." Don't know how I feel about a songless Pat. . . . "I really wanted her," Sal Mineo told me after Susan Kohner was signed to play his wife in "The Gene Krupa Story." There was a look in his dark eyes as he spoke that makes me think Sal really did want Susan, and maybe not only as a co-star. . . . Paul Anka did such a good acting job in "Adam and Eve," the bosses asked him to write the theme music, too. And with his new "Lonely Boy" album a smash, Paul has reasons for being happy. And Annette Funicello's one of them. . . . James MacArthur, filming "Kidnapped" in Scotland, writes, "I know what they wear under the kilts. Can't wait to get back home and tell you."

TV Jottings: The Clint Walkers have moved from Burbank to a home far out in the Valley. "We were too close to the studio," Clint told me over a tomato salad in Warners' Green Room. "It became too easy for everyone to drop by to discuss business." And then Clint added quickly, "But you're welcome anytime." . . . Later that same afternoon, Efrem Zimbalist and Stephanie admitted to me that something had come between them. "His name is George," Efrem explained, "and I wouldn't mind so much, Sara, if he didn't insist upon sleeping in our bed." "George" is a pet rooster Steffi found! . . . When I double-checked the rumor that David Janssen would quit his "Richard Diamond" series to star in "The Racers," I found it just isn't so. David and Richard are just moving to another network, NBC-TV. Bob Evans is the star of "The Racers," and he's as smouldering-eyed in it as he was as a movie matador. . . . "I'll be a father this spring," Nick Adams told me, completely taking my mind off the rumor that Nick's friendship with Bob Wagner is cooling. I'll check that for you next month. . . . I hope his hit tune, "Hawaiian Wedding Song," is giving Andy Williams ideas. He has us all moaning the blues now that it seems he's not planning a winter show to follow up those wonderful ones he did this summer. Let's all get on the "We Want Andy All Year Round" bandwagon and see what happens. . . . When Alice Lon, departing the Lawrence Welk show, said, "It wasn't the same happy family it used to be," didn't it remind you of Arthur Godfrey's former "Friends"? (continued)
Around Town: The day after his long-delayed divorce came through, Jeff Chandler bought a diamond ring. Wanna bet it's for Esther Williams? . . . A GI back from overseas told me Elvis Presley runs a regular private loan office. "A guy in our outfit can borrow any amount he needs from El," he said, "and he hands it over with no questions and no interest. And you know something? He's never lost a dime yet." . . . Diane Baker waved to me from the set of "The Best of Everything." "I'll never forget my first day as a junior in Van Nuys High," she confessed, "but you should've seen Eddie when he got lost in the House of Mirrors." 

Memories of a Summer Past: Debbie Reynolds and Tab Hunter meeting on the beach at Waikiki. "It was really by accident," Tab told me, "but wait till you hear the album that came out of it all." . . . Rick Nelson and Molly Bee playing gin rummy on the beach, with Molly winning, winning, winning. Didn't anyone ever tell her you can win more by losing? . . . Evelyn Rudie, 9, and Eddie Hodges, 12, having a first date at Ocean Park. "We ate hamburgers and cotton candy," Evelyn sighed, "and never got home till eight!"

Cal York's Jottings: Dick Clark, who has Tuesday Weld in his cast of "Because They're Young," may be the one who'll finally figure her out. . . . Did you know that some of Elvis's femme fans are planning to trim their hair sideburn-fashion in honor of his return? It's my guess that after two years in the barracks, El would rather be welcomed home by girls! . . . In Hollywood for another try at the movies, Mijanou Bardot refuses to discuss Brigitte's marriage to Jacques Charrier. And have you heard the song George Shearing wrote for the younger Bardot? He's never met her, but the jazz pianist just loves the name. . . . Jayne Mansfield reconsidered that threatened suspension and took off with Mickey to London and the movie "Too Hot To Handle." . . . How come "Ask Any Girl" was the only American picture entered in the 9th International Film Festival in Berlin? Guess part of the answer is star Shirley Maelaine, who won Berlin's "Silver Bear" as best actress. And if there were a medal for best wife, Shiril would win that, too . . . Earl Holliman's over his hepatitis. Why not send him a glad-you're-well note c/o MCA, 593 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
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only Helene Curtis Spray Net gives you a choice of sister sprays!

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SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET
LONDON:
Photoplay tracks down
the truth about
Liz & Eddie’s baby
When Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher emerged from the gynecologist's office in Harley Street, there was a light drizzle. She wore a simple sweater over her loose blouse and a full skirt, and Eddie's arm encircled her waist protectively.

But her face was strained and almost as gray as the London weather. No crowds milled around to find out what the doctor had told her; and only one photographer saw them and snapped their picture.

Neither Eddie nor Liz would look up. They stared at the steps as they came down them, and at the sidewalk as they walked to their car. Then, just before Eddie helped her into the car, Liz said, "He says I must lose weight. That it's important."

But shortly after that, Liz and Eddie flew to Paris—just for the day. A newspaper reported that she was ignoring doctor's orders. "She had a feast at a Left Bank restaurant today," and it went on to list every bite she had taken, implying she "craved" certain exotic foods.

Is she pregnant? A close friend says, "Oh, yes. There's no question about it. Look at how much weight she's put on. She is, all right." But close friends have been wrong before.

From New York, the obstetrician who examined Liz just before she left on her honeymoon said the published statements about her "condition" are inaccurate. But that was before they left America!

Now London reports Liz is throwing herself into the picture, "Suddenly Last Summer." Tension on the set is unbelievable. Is there any truth to the rumors now? Only Liz and Eddie know for sure. And that, after all, is as it should be. All they will say is, we want children.
PHILADELPHIA:

Eddie’s mother tells

From the first, I found Liz full of surprises.

Watching the dark, mysterious desert whiz by, I wished the train would slow down, stop—then I wished it would hurry up. In a few minutes I would meet Elizabeth Taylor for the first time, and in a few days she would be my son’s wife. Would I really like her? I wondered. Would Liz like me? We had to like each other—for Eddie’s sake, if for no other reason.

I felt almost sure I’d like her, after what she’d said to me the night Eddie called me long distance. “Mama,” she’d said, her voice warm and sincere, “I want you to come to Vegas at least a week ahead of time. I want to get to know you, Mama.”

Over and over, I repeated those words, trying to recapture the friendly feeling they’d left with me. “Stop worrying,” I told myself. “Eddie loves Liz. He loves you. Liz and you love Eddie. It will come off fine.”

The train was stopping. Through the window I saw my son, his bright eyes, his big smile—and a girl who could only be Elizabeth Taylor. (Continued on page 70)
After a year of silence, in her first interview with Photoplay, Deborah Kerr says:

"I have learned to live from day to day."

(Continued on page 72)
what would you do if, like Roger Smith's wife
Vici, you were told your husband might have only
48 HOURS TO LIVE

Roger Smith lay so still on the hospital bed that it seemed as if he were no longer breathing. Several times, Vici leaned closer to her husband. The silence around her seemed complete. But then she heard the choking gasp—terrifying in itself—yet not so terrible as the silence... And she breathed again, herself.

It was four o'clock in the morning. She had taken the room adjoining his. The doctors said the crisis would come within the next forty-eight hours. In forty-eight hours, they'd said, we'll know if the brain surgery was a success, or not...

"Now there is no more we can do," the doctors had said. "All we can do is wait."

And the waiting, the not knowing, was worse than anything that had come before. Each hour seemed (Continued on page 96)

by GEORGE CHRISTY
your first love is...

Carol Lynley and Brandon de Wilde:
a tender look,  
a tease,  
the touch of his hand

secrets you’ve never  
told before...  
feelings you never knew  
you could have...

continued
You couldn’t say it was our first kiss that told Carol and me we were in love. You see, our first kiss was a movie kiss anyway. But I know as I was kissing her—for director Philip Dunne—that something mysterious and strange was happening inside me, something I couldn’t quite put my finger on. It was somewhere between a chill and a sweat, leaving me shook up from excitement (it was my first movie kiss), dizzy-eyed and all wobbly at the knees. Maybe it was a premonition of what was to come.

Because a while later, it all hit me smack in the center of my heart, and, suddenly, one summer night I knew. *(Continued on page 67)*

...so many promises to make
so many things to discover

so close that two equals one
JAMES GARNER says: As a kid—

NOBODY EVER SEEMED TO WANT TO LOVE ME

When her husband got that “far-away” look while sipping his soup, Lois just ignored it. But when he only picked at the chicken and dumplings, then she knew something was definitely wrong. Usually he’d say: “If Aunt Ruth tasted your dumplings, she’d swear she’d made them herself.”

But now Jim wasn’t saying much of anything.

From long experience she knew that the only way to handle Jim’s moods was to wait them out.

The trouble was that Jim Garner just (continued)

by JIM HOFFMAN
That's why what I have today matters so much didn't know how to communicate what he was feeling. How does a fellow show complete happiness, complete satisfaction? By grinning like an idiot? By spouting some gushy, mushy words? By lifting Greta out of her high chair and swinging her over the chandelier? By hoisting Lois up on one arm and Kim up on the other and whirling them around and around and around?

Oh, he was there all right—there in the room surrounded by the warmth and love of his family; and yet in a sense he wasn't there; he was comparing the present with the past; the good with the bad; the happy with the sad; the golden present of this August 17th, 1959—the third anniversary of his marriage—with the meaningless years before he met Lois. Those lost, aim-

Someday, Jim thought, he'd tell Greta and Kim, "Watch out for guys like the one I used to be." Lois would laugh, but ...
less, useless years that strung back to the time he was five years old, when he was convinced no one loved him or would ever love him, no one cared or could ever care. . . .

He didn't really remember his mother's death. It just seemed that one day the world changed, and his home became an empty, frightening place. He stood alone in the house where he had never been alone. and, for the first time, he felt the way he was to feel many times in the years to come—that no one loved him. no one cared about him.

That's when George changed, too. He'd invented George when he was three years old. Then, George was a convenient pal. His mother (Continued on page 103)
“What beats me,” the voice said, “is why she’s doing it at all. She isn’t sick. She doesn’t have to have this operation. And it won’t be any picnic, either. It’ll hurt. So—why?”

It was a young voice, masculine. It carried clearly through the corridors of the hospital. It carried into a private room a few yards away, and hearing it, a woman moved on her bed and opened her eyes, blinking in the early morning sun.

She heard another voice, softer. “They say she wants a baby.”
And a laugh. “What for? She’s got (Continued on page 93)

by CHARLOTTTE DINTER
Three-year-old Aissa asks her father, John Wayne—

"Daddy, when is God going to
Cut!” said the director, and immediately the crowds of soldiers broke up. John Wayne lowered himself down from his horse and, smiling broadly, waved to a little girl in a yellow slicker who’d been watching a scene from “The Horse Soldiers” with wide eyes.

“Hi, honey,” he said as he walked over to her.

“We go home now?” his three-year-old daughter Aissa asked, looking up at him.

“Not yet,” he said, “but come on, buy me a cup of coffee.”

(continued)
As they walked across the set to where Pilar was waiting, John groped for words to answer his little girl’s question.

“Sure, Daddy,” she said smiling, and they walked off together.

She tried to stretch her little legs as far as she could but finally, unable to keep up, she stopped. “Wait, Daddy,” she said. “wait for me.”

Her father hadn’t noticed that she’d fallen behind, but now he turned and stood waiting for her until she caught up. She looks so much like Pilar, he thought, although Pilar always said, “Her eyes are like yours, John.”

When they reached the coffee stand, he let her pick up a container of coffee and hand it to him. “Thank you,” he said, taking a sip. “Mmm, it’s good. Let’s go over under those trees,” he suggested. “You can sit in my lap and tell me how you liked watching me this morning.” (Continued on page 87)
the day
Dorothy Malone's secret prayer was answered...
Halfway around the world from the whispers—"What’s Dorothy waiting for? Why doesn’t she get married?"—Jacques slipped a simple ring on her finger.

They’d eloped, but Dorothy was grateful her mother could be with them to hear Rev. Fr. Carmelus Orlando pronounce the words, “Till death do you part.”

At the sound of footsteps in the hotel corridor, Dorothy pulled her silk wrapper closer around her and ran to the door. But before she could open it, she heard the steps padding past her room and continuing on.

It’s getting late, she thought. Why don’t they hurry? For a moment, she paused at the open window, hoping to catch sight of the messenger. The Hong Kong streets were already crowded. They take advantage of the morning coolness, she thought. Then, walking back to the bureau, she picked up the slim gold wristwatch and for the third time in the last ten minutes, stared at its little hands. Almost seven-fifteen. I’d better hurry myself, she thought, reaching for her lipstick brush, or I’ll be late for my own wedding. The thought of it made her catch her breath. It was only a half-hour away.

A voice called softly, “Miss Malone?” and she heard a light rap at the door. The lipstick brush dropped from her hand, clattering to the floor, as she rushed to answer it. For a half-second, she paused to pick it up. Then—“Later,” she told herself, opening the door a few inches. A young girl in a slim Chinese sheath, her shining black hair pulled back, held out a large cardboard box. “For you,” she smiled.

“I am late,” the girl said. “I went to your mother’s
room first by mistake. I truly hope she did not mind.”

“I’m sure she didn’t,” Dorothy answered, fumbling nervously with the string tied around the box. She cut the knot and the box fell open, tissue paper rustling to the floor. She carefully folded back the paper and took out the full-length, white lace wedding dress. “Oh,” she breathed, “it’s beautiful.” Then, as she saw the girl starting to leave, she called out. “Wait, don’t go yet. Maybe it won’t fit.”

Tying a scarf around her head, so as not to muss her hair and makeup, she put on the long white matching slip and then the dress itself. As she smoothed its slim length down over her hips, she turned slowly before the mirror. “Oh, it’s perfect,” she whispered.

“They worked on it all night,” the girl told her.

“Thank you,” Dorothy said, hugging the girl. She had brought another dress to be married in, a Dior, but when she saw the model of this one...

“We wish you much happiness,” the girl smiled from the doorway.

When the girl left, Dorothy looked at her watch again. Its hands seemed to be racing. She fluffed the wispy veil of her scalloped pill-box hat. Almost ready, she thought. She mustn’t be late, not today... (Continued on page 98)
YOU’LL NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED

to me after my story appeared in Photoplay.

A letter came for me, saying: "Dear Sandra, My name is Ronnie de Salvo... here's what I look like.

I saw your story...

Sandra, can I take you to our senior prom?" But wait a sec, Ronnie better tell you what came next, or you'll never believe it! (Continued on page 100)
We knew it was going to happen—that Dick was going to be on "This Is Your Life," and we just knew that somebody would goof and tell him about it. The whole thing, of course, is supposed to be a deep secret to the guest of honor, and once Dick had been chosen, no one was supposed to even mention his name. Poor Bobbie Clark... for three weeks she tried to avoid her husband. "You know how I (continued)
Andy Grass, Julia Clark, Tony Mammarella, Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Connie Francis, Andy Williams, Lew Klein, David Seville.
am,” she said, “I can’t even keep a secret about Christmas presents.” But in the end it wasn’t Bobbie who spilled the beans, it was . . . but let’s begin at the beginning.

Fabian was slated to fly out to the Coast on the same plane with Dick and his TV producer, Tony Mammarella, and we got a little nervous when we heard about it. “Now, Fabian, be careful,” we told him. (Continued on page 90)

From the day he was born, on November 30, 1929, Richard Wagstaff Clark started his parents on a guessing game—what would their youngest son do next? When he started in at school in Mount Vernon, New York, another question was added—what would his teachers say about it? Dance maestro Arthur Murray, who used to baby-sit with Dick, played the game, too. But from her very first double-date with the handsome junior from A. B. Davis High—Dick owned the front half of the Green Hornet, her date owned the rear—Barbara Mallery wasn’t fooled one bit. She knew what was next. He wanted a career in broadcasting . . . he was headed for Syracuse University . . . and he was the boy she was going to marry.
“make a fresh start this fall”
Every woman can be beautiful," says Richard Smith, 20th Century-Fox make-up artist, "if she has patience with her make-up and learns to stress her best feature.

"The stars learn early not to hurry up the business of improving appearance. They take time about it. They don’t slap on make-up and lipstick and go out and face the world; they make an art of applying cosmetics. This is particularly important in giving the eyes the proper framing.

"Each star uses her own favorite brand of cosmetics,” he continues, “but she is particular about how, and especially how much. Beginning with the foundation, the make-up is kept thin. Nothing detracts more from a woman’s beauty than obvious make-up.” Another star tip? Think of your mirror as if it were really a camera.

Marilyn Monroe capitalized on her striking blondness, emphasized it by changing her little-girl hairdo and wearing eye make-up for an even more dramatic contrast.

Debbie Reynolds looked like the girl next door. Now she looks the way every girl wants to look. She’s done it by playing up her fresh beauty, emphasizing her wide eyes.

You never saw Janet Leigh’s real beauty—it was hidden by all that hair. Her simple style makes everyone aware of her face and of her eyes.
Kim Novak just wasn't meant to be pert—but that's what her old-style eyebrow line did for her. Her new eye make-up plays up the romantic look meant for her.

Doris Day tried a new and better way of putting on her lipstick. Results: friendly smile replaces pout.
DEBBIE IS FLOWER-EYED

Debbie has lovely deep-set eyes and she plays up their flower look. She uses a warm brown eyebrow pencil and the same shade to line her upper lid, which she extends with a little tilt. Debbie sometimes uses two shades of green eye shadow at once—light spring green blended to emerald.

HAS A NEWBORN SMILE

Everyone loves Debbie Reynolds' smile—it's so spontaneous. Debbie says being a smiling girl makes you more aware of your mouth. Using a brush, she outlines mouth in flag red, fills it in with the same shade and then blots it with powder. After a minute she blots again, re applies lipstick.

HAS ALL-IN-ORDER HAIR

Because Debbie's hair is the same brown color that so many of us also have, we were very interested in the way she wears it. Sparkling clean, its highlights brushed in daily, her simple, curly style is set off with a gay frill of bangs. (See Debbie in M-G-M's "It Started With a Kiss.")

KIM IS MISTY-EYED

For Kim's look, use a charcoal-gray pencil to sketch in brows. Line your lids with deep blue or violet liner and try a shadow in a misty lilac shade—blending it up and out from your lashes. Use blue mascara on your upper lashes, then tip them and your lower lashes with misty violet.

HAS A SECRET SMILE

Kim Novak always wears a secret smile—and every man wants to know what is amusing her. With a lipstick brush you can duplicate the same provocative effect. Smiling slightly, outline your upper lip in a rosy pink, exaggerating the smile corners. Fill in with a light pink or mauve.

HAS MOONLIGHT HAIR

Kim's hair makes you think of moonbeams, not just because of the color, but because of the soft style, easy to copy if hair is about 4 inches long and has enough curl to hold the face-framing halo. Brush, brush, brush to get that cloudy look. (Kim's in Columbia's "Middle of the Night")

SANDRA: BLOTTER EYES

Sandra has round, dark eyes (called the "blotter look") and a very dark brown eyebrow pencil furthers the effect. She completely outlines her eyes with dark blue—the line narrow at the inside corner, wider at the outside corner. She uses a stormy blue shadow and black mascara.

HAS A SAUCY SMILE

Just as she likes the effect of outlined eyes, Sandra likes her mouth rimmed in a bright color. For instance, she outlines her mouth with brilliant orange, then fills in with a lighter shade such as orange ice, or dark red with light pink. For glossy look, add a dab of cold cream or Vaseline.

HAS SOFT, TOUSLED HAIR

Sandra's soft, tousled hair is just perfect for her and for your own busy life. The secret to its always looking perfect is that Sandra doesn't part her hair, "and the wind combs it," says Sandra, "helps give it that tousled look." July Photoplay told how to set. (See Sandra's story on page 50).
enjoy the fun of being a woman
Two hours to go and he'll arrive. It's a special date, and for a feeling to match—so from head to toe you'll feel like one big all-over "wow!"—try a Hollywood glamour bath. Doris Day (you can see her in U-I's "Pillow Talk") shows you how, but remember, this a splurge. You'll need more than just water.

Stack your bath booty in a basket or on a tray. First, a water softener—everyday baking soda or dream-scented bath oil, salts or bubble bath. They soften the H₂O and work the same magic on your skin. Soap: Here we say, make it special—a kookie color perhaps, a favorite scent or a soap with a special purpose. Face cream: Slather on generously before you get in the tub—the steamy action of the water will help make the treatment that much more effective. Pumice stone: to erase foot calluses and heel bumps. Lotion: hand lotion will do, but you'll probably want to investigate the lovely scented-and-soothing types for all-over skin care. Powder: bath talc eases the way for your clothes when you dress, helps you smell as flowery as you feel.

Now for directions: from the minute you go into the bathroom, start thinking and acting in slow motion; step into the tub and slink down—your chin resting on the water—inhale deeply, exhale slowly. An lp should be reaching you from the other room. Close your eyes and think about the look in his when he see you for the first time tonight.
The secret of a star’s good figure is not weight, but proportion: waist should be at least 7” less than bust, hips (at widest part) not over 2” more than bust, thigh about 7” more than calf. If you don’t measure up, do five minutes of these spot exercises before your daily bath. You’ll look and feel better in a month.
One of the most exciting women in the world: Rome

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

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3. Biting nails. Try wearing gloves till you can stop.
5. Hands on face. Unsure of what you’re saying?
6. Making up in public. Nix, use the powder room.
7. Twisting hair. Don’t tell the world you’re frantic.
9. Book (or beads or pencil) in mouth. Uh-uh on this.

Millie Perkins, 20th’s “Anne Frank,” shows you 9 habits men hate. How do you score?
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BEN FRANKLIN STORES
AND SCOTT STORES
deep down inside me, that Carol was my girl and that I was in love.

How did I know it?

Well, maybe I ought to go back and tell our story from the beginning.

The first time we met was backstage at the Cort Theater on Broadway. My mom knew Carol's mom, and we had all stopped by the dressing room to pay our respects to the cast members of "Sunrise at Campbello." Mom introduced Carol to me, and all we said was "Hi" and "So long."

Months later, after a Christmas party, during costume fittings for "Blue Denim," which Carol had done on Broadway. Carol and I were both shy, and it was almost as if we had never met. We said "Hi," stood there and talked, and finally walked away. I didn't know what else to say, and I guess she didn't either.

Then every day during rehearsals (and also during the shooting), some of the cast would sit at a long lunch table in the Twentieth commissary: Carol and Warren Berlinger (he plays my buddy in the movie) and myself. Sometimes Betty Lou Keiner would come by with Warren for many moons, joined us.

We talked about the film, of course. But I often found myself looking at Carol, listening to her conversation, and just enjoying looking at her. Not just because she had dainty blue eyes and cornsilk hair, but because she always looked so neat and clean. Even if Carol wore blue jeans they looked as if they'd just been washed and ironed. And her face had a wonderful scrubbed glow. I liked seeing her smile or nibble at her food. She was on a diet, and eating a variety of fresh garden salads. I could tell she liked to talk, but she was reserved and afraid to push a conversation along. So I did my best to keep the talk flowing when I could.

One lunchtime, Warren, Betty Lou and I were talking about horses and the fun of horseback riding.

"If we could come in early from shooting today," Warren said, "why don't we go out to a stable and ride a little?"

I decided that was my chance. So I helped and took a deep breath—because like most people, I was afraid of horses. I was just asking a girl out for the first time, in case she turns me down.

"Say, Carol," I ventured, "how about coming with us?"

She paused a moment, too. I looked away from her soft blue eyes that look about to cry any minute. Carol's face has such a wistful expression that when I look at her sometimes my throat seems to close up tight.

"Okay," she said meekly. Later Carol confessed she had hesitated because she once rode a horse (I grew up nearby in Baldwin, Long Island) and didn't know how to ride. But she wanted to come along because she thought we'd have fun.

"Wouldn't you guess, we didn't have time to go horseback-riding." Our shooting lasted until supper time. The sun had shuffed off into the west of the Cali- fornia sky and left the studio, and we all decided it would be too late for a date at the stable.

"How . . . how about having dinner with me on Saturday night?" I managed, almost coughing on the words. I was afraid Carol would say she was busy.

"Oh," she said, not looking at me, "I'd like to, but I'll have to tell you for sure tomorrow. I don't know if my mom's planned anything for over the weekend."

All night I kept wondering where I would take her if she said yes. Bright and early next morning, right after we finished with the studio make-up man, Carol said, "I'm sure, what about the race track? That's all right for Saturday night."

That was the first time she said my name aloud to me. Oh, she'd said things like "first time she was asked" to each other, but this time she suggested she'd make a good model. Carol told me she'd been so happy to have the chance to make some money, because they'd been having a hard time of it ever since her father left them when she was two.

Once you get to know someone well, though, you can't help but have a few secrets, even if the person you know is as straightforward as people like each other. Otherwise they wouldn't waste time fighting or argu-

One afternoon Warren and I came across a talk of flour being brought to our studio. We got a dual brainstorm. "Let's have a flour fight!" we shouted. So we lifted the big bags outdoors and started throwing handfuls of the stuff at each other. Warren and I were covered with flour from head to toe. We must have looked like ghosts. Carol was watching us make fools of ourselves, so at one point I threw some flour at her and the flour knocked her back against the wall. She came back and later she found a rubber hose on the back lot, hooked it to an outside faucet and sprayed both Warren and I. I've never felt so well, I guess you know what happens to flour when you mix it with water. Warren and I were suddenly covered—smeared is more the word—with flour to our knees in mud. And we couldn't stop laughing. We looked like bleached gingerbread men. Anyway, I thought then, Carol's learning to get out of herself.

Another time Carol and I had an argument about the way a scene should be played, so she took a hard-boiled egg and cracked it on my head "for being so con- trary and not compromising."

Maybe you think we're crazy, but this is how we got to know each other. Ours wasn't a lovey-dovey friendship with endless caresses. It was a friendship that suddenly blossomed into something more important. What's more, I never even kissed Carol until the script called for it that morning.

It was a lot of fun. We wrote nutty notes to each other, and she'd tease me about my grammar and I'd joke with her about her spelling. And if I talked to her too long on the telephone, and the phone really hurts if she gabs too much on the phone), she'd call me Endless.

Then the day came when the film shooting was over, and I had to return to New York. I was glad I had come to the Twentieth lot, just pretended I wasn't leaving. We had lunch, as usual, at the commissary, and we went on a shopping trip. We went through all the oth- ers, going through the rows of stores, and I was lying to her, and telling myself, "You fool! You're going to miss her like crazy! What are you going to do in New York all by yourself?"

Our friendship with each other. Of course. But letters don't always have the same bounce and personality as people. So I counted the days until I would see her again. When the City of New York had a convention for a weekend before flying to Winthrop, Massachusetts, to visit her maternal grand- mother, I sent her a telegram, asking her for a date.
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The next day I received a return wire. It read: "Uh-huh To Date Can't Wait!"

Her telegram made me feel like someone special. I was all puffed out because she'd told me she couldn't wait, that she wanted to go out with me, too.

You see, although Carol and I had a ball in Hollywood, we never took each other for granted with the "going steady" bit. We both believed we were young and getting steady wasn't fair. How can a guy and a gal know they really like each other unless they've gone out with others?

The day Carol flew in I had the jitters. My heart pounded so hard I could hear it. That was probably my first real clue as to how I felt about her.

She called me after she and her mom had unpacked, and I went over to their apartment to pick her up. It was mid-afternoon, but she was dressed up in a pale lavender summer print dress that made her hair look like antique gold. And she wore that delicate flowery cologne that smells as pink and clean as she looks.

I took her to Central Park, where we went rowing; we ate ice cream cones; we walked hand-in-hand to the zoo and made faces at the caged animals. Then we took a bus to the Tiptoe Inn for dinner. The waiter asked us if we were brother and sister, and we had a long laugh over it. We still laugh about it, for that matter.

I ordered rare roast beef for Carol and chopped sirloin steak for me—well done! That's one thing we disagree about.

Afterward, we walked along arm in arm along Central Park South. We were walking on air, on clouds, in that still summery twilight. It felt so good to be with Carol, and I decided I'd tell her.

After I spoke, Carol smiled her slow smile, nodding her head thoughtfully, which meant she was glad to be with me, too.

We sat on a wooden bench in the park near the Fifth Avenue entrance, and we watched the lake turn silvery and purple in the deepening dusk. I was going to suggest a play or a movie, but we just sat there, staring into the purple dark and turning every other minute to look at each other. Finally I leaned over, right in front of the summer people in shirtsleeves and bareback dresses, and kissed Carol on the cheek because I just couldn't help myself.

The moon, a full circle of ivory, looked down at us through the black leaf-lace of the park trees, and I made a wish on it.

Then and there I knew something important had happened to the two of us. We had missed each other, yes, but now that we were together we were so happy; smiling and laughing and looking into each other's eyes and wondering what the secret was.

I knew the secret in my eyes.

I was in love.

Her eyes held the same secret, and when she put her head on my shoulder, I almost stopped breathing. I didn't want this moment to pass. I wanted to hold on to it. For, suddenly and silently, the two of us weren't sitting in Central Park, but on top of the sky.

We sat there, the night breezes drifting gently, our eyes shining in the soft gleam of the streetlamps, and we basked in the happiness of first love.

Finally I looked up at the grinning face of the man in the moon as it rose above the treetops. "Look," I whispered to Carol, "I'll bet he knew about us even before we did." And then she did a surprising thing. She reached up and placed a kiss on my forehead. The End.

For 20th, Carol teams with Brandon in "Blue Denim," Gary Crosby in "Holiday for Lovers," Fabian in "Hound Dog Man." Brandon narrates "Peter and the Wolf" on Vox.
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While we were driving to the Tropicana Hotel, where these two generous kids of mine had arranged accommodations for me fit for the grandest lady in all the stories, one of those silent moments occurred when everyone suddenly seemed to talk.

Or maybe we were just being thoughtful, all at the same time. At any rate, it was during this quiet moment that Liz's hand found mine and pressed it warmly.

My hand squeezed hers back, and something in me wanted to sing. But I'm no singer. I wondered when I'd hear Sonny Boy sing again. He must be singing better than ever, I told myself.

Liz is the nicest, finest, most down-to-earth girl. I thought. Just the girl who would want Eddie to give me a daughter. I don't care who says different; who predicts all sorts of ugly endings for tonight's happiness. How do gossips know so much?

I was more than satisfied with now. In the exchange of Eddie's and Liz's glance was love. The kind that charges the air, that has nothing to do with careers, ambition, selfishness or fat dividends, only with a man and woman being fused powerfully together.

My room at the Tropicana overlooked the pool. Eddie's room was right across the hall.

"Do I like it?" I said when Eddie and Liz were showing off the set-up. "It's gorgeous, I'm speechless."

We talked in my room for about an hour. Liz showed me the sketch of her wedding dress. Only her mother, the designer and I had seen the picture before.

"I'm so glad you're here, Mama," Liz said before she left.

Eddie took her home, and, about an hour later, came back and knocked on my door. It was getting light outside. I was in bed but I said I wasn't too tired to talk. He sat down on the foot of the bed. I listened to the story of the future, with more conviction than ever before. His eyes, always straightforward, were serious now—right down to their depths. As a child he'd often given me those serious, long looks. But he had been a little boy then; now he was a man.

Wiser and more understanding. I thought back to two or three years ago. The time Mr. Blackstone, Eddie's great friend and manager, told me, "Eddie knows what he's doing. He makes wise decisions. Nothing spur of the moment. When he's thought it over and decided, he'll give his all to support the decision to success."

Others had said it. And they'd testified to Eddie's feeling against untruthfulness.

He said to me now, "Liz is honest. And, Mom, she's generous. It's with her whole heart, always."

"I know, Sonny." Again, I thought back a few years. I remembered how a year had gone by without a card to Mama for her birthday, Easter, Christmas, or for Yom Kipper and the other holy holidays.

If you're a warm, gentle girl in love with a boy like Eddie—a boy who wants to give pleasure and happiness to his mother back home, and if you're the wife of that boy, if you're not being deprived of a thing, you try to cooperate with his wishes. If he's busy and he depends on you to get off a card with a nice message for Mother's Day, you don't disappoint him.

The "in-law" doesn't mean there's no feeling.

After nearly a whole year had passed, I got to feeling sorry for myself, and during one of Eddie's long-distance calls, I blurted out something that sounded too injured.

"My birthday—Mother's Day—not even a card or a picture of the children," I said, and I could have bitten off my tongue. Here Sonny Boy was calling me from thousands of miles away and I was complaining.

But I'm human. When the flowers were delivered to the door the next morning, I sat down and looked at how beautiful they were and I cried. Pink rosebuds and tiny orchids in a milk glass container. The card said: "Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah, Happy Yom Kipper, Happy Easter, Happy Mother's Day, Happy Birthday." It was signed, Sonny Boy.

I am being honest. Eddie Fisher is my son. He likes to remember people he loves. Liz is good at taking the time to write cards.

Before Eddie left my room at the Tropicana, the sun was up high and strong over Las Vegas. The last thing he said was, "Mom, I'm right across the hall and if there's anything you want—?" He gave me three phone numbers—Liz's private number and two others, in case I should have trouble reaching him. He was busy, finishing up his engagement at the Tropicana and trying to get the wedding date settled.

Liz and Eddie wrote me all about Crown House, the castle they rented while they were in England. Mike, Chris and Liza were a little tired from the trip, they told me, but they soon perked up when they saw the miles of corridors they had to play hide-and-seek in. I still get a warm feeling when I remember how Liz explained to her children that I was their grandmother, too, as well as Carrie's.
I slept until afternoon. I didn’t have to call Liz—she called me. That day, other days, from London after they got there.

No daughter could have made a mother feel more welcome. She came to the hotel and we sat and talked about our two families and about the wedding. She told me that she and Eddie had decided to be married in the Rabbi’s Chamber, but as it turned out, they were married in the Temple Beth Sholom.

Then we talked about how wonderful it was going to be for Eddie and me to see Eddie’s little girl, Carrie.

“Carrie calls me ‘Gam Ma,’” I said. She would arrive with her nurse, Aggie, the next day. Then I said I thought that was good of Carrie’s mother to send her to Vegas to us for two days.

“Oh, Eddie’s so excited about having Carrie with him,” Liz said. And we smiled at each other, both happy that Eddie was happy.

Carrie arrived the next day in charge of Aggie, who is your cooking and devoted to both Carrie and Todd. Todd is still too young for trips away from home and schedule, so I didn’t get to see him. But I understood.

Carrie is a child to make a grandmother proud and happy. Aggie asked her, “Carrie, what does your father do?”

“My daddy sings” sang Miss Carrie Fisher.

She was wearing a little playsuit with ruffles around her pretty little legs and arms, and she looked adorable. “Would you like to go with Gam Ma?” I asked, and she slipped her hand in mine. Everyone looked at her because she’s Carrie, just her own self.

That afternoon Carrie went swimming with her daddy and with Michael and Chris, Elizabeth’s sons. Eddie played with them all afternoon.

“Why is water wet?” asked Carrie, and Eddie tried to think of the answer. He didn’t linger on any of their questions and neither did Elizabeth.

“Who is that lady?” Michael asked.

Liz put one arm around her children and the other around me and said, “My mother is your grandmother, but this is Eddie’s Mom and I’m going to marry Eddie... so this is your grandmother, too.”

That evening Carrie and Aggie went to hear Eddie sing and planned to go to the show the next night with Elizabeth, her family, and a party of guests, but Carrie said, “I want Gam Ma to go now.”

I had to rush to get dressed. Aggie put Carrie in a little suit with a white background, white shoes and socks. Her hair was brushed to a gleam.

“Gam Ma can’t compete with you,” I laughed, but this way she can hear your daddy sing twice.”

There were chairs for us, right up front. Carrie sat on my lap—for a few minutes. But, after she started, she started to swivel around and looking. Then she stood up on my lap and asked out loud, “Where’s my daddy?”

“That’s my daddy!” she said when he came on. He started to sing but he stopped to laugh.

This tickled her and she got a little bit pleased about her star billing. Her daddy saw her head jump up and down on my lap and he said to her quietly but firmly, “Now—this little girl, will you please sit down?”

So Carrie did. She’d learned that the show must go on.

It was an evening to remember. After Eddie sang, the orchestra leader lifted Carrie onto the stage. Her daddy held her up to the mike and she said hi to everybody. She was delighted about the whole thing.

Eddie said, “Ladies and Gentlemen, I want you to meet the lady who is re...
This is the first interview she has given us in more than a year. The interview took place in her home in California, the day after the Las Vegas Tropicana while we waited for Debbie's show to be over. Her parents and I had become friends. I had met Elizabeth's children—Michael, Chris and Lisa. Now this was the day when Eddie and Elizabeth were to begin their life together.

I dressed in my beige lace, and thought many thoughts, wished many wishes, hoped many hopes for them. I thought of Mrs. Taylor, dressing in her navy-blue lace, lovely with her light hair and young, attractive face. I knew she was thinking, wishing, hoping for our children, too. For their children. For as much happiness and joy as life will grant to them.

No man ever had a bride more beautiful than Elizabeth. Her eyes were turned to the color of anything she wears. Her eyes cannot be described. They are more beautiful than beautiful. Above the soft folds of the silk chiffon that was worn on her head were green as two fabulous gems. In her going-away outfit they turned back into blue harmony with the silk print dress of shrimp shade, with the smart gray coat, the gray that wasn't quite the same print as the dress and coat lining.

Elizabeth wore no jewelry with her wedding gown. She and Eddie exchanged plain gold wedding bands. Eddie was Eddie. Neat as a straight pin in dark suit, dark tie, and white, white shirt. Except that Eddie looked and acted happier than I'd ever seen him. I think I have never seen two happier people than Elizabeth and my son.

Since they have been in London, they have telephoned us in Philadelphia several times. The last time they called I was worried about an illness in the family. Elizabeth happened to speak to me first. She said, "Mama, are you all right?"

Then Eddie came on and I told him about my own thing. He said, "Mama, I'm sure. That's that. But you're so pretty."

"I don't have a thing in Philadelphia, Eddie, I want to call you. I'm feeling nothing is wrong."

So we called you tonight.

It's like a daughter to have such in- tutions and feelings. Their call from London helped me a great deal when I was going away. And now everything is all right in the family.

I received another call about this time. Frankie called me.

"This is Debbie," the familiar voice began. "Carrie and my mother are with me. We were coming to see you but I'm so busy.

"Carrie couldn't and the girls come to New York?"

She said. She meant my daughters, Eddie's sisters, "I'll see," I said.

"Carrie had a nice time with you in Las Vegas, but you ought to see Todd. He's such a nice little boy."

I said, "Well, I saw a picture Eddie had." "I haven't had any pictures until recently. I spoke to the nurse, Aggie, about it in Las Vegas, explaining that I had nothing but magazine pictures."

"Now I have the pictures you sent," I told Debbie. "I thank you very much."

She repeated she hoped the girls and I would come to New York. The following Sunday another phone call from M-G-M calling for Debbie, the operator said.

"Mrs. Stupp, what time will you be arriving in New York?" the voice asked.

I said I was very sorry, but there was absolutely nothing I could possibly go to New York to, but I appreciated the invitation.

So, contrary to reports, Debbie and I haven't had a meeting and visit together. I'm blunt and I'm honest. I'll admit the invitation stunned me. On the other hand, I have lived long enough to know that hard feelings are wrong. It's better to forget.

My wish is for my family to be happy. I love them. I want to see them and know them. I have a bracelet from Sonny Boy. It's gold, very simple, very meaningful. There are feathers inscribed in it. One is inscribed Penny, Debbie, and Skinny. They are my grandchildren. Another says, Steven, Bradley and Mindy. They are my grandchildren. The third says Carrie and Todd. They are my grandchildren. The fourth is my children—the new branches on the tree of my life.

The other day I received a birthday card. The card said, "Happy Birthday—Eddie and Elizabeth—Happy Birthday."

In the package was a gold charm inscribed to Sharon, newest grandchild in the family, except for Sande—the little boy who was born.

Elizabeth had admired my bracelet in Las Vegas. She had said, eyes bright, "I am also going to send you a charm for Michelle, my daughter."

For a moment after she said, "Lisa," she hesitated. Then she shook her head and smiled, as though she were thinking too far ahead.

I smiled, thinking what a wonderful future they would have together.

—KATE STUPE AS TOLD TO MARTA ROBINET

NEXT FOR LIZ: COLUMBIA'S "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER" AND U.A.'S "TWO FOR THE SEASAW."

EDDIE'S LATEST RECORD IS THE RCA VICTOR ALBUM CALLED "AS LONG AS THERE IS MUSIC."

DEBORAH KERR (Continued from page 30)
Meet Your Family Favorites in this Picture-Packed Album

Just published—a brilliant and glamorous edition of TV-RADIO ALBUM. This sensational album is produced by the editors of TV Radio Mirror. Now you can visit the homes of your favorite stars . . . meet their family and friends. Here are some of the stars you will meet, person-to-person, in this picture-packed album:

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37
"And I get to play opposite Greg Peck, an old friend of mine whom I've never acted with before for one reason or another."

Mary brought in the tea service just then, setting it down on the table before our topmost guests, "That'll do," Deborah said. She lifted the silver tea pot and began pouring. "One lump or two?" she asked, and, as she turned, I thought she had never looked so young, with a maturity that was feminine yet strong.

She passed me a cup of tea with lemon and then sat absently stirring for a moment. Her hands were warm, the kind of hands that are always on a lap. She sat looking down at them, long, slim hands, and, for the moment, curiously still.

"It's a wonderful role," she said, "but making the picture—making any picture for that matter—is hard work. And I do mean work! You wouldn't believe what my day is really like," she said.

She's a very slender body thinks a movie star's life is a lark.

"I know," Deborah said. Then she sat back and began ticking off the minutes of her day: morning fittings, a hairdo, a wash, then off to breakfast while I'm having breakfast, she said. "Can you believe it? Then I turn on the radio to get the exact time, and then, reluctantly, I start to do the last minute things. Pajamas in, makeup washes, my lunch—which is usually a hard-boiled egg and cottage cheese.

"She frowning a little and then brightened. "After dressing, of course, comes Thunderbird—and drive to the studio, where Peg Shannon, my hair-stylist, already has the kettle boiling in my dressing room for some more tea. While she's setting the table, she takes out her music on the radio, and, after that, Del Armstrong, my make-up man, comes in and does my face, and then Maureen MacDer- mott's voice for me, makes me put my neck, ears and hands. Freddie Simpson, our property master, comes in for some last minute suggestions, and Willa May Hall, my wardrobe girl, gets me into my outfit for the day.

"It could all be for just one fast scene of us walking from the administration building onto a set. That's what it was yesterday. Herb Rudley, who's playing a movie producer, is escorting me (Sheilla Graham) to the set to watch the star whose acting I've malignled in my column. We had no makeup on, no high heels, no costume for movie scene: they had a couple of camels—I steered as far from them as possible—extras in Indian costumes, East Indian, girls in pink tights and can-can costumes—to make it look like the real thing. We walked up to the ship and I got the ship in one take. Then I went back to my dressing room to play a game of solitaire, but I just got the cards laid out, and then I had to go to another scene.

"And make-up has to be put on all over again, and costumes and everything to do all over again, and then we're on again. The next scene I did with Karin Booth, who plays the star's half sister, and barring me from her dressing room for having written an unflattering paragraph about her, the producer takes me to to her, and she says, "You know, my mother feels this will prove to me how wrong I was, how good an actress Jeanette Pierce is. After the scene the producer introduces her to me. She's a real beauty, she's so sure of herself. She's not sorry I'm on the set. Looking bold, she said to me, Miss Graham, how did a girl as pretty as you get to be the biggest witch in Hollywood? And I, though stunned, came out just right: "It's the biggest, Miss Pierce. The second biggest."

"Myself, I'd die a thousand deaths if anyone spoke to me like that. But, as she said, "She'll take care of me.""

"Infield," I am fighting for survival as a columnist, and able to cope with it, however hurt I am. She is fighting with the only way she knows how, to make a name for herself. Anything goes with her, even starting a feud with an important star.

She took a deep breath and smiled. "We're up to lunch now," she said, laughing out loud. "While I eat the cottage cheese and an egg I go over my lines again—maybe try to get in a hand of solitaire. I was just laying out a hand when my director, Henry King, came in. He's not one to mess with the cards and we decided to do the scene just a little differently."

For a while she talked about the movie, about the camera, the lighting, the pace. "What a difference," she said. "It's a real Hollywood difference...It's the same school that Sheilla Graham's daughter Wendy went to. And Herb and I laughed a little about sitting there at the school applauding our various children on a chilly December day."

"The girls will probably be going to school in England for this year at least, because I'll be in Australia in the fall for a tour of the Downeasters," she said, turning, "I may have to sell the house. It's too big for me."

"The end of a day on a movie set isn't the end of a day for an actress," she said. "Even in the morning's suit I still had a lot of things to do. With so many outfits in this film, I didn't have time for all the fittings necessary, before the dress is sewed. So while the maid washed my clothes, I rushed over to Bill Thomas's fitting rooms and I had a first fitting on two more gowns. Then I went to my main dressing room and I know that another day would be fresh for the next morning's work."

"I was sitting there last evening evening," she said, "glad the day was nearly over, and while I was under the dryer I dealt out a hand of solitaire. There were two aces to take off right away, and a red queen to put on a black queen. But just as I was going to play, I heard a voice over my shoulder. 'Boy,' she said, 'I've got a new hairdresser. 'Boy,' she said to me, 'you've sure got the life.' My mouth opened but I couldn't say a word. Then the girl who washed my hair came back and took it over, and I like to think I didn't get to play out that hand. I bet I'd have won, too.

"What do you do when you come home at night, I wondered."

"Do? I eat my supper, take off my make-up and fall into bed at ten o'clock. After all," she said, "from five-thirty in the morning to ten at night—that's a long day. Whole day, no matter how interesting they are, it's a blessed feeling to be quiet and alone, if only just before you go to sleep."

"And she said, 'Grandmother's like that, too,' she said. "Both my parents are dead, but Grandmother's ninety-five and she lives in Sussex all by herself. She absolutely refuses to have anyone live with her. She said she was still peppy and writes the most beautiful letters. I saw her right after New Year's this year, and though she's a bit crippled, she got up and said she'd like to come and sit and talk. She's very old, but she's still got legs."

"Would you like to see the summer house?" she asked suddenly. Smiling, she said, "You've been sitting a long time."

Along the flagstone walkway, the flowers grew in great abundance. A riot of color—mostly reds—led toward the summer house and contrasted with the gray of the cliffs just beyond. The outline of the house was easy to see, shadowy against the sun. Sitting down on one of the benches, she said, "It's lovely here. It seems a shame, but I suppose I must sell it."

The sun shone directly on the house now, picking up the green of the ivy climbing its white walls. Just within the glass doors was the piano, closed now, its top a storage place. I decided to try one of the stools that stood on a wooden-topped table where Deborah and I had taken our tea. Usually, she takes it alone now.

"And that's all the way from the sea was blowing her hair and tossing about the leaves and blossoms on the Bougainvillea vine. She pushed her hair back, but it did no good. "Do the children still borrow your clothes and pretend they're you?" I asked. "I've had clothing as they used to?" I asked, remembering how they play-acted the last time I saw them.

"She started off to sea for a moment. The ship had passed below the horizon. Now there was only an unbroken line of blue. She sighed, and then smiled. "Of course they do," she said. "They have lots of my old hats and old clothes and old shoes and a lot of my old hats, and adore dressing up. They're crazy about horses now, too, and are busy being horses all day long. You know, pretending to jump fences and stuff."

"I thought they would do wonderfully. But not me. Thank goodness I don't have to ride a horse in The Downeasters. I just have to drive a wagon."

"Reaching into her pocket, she withdrew a letter and opened it. "It's from one of my 'lovers,'" she asked and, when I shook my head, she popped one into her mouth. "Those are wonderful kids," she said then. "You know, we've got the old lady, a nice man, Melanie and Frankie made one of their own for me. It was a hand-drawn award, showing a laurel wreath, and the lettering on it was, 'To the most romantic lover in the world.' It made me want to cry. The girls had gotten a gold seal and a red ribbon, and it looked as official as the Lord Privy's seal of London. I'm having it framed and I'm going to hang it alongside my three Academy Award Nomination certificates."

"Then I asked her what the future held for them. She said, "We're all moving to England with the girls," she said softly. "Then I'll do my picture in Australia. Be- yond that—" she lifted her hands, then let them fall into her lap again,—"it's difficult to say. The thing I think is what is best for the girls, and I'll fit in around that." She gave me a level look then. "You know," she said, "my children will probably be homesick at all—any more than it does if one sends one's children to boarding school all year.

After a moment of silence, she stood up and smiled. "Besides, it's not something we have to decide today, this minute, is it?"

The mood of the moment when the sunlight struck through the vines was gone. The priestess in me asserted itself with a hint of coolness in it. She shivered, and then she smiled. "It was good of you to come," she said, her voice brisk again. We walked around the front of the big white house, towards the car that was parked in my car, she gave me her hand. "Goodbye," she said. "I've liked talking to you." From the car I watched her walk back up the path where the door was ajar, the knell of the door closing—picking a single flower from one of the plants. For a moment she held the red blossom against her pale face. Then she stood up, pushed open the heavy door and entered the house.---MARY CULVER

WATCH FOR DEBORAH IN 20TH'S "RELOVED INFIDEL" AND WARNERS' "THE SUNDOWNERS."
like a king

while you are young enough to enjoy it...
in one of these fabulous homes
HOUSES LIKE THESE START AT $18,000 ... AS

ROMANTICA ... if you are romantically attached to the gracious charm of the past, including colonial columns and Strauss waltzes, and want to combine it all with everything that modern science can bring to the joy of living ... this is your home! The deluxe model home, pictured below, has a full-length colonial porch, a covered and open patio, barbecue, two-car garage and large indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). Also ... big kitchen, colonial living room with fireplace. Separate dining room. 3 or 4 bedrooms, 2 ½ baths and a romantic library balcony. Budget and deluxe models: $22,000 to $36,000.

NEW ORLEANS ... Cantilevered second floor balcony and French windows. Family room, 3 or 4 bedrooms, covered patio—barbecue and 2-car garage. Large kitchen, dining room and living room, and large indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). Budget and luxury models $20,000 to $25,000. Optional indoor pools $4,800 extra when added.

REGENCY ... Large living room, dining room and kitchen, plus big basement game room and handsome family TV room with fireplace. Separate 3-bedroom and both children's wing and master bedroom and bath. Covered patio—breezeway with built-in barbecue and 2-car garage. Standard and luxury models with (20 x 40) oversized swimming pool $27,000 to $35,000.

20TH CENTURY ... Magnificent living room and separate dining room. Large kitchen, basement game room, handsome family TV room, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths and powder room ... with children's wing separate. Covered patio—with barbecue. Standard model with indoor garden or pool optional $26,000 to $27,000. Deluxe with garden or oversized (20 x 40) heated indoor pool $28,000 to $34,000.

The wonderful story of

Story-Book Homes

Yes, you can live like a KING ... and your wife will be a QUEEN, when you build your STORY BOOK HOME ... designed for you by a non-profit home-research organization ... established by leading manufacturers of building materials and appliances to develop a more complete and wonderful way of life in homes that are built to last and grow in value! In your Story Book Home you can live in comfort and pride and bask in "sunny" climate all year round. You can even swim in "tropical moonlight"—lush, warm and lazy—every single night of your life, summer and winter. You can loll around in complete privacy in the soft, caressing water of your own big indoor heated pool before you go to bed ... And then—the deep sleep of a man and woman whose lives are full and wonderful. These are the Story Book Homes now available to any successful young American working man who wants more for his family than any king could have had a few years back. Read the thrilling story of this new young family-man's paradise—that you can afford today, or build in easy steps for tomorrow. The following pages tell the whole wonderful story. And you can get complete plans for $1.00.

*Costs of land and land improvements are extra. See back pages of this section for nearest model home in your locality.
LITTLE AS $22,000 WITH INDOOR SWIMMING POOL*

FUTURAMA . . . Built on a warm, moisture-proof, “monolithic” foundation with the “cellar” upstairs in a masonry tower . . . a huge “chimney” with many flues that vent out, not just furnace gases, but all of the exhaust from kitchen, bathrooms and laundry! All utilities are housed in this soundproof masonry core.

Deluxe model, shown here, has vast living room with handsome fireplace, shoji-screened entrance. Huge family and TV room surrounds magnificent scientific kitchen with formal dining, overlooking beautiful indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). 4 or 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, 2-car carport (or garage).

This model built by Allen Brothers, Fairhaven, N. J.

CONTEMPORA . . . Large indoor pool, covered patio and barbecue with 2-car garage. Huge kitchen, living room, separate dining room, 3 or 4 bedrooms, special balcony mezzanine off large family TV room. 2½ baths. Deluxe modern version of the Romantica shown at left above, $28,000 to $32,000. Budget model with some rooms slightly smaller, na breezeway garage, but complete with heated indoor pool, $22,500.

ENTRANCE TO FUTURAMA. This home of the future has a magnificently simple exterior of great dignity and hospitality, with its massive chimney and glowing fireplace showing through wide floor-to-ceiling window-wall. Yet from the road, there is complete privacy for the den and the more intimate end of the living room, where sofas and chairs accommodate large gatherings. Huge, exposed natural beams make this house look as strong and durable as it truly is! This wonderful new and better kind of home comes in budget, standard, and deluxe models with prices ranging from $18,000 to $38,000 complete with air-conditioning and large indoor deluxe swimming pool. (Lend extra, of course).

ABUNDANT VILLAGER . . . For the young married couple who want everything . . . as fast as their income increases. Start with 2 bedrooms and 1 bath and expand to 5 bedrooms and 2 baths. Do your own paneling and painting. Budget and deluxe models $16,000 to $24,000. 2 bedrooms with pool only $22,000 . . . or get deluxe 5-bedroom, 2 baths, heated and filtered indoor pool . . . all for less than $25,000.

TOPSFIELD . . . A traditional colonial that originated in “garrison” and pioneer days in Topsfield, Massachusetts. Deluxe model with indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered); 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, beautiful living room, modern kitchen, cozy dining room, huge closets and full basement. Budget and deluxe models $18,000 to $25,000 with indoor pool. Remember, your lot prices vary and are extra.
LOOK THROUGH this charming colonial dining room of the beautiful ROMANTICA Story Book Home, and you’ll see portions of the spacious living room with its romantic balcony and cozy open fireplace. The lovely furniture from Baumritter’s Ethan Allen line, the Aquamarine wall paint by Dutch Boy, and the handsome fixtures by Lightolier...all contribute to the old world charm of the Romantica, so happily combined with the latest marvels of science. It is this delightful “marriage” of the old and the new in this liveable house that makes it the ultimate in gracious living.

THE MASTER BEDROOM of the ROMANTICA is furnished in true colonial fashion by Schumacher and Baumritter. The serviceable floors of beautiful Flexachrome vinyl asbestos floor tile blend perfectly with the decorative scheme; yet they require only a damp mopping occasionally to keep them spotlessly clean.

THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE shows the living room of the Romantica as you look down from the charming colonial balcony. Notice the unusual wood beams exposed beneath Flintkote’s 3-way roof deck which insulates as well as decorates this lovely home.

MOTHER CAN PREPARE DINNER, and watch children swim from this spacious kitchen of the Romantica. Handy to barbecue grill, the kitchen is complete with Westinghouse appliances, including huge 24” oven. It is virtually wear-proof, with Formica bar fronts and counter tops. The Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floor tile requires only damp-mopping.
HERE IS THE HUGE modern living room of the Futurama. Nearly 16 feet wide, it is so long it accommodates 2 large groups of people at either end! Notice the massive exposed beams and the lovely decorative effect of the ceiling, Flintkote's 3-way roof decking. Three inches thick, this wonderful scientific product eliminates 3 or more building operations and helps make this magnificent living room possible! A curtained picture window provides an optional view into the equally huge family room and 12-place bar!

THIS ATTRACTIVE DEN in the Futurama model can also serve as a guest room when desired. The ceiling and window wall trim are Dutch Bay's Desert Gray, and all other walls, interior of closets, doors and trim are painted with Dutch Bay's Avacoda paint.

THE MASTER BATH, compact, but complete with glass-enclosed shower stall and floor-to-ceiling Formica wall-tiles of camellia and white sequin pattern. Easy to keep immaculate. Mirror gives daylight view of smart bedroom shown in night scene (right). Incidentally, this bedroom and bath of Mother's is immediately accessible from her kitchen. And remember, it's just one jump from the swimming pool!

THE MASTER BEDROOM in the Futurama has all the elegance of your own private villa on the Riviera . . . for you can step out of the room, right into your own warm and filtered swimming pool. Imagine the luxury of an early morning swim for Mom and Dad, or a relaxing night-time dip . . . in complete privacy, unhampered by bathing suits!
Not even movie stars or millionaires can live a more luxurious or thrilling life than you can in your fabulous STORY BOOK HOME.

For the STORY BOOK HOME is not just a shelter like so many houses. It’s a family kingdom where all members of the family can work and play— together when they want to be, or quietly alone if they prefer. The lounging and entertainment areas are huge in comparison with houses of equal price. This is accomplished by not wasting space in the bedrooms, which are compact, with large double closets. Master bedrooms have the equivalent of 4 regular closets. Hall space is held to a minimum or eliminated entirely.

Yet the pool, living and family rooms together give you luxurious spaciousness found only in houses costing $60,000 to $80,000!

And remember that all Story Book Homes are double-insulated and much stronger than most other houses built today. Thus their design, and proper use of the newest and most durable materials, make them far better investments for your money.

IT'S VACATION-TIME EVERY DAY!

Remember, too, that the indoor pool adds tremendous resale value to the house itself. Visitors are overwhelmed by the luxury of these first truly all-year-round "estates!* It is June every day in a Story Book Home. Yet the extra cost of the pool—even in the deluxe Story Book Home (financed at 6% interest)—is less, far less per year, than the average family spends for a few short weeks of vacation!

The extra health and happiness that the heated indoor-pool assures are worth almost as much as the house itself. It makes each home a marvelous place to entertain. It keeps the younger generation at home, more capable of controlling their own social life. In many Story Book models, you can build the house now . . . add the pool-wing later!

WIN A STORY BOOK HOME*
FREE on the "PRICE IS RIGHT"
Starring Bill Cullen
N.B.C. NETWORK

*Standard model Romantica or Futurama
with indoor swimming pool, $27,500.00.

SEE YOUR NEAREST
STORY BOOK HOME TODAY

For the next several weeks, the leading builders (in or near the larger cities across the nation) are holding "open house" in a model Story Book Home. These builders have been carefully chosen for their ability and integrity. They, and they alone, display the certificate "Story Book Home AUTHORIZED BUILDER" signed by the architect and officers of Story Book Homes Inc., a non-profit organization established by the leading manufacturers of the finest materials, to plan and foster the building of better homes. No builder is the authorized builder of these homes unless he is certified and displays this sign! Be careful. These Story Book Homes will have many imitators.

No other homes even closely duplicate the wonderful features and all of the top-quality materials in these Story Book Homes. For instance, the double insulation, the special roof, the interior griddle, the moisture-proofing are positively not combined in any other houses. The beautiful and durable Flintkote Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floors are easy to clean, require no waxing.

Kitchen appliances are by Westinghouse and the kitchen snack bars and table tops are protected by gleaming and scuff-proof Formica. And new Formica Wall Tiles, from floor to ceiling, provide a beautiful, grout-free and easy-to-clean surface in the bathrooms of these care-free homes.

Husbands will recognize the value of Flintkote Seal-Tab hurricane-resistant roof shingles, 3-way roof decking, double insulation, and fireproof Van Packer chimneys with round, factory-made flues. And in many of the furnished model homes, you will enjoy the beautiful drapes by Schumacher, the lovely furniture by Baumrider, the colorful carpeting and rugs by Cabin Crafts, and lamps and fixtures by Lightolier. And inside and out—the houses are lastingly protected and beautified by the world-famous Dutch Boy paints.

"OWNER-FINISHED" CUTS
COST WAY DOWN

By using Dutch Boy Naplex paints you can easily save a lot of money. Because Naplex rolls-on or brushes-on so smoothly and quickly, do-it-yourself men can install their own Flintkote Tile-Tex asphalt tile or Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floors. Many builders offer to construct these homes and let the owners do most of the "finishing."

The new wonders of science also make possible your own indoor swimming pool. The interior walls are moisture-proofed with a marvelous plastic (polyethylene) sheet and there is a special ceiling of expanded polystyrene that insulates, decorates, and controls moisture perfectly! No humidity problems in these swimming pool homes. You make your own healthy climate. When you want moisture added to the dry, heated water, you simply open (just a crack) the sliding glass door to the pool. To shut out moisture, you keep the door closed. Furniture never dries out one minute, swells up the next. Doors and drawers don’t stick or bind. And your own sinuses and nasal passages don’t dry out and become irritated.

Read more and see more on the color pages that follow. Send for a complete set of plans. Then list your old house "for sale", and you’ll be on your way to a new, happier life—now possible for almost any successful young working man and his family.

THE STARS OF HOLLYWOOD

THIS SPACIOUS BREEZEWAY between the ROMANTICA and its two-car garage is the ideal spot for a steak "cook-out" or a casual drink . . . and gives you and your family a delightfully cool and sheltered place in which to relax and entertain. It’s so handy to the snack bar and pool, too, located just inside the doorway shown at the right of the barbecue and grill. Enclosed with screens and glass jalouises, this will also make a perfect "Florida" room, opened in summer; safe from insects. In winter it becomes an extra family room.

YOU ARE READY FOR ANY OCCASION in this spacious family room of the FUTURAMA. For it has all the equipment and room (16' by 32') for any type of fun or entertainment. Drinking fountain, Separate matching freezer and refrigerator units by Westinghouse. You can serve a casual drink or snack or a formal dinner by candlelight. And as you dine, your guests will envy the romantic shimmering waters of your own indoor "tropical logoan." And what a room for the youngsters! A snack bar and pool to themselves while Mother and Dad relax in the living room.
AN'T LIVE A MORE THRILLING LIFE!

SERVE A SNACK OR DRINK . . . or even a complete meal, at this beautiful and serviceable snack bar in the family room of the Futurama. Facing the kitchen range, oven and refrigeration units, the bar seats 11 to 12 people and is covered with gleaming and durable Formica. The bar front is Formica, too, and unmarred by children’s scuffing feet. And the Formica front is designed to match perfectly the wood grain of the kitchen cabinets. Overlooking the 32-foot indoor swimming pool, the family room is a paradise for children of all ages. For it lets them build their own friendships at home, instead of roaming to find their fun. And it’s fun for Mother and Dad, too, for it provides the perfect place to have cocktails and to entertain either formally or informally at dinner time.

LOOK THROUGH from the rear of the ROMANTICA, and you'll gaze across the beautiful, heated indoor swimming pool typical of every indoor pool in every Story Book Home. Airtight Thermopane doors furnish complete protection from the elements and prevent condensation from the pool. A two-speed fan removes humidity from the air. Ceiling is protected by moisture-proof polystyrene panels which decorate, insulate, and won't condense moisture.

VIEW OF FUTURAMA POOL as seen from the family room (also see front page, this section). The master bedroom also opens onto the pool, and the pool's large Thermopane doors (with screens for summer) open onto the patio at side of house and onto the back lawn in the rear. All Story Book Home indoor pools require little or no work. Filtering and cleaning are automatic. Water requires no changing to be purer than drinking water.

BOTH THE FUTURAMA AND ROMANTICA feature ample children's bedrooms which provide one large play area during the daytime and convert to two bedrooms at night, thanks to Novafold plastic folding walls. This feature of Story Book Homes was voted the most popular by thousands of women who were polled. And Mother has only one area to clean instead of two. Folding walls lock closed at night.
... with NEW Formica® Wall Tile

Here is a brand new "way of life" for bathrooms. It's the revolutionary new Formica Wall Tile with a smooth, gleaming surface that enhances the beauty of bathrooms and other areas, assures long wear, and saves cleaning time and work for Mother.

In all STORY BOOK HOMES, the kitchen table tops and bar areas are lastingly protected and brilliantly decorated by Formica as well as the wall areas surrounding them. You see them beautifully illustrated on this page and in other photographs taken in various rooms of the "Romantica" and "Futurama" models.

The bathrooms with the "wife-time" guarantee!

Choice of beautiful colors. Enduring Formica!
NO Grout lines to scrub.
Dutch Boy Hydrangea Pink is the subtle backdrop for this spacious living room in the “Romantico” model. The colorful surprise on the balcony above is Nolplex Aqua. . . . Sunton in the family room beyond.

...and carefree color—all through the house—with Dutch Boy Paints

Story Book wall colors live happily ever after, thanks to Dutch Boy Nalplex—the famous acrylic-latex paint that washes brand-new again, time after time. All the beautiful Dutch Boy colors for Story Book Homes were chosen by Isabel Barringer, the famous decorator, and applied by expert painters. But, confidentially, you can get the same handsome results yourself with Dutch Boy Nalplex. Color spreads on like velvet. Brush and roller marks vanish in thin air. And that paint-y odor just isn’t there. All in all, you’ll like Story Book living with Dutch Boy Nalplex.

Here’s a chart of the beautiful colors Isabel Barringer selected for the exterior of the two Story Book Homes and for the rooms shown in the photographs on this page. Your Dutch Boy dealer has a wide range of exciting colors to make your Story Book Home come true. You’ll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.

Dutch Boy Starlight Blue is largely responsible for the mood of this serene dining room in the “Romantica” model. Hydrangea Pink in the living room is the pleasing companion color.

Dutch Boy White combined with muted Seasand create a pleasing freshness with remarkable stamina in the living room of the “Futurama” model. Nalplex washes perfectly, remember.

Dutch Boy Paints

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Cross Country Homes Corp.
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Rockford, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Tilton's Millbrook Homes
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Address: 4803 So. Fellows Road
South Bend 14, Indiana

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JOHN WAYNE
Continued from page 46

As soon as he'd eased himself into a
chair, she snuggled up to him and began
to chatter. "All those horses!" she said,
his eyes widening again.

He laughed. Then he said, "Oh, Aissa,
your hair's come down."

"She held out the ribbon to him. "Daddy
fix," she said.

For a few minutes he struggled with the
bow, then he gave up. Holding his hands
up for her to see, he apologized, "My big
fingers are too big! Besides," he added, "I
like your hair down, baby." Then, to
divert her, he said, "I have to get back
on the set soon, but maybe there'll be
time for a horseback ride first. Would you
like that?"

Aissa said yes, but he noticed she could
hardly keep her eyes open. "Sleepy,
honey?," he asked.

She shook her head, no, and tried to
keep her eyes from shutting, but it was
no use. In a moment, he thought, she'll
be asleep. Poor baby, it's so hot here.
He snuggled her closer and he could feel
her drifting off. Sleepily, she murmured
something. He leaned down and kissed
her little nose. "What did you say, Aissa?"
he asked.

"Stifling a yawn, she said, "Daddy, tell
me, when is God going to bring me my
baby brother?"

"Your baby brother," he repeated dully,
wondering how to answer her. But then
he saw he didn't have to—not yet—for
Aissa was sound asleep.

As he sat holding his little girl, he re-
membered how happy he'd been when
Pilar had told him there was going to be
another baby. The first thing they'd both
said was, "Wait till we tell Aissa!"

"You're going to have a baby brother," he
had tried to explain to her.

"Oh, John," Pilar had whispered. "how
do you know it'll be a boy? What if it's
a girl? She'll be disappointed."

He'd laughed. "I just know," he'd said.
(Somewhere, he always thought of babies
as being boys—he always had.)

But then he remembered the day she'd
come from the hospital. She had looked
the baby they'd looked forward to so
much. There was an emptiness about
the house, he recalled, the kind of emptiness
that only comes when a member of the
family is missing. It seemed to penetrate
everything they did, yet, strangely, they'd
found it difficult to put their feelings into
words.

Finally, he had held Pilar to him and
dsaid, "Don't worry, we'll have another,"
not knowing how else to comfort her. God is good, he felt. God has
grown good to us.

And then Pilar had asked quietly, "What
about Aissa?"

It was because of Aissa that they could
talk about it at all. To her, a baby brother
was something wonderful, something to
ask question after question about. Only
now they found it hard to answer those
questions. They could talk about it be-

tween themselves, but they had not been
able to bring themselves to tell Aissa.

He wondered how his parents would
have told him. . . . Then, shaking his head
and trying to rid himself of that thought,
he bered the day his brother had been born.

That day, his father had stayed home.
He hadn't gone to work at the drug-
store at all. They were living in Win-
terset in Iowa then, he remembered, and
everybody had been busy all day long.
They had hardly even noticed him, as
they ran back and forth with hot water
seen. He quickly turned back to the metal crib for another look. As he moved closer to the crib, he decided the baby was rather wonderful, at that. Each tiny fingernail was perfect, he saw. And the eyelashes? He shuffled closer and took hold of the crib’s metal rail. Then it happened. 

Sparks shot up from the crib. “Look!” he said to his father. “Look—now I know where he came out of the sky, the lightning is!”

His father mumbled something that sounded like “static electricity,” but John didn’t know what that meant. He hardly heard him. And, from that moment on, he knew there was something very special about a baby brother. He was sure baby brothers came—with sparks and bolts of lightning—straight from heaven.

Not long after Robert was born, the whole family moved to the Mojave Desert. The doctor had told John’s father, “The desert climate will be better for your health,” and so they had moved. John liked it there from the very beginning. It was there he’d learned to ride. When Robert was older, he taught him to ride, too.

They’d had such fun together, he remembered. It wouldn’t have been half so good without Robert. This was why he’d felt Aissa should have someone in the house to play with, too. He had often told Pilar that Aissa should have a brother.

He remembered galloping off from imaginary Indians and rustlers with Robert. “They’re trying to surround us,” he’d say, and they’d ride off together along the rocky, dusty path to the little schoolhouse in Palmdale, California. It was an eight-mile ride, but, because they were being “pursued,” they were never late for school.

Twice a week they stopped off after school at the Palmdale general store. There, they picked up a sack of groceries and staples and then galloped home. But one day, when they weren’t expected home for another hour, they decided to play cowboys and Indians.

That afternoon, as he jogged out of town with his share of supplies tied to his back, he said to Robert, “Let’s pretend they’re trying to ambush us.”

“We’re fine,” Robert said, and so, when they came to a sharp turn around a high cliff, they bent down close to their horses’ necks, pretending there was a gang of outlaws just around the bend.

“Watch out,” he called out to Robert, “these hombres mean business!”

Then, as they rounded the bend, he dug his heels into Jenny’s sides and, screaming warlike chants, suddenly swerved off to the right, just at the point where the bad men would most likely have caught him and Robert. “Fooled ’em,” he shouted.

Confident that he knew all the backways in that part of the country, he woud his horse and cut off down the brush and rocks, with Robert right behind him. Every scrubby palm, every mesquite and every jack rabbit represented an enemy. If he was lazy, Robert was even more so, and especially bad outlaw. Finally, having twisted and turned and ridden hard for several miles, he pulled up.

“Here’s the trail,” Robert said. “We can rest now.”

Robert drew up beside him. He was breathing hard, but he was smiling. Then his face changed. “Where—do you know where we are?”

He’d never seen this part of the desert before.

“We’re all right, Robert,” he said. “I know every foot of this country.” His brother nodded. “Don’t forget,” he added, “you’re with me.”

But then he looked around him. The countryside did look strange. He wheeled Jenny around, glanced east, then west. This was something new. He began to feel a little frightened. The path home seemed to have been swallowed up. The more he stared at the vast wastes of land for a clue to a landmark to guide him, the more lost he felt.

Then Robert spoke again. “Are you sure we’re all right?” he asked. But he only looked a little worried. After all, he was Robert; his big brother had never failed him before.

Looking into Robert’s face, John saw how much his brother trusted him. “We’ll get through,” he said. “You’re far more confident than his heart. ‘Come on,’ he said, ‘we’re going home now.’

And, somehow, he had led Robert in exactly the right direction. After that experience, he felt he was really a cowboy.

Aissa coughed and he held her closer to him. It’s funny, he thought, as he heard two kids on the set saying imaginary guns, mimicking a scene from “The Horse Soldiers,” all boys like to play cowboys, I guess.

He’d learned to shoot a real gun when he was ten—at a party! “Like to come to my birthday party tomorrow afternoon?” his classmate Liza had asked, as they ran down the steps of the school in Glendale, California, where the family had moved after his father had given up trying to eke out a living from the parched Mojave land.

“ Gee, you,” said John. “I’d love to come to your party, Liza. But can I bring my brother Bob, too?”

“Yes,” Liza said, tossing back her blond braids. “I’ll see you both at my house about three.” And she’d skipped off down the street.

The next afternoon, John and Robert, dressed in their best suits, arrived at Liza’s house as the nearby church clock struck the hour. Most of the children were John’s age, and Robert kept close to his brother, looking shy and small. All around the yard were balloons and paper lanterns, and in the yard, there was a large table crowded with all sorts of cake, ice creams and candies.

“Come on, I’ll introduce you around,” Liza said. She held by the hand and led them to a large group of children. Soon they were having a wonderful time.

Then someone suggested playing a kissing game, and all the children lined up by one side of the room, girls on the other. But just as they were about to start the game, one of the older boys spotted Robert, whose head barely reached the shoulders of the boys standing on each side of him.

“What’s he doing here?” the older boy shouted. “Make the little jerk go away! He’s just a baby.”

John wasn’t quite sure what a jerk was.

Watching Aissa tell the make-up lady about her “horse ride,” John and Pilar exchange a look of gratitude that it takes so little, really, to make her happy.
but he didn’t think it was a compliment. No one was going to insult his brother in front of him! He marched out of line and punched the boy on the nose.

“You can’t talk about my brother like that!” he said. But no one else seemed to agree with him.

The yard was soon a shambles. Children were screaming and fighting and knocking over chairs. Then Liza’s mother came out and shouted for them to stop.

When she was told that John had started it all, she took him off to one side. Before he had a chance to explain what had really happened, she said firmly: “I’m sorry to have to say this, but you and your brother will have to leave.”

Feeling hurt and misunderstood, John took his brother home. But he was not beaten yet. He went straight up to his room, found his air rifle, and slipped quietly back to Liza’s house. Commando style, he crawled onto a nearby roof, aimed carefully, and peered every balloon and paper lantern in the yard with BB shots. When he was satisfied that he had exploded all of them, he clambered down and went home to tell his father and “take his medicine.”

Aissa was stirring in his arms. “Daddy,” she said, blinking her eyes against the harsh sunlight, “where were you?”

“I was here,” he said, “but where were you, honey?”

She giggled. “took a nap.” Trying to soothe a huge yawn, she giggled again.

“How about a ride on that big black horse now, like I promised?” he said, and seeing that director John Ford was getting ready to begin shooting again, he added. “We’ll make this a quick one—okay, honey?”

“Sure, Daddy,” she said, wriggling down from his lap and running over to where the horses were. “This one,” she said, pointing to a black stallion. “I want this one to ride. He has the nicest eyes and the longest hair of all. And he looks like he knows me and likes me, too. Don’t you think so, Daddy?”

John laughed. “Of course, he likes you,” he said.

As he lifted her up and placed her securely on the horse, he squeezed her hand a little. “Look how big you are,” he said, looking up at her and smiling. “Bigger than I am now.”

She looked down at him and giggled. “Then you’ll have to be a straight little boy,” she said, “won’t you, Daddy?”

He held her around the waist with one hand and led the horse around in a wide circle with the other. Then he said gently, “Aissa, about that baby brother—”

But she wasn’t listening, he saw. She wasn’t even thinking about a baby brother anymore. She was looking over toward the shade trees and waving. He squinted against the sun and followed her gaze. Pilar was sitting in one of the canvas chairs, looking rested and relaxed. She beckoned to them.

Lifting Aissa from the horse, he held her close for a moment. Then he walked over to where Pilar was waiting. Now he knew that little girl should one day find the answer to her question by herself.

The End

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As everyone who’s ever visited Holly-
wood knows, it’s a pretty small town when it comes to keeping a secret or avoiding something. "This is it," Tony announced and set
up an elaborate plan to keep the Clark family separate, and Tony Mammarella was the key to the plot.
One of Tony’s jobs was to keep Dick busy and away from the places whereubbie might be.
"How about stopping by my room for half an hour and going over the schedule for the next two days, Dick?" Tony asked as they went up to their rooms at the Sheraton West Hotel.
"Gee, Tony, I’m so tired," Dick an-
swered, yawning uncontrollably. "Do you mind, we have to borrow O.K.," Tony said with a smile. After all, it was 5 a.m., and there wasn’t much danger Dick would sleep-walk six miles across town to the Roosevelt Hotel, where his family would soon be checking in.
For the next thirty-nine hours, with little time out for sleep, Tony juggled with Dick in one hotel and the rest of the Clark family in the other. At one point, Tony decided to become annoyed at Tony’s evasiveness.
It was Wednesday morning when Dick decided he wasn’t to be put off any longer. Everyone who had asked Tony for his schedule, “there’ve been different excuses.
"What’s the matter with you, Tony?" he finally asked, rather sharply, as they walked through the NBC studios, pre-
paring to go live on the panel show.
"For the last three weeks I haven’t been able to pin you down about any of the details of this trip. It’s not like you to—"
"You worry too much, Dick," Tony inter-
rupted and as he swung open the con-
ference-room door.
But Dick went right on. "You usually have everything planned to the last minute. What’s the matter, boy? You’re slipping.
"Believe me, Dick, everything’s working out all right," he answered as he intro-
duced him to Dr. Willard Robinson, prin-
cipal of Airports Junior High School in
Los Angeles. "You go live set up the hoox by pretending to moderate the discussion.
The rest of the panel-members—
Connie Wagstaff, Ann Fabian, Frankie Avalon and Fabian—were already there, and for about forty minutes before the telecast, they “warmed up” by discussing the influence of music on teens today. Then through a side door into NBC’s Studio 3 and led them onto the stage where a long table was set up.
As Dick sat down and pulled in his chair, something was wrong.
"That’s crazy," he said, turning to Andy Williams. "Look, there aren’t any micro-
phones on the table." Looking up, he added, "And Tony owns one, neither. Somebody must have goofed.
But before Andy could think up an excuse, there was a rustle in the audience and smothered laughter as a familiar voice called out:
"You thought you were here to be a guest on a panel, but actually, Dick Clark . . . This Is Your Life.
"Did you know . . ." Dick started to say
as Dr. Robinson turned and saluted his face. But when he looked around, the whole “panel” had already disappeared, and he was alone on the stage.
As if from a great distance, he heard Ralph Edwards asking, "This is your life . . . a musical star-maker, America’s number-one disk jockey . . . spokesman for the great, wholesome majority of American teenagers . . . emcee of two television shows which wielded the influence of some 50 million Americans . . . "
Then the opening bars of “A Boy Without a Girl” sang through the studio and as the music faded Frankie Avalon ap-
ppeared saying, "Ralph, I’ll always be grateful to Dick for the faith he had in me . . . he’s been a counselor and a good friend. He even led Fabian and me to a convertion meeting.
"How did you plan all this without my even knowing?" Dick started to ask as Frankie shook hands with him, but he was interrupted.
"You were born in Mount Vernon, New York, on November 30, 1929, and christ-
ened Richard Wagstaff Clark. How you grew up to become, at the age of 29, the Dick whom we know, is a story of millions of teenagers. I’m sure your mother and father can tell us—and here they are, from their home in Utica, New York—Robert and Mary Clark.
A tall, distinguished-looking man started walking toward the center of the stage, stopped and stretched out his arm to a tiny woman, dressed in a simple blue cot-	on dress, as he bent over her. To the left of her, slumped under her arm and together they walked toward Dick.
"Mom!" Dick cried and rushed over to kiss her, his face flushed with a nervous smile. "We finally got her on television," Dick said to his father, "but it’s not even my show.
"Well, sir," Ralph Edwards asked, "how do you feel to be the father of Dick Clark?"
Mr. Clark laughed. "Back in Utica, when Dick first went on the radio, he changed his name to Dick Clay so he wouldn’t be confused. Once I went into an office on a business appointment and announced myself as Dick Clay, the receptionist usually stared at me as if to say, ‘What is this? A stranger? He looks like my old friend kid me about it. I was at a sports banquet about a year ago when Mel Allen, whom I’ve known for years, came over and let himself be in-
terviewed. When he got the perfect straight face, he said: ‘Dick Clay? This is Dick Clay? Boy, you certainly look younger on television!’
"Returning to Mrs. Clark, Ralph Edwards said: ‘You must be very proud of your son. Tell me, what sort of interests did Dick have as a boy?’
And as Dick sat there, the past became, for the moment, his present. . . .
He was seven years old and kind of small for his age. Relatives always said he resembled his father but got his height and bounce from his mother. He outran Mom on the first point but never on the second. Nor did he ever outgrow the spe-
cial understanding that always existed between them. Likewise, he always kept her word . . . no matter what happened.
Like that April afternoon, twenty-two years ago, when his second-grade teacher came in and said Dick was to miss a day, when I go into our house in New York, Mom on the first point but never on the second. Nor did he ever outgrow the spe-
cial understanding that always existed between them. Likewise, he always kept her word . . . no matter what happened.
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cial understanding that always existed between them. Likewise, he always kept her word . . . no matter what happened.
Shave lady?  
Don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way...  
with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you’ll never have a trace of  
nasty razor stubble!  *Always to neaten underarms, everytime to smooth  
legs to new smoother beauty, and next time for that faint downy  
fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet?  

Go down deep where no razor can reach to  
cream hair away the beautiful way.

Mrs. and Mrs. Clark never knew what  
new escapade Dick would dream up.

There was the year they went on a  
cruise, leaving him in the care of his  
uncle.  No one, including Aunt Alice, knew quite how it happened, but one day Dick per- 
suaded her to buy him some baby chicks  
and converted the Clark sunporch into one  
of the most modern housing developments  
any chicken has ever known. When the  
Clarks returned, they were greeted by a  
whole family of fully grown chickens,  
who were flapping around Mrs. Clark’s  
new wicker furniture. Despite the elo- 
quenct appeal of their youngest son, the  
chickens moved out that same afternoon.

Dick’s tears dried quickly after his  
older brother Brad took him aside and  
told him about the family of rabbits that  
had just moved in down the street. Some-  
how Brad could always make him feel  
better. He was everything Dick wasn’t,  
but wanted to be. Brad was tall and  
strong, an outstanding athlete though  
quiet, almost shy. And above all he was  
very gentle and understanding. Like all  
brothers, they fought hard between  
themselves, but stood together against  
everyone else—sometimes even against  
their parents. With all the wisdom of his  
five additional years, Brad could always  
help Dick, whether it was to convince  
him that a broken heart was worthless and  
that there were dozens more even prettier  
girls in the world, or that one Dick Clark  
was quite a guy and should be proud of  
himself and work hard to accomplish  
something big.

And when Brad went into the Air Force  
he was even more of a hero in his brother’s eyes. Dick began to depend  
more and more on those short furloughs  
and on the letters Brad sent him, first  
from a camp in New Jersey, later from  
a secret air base in England.

Then came that cold, gray December  
two days before Christmas, 1944,  
and the telegram from the War Depart- 
ment. Both parents tried to soften the blow  
but they couldn’t. ... Brad was dead.  
All Dick wanted was to be alone. He de-
Today, Dick believes that without Brad he would never have had the courage to tackle the difficult broadcasting field, and without his dad and his wife he might not have had the perseverance to stick it out the rough years.

By the time Dick was a junior in A.B. Davis High, he had discovered his love of radio through his activities in the speech and drama club, and he had found his future wife through part-ownership of an old jalopy named The Green Hornet.

Dick and his good friend, Andy Grass, had finally saved up money enough to buy a car—Dick owned the front half, Andy the rear—and the only way they could both have the car on the same night was to put the two halves together and double-date. That's how Dick met Barbara Mallery.

It was Halloween night, October 27, 1945, and everybody was going to the big party. You know, the kind of party where you duck for apples and try to fly around the room in a sheet—not the most romantic kind of evening. Dick had a date with a cute blonde, Diane Ruffano, and Andy was taking Barbara, who had admired Dick for a whole year, even though she was a sophomore and he didn't know her very well.

But it didn't take Barbara long to know what she wanted, and that night, after she'd gotten home from the party, she wrote in her diary: "This is the boy I want to marry . . ." and carefully tucked away the box of Whitman's Chocolates that Dick had won that night and had given to her.

Today it's brimming with souvenirs from those many dates. It took Dick a little longer (all of two months) to realize how much he liked Bobbie and to ask her out. It was to the high school Snowball Dance, and "Let It Snow" is still one of their favorite songs. After that night, Andy and Dick changed partners permanently, and a couple of years later Andy and Diana were married. (Andy is little Dickie Clark's godfather.)

By spring of his senior year, Dick and Bobbie were officially going steady, and they stayed that way even after the Clarks moved from Mount Vernon to Utica that summer.

Mrs. Clark's brother had bought Station WRUN in Utica, New York, and had asked Mr. Clark to run it for him. This was Dick's big chance to learn about radio, and for many summers thereafter he hung around the station doing whatever errands and odd jobs he could. In the fall he entered Syracuse University as a Business Administration major, but most of his life was centered around the shows he ran on the school's FM station. Weekends he would hop into his 1934 car and drive 300 miles to Maryland, where Bobbie was attending the State Teachers College. Finally, to save wear and tear on both Dick and the car, she transferred to Oswego College, only twenty miles from Syracuse.

By the time Bobbie graduated from college, Dick had successfully auditioned for Roger Clipp, manager of Philadelphia's Station WFIL and a friend of Mr. Clark's, and had been given a job as a television staff announcer.

In June, 1953, seven years after they had first met, Dick and Bobbie were married. The bride was beautiful in a white lace dress and a filmy tulle veil, and as Dick slipped the plain gold band on her finger, he whispered: "I'll make it up to you, I promise."

With a radiant smile, Bobbie answered, "I don't mind . . . I have everything now." But Dick repeated stubbornly to himself, "I will; I'll get you another ring, more beautiful than this one." For he had been so busy those last few weeks, winding up his old job, traveling to Philadelphia to discuss his new one, and getting ready to move, that he just hadn't had time to get Barbara's wedding ring. So at the last minute she'd had to go down to the local jeweler and buy her own.

Their married life was just as hectic. They had a two-day honeymoon before Dick began his job at WFIL. If the first years of marriage are the hardest for most young couples, the Clarks had an even bigger problem. As a schoolteacher, Bobbie had to leave the house at eight each morning, while Dick worked from one to ten. Sunday was their one common holiday, it was a matter of catching each other on the way in and out of the house.

But Dick has never forgotten that second vow he'd made on their wedding day, and three years later, two weeks after Dick was born, he came home one night and tossed a big stack of household bills on the kitchen table. "Bobbie," he said, "we need a new cooking dinner and go through them right away. Bobbie sat down, with Dick standing at her side, and started going through each envelope. When she got to the fifth one, she felt a funny lump, opened it and found a wad of tissue paper. Inside was a diamond wedding band. Dick took her hand, removed the gold ring she'd had to begging her father and slipped the new one onto her finger. Bobbie has never taken it off.

By that time Dick was building "American Bandstand" into one of the most popular television shows in the country. Today, a lot of people think Dick was an overnight success, but it isn't true. At 29, he has already spent thirteen years learning and working in the broadcasting field. He knows what a tough business it is . . . and maybe that's why he's done so much to help other talented young people.

Dick was brought back to the present, back to "This Is Your Life," when he heard Connie Francis say: "Dick, had every thing, with my success, Ralph. I'd been singing since I was eleven years old, and nothing had happened. Then Dick took my record, "Who's Sorry Now," and played it every day for thirty days. In two months it was the number-one record in the country—all because of the push he gave it. It makes no difference to him who you are, it's how you are that counts with Dick. He's a beautiful man, and we all love him."

At a party given by "This Is Your Life" after the program, Bobbie sat sipping coffee with Dick and some of the program's guests.

"You can't imagine how relieved I am that this whole thing is over," she told us, then laughed. "I didn't know whether I'd feel like the Cinderella at the ball or the Mata Hari these last two days. Every morning I'd get a little schedule showing when I could leave the hotel, and a long black limousine would be waiting for her at the door. I even had to wear dark sunglasses in case I drove past some of our friends, who might recognize me and tell Dick they saw me on Sunset Boulevard."

Turned as she spoke, she smiled over at Dick and said: "You know, I almost felt like a celebrity's wife!"
Marilyn Monroe

Continued from page 43

everything in the world already, hasn’t she? She’s beautiful, she’s a big movie star, she’s got a brilliant husband, she’s rich... so you tell me: Why should she be so desperate to have a baby?"

On the bed, the woman stirred restlessly, trying to focus. Someone was talking... talking—about her. She tried to place the voice, but her mind was fuzzy. Was it Arthur? Arthur had said something like that... something—But it wasn’t Arthur. Who was it? And where was she?

Propping herself up on her elbows, Marilyn Monroe opened her eyes fully and looked around.

And knew where she was. This was not the silk-sheeted, king-sized bed of her East 57th Street apartment, but the spare, sanitary outline of a hospital bed. The walls with their pastel paint and cheerful pictures belonged to the forty-dollar-a-day room she and Arthur had chosen for her stay here. And “here” was the Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City.

Slowly, she let herself sink back onto the pillows. The clock at her bedside said ten o’clock. She’d been lying here for an hour and a half, ever since she finished checking in shortly after eight that morning, and she’d fallen asleep. Or perhaps they’d given her something to make her sleep. She couldn’t remember. She’d been dreaming, and then that voice had come through the door. It must have been a young doctor, or an intern. It didn’t matter who it had been.

His words still hung heavily in the air. “She’s got everything in the world already... so why is she so desperate to have a baby...”

They hung there like echoes, echoes of other voices, wondering, asking, advising... Arthur’s voice: “Darling, you don’t have to go through with this, you know. There’s no guarantee it’ll help us have a baby.”

Her business adviser: “Why don’t you consider adopting a child, Marilyn? Lots of people do, especially movie stars. Why should you be so anxious to tie yourself down with a pregnancy?”

Her girl friend, worried: “Listen, kid. You’ve had two miscarriages already, and someone once told me they were really three. Aren’t you scared? Don’t you think maybe you’d better quit trying?”

Her mother-in-law: “Of course, I know how you feel. But an operation is no joke, darling. I know it.”

Good voices. Kind, loving voices, talking good sense to her, telling her over and over that she didn’t have to do this, didn’t have to offer her body to the surgeon’s knife, to the fear before the operation, and the pain and the weakness afterwards. Sometimes she had been on the point of giving in. But always, something had stopped her. Always she had heard another voice, out of the past, long gone. She heard it now in the hospital room, clearer than the anxious echoes, louder than the words of that young doctor—a shrill, beautiful voice, clogged with tears, choked with desperation—the voice of a child:

“Some day, when I grow up, I’m going to have a little girl of my own. And I’m never going to leave her, never. Never...”

Her own voice, out of the past.

She’d tried to tell them about it, Arthur, because of his love and his sensitivity, understood partly. The others listened sympathetically and then shook their heads, reminding her that all that was
When his second separation from Diane Jergens—in less than a year of marriage—began to look permanent, we asked Peter Brown about it.

“It’s so easy to be happy, so easy to love,” he told us, “but not for us, not for Diane and me.”

Why? Peter’s proud, ambitious, a livewire; Diane’s more serious, steady. It’s true that opposites attract but, for these two, it looks as though the day-by-day strain proved to be too much.

over now. But it wasn’t over, not for Marilyn. And yet she couldn’t make any sense of it, for less than half as long as she could climb down from the bed now and go out into the hall and cry out to that young man, still wondering why she cared so much: “You don’t know now what kind of a little girl I was. You don’t know how important it is to me ....”

No, she couldn’t do that. Warily, Marilyn closed her eyes. Her blond hair made a lump on the pillow beneath her, but she didn’t notice. She lay motionless and alone.

And she remembered . . .

She had said those words for the first time when she was six. Six years old, standing on a chair at the sink, with an apron much too large for her wrapped around her middle. She was washing dishes. She had washed them since she was four years old; people didn’t believe that, but it was true. She had washed dishes and scrubbed floors before her fifth birthday, and now it was automatic; her little hands, wrinkled and red from the hot water, moved in the suds without her even watching them; and if hot, salty tears splashed into the water, that didn’t make the dishes any less clean. And day by day and over she repeated her vow, her promise to the future:

Someday, I’ll have a little girl of my own. Someday .

She had learned that day that her mother would never take her home with her.

She had learned that, in every way that mattered, she was to be alone forever.

There wasn’t even anyone to tell her who she was. It was years before she knew her own identity, and then it came to her in bits, pieced together from the tantalizing bits of other children, the curious probing of grownsups, words and phrases spoken a little too loud, so that the wondering child overheard them and finally understood.

She was illegitimate. The name she bore, Norma Jean Baker, was her mother’s name. Her father’s name she never even knew. He had left her mother, it seemed, before that warm June morning in 1926 when she was born in the charity ward of a Los Angeles hospital—left her and never bothered to inquire what had become of his child. No one else bothered, either. No one came with toys and satins and stockings to cover through the nursery window; no one touched her but the nurse who gave her a bottle, and her mother, who held her daughter and wept.

“The sins of the parents shall be visited upon the heads of the children,” the grownsups whispered. And she came to know what that meant, too. Other babies had been born out of wedlock and never known it. Some have grandparents to raise them tenderly and well. Some are adopted by people whose empty arms reach out to them with love. But Norma Jean’s grandparents were not available. Her father’s parents never knew of her existence. Her mother’s parents never knew of her. And her frightened mother, alone in the world except for this tiny, wailing baby, could not bear to give her up forever, that was adoption. She couldn’t have decided, put her for foster care until she got some sort of job that would take care of them both. Then she would come back for her baby. They would build a life together . . . some time.

So Norma Jean went to a foster home. A family was paid to care for her. They received so—much a month for their trouble and the child’s expenses. Love wasn’t mentioned in the bargain. You don’t purchase love for so—much a month.

At the age of twelve days, Norma Jean began her exile.

They weren’t bad people, this depression—hungry family that took her in for the poor twenty-five dollars a month her mother offered. It was just that love wasn’t in the bargain. Or patience. Or even kindness.

Lying in the padded box that served as a cradle, Norma Jean looked at gray, set faces. When she cried, when she stretched out her tiny baby arms for comfort and tenderness, angry, harsh voices echoed around her. Later, she came to understand the words the voices said, and to remember them:

“Noisy brat . . .”

“Wicked child . . .”

“Gonna grow up a sinner like her Ma . . .”

She grew a little older, and understood a little more. It seemed she was headed straight for hell.

“Norma Jean, get away from that drawer. You bad child! The Lord will punish you.”

“Norma Jean, put down that doll. It doesn’t belong to you! You’re going to grow up a thief, and be in jail.”

They weren’t trying to be cruel. They believed what they said. Their God was a God of wrath, and children were not exempt from His rage. When Norma Jean was three, they made her take a vow never to play again. She could not wear a toy. If they could have included laughing in that vow, they would have. For what right had Norma Jean Baker, with no folks but a wicked mama, no home but strangers’ houses, no future at all, to laugh? Or to be happy? She was always getting into mischief, always wanting to play instead of going to church three times every week, sometimes not coming till she was called two, three times.

A bad child. Headed straight for the devil’s arms.

They didn’t have worried. She learned early not to laugh. Or to be happy.

It took her longer to learn not to hope. She clung to hope like a shipwrecked sailor to a raft. When the other children—children who had been born into the homes and families of their own—or tormented her, her brown eyes snapped fire:

“You just wait! My mama is coming to take me away in a big, big rig.”

“Yah, you haven’t got no mama!”

“I do. I do, too. She comes to see me every—every—sometimes. She loves me.”

“So why don’t you live with her?”

The brown eyes would grow hazy. “Because . . . because—”

“Hey, look! Norma Jean, the Human Bean—she’s crying!”

She was on hearing, and dreaming. She would shake with excitement, knowing her mother was coming for a visit. This time, this time, the miracle would happen. Her mother would sweep her up and hold her close. If she could, she would say, for all the world to hear: “Look. This is my darling little girl, and I’m taking her away with me.” But it didn’t seem to happen. Instead, her mother would arrive at the door, tire, eyes and wisps of red hair sticking out beneath her hat. She would hold Norma Jean’s hand as she walked her down the block, and have her say “Hello” to everyone.

And then she would be gone again. Slowly, Norma Jean would trudge into the house, to her chores. All day she would be slow and worried, by evening she would have “sinned” a dozen times. Those nights she would lie, trembling in the darkness, waiting for God to strike her down with lightning. Once she pulled the sheets over her head. She was a stranger in the city. “Mama,” she whispered in the dark, fighting her terror. “Mama, come now!”

No one came.

She spent the nights dreaming. She watched the other children received and imagined her mother giving them to her. She pretended the occasional second—hand doll, the worn—out hand—me—down dresses she wore, were presents from her mother. She learned to read, and in her dreams she was the heroine of the fairy tale, the princess with golden hair, the enchanted child. One day at home she drew a picture and played at being the queen of the glass mountain.

Suddenly a hand descended. “Norma Jean! What are you doing?” The sheet came tearing off.

“Playing . . .”


And the hand came down hard—and again—and again.

The next day her mother was due for another visit. Norma Jean waited, nursing her bruises. In a way she was glad she had been beaten. Now, wait till her mother saw the little girl she had taken for his child away now, for sure. Norma Jean tied her few pitiful possessions together and took up her post at the door.

Her mother arrived. Norma Jean ran to her. “Look! Look! what she did to me. She hit me. Look—”

Her mother bent to see and then straightened up. “Well, you must have been a bad girl.”

The child broke off, staring. Her skinny face grew rigid with fear. “Mama, she hit me. Aren’t you . . . mad at her? Aren’t you going to take me away?”

Weeping, her head shook her head. “Baby, you’ve got to stop asking me that every time. I can’t take you away. I can’t. I—I’m not well, Norma Jean. My head feels funny all the time, I can’t even stay where I’m supposed to have to lie down.”

Incredibly, she was turning away. Norma
Jean's voice rose, unbellying. "Don't go. Don't go..."

Her mother walked faster. "You stay here, you hear? You'll be all right. I'll come back soon. Be a good girl. I'll come back."

The child dropped the little bundle of clothes. She stood clutching her tiny fists until the fingernails bit into her hands. And in that minute when she stood there, using all her small strength to keep from screaming—in that moment, she gave up all hope, all dreaming. She turned and walked into the heart of the house.

Over the sink at the dishes, with her tears falling unnoticed, she made the vow she would never forget:

"Someday, I'll have a baby of my own..."

To receive all the love she had wanted, to be held as she had never been held, cherished as she had never been. Her baby. Her future.

In the street below the Lenox Hill Hospital windows, the New York day wore on. Trucks scraped and squealed down the street. Women hurried by, heels clicking. Children on their way home for lunch shouted and laughed. A nurse's aide strode through the waiting room and stopped suddenly at the bed.

The woman said kindly, "It's nothing unusual to be a little depressed the day before an operation. You just concentrate on how wonderful it's going to be when it's all over. You just..."

Her voice droned on. "Yes," Marilyn said every now and then. "Yes. Thank you."

But the tears inside were coming too fast to stop now, and the memories with them. The jumbled, tortured, mixed-up memories—she held them in her room and stopped suddenly at the bed.

With a whisper, "You know Norma Jean said she was going to kill herself? Imagine a child of seven talking like that. Got to watch her carefully. She might go nuts like her grandparents did."

A sneer. "Look at her awful grades from school. The teacher says she's so shy she won't even answer questions when she knows the answers!"

Her mother's voice; "Listen, honey, I've found another place for you to stay. No—n—n..."

"Not with me. But I think you'll like this place. They work in movies, as extras. They're kind of fun. You go to them next week. No, I can't take you myself. I'm not feeling good."

And then she had told her that her mother was sick. Sick—how?

"Well, her mind is kind of tired, honey. So they're putting her in a hospital to rest."

She had heard enough to know what that meant. Her mother had gone insane. She hardly had time to digest it before they told her. best. There would be no more money for Norma Jean, and therefore she could not stay. She only nodded, accepting that, too. Why should anyone want her, a skinny, homely, bad little girl? No one had ever loved her. She knew that, and by now it hurt no more than an old, almost healed wound.

But the sign over the building the social worker drove her to—the black sign with yellow letters that spelled ORPHAN-AGE—that was a new wound, a terrible one. She started to scream. She tried to hold on to a tree. Her little feet kicked out and her voice rose, piercing, as the woman dragged her toward the door.

"I'm not an orphan. I'm not. I have a mother. I—do—have—a—mother!"

She looked up. Arthur stared down at her. "Would you like to talk to the doctor? Are you in pain?"

What is pain? How could she explain her pain to the doctor...?

That she was sent to twelve homes before she was sixteen and still no one ever held her like a mother, comforted her, gave her advice or confidence? Tell him to cut her open because she didn't have the baby that might have saved her first marriage, made when she was sixteen to a boy she didn't love—because she thought at least she could have a home and family of her own? Tell him she was crying now because her second marriage, to Joe DiMaggio, fell apart, too, without a child to hold it together, and because becoming Marilyn Monroe, beautiful and famous and rich, and having half the world in love with her hadn't filled her empty heart? Tell him that when she met Arthur Miller she had thought at last her life would be complete, that having his love, sharing his life, joining his religion, would give her what she had longed for and missed for all those desperate, lonely years. That she had everything now that a woman could ask for—and life was still imperfect because that childhood vow to herself that she would never bear a child, to die of grief. Tell him of the months of tortured waiting, and then the second pregnancy—and then the end of that one, and the withering away of all hope she had that terror that crept over her, the fear that she would never bear a baby, that she couldn't—and the sense of hideous failure.

She didn't fail the little girl she had been, promising that someday she would be to a baby all that no one had been to her.

To the surgeon all this?

"No," she said again. "No—I don't want to talk to the doctor."

Arthur held her hand for a moment. She knew she was loved.

On the morning, they took Marilyn to the operating room. They wheeled her in on a cot, and she stared up, seeing the blinding lights in the ceiling, and then the face of her surgeon, bending over her. "You're not nervous, are you?" he asked.

"No," she said.

The operation began.

When it was over, they left her to sleep for a while. She opened her eyes after an hour.

The sun slanted into the recovery room, making a patchwork pattern on the floor and across the sheets. Putting her hand on one square, she closed her eyes and prayed.

They wheeled her back to her room. The cart moved down the halls and young doctor who had stood outside her door so many hours before, paused to look at her.

She heard a question about a successful operation... Another answered, "She can have her baby..."

His voice seemed to carry clearly—at least to her. This time for Marilyn Monroe a child, unlike the others. His voice echoing through the past, no cry of that little girl. This time, she closed her eyes and she slept.

And smiled.

The end

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Roger," she whispered as she leaned close to him, "you're home. You're here with me.

"Yes, darling," he told her. "But I can't miss the bus. We're leaving Chicago now for someplace in Indiana. It's our next stop.

It was then that the doctor arrived and told her they must rush him to the hospital. They took him by ambulance to Joseph's Hospital in Burbank. He began to complain of a throbbing head pain. All day she waited at the hospital for the doctors' diagnosis. What she didn't know was that it had been many days that she was to live within the white walls of hospital rooms. Finally the doctor came out. "It's just a pinched nerve," he told her. "I'll fix you up, and get a good night's sleep." But she stayed until the buzzer rang to signal the end of visiting hours. She told Roger she'd be back early the following morning. He had said not to worry or be all right. But she wasn't. She was frightened. She seemed not to be able to focus on his surroundings. Just before she left, he mentioned again that he had to make the Chicago bus.

"What are you crying about, honey," he asked, looking puzzled. "You know about these tours. It's part of my job— and you've only been going to Indiana.

The following morning he was brought to the doctor and the doctor said Roger knew where he was. "But why am I in a hospital?" he asked her. "What's the matter with me?"

"I'm not sure," she answered. "You've been in a car accident. You've been winced and let out a groan. "Vici," he cried, "there's a terrible, terrible pain in my head."

She told him about his fall, but he couldn't remember any of it. He couldn't even remember having blacked out.

The doctors gave him heavy sedation and on Friday they were sufficiently pleased with his recovery to say he could go home.

"We're going to have such a wonderful summer together," Vici said, as she drove Roger home from the hospital. "I'm so glad all this is over. Oh, darling, you don't know how frightened, how helpless I felt when you were so sick."

He reached over and touched her hand on the steering wheel. "I know, honey. It was probably worse for you than it was for me. They kept me half-asleep most of the time." Then he smiled. "Come on, darling, let's not keep your friends waiting for you. We're going to have fun and be happy again. Just like before."

She sang at the top of his lungs all the way home.

On Tuesday he returned to the studio to film the opening show of his fall TV series.

She called him at work that morning to see how he felt. "I'm okay," he said, but, when she heard the studio switch that went put into their driveway after lunch, she knew something was wrong.

She ran and helped the driver pull him out of the car. As he lay on the stunned expression on his face, she knew he was in agonizing pain again. He couldn't even smile.

"Vici..." His voice was hoarse and hardly audible. "I'm nauseous, dizzy. Call the doctor!"

They rushed him to St. Vincent's Hospital. "Did Mr. Smith ever suffer from a head injury before?" the doctor asked. Suddenly she remembered an accident Roger had once described to her, and she told the doctor about it.

He was six or seven when he'd had that first accident back home in Arizona. "I was showing off," he'd told Vici during their courtship, "to two girls who lived on my block. I did somersaults and walked on my hands, and when I didn't know what else to do, I started climbing to the top of the building. When I reached the roof, I fell about twenty feet and landed smack on my head."

She pictured him in blue jeans and a plaid shirt delighted by showing off—King of the Block. Falling down, landing on his perch—his throne—to the little girls' feet. And they had laughed then, because it didn't seem serious.

But when the place of his fall bumped his head, he blacked out. In the park once, during one of their first dates together—a picnic—he leaned back on the grass and somehow he hit his head on a rock. It was nothing more than a few minutes he spent into a complete fog. He talked, but he didn't know what he was saying, and when he snapped out of it, he couldn't actually remember. He passed it off as "a mild form of amnesia."

The next time he hit his head, during a game at the University of Arizona (he had been rushing the quarterback there), the doctors told him he had a brain concussion.

"I was out of my head for three days," he'd told her one day when they were sharing old memories. "I was never allowed to play again."

She remembered, too, asking Roger if he thought he should use a double on "77 Sunset Strip," but he'd refused. He did all the impossible part called for; he took every fall.

Why had the doctor wanted to know all about this? Vici wondered. Did he suspect that something permanent was damage to the brain? "What is it, Doctor?" she asked. "What's the matter?"

"I'm only asking," the sober-faced, white-haired doctor answered her, "because I called it to the bettor of Mr. Smith's trouble. Why the pain persists and increases—" He never finished the sentence; instead, he asked other questions about Roger's parents. Then he excused himself and left Vici to the nagging anguish of her own imagination.

The next morning she arose before sunrise. She tiptoed to a nightlight to look after the children and drove to the hospital in the blue station wagon.

It was a sunny day, and the doctor's news lifted her spirits. The diagnosis was a "morning after plus whipslap;" and Vici felt relieved.

"Whiplash," the doctor explained, "is what we call the snapping back of discs that arise from a whiplash injury. Your husband's chin hit the tape-recorder."

When the doctor assured her he would be all right, she scolded herself for having given in to the morbid and terrifying thoughts of the night before.

Again Roger was released—but this time he was cautioned to stay at home.

No sooner had she settled him comfortably in their airy bedroom with the apricot walls, than he began to scream.

"Vici," he cried, choking on the words. "It's worse now—worse than ever!"

She picked up the hard black receiver of the telephone and dialed the doctor, who immediately ordered him back to St. Vincent's. None of the staff, diagnosticians could understand why his pain persisted until...

Late that afternoon, as Vici waited for the newspaper, she dialed him the afternoon newspaper. Then, as she paused and spoke to him gently, she noticed he couldn't move his arm. It was absolutely rigid.

"Roger," she said, "are you all right? Shall I call the doctor?"

But he couldn't speak. His tongue was thick, and all he could manage were the whimpering sounds of an infant.

Dear God, she prayed. What's happening...
to him? What's happening? With only one thought in mind, she ran down the hospital hallway, past the young student nurse to the stiff-postured Head Nurse, and she demanded to see the doctor.

"My husband can't move his arm," she screamed hysterically, "and he can't even talk to me. What's happening to him? I have a right to know. I'm his wife!"

The Head Nurse tried to calm her, but she couldn't.

"I must see the doctor!" Vici insisted, and at last the这篇的始段与段落的连接处理想的"paged him over to the loudspeaker. When the doctor turned the corner and headed for the main desk, she ran to him. "Tell me what's the matter with my husband?" she begged. "I must know! He can't speak—or move his arm!"

For a long moment he peered over his eyeglasses at her. Then he said gently, "You must try to be patient. We're summoning the best brain specialist to help us. We'll know in the next few hours.

She waited on the sunporch at the far end of the sunporch, where she had examined Roger. It was there they told her what was wrong. They said the latest X-rays had shown a blood clot on Roger's brain. They had sliced his arm and his larynx. As she stood there twisting her handkerchief into a tight little ball, she suddenly wanted to tear it to shreds.

"We must perform an emergency brain operation," one of the doctors went on, "or else there will be permanent injury—and possibly sudden death.

She wanted to scream, "This can't happen to us—it can't! This can't happen to my husband!"

But she didn't say either of these things. She fidgeted and thought—her loose fingers close to her face, her lips parted. She fidgeted and thought—her loose fingers close to her face, her lips parted. She fidgeted and thought—her loose fingers close to her face, her lips parted.

"And if you operate?" she asked finally. "If we operate, there is still the chance that it will do no good.

There was nothing more to say. She found herself nodding helplessly when she was asked if she would sign the necessary release papers.

"May I?" she began, "May I go to him?"

Her head throbbed so, she could scarcely hear, or think.

The doctor nodded. "But only for a moment. He must be prepared immediately for surgery. Every second counts.

She was frantic. Her heart was pounding terribly. But when she went to him, she spoke gently, Holding his face in her hands, she whispered, "I love you, darling. Everything will be all right.

He kissed her. But he was still rigid. Her eyes looked at her unseeing,

A nurse came, asking her to step out of the room. The doctor suggested she wait until after the operation, she said, "before notifying Mr. Smith's parents."

Her mind was a jumble of disconnected thoughts. The children! What will they think? I can't tell them anything. I must face this alone, completely alone. But what if—what if I am always alone... Supposing..."

When the doctor brought the release papers, she scribbled her permission to go ahead with the operation, and she wished with all her heart she could break down and cry. Nurse, she thought, who had patient's they wouldn't come. They had been shocked far back into a cavern of fear in her heart.

"How soon will the operation be?" her voice was muffled, "will we know if... if it's a success?"

"We won't be able to tell," the doctor said evenly, "for forty-eight hours."

Fifteen minutes later, Roger was asleep. The children—yes, they were always there. They were asleep. They were asleep.

If this didn't work, the operation wouldn't work. So she could think of nothing. She tried to push thoughts like that from her mind, but she couldn't. Supposing, after the forty-eight hours, the operation wasn't successful! What if they couldn't help Roger?

All she could think was: How will I tell the children, how can I tell them their father is...?

She wouldn't face the word, even in her mind. But she could hear Tracey asking, "Where's Daddy, Mommy? I miss him. I want him to come home!"

"But he'll be all right, honey. He'll make the operation," she said. "I'm sure he will, honey."

She urged herself. She was tired. She took a deep breath, and forced herself to believe and feel that this was the moment of decision. It seemed like a few hours later when the doctor came to her. She closed her eyes and waited for him to speak.

"Your husband will recover," he told her.

"The crisis is past. But his recovery will be slow.

The crushing weight lifted from her shoulders. She wanted to rush into Roger's room and hold him in her arms, to tell him what hope they would do together. But she didn't do it. Her eyes were filled with tears, and at last she could cry.

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Her thoughts whirled back to that June day, just a little over a year ago. The day had gone badly. At lunch, the interviewer had asked confidentially, as though it really were just between the two of them, "Dorothy, you're so different. Why is it you've never married?" She was beginning to dread interviews, knowing that same question would always be asked. Annoyed, she'd changed her mind about the shopping trip she had planned and, returning home, had found her mother's letter waiting for her. But she'd only read it halfway through when, sighing, she put it down again. The interviewer's question had brought on this strangely empty, discontented mood, and reading of the weddings and babies back in Dallas only made it worse.

She began to wander aimlessly about the room, ruffling up the pillows of a cream-white armchair, moving a porcelain figure back to its proper place on the eighteenth-century commode, bending down to pet her silky Afghan hound when she noticed he seemed to be catching her nervously through the phone range, breaking the silence sharply.

"Hello," she said, picking up the receiver.

"Hello," a deep voice answered. "My name is Jacques Bergerac. I know we've never met, but . . ."

"Weren't you at the premiere last week?" she asked, remembering the tall man who'd darted across the theater lobby. He'd seemed so sure of himself then, but now . . .

"Yes, yes," he answered eagerly. "We've been at so many places together, but nobody ever seems to introduce us." He paused for a moment, as though uncertain of whether to go on. Then he asked, "Would you have dinner with me . . . tonight?"

"Why, yes," she agreed. "I think I'd like that."

"Fine," he said. "There's a little restaurant in Beverly Hills that . . . Well, I'll tell you all about it when I pick you up. Is seven-thirty all right?"

"Yes," she said. "See you then."

That night, when the interviewer had brought them little cups of steaming Turkish coffee, he confessed, "I could hardly breathe through that phone call. I was so afraid you'd say no, that you'd think I was being . . . well, fresh." She smiled at him over the candle that glowed in a thin glass cylinder. "What made you call me?" she asked softly.

"I really won't believe me," he answered, "but you know, you can tell a lot about people by just watching them. I watched you . . . and I wanted to know more.

"I caught you at it," she teased, "last week at the premiere."

"Did you?" he laughed. And then, catching her hand in his, he said softly, "Disconcertedly, I come from the Basque country, and in the farmhouses there they hang little strips of paper from the ceilings. There's perfume to attract the flies and glue to hold them. In a woman, beauty is the perfume and charm and interest are the glue. There aren't many women who have both . . . like you."

Disconcerted, she withdrew her hand, lifting the cup of coffee to her lips. But when she put it down, her hand trembled, making the cup clatter against its saucer.

In the months that followed, they were together constantly. She felt as though she were on the edge of discovering something very important. She was Dorothy Malone, a tall sunburned girl from Texas. She'd never thought of herself as
Amen. Dorothy heard the last note of the student's song fade away. Then the organ was playing alone, the Wedding March from "Lohengrin." Jacques' arm tightened around her waist, she leaned her head against his shoulder and smiled up at him. "Happy," he whispered as they walked back up the aisle to get her hand in arm.

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

She exchanged a look with her mother standing to one side, her head turned so that nobody would see her dabbing at her eyes.

"Oh, you're crying," she laughed, going in behind her.

"I just couldn't help it," she said, "I was just so happy." Then, as Jacques leaned over to kiss her cheek, she said, "The cake, it's wonderful. I can't believe it. It looks lovely. And champagne."

"I have a wish all ready," Dorothy said, "for when we cut the cake."

And then, to make sure that she and Jacques had planned, she felt her eyes fill with tears. "I guess it runs in our family," she laughed, and then, catching Jacques' puzzled look, she explained, "I think I'm going to cry, too."

"Let's go outside," he suggested, "just for a moment." His strong arm circled her waist as he led her through the church door and out onto the top step.

"The rain's stopped," she cried. "Look, the sun is shining." — MILT JOHNSON

DOROTHY IN N-G-M's "THE LAST VOYAGE."

I saved my MARRIAGE

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How can a mother learn to live with her child's hurt? Read "Mommy, Why Am I Different?" in October TRUE STORY Magazine, now your newest read.
I sat in Physiology II class trying to concentrate on answering the questions to a quiz on heredity, but my mind wasn’t on the questions. I had been thinking about Sandra. Finally, I finished the quiz and then sat staring at the ceiling and thinking about a letter I was trying to write to a girl I’d never met before. I know what you’re thinking, and go as far as, “Dear Sandra,”...then I was stuck.

Finally, I wrote a letter that sounded right, so I transferred it to a piece of my letter paper. It wasn’t much, but it was the best I’d brought from home. Then, before I lost my nerve, I sealed the letter and dropped it into the nearest mailbox. All I had to do was wait to see if it would make it, and then ask for an answer. I knew she’d get the letter because one of the girls in class lives on her block, and she gave me Sandra’s handsomeness. (I didn’t tell her why I wanted it.)

The whole idea had come to me the night before. Since I’ve a yen to be in show business someday, I’d been reading the ads in Photoplay magazine. I was leafing through the magazine when suddenly, a pair of beautiful brown eyes looked right out at me. One line on the page was most appealingly written, and it was my lucky day. I decided this June and the only thing I’ll really miss is going to a senior prom.

Then the idea hit me. I could come to Sandra’s rescue. After all, even though school is officially over for me, my graduation would be on the same night as mine—some of the studios have this sort of arrangement with our school—so that she was actually a member of my class, and why shouldn’t she go to our prom?

It wasn’t until after I mailed the letter that I began having serious doubts about whether I was ready for it. I hadn’t told anyone about it, except my mother, who promised to keep my secret. If Sandra didn’t answer my letter, or turned me down, it would make me look like an awful drip if I’d already
told everyone I’d invited her.

Ten days passed without an answer to my letter, and I’d just about given up hope when, one afternoon, I could tell by my mother’s voice that something good had happened. Then she told me a letter from Sandra Dee had arrived! ...I flew home like a balloon ascending through a prairie. I made it in ten minutes flat. But after rushing into the house and picking up the pale pink envelope, I opened it very slowly.

My heart leaped at the answer in my mother’s eyes. “She’s coming!” I shouted. “She said yes!”

Then I went into my room, closed the door, and sat down behind my desk. I was going to take Sandra Dee to the prom. But then I began to get kind of shook up. What would we talk about? Would she hate me?

The next afternoon I spoke to Sandra on the phone. She sounded warm and wonderful and very down to earth.

“Hi, this is Ronnie de Salvo. I...well, the school didn’t answer your letter sooner, but I wanted to be sure I could definitely go before I wrote you.”

We talked a little longer and then it was easier. It was almost like talking to a girl—I mean, like any other girl.

“What color’s your dress?” I asked. “I mean, so I’ll know what kind of flowers to get. And do you want a regular corset or one for your wrist?”

“I’d like a wrist band, thank you, and my dress is pale blue with embroidery all over it.”

“That was my favorite color. ‘Oh, yes,’ I said then, ‘how tall are you?’

This probably sounded like a funny question, but it was important to me. I didn’t want her to be too tall, or too short.”

“T’ve five foot four,” she said softly.

“I said, ‘Gee, that’s great. I mean, I’m five foot eight and a half myself.’

We talked a little longer and then we said goodbye.

Now I’m a natural-born worrier, so I memorized every statistic I could find on Sandra. If only I’d been given a quiz on the stars I’d have made an A plus, for sure. For instance, I’d read that her favorite colors were blue, lavender and silver. When I made ar-
rangements to meet her, I had a blue dinner jacket and black pants. Then I’d read that her favorite sports were ice skating and horseback riding. I didn’t know anything about either of them.

But I decided there was less to learn about skating, so I boned up on figure-eight and a few skating terms.

The days flew by until finally it was Prom night. That day everything went wrong—it was a nightmare! I put brown polish on my shoes by mistake and then dropped them in the trash can. I split my right elbow on a junk pile. I spent two hours Minor my family’s car, went to the eve-
ning, before I realized the car kept getting duller. Finally, I looked at the clock and saw that it was the hour and then I got into the car, grabbed the flower box, ran up the driveway and rang the front doorbell. Zero hour had
arrived.
A pretty young woman opened the door, smiled and said, “I’m Mrs. Douvan, Sandra’s mother. You must be Ronnie. Please come in.” She had such a bright smile that I walked through the door feeling as if it were old home week. She led me into the living room, but Sandra wasn’t there. Then I heard a voice behind me.

“Mr. de Salvo, hi. I’m Sandra Dee.” She called me sister! I walked over to her, clutching the flower box for support as if it were a brick wall. She smiled, and when I gave her the flowers. Then she opened the box, and her eyes grew wide.

“Oh—they’re perfect,” she said, and I felt good.

While she put on the flowers, I had a chance to really look at her. She was the most beautiful girl I’d ever seen. Then she went in to get her wrap, a white fox one, and, when I helped her on with it, I realized that all my worry over whether or not I should buy elevator shoes had been for nothing. In my ordinary shoes I was still taller than she was. As a matter of fact, at that moment I felt about six-feet-five!

We were driving toward Beverly Hills where one of the girls in my class was giving a pre-prom party. I turned the radio on softly. A band was playing through the winter song. This fit perfectly.

“That’s one thing I miss about living in California,” I said, nonchalantly, “not enough places to go ice skating. I just love to skate, don’t you?”

“I hate it,” she answered. I gulped. She must have heard me swallow, because she sort of turned around in the seat and looked at me.

“Sandra, I might as well tell you, I’ve spent the past two weeks reading every story ever written about you. To tell the truth, I’ve never ice skated in my life but I read that it’s your favorite sport and I...”

She started to laugh, not at me, with me. Then she turned a little more toward me, leaned against the seat and said, “Well, now that you’ve confessed, it’s my turn. I’ve spent the past two weeks worrying about what to say to you! I’ve been wondering if the kids would like me... honestly, I was scared to death about tonight! And, by the way, don’t believe everything you read about me.”

In a few minutes, we were parking in front of Barbara Wolf’s house. I could tell that Sandra was still a little apprehensive, so I said, “Don’t be frightened, Sandra. The kids are as anxious to see that you have a good time as I am.”

She smiled and took a deep breath. The moment we got through the door and she saw how informal and nice everyone was, she seemed to relax. The girls in particular were nice to her. I hadn’t been worried about the guys taking to her—but other females, that was a different story. Several girls told her how happy they were that she was graduating from Uni, and how glad they were that she could come to the prom. A couple of the girls even briefed her on the routine for graduation exercises and told her where to put her hat. And then Sandra was laughing and chatting as if she’d known the kids all her life.

At 9:30 the party broke up. We all went to the prom, which was being held at the Rustic Canyon Club. Sandra and I got back into the car and I drove down Sunset Boulevard toward the beach. As much as I was happy to see her with the gang, I relished being alone with her just talking. Frankly, I was amazed at how intelligent she is, how readily she’s able to discuss every topic. A lot of girls get lost once there’s more to a conversation than what they’re going to wear at the next dance or who’s going steady with whom. But Sandy and I talked about everything—politics, books, art, music—with very little mention of her career, or movies. We got around to discussing more personal things, and I mentioned I’d originally come from New Jersey. She told me she was born here, too—as if I didn’t know! Then she began telling me something about her life, before Hollywood; about her family; how close she is to her mother; how much she’d loved her stepfather, Mr. Douvan, and how terribly much she felt his loss. I told her about my folks, too, and about what I hope to do after graduation and, oh, everything. I guess I was more interested in what she was telling me than anything we drove. We were all dressed in formal clothes on our way to a gay school dance, we should discuss such serious things as life and death and how we felt about them. I wanted the keep on driving and driving and never stop—but we had a prom to go to!

Once inside the club, we checked her wrap and made our way through the crowded foyer into the ballroom. There were over a thousand people at the dance. And, conversely speaking, Sandra met and shook hands with at least half of them! She was so down-to-earth.
and sweet that even those few kids who had thought she'd act like a stuck-up movie queen clustered around her. After a while she whispered to me her feet hurt and asked if we might please sit down for a while. I took her arm and steered her over to a corner and we just sat listening to the music. The band was playing slow tunes. And the women wore reminiscence rock 'n' roll favorites and, of course, a few cha-cha's.

When one of the fast numbers came on, I took her hand and said, "C'mon, Sandra, let's dance."

She kind of clung to her chair as she said, "Ronnie, would you mind if we waited for a safer tune?"

"Aw, c'mon," I coax, "this is the greatest."

"I . . . well, I'm afraid I don't even know how to拎脚. In fact, this is the first time I've been to in my whole life . . ."

I felt awful. I should have been a little more tactful; I just assumed everybody knew how to拎脚 in. "Sandra, would you mind if I showed you how?"

She shook her head and smiled. I led her out on the terrace and told her to just sit on the curb while I went back into the room, got the flowers and brought them over in a few minutes. She has a great natural sense of rhythm, but she didn't know it. So I pointed this out to her, showed her a few basic steps and, in another ten minutes, we were doing well enough to go back to the dance floor.

After a while, we got something cold to drink and I took Sandra into the ante-room where she sat like a snow queen. She met my teachers and the vice-principal, and everyone was captivated by her. At 11:30 we decided we'd better get going, so I walked the next show at the Crescendo. Before we left, she said goodbye to as many of the kids as she could, and all of them told her how much they'd enjoyed meeting her. To save the lead, she'd made a huge hit with everybody.

Back in the car, she leaned against the seat and said: "Would you mind very much if I walked through the house with you?"

I laughed—now I knew we were good friends. Off came the shoes, her wrap and the wrist corsage, and she relaxed. I leaned over and opened the window on her side and held the flowers, and watched and listened to the radio—it was just great.

But on Sunset Strip there was a traffic jam. We wedged along the boulevard until it was almost as slow as walking. We saw neon letters above the names of Mort Sahl and the Four Preps. Around the club was a line of nearly three hundred people waiting to get in.

"You poor souls," I joked. "That's the no-reservation crowd. We've got a table already, so there won't be any problem."

I couldn't find a place to park close by, so I let Sandra off and rode up the nearest hill in my car. When I ran back down to meet her, she was standing quietly at the end of the line, just waiting. "Follow me," I said, taking her hand. "I'll get in the crowd, but we couldn't budge. Finally we worked our way up to within fifty feet of the doorway, and I was just about to suggest she wait for me while I checked with the doorman and overheard a girl behind us talking to her date.

"I thought you said you made reservations," she said impatiently.

"I did," I replied, and cried fractionally, "I called ten days ago . . ."

I had a sinking feeling. After polling a few more couples, I discovered that everyone had reservations. Seems this prom was limited to formal reservations, because usually half the people never show up, but that night everyone who had called came. We stood in line nearly an hour. It was really hopeless. I felt awful. I kept wondering what guys like John Saxon or Ed Belfour would do. But Sandra was such a good sport about it. She stood there in line, talking calmly and not in any way acting upset or mad because she had to wait. At ten minutes to five, when there was a hush a megaphone that it would be another forty minutes before the next show would begin, we gave up.

I told Sandra to wait for me the car, but she insisted on coming with me. Up the hill we chugged, and I'm sure her high heels didn't help any. This time, when they steered the car, she didn't even wait to ask if she could take off her shoes, she just did. We drove back out Sunset again, both a little beat, and for a while we just listened to the radio. Then James Darren's record of "Gidget" came on, and I could tell she was blushing, but I didn't say anything. I just pinched myself and thought how nice it'd be to get Gidget right here in person . . . it was too much.

Then we started talking about graduation ceremonies and things, and she told me how thrilled she was that as part of her May Queen duties she'd be taking a trip back to New York—sole the first time she'd been allowed to travel alone. She said she was all excited about seeing some of the people from the family in the East, and her friends, and just going shopping and seeing some plays.

Finally, it was time to go home. When I reached her driveway and stopped the car, I couldn't believe how much she wanted to take a while to get all my junk together.

She started searching for one shoe that had slid under the seat; she picked up her stole, her flower bag and an Instantaneous of things she'd scattered on the front and back seats. Then she kept putting the wrong shoe on the wrong foot—and suddenly we both got the giggles.

When she had everything under control, she just sat there for a moment. Then she looked at me and said, "Ronnie, I really think I want a kiss. Thank you . . . thank you for everything."

I was so happy. "Sandra, maybe, when you come back from New York, if you have time, we could see each other again. We could go up to a show or something, because I really enjoy being with you . . . talking to you."

"I feel the same way. I'd love to see you again."

I walked her to the door. Mrs. Douvan came out and asked me in, and I sat down for a few minutes while Sandra took off her shoes again and went to get some water for Mrs. Douvan. Then I asked her if I'd like something cold to drink. I was really dying of thirst but I said no. It was late and I didn't want to overstayed my welcome. Sandra walked into the room, and she and her mother walked me to the door and thanked me again.

It was after two when I walked into my house. I tried not to make any noise, but Mother heard me anyway. As I walked down the hall, she whispered, "Ronnie, did you have a good time?"

I was perfect.

I hung up my pale-blue jacket and put my slacks on a hunger . . . Monday they'd have to go back. By tomorrow, the whole evening would be just a memory. But I knew how lucky I was, and I told my senior friends. The prom would always stand out as a special night in my life, thanks to Photoplay.

—RONNIE DE SALVO AS TOLD TO MARCIA BORIE.
would call him in for some cookies, and he'd unlatch the screen door and hold it open; especially that George could come in. He and George would stand by the oven while his mother piled cookies on a plate. And he'd say, "Go on, George. Take lots of cookies. There's plenty." And of course his mother would have to dol out an extra share for George.

Now George became his only friend and he would talk to him as he'd once talked to his brothers and sisters, or to any other boys of his age. Some of the other boys: there were: his father, but somehow his dad was always busy at the store, and too tired at night to spend much time with his younger brothers. Jack—two years older, and Charles—four years older, but a five-year-old younger brother seems like an infant and is treated that way by his older brothers and by his mother. It was only to George that he was able to pour out the secrets that were in his heart. The wonderful home his mother had made for them in Norman, Oklahoma, became, for him, just a house.

Aunt Leon and Uncle John took him in after his mother died. They did their best to give him love and understanding, but somehow he became like a fifth wheel. Having George with him helped. There was the matter of vegetables, for instance, especially spinach. When he left the greens at the side of his plate, Aunt Leon, pleaded, but to no avail. Then she devised a system: "I'll put the vegetables in the ice-box for you," she said, "When you're hungry, buy just help yourself to the vegetables you've left." And it worked, or at least she thought it every day. The vegetables disappeared from the ice-box.

What Aunt Leon did was to offer that he was given them to George, who fed them to Ginger, Jim's mongrel pup, who ate everything.

It was while he was living with Uncle John and Aunt Leon that he was told he'd almost died. He fell down a whole flight of stairs. He was unconscious, and needed many blood transfusions to bring him back to life.

Someday, this time George wasn't any help. After all—and this he wouldn't admit to anyone—he couldn't really see George develop; he knew, he knew, there was a real, live person into his room, to gather him up in her arms, to hold him close. Then everything would be all right. What he needed—but he never could put this into words—was his mother.

When he was eight, he was given a second mother. Not quite like the first, but a mother nevertheless. His father married again, and once more the Baumgarners were a family living under the same roof. For a brief time he thought someone cared for him, but the marriage didn't work out, and for the second time before he was ten years old, he lost a mother.

All this time he went to school, but he hated it. In the classroom he was just another fellow, one of many. So he hid behind a big propped-up textbook, reading comics or talking under his breath to George. He was in fourth grade, where he was the only student, and all attention was focused on him, where the teacher always looked like his mother.

For when he was in the third grade he almost liked school. The teacher happened to be another of his aunts, Mrs. Ruth Stegner, and she went out of her way to interest her nephew in school work. He found that learning could be fun when somebody cared about how you were doing. But he couldn't spend his whole life in the third grade and, when he passed on to the next class, he returned to comics, George and his dreams.

Soon his feeling about school turned to hate. This was somehow tied up in his mind—although he couldn't put it clearly in words—with what was going on at home. The trouble was that there wasn't any one place he could call home. He was always being "farmed out" to one relative or another. In school and out, he never felt that he belonged. All this came to a head one day when he was well into his teens. His high-school English teacher asked the class to name the author of "The Scarlet Letter." No one's hand went up and the teacher snapped, "You're a bunch of stupid kids." He just couldn't sit still and take that. "You are here to give us the answers," he said to her, and then got up and walked out of the class.

At thirteen, he was definitely on his own. He flitted from odd jobs to still odder jobs, always looking for something exciting, something more challenging that he'd really like. But work was like school—dull and meaningless. He knew that other people existed; he liked some of them and sometimes almost believed that they liked him. He had a small group of helping-friends. Someone might be to him, he usually ended up feeling that—really—none of them cared what happened to him one way or the other.

There was the time his high school was competing in the finals of the Oklahoma State Championships. At the end of regulation play, there was this tie. In overtime, he was fouled while driving in for a basket and was given two foul shots. He stood on the free-throw line and threw up the first shot. He missed. Then, taking a deep breath, he fired the second shot. The ball rimmed the basket and fell out into the arms of an opposing player, who dribbled down the court and scored the winning goal.

The team had lost. But in his own mind he had lost. It was his personal defeat, as if none of the others had made errors, as if the others hadn't even existed. When his teammates gathered around him to console him, he broke away and ran across the court. He stood in front of a wall and hit it again and again with his bare fist until he broke his hand and even the pain in his hand was not as deep as the thought. They hate me for losing the game. They think it's my fault, but they haven't the guts to say so.

From that day on he never touched a basketball again.

Now, looking up from his plate, he said aloud, "How silly can you be?"

"What did you say, dear?" Lois asked. "I was just talking to myself," he answered. Then she saw that her husband was staring down at his plate again.

In 1944 he and a friend from school, Jim Paul Dickenson, decided to join the Merchant Marine. Life at sea was adventurous, but somehow the adventure was empty. It wasn't quite what he wanted, either. So, as soon as he hit shore after a long trip, he hitchhiked back to Norman.

His dad, who was hopping about as much as he was, happened to be home at the same time. He was on his way to Los Angeles, so Jim went along for the ride. In California he was enrolled in Hollywood High, but, following his run-in with the English teacher, he quit after three-quarters of a year. He made a lot of money for a time posing in bathing suits, but got bored and gave it up. Then he tried his hand at working as a gas-station attendant, but soon quit that, too.

Back he went to Norman and another crack at high school. For once, he made good grades, because they wouldn't let him
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to the edge of the pool. She was still there. He swam to the side of the pool, braced his arms on the edge, looked up at her for a full minute, and then said "Hello."

They talked together for two hours. He found out that she was divorced, that there was no one in her life, and that he loved her. Almost instantly, he knew he loved her, that she was the someone he'd been searching for.

He found out why she was so sad. Her eight-year-old daughter Kim was lying in Children's Hospital, the victim of a polio attack. She was so worried about her child that she could hardly speak of it. But he talked to her about the girl, tried his best to comfort her. It didn't seem the proper time, somehow, to ask her for a date. So he spoke quietly to her, and listened to what she said, and felt a great sense of happiness and contentment welling up inside him.

Then some of the kids in the pool splashed water on their life, and in a few moments the monster had routed his tormentors. But when he swam back to the edge, she was gone.

It wasn't fair to call her. She was too upset, too worried about her daughter. But by the end of the week, he could stand it any longer. He'd been invited to a party on Sunday; he called his host and asked the name of Lois, too.

Sunday finally came. On the way to the party he mumbled to himself a kind of a prayer. "Let her be there. Please, let her be there."

And she was there. He entered the crowded room and saw her immediately, sitting alone in a corner. She saw him as soon as she looked around, and in a few seconds he was at her side.

The words poured out. Kim was better. The polio attack was not as severe as had first been feared, and Kim would be out of the hospital very soon. Then shyly they talked about each other, and they talked to each other. Before they parted at the end of the evening, they made a date to meet the next evening.

They met the next night. and the next. and the next. And one evening—they had known each other less than two weeks—he pulled her car over to the side of Mulholland Drive, turned to her, and said, "Lois . . . Lois, will you marry me?"

She said, "Yes."

Despite parental objections—he has no money and little prospects—they were married, on August 17, 1956, in the judge's chamber at the Beverly Hills City Hall. . . . less than six weeks after they'd first met by the swimming pool.

Now that he had won the mother he had the problem of winning over the daughter. At first he batted her. After all, she'd just come home from the hospital, she had some difficulty walking, so he handled her gently and with great patience. But he just couldn't get through to her.

One day Kim had come to their small apartment disturbed by a problem she was having at school. He tried to find out what was bothering her, but she wouldn't tell him. Babysitting didn't work; patience didn't work; so, finally, in desperation, she blurted out: "I can't stand this; please say something—anything!" But she said nothing at all.

Then he did something he never thought he'd do, that he didn't even feel he had the right to do. He took her over his knee and spanked her. She didn't cry, she didn't whimper . . . she didn't say a word. As soon as he started, she just ran out into the street and he sat there looking at his hands, feeling that he'd lost her forever.

But fifteen minutes later she was back in the house, laughing and happy. She told him all about what had been troubling her at school and nodded in agreement when he rebuked her. Later, he found out what she'd done after she'd run out of the house. She'd visited all the neighbors, telling them with great glee and great pride, "Jimmy spanked me . . . My father spanked me."

Somehow, some way—and what man understands how a girl's mind works?—the fact that he'd spanked her meant, to her, that he really loved her. That he was really her father.

Not so long after this, the door to fame and fortune opened all the way: "Maverick." But another event made him happier: the birth of their daughter, Greta Scott Garner, at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, on January 4th, 1958. Now as soon as he'd done something he really wanted to do for a wife and two daughters he loved.

It was eight months later, on September 29th, 1958, that the image he had once built up of the little, scrawny, shy boy, the rejected boy, the unloved boy, was shattered completely. The people of his home state, Oklahoma, had proclaimed September 20th as "Jim Garner Day." And he was there with Kim to take part in the ceremonies.

Lois had to stay in California, where she was recuperating from a siege of pneumonia.

After the parades and the speeches and the hoopla at Oklahoma City were over, he went on to Norman to visit his relatives: his grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and one of his brothers. As he talked with them and ate with them, he suddenly realized that they weren't treating him like a celebrity, like something special, but like a boy who had come home.

And sitting there in Aunt Ruth's house he suddenly discovered a secret—the secret he'd been searching for all those years. To be loved, to accept love, to recognize love, you must know how to give love, you must be willing and ready to love.

Now he looked across the table at Lois and smiled. "May I have some more chicken? I'm very hungry.

Lois smiled back and filled his plate. She passed the peeping dish to Kim, who passed it to her father. As it went by Greta, the baby bounced it with her spoon and gurgled. Then they all laughed.

"I'll miss this apartment," he said. "I know the new house will have more space and we need it. But somehow . . . somehow . . . we'll stop talking and start eating again.

Lois watched him. Later . . . later when Kim was watching television and Greta was in her room, he had been thinking. She'd waited this long; she'd wait a little longer.

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***** BIG FISHERMAN, THE—Buena Vista: Panavision, Technicolor: A dazzling spectacle illuminates the beginnings of Christianity, with Howard Keel as St. Peter. John Saxon and Susan Kohner provide the romance. (F) October

***** BLUE DENIM—20th, CinemaScope: Disturbing story shows that nice kids can get in trouble, too. As Suburban Heights youngsters, Carol Lynley and Brandon De Wilde experiment with sex too far. It's Carol's picture—the one that'll make her a star. (A) October

***** DEVIL'S DISCIPLE, THE—U.A.: Based on G. B. Shaw's play, a witty, fast-stepping film about the American Revolution, holds the colonists' cause with Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster and puts Laurence Olivier in charge of the redcoats. Rousing entertainment. (F) October

***** FIVE PENNIES, THE—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Listen to the beat, as Danny Kaye plays jazzman Richard Nichols. The heartstream in his love for wife Barbara Bel Geddes and daughter Tuesday Weld. (F) September

***** FOR THE FIRST TIME—M-G-M: Technicolor, Technirama; Come on in—the music's sweet and loud and the scenery's fine. On Capri, Zsa Zsa Gabor ends up just a former flame when Mario Lanza meets gentle Johanna von Kos-sian. Affecting little tale. (F) October

***** PORGY AND BESS—Goldwyn, Columbia: Todd-AO, Technicolor: Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge as the star-crossed lovers and Sammy Davis Jr. as their tempter. Stand out in Gershwin's classic. (F) September

***** PRIVATE'S AFFAIR, A—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Sal Mineo and Terry Moore have star-sparkle; Gary Crosby's likable; Christine Crearie's lovely; Barry Coe's handsome. But a forced plot hampers nice people. (F) October

***** SCAPEGOAT, THE—M-G-M: Offbeat movie doesn't quite live up to its dramatic opening, when Alec Guinness as a bored English schoolteacher meets Mr. as a debonair Frenchman, He and Bette Davis hold your interest. (A) October

***** TAKE A GIANT STEP—U.A.: In a splendid acting debut, singer Johnny Nash is a boy of sixteen, a Negro in a white world, still facing universal troubles as he takes the step from adolescence to maturity. (A) October

***** THAT KIND OF WOMAN—Paramount, VistaVision: Under the fashionable frankness of this World War II drama beats a soft and sentimental heart. Tab Hunter's a naive paratrooper who falls in love with Sophia Loren—then learns about George Sanders. (A) October

***** THEY CAME TO CORDURA—Columbia: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Different sort of film that happens to have a western setting, on the Mexican-American border in 1916. When the story's tensions separate the men from the boys, Gary Cooper sees Van Heflin as a brute. Tab Hunter a careerist. Ignoring glamour, Rita Hayworth's great. (F) October

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New!

new kind of greaseless foundation cream!

brings you "night cream" moisturizing under your make-up all day!

**Create an all-day "moisture reserve."** At last a cream that goes beyond superficial smoothing... that actually controls the moisture level of your skin. Pond's Moisture Base is greaseless. Your skin never feels sticky, make-up never cakes or streaks. Transparent, it can't conflict with any make-up shade.

For a lovelier face, smooth on New Pond's Moisture Base every morning. Use it for nighttime moisturizing, too.

Leaves a smooth, no-shine finish.
The FRESH-est comedy that ever put the accent on YOUTH... and it's sparked by the sparkling-est switch in an age!

Hold On To Your Hat!
Here's the kind of slightly shocking fun, delightfully daring entertainment that comes along only once in a blue moon!
I still don't believe there's a person named Fabian, although I met him. Now that I have met him, though, I like Fabe's honesty; admitting he can't sing. However, there's one thing a singer should be able to do—sing! Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O'Brian is trying to break the fingernail-biting habit. Steve McQueen's a racing fan whose career is speeding upward. Will acting spoil Kim Novak? It could, you know. She's gotten by big without it. I wonder what Pat Boone ever did with those white sneakers. To me, Shirley MacLaine is in there acting even when she is sitting quietly. How does Cary Grant do it? I believe Cary looks better in "North by Northwest" than he does in his early movies on TV. Grant took Florida like Ponce de Leon never did. I'm rooting for Lauren Bacall to be a big hit in the Broadway show, "Goodbye Charlie." I miss Bacall while wandering the Hills of Beverly. Shelley Winters bellows Hollywood is a place where a woman can't even have a friendly fight with her husband. "Money isn't everything," admitted Jim Garner, "but at least when you have it, you don't have money troubles." Speaking of Jims, how about Jimmy Stewart as an Air Force big-wig? With the heavy TV production at the major studios, they look like motels, with actors, directors, writers checking in and checking out practically overnight. I wonder if Milton Berle and his Ruthie will ever be accepted one hundred percent by The Clan. To me, Doris Day is a puzzlement, representing (continued)

Fabian? I didn't really believe it till I met him.

Dig Jimmy Stewart as an Air Force VIP.
Your name is Lucy Hardesty, and you married a man from the FBI...

So you were often on the move. Indian murders in Oklahoma. A spy chase in New York. A killing in Chicago. You couldn’t call it dull. And the fact was, your kids loved it...

You didn’t celebrate when Congress passed the law that enabled your husband to carry a gun. And you didn’t sleep the night he went after deadly public enemy John Dillinger—or all the other nights with all the other hoodlums...

You never got rich. You were often scared and alone. But you had something that made it all work. Something called love. And it turned out to be a wonderful life...

And now it has turned out to be a wonderful motion picture!

The FBI Story
Starring James Stewart, Vera Miles
From WARNER BROS. Technicolor®

Screenplay by Mervyn LeRoy
Directed by Jack Steiner
Produced by Richard L. Breen and John Twist

as Chip Hardesty
as the girl behind the man
Glorify your eyes—every day...it's easy fun and flattering

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with exclusive automatic refill
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just a kiss of iridescent color
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lash comb & mascara applicator in one
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Hollywood
continued

George Hamilton IV is really shy—except with Lisa Minnelli.

a wholesome swinger. And that's a hard thing to do, man! ... I used to mix up Jaye P. Morgan and Jane Morgan. And now that I'm about to tell you they're clear to me, I find I'm still confused. ... For that matter—quick like—can you tell me about the The Four Lads, The Four Preps, The Four Aces. Fore! ... I believe many of the teen stars like Sandra Dee and Dodie Stevens should go out on double dates with their mothers. Don't think I'm way out. Mamie Van Doren and her attractive ma used to date as sisters. ... Tab Hunter is a better actor than credited.

... I think the New York publicity man who suggested Joseph Welsh to Otto Preminger for the judge in "Anatomy of a Murder" deserves a raise and a mention. Here's the mention: His name is Nat Rudich. ... Blonde Barbara Nichols says she'd like morning better if it came later in the day. ... The Duke often selects the clothes for his Mrs. John Wayne. ... The New Tell-All Trend: Anna Maria Alberghetti didn't try to keep the fact she had her nose fixed a secret. You'd be surprised at the number of glamour girls with bobbed noses. ... Don't get me wrong. I like most rock 'n' roll. It isn't the music that's awful; it's the lyrics. ... Recommended listening: Sinatra's "No One Cares" and George Hamilton IV's "The Steady Game." ... Hollywood is a place where an actor will work years to become famous enough to be recognized, and then start to wear dark glasses so no one will know who he is. That's Hollywood for you.

Will it be Clan membership for Dorothy Toivne? Frank and Dino seem to like her.
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

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

MARTHA HYER, one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, always asks her hairdresser for a Lustre-Creme Shampoo because it leaves her lovely blonde hair shinier and easier-to-manage. Why don't you see what Lustre-Creme can do for YOUR hair?

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Lustre-Creme—never dries—it beautifies—now in liquid, lotion or cream!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE
STUFF

You just never know what you're going to find at a Hollywood party. For instance, there was Connie Stevens, smiling like she'd swallowed a canary. And there were George Nader and Martha Hyer, picking up right where they left off months ago.

Party News: Jill St. John and Lance Reventlow didn't let go of each other's hands all through the party given by Jules Stein—he's the head man on the MCA totem pole. . . . "We'll be married in the spring," Jill told me. "But I didn't say which spring," Lance teased. Jill laughed, but rumor has it Lance is in no hurry. "Don't believe anything you hear about my trying to change Lance," she said. "We like each other as we are—that's why we're getting married." . . . Spotted George Nader with Martha Hyer and it looks as though that twosome may be starting up again . . . Connie Stevens, sipping pineapple punch, was smiling like someone with a big secret. "Uh-uh," she shook her head at me. "I can't tell you—yet."

Lance is so vague and teasing about setting a date for their marriage that I wonder just how long Jill St. John's beaming look will last.

Purely Personal: Molly Bee turned twenty, but she was acting like a teenager in love at her birthday party, holding hands with agent Jerry Weintraub. . . . Rock Hudson may not know it till he reads it here, but Debbie Power is peeved at him. She claims Rock snapped pictures of the late Tyrone Power, just before they went to Spain, and now she can't find Rock to get the negatives. Maybe those "serious" rumors scared him away, but Rock needn't worry. Debbie's most frequent date these days is Arthur Loew Jr., Liz Taylor's one-time steady. . . . Carol Lynley and Brandon DeWilde made such a nice couple for a while, but now Carol seems more interested in Michael Enonomoni, a young film cutter. Seems he's older in his ways than Brandon and it looks like Carol's feeling very grown-up these days. . . . Tuesday Weld only recently turned sixteen. I wonder if that means she's now going on thirty-two? . . . Debbie Reynolds liked Honolulu so much, she may buy a house there. And for her parents' 31st wedding anniversary, Debbie took them to the island setting of the Luau. Harry Karl wasn't there himself, but he sent champagne.

Around Town: Every bachelor in Hollywood is trying to wangle a date with Hank Fonda's lovely daughter, Jane, but Shirley MacLaine's brother, Warren Beatty, has the inside track—so far. . . . Producer Ross Hunter, who's planning to make you cry as hard at his new "Portrait in Black" as you did at "Imitation of Life," has Sandra Dee in that one, too. "I must say, Sara, I'm proud of her. But," he winked, "I almost couldn't afford to hire her. she's going ahead so fast." . . . Desi Arnaz's car jumped off the road, hit three poles and took out 20 feet of metal railing. "I don't have a scratch," Desi told me when I called to check.
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Won't Rub Off...Ever!

Yours! Luxuriant lashes—instantly! Hazel Bishop's Ultra-Matic® Mascara automatically curls, colors, separates lashes! No brush! No water! No unpleasant odor! As easy-to-carry and use as your lipstick! Striking velvety shades of black, brown, green, blue. Only $1.

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This All-In-One make-up never cakes, streaks, or turns orangey! Applies like powder. Clings like liquid make-up!

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Never looks masky! Never feels heavy or greasy! The only make-up that covers your skin without smothering it!

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Amazing new-kind-of lipstick gives you a perfect lip line—everytime! In “No-Smear” or Extra Creamy “Formula 77” types.

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Where’s Jeanne Crain been these last years? She and Paul have been right here in Hollywood, making up for lost time.

**Hollywood Is Like That:** “I want to be happy,” Tommy Sands confided between shows at the Cocoanut Grove. “Later on, I want to look back at my life and say ‘Wow!’” I’d stopped by to wish Tommy luck in the army, but he didn’t need it. “Thanks for coming, Sara,” he said, “but I won’t be leaving for at least another year.” . . . Now that James Darren’s divorce is final, he’ll be going ahead as planned and marry Evy Norlund. I wish them well, but you should hear what the fiance Evy left behind in Copenhagen has to say on the subject! . . . It’s good to see Jeanne Crain pick up her career again, but I don’t blame her for taking those two years out. “I had four babies before the last one and never had time to enjoy any of them,” she said. “But Lisabette Ann was mine. I wouldn’t even hire a nurse—I took care of that baby myself.” . . . It’s always happening, but I keep being surprised when I run into a star at such an everyday place as a vegetable market. Yet that’s where I met Ann Sothern and that’s how I ended up at her Sunday barbecue. Ann’s daughter Tish, who’s really blossomed into a beautiful teenager, led me over to the poolside soda fountain and we mixed up the wildest concoction you ever saw. After that, who could eat steak? . . . Irene Dunne’s work with the U.N. is important, but I miss her in films.

**In My Opinion:** No teenager would ever go in for the hijinks some older stars like Frank Sinatra and Steve McQueen have been pulling . . . There’s only one cure for Tab Hunter’s loneliness and that’s the right wife. But Tab says she must love horses and tennis, be simple and unaffected yet have a temper, and care nothing about a career. Know anyone who fits that description? . . . Nobody has yet come along to fill Jeanne MacDonald’s place in movies . . . Carlo Ponti may “love and protect” his wife Sophia Loren right out of the movies if he doesn’t find better—and fewer—pictures for her . . . May Britt couldn’t have been more wrong. Won “Blue Angel” fame, lost husband, called it a tie.

**Spotted Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond.** “Come back to movies,” I coaxed. “We’ll even ban popcorn for you!”

**Above:** When she heard the talk that Pia wouldn’t visit her this year, I know that must have hurt Ingrid even more than all of her court troubles. **Left:** On a rare visit, Irene Dunne gets a welcome.

**Is She Is Or Is She Isn’t:** In case you haven’t been able to untangle the Ingrid Bergman marriage jig-saw, here’s some help. The Italian courts refuse to recognize Ingrid’s divorce from Roberto Rossellini and say she’s still married to him, not Lars Schmidt. Ingrid answers that if that divorce doesn’t hold up, then neither does the one she got from Peter Lindstrom, which means she was never really married to Rossellini in the first place. Clear? But at least Ingrid had Pia with her. After all the talk that she wouldn’t visit, Pia did. (Continued)
Smart girls choose this new, more modern protection

Life is so wonderful—why miss a minute of it? There’s no need to, if you count on Kotex for your feminine protection . . . most girls do. You’re extra confident with Kotex napkins—for a very good reason. Gentle Kotex has the Kimlon center which protects better, protects longer—gives you wonderful assurance when you need it most.

New Kotex napkins . . . choice of most girls
Checking The Rumors: "The newspaper columnists seem to know more about it than I do," Dorothy Malone laughed when I called to check the rumor that she was pregnant. "It's not true," she said, but her voice sounded wistful. ... Liz Taylor has slimmed down and the rumors that she was pregnant, which Liz denied all along, seem to be false. One clue: Liz's shopping spree at Dior's. And speaking of that, what's this I hear that Eddie Fisher's complaining Liz spends too much money? ... As I had feared, the Pier Angeli-Vic Damone reconciliation didn't last. Those ten months apart, Pier explained, left too wide a gulf between them. Seems even little Perry couldn't bring them close again.

Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac are denying those rumors but I'd be willing to bet they both wish they were true.

The Kookie Crowd: Never saw anyone look quite so gloomy as Fabian on "The Hound Dog Man" set, just after Sandra Dee had phoned to say she couldn't go with him to Tommy Sands' opening. Fab was scared to ask another girl at such short notice, but he finally did. Then he confided that the director wants him to lose five pounds. "It's rough," he moaned. "I always grab a sandwich just before bedtime and I don't know if I can sleep without it. But," he promised, "I'll try." ... Bumped smack into Edd Byrnes as I was going in and he was hustling out of a Beverly Hills lamp shop. "Now I've got a bed, a stove—and a lamp," he said. But Edd wouldn't have had even that if his mom and kid sister Joanne hadn't visited and made some order out of his Laurel Canyon hideout.

While here, they also met Asa Maynard. Edd seems mighty serious about this gal.

I Look Back: It was during the lush thirties in Hollywood that Jean Harlow and I sat across the studio lunch table and talked. "I'll die young," she suddenly prophesied. "I have one thing to learn or accomplish in this life and then I'll go." A few months later Jean was dead of uremic poisoning and the town was stunned. As Harlean Carpenter, Jean came to Hollywood from her native Kansas City and a year later shattered movie screens around the globe with her uncirdled performance in "Hell's Angels," one of the first all-talkie movies. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, she acted up a riot in such movies as "Red Headed Woman," "Red Dust," "Dinner at Eight," and "Reckless" with co-stars Clark Gable, William Powell, Spencer Tracy and Cary Grant. After two unhappy marriages, Jean sought security in marriage to producer Paul Berns. A few months later Berns was dead by his own hand, leaving a legacy of scandal and heartache to the girl who tried so desperately to find happiness. Actor William Powell was her last and greatest love. She died before they married.

The Telephone Rings: Hall Wallis, who's as eager for Elvis's next picture as you are, phoned to tell me he's already begun shooting it. Though the scenes with El will have to wait till his discharge, Hal already has reels and reels of El's army base, Frankfurt and all the other places in Germany that El has been to. El will play a GI and the picture looks like it'll turn out almost like a documentary of all his experiences overseas. ... Efrem Zimbalist's lovely wife Steffi phoned from Encino to invite me to a party. But before the evening came around, Steffi was on her way to the hospital with hepatitis. Last time I talked to her, she was feeling much better. ... David Nelson, off to the Army, has been making farewell rounds of studios, restaurants and favorite haunts, but dad Ozzie called to answer a big loud "No!" to the rumors Rick will move into his older brother's bachelor digs. ... Both the Jim Garners have been having a bad time with their health lately but, when I called their home, Lois seemed to be feeling much better. And now that Jack Kelly's carrying more of the "Maverick" load, Jim should be able to get that ulcer under control. It was giving him much more trouble than anybody wanted to admit. ... Back from her Hawaiian honeymoon, Margaret O'Brien phoned to say she'll continue with her career after all. "Bob wants me to," she said. I could have predicted so. (continued)
vive la différence!

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Put thoughts of stickiness, dullness, flaking (boo-o-o!) out of your pretty head!

REGULAR SPRAY NET

SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET

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Divided Families: Spotted Anna Kashfi in a Beverly Hills grocer's, with little Christian Devi perched atop her shopping cart. With those brown eyes and heavy brows, he looks exactly like his dad, Anna, who's been seeing eye doctors about those severe headaches she's been getting, looked peaked. Still not over the emotional shock that came with the failure of her marriage to Marlon Brando, she's now in the middle of another battle with him. Court orders are the weapons. When Anna sought one to restrain Marlon from popping in at all hours to see his son, he responded with one that kept her from taking Christian Devi to India as she had planned.

...Remembering what a gentle, loving woman Dixie Lee Crosby was, I can only wish that Gary Crosby, who loved her so, would take another look at his battles with Bing and ask himself if that's the way Dixie would have wanted it!

With Jock Mahoney on the team, what'd the other ten men do?

Cal York's Jottings: After those suicide-attempt headlines of a year ago, Gia Scala made happier news with her marriage to TV actor Don Burnett. ... Edd Byrnes may have sounded glib and casual as he talked to the record crowds who met him everywhere he went on his "Yellowstone Kelly" tour. But it wasn't easy. Edd's strictly a "Hello, how are you?" boy and prefers it that way. ... Those house-furnishing blues finally got to Carolyn Jones, who temporarily fled her manse, leaving husband Aaron Spelling and a decorator to carry on. ... Gardner McKay and Maria Cooper, Gary's daughter, are a steady item. Wonder what Tab Hunter has to say about that? She used to be his favorite date. ... Rock Hudson and Doris Day are planning a new album after the success of their "Pillow Talk." The only person not happy about this is Jack Lemmon. His Malibu home is within earshot of their practicing and he yearns for his old-time quiet. ... After that close brush with death, Roger Smith's building up his strength by working out at the studio gym with Clint Walker. ... The reason for all that muscle-flexing around town is Steve Reeves and the biceps he shows off in "Hercules." There'll be a whole series of "Hercules" pictures made, but, sighs Steve, "I'd rather make a western." ... When Haya Harareet, the one-time Israeli marine who's coming your way in "Ben Hur," arrived in town, the person she most wanted to meet was writer Clifford Odets. Seems she appeared in repertory in his "Waiting for Lefty" in Israel.

Giddap He-Men: Those Western TV stars are a rugged lot. "Cheyenne's" Clint Walker, a one-time night-club bouncer and also oil rigger, was an honest-to-goodness deputy in Nevada and "Gunsmoke's" Jim Arness is a former lumberjack. ... "The Texan," Rory Calhoun—a hardrock miner in Nevada, a cowboy in Arizona and a logger in California—is one of the top gun and bow-and-arrow hunters around. ... Dale Robertson of "Wells Fargo" won 28 letters at Oklahoma Military College and went from private to first lieutenant in Patton's army. ... Jock Mahoney of "Yancy Derringer" starred at football and Richard Boone of "Have Gun, Will Travel" is a converted oil field roustabout, fisherman, prizefighter and aerial gunner. ... Ward Bond of "Wagon Train" won his spurs on the U.S.C. football team—and I'll bet Ward's partner in the series, Bob Horton, wishes he'd stop using them on him!
New Cosmetic Discovery! Now you can magically change your skin tone to go with any fashion color!

Most fabulous beauty fashion since Pond's created the first compact makeup—new Angel Face with cosmetic-silicones!

Now you can change your skin tone to make any fashion color flattering—without looking artificial! New Angel Face is a new kind of foundation-and-powder. With cosmetic-silicones you can make dull skin blush, sallow skin go golden-pink, flushed skin turn pure ivory—in the touch of a puff.

Pond's discovery of cosmetic-silicones gives you soft, subtle shades never possible before... prevents the moisture in your skin from changing them. No darkening or discoloring! What's even more remarkable, cosmetic-silicones actually capture light, to give your skin a lovely radiance, a natural beauty.

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New Angel Face by Pond's
Dear Miss Pain:

I know lots of girls who call up boys on the telephone to just talk—about school and stuff. Sometimes they’re boys they date, but not always. My mom says that a girl should never call a boy, that that won’t make him want to call her back. So my older sisters ever did (at least not till they were engaged) and they both got nice husbands. But I don’t know, it’s what the kids I know are doing today. Though, even if I were to call one up, I wouldn’t know what to say. It should be for something pretty important, I guess.

Millie
Troy, N.Y.

Dear Millie:
The boys agree with your mother. Unless it’s important, let them call. As Sal Mineo said, quoting a show-business joke that agents tell anxious actors: “Don’t call us, we’ll call you.” It’s the boy who’s supposed to have

Sal Mineo

that little black book and your name will never be in it once he knows you have his number.

Dear Miss Pain:

I’ve heard other girls talk about this problem but it’s never happened to me before. I went out with this boy I’ve known for a long time. We’ve gone to school together for five years and our parents know each other, and he’s always seemed so very nice. Anyway, we doubled with my friend, Gladys, and after the movies drove around a while and then my friend’s date, who was driving, parked down by the lake. And, then, right away this boy started wrestling with me. Finally, I couldn’t fight him off any longer so I got in the front seat with Gladys. I was so scared when I got home but I didn’t dare tell my mother. She probably would have called his father. And now Gladys is mad at me because her boyfriend got sore that they had to take me home. Boy, I want to be sure that never happens to me again.

Marilyn S.
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Marilyn:

Maybe it’s time for a change—of friends! I don’t think so much of Gladys or any girl who won’t help a friend out of a difficult situation...nor of a boy who won’t take “no” for an answer. But from now on, be forewarned: even lifetime friends can develop Jekyll-Hyde personalities when out on dates, so avoid a repeat wrestling match by keeping away from “parking” areas. If you have to, invent an early curfew or develop a ravenous appetite for a hamburger or make it clear to your girlfriend before you go out that you don’t want to end up parked in Cheifly’s double-decker fully. It’s pretty difficult to keep your guy in line when you’re not getting any cooperation from the front seat.

Dear Miss Pain:

What can you do when you’re out on your first date with a boy and you can’t think of anything to say? I’m sixteen and a couple of different boys have asked me out but I always say no because I just know that when we’re alone I wouldn’t be able to say anything. Even when I think about it I start shaking like a leaf and my throat gets all dry and I feel like crying. My friends all go out on dates (though not so often as they pretend) and they say there’s nothing to it. But I know it isn’t that easy because even when a boy walks me down the hall at school I just about have enough to say to get from home to biology—no more. What would I ever do for hours?

Jan
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Jan:

It takes us girls a long time to learn that boys, too, have many of the same interests as we do. Schoolwork, jobs, football team, music, clothes and the latest dance step. So if you’re scared, remember—if you can talk to your girlfriends, you can talk to a date, too. And to keep you from getting panicky on that first date, here are a few tricks: If you have a choice, suggest a movie. That’ll take up a few hours (let’s hope he’s not the type who talks during a movie!). This will give you something to talk about afterwards. Try double-dating on your first date. Conversation is easier with four people...in fact, you’ll probably find yourself trying to squeeze in equal time. But a real sharp girl does some homework first. Discretely find out a few things about him. You can’t go wrong if you start with cars! Line up some conversation starters, like: “Can you really repair a car?” Or make him feel really important, ask him how he knows so much about cars. And remember, it takes two to talk. He’s going to help carry that conversational ball, too. So just relax and have fun—that’s really what dates are all about.

Dear Evelyn:

I went out with a real square last weekend. It was our first date and he asked me to go to one of our community dances. I don’t know why because he can’t dance and since it was the kind of dance where you come with a date there wasn’t much cutting in and I was stuck with him all night. I had such an awful time I made him take me home early and when we got there I just said good-night real fast and slammed the door after me. Then, on Monday, I saw him with a real cute guy. I found out later that they’re friends. I’m just dying to go out with him—the cute one—but all my friends say he’ll never ask me, that creepy Harry probably told him how awful I acted. Gafney isn’t such a big town and news travels fast around here. What do you think? Do I stand any chance of getting this cute boy to ask me out?

Susie R.
Gafney, S.C.

Dear Susie:

Being nice to people doesn’t cost you much effort and—besides being something you should do—it can pay off, you know. And regarding Harry’s “cute friend,” only time will tell.

Dear Evelyn:

Why do boys always talk about their old girlfriends when they’re out on a date with another girl? It makes me so mad—and all my girlfriends, too. If these girls are such sensations, why didn’t they take one of them out instead of me? This hasn’t happened just once or twice, but lots of times. I never talk about other boys I’ve dated. I don’t think it’s right to, and I don’t think it’s fair for a boy to tell me what a great dancer Mary is, and how pretty Lucy is, and boy, what fun Nancy is at parties. It kind of hurts to have a boy say those things. It makes me feel so sort of dull but they can’t think I am because they keep asking me out. What’s wrong with these boys anyway?

Betty R.
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Betty:

I think perhaps boys usually talk this way to impress you and to make themselves feel more important. But I agree it isn’t fair to you. Next time a boy starts talking about an old girlfriend and you can be sure it’s only “talk” or he would be out with her), take a tip from Annette Funicello: Whenever a boy threatens to filibuster over another girl, smile and say, “But I’m more interested in hearing about you.” Do you know a boy who could resist that topic?

(Continued)
I dreamed I was a medieval maiden in my *maidenform* bra

The past was never quite *this* perfect! I’m a legendary figure in STAR FLOWER. Maidenform’s *newest* work of art! Genius idea: petal-patterned circular-stitched cups, underlined with twin elastic bands for *custom* fit and blissful *breathing* comfort.

White cotton broadcloth. A, B and C cups. A collector’s item at 2.50!
NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!

PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—
No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher— with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive’s mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you’d dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

A reader hopes Susan’s not forgotten.

Lest We Forget

Looking over some of my old scrapbooks, I just ran across a picture of the late Susan Ball. What a wonderful talent to have died so young—to be forgotten so soon. I think she was about as beautiful as anyone could try to be.

I wonder if it would be asking too much if I asked you to print a picture of Susan for those of us who may almost have forgotten her great talent and winning personality.

Carole Polumsky
Clarkstown, Wash.

Spellbound

I have just come back from seeing “Anne Frank,” and I think it is a truly magnificent picture! I’m glad they didn’t put it in color, for they would have ruined the spell it put you in. I was drawn from my theater seat and placed in the attic-house where the picture took place. My clothes were transformed to those of the war era. My bag of popcorn disappeared, and in its place, rationed food. I didn’t talk with my neighbor, but listened for the German patrol cars.

It’s funny, but the theater was like an empty house. A deathly silence hung over the place and seemed to capture us all. And the sounds were terrifying! I don’t use that word as a horror word, but to describe the bombs, the patrol cars, the silence.

Ed Wynn, Millie Perkins in “Diary.”
These words are a little fancy for me, but I am still under the spell of the picture, and this is the only way I can describe it. I congratulate director George Stevens on this masterpiece! I think Dick Beymer's an exciting new star and I hope to see more of him.

Anne
Baltimore, Md.

Let's have more of your "fancy words." We think they're pretty wonderful.—En.

A Little Info

Hats off to Warner Brothers for bringing us the most outstanding movie of the year—"The Nun's Story."

I have already seen this great movie twice and loved every minute of it.

Audrey Hepburn was so convincing as the young Belgian nurse who became a nun and later left the convent after a seventeen-year struggle with herself.

And may I say that Peter Finch, who played Dr. Fortunati, is a truly fine actor. How about a little information on him?

Mary Newcome
St. Louis, Mo.

Sir Laurence Olivier calls Peter Finch the greatest actor in the world. You might remember him in one of his first American movies in which he starred with Elizabeth Taylor in "Elephant Walk," or as the Sher-

Peter Finch stars with Audrey Hepburn

iff of Nottingham in Walt Disney's "Robin Hood." He really achieved stardom on the London stage under Sir Laurence's banner but he's been everything from a Buddhist priest's assistant to waiter, rabbit hunter and newspaperman! As for vital statistics, Peter was born in London, England, is 5'11", has brown hair, hazel eyes and is married to the former Yolande Turner.

(Continued)
I'm nineteen years of age and for most of my years I have been wanting to become an actress. I've had quite a bit of experience in singing and beauty contests.

In the fall I intend to start dramatic school in hopes of pursuing my career.

I have blond hair and blue eyes, am 5'4" and weigh 119 lbs.

Got a problem? Seems I've got so many pictures in my scrapbook that I haven't any room to put my favorites which are Jim Garner and Elvis Presley.

I was hoping that maybe someone would like to trade Pat Boone and Rick Nelson pictures for pictures of Elvis and Jim.

I have a collection of pictures of June Allyson which date back to 1945 and before, when June was beginning her career, which I would like to sell. The collection includes four full scrapbooks, plus many loose pictures, numbering altogether well over 1000. I also have 55 actual photographs, 8x10 and smaller.

All pix and articles are in excellent condition and I will sell the entire collection, including postage, for $5.

ELIZABETH M. GILSON
645 No. Sierra Bonita Ave.
Pasadena, Calif.

I am a little girl six years old. This may be different from other letters you get, but all my life I've wanted to be an actress. I have long blond hair and blue-grey eyes, and have been in Kindergarten one year.

Is anyone interested in a new child star?

VICKI CONLEY
1305 Burnett St.
Wichita Falls, Tex.

I am very interested in Tony Curtis and Debbie Reynolds. Anyone who has any pictures or autographs of either of these stars, please write me:

REBECCA McKILLIPS
P.O. Box 137
Natchitoches, La.

I get my copy of Photoplay through a generous friend residing in Florida. I should be most grateful if you would list my name so as to enable me to get in touch with other readers. I am most interested in music, exchanging stamps and letters.

M. ASHAR
Govt. Printing Dept.
Kuala Lumpur
Fed. of Malaya

I wish very much to correspond with some of your American readers. I'll promise to answer all letters. Readers of either sex welcomed.

ROBERT LIM
96, Albert St.
Singapore 7.

I would jump for joy if all you wonderful teenagers who read Photoplay would write me. I'm fifteen and I love Fabian and Ricky Nelson and of course Elvis Presley. Besides writing letters I like to skate and do almost anything you can think of. I recently learned to drive—that's my pet hobby.

So how about it, all you guys and dolls out there? Come on and drop me a few lines.

MARY SUE POSEY
2505 Booker
Little Rock, Ark.

This is a picture of Anthony Gerard. He's seventeen and is very good looking. Besides being a good actor he has a heavenly voice. We think if he were discovered it would be a real sensation.

NORA LEE BARKLEY
ASHLENE BENTLEY
JORGIA LEAH MAER
BETSY KILDARE
DORANN HECKLER
NANCY J. BELLEVIEW
206 South Haskell
Bryan, Texas
Face your world beautifully... even on a moment's notice! Because 'Love-Pat' is complete make-up - not just pressed powder. No other make-up gives you this exact blend of foundation plus powder. There's no fussing with extra base, and Revlon color won't cake, streak or turn orange-y!
THE UNHINDERED STORY OF A CAREFREE BACHELOR
...A CAREFUL CAREER GIRL...

AND HOW THEY LEARN THAT PILLOW TALK IS NO FUN... FOR JUST ONE!

ROCK HUDSON

DORIS DAY

THE PERFECT PAIR FOR...

"Pillow Talk"

...IT'S WHAT GOES ON...WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OFF!

CO-STARRING

TONY RANDALL

THELMA RITTER

WITH

NICK ADAMS - MARCEL DALIO - JULIA MEADE

Directed by MICHAEL GORDON • Screenplay by STANLEY SHAPIRO and MAURICE RICHLIN

Produced by ROSS HUNTER and MARTIN MELCHER • AN ARWIN PRODUCTION • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

BLUE ANGEL, THE—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk; Professor Immemial Kalt, Curt Jurgen; Lola-Lola, May Britt; Kiepert, Theobald Bibel; Harry, John Banner; Rolf, Fahrizia Minn; Professor Braun, Ludwig Stossel; Clown, Wolfe Barrell; Gustie, Ima Andrus; Ketelbach, Richard Tyler; Mueller, Vostek Dolinsky; Ernst, Ken Walker; Lohmann, Del Erickson; Ludwig, Ed Angold.

BUT NOT FOR ME—Paramount. Directed by Walter Lang; Russell Ward, Clark Gable; Eleanor Board, Carroll Baker; Kathryn Ward, Lilli Palmer; Jeremiah MacDonald, Lee J. Cobb; London Reynolds, Barry Coe; Demetrious Bacos, Thomas Gomez; Ray Minton, Tom Duggan.

CRIMSON KIMONO, THE—Directed by Samuel Fuller; Christine Diorace, Victoria Shaw; Detective Sgt. Charlie Bauercraft, Glen Corbett; Detective Joe Kajaka, James Shigeta; Sue, Anna Lee; Caple, Paul Dubov; Roma, Jalycrime Greton, Hana, Nyele Marron, Sugar Torch, Gloria Puller, Mother, Barbara Hayden, Willy Hidaka, George Yoshina, Anna, Kaye Elberst, Sister Gertrude, Aya Oyan, Karie, George Okamura; Priest, Reverend Ryosho S. Sogabe; Yoshina, Robert Okazaki, Shoto, Fujii.

FBI STORY, THE—Warner Bros. Directed by Marvin Lee; Ives, Harry, James Stewart; Lucy Hardsty, Vera Miles; Sam Ganndall, Murray Hamilton; George Crawford, Larry Pennell; Jack Graham, Nick Adams; Jennie (adult), Dianne Jesen; Anna, Sage, Jean Willes; Anne (adult), Joyce Taylor; Mario, Victor Milian, Harry Dubin, Parley Baer, McCliche, Fay Roone, U. S. Marshal, Ed Prentiss; Medicine Salesman, Robert Gist, Mike (adult), Buzz Martin; Cashier Salesman, Kenneth Mayer; Snare, Paul Ganee.

IT STARTED WITH A KISS—M-G-M. Directed by George Marshall; Sue, Joe Fitzpatrick, Glenn Ford; Maggie, Debbie Reynolds; Marguerite de la Key, Eva Gabor; Antonina Sorio, Gustavo Rojo; Gary O'Connell, Peter Clark; Congresswoman Latye, Edgar Buchanan; Charles Mjunken, Henry (Harry) Morgan; Congressman Muri, Robert Warwick; Mrs. Tappe, Frances Bayaver; Mrs. Muri, Netta Packer; Major, Robert Cunningham; Sally Meridien, Alice Backes; Belushi, Carmen Philipec.

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—Warner Bros. Directed by Tony Richardson; Jimmy Porter, Richard Burton; Helena Charles, Clare Bloom; Allison Porter, Mary Ure; Mrs. Tanner, Edith Evans; Clift Lewis, Gary Raymond; Colonel Rutherford, Corn Green Shaw; Mrs. Redfern, Phyllis Neilson-Terry; Harry, Donald Pleasence; Miss D'roy, Jane Ercher; Kappe, S. P. Kapoor; Doctor George Devins, Actor, Walter Hudd; Girl A.S.M., Anne Dickins.

PILLOW TALK—U.L. Directed by Michael Gordon; David Allen, Rock Hudson; Jan Marvin; Doris Day; Jonathan Forbes, Tony Randall; Anna, Thelma Ritter; Picart, Marcel Ingers; Mrs. Walter, Lee Patrick; Tony Walters, Nick Adams; Harry, Allen Jenkins; Dr. Marwell, Jay Barrie; Nurse, Mary McCarty; Marie, Julia Meade.

POWER AMONG MEN—UN Film Board, de Rochemont. Directed by Alexander Hammond and Gaet-Lougi Polidoro. Documentary, commentary spoken by Laurence Harvey.

YELLOWSTONE KELLY—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas; Kelly, Clint Walker; Ace, Edward Byrnes; Gail, John Russell; Sayuri, Ray Danton; Sergeant, Claude Alkins; Mv, Tonnis, Rhett Reunion; Whipple, Andra Martin; Lieve, Courant, Gary Vinson; Corporal, Warren Oates.

Answers to Last Month's Puzzle

Annette

Ava

Dee

It

L

M

Att

Asta

Rear

Soir

Abbe

Ind

Pi

Pippa

Alan

Eds

Raymond
New sunshine yellow shampoo
puts Spring in your curls

puts Springtime in your hair
makes hair easier to manage

New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That’s because it conditions as it cleanses . . . so very effectively, even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!
Pillow Talk

The New York Telephone Company does not officially serve as a lonely hearts club, but in this slick, bright and thoroughly winning comedy it gets two of its subscribers (Doris Day and Rock Hudson) together by putting them on a party line. Doris, usually as wholesome as all outdoors, and Rock, generally the solemn man of action, both turn city-sophisticates here, and with sparkle (top left). In all good taste, director Michael Gordon keeps the atmosphere as intimate as the title “Pillow Talk” suggests and although the pillows concerned are in two different apartments, some split-screen trickery brings Rock and Doris neatly together. You’ll be surprised at Rock’s new flair for chuckles, letting him stay on top of the situation with a pair of old comedy pros like Tony Randall and Thelma Ritter around. With Doris as an interior decorator, the movie has excuse for some handsome —and some hilariously ugly—sets and with Rock a songwriter, it introduces the hits you’ll be hearing: “Roly Poly,” “Pillow Talk” and “Possess Me.” All the songs slide smoothly into the action; in fact, the whole picture does.

ADULT

It Started with a Kiss

Onscreen, Debbie Reynolds has been kept in the blue-jeans-and-ponytail stage too long, so it’s refreshing to find her turned loose as a mature comedienne in a movie that hasn’t a thought in it but is funny indeed. Glenn Ford adds a sensible air to it all as he wrestles with his two problems: how to be a proper Air Force sergeant although you own a car too gaudy for a general and how to be a happy husband although your bride won’t share your bed. (See Debbie and Glenn, bottom left.) Eva Gabor and Gustavo Rojo lend European charm to a film that’s full of good shenanigans.

ADULT

Power Among Men

A powerful documentary made by the United Nations Film Board proves that fact can be as absorbing as fiction and real people equally fascinating, although its chief aim is more urgent. People of different nationalities, it says, can work together to make modern skills serve humanity. And the business of building or re-building is more exciting than destruction. The message is not given in abstract words: you see it and feel it by watching villagers in Italy, farmers in Haiti, factory workers in Canada and scientists in Norway. And there’s a second idea, emphasized in a poetic commentary spoken by Laurence Harvey (of “Room at the Top”): Not only can we work together—we must, if we want to survive.
# THE QUESTION

Everyone wants "The Best of Everything"—but everyone differs as to what it is. What's your idea of "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"?

## WHERE ASKED


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Caroline, just graduated from Radcliffe, played by Hope Lange</th>
<th>Mike, Executive, played by Stephen Boyd</th>
<th>Gregg, young actress, played by Suzy Parker</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I can't answer that till I've tried everything. I may not wind up with the best, but I'll sure as Satan have the most!&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Escape. In a bottle, or maybe in a girl, provided you don't get too involved. There's always the danger of committing yourself in that weak moment.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Last year I'd have said to be a part of the theatre. But now it's to be part of the producer—that he'd as soon stop breathing as let me go!&quot;</td>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Barbara, secretary, played by Martha Hyer</th>
<th>April, secretary, played by Diane Baker</th>
<th>Mr. Shalimar, publisher, played by Brian Aherne</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Just one man to whom a divorcée isn't a blank check to quickie Heaven—who won't think that because I once said 'I do' it means that I always will.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;A wedding—any kind, any place, just so long as it's quick and legal. If only I'd gotten by that first date without giving myself away—but it's a little late now.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;To have the office harem I've got, with after-hours dictation privileges. A man in my position isn't easily satisfied with under-the-table pinching.&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dexter, man-about-town, played by Robert Evans</th>
<th>David Savage, producer, played by Louis Jourdan</th>
<th>Amanda Farro, editor, played by Joan Crawford</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Girls! Is there anything else?&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Creating for the theatre, I'd use anything, anybody, to stimulate my creative juices. I'll give them everything in return, short of myself.&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Success in business—the feeling of power that comes with it. It makes up for the bit I have to play at night to keep what I've got in the daytime.&quot;</td>
</tr>
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MOVIES continued

Look Back in Anger

V V V On the evidence given here, it’s hard to figure out what England’s angry young men are angry about. But one thing is sure: Richard Burton lives up to the ancient wheeze about the man who is “very even-tempered—always mad.” While he (from the wrong side of the tracks) and his long-suffering, aristocratic bride (Mary Ure) from the right side, snap at each other, director Tony Richardson’s camera roves around finding beauty in a drab North England town and taking the curse off the talk, talk, talk. Claire Bloom plays Burton’s mistress, but it is Gary Raymond, as his unreasonably devoted friend, who’s the most likable person in sight.

The Blue Angel

W V V It’s true May Britt is the very picture of a fine old-fashioned femme fatale, (below left) but she breaks this romantic mold and gives instead a reasonable portrait of a small-time night-club entertainer who, accepting the proposal of schoolteacher Curt Jurgens, leads him to his fall from respectability. A tag of strangeness livened things.

Yellowstone Kelly

W V V TV personalities are hot; westerns are hot on TV; so what more natural than to cram three top TV stars into a big-screen frontier thriller? They’re Clint “Cheyenne” Walker, Edward “Kookie” Byrnes and John “Lawman” Russell. What you’ll find inside the theater is a good, sturdy Indian-fighting yarn. FAMILY

But Not for Me

W V V At one point in this mild romantic comedy, Lilli Palmer resorts to a low trick to pry ex-husband Clark Gable loose from his new love, Carroll Baker. Lilli presents the much younger woman with a photo of Clark. It’s the Gable of 1935, one of his best years as a great Hollywood lover. That joke comes close to being the movie’s only joke, though a good many snickers are wrung out of it. Always an intelligent actress, Car- roll can’t manage the dewy eagerness her part requires; but Lilli has just the light charm that this brittle backstage tale needs. (Lilli and Clark below.)

The FBI Story

W V V For those who demand action, gun-fights and explosions, agent James Stewart and sidekick Murray Hamilton face national enemies ranging from the Ku Klux Klan in the twenties to Red spies in the fifties, in this saga of the great federal agency. For those who want tender sentiment and family love, wife Vera Miles produces children for Jimmy. Although Jimmy’s been through all this before, it adds up to pleasing fare.

The Crimson Kimono

W V V If only this movie had decided earlier whether it wanted to be a murder mystery or an interracial triangle, we might have had a minor triumph here. Victoria Shaw, James Shigeta, and Glen Corbett—three new attractive faces—help add touches of imagination and sympathy to a story at times too fast, at times too slow, but generally enjoyable. A good picture for a rainy day.
Revive the satiny sparkle of your hair with today’s liquid gold Halo

So rich even layers of dulling hair spray disappear with the first sudsing! You’ll find today’s Halo instantly bursts into lush, lively lather. Refreshes the beauty of your hair so completely, you’ll never go back to heavy, slow-penetrating shampoos. Yet, rich as it is, liquid gold colored Halo rinses away quickly, thoroughly...revives the satiny sparkle of your hair and leaves it blissfully manageable.
WATCH OUT FOR CLINT EASTWOOD

Clint Eastwood was doing push-ups to the tune of Dixieland music that blared from his hi-fi when we looked him up at his own pool-side. "...58...59...60," the co-star of CBS-TV's "Rawhide" counted and then, not one inch out of breath, greeted us.

“I'm a bug about exercise,” he said. “You see, accidents are always happening to me. I have to be ready.”

For instance, there was the time Clint was in the Army and hitch-hiked a ride in a Navy plane. The plane crashed into the sea off Point Reyes, California. “The pilot had his Mae West so he was all right,” Clint said. “But I didn’t have one.”

Clint, who'd learned to swim well as a boy in Oakland, California, made his way through the choppy sea. “Those four miles weren't so bad,” he grinned. “What really bothered me was the five-mile hike along the beach for help.”

Up until then, Clint had just been drifting, but after coming so close to ending his life, he determined to give it some direction. Another accident—Clint's being spotted in chow line by a Hollywood director—helped.

Stretching his six-feet-four-inches, Clint waved us into the house. “It’s time for lunch,” he said. “You should see the things my wife does with raw vegetables. Maggie's a model,” he called over his shoulder. "for bathing suits." Natch!

How to get in the movies

“Our doors at 20th are always open to new talent,” says Dick Einfield, who, in his mid-twenties, is one of Hollywood’s youngest producers. “But before anyone checks her baggage through to California,” he added, “she should have had a good speech course and some training in drama. An actress can also help herself at home,” Dick said. “by mirror practice.”

Dick adds, “Whether it’s a job interview or audition, bring along good photos of yourself and a resume. Be sure to dress neatly, speak up clearly and do not fidget. If you have any questions, ask them. It’s the best way I know to learn.”

BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

Did you know Andy Williams is a ping-pong champ? Or that Elvis carries his folding money in his shoe? ... Fabian says Frankie Avalon's not a good singer—he's a great one, like Frank Sinatra. I agree.... Dodie Stevens has the word from her folks that she can't date till she's sixteen. "I don't really mind,” Dodie insists. “There's always movies or reading or music.” Huh? ... If you dig Brandon DeWilde, wear cologne, he likes it. ... And if Tab Hunter's your guy, you'd better learn to ice-skate. You can watch him do it on TV—but not till June. That's when he'll do the NBC-TV spec, "Summer on Ice."
Cast a magic spell!
MAX FACTOR
Lights your lips with

Goldfire!

It's fashion's blazing new look for lips...the Goldfire Glow! From the deepest smouldering red to a cool golden flame—mix it yourself with MAX FACTOR's incendiary new Goldfire Red and cool iridescent Golden Frost. The magic of red and gold ignites your lips, kindles your smile to a silken flame!

GOLDFIRE LIPSTICK SET

$1.95*

A $2.75 value! Contains Goldfire Red lipstick, Golden Frost lipstick, and dainty Hi-Society mirror-case.

Bewitching new magic for your eyes!
Golden Frost Eyeshadow...$1.25*

*All prices subject to tax.

©1959 MAX FACTOR & CO.

Max Factor...master of make-up artistry for 30 years
ALBUM REVIEWS

A Date With Elvis: Elvis rocks on ten tunes you've never heard before on lp, including "Good Rockin' Tonight," "Milkcow Blues Boogie" and "Baby, Let's Play House." Even the RCA package is goesville.

Big Band Guitar: Add the driving sound of a wild guitar to Buddy Morrow's "Night Train" orchestra and you've got all you could ask for in dance music. Especially scrancy: "Tequila," "Hong Kong Blues," "Third Man Theme." RCA

James Darren: If this one doesn't add more names to Jimmy's 2,000 fan clubs, we'll turn in our life-time phono needle. Who wouldn't sign for Jimmy's honey-dipped voice on "Walkin' My Baby Back Home" or "Sweet Lorraine"? Colpix.

How a record is born

Every song starts with an idea, teenager songwriter Shari Sheeley told us, and it has to be a new one. "Sometimes you think for months," she said, "or sometimes it just hits you. Like the idea for my new one, 'Something Else.' I got that from hearing the kids use the expression—it means something real fine or ginchy. Once I had the idea, I wrote it in thirty minutes!"

Next step is to make a demo—a rough-cut record of the song—and a lead sheet of the words and music. Then you hunt around for a singer to match the song. Shari found Eddie Cochran for her song.

"From there on in," Shari laughs, "the writer becomes less and less important."

At the recording session itself, the A&R man is the boss. He's like the director of a movie, guiding the singer and the band and keeping his ear tuned for the tiniest flaw. The session takes eight or ten hours and often as many as sixty takes before the A&R man thinks it's perfect.

Finally, when the recording studio is just littered with pop bottles and coffee containers—the A&R man says they're ready to "Master." Everybody heads for the cutting room, listening to all the tapes and watching them get jigsawed together for the best final version. That's the "master," the tape or record from which the actual records will be pressed. "After that," Shari said, "it's up to the public."

platter chatter

For a lights-low Saturday party, dig The Four Preps' latest album, "Dancing and Dreaming." If you're lucky, you'll do as well as Sarah Vaughan did in a husband. He was in the band when Sassy sang at an amateur night at New York's Apollo Theater and he's the one who taught her to look as svelte as the voice you hear on her new single, "Broken-Hearted Melody." Be on the lookout for Connie Francis's new albums. She made 'em while touring in England. "When I record over there," she says, "I come out sounding more like a bell."

We'll see. Did you know that Lloyd Price is a seventh son? But it's more than luck that makes his "I Wanna Get Married" a smash. Notice all the duos coming up? Skip and Flip on "It Was I," Jan and Dean on "Baby Talk," Santo and Johnny on "Sleep Walk." Still tops: The Everlys on "Till I Kissed You." It's a must for your collection.
Sta-Puf rinses new fluffiness into all your washables!

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

If you were born between Sept. 23 and Oct. 22, you share your Libra sign with Deborah Kerr (Sept. 30), George Nader (Oct. 19), Inger Stevens (Oct. 18), Julie London (Sept. 26), June Allyson (Oct. 7), Montgomery Clift, Rita Hayworth (Oct. 17), Dolores Hart (Oct. 20).

If you're a Libra, you instinctively take to the good things in life, but you have a tendency to think of others a little too much, neglecting your own interests. Your natural charm attracts others easily and you have a keen eye for anything artistic and for detail (sometimes you're too much of a perfectionist). Mood music and romantic songs are always your favorites.

Libras love the home and family and very often marry family friends or childhood sweethearts—early. Your lucky number's six.

**Fad Alley**

Kathy Nolan tells me everybody in movieland's going in for fortunetelling sessions at parties. The gang checks Gypsy Fortune Cards to see if tomorrow'll bring love, money or headaches and, since any number can play, the cards are pulled out at big parties or at small foursomes. When Kathy and some pals read the cards, here's what they said: For Kathy, "Change of mind"; for Carleton Carpenter, "A woman betrays you"; for Dorothy Provine, "Follow any advice—it's good"; and for James Franciscus, "A new important friend." Kathy promises to report as soon as she finds out what these predictions really mean. (If you can't find these Gypsy Fortune Cards at your local store, write me and I'll predict where you can get 'em) . . . A high-school senior from Denver writes he travelled across country to Dick Clark's Bandstand and held hands there with a doll wearing gold nail polish—with flecks in it! (Why not write and let me know what your crowd's up to?)
for RELIEF of Colds Miseries and Sinus Congestion…

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 Sinus Cavities

- Relieves Pressure, Pain, Congestion
- Works Through the Bloodstream
- Reaches all Congested Areas
- Shrinks Swollen Membranes
- Restores Free Breathing
- Reduces Fever
- Controls Postnasal Drip

For new blissful relief of colds miseries and sinus congestion…try DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

In DRISTAN, you get the scientific Decongestant most prescribed by doctors…to help shrink painfully swollen nasal-sinus membranes. You also get a highly effective combination of Pain-Relievers for relief of body aches and pains due to colds…plus an exclusive antihistamine to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains Vitamin C—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day’s dose).

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There’s Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

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

And New Lady Clairol feels deliciously *cool* going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!
To romance whispers out of Hawaii, Debbie laughs. But she does admit, "I left all my weariness in Honolulu and brought back so many lovely memories." For Debbie's own account of what happened, turn the page...
The afternoon in Honolulu was as usual—a bright, hot one. As Debbie Reynolds, carrying Carrie and followed by Todd and the nurse, carefully made her way down the landing steps of the airplane, hundreds of fans and well-wishers pressed in to offer flowers and leis. The King—the official greeter of the Island—gave them a welcoming salute, and Carrie, blinking against the sunlight, waved back. Within minutes, the party, which also included Debbie’s mother and father, was collared in layers of leis. And despite the heat, Debbie signed autographs until she was hustled to a car where the children were waiting. Looking tired, Debbie told a newswoman, “I’m so tired I can’t even make decisions. All I want to do is sleep.” And with that, she was whisked off to her island home for the beginning of her first real vacation in nearly one hectic, emotional year.

(Continued)
(Below) Signing autographs for fans who surrounded car. "Nobody knew about our arrival, yet hundreds of people were waiting for us in the hot sun. I was touched."
(Left) "We drove out to the house. I slept long hours. Then I got up and took a walk around the lovely garden."
At first, privacy and rest

"It's heavenly," Debbie said as she was shown around the two-story white brick house. The gardens were spacious—with a high fence to give complete privacy. Later Debbie admitted, "There were times when I wanted to peek over the fence to see what was going on outside." But after their first few days, Debbie, Carrie and Todd had no trouble becoming a part of the Honolulu scene. Eating poi at a Luau, water-skiing with Tab Hunter, dancing with Bob Neal . . . the sparkle was back in Debbie's eyes. But when asked about Bob, she insisted: "There is no romance—honestly." (Continued)

"Bob Neal visited Hawaii; we went out for dinner with friends."

"Everybody in Hawaii seems to have fun, not dress-up fun, just casual, relaxed. During the day, I lived in shorts. And I never got to wear my evening dress."

"I enrolled Carrie and Todd in swimming classes. Todd went for it in a big way. But Carrie didn't. She preferred to play audience and watch from the beach."
We shopped for records and souvenirs, saw Rick Nelson at a fair.

Our house was built right smack on the ocean and curled around a lovely patio. All you had to do was walk out of the house when you wanted a swim.
Hawaii—a place to lose old memories...

Debbie, after two weeks in the sun, looked young and carefree. "Why not?" she laughed, with her old bounce. "I have my responsibilities with me—Carrie and Todd—so I don't have any worries. I do when I'm away from them. Watching them playing all over the place, running over to give me a hug . . . caring for them is wonderful." It was a guess, though, who was taking care of whom, with Carrie Fisher standing on Waikiki Beach and watching Debbie water-ski with Tab Hunter. From the beginning, she made it obvious this was no sport for her mother. Finally, in desperation, as Debbie skimmed over a big wave, she stamped her foot and commanded: "Mommie, Mommie, get into that boat right this minute, do you hear? Right this minute." As Debbie flew out of Hawaii a few days later, bronzed and glowing, she made no bones about it: The past was over; the future looked good. And it was pretty obvious that she was leaving behind not only new friends but a lot of old, useless memories, too.

(Right) "Ann Miller called and came over. We usually took our meals at home (left) or used the patio to take the sun in, to read, or just sit back quietly and rest."
“Once something caught my line—it felt like a whale—I was glad I was strapped down to my seat in the boat and not walking around loose. This was one of the most wonderful parts of my vacation . . . I went fishing with my dad. We had three days of it. We were trying for marlin but the marlin weren’t trying. It was all pretty rugged.”
Steve McQueen stood outside the living-room window, watching. His wife Neile sat inside, with her head and arms pressed against the pane, waiting. In the middle of the room, the nurse held six-weeks-old Terry Leslie and, in spite of the intense heat, shivered. The telephone was dead. There was no more water to keep the grounds wet, to hold back the forest fire. The car wouldn’t start. Steve watched the flames circling in toward the house from all sides. The fire was so bright and the smoke, rising 4,000 feet into the air, so dense that he couldn’t see the sun. He blinked and tears came to his eyes. There was nothing he could do. He looked through the window at his wife again and then he was blurting out the words he had tried so hard to keep back...  

“We’re trapped...”  
Steve McQueen said.  
“There’s nothing  
we can do...”  

Biting his lip, he looked once more at the fire-scorched lawn, at the shade tree he and Neile had planted together. He ran into the house to his wife. “We’d better get out of here—into the open,” he told her. “It—it’s better that way. It’s not quite as hot out there.” The baby was whimpering. 6:30. It was time for her bottle. But there was no (Continued on page 106)
Edd's
Quazy
love
Quiz

"ARE YOU
KOKIE, TOO?"
Being kookie is a state of mind, like feeling you're in "wowsville" on Tues., but not Sat. To me, it's a way of being wanted, so every time you're out, you're in.

My kookie'll wear a hooded sweater, fluffy bangs like Molly Bee's, light pink lipstick. Kookies don't believe in going steady any more but you'll cry at movies and dig big cars like I do. You'll love short raincoats, dark eyes, small bandanas.

My kookie'll wear chunky jewelry, belong to a fan club, send sick cards. You'll know how to waltz, read Photoplay, make 1+1 equal more than two (with a blouse and weskit that match more than each other). You're so far out, you're in orbit. Are you my kookie?

Kookies yearn to look like Sandra Dee or Debbie or maybe just like they are. You're my kookie if you wear plaid at evening, dig patterned stockings and flat-heeled ankle boots. You'll collect all of Van Cliburn and Elvis, too. Wear your skirts just below the knee, go on a diet. In other words, you're hip—never hep—to a new idea.
JOHN SAXON:

It cut me to the quick when I heard her say-

“BOY, IS HE STUCK ON HIMSELF!”

by NANCY ANDERSON
After reading your letters about my love story in Photoplay, I knew what you meant...

can I ever get him back again?

I never thought I’d talk about this. Certainly I never meant to. But a couple of months ago, when the story of my romance appeared in Photoplay, I confessed he was a famous teen singer. I didn’t think it was fair then to give his name, so I called him Tommy. After that I got so many letters from you all, and they helped so much. But so many of you wanted to know who it was I’d loved—and broken up with.

Was the boy really (Continued on page 82)

by CONNIE FRANCIS
as told to GEORGE CHRISTY
Tony Franciosa sat at a sidewalk cafe table in New York, sipping coffee and talking about acting with a friend of his—a producer. It was a perfect autumn day, a certain crispness was in the air—it’s the kind of day that makes you feel wonderfully alive, he thought. He’d been married to Shelley just six months, he said. Suddenly as he spoke, he noticed an attractive woman walk by. She was tall and willowy and the hat of black fox she wore was balanced...
like a crown on her head. Isn’t she lovely, he thought as he looked at her. And then his cup clattered back into his saucer, and he looked down at his coffee, feeling a blush coming to his face.

“What’s the matter?” his friend asked. “You’re beet red.”

Tony didn’t say anything for a moment. Then he looked up to see if the girl was still there. She was gone. He stirred his coffee a couple of times and then said, “Well, I guess I was staring at another woman.”

His friend started to laugh but Tony interrupted. “But I—” then he stopped. He was going to say that he had thought he would never look at another woman once he married. In fact, he’d been sure he would not.

He’d made that promise to himself one night at a party, long before he and Shelley met. A friend of his had just become engaged, and Tony congratulated him enthusiastically. “You’re lucky,” he said. “Janet will make you a wonderful wife.”

And his friend beamed and said, “Don’t I know it? We’re not getting married (Continued on page 112)

by EVAN MICHAELS

It didn’t mean a thing—or did it?
"I remember when..."
Only one living-room lamp was turned on, casting a soft circle of light around the deep-blue love seat that Pat had insisted they bring with them from their old house in Leonia. Nobody else had wanted to bring it. "And now it’s everybody’s favorite," he thought. It was so deep the girls could play hide-and-seek in it, and Shirley always napped there while waiting for him to come home at night. She was curled up there now.

He came up behind the sofa, leaned over the back and looked down at her. She was sleeping in one corner, her feet tucked under the cushion and her head resting on the arm. She doesn’t look a bit different from the (Continued on page 100)
Here, I'm pretty satisfied with myself. "Isn't this poetry . . . great poetry?" I crow. "Well," she says sweetly, "... no."

Tuesday Weld will make a fool of me—I bet I've told myself twenty times—over my dead body.

Then we'll meet at rehearsal (I'm Dobie on the CBS-TV series, "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis," and she's one of the Many), and she'll come up with some wacky suggestion, like why don't I come to school with her, since she's all alone there . . . and I suddenly find myself lugging seventeen books out to Twentieth.

"Miss Klamt," Tuesday tells her teacher right off, "Dwayne went to Loyola—and knows lots on poetry."

"Well," I modestly lower my eyes, "six more units and I'd have had my degree, in Economics, but—"

She smiles. "You must stay for our poetry quiz."

Tuesday pouts. "I'm so unsure of myself in poetry."

"So are poets," I quip, but secretly I'm pretty sure of me. After all, how much can she know? (continued)
When Tuesday's teacher invited me to stay for class, Tuesday told her she'd be sorry, but she only smiled. Tuesday said, "You may not believe it, but he'll do anything for a gag."

"This is the oldest school in America," she told me. I never know when she's kidding. "Sure, Laurel and Hardy went here, and Rin-Tin-Tin! . . . No, seriously, I've been to seven schools and like this best."

Whenever Tuesday finds a quotation she likes, she types it into her notebook. "Writing takes too long," she told me.
TUESDAY and DWAYNE
continued

I found out—when she got "90" and I got "65." I felt like crawling into the nearest filing cabinet when I saw I'd mixed Wordsworth and Emerson. "Well, anyway," I muttered, "both of them are Transcendentalists."

Suddenly Tuesday's face lit up. I know the look: she hunts words like a predatory animal. "It's beautiful!" she cried. "What does it mean?"

"'Transcend—go beyond,'" I began, but I had to look it up for her.

Later, she teased, "When you read the dictionary, you send me!"

"But when it comes to school," I admitted, loading up those seventeen books, "Tuesday, you transcend me!"

"If you're smart," I told her, "you land up in a frame."

I'd always wanted to dip a girl's hair in the inkwell. Now that I had my chance, there was no ink!
"A sea-shell sings of its home in the sea." I didn't know who wrote that, so I said I did. But Tuesday remembered.

As I read her Webster's definition of love I thought she was out of this world, but she suddenly shot me a superior look. "When you feel it," she said knowingly, "you won't have to look it up in the dictionary!"

I know I'm a con man at heart, and I guess I think I'm pretty smart (hey, it rhymes!), but once in a while a girl like Tuesday will come along, and I don't feel so smart any more.
Blanche and Joseph Novak sat quietly at the long dinner table in the Begum’s villa in France. Mrs. Novak, in a silk gown Kim had arranged to have specially made for her, watched with folded hands as a butler served the roast lamb and the string beans with almonds. Her thin, gray-haired husband sat across from her in the tuxedo Kim had given him last Christmas.

He looked up and smiled a little at Kim, as if to say, “Why so many forks?” Kim smiled back, and they sat there listening to Cary Grant talk about the Cannes Film Festival and Kim’s royal reception there. Everybody had cheered (continued)
never tell my father
for her. The Novaks beamed with pride. Our daughter, their smiles said—can you believe it? Here we are, sitting down for supper—no, dinner—thousands of miles from home, and it's all because of Kim. She'd insisted they come to Europe with her. "I want everyone to meet you," she'd said on the phone, and Blanche Novak had burst into tears. (Continued on page 90)

Kim had planned this trip so carefully, as though Europe were sort of a gift she could give to her parents. She took them to have lunch at a restaurant 'way atop the Eiffel Tower and told them, "Look, there's all of Paris!" But she couldn't help wondering if all the fancy places in Europe could ever make up for all of the other times . . .
PHOTOPLAY'S
first decorating panel
tells how you can—
ADD A
TOUCH OF
HOLLYWOOD
TO YOUR
OWN HOME

On the following pages are two rooms—a living room and a bedroom—designed in line with the decorating ideas of some young Hollywood couples whose ideas are realistic enough to work within your budget, too. We hope their know-how answers the questions you've asked us and helps you help yourself to their Hollywood brand of at-home glamour.
THE PANEL'S RECOMMENDATIONS:

13 decorating ideas

"BE BRAVE WITH COLOR," advise the Jack Kellys, who acted on their own advice—using Jack's favorite and remembered-from-childhood color, watermelon pink, generously in their home. We took their counsel—painted the walls of our composite rooms a stark white that best sets off the brilliant blues, greens and golds of the furnishings.

"COORDINATE COLOR," add the Kellys. "Let the color flow from one room to another, so that your home looks all of a piece instead of cut up." Jack and May used some of their favorite pink in living room, dining room, and kitchen—and coordinated fabric colors throughout their home. Note that the bedroom and living room shown opposite both have white walls, and that all fabric colors for both rooms are completely wedded, so that you could move any chair from one room into the other without disturbing the color scheme in either living room or bedroom. (Continued on page 81)

* when your budget's modest
Let's talk about:

WHAT'S WRONG WITH GOING STEADY TOO SOON?

by Dick Clark
It was just four very normal people talking over the things that make up their lives. Of course, since the four were Connie Francis, Fabian, Andy Williams and Frankie Avalon, music led off. I listened carefully, 'cause this quartet knows whereof they gab. But I was also waiting for a chance to switch the conversation over to the big topic you’ve been asking about in your letters—going steady. I figured all of us sitting around that table ought to be able to come up with some answers that would make good sense to you.

I didn’t want to break in all of a sudden with some hard questions, so, like a District Attorney, I figured I could shoot an easy question that would get them all buzzing away. When I found a short space of silence in the conversation, I made my move, and asked Fabian, “When you were in Hollywood (Continued on page 104)
What's pale and frothy as moonlight, billowy as a cloud, and speaks in a whisper—but only when it moves? The answer: a party dress. Made of delicate materials like tulle or brocade or of rustling taffeta, this season it's a short formal, which is another way of saying it can go everywhere that a long dress can and lots of places where a full-length can't. Wherever it goes, it makes boys think of you for what you really are—a girl. The Lennon Sisters show you four party dresses to sew from Simplicity Patterns. Reminder: It's only eighty days till the holiday season, so start sewing now and avoid every rush but the one he's going to give you.

More information on Simplicity patterns—Kathy (3015), Diane (3150), Janet (2512), Peggy (2961)—is on page 88
when a girl changes from BOBBIE SOX to STOCKINGS

The Lennon Sisters have an undercover secret for getting the most compliments out of a party dress.

Petticoat in tiers of sheer nylon tricot gives a dress the softer fullness that's news this fall. White or colors. Kayser Roth. $6.95.

Cotton bra designed especially for teen figures has light foam contouring, adjustable straps to wear six ways. Lovable, $1.50.

Garter belt is actually a junior step-in girdle with patterned nylon power net for light control without bulk. Maidenform. $3.00.

Seamless hose, in proportioned lengths, comes in 16 shades to match any party dress. Reinforced at heel and toe. Hanes. $1.50.

For where to buy, turn to page 88
ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: PARIS

JACQUELINE HUET lovely, glamorous, busy! The devoted mother of a young daughter, she is also a successful stage actress and a popular television personality. Her proudest television achievement—a special show for children which she writes herself! "I often feel tired," she says, "but I must never show it. I find Pond's Cold Cream acts almost like a 'tranquilizer'—keeps my skin soft and smooth through my busiest day."

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

She's busy... yet she's beautiful... she uses Pond's

NOW! POND'S COLD CREAM IN STUNNING NEW DESIGNER JAR!
Wait for me!
I'll be home soon.

Elvis
Fashioned for a lifetime... and
guaranteed for permanent value

Beloved by brides for more than a hundred years (1850-1959)
"He loves the way we all look. And I'm getting an evening 'on the town' as a reward! In fact, he said we can afford a lot more evenings out, now that I've started sewing again. Just think—even if I'd been able to find a dress as beautiful and as right for me as this one, I'd have paid more for it than I spent making all three of our outfits!

"Of course, he thinks I'm pretty smart to be able to sew this well. But the truth is, anyone can sew practically anything with those marvelous Simplicity Printed Patterns.

"My girls are already having a lot of fun with sewing. They're actually helping me with their Holiday party dresses. They picked out the styles themselves from the big Simplicity Catalog. And they have such definite ideas about fabrics. It won't be long before they'll be sewing their own!"

"My party dress is Simplicity style #3150. Both of my dolls wear Simplicity style #3177."
Walking out of the elevator of the midtown hotel, Rita Hayworth tossed her hair back and smiled. Her husband Jim came toward her quickly and took her hand. "Is everything all right?" he asked, leaning close to her.

"Everything's going to be just fine," she whispered.

But as they started down the steps, the reporters and photographers, who'd (Continued on page 109)
Choose your favorite lipstick texture... in 16 fashion-fresh colors!
Name your color. A gentle frosty pink? A brilliant shock of orange? A deep, winey red? Cutex makes them all in the newest fashion shades... and two delightful textures. A rich luscious lipstick with marvelous staying power. That's Cutex Sheer Lanolin. Or a creamy kiss of color so light you'll hardly feel it's there. That's Cutex Delicate.
Tying the black scarf more tightly around her hair and wrapping the loose linen coat about her, the dark-eyed girl stood on the isolated platform and watched the Vienna-Rome-bound train rumble off into the distance. The tracks, gleaming in the hot sun, seemed to meet far off. But she knew they really didn’t. They went on and on across Europe, together—parallel—but always separated by what seemed just the span of a hand in the distance, yet what was even wider than two outstretched arms would be from where she stood. (Continued on page 94)
color that stays on
till you take it off!

Now... blended-for-you, eye-makeup hues that
bring stardust to your glance - discovered
just for you by Lashbrite!
So easy to apply, such fun to use, takes just seconds.
Your Lashbrite look lasts all day, and through the night.
The most luxurious eye-makeup you can buy...
in fabulous designer cases!
WHO'D EVER GUESS YOU PAID SO LITTLE!
One of the big things Ava had shared with Frank was their hating for a party to end. Dreading the moment when the clinking glasses and gay laughter melted into silence, they'd stayed up till dawn together—both fighting sleep and the time when they'd have to lie alone with their thoughts. But there was no danger of this party's ending too soon. Everyone was having too good a time, even Ava. It didn't matter that Frank wasn't with her. (Continued on page 86)
a Lovable bra is money in the bank
Here's all the beauty, the fit and luxury of more expensive bras... and at only half the price!

INTERPLAY Foam-contoured cups add glamour to regulars and in-betweens. Curved band for separation. White or black cotton. $1.50

DUALIFT Dual action straps lift evenly, give separation. Circle-stitched cups shape to perfection. White cotton. $1.50

RINGLET Circular stitched cups, fully lined, ring you in beauty. Stay-flat anchor band can never slip. White or black cotton. And only $1.50

LASTIC LOVE Freedom-loving lastex front, back, sides. Circle stitched cups shape beautifully. Lined front band adds comfort. White cotton. $2

CIRCLE-STITCH Lastex front inset... no-curl anchor band... remarkable low price. White, pink, blue or black cotton. $1

Look for all these styles in colorful Lovable packages.

IT COSTS SO LITTLE TO LOOK LOVABLE • The Lovable Brassiere Co., N. Y. 16 • Sold in Canada and throughout the world.
"CARPET," the Kellys suggest, "as many rooms as you can afford to, in the same carpeting." It gives a home serenity, makes one room flow into the other—and you'll have less problem with floor-covering when you move from an apartment to a house, from a small house to a bigger one—you'll be able to combine the carpeting from smaller rooms into a larger carpet. Note that our composite rooms have the same carpeting.

"PULL FURNITURE AWAY FROM WALLS," say the Kellys, "and arrange it for easy conversation." Jack and May wisely placed their living-room pieces around their fireplace, just as we have done in our living-room sketch. If you haven't a fireplace as a focal point, try grouping furniture around a window with a view, a painting or picture grouping or a handsome music piece—piano, TV, phone.

"CHOOSE ACCESSORIES CAREFULLY," the Kellys urge, "because they can make all the difference between a distinguished and run-of-the-mill decorating job." For their early-American home, they procured antique shops for a pair of wonderful old Spanish andirons, a fine old Boston rocker, and their prized find—two beautiful old still-life paintings. The Kellys believe "if you choose these small things because you love them and can see their value, others seem to, too, and treat them as you do—with T.L.C. (tender loving care)." Every accessory in our composite rooms—from pewter pitcher on the bedside table to the paintings on all walls, was selected with a discriminating eye to workmanship, design, and color—and, most important, in terms of what each would do to contribute to the modern decorating mood.

"FULL YOUR COLORS," prompt the John Russells, "from a drapery print you love." Their own hand-blocked draperies (beige with green and burnt-orange touches) dictated their happy choice of a beige carpet, light beige walls, green and burnt-orange upholstery pieces. Thus, in the rooms shown here, the draperies (white ground with blue, green, and gold accents) inspire the colors used on walls, upholstery, accessories, and carpeting.

"Give the bedroom more use," suggest John and his wife, "by making it part sitting-room as we have done." As in the Russell bedroom, our composite bed has TV, radio, and easy chair with ottoman, and a rocker—or, as the Russells put it, "all the comforts of a living room."

"DECORATE IN YOUR FAVORITE PERIOD," say the Russells, "traditional or modern—but don't be afraid to combine things from both if they look good together." Mrs. Russell, who combined a wrought-iron sofa with wood antique pieces in her living room, adds, "If you have the talent and daring to combine things but, nine times out of ten, it turns out well." In our composite living room, a baroque gilt picture frame adds an air of traditional decor. So does the traditional tufted pouf in front of the footboard of the bed, the demi-canopy on a latter-day four-poster bed, and the traditional self-patterned fabric of bedspreads and curtains.

"Buy things that are easy to care for," advise the Russells, "and easy to live with." With three children, they know well how to speak. As in their home, our composite rooms breathe with an oil finish that resists stains, requires little polishing (and then only with mineral or linseed oil); wool carpeting with 'a nylon face' that resists soiling; plastic laminate surfaces on built-in bookcases, on tables and on all bedroom chests to make them stain and scratch-resistant; and all upholstery fabrics have been "sylmerized" against stain and soot damage.

"BUY FEWER THINGS BUT GOOD THINGS," advocate the Ty Hills, "things you can add to later on when you have the money and the time to expand." They do just that in their Valley home. The bedroom pieces shown in our composite room are a fine example of buying one quality piece, adding later decorating philosophy. The chests, dressing table, desk, and cabinets (designed on a modular plan so that they can fit and sit together), can be bought one piece at a time as you can afford them. Later they can be meshed together to give the desirable built-in look.

"DO WHAT YOU CAN YOURSELF," Ty and Andrea recommend. "The money you save can go into fine furnishings." Ty painted most of the walls in his home—has made good use of his small carpentry shop in his back yard to build a booth and a cupboard for logs near the living-room fireplace. And his lovely wife, Andrea Martin, is not above "making my own draperies so that I can fine-tune the finish to buy fine fabrics." Note that the draperies in our composite rooms are tailored—require only hemming top and bottom—and can be put up in minutes with automatic, inexpensive push-down positions, or in an office or hardware or department store. And our built-in bookcases and log cabinet on either side of the brick fireplace are a cinch for any handyman and his gal.

"AVOID CLUTTERING UP," the Hardins warn, "with knickknacks and furry furnishing." To which they add, by way of explanation, that they are thankful the givers but don't feel duty-bound to display Aunt Agatha's antimacassar. Our composite rooms achieve an air of clean luxury from the very absence of things. Simple and unobtrusively decorated, they are dramatic without being cold, thanks to bold color, the sculptured lines of furniture, the warm tones and beautifully matched grain of the wood pieces.

"DRESS YOUR WINDOWS," urge the Roger Smiths, "in a manner consistent with the period in which you decorate." In their Bermuda-modern home they chose simple draperies in pale beiges, grays and white to set off the bright colors of the furniture. Our modern living room and bedroom (see sketches) get a clean-cut tailored drapery treatment with printed fabrics that enhance the Danish-modern decor.

"PLAN LIGHTING CAREFULLY," advise the Roger Smiths. They did, using modern hanging lamps for most of the lighting in their house, but also choosing one enormous table lamp for a conversation piece in the living room. In our composite rooms, all reading areas—next to chairs, behind the sofa, over dining table, and near the bed—are well-illuminated. Fixtures were selected for down-lighting the book, reading, and wall lights, carefully chosen for proper wattage. And finally, lighting is wall-hung, ceiling-bracketed, or on a light pole wherever possible, to leave the obvious floor space for other things—and to keep the fixtures safe from toddlers or guests who get carried away during an Elvis record.

"CHOICE DURABLE FABRICS," Roger and Vici urged, "especially for your upholstery, because reupholstering is expensive." In our composite rooms, we used drapery fabrics with a high Dacon content because that synthetic fiber gives outstanding dimensional stability—in other words, they won't ride up or hang down after cleaning. And all upholstery fabrics are rich in nylon content to insure hard, long wear as well as the brilliant coloring so characteristic of nylon. What's more, these fabrics are resistant to the effects of sun, heat, mildew and other climatic conditions.


SHOPPING INFORMATION

When you’re following through on our panel’s decorating ideas, look for these labels:

LIVING ROOM:
Furniture from The Peabody Collection by Richardson/Nemenshoff.
Carpeting by Bigelow Rugs and Carpets;
Portable TV by Admiral;
Laundry by Lightolier;
Filettes by Quality Home Shatter;
Felt-like draperies of "Dacron" and rayon;
Sofa covered in DuPont spun nylon;
Cane arm chair covered in DuPont nylon and cotton;
Hi-Back chair covered in DuPont spun nylon.

BEDROOM:
Furniture from the Colorama Group by Sun Glow Furniture Industries;
Clock by Richardon/Nemenshoff;
Phonograph by RCA Victor;
Clock-radios by RCA Victor;
Light fixtures by Lightolier;
Carpeting by Bigelow Rugs and Carpets;
Draperies of "Dacron" polyester fiber and linen;
Chair and ottoman covered in nylon and cotton;
Bedspread and pouf of DuPont nylon upholstery fabric;
Beautrress mattress and box spring by Simmons Co.
A. Prince Matchabelli gilds the lily with Golden Autumn Bubbling Bath Oil, a fragrant blend of woodland scents. The 4-oz. gold-topped flask, $2.00.*

B. A golden baton of waterproof mascara twirls color—and curve—onto the lashes. Avon’s new “Curl ‘n’ Color” in black or brown, refillable. $2.00.*

C. Crowning glory by Helena Rubinstein: Crowning Color Cream Hair Tint, a new self-timing lotion for home hair-dressing. Conditions as it colors. $1.50.

D. Aiming for a well-kept coil? You can’t miss with the “Easy-Aim” lever on Shulton’s new 3-Way Curl Spray. Weatherproofed and non-sticky. $1.50.*

E. Hazel Bishop’s new “Vivid Vivid” Lipline lipstick flashes brilliance, adds creamy lustre via a new formula. In five vibrant key shades, each, $1.00.*

*plus tax

CONNIE FRANCIS
Continued from page 51

Neil Sedaka? Or Frankie Avalon? Or Paul Anka? It didn’t seem right to reveal his name since we tried to keep our romance private, but then some people found out and after that hardly anyone cared. I should clear it all up, that I should tell you it wasn’t Frankie, or Paul. It was Bobby . . . Bobby Darin.

And I still like Bobby. I know his name has been linked with another singer’s lately. And this is good. To see Bobby so happy makes me feel content, because we had so much together—a relationship that blossomed into something very special, even after our romance ended.

I kept remembering the wonderful times we’d had together. And then I would remember the last time I’d seen him. What a lot of things, I guess. But mainly because Mom and Dad wanted me to meet other fellows—instead of just going out with one. Still, I think I could have convinced them that Bobby was for me. But I ever argued because Bobby and I felt, deep down, that although we were in love we might never ever be happy!

One summer night everything was over. It had been a perfect evening. Bobby and I were in New York and we had a wonderful dinner at Leone’s. (I still remember Bobby saying, “Go ahead—order zabaglione for dessert.”) Afterwards we walked over to Birdland to listen to Jackie. We held hands along Broadway and even with all those summer tourists around, I didn’t feel the least bit funny. We hardly saw the people who bumped into us and brushed by. I was so happy. I felt the two of us owned the world.

It’s too good to be true, I told myself. Something’s going to happen to us. It won’t go on like this forever—the way I want it to. But then I held onto Bobby’s hand more tightly and I told myself it would never end.

When he drove me home in his second-hand Chevy it was long past midnight—too late. I knew my folks would be upset. But I had no idea just how upset. Of course, I was to blame because I didn’t call them to say I would be late.

The car motor rasped and pulled away. From the shadowy living room I heard my father’s deep voice. “Connie.” He sounded gruff. “It’s after two o’clock.”

I yelled, so scared I was. Then he came out into the hall and snapped on the light. “If that boy means so much to you that you can’t listen to us and live by the rules of our house . . .”

“Oh, Dad,” I pleaded, and I began to cry. “I’m ... I’m sorry. I know I shouldn’t have stayed out so late. But—”

“I’m ashamed of you,” he said, “and if you want to make your own life, then I won’t hold you back. But in my house you must abide by what your mother and I think is right.”

I couldn’t stop crying, and I looked over at my father and saw that he was crying, too. I rushed over to him and so we wept arms around him, and the two of us cried like kids there in the hallway.

Then, holding me back, he said, “I mean what I say, Connie. You’re my daughter, and I love you more than anything in the world, but I don’t want you coming in at two o’clock in the morning.”

I added no more wanted me to be unhappy than he wanted me to stop singing.

I knew that. He was just trying to get me to do what he thought was right. He thought I was too young to see only one fellow; that maybe I was waiting by myself by not going out with others during my teens. But how could it be right not to see Bobby? All that night I didn’t sleep. And I couldn’t stop crying either. Didn’t Dad like Bobby? I kept asking over and over. Did he want me to sneak out on dates with him? If he didn’t want to be sneaky, I couldn’t be sneaky. I didn’t know what to do.

I wanted to keep on seeing Bobby. I loved him. But a couple of days later, I couldn’t believe him when he said, “Connie, I don’t want to see you any more.”

I looked at him. I couldn’t believe what I’d heard. He seemed tired—almost sick, I thought. There were deep circles under his eyes and his hair was rumpled, as if he’d run his fingers through it a dozen times.

“Why?” I asked.

“It’s my career. I can move faster without you,” he said quietly.

I stepped back and nearly fell. He reached out to steady me, and I could feel his hand trembling. I was shocked. He couldn’t mean what he was saying. I looked into his eyes and silently begged him to say it was all some kind of crazy joke. But he didn’t say anything. His eyes were misty. He wouldn’t look directly at me. He really meant to step out of my life.

Maybe he was trying to make it easier for both of us. But love isn’t that simple. You can’t turn it off and on like that, and one curt sentence can’t stop all those wonderful feelings in your heart.

My girlfriend, who was standing with me, saw and heard everything that happened, and although she never tried to pry, she couldn’t help but know about a lot of things that went on behind the scenes in the music business. She saw how miserable I was without Bobby all through those next few weeks. And one day she couldn’t hold herself back any longer.

“Connie,” she said, her voice sympathetic and timid all at the same time, “I know it’s none of my business, but everybody’s saying Bobby’s just not himself. He can’t sleep, and he’s not doing any work.” She said she always saw him at a midtown drug store near his recording studio.

I asked her if she thought I should go and see him.

“I don’t know,” she hedged. But I could tell she thought it wouldn’t be a bad idea.

I didn’t say anything, but, later that afternoon, I went into my bedroom and put on the shirtwaist dress I’d been saving for a special occasion. It was pink, with push-up sleeves. Quickly, I ran a comb through my hair and then, taking a deep breath, I headed for the drugstore.

I was scared. I didn’t know quite why, but I was scared. What if he should ignore me? What if he saw me and looked right through me? Or maybe he’d simply tell me he didn’t want to see me . . . But I knew I had to go and find out for myself.

When I walked into the drugstore, I looked at the cosmetics in the showcase and then sat down at the counter. Out of the corner of my eye I spotted him in the back booth. I didn’t want him to think I was keeping a close watch on him, but I ordered a lemon Coke and no sooner had I taken a sip of it than I felt his hand on my shoulder and heard him say, “Hey, where’ve you been keeping?”

I couldn’t breathe for a moment. Then slowly—so casually—I turned and looked into his eyes. “Nowhere special,” I said.

“Ritchie’s here. In this Coke and candy kitchen.” He smiled, but his face was strained and white, and his eyes were dark and sad looking, I thought. But I could tell there were no strong feelings. “Why

(Continued on page 84)
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ONLY PERMANENT WITH
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The most expensive motion picture ever made is M-G-M's "Ben-Hur." Because of your letters telling us that sometimes you can't see the big pictures as early as you'd like—because of the reserved-seat policy now being used on some of them—we've made this special arrangement for you to see "Ben-Hur." All you have to do is fill out and mail this coupon and your name will be placed on the preferred list at the nearest theater that will have "Ben-Hur" for an exclusive engagement. This means that you'll have first choice when you want to order tickets. There's no extra charge for this—it's just another bonus for Photoplay Readers.

THE EDITORS

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon And Be Among First To See "Ben-Hur"

Photoplay—BEN-HUR Service
1540 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.

I want to see the new "Ben-Hur" and would like you to help me make early seat reservations when tickets are available. This is an on-order; I merely want to be on the preferred list for good seats.

City where I want to see "Ben-Hur" (nearest my home-town)________ City State________

How many tickets I would want________

When "Ben-Hur's" premiere is set for the city I mention, please notify me, and I will place my order for seats.

Name________

Address________

Phone________

The first time we met after that was when we were both on the Dick Clark show. Someone suggested that Dick introduce us to each other. For a moment, I held my breath. Our bygone romance was still a secret at that time. So Bobby looked over at me and said, "Gee, thanks, but Connie and I are already friends—we're real good friends."

And I looked back at him and smiled. Isn't it funny, I thought, how things change? Not too long ago, Bobby and I were deeply in love. And now...?

You asked me, could I ever get him back again? Since you're my boy-friend back—as a friend. That's what Bobby and I are—real good friends.

THE END

CONNIE'S NEW M-G-M RECORD IS "PLENTY GOOD LOVIN'" BACKED BY "YOU'LL NEVER MISS ME." BOBBY'S RECORDS ARE ON THE ATCO LABEL.
A daughter sometimes knows best
by Mary Morgan

All women have faced this same intimate problem, but, thanks to a Boston doctor, today’s daughter can now show mother a better method than the older generation ever had.

BACK in the days of the first chemise, a daughter might have worn her hair clipped close and her skirts above her knees—even if her mother frowned on her “modern” ways.

But when it came to the question of coping with that intimate, age-old problem of monthly sanitary protection, most times daughter didn’t dare to be different.

What mother advised, daughter accepted. Perhaps because there was so little choice in this particular field of feminine hygiene.

But how different is the situation today. Now, more and more daughters are finding that they can show mother a better solution to the problem of sanitary protection than the older generation ever had. A solution made possible by a Boston doctor who saw the need for a simpler method of sanitary protection—one that would be perfectly comfortable.

And herein lies the story of the invention of a tiny, new, more absorbent tampon that needs no bulky applicator.

Pondering the problem of sanitary protection some years ago, the late Arthur B. Donovan, prominent Boston doctor and obstetrician, decided that the first step toward the development of a new and better method was to examine the kinds of sanitary protection then available.

The most commonly used form of protection, at the time, was disposable sanitary napkins. These were introduced about a decade after disposable napkins did away with such pad problems as bulkiness, twisting, binding, as well as chafing and odor.

This, Dr. Donovan decided, was the method he sought to pursue in his effort to develop a still better kind of sanitary protection. Like a great many physicians, Dr. Donovan had, for years, employed “tamponage” in his practice. This medical principle of internal absorption, he knew, was sound.

Internal absorption not only eliminated odor and chafing, it was completely invisible. What’s more, it had already proved to be a cleaner kind of sanitary protection. What was left for Dr. Donovan to do was to design an ideal tampon. One that would be small, comfortable, easy to use—one that would assure women of napkin absorbency, yet would need no applicator. But this, the doctor knew, was not as simple as it sounded.

While other tampons were encased in cardboard applicators in an effort to solve this problem of insertion, Dr. Donovan was determined to find a better answer. One that would eliminate the bulky applicator entirely.

ONE DAY, while analyzing the problem for the millionth time, simple logic suddenly gave him the answer. Why not, he reasoned, develop a tampon without a blunt end. Why not taper the tip for comfortable insertion.

This he did. And then Dr. Donovan made another discovery. A unique scientific development enabled him to coat the tip of the tampon with a newly discovered material—an absolutely safe, clear substance that acted as a prelubricant and gave added assurance of gentle, medically-correct insertion. This coating dissolved harmlessly and eliminated the need for a bulky applicator. At last, Dr. Donovan had found the answer.

Dr. Donovan achieved a dainty, compact tampon, by designing it to be compressed to one-sixth the size of its original absorbent material. Upon contact with moisture, it gradually expanded sideways, adapting its shape to the individual. In this way, the rate of absorbency was governed by each woman’s needs. Significantly, the tampon was designed to be stable in length—expansion being sideways only—the secret of why it fits without being felt.

Applicator-type tampons were made in three absorbencies. Dr. Donovan’s discovery simplified this problem with one size—no larger than a lipstick—yet proved 25% more absorbent than regular applicator-type tampons.

TESTS with doctors, hospitals, women of all ages brought a response that exceeded the doctor’s fondest hopes. Just recently, a study was made at a leading Chicago university to test the absorbency of this tiny tampon as against that of other leading ones now on the market. And the findings were most revealing. Doctors found this tiny tampon to be definitely more absorbent than even the super sizes of other tampons.

The Campana Company was chosen to market this new product which has earned the Good Housekeeping Seal of Guaranty. (Wherever this Seal appears, it means that replacement or refund of money is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if not as advertised therein.) Today, the tampon is sold in drugstores everywhere under the name of “Pursesettes.” A whole box of “Pursesettes”—smaller than a package of regular-size cigarettes—tucks into a tiny purse. If you would like to try “Pursesettes”—just send 10c to me. Mary Morgan, Box Y, Batavia, Illinois and a generous trial supply will be sent to you.

As the wife of a gynecologist wrote: “I have always had trouble using tampons with cardboard applicators. But ‘Pursesettes’ are so easily inserted, there’s no discomfort at all.” Said another young woman: “The girls in my set are all switching to ‘Pursesettes.’ We’ve found them to be more absorbent than any other sanitary method.”

And so it is that as the news spreads, more and more of today’s women—both married and single—enjoy a far better method of coping with monthly sanitary protection. This invention has convinced many a mother that a daughter sometimes knows best.

(Advertisement)
HAUNTED

Continued from page 79

At least, not very much. She and Walter Chiari and dozens of other people had all come down to a ranch outside Madrid to laugh and drink and watch the horses being trained to go into the bull-ring.

They were getting bored just watching when someone suggested, "Let's try breaking the horses ourselves!"

"Hey, Ava," someone else called, "why don't you try?"

She slid down into the corral. She'd never been on a horse in her life. She would never admit she didn't know how to do something—or that she was afraid; that she was lonely.

A brown and white horse caught her eye. "I'll try that one," she said.

She moved toward the horse, ready to rope him as she'd seen the others do, but one of the men stopped her. "Don't be silly," he said. "Let me put a bridle on him for you."

He held the horse and helped her up. Then someone else laughed. "All right, you're on! For how long no one knows!"

The animal gained momentum, and she was riding. The wind blew through her hair and the animal moved beneath her. She leaned forward to get close to his neck, but suddenly the pony swerved to the right, and stopped abruptly.

For an instant, it seemed she was sitting in mid-air. Then she felt herself being thrust forward over the pony's head, and she was falling. It was more like being forced to the ground than falling, and when she hit the earth, she did not move away from the horse. It did not occur to her to fear his hoofs. She simply sat up, her hand to her cheek, and said over and over again, "My cheek. How does it look? What does it look like?"

They lifted her from the dust and supported her back to the fence. Someone helped her across to safety. But she was aware of none of this. "My face," she kept saying. "What does it look like?"

They gathered around her now, looking at her face. "It's a little puffy, but don't worry. You'll be fine in no time at all."

But she knew. The color seemed to her to have drained completely from her face—except for the spot on her cheek. It felt as if it would burst at any moment. "No," she said. "I've got to go to a doctor immediately. Please, will someone drive me to Madrid?"

Everyone seemed to be talking at once, and they were all saying the same thing. "The party's hardly begun. That swelling will be down by morning. Come on, let's have some fun. Don't break up the party!"

She forced herself to smile, and then laugh. But she felt dizzy and afraid. As she laughed, she heard the other laughter in her head; her own laughter at all the other parties that had lasted to dawn. She had laughed harder than anyone else, played harder than anyone else. She had become a famous movie star. But she had never been able to leave behind the little girl she'd been. The little girl who had no shoes, whose hair was so unruly that pig-tails could not trap it for long; the little girl everyone laughed at and called "hill-billy," but who was really a gypsy at heart, one who knew she would always have to roam, that she wouldn't fit or belong anywhere—unless she learned to laugh louder than anyone else.

They would not take her to a doctor in Madrid. She knew that. And if she forced someone to drive her there, she would destroy the carefree, laughing image she had created, and everyone would say, "Why, Ava's just a scared kid, and I always thought..." No, she would stay at the party as long as she had to, only she hoped it would not be too long. She hoped it would soon be over.

And so now, after the ranch veterinarian had cleansed her wound, she accepted a glass of wine from someone, and laughed at someone else's joke, as hard as she had ever laughed, trying to be a good sport. As she laughed and drank and flirted, she hoped desperately that no one would see that she had never succeeded—for all her glamour and sophistication—in leaving that scared little girl behind.

Several times that evening she escaped from the room of tinkling glasses and brittle laughter and looked at her face in the mirror. Late in the evening, she saw that the whole right side of her face was horribly swollen. She could hardly see her right eye, and the pain was terrible. What am I going to do? she kept asking herself, thinking that if this beautiful mask, her face, were destroyed, there would be nothing left... Except the tenant farmer's daughter, the hill-billy, the gypsy—whom no one would want in his caravan now. That beautiful mask was the only one she'd ever shown the world. She felt it was only because of this that people had cared about her. And she wanted to cry.

But then she heard them calling her. She tied a chiffon scarf over her hair and most of her face, trying to arrange it so that it looked glamorous, and went out to the car with the others.

After what seemed hours, they reached her house in Madrid, and, at last, she was alone. Never before had she been glad to
be alone. She ran to the telephone, almost falling over a sleepy servant, who was standing there, rubbing his eyes, and saying, "Yes, Señorita? What can I do for you, Señorita?"

"Some coffee," she said abruptly and picked up the receiver. The telephone service was incredibly bad, almost as bad as in France, but finally she got through to Sir Archibald Mclndoe in London.

"I must have an emergency appointment," she told the doctor.

He was so calm. His speech was so slow. Methodically, he looked through his appointment book, before he told her she could have an appointment in a few days.

The servants helped her pack, and four days later she caught the plane alone. Hiding her disfigured face this time was a heavy scarf and dark glasses. No one recognized her, and she was at once glad and afraid. Would she have to go through life like this always, wearing a scarf to cover her face, so no one would recognize her, with people whispering, "I think that's Ava Gardner?" She used to be a beauty. She used to have the world at her feet, you know. But now . . .

When she arrived in London, she hid in a hotel room until it was time for her appointment with the doctor, seeing no one except the bellboy, who brought her coffee and the papers. The coffee made her feel a little less shaky, but looking at the newspapers was a mistake.

There were pictures of her falling from the horse. The awfulness of the moment of her fall had been caught for all time by the camera. And she turned her eyes away from the photographs, unable to look at them. The owner of the ranch must have sent them to the papers. But who had taken the pictures? She didn't remember anyone's snapping them.

When it was nearly time for her appointment, she tied the scarf firmly so that her face was concealed, and then swiftly left the hotel. The examination began at once, and stretched on and on until Ava thought her nerves would snap. Then, the doctor snapped off the examining light, and went behind his desk. He asked her to sit down.

But she could not. "What is it?" she asked, standing in front of his desk, gripping the top of it tightly.

"It is a haematoma, my child," he said. "That is, the swelling is produced by a blood clot under the skin."

"And?" Ava could not take her eyes from his face.

"And time will heal it. Nothing but time will heal it. Whatever you do, do not have surgery!"

"But—" she faltered and for a moment could not continue. "How much time?"

She finally asked.

He spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "Who can tell? A month. A year—perhaps more."

A year . . . maybe two . . . maybe even longer. Suddenly, she felt more alone than she ever had before. There was no one, it seemed to her, who cared enough to come to her, to comfort her . . . Except maybe Frank did.

\*\*\*

Why had she done it? Why had she gotten on that horse in the first place? What had she been afraid of—that someone would laugh if she didn't, as they'd laughed at her when she was a kid?

She'd still been a kid when she'd first seen Frank Sinatra. He was singing with Tommy Dorsey's band at a dance she'd gone to in Newport News, Va. Like every other girl, she'd had a crush on him. She'd stopped in the middle of the floor to watch him. Listen to him, and her date had laughed. "Look," he'd said, "stop dreaming—he wouldn't give you the time of day!"

But that wasn't true. Several years later, she met him—married him—and he'd given her the time of her life . . .

It was at a party in Palm Springs. She was a star by then and he wanted to drive her home. "No," she said, though she didn't want to say no. "You're married, and I never—"

"My marriage to Nancy is all over, he told her out there in the garden. And she let him take her home.

They saw each other constantly after that, and then when they were both ready to break under the strain, Frank got his divorce, and he and Ava were married. On November 8, 1951, she looked at him and

---

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SEW A PARTY DRESS

Simplicity Printed Patterns shown on page 69 are available at all mail order stores. Use any size of taffeta, skirt of white or
white nylon tulle, with ribbon trim.

satin back taffeta, skirt of white or
white nylon tulle, with ribbon trim.

Simplicity 2962. Junior Misses' sizes 11-15. Misses' sizes 12-18, 60c. Bodice of deep pink
satin, skirt of pink silk chiffon, with pink
ribbons. For this dress, we used contrasting fabrics for the bodice and skirt and how, instead of one fabric, two fabrics of the pattern envelope. The yardage requirements for ( Misses' size 14) are: Bodice, 1'/2 yards; Skirt, 1'/2 yards; without nap; and small and large, 1'/4 yards of fabric with or without nap.

All fabrics from H. Bates Co., Inc.

The following merchandise shown on pages 69 and 70 can be purchased at most better stores across the country. Additional information, write the addresses listed below:

MAIDENFORM GARTER BELT
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

KAYSER NYLON TRICOT PETTICOAT
209 Water Street, New York, N. Y.

HANKS WALKER
425 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

LOVABLE COTTON BRA
J. L. Brandes, Omaha, Nebraska or write, Lovable Brassiere Company, 1827 West Grand Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

CAPEZIO SHELL PUMPS
536 20th Street, N. Y.

WEAR-RIGHT WHITE GLOVES
244 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CORO JEWELRY
350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WEAR-RIGHT GLOVES, Inc.

YOU CAN SEE THE LENNON SISTERS ON "LAWRENCE WEIR'S DANCE DANCING PARTY," SAT.-9 P.M. ERT, ON ABC-TV.

ARE YOU KOOKIE, TOO?

The following merchandise shown on page 47 can be purchased at most better stores across the country. Additional information, write the manufacturers listed below:

JANZEN HOOKED SWEATER, INC., Janzen, Inc., 500 Sixteenth Street, Portland, Oregon.

HAYMAKER SHORT RAINCOAT
Haymaker Sports, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SHIP'N SHORE BRUSSELS AND WESKET
Ship'n Shore, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SIMS CHUNKY JEWELRY
124 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

IRON FLAT-HAILED ANCLE BOOTS
Grinnel Footwear Company, 47 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

TOPAZ PATTERED STOCKINGS
Topaz Hosiery Mills, Inc., 22 West 30th Street, New York, N. Y.

MORE WAYS TO BE KOOKIE

You're either kookie or you're not. If you are, you dig it. "The girls of today," according to the Chicago Board of Saving and Loan, §end their conversations with "See you in Antsville." It's kookie to dig "Ominous," "The Stooges," and record hops, hate show-business, go around on a fast date. A kookie knows it's smart to be late but isn't, knows it's silly to get caught but does. She was the first girl he ever caught on with the kookiest guy in the world is Edd Byrux.

HOW DO YOU RATE?

For your score, start with 25 and subtract 2 points for each answer you're kookie. If you hit zero, you're kookie. If you're not, don't waste a minute. Write—air mail—and tell us and we'll pass the word to Edd. 

DON'T MISS "ATTRACTIVELY STRUNG," 9:10 P.M. ERT, ON ABC-TV. CATCH HIM IN WARNER'S "YELLOWSTONE KELLY" AND ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS, MOLLY BEE RECORDS FOR CAPITOL.

whispered, "Till death do us part," and she meant it. And he repeated the words, and she knew he'd meant them, too.

How then, did they come to part? How? Obviously, the marriage was half brought together so violently, pushed apart just as violently. Their tempers were equally fiery, their feelings of insecurity equally as deep, only Ava's had brought together so violently. Frank's had made him turn away from her to find new worlds to conquer.

It was not like that in the beginning though, she said, she often brooded and kissed him. "Never mind," she'd say. "I'll be all right. We're married and that's all that matters."

For a while that was true. Frank couldn't get the recent spot as an entertainer, but he didn't let it show that it bothered him. He just went on following Ava around, as she made movies and money, until one morning she woke up and looked at him. He looked different. He told her he'd read "From Here to Eternity," and that the part of Maggio was perfect for him.

But you're a singer," she said.

"I was a singer," he lied another cigarette, inhaled too deeply and coughed. She knew he was lying and he should not get more sleep, she said, remembering someone's saying that, when Frank got eight hours sleep, he sang like nobody's business; when he got four or five— he sang like a rushed man.

He brushed this aside. 'I'm going to get that part," he said, "if I have to play it for nothing."

She stared at him. She'd been perfectly happy, just having him near her, just being able to see him and hear him and reach out and touch him. But had he? He looked desperate. After all, he was a man, and a married man. She was the winning big winner, but she hadn't cared about that. She looked at him and she knew that he had cared.

He went straight to Harry Cohn, then head of Columbia Pictures, and told him he had to have that part. Cohn promised nothing.

Then one day, everything changed. They were in Africa, where she was making "Mogambo," when the wire came from Co- lumbia, asking Frank to come back and make the test. He whirled her around and laughed with her, then turned and started crying, and she loved him. She knew she would always love him. So she let him go— halfway around the world—to make the fifty-minute test, and when he came back, he brought all kinds of presents for her, and he told her how much he loved her, how much he would do for her, once he got on top again. But when weeks passed, and he heard nothing about the part, only vague rumors that someone else had gotten it, he grew gloomy again, snapping at her, snapping at everyone he saw.

The worst day was when he was feeling particularly miserable, the cable, telling him he had the part, arrived.

A week later, he left for Hollywood. Too. But when weeks passed, and he heard nothing, he was back on the picture, and was taken off location and flown to a hospital in England. "A severe case of anemia," the papers said. But it was much more than that. She had lost her baby, the child she and Frank had wanted. What would have happened if the child had been born? she now wondered. Would that have kept us together?

She had not known then that this had been the beginning of the end.

With the success of "From Here to Eternity" came the end of the marriage. It had lasted twenty-three months and twenty-one days. M-G-M announced the end of it in October of 1953, but it was not until June of 1954 that Ava went to Nevada to establish her six weeks' residence.

On July 26th, the reporters waited, pens poised, to get the story of her picking up her former husband, who was newly married and supplied with plenty of flash bulbs. And the papers saved space on page one for the event.

There was nothing on page one. She did not even come down to the hotel nor the next, nor the one after that. Then, suddenly, she was gone, bound for Europe, and she still was Mrs. Frank Sinatra.

She settled down in her house in Jor- alema, a suburb of Madrid, making sure that her time was filled with excitement, that she was never alone. She did not see Frank once that year, and only once the following year.

One night, she was home, alone. It was midnight, and she'd asked that a print of Frank's latest picture, "The Man with the Golden Arm," be delivered to her room. All by herself, she sat and watched the picture all the way through. Then before she could change her mind, she sent him a cable, congratulating him on his great performance.

And that was all. She had seen her husband on the screen. She did not really see him until the summer of 1956, when he came to Spain to make "The Long and the Passion." During the shooting of that film, they saw each other often—but never to say hello. When she saw him, she smiled and nodded and looked away, and he did the same. He did not say he was no her husband. What it all meant, she didn't know.

Then, one evening in a night club called the "Palais Montmartre," she got a note from Frank. She read it, smiled, and quickly scribbled an answer. The waiter hurried across the room with it, handed it to Frank, and then stood by to see if there would be trouble. Frank read the note, threw back his head and burst into laughter. Across the room they looked into each other's eyes for a long moment, but noth- ing. He slapped his, but she not speak. They did not go to each other. But that night it did not seem to hurt her much.

Another evening, when she was dining at a restaurant with Ricardo and Geor- gia's friends, it came up. She smiled, and they, it did. Suddenly she stopped chatting and eating. For across the room sat Frank, with another girl on his arm. He looked at her and smiled. "What's the matter?" she not speak. They did not go to each other. But that night it did not seem to hurt her much.

Shortly afterward, Ricardo called for her. She went to the door and saw them, but they left.

How do you leave a part of your life behind you? she wondered. How do you make yourself forget the past, and go on into the future? Once, she had known the answer. If you lose something, you replace it as quickly as possible. She had done it when she lost Mickey Rooney and Dalton Trumbo and again when her marriage with Artie Shaw went up in smoke. But there was nothing this time to take its place.

After months of soul-searching, Ava gave up and filed for divorce in Mexico—not from quibbling about matters that would be good all over the world—in Spain, for instance. "Why are you suddenly doing this?" people asked her, and she smiled and locked away her answer.

"Suddenly?" she asked, lifting her eyebrows. "After four years, don't you think it's about time?"

On July 5th, Ava Sinatra became Ava Gardner again. Her maiden name was restored to her, but she knew she would never be the same again, matter how hard she tried. And she did try. She tried to love again—not another marriage, not that. "If I were mar-
ried again and the marriage failed. I'd wish I were dead," she said one night at a gay party, "or else, I'd kill myself." There was no doubt that she meant it. Her eyes were almost black with pain... That afternoon, as she sat in her hotel room, waiting for it to be time to go to the airport and fly back to Spain, she thought about what the doctor had said, and she realized there was only one person in the world who'd understand, who'd come running if she called. It was Frank. But somehow, she just couldn't call him...

When she got back to Madrid, she tried to keep herself so busy that she wouldn't have time to think. But forty times a day she caught herself looking at her face anxiously in the mirror. And it never looked any better than the time before.

But she went on waiting for some signs of improvement. And then she could put off going to Rome to make "The Naked Maja" no longer. Heavy veiled, she left Spain for Rome. Strenuously, she submitted to the make-up man and, woefully, she went before the cameras, feeling naked without her scarf.

When the first rushes of the film came through, everyone said how beautiful she looked in them, but she shied at them in silence. She knew that she still had that nervous twitch in her eye when she was tired, that there was a crookedness to her mouth, whether she smiled or cried. She knew, and no one could tell her that it wasn't so.

Then, at last, the year Sir Archibald had told her to wait was over. She flew to London immediately, and went to his office. After examining her carefully, he smiled. "It is as I thought," he told her. "You're fine. Now you are ready for a minor operation. Ten minutes is all it will take.

That is all it did take, when she entered a small nursing home the following day. And twenty-four hours later, she looked into a mirror. For the first time in what seemed forever to her, she smiled at what she saw. Except for a slight discoloration, which the doctor assured her would last only a few more hours, she was herself again.

In July of 1955, Frank came to her in Rome. This time, there were no guarded glances or smiles across a room. This time, he took her with him all over the city, and they laughed together and held hands. They raced around Rome until five o'clock in the morning, and maybe... maybe... But then he was off again, gone again. Why?

Perhaps because of the first woman in his life, his mother, Dolly. She was so strong, so dominant from the very beginning, that maybe he'd set out to prove he was a tough guy. No woman was going to make a doormat out of him! He would be a guy who'd as soon hit a man as look at him—a guy who could love 'em and leave 'em.

And because this idea was so powerful in him, it sometimes seemed that he didn't often get to do what he really wanted to do. He left many things, tore himself away from them, just to prove he could leave them. He had something to prove to the world—and himself.

But she—what was she trying to prove? It didn't make any sense. None of it makes any sense, she told herself. But the roads they'd taken were such different ones. She'd become an expatriot, an internationalist, a spy of the world. And he? He was always on the road, too, but most of his roads circled the States; Miami, Hollywood, Las Vegas, New York, and always he was surrounded by at least three of his cronies. He seemed to need them, to need the sense of protection they gave him, and he never traveled without them.

We do not need each other! their actions screamed across a world, so that each one knew about it. We do not care! But why, if this were true, did they need to say it so often to each other, in so many ways? Why did they keep protesting? And why did they keep meeting again?

Maybe there isn't any answer. Ava went about her work, her play, making pictures, having fun—even if, maybe, it was empty—and Frank went about his business. But the world was small. While she was in Australia, making "On the Beach," he flew down to sing at Melbourne Stadium.

When he came on stage, the lights dimmed. Frank stepped forward, and Ava knew he'd seen her. She was sitting in the front row, a little to the side. She was smiling.

"Hello, baby," she whispered.

She looked up at him and listened as he sang "All of me—why not take all of me..." directly to her.

She tried to keep smiling, even though she was remembering so many things about him and her, and what someone had once said about her. The woman had said, "Ava is stunning. She behaves like a perfect lady—until she can stand it no longer. Then she turns her back and runs down the street like a little girl."

She pushed that thought away from her and tried to sit there and listen to Frank. But she could not make herself sit still another moment. Suddenly, it was too much—there were too many memories. She felt as if she were choking. She stood up and hurried down the aisle, stumbling a little as she made her way out of the stadium. She was the first one to leave. Behind her, the words filled the air, "...Can't you see, I'm no good without you. . . ."

—BRIANNE WATSON

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Tested by doctors, trusted by women—proved in hospital clinics. Ad
Neither of Kim's parents had ever expected such a wonderful treat. Of Czechoslovakian descent, they had lived in America all their lives, anxious only about their children's happiness and future, never dreaming of a pleasure trip to Europe for themselves.

It was way back last spring—a sunny April morning—that she had called to tell them the news. Her mother was baking a chocolate cake for company that night, she'd said.

Kim smiled. "Are you sitting down?" she'd asked.

"Wait a minute," her mother laughed. "Let me wipe my hands." Then she asked, "Why? Is something the matter?"

"I have wonderful news!" Kim said, and unable to hide her own excitement, she blurted out, "How would you and Dad like to go to Europe with me? The studio's asked me to go over to the Cannes Film Festival. I thought, Wouldn't it be fun if you and Dad could be my guests!"

Stunned, her mother had sunk back into the red-leather kitchen chair next to the telephone nook. All she could utter was a weak, "Huh..."

"No really, I'm not kidding, Mom," Kim said. "I made the air reservations this morning. We're all going to meet in New York and fly by jet to Paris; then on to Cannes, and then I thought it would be wonderful to visit Dad's cousins in Czechoslovakia. Wouldn't that be great? Then, we'll fly to Italy and maybe England. The trip'll take thirty days, so you and Dad had better start making plans!"

"Kim," Mrs. Novak whispered in her daze, "I... I can't believe it! I don't think I can talk any more now. I'll call you back in a little while."

After her mother had placed the telephone into its cradle, she picked it right up again and called Arlene.

Arlene laughed into the phone. "Kim already told us. She called and made us promise to keep it a secret until the reservations were completed!"

Then Mrs. Novak called her husband at work and told him the news. But she still can't remember what she served her guests for dinner that night. She was so happy she couldn't even think! How often they had read about the begum in the newspapers back in Chicago!

The Aga Khan, the Begum's husband, received his weight in diamonds every other year from his Moslem followers until the time of his death. And now they were sitting at the same table with her.

Mom looks really lovely tonight, Kim thought, glancing across at her. And Dad—when she'd been seated in his easy chair with one slipper on and the other lost, forgotten under the chair, reading his paper—looked quite dapper in his tuxedo. He'd fixed perfectly when he took it out of its gold and white box last Christmas. He'd looked sort of puzzled and pleased at the same time. He'd fingered the black tie and said, "Why, thank you, Kim. It's—very handsome. But what am I going to do with it?"

She'd wondered then if her impishness had been right. When she'd been hurrying around in the crowds doing her Christmas shopping, she'd suddenly seen the tuxedo in a brightly lighted shop window, and she'd gone in immediately and bought it for her father. But maybe it had been a silly thing to do. After all, what was he going to do with it?

Now they both knew. He was going to wear it on all the formal occasions here in Europe. He was going to have a wonderful time wearing it, and he wore it well—almost elegantly.

But it came back to her mother then. She saw that her mother was taking in every detail of the dinner party, probably so that she would be able to tell her neighbors back in Chicago all about it. She was making mental notes of the pink damask table cloth, the individual crystal bowls at each place with floating gardenias, the centerpiece of milk-white orchids with their waxy petals, the blue flowers the table had just seen, and how her mother was looking at the beautiful ring the Begum was wearing on her right hand.

It was the biggest diamond Kim had ever seen. Certainly it was the biggest one her mother had ever seen; larger than a salt-shaker cap, it shot off sparks of white-fire with every gesture the Begum's hand made. All through the meal, even during the dessert of strawberry mousse, Mrs. Novak's eyes were on that ring. She seemed to be trying to muster the courage to make some remark about it. Once or twice, she opened her mouth, then seemed to be ready to speak, but then she always stopped and tried to look away.

I wonder what she wants to say about the ring, Kim said to herself, hoping it would be the right thing. Kim had learned that. Too often, in the beginning of her career, she'd found that what she'd said in all innocence were things she never should have said. Learning what is correct and what is considered a faux pas had not been easy for Kim, and how much less opportunely she'd always known to learn.

Kim glanced over at Cary. He was so at ease. He talked and laughed easily and at the right moments. Then she stole a glance at the Begum and she'd found that what she'd said in all innocence were things she never should have said. Learning what is correct and what is considered a faux pas had not been easy for Kim, and how much less opportunely she'd always known to learn.

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When she woke up that February morning, she felt as if something wonderful were going to happen. Then she remembered that it was her birthday. She was thirteen. Dad and Mom had promised that she could wear make-up, and thieved, too, how it had been two weeks earlier than usual and experimented in front of the oval mirror above the mahogany dresser in her narrow bedroom, with its windows on one side and the door at the other.

The enormous collection of make-up lay all over the dresser; she'd been buying it secretly with her allowance from the five-and-dime store in the neighborhood for a long time. She'd tossed the red shades of lipstick and the fiery red rouges, and she thought they would bring out more gold in her hair.

Finally she emerged from her bedroom, anticipating her mother's ecstatic raves over the breakfast table. But when she walked downstairs and faced her mother in their cozy, cream-colored kitchen, her mother was wearing her best pair of spectacles and seemed to be ready to speak, but then she always stopped and tried to look away.

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but she wouldn't let herself. Taking a deep breath, she said, "I've never liked the way you look!" And she ran out of the house.

The girls at school will like it, she told herself. They know more about these things than Mom and Dad. But none of the girls said much. A couple of them asked her how she'd put on the eyeshadow and mascara, but that was all. Except that by the end of the week she had a nickname. Everyone at school was calling her C.C., and no one would tell her what it meant.

Maybe it stands for some movie star's name, she told herself hopefully, but she didn't really think it did. For one thing, she didn't think she looked like a star whose name corresponded with those initials. But mainly, the girls just didn't act as if they were paying her a compliment of any sort.

Finally, after a month of name-calling, a girl took her aside and said, "Somebody's got to tell you how terrible you look, and it might as well be me—even if you hate me for it. The gang's calling you C.C., because it stands for circus clown."

"Circus clown?"

"Yes. You look so clownish with all that make-up."

Kim found herself running down the corridor and down the stairs and out the door. She ran down the street without stopping until she reached her house. And then she rushed in and shut herself up in her room.

Had she made a fool of herself? How often had Mom and Dad pleaded with her to take it easy with the make-up? Every time they looked at her, it seemed. Only, Kim hadn't listened. What could a man possibly know about how to put it on, and who was her mother to talk? She was just a plain Chicago housewife who thought about nothing besides her kitchen and her home, while Kim had pored over every fashion magazine she could get her hands on, even using a magnifying glass on the models' faces to figure out their make-up secrets.

But now, looking at herself in the bedroom mirror, she realized she'd looked like a silly clown all the time. And she thought of one morning in particular when her mom had refused to let her out of the house because the new, thick cupid's bow Kim had drawn on her mouth. She remembered that morning and winced.

"It looks cheap," her mother had said.

"It's not the way other girls do it. They look nice."

And Kim answered, "What do you know about it? Why, you've never even looked after your figure!"

But now, having been told what she, herself, really looked like, Kim stood by her bedroom mirror, seeing for the first time the hurt on her mother's face—and the shock on her father's and she thought: But they were right all the time. They knew what was best for me, and they didn't have to read all those magazines to know it, either! Kim scrubbed the make-up off that afternoon, and she never again wore much of it. She felt awful about the way she'd treated her mother and father. She felt she'd never be able to make it up to them—but she knew she'd never stop trying . . .

And that was why the idea of bringing them to Europe with her had seemed such a good one. She'd thought they'd have such a wonderful time; that she would, too. But now, as she watched them across the table, she wondered. Her mother was still glancing at the Begum's ring, and, finally, during a short pause in the conversation, Mrs. Novak plunged in.

"Your ring is so lovely," she said in a small voice. "Would you mind telling me just how many carats it is?"

Kim held her breath. She had no idea how the Begum would feel about this sort of question. But the Begum seemed pleased. She held out her hand and looked at her ring.

"I'm glad you admire it," she said. "It is one of my favorites, too. So we are alike, you and I, no? There are fifty carats in it."

Fifty carats, imagine that! But what amazed Kim most was not the size of the ring. What amazed her most was that the Begum had said to her mother, "So we are alike, you and I, no?" And Kim looked over at her mother's golden wedding band and shook her head. No, she thought, no, they are not alike. They couldn't be more different.

She glanced over at her father, who was deep in conversation with Cary, and then back at her mother, who was chatting happily with the Begum, and, for the first time that evening, she relaxed and smiled—really smiled.

You're not a bit like the Aga's widow, Mom, she said to herself, and you, Dad—you're worlds apart from Cary—but I think you're both wonderful, and so do these people.

Then the dinner was over. Everyone stood up, and Kim hurried around to the other side of the table to where her mother and father were standing. Mom, she knew, had understood what was in her heart for a long time—but Dad, well, Kim had never been able to tell her father how when she was a kid and didn't know, she'd been almost ashamed of him—and how very proud she was of him right now—and always would be.

The End

Kim stars in Columbia's "Strangers when we meet" and in "Middle of the Night."
thought how nice it would be if he could stop and talk to them in that easy way his friend Chuck always had with girls. Why couldn't he think of anything to say? he wondered. And when he did think of something, why was it always the wrong thing?

Walking slowly down the block, he stared hard at the pavement as though he had to watch it carefully—it might suddenly drop out from under him. In fact, he wished it would. He just knew that when he passed them, they'd laugh.

And one of them did. When he got near enough to the corner to actually hear the whispers of the girls, one of them giggled. Suddenly, he wanted to turn and run. The corners were so frowning, hoping he looked lost in thought. Maybe they'd think he was concentrating so hard that he didn't see or hear them.

Then he heard another giggle and a voice said, "Don't worry. He's only got his say, more softly, "He's kind of cute." He sneaked a look at the girls from under his lowered brows and turned away again. They were walking together, blushing and giggling, but he knew it was that special girl, the one he thought was so pretty, who'd called out. She was making fun of him. He'd looked at himself in the mirror and knew that no girl would ever call him "cute"—and mean it. He swallowed hard and kept on walking.

"What are you going?" she called out again. "Why don't you take me with you?"

He wished he could think of something smart to retort, but his mind was blank. Suddenly, he plunged off the curb and dashed away. As he jumped across a rain puddle on the other side of the gutter, he could still hear the girls' laughter.

Just before he turned the corner, John looked back over his shoulder, but a streetcar, clanging down the middle of the street, hid the girls from him. He stopped to stare into the window of a hardware store, a window filled with the browny, pink hammer and shiny hammers but only wanting to give himself a little time to get over the painful meeting to let the lump in his throat melt away so his voice wouldn't squeak when he asked the grocer, "And can I have two cans of tomatoes, please?"

After a moment, he began to watch the reflections of the neighborhood people passing by in the hardware-store window. And then suddenly he pressed close up against the window. In it, he could see two of the girls from the corner. He didn't want them to see him again, and this time, they didn't. They were too busy talking. When they passed him, he could hear every word they said. They were talking about him.

"Boy," he heard one of the girls saying, "is he cute!"

The other girl, the one he liked, nodded. "Guess he thinks he's too good for us . . ."

That's not true! John almost said it aloud. How can they think that? Speechlessly, he waited for their reflections to disappear at the edge of the window and he wished harder than ever he could just saunter up to them and smile—and say, "Hello."

"It's the other way around," he would like to explain. "I want to be friends. Honest. It's just that—well—I'm scared, I guess. If you knew how scared I am," he thought, "then you'd really have something to laugh about."

At fourteen, John Saxon was shy and miserable. He had no idea what to do about it, so he avoided social overtures and was lonely. Then when he tried to be part of the gang, things were worse. He had a terror of parties.

Why was this? He didn't know for sure. It was just that every party he went to seemed to turn out to be a disaster, like the first party he ever went to, a picnic supper when he was still in grammar school.

It was warm in Brooklyn that summer, and everybody in the neighborhood used to drag chairs out in front of the houses to sit on the sidewalk in the steamy twilight.

Never much of a talker even then, he wriggled contentedly in his chair at the upper table and swung his bare, brown legs back and forth. By arcing his ankle downward, he could just touch the floor with his toe.

When he'd been invited to the picnic supper, he hadn't especially wanted to go. Why, he asked his mother, should he eat supper with near-strangers when he could eat perfectly well at home with his family?

But she said, "You go, Son. You'll have a good time. It's nice you were invited." So—partly eager, partly afraid—he had gone.

The picnic was at the home of a classmate. A dozen children had been invited for fried chicken, potato salad, canned carrot strips and sandwiches, served at a long table in the back yard.

He was nervous at first, but soon he began to relax. Listening to the giggles and chatter of the other boys and girls, he thought, "What a—"

"Knock, knock," said one.

"Who's there?" someone else responded.

A fat little girl with Shirley Temple curls all over her head gave the expected answer.

"Tarzan."

"Tarzan who?"

"Tarzan Stripes Forever."

The kids burst into laughter at this salutation. John among them. That year, "knock, knock" puns were popular, and John liked them as well as anybody. He knew a few himself. Gradually he ventured into the conversation, forgetting all about feeling shy.

"Would you like anything more, John?" the hostess asked.

"No, thank you," he said, just as his mother had told him to. "That was very good."

With happy anticipation, he awaited dessert.

Deftly, the hostess removed the paper plates and brought the dessert—large, sweet, icy segments of watermelon. John took a bite. It was good. Sticky, pink juice ran down his fingers. He wiped his hands on his napkin and took another mouthful.

But just as he took his second bite, he looked up at the other children, and the watermelon lost its savor. John, as was his long-standing practice, was eating watermelon with his hands, but everybody else was using a knife and fork.

"Maladjusted with a fork?" the thought had never occurred to John. How stupid he must look! The watermelon turned to cotton in his mouth, and, for a dreadful moment, he was afraid he couldn't swallow.

He was overwhelmed with humiliation.

People, he was certain, would laugh at him the rest of his life. They couldn't help it. Even if they weren't sure of him at this time, that was sure they'd remember how stupid he was not to know how to eat watermelon! John, at eight, felt his entire future hinged on one treacherous serving of watermelon. For the watermelon was a trap. Maybe he'd never go to another one. And, for a long time, he didn't.

Girls whose invitations he declined now continued to whisper to him, "You see," they shared their feminine insight, "he's stuck-up. He thinks he's too good for us. Conceived, that's what he is.

John didn't know about these whispers. If he had known, they would have shocked him.

Sy by actors are no novelty. The truth is that some of the most popular Hollywood stars—including Rick Nelson and Rock Hudson—are timid. And John Saxon to Hollywood still feeling insecure. He had little confidence in his ability to get along with people.

He'd become so used to his self-consciousness that it hardly seemed a problem. He was nervous with strangers, which was difficult, so following the pattern of his boyhood, he left strangers alone. If some people found him unapproachable, it couldn't help but be true.

In Hollywood, girls still looked hopeful when he came into the room. Maybe none of them said, "Hi!—He's cute," but more than one pair of feminine eyes clearly said, "I want to talk to him!"

Still trapped behind a wall of self-consciousness, he didn't see the invitation. And he was lonely.

More than one factor broke down that wall. The acclaim he received as an actor helped. But so did an incident involving a girl. She's a pretty girl, naturally, but her name isn't familiar to anybody except her family and friends. When they talked about her, she was always described as "nice," but by the end of the conversation, you could hear "but . . ."

When they worked together in a picture, she in a minor role, he in the lead, she was curious about what sort of person the real John Saxon might be.

"I wonder if he's conceited?" she asked herself.

John, in turn, was conscious of all the pretty girls on the set and especially of this one. He liked her soft voice and the way her hair would sweep up at the back of her neck. He envied her the poise with which she met strangers. He thought it'd be fun to take her dancing, but he wouldn't know how to speak with her.

Lots of other men seemed to find her attractive, too. Some days she ate lunch with two or three.

Noticing that a cameraman drove her home that day, she saw him, "She wouldn't have time for me. I guess I'll leave her alone."

Susan felt quite differently. She was disappointed. True, John was one of the best-looking boys on the set. He was also a talented actor, and the few times she'd heard him take part in a conversation he'd been witty and intelligent. But, she decided, she'd have to speak with his head.

Discussing him with girls at the Studio Club, she summed it up:

"He's so aloof. Why, he barely answers when I say 'hello.' He acts as though he thinks he's too good for any girl!"

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"Well," her roommate shrugged, "I guess that's the way some boys are."

"You're right," Susan agreed. "Men are naturally vain, and John Saxon is the worst of the lot. It's a pity, though, because I'd love to know him better, and I'll never get another chance. Before this picture is over, I'm going to make him notice me whether he wants to or not."

The next day, he was leaning against a table, watching the director guide two players through an especially delicate scene. He was so engrossed that he didn't even notice the girl at his elbow, and when she spoke he nearly jumped.

"Mr. Saxon," Susan said, "could you give me a little help? I can't decide whether my lines in the next scene are supposed to be light or not. Would you read them and tell me what you think?"

He studied her carefully. He'd been around enough to know she didn't really need help with her lines. He thought back to the girls on the corner, but this girl wasn't laughing at him.

"Sure," he said, "I'd be delighted to go over the scene with you. I've been hoping for a chance to talk to you.

Later, after they'd gone dancing together, Susan admitted that she'd just been trying to get his attention.

"I thought you were terribly conceited," she said, "but I was determined to make one last effort to know you."

"And I thought you were so popular you wouldn't have any time for me. All the time you thought I was conceited, I was afraid to ask you for a date."

The friendship with Susan didn't amount to anything romantically. She later went home to Illinois and John heard she'd married a high-school football coach. But the incident amounted to a lot, because it helped John understand himself and others, too. Remembering the episode, he thinks the moral is obvious.

"It happens all the time," he says. "People misunderstand each other, because they're both shy. It happened to me more than once. Somebody has gotten the impression I'm conceited when actually I'm just scared."

Although he has licked his timidity problem, he hesitates to advise others.

"Truthfully," he says, "I don't know how a person gets over fear. I just know what happened to me made me feel at ease until I achieved recognition as an actor. Recognition was like a blood transfusion. It gave me drive.

"Of course, everybody won't be an actor, but recognition in any field has the same effect. If you work hard and do well at something, you're a new person. It doesn't matter what it is you do well. It could be plug-pulling or doing the cha-cha-cha. Just as long as you do something."

He has reversed his philosophy since the days when his biggest ambition was to be unobtrusive. Now, he recommends, don't hide. Do something, something constructive.

"The happy result of doing something constructive," he explains, "is it shows you aren't just a pawn to be moved about by other people. While they are affecting you, you are affecting them."

What is a gawky teenager had the first time it dawned on me that I, too, could have an effect, that people reacted to me. The main thing I had to learn was not to just stand there—or run away—but to do something."

"Sports, social contacts, all the things I used to dread, are more things to enjoy now," he marvels. "Life is grand. I don't read science fiction any more because real life is more interesting." The End

JOHN'S IN U.A.'S "THE UNFORGIVEN" AND "CRY TOUGH," AND DISNEY'S "THE BIG FISHERMAN."

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THREATENED
Continued from page 77

That is like us, Sophia thought; that is like Carlo and me. We can never be together fully, completely, until the shadow of this shame is lifted from us.

The car that was to carry her the rest of the way on her secret and dangerous journey drew up beside the platform. The driver jumped out, apologizing for his lateness, and picked up her bags. Then, when she was settled in the car, they drove off.

"We have a fine day for this," he said, making conversation.

She nodded in agreement, but she did not feel anything except the weight of this trip she was making to Rome, where she hoped she would in some way get the answer she was seeking.

Had it been wrong for her and Carlo to marry? She knew the answer to that. Yes, it had been wrong.

But perhaps he would forgive . . . perhaps he would forgive and they could have a child.

God is good, she told herself. Perhaps . . .? She didn't know. The Church's feelings about her marriage had been made very clear: excommunication. And the laws in Rome were equally clear regarding what she and Carlo had done: two to five years imprisonment for bigamy, if either one of them returned to Italy. Well, she was returning, and Carlo would join her soon. They both knew there was no point in running away. For if there were a child now, that child would have no name, just as she had never had one . . .

"Stuzzicadenti, come here!" It was Mamma calling to her. Four-year-old Sophia put down the doll furniture that she was arranging for the hundredth time and got up. The doll furniture had been carved for her by her grandfather, and he had painted it a lovely blue. Some day, Sophia told herself, I will have a lovely house like the dolls have, and all my furniture will be blue, also. And some day, she sighed as she went to see what Mamma wanted, no one will call me "stuzzicadenti," either, for I won't always look like a toothpick!

She looked in the living room, but Mamma was not there. Neither was she in the tiny kitchen. Finally, Sophia looked in the bedroom. Mamma was lying in bed, the sheets high over her swollen belly. Mamma looked funny. Her face was wet with perspiration. Her blond hair curled damply around her shoulders. And her hands were clenched.

"Mamma?" she said, hesitating in the doorway. "You sick, Mamma?"

Her mother tried to smile. "It is not a sickness," she said. "It is natural. It is good. Sophia, soon you will have a real baby to play with, to care for. You can forget your doll—babies."

The child's eyes widened. "Soon?" she repeated.

Her mother's eyes closed, her mouth twisted with pain. When the spasm passed, she said, "Yes, soon—soon. Run, get your grandmother from the courtyard. Tell her we must get to the hospital—soon."

Sophia ran down the narrow, curving stone steps and out into the yard. Her grandmother was talking rapidly about the weather, the price of wine, everything under the sun.

"Grandma, come quick!" she said, pulling at the woman's skirts. "Mamma says to! Quick!"

Her grandmother looked from the child to the apartment building and then back at her neighbor. "Tell them to bring a conveyance. It is my daughter's time."

And she ran across the yard and up the steps, her shoes clattering behind her. Sophia could not keep up with her.

Then they took her Mamma away and she was told until the day Mamma came home again, a tiny, pink-blanketed bundle in her arms. "See?" Mamma said softly, lifting a corner of the blanket. "It is your baby."

And Sophia could only stand there and stare at the tiny eyelashes on the closed eyes, at the tightly curled fingers, like two little people.

Then a year later, when she was five and little Maria could barely toddle around, Mamma made them go to their bedroom. She closed the door and told them to stay there until she called them. Sophia looked at her baby sister. "Were you a naughty girl?" she asked, frowning, knowing that she, herself, had not been naughty.

Mamma's eyes opened wide and then filled with tears. "No, no," she said, shaking her head. "No, no."

"Then why . . . ?" Looking at the closed door, Sophia asked herself why Mamma had sent them to their room. Then she thought she heard something. She moved closer to the door. Yes, she heard voices. When she pressed her ear against the door, she could hear a man's voice, one she never heard. "And she could hear her mother's soft voice answering him, and then silences, long silences, and the voices again.

Footsteps were coming down the hall. Sophia backed away from the door and knelted down on the floor beside her sister, Little Maria was playing with Sophia's doll house, scattering the carefully arranged furniture around. "No!" Sophia said sharply. "The doll, yes. My toys, yes. But not that!"

Maria looked as if she were going to cry, but then Mamma came into the room. Mamma's face changed. "Mamma," she cried, smiling and struggling to stand up. "Mamma!"

Sophia just stayed where she was, her eyes never leaving her mother's, her eyes asking why she was being punished, shut up in her room. But she said nothing.

Her mother tried to smile, but her lips trembled. She knelt down beside the children and began putting their dresses to tidy them, fluffing their hair. She wiped a smudge from Sophia's cheek. "I want you to meet someone," she whispered. "Someone special, someone very close to me—us." As if in answer to the question in Sophia's eyes, she said, "It was just that I wanted to see him first, talk to him a little. That is why I asked you to stay here. Come, now—let us meet him."

Immediately, Sophia forgot her feelings about being shut up in the bedroom. She tucked one hand in her mother's, holding onto Maria with the other. "Hurry," she said to her little sister. "It is special, Mamma says."

Then they were standing in the living room. A big, handsome man was sitting on the settee, his hair dark against the pink drapes. He was smiling. His teeth were very strong. "Sophia . . . and Maria . . ."

The man smiled more broadly. "Ah, is it possible? How they have grown! Like weeds in the garden!"

"Sophia, this is your father."

Sophia just stood there. He is not my father, she was thinking, but she didn't say it, not wanting to be rude. And anyway, Mamma looked so happy when she looked at that man. Even if she was trembling, even if her voice sounded funny and whispery.

"Come to me, Sophia. Come to your father," the man said, stretching out his
She tried to pretend that everything was all right. She was good at this pretending. Mamma said it ran in the family, for she had been an actress once, a real one, she said. And she showed her daughter a yellowed, crumbling clipping of a beautiful woman with classical features and long, shining hair.

"Me!" her mother said, poking a finger in the center of the face in the photograph. "Before you came along.

Eagerly, Sophia tried to read the words. But Mamma wouldn't let her. "It says I am beautiful. It says I won the contest of EM-GE-EM for the one who looks most like Garbo. She was an actress, too. And that they have given me a contract, that I am to go to Hollywood." She smiled. "But, as I say, that was long ago. Before you were born. I made one movie here in Italy, and then you came along.

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She went back to school, well satisfied with herself. But Mamma was far from content. If Sophia had won one contest, she could win them all. She could even—just think of it—become a star in the movies!

"We will go to Rome," Mamma said, "and you will be the most beautiful girl in Rome as well as Naples. Of course, you should have come in first in Naples. Everyone knows that!"

But Sophia could open her mouth to protest, her mother was busy making plans, deciding what they should take, what they should not take. Making decisions as rapidly as she chattered, Mamma had had them in Rome before Sophia knew what was happening.

They dropped their possessions in a dingy little room and began looking for work as soon as they arrived. "My feet are sore," Sophia said, stopping outside one of the big studios.

"Never mind, darling," her mother said, "we will soak them tonight, and tomorrow we will find work."

Tomorrow came and they went on their rounds again. But Mamma was right. This day they did find work. They became extras in "Quo Vadis." It was wonderful—the excitement, the confusion, the colorful costumes. "I love it, Mamma. It is fun!" Sophia said, hugging her mother.

"Didn't I tell you?" her mother smiled. "It will be fun always!"

But it was not. Two days later, Sophia came face to face with her father's wife on the set. They had the same last name, so it was unavoidable that they should be mixed up.

They were going to be paid. "Scicolone," the voice said. Sophia stepped up. Her mother stepped up. But another woman stepped up, too—a pretty, dark woman. "I am Scicolone," the woman said, her voice low with scorn, her eyes hard.

The paymaster looked at her sheet of paper. "There are three Scicolones," he said, smiling.

Sophia did not smile, nor did her mother. They took their pay—thirty-three dollars, a fortune—and they turned away. No, there was only one Scicolone.

After that, nothing seemed to go right for them. They tramped the streets, but no one wanted them as extras. They moved

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grandfather "The Sea." documentary swiveled to the bedroom. Grandmother asked, "So."

Sophia picked some papers up and put them down, swiveled around in his chair and squinted out at the sun. Then he looked back at her. "Now will begin the diction lessons. Your Italian is terrible." His smile took the sting out of the words. "Next—English!"

There were so many "nexts." After the diction lessons, came Italian films. The first one was for another producer, a semi-documentary called "Africa Beneath the Sea." After that there were many. And then there were the first American films: "The Pride and the Passion," "Boy on a Dolphin," "Legend of the Lost."

Sophia and her mother moved out of the back bedrooms into a sumptuous apartment. Maria and Grandmother and Grandfather came to live with them. The other relatives soon followed. But there were other changes. Bigger changes. Deeper changes. They did not show; they were not surface changes.

For one thing, Sophia so gained in confidence under Carlo's guidance that she no longer thought about being "different." She found that she was able to feel sorry for the "real" Scicolone, her father's wife. She also discovered that she no longer disliked her father. He had made a mistake. Who has not? But there was one last thing she had to do. Maria had been dropped into court by her father's wife, over using the name Scicolone. Sophia was determined that her sister should be permitted to use that name, just as she had been given permission to use it right after her birth. In court, the whole story of the family's poverty had to be told. Sophia told it. With tears streaming down her face, her hands twisting helplessly, she told the whole world about her father.

"But he loves us," she said. "I am sure of that now. He is—he is a man torn between love for his children and his wife's hatred of us. That is what is happening."

When he gave his verdict, the judge looked far from stern. He looked weary and unhappy, and his eyes were warm with sympathy. "Permission is granted. Maria is Scicolone." Maria is Scicolone. Sophia is Scicolone. The court had said so. But the world, what did the world think? Sophia wondered. She put the thought from her. It was over. It did not matter. There were pictures to be made, things to be done. And then, too, Sophia had realized she was deeply, hopelessly in love.

Helplessly, because she was in love with Carlo. True, he had long ago separated from his wife. But he was still married. He had been married in a Church ceremony, and Sophia knew only too well what that meant. Hadn't she gone through it with her mother, when her father married? Oh, the circumstances were different, of course. But the meat of the matter was the same. The Church recognized Carlo's separation from his wife. It was the same as divorce. An annulment was the only thing it would recognize, and why should she and Carlo expect a special dispensation from the Church?

No, it was out of the question. Even though Carlo loved her, too. Even though he said he could not live without her. Finally, he had to go away for a while.
and that settled it. It was true. They could not live without each other.

"God understands," she said to him. Then: "Do you think God understands?"

"No. No one can answer that," she whispered, and began to cry. "What will we do, Carlo?"

"I don't know," he said.

Shortly after that, they flew to California. Sophia was to make "Desire Under the Elms."

Sometimes she couldn't remember a word of English. "I've gone blank!" she'd tell him.

He would smile and hold her hand tightly. "When the time comes, you will be fine."

And she was. But the real problem remained. "What shall we do?" she asked.

One day, he told her, "I am going to Mexico when you go back to Italy," he said. "I will get a divorce. My wife does not object. She wishes us happiness. Then we will be married by proxy."

That is what they did. Only, they were considered married in every country in the world except Italy and Spain. There, in their own country, they were outcasts. If either of them returned to Italy, a jail cell might well swing open—and closed. And neither of them could receive communion or a blessing from the Church.

But she had said to Carlo before making this journey, "We cannot go on this way any longer, darling. I am going home. I am going to see Mamma. If they arrest me, well... And perhaps I can settle it. Perhaps..."

The car drew up in front of the Seco-tona apartment building. Sophia's eyes widened. A crowd was milling around impatiently. Then someone spotted the car. They saw her. "That is she," the cry went up. "It's Sophia! She's here!"

It was as if they wondered what had taken her so long. And all the time she had thought her return was such a secret.

Reporters pulled the door open. Photographers snapped her picture. Then someone held a newspaper up for her to see.

"CHURCH RULES MARRIAGE TO LOREN ILLEGAL! BIG AMY PROCEEDINGS BEGUN!" the headlines screamed. But somehow it didn't matter. She looked up at the façade of the building, saw the windows of her mother's apartment, and tears ran down her cheeks. She was home.

The driver elbowed through the crowd with her suitcases, and then she was going up in the elevator. When it reached her floor and the doors opened, she stepped out into her mother's arms. "Mamma," she cried, dropping her luggage and throwing her arms around her mother.

Her mother led her into the apartment. For a while they talked together—about anything and everything except what was uppermost in their minds. The newspaper on the table reminded them of what they could not speak about.

Mamma looked from Sophia to the figure of Christ upon the wall, and then she said, "Perhaps, my child, perhaps somehow you will be luckier than I..."

And they stared at each other across the darkening room, stared helplessly across the space of two generations, drawn together by all of the happiness—and the unhappiness—they had shared. And Sophia thought of the railroad tracks, shimmering in the bright sun: how they were so far apart, but how they seemed to meet in the distance; how truly close together they looked; and, without knowing why, she felt her heart lift... just a little.

—MARY CULVER

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I REMEMBER WHEN

Continued from page 55

day we were married, he thought, smiling at her, even though her eyes were closed and she couldn't see his smile. By now, they could feel each other's moods. Shirl had always said it would be that way and she was right.

Of course, it had taken time, but six years? Shaking his head, he thought, Boy, it just doesn't seem possible that we've been married six years. Tenderly, he reached down and smoothed back that loose strand of hair that always fell over his wife's cheek.

And she opened her eyes and looked up at him. "Thought you were sleeping," he said as he came around and sat down beside her.

This was the part of every anniversary that they looked forward to the most... late at night when they were alone, just the two of them, and they could sit and remember all the crazy and wonderful things they'd done together. Now after six years, he'd become a tradition. One that I hope we never break, he thought to himself, slipping his arm around her and drawing her close. "Happy anniversary," he whispered.

She lifted her head and let it fall easily onto his shoulder; then suddenly she giggled.

"What's so funny?" he asked, feeling the way he always—always hurt—when he thought Shirl or the girls were involved in a secret.

Her smile was mischievous when she said, "I was thinking about the first time you kissed me. Remember?"

"Could I forget?" Pat groaned. "It took me ten months to get up enough courage to do it: I was so scared all the time you'd get mad at me if I tried."

Shirl laughed. "And I kept wondering what was wrong with me!" They had told each other this story so many times that they almost knew just what the other would say.

"Somehow you always made me feel a little tongue-tied," Pat said, rubbing his cheek against her forehead. "After all, you were the only girl I knew who had her own swimming suit."

"I didn't think you were tongue-tied that day we met. In fact, I thought you had a pretty smooth line," she teased.

"Could anyone blame me?" he asked.

"The minute I saw you I knew I wanted to marry you. It hit me—just like that," and he snapped his fingers.

"Hmmm," Shirl said skeptically.

S
She was a new girl in school. She had just transferred to David Lipscomb because of her mother's illness. Even today, she still had a vivid memory of her mother—so beautiful and gay and full of fun. She'd always been so pleased when people said she had Mommy's personality. Her mother had been a singer, too, like her dad, and their house had been full of music. Shirl had never even guessed that for a long time her mother had been ill. Then one day it couldn't be kept a secret any longer.

"Mommy is going to Chicago," her father had told little Julie and Jenny one dark morning, "to be made well again." But she was older, so he took her aside and said, "Mother is very sick. Shirl, and the doctor says this is her one chance to get better. A very famous heart specialist is going to operate to see if he can help her. But we won't know for a long time."

And in the meantime, he couldn't take care of three young girls himself. He had to travel so much with his musical show and he wanted to spend as much time as he could in Chicago with his wife. So he boarded the two younger girls in a parochial school and entered Shirley as a sophomore in David Lipscomb High School. It was right in the same town, and they saw each other often, but somehow it wasn't the same as when they had been together in their own house. For the first time, Shirley was alone.

Then came a cold, gusty January day when the first big blizzard of the season was blowing out outdoors. Shirley left the cafeteria a little earlier that noon so she'd have time to get an extra sweater and then, as the door swung shut behind her, she heard a boy's voice shouting from the other side of the corridor: "Shirley, hey, Shirley Paley."

She didn't know many students yet and she looked around so quickly her long page-boy hair flew out and fell over her left eye. Then she saw him. One of the boys in her class was waving, signaling her to come over and join them, but she hardly noticed him. She was looking at the other boy, tall and good-looking, who was trying to get the wax in an elaborate attempt to look casual, one foot crossed over the other. She couldn't help but notice his feet—he was wearing clean white bucks.

As she walked toward them, she thought, Gee, he's cute, and then the boy in her class was introducing them.

"Shirley, this is Pat Boone," and then, with a flourish, "He's been dying to meet you," and took off down the hall, as his friend looked angrily after him.

She didn't even notice. "Pat Boone," she said and she thought maybe her voice gave her away. "I've heard you sing," she finally murmured, "and I think you're terrific." Then she stopped, and she could feel herself blushing. Why'd you have to say that, she asked herself. It always makes you sound eager.

But she needn't have worried, for Pat was blushing, too. "Have you really?" he asked. "I'm glad..." almost stammering in his eagerness to tell her. "I... I just think your dad's one of the greatest singers," and suddenly he fell silent.

A minute passed, then another, and finally, not knowing what to do, she said, "Well, I guess I'd better get going along to class. It... it was very nice meeting you, Pat," and slowly started backing away from him.

Then, realizing she was leaving, he asked to walk her to class and she answered, "That'd be very nice," and he did.

When he reached the door to her Latin class, he blurted out, as though he'd rehearsed it, "Shirley, would you like to go out with me some time?"

"Yes, I would," she whispered, and he almost shouted, "How about... tomorrow night?" And, not daring to say anything because the blood was thumping so hard in her head, she simply nodded her head.

On their first date they went sleigh riding and, from that day on, they dated steadily, several times a week. But it was when her mother died, nine months later, that she really began to know Pat. His tenderness and understanding helped her through it more than anything else. She still kept the letter he'd written to her and her father. He could tell her in person how he felt, but the letter was for her daddy, too. After that, she started clinging more and more to Pat. He was always there when she needed him.

When she was eighteen, she was baptized into the Church of Christ, Pat's own faith. He'd never pressured her into joining; he just answered whatever questions she asked him, and let her decide for herself.
They were to need that faith...and their love...in the days ahead of them.

It was in the fall of 1953, a few weeks before they were to begin their first year at David Lipscomb College, when her father came home one night and told her that they were going to have to move to Springfield, Missouri. Somehow she couldn't talk about it to Pat when they went to prayer-meeting, as they did every Friday night, nor afterwards when they walked across town to their favorite ice-cream shop. She couldn't tell him even when he kept saying, "You're so quiet. Are you all right, honey?" But later, when they were sitting in the rear booth, almost hidden by the carved wooden frame of the seat, she began to cry.

"Oh, Pat," she sobbed, "I'm going away."

He stared at her, not understanding what she meant.

"It's Daddy," she said, tears streaming down her cheeks. "He's gotten an offer of a big radio show...in Springfield, Missouri...and we're all going to have to go there to live...and Pat," she whispered, hardly able to speak, "I'll never see you again."

He was stunned; he couldn't move. All he could think was, we can't be separated. We have so much in common. Shirley really understands me...We understand each other. And we have the same plans and dreams for the future. But most important, he knew, she loves me. Deeply, lastingly, more than anything else in the world.

He didn't know how long they sat there, but suddenly he knew what they must do. "Shirley," he said gently, "tomorrow morning, right after I'm finished at the radio station, we're going to be married."

She looked at him, then, realizing what he'd said, she bit her lip. "Oh, Pat, do you think we can?" she asked.

He had answered confidently, "Of course we can," but he knew she was right then, a minute later, she said in a dull, flat voice: "We can't. Daddy and your mother and father will never let us...they don't even want us to go steady."

His parents had said he had no right to even think of marriage before he finished college. That was probably true. But he knew, too, that he couldn't let Shirley go. He knew that this was the one right thing. "Well, then, Shirley," he said, "we'll just have to elope."

With a startled look, she turned back to the table and started unwinding her straw into a long strip. Finally, in a little voice, she said, "All right, Pat, but we'll have to tell Daddy first."

He was really nervous when they went to see her father. All three of them just sat there. Finally Pat cleared his throat and said, "Mr. Foley—I think you know Shirley loves me. I know she's told you. But I'm not sure you know that I love her...and I do very much." Then, seeing how trustingly Shirley was looking at him, he said, "In fact, I'd like to take her away from you."

Her father just sat there a moment and then he burst into tears.

The following afternoon, September 4, 1953, in a little white frame church outside of Nashville, they said their wedding vows, their voices steady and sure—forsaking all others from that day on.

They didn't need anyone else. They had each other. Pat always had so much confidence that he made Shirl feel sure, too. He said he'd take care of her and she believed him...

That's why she didn't even hesitate once they decided they should stop living with his parents and go out on their own. They finally picked Denton, Texas, to move to.
because it had a good college and because a friend of theirs had a cousin who owned a chinchilla ranch there, and Pat thought that raising chinchillas might be one way of making some money while they were still in school.

They'd talked a lot about it, and then one day they decided to move into their bedroom, wall-a-vermut. "Look, Shirl," he said, "we can get a discount on the chinchillas—two for $160. Isn't that great?"

He was almost shouting. "Normally, they'd be $200 each. Dad had an old paper and started figuring. 'Let's see, we have a little money saved, and I can work part-time at the farm and pay off the loan.'"

She was not too enthusiastic, but he was so sold on the idea, he seemed to want it so much, that, of course, she said yes.

And that's how three months after they were married, they gilded their precious possessions, including their first wedding gift, a leather bible with "Mr. and Mrs. Pat Boone" in gold lettering on the spine. They found a small furnished apartment behind their second-hand Chevy and headed for Denton.

They found a place to live, a small furnished apartment, but it was their first home and they loved it.

When they arrived in Denton, he got home a little late as he parked the car, he noticed the apartment was dark. He ran up the steps, two at a time, wordlessly, wondering where Shirl was. He had something to tell her and he couldn't wait.

When he walked in, he saw that the little square dining table was covered with rather sad and shiny and that two stubby blue candles stuck into ink-bottle tops were burning.

I gosh... did I forget something, he thought to himself, as Shirley came up and kissed him.

"Sit right down, honey. The steak's done," she said.

"Steak?" He knew their budget didn't allow for 'steak,' but he didn't care. "Yes," she answered, putting it on the table and sitting down next to him. "I thought this was sort of a special occasion."

"Hey, how'd you know I got the job?" he asked incredulously.

"What job?" she started to ask, then cried, "Pat, the audition—you got it!"

"Yup," he answered, "and—not just one show this time. It's two, and I get three dollars a week."

Then he stopped and looked at her. "But if you didn't know, what are we celebrating?"

"Well," she blushed, "I've wandered for a while and I didn't want to say anything until I knew... but, we're going to have a baby."

"Us!" he shouted. And then he added: "Oh, I forgot to tell you, twenty-five dollars for each show."

"Fifty dollars a week?" she asked, unbelievingly. "Pat, we're rich," and she circled around the room.

And we were rich, she said aloud now, looking at her husband and at the spacious living room of their handsomely furnished house. "We may not have much of anything," she added, turning to Pat, "and sometimes we couldn't even go to a movie, but we did have fun, didn't we?" and they both smiled.

"Even not having much money was a game with us," he said, remembering how they'd hunt for gas wars where they could get gasoline for sixteen cents a gallon, and how he couldn't wait to get home to tell Shirl the day she had found that little country store that sold little-known brands of food that were less expensive. And Shirley learned to make hamburgers twenty-seven different ways. Hamburgers and cottage cheese—that was a big part of their diet that first year. The cheese was a present from the dairy-farmers who put forth their television shows. The man was so impressed when he saw his young singer-eating products right on the air as part of the commercials. And his chinchillas, little B-Bones with fresh eggs, milk and cheese for the duration of the show. What no one knew was that he had such a hectic schedule with classes, school activities and work at the 'Shirl' that the couple barely had time to eat before arriving at the studio.

Those really were dinner then until he got home. Then Shirl would have something hot and simple to eat. "Sit down and talk late into the night. Mentally and physically."

When Berry was born, they felt they were the two luckiest people in the whole world, so that when the offer came to join the Arthur Godfrey show, they couldn't possibly do it.

They had so much already. Was it fair to Shirl to take a chance on a new career and maybe jeopardize the things most important to them both? He often wondered. But, as always, it was Shirley who made him see that he had to do whatever he wanted the most—that was the only way she'd be happy. So, one night, in a little bohemian club, they drank too much and burned the late and two thrilled but slightly worried young people packed a bag for the disc jockey tour that would up in New York with him joining the Arthur Godfrey gang.

And after that, things happened so fast that it left them dizzy.

Diary entries are a private separation and, to Shirley, a deep loneliness and the knowledge that she could no longer count on having her husband near her to share each and every thing. It helped her through the more difficult ones.

Like that New Year's Eve when he was appearing at the Palladium in London and she and the children were spending the holiday in New York. In New York, she was not even sure she thought of it, she got a sick feeling in her stomach.

There'd be the sharp change in weather and how Berry and Shirley got rotten colds. Just to be safe, she asked the doctor to come by, to take a look at them, and while he was there she said, "You might as well check Debbie, too," even though the baby was now five months old.

A half hour later, little Debbie was being rushed to the hospital with pneumonia. Afterwards, the doctor said, "Another twenty-four hours and it might have been too late."

She stayed at the hospital as long as they would let her, and soon after she got back home, the telephone rang. It was Pat calling from London. There was something in his voice saying, "Happy New Year, honey!" all her strength and courage left her and she sank limply into a chair.

"How are the children?" she said cheerfully.

"They're—all right," she answered. "Do they still have colds?"

"Yes."

Then a pause on the other end, as though he told himself not to sound worried, and he asked: "Not... Debbie?"

"Yes, Debbie, too," she'd answered, trying hard to keep her voice from telling him the whole truth. "Or should I say, 'all right?" as he asked sharply.

"I'm fine, Pat, but I miss you," was all she'd let her say.

After she hung up the receiver, she could only think. If Pat were here, I'd be all right, Debbie would be all right, everything would be.

That was just one time. People told her that she'd get used to it, but she certainly hadn't. It didn't get a bit easier. If any-
thing, it just got a little harder. . . It was rough on Pat, too, so she always tried to hide how she felt, but he knew. Just as now, when he reached over and smoothed out her clenched fist, he knew what she was feeling.

It’s so miserable to be separated, he thought, but it’s even harder on Shirley. It takes an extra amount of devotion and an extra amount of understanding on her part. That was one thing he could always count on . . . her understanding about everything.

“I’m sure lucky that Shirley isn’t a jealous-type person,” he’d said so many times before. “She understands that interviews and pictures and fans are part of this business. And I think—more than anything—she knows me, and she knows she can always depend on me. In fact, when it comes to my fans,” he laughed to himself, “I’ll go out of her way to do something nice for them.”

He loved to tease her about the night she was with him when he appeared on a television program. As they left the studio, there was no time waiting, almost hysterical with all the excitement. She ran after her, pleading, “Isn’t there anything you can give me of his?” Shirley uttered frantically through her purpose.

“Just anything . . .” the girl said tearfully, and then she’d found the parking lot ticket. Riding home afterwards, she had that secret little smile that meant she felt good because she’d done something for somebody.

There were times, though, when it wasn’t easy to smile, and one time especially, when they wondered if his career was a thing they’d stepped into. He said, “You see, the marriage was because of a kiss. Once before, he had held back, because he felt a kiss was something special that should mean you love a person deeply. He’d waited even months that time until he was sure. Then when he got the movie role in “April Love,” and was told there was a scene in which he must kiss a girl, he had to make an important moral decision. I mean, you marry, all show of affection and love belongs to your wife. Could he kiss someone else and still keep the marriage vows so sacred to them both? What was the right thing?

“Maybe a kiss means more to us than to many people,” Shirley had said to him, but she’d also said it was his career and the answers, as always, must come from him.

He spent weeks struggling with the question until he saw it clearly. He would only be an actor playing a part. He had nothing to do with the very special love he had for Shirley. It was a decision he made only when he was sure that Shirley felt the same way, because he refused to do anything that would hurt the one person who had given meaning to his— not even for his career.

They had solved that problem, but they knew there would be others—that was what the marriage meant, taking the problems along with the good. And they both knew, deep down, that together they could face and solve anything. Just that day someone had asked him how he could build a lasting marriage in show business. “We have a lot of unusual advantages and we have a lot of unusual problems,” he’d said, “but I think we’ve got the big end of the stick. And I believe you—we, you and I, our faith . . . and our love will see us through.” And as he looked at Shirley, sitting beside him on the blue love seat, he knew he was right. —G. DIVAS

PAT STARS IN 20TH’s “JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH.” HIS TV SHOW'S ON ABC-TV, THURSDAY, 9 P.M. EST. HIS RECORDS ARE ON DOT.
last summer, did you find the teenagers on the West Coast any different from those around Philadelphia? Guyy guy that he is, Fabian thought that over for a few seconds before giving his answer.

"It's hard to say, Dick, Fabian replied. "In many ways the teenagers on the West Coast may seem to be different—life out there's more casual, maybe 'cause so much of it's out-of-doors. But when I talked to them and got to know them, I found out that the things that bother them are the same things that bother my buddies around home."

"Things like dating?" I asked.

"Sure," Fabian said, and he added, "First they want going they're old enough to go on dates, and then it gets down to questions about the right age to go steady."

"Well, that's what you and I are always talking about," Frankie Avalon puts in. "I guess it's what every fellow has on his mind."

"And girls," Connie added. "You know what a girl told me the other night—"I don't call it going steady? 'A little marriage.'"

"It's like that in a lot of ways," Andy Williams agreed. "And from what the kids I've been telling to tell me, they've picked up on a lot of the same old reasons that people end a marriage. You know, a girl gets mad because her steady starts taking her for granted and starts dropping out of sight. Or it's just that boy she gets sore because his steady acts like she owns him and blows her top every time he makes a plan of his own. She thinks they have to be together all the time and that she ought to get her permission to walk to the corner."

"Some girls," Fabian said, "even start to make a big scene if a guy just looks at another girl. And it's just What a notice, in a real disinterested way, that she's kind of pretty."

Then you think going steady's not a good idea—at any age? was my next question.

"Uh-uh," Fabian denied. "That's not what we meant. At least not what I mean by it. I mean, it's not: 'Just going steady and that's it."

"But age is important," Connie said. "If you start to go steady too young, then you miss out on meeting lots of different boys. It kind of means you have nothing to judge by."

"How young is too young?" I asked.

"Boy, that's a tough one," Frankie said. "But I guess you should have some experience in just dating before you decide to go steady. And though some parents have some pretty old-fashioned ideas on the subject, I don't think you should even start dating till your mom and dad say it's okay. This might prove pretty tough too, but it's far safer to try—before you do, out on dates, you're bound to get caught."

"And brother, that means trouble," Fabe agreed. "I had a pal who was dating one of the girls in the neighborhood and we all believed him when he told us his mother said he was old enough to go on dates," he told us. "We were a little bit jealous, too, because every time me or one of the other fellows would mention it at home, we'd be told 'You're too young. Wait another year.' And that other year always turned out to be 'next year.'"

"One time I had to stop over this fellow's house to pick up a football helmet," Fabian continued, "and his mother answered the door. She asked me what I was doing there, because, according to her, I had gone to the movies with Bob."

"For once Fabe was stopped and didn't know what to say, because he knew the buddy was out on a date. When he didn't answer at once, the fellow's mother got the idea fast. "That date was his last for a very long time," Fabian assured us, "and when his mother happened to mention it to the girl's mother, it meant the end of her dating too. For a few years anyway," he added.

"Well, since a fellow or girl isn't allowed on dates and the rest of the crowd are dating like crazy?" was my next question for this much-traveled group.

"Two wrongs don't make one right," was Connie's quick retort. "That happens a lot if I can believe what I hear around the country, but it's still much better to work on parents to bring at least one around to the point where Dad and Mom will let you have one little date."

"Once you've had a chance to show them that it isn't harmful, but is a part of teenage life, you'll be able to gain their confidence enough to be allowed to go out on dates more often," was the way Andy Williams put it.

That "confidence" item plays a big part in being allowed to go on dates, my friends all agreed. It plays an even bigger part, though, when the question of going steady is raised, and you can bet I raised it.

"Kids go steady for a lot of reasons," Frankie said. "One advantage to a fellow in going steady is that he'll have a steady."

"And a steady is just a steady, you're going steady, then some dates can be spent taking a walk or watching television."

"A lot of girls think there's a big plus going steady because if she does she'll always have a date for party or dance that comes along," Connie said. "If she's got a steady, a girl doesn't have to worry about the phone not ringing."

"Fellows feel the same way," Andy said. "If you're going steady, you know you've got a date. You don't have to worry whether the girl you want to take to the dance is going to be free. And you don't have to plan to bring a lot of pal around with you going steady, there are lots of girls who stand on being asked out a week ahead of time."

"I don't go steady, it's too much work," Frankie said. "But I guess there are a lot of parents all the time, with the gang just rounding up all the couples who are going steady. If you don't have a steady, you miss out on it "cause the gang figures you can't round up a date in time."

"I think the best reason a guy a girl go steady," Frankie pointed out, "is because they really dig each other. They don't feel the other fellow is going out with anyone else. A good friend of mine told me he never really wanted to go steady but he liked this particular girl and when he started thinking about the possibility of her going steady with him, he realized he couldn't stand it. He figured he'd better ask her to go steady so he could stop worrying."

"One genuine rule," Andy wisely noted, "is "cause going steady has to be handled with a light touch as far as everybody involved is concerned."

"Boy, are you right, Andy!" Frankie broke in. "Way back when I was about fourteen, I walked home from school with the same girl three days in a row, and the crowd started kidding me about going steady. My mom heard about it and was really upset until I explained it was only an accident that we happened to meet on the way home."

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STEVE McQUEEN
Continued from page 45

electricity. No way to warm the milk.
He felt an uncontrollable spasm of laughter hit him. All this fire surrounding them—and they couldn't even warm the baby's bottle.

Neile touched Steve's hand and felt she held the baby's bottle. He must be strong for her, and for their child. He must not panic. Then, when they were out on the lawn, he looked hard at things Neile had "sawed" from the fire and he wanted to laugh out loud again.

"Call Steve Ferry next door and get you your mutt," said the nurse, "he'd told her earlier that afternoon when she'd called him at the studio.

"It's awfully big," she'd told him, "All through the hills, Steve. The fire's only eight blocks away."

And he said, "Grab some money and anything else you need and get out immediately! I'll be home right away."

What had she taken? Her Saint Christopher medal, which she hadn't time to put back on after her bath, a silver loving-cup and a little rabbit's-head toy. This was all she'd taken: no money, no purse, no legal papers; just clothes for the baby and three sentimental trinkets.

He reached out and took her medal, just like the one around his own neck, in his hands. The inscription on the front read: "To Christopher Protestant of Omaha."

"O God, the thought, and looked up to see the flames coming closer and closer to them. An hour—perhaps two—he reminded himself, that's all the time we have left to be together."

Turning the medal over, he read the back of it. The same message that was written on the back of his was on Neile's:

"To Part Is To Die. A Little Medal,
But we are together, he told himself, trying to find some comfort, some peace in the thought, but there was none. And then he remembered, as he knew she was remembering, that they were married that day. Neile found the Saint Christopher medals in a little out-of-the-way store near the church. . . ."

He'd been in New York, broke and out-of-work, and she was far away in California, touring with the play, "Pajama Game," as featured dancer, and he couldn't stand being without her. "I've just got to marry that girl," he decided.

But Los Angeles was thousands of miles away, and he didn't have even the price of gas for his motorcycle.

He pawned his gold watch—his last tie with his home town, Slater, Missouri; his last connection with his great-uncle's farm. They didn't make him do this anymore, the pawnbroker had said, as he examined the large old-fashioned pocket-watch in its burnished gold case.

They were a couple of months old, and he'd handed it to the man who gave it to me," said Steve, recalling vividly, for a moment, the face of his uncle—the man who had made him get up at 3:30 a.m. to feed the cows, the man who had given him his uncle's ring and an old photograph.

He turned to go, but he realized there was no sense in going. He just hated to, the man who had used a hickory switch on him when he shirked his chores. The man who had been strict and demanding. It was the man who had teased him in his eyes when Steve had decided to leave the farm at fifteen and make his way in the world.

It was then his uncle had given him the watch, his most prized possession, and when the fatherless boy opened the case and read the inscription inside, he, too, had cried. "To Steve," the inscription read, "who has been a son to me."

And Uncle Christopher had thought, as he pocketed the money the pawnbroker had given him. "He'd like Neile... I'm sure he would."

But the money from the watch didn't take him much further. He had to walk back to Pittsburgh. One of the motorcycle tires blew out. Then the generator went on the blink and had to be replaced. And there was always the matter of the telegram.

He had to keep in touch with Neile. Postcards and letters would take too long to get to her. Why, the way he was zooming along—on wheels of rubber and wings of love—as he was, one of the man—and he'd be in Los Angeles in no time. Every place he stopped, he'd send her a telegram—and the cost mounted up.

It was on the road past Pittsburgh that he got a call from his old lady back home, and he said, "I'll be there in a few minutes."

He made this discovery just after he'd sent a night-letter to Neile. He'd scrawled "I love you, Neile" on the telegram blank that morning and had replaced it so that the clerk on duty, "With your signature, that's fifty-three words," said the clerk. "Three over the limit. There'll be an extra charge."

She counted his money and realized he had just enough for the straight night-letter and not enough for the three extra words. But 13 was his and Neile's lucky number. There had to be thirteen "I love you, Neiles."

"Excuse me for a few minutes," he told
The clerk. “Hold the wire. I'll be right back.”

He went across the street to a drug store. When the woman in charge wasn't looking, he picked up a clock from the counter and walked, with it, to the back of the store. On the way, he ran his fingers through his matted hair, trying to appear presentable. When he stood before her with the clock in his hand, she tried to seem innocent and unaffected. “Ma'am,” he said, “could I have a refund on this?” She looked at him for a second, nodded her head, and rang up No Sale on the cash register. “$3.50.” “Thank you, ma'am,” he said, and headed for the door. She called after him, “Come back again sometime and have a strawberry sundae or something,” but he only waved and ran. He crossed the street and across to the telephone office.

“Add a P.S. to that wire,” he told the telegrapher. “Make it read ‘Just proved to myself I'm the greatest actor since Spencer Tracy. Will tell you all about it when I see you.’”

The rest of his trip to California was an explosion and confusion of endless highways, countless cheap hotels, and numberless fly-fished diners. His routine was almost always the same: he'd push his motorcycle all day, stopping only for hot coffee; he'd pull into a large town or city late in the day; he'd wash dishes in the nearest diner or small restaurant, where he'd offer to wash dishes for a few dollars and a meal; late at night, after the last pans had been washed and the dishes cleaned, he'd send a telegram to Neile; and then he'd find the cheapest side-street hotel and catch a few hours' sleep.

Finally, he crossed into California and stopped for a while to have his motorcycle overhauled. Here, for the first time, he sent a wire that included a return address: “Dr. Zane? I've come through 722 cities to be with you. Now I'll drive through smog and fire to be at your side. . . . always. I repeat—Will you marry me? R.S.V.P.”


And he smiled.

As per her instructions, he didn't stop. Steve barred his way to his house on his cycle, in black pants and a black shirt, all set to claim his bride. Neile's mother happened to see the telegram and groaned: “She'd never seen him before—and said to her daughter, "Whatever that is, get rid of it."

He drove to a drug store and phoned Neile from there. The girl answered. “May I speak to Miss Adams?” he asked, in his best summer-stock British accent. “Miss Neile Adams?” Neile heard the mother's voice off-telephone, saying, “Yes, it's a man with a mashing and charming way of speaking,” and then Neile was on the wire.

“It is the it,” he said. “It wants to know if you'll meet it at Hollywood and Vine tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock and go with it to get a marriage license?”

“I'd love to, Mr. Cadwallader,” Neile answered. “It sounds wonderful!”

Steve was so happy after he hung up the phone that he went to the post office, made out a money order for $3.50, and mailed it to a drug store just west of Pittsburgh.

A few days later they were on the way to San Juan Capistrano to get married. He'd borrowed a suit, sports car and money for the occasion. It had been all right to pick up her up at the stage door on a motorcycle, for they had their first date in New York less than a half a year ago, but a marriage required something more dignified: a snazzy car, a shirt and tie—the works. He pushed the accelerator to the floor. Along they went . . . zoom. Suddenly they heard sirens in front of the hotel. Two state troopers, motorcyclists criss-crossed on the road ahead. He brought his car to a screeching halt.

The officers grinned to the side of the car. “You were going so fast,” one of them said, “we almost thought we'd catch you.”

“Don't make me take a short-cut and head you off,” “We didn't see you,” Steve said. “Honest, we don't see you.”

“Honest,” Neile chimed in.

“Going to a fire?” the second asked. He wanted to say, “We're riding together to the moon . . . to the stars,” but all he said was, “It's a pretty nice day coming along.”

Their own. “We're on our way to San Juan Capistrano to be married.”

The two officers looked unconvinced so Neile gave them a nervous license out of her purse and showed it to them. They looked convinced but unsympathetic. Steve made a comment about their motorcycles, comparing their models favorably with the model he owned. Somehow this subject, motorcycles, was more important to them than love. For five minutes, while Neile sat quietly with an expression of increasing bewilderment on her face, the troopers were talking overdrive, generators and spark plugs. By the time six minutes had gone by, they were all good friends.

A half hour later, Steve McQueen and Neile were just available to the little house in San Juan Capistrano behind a motorcycle escort of two state troopers. When Steve and Neile weren't pronounced man and wife, the troopers were their witnesses, and both claimed the right to kiss the bride.

It was on the way back to their car that Mr. and Mrs. McQueen passed the little jewelry store. He pulled her back to the window where they both gazed at two Saint Christopher medals, lying side by side, off to one corner. Without saying another word they went in. When they came out again, each was wearing one at the time. Steve solemnly read this graved message: To Part Is To Die A Little . . .

The baby whimpered again and Steve pulled himself back from that happy day he'd been remembering and looking at his wife. Her eyes were bright with tears. “Neile,” he said, drawing her to him. “It's the smoke,” she said and tried to smile.

“Sure,” he said, turning away helplessly. He looked around him. On all sides the mountains were ablaze; Laurel Canyon Boulevard on his left, La Pata Drive on this side of him. He had no gas for his car, and no amount of money could buy him any now—even if Neile had thought to “save” any from the fire. She'd taken the medallions, instead, and his silver loving-cup that he'd won in the Santa Barbara Road Race, the first time he'd ever driven his Porsche in competition. And here he was, Steve McQueen, the "great" racer, looking over, without a thimbleful of gas in his car.

It was so like Neile to grab the loving-cup for him at a time like this. She had never wanted him to race. But he loved racing, and the audience had wanted her to save the cup for him. If they got out of this alive, he'd never race again.

The only race he'd ever run that really mattered was the race home a few hours ago.
before to save his wife and child; the race he'd thought he'd won. . . .

Right after Neile had called him on the set of "Never So Few" at the M-G-M lot to tell him the mountains were on fire and he'd have to grab some money and take the baby and run, he ran to the garage across the street and jumped into his Porsche racer. As he gunned the motor and zipped out into the street, the little rabbit's head toy. After she'd thrown her arms around him and he'd kissed her, and after he'd hugged the baby, she explained why she hadn't left. She'd tried to call their neighbor, but the phone was dead. Then, just before his radio conked out, she'd heard a report telling all residents of the canyon to stay where they were, that help was on its way. So she'd hosed down the house—until there was no more water. Then she grabbed a few things, as he'd told her to do, and waited. . . . waited as the fire crept closer and closer and closer.

Now he knew when she'd finished. "Okay. Let's get going." So they squeezed into the car—his wife, his baby, and the nurse—and he'd turned on the ignition and pressed the starter. Nothing happened. Again. Nothing. He looked at the gas gauge and began to laugh hysterically. "No gas," he yelled. "For the first time in my life I'm out of gas. And then he realized that this was what the mechanic had yelled after him when he left the garage.

They went into the house and he jigged the dead telephone. A helicopter buzzed overhead and he ran out and waved his hands and shouted for help, but the plane flew off into the smoke. The nearest neighbor was about six blocks away, but now the fire was there, too—about six blocks away. By the time he'd run there and back the fire would be nearer. He'd have gas, but what good would gas do when the road out was a holocaust?

She looked at Neile again. She had taken the baby from the nurse and was trying to soothe her. But the child was hot and restless and hungry. She doubled up her little fists and screamed. Steve leaned down and picked up the third silly sentimental thing Neile had "saved"—the little wooden rabbit. He wound the rabbit's nose and the tinkling, music-box sound of "Rock-A-Bye Baby" filled the air. The baby stopped crying, and Steve thought back to the day that Terry was born.

At the hospital, other fathers-to-be kept leaving the waiting room to be with their wives, but no one called him. For five hours he sat there, his arms filled with thirty dollars worth of red roses, the little toy wooden rabbit in his pocket, but they wouldn't let him up. Finally, he could stand it no longer.

"Nurse," he said to the woman in charge, "Nurse, is there something wrong with my wife?"

"No, Mr. McQueen," she answered, "nothing's wrong."

"Then why can't I see her."

"I have my orders," she replied, "You can't."

Orders or no orders, he ran into the elevator; then he dodged past the nurse at the desk and ran into his wife's room.

Gray Hair

Gray Hair

She tried to defend herself, but the baby and the nurse. . . . the baby clothes, the Saint Christopher medal, the loving-cup, and the little rabbit's-head toy. After she'd thrown her arms around him and he'd kissed her, and after he'd hugged the baby, she explained why she hadn't left. She'd tried to call their neighbor, but the phone was dead. Then, just before his radio conked out, she'd heard a report telling all residents of the canyon to stay where they were, that help was on its way. So she'd hosed down the house—until there was no more water. Then she grabbed a few things, as he'd told her to do, and waited. . . . waited as the fire crept closer and closer and closer.

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Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.
SURRENDERED

Continued from page 75

been waiting all afternoon for her, too—closed in. Notebooks waved in front of her. Flashbulbs blinded her. She could no longer see the limousine that would take her to her farewell to Yassin. Before the first reporter's question hit her, she thought, Yassin will be so happy when we tell her...

The conference—"the reporter looked at his watch, "that three-hour conference with Aly Khan—what was it all about? Is Yassin going to get a fifth of the Aga's three billion?"

"No," Rita said quietly, "I would never ask that.

"Well, what then?" Rita took a deep breath. "Yassin's going to be able to save her father whenever she wants to," she told him. "She'll spend several weeks with him in Europe—then he'll come to Hollywood.

"But the money—what about the money?" a photographer asked.

"If Moslem law will allow it, I'll sign it all away," she said, taking a tighter hold on Jim's arm.

There was a long, stunned silence. Rita cut them off. "Yassin may be a princess," she said softly, "but she is most of all a little girl. She wants to see her daddy.

Another newsmen whispered, "Why, it must be over sixty million! It must be enough to—"

Again Rita cut in. "The only one who's been hurt by a bargain is Yassin," she said. "She has her whole life ahead of her. Why should Aly and I complicate it? And anyway, what is financial sacrifice compared with sacrificing the happiness of a little girl? She misses Aly so much. She needs her father... I know..."

She did know. She knew because she had seen the happiness in Yassin's face when she was with Aly. She knew because she had come upon Yassin—crying—only a few weeks ago, because her visit with her father had been postponed again. But most of all, she knew because she remembered her own childhood and she would never forget how much she'd wanted a daddy who loved her, simply because she was his. Her father seemed more a dancing partner—or teacher—than anything else.

She learned to dance when she was only four. A tiny, black-haired, solemn-eyed child, Margarita Carmen Cansino found one day that her childhood was over before it had ever really begun. One moment she was laughing and watching the older children play hide-and-seek in the Brooklyn streets. The next, she was confined to the apartment and made to dance for hours—the same step over and over. There was no novelty, no more fun in it.

"Practice, practice, practice," her father told her—and when he ran his long fingers through her wavy, black hair she knew he was right. "After you've done it long enough, Papa will love me: if I play and am not a good dancer, he will turn away from me and talk about how he wanted a boy anyway. What good is a girl if she can't dance? Papa... well... that's my money! No good at all, surely. I have to be what he wants, she told herself, or he won't love me.

That was the beginning—the beginning of the life she was forced into—for, she reasoned, if even Papa did not love her for what she was, then she had better become someone else, or no one would ever love her or believe in her work. At night she often cried, but during the day she always worked. Then, when she was fourteen, her father grudgingly admitted she might be good enough to be his partner.

"School is nonsense for a dancer," her father said the day he told her she would not be going back. "Why should a dancer learn to read and write?"

"Maybe someday," she shrugged. "Anyway, don't worry, Papa will take care of you.

She nodded. Yes, Papa would take care of her, she knew, but only so long as she was a dancer. At that age, she worked harder than ever to prove that she was worth something. For deep inside she felt she was worth nothing. It wasn't that Papa hadn't told her that. He didn't need to tell her. She had been in the unspoken bargain—the bond—between them, and she would never forget it. Leaving Mama in Brooklyn, they headed for California, and trips over the border to the small Mexican danceги were routine.

Then, one day, Papa made her cry. Not as she still cried at night—but with happiness. He said, "But Margarita, you are good!"

He, who had always expected to be able to say these words, "Why, you are good enough to solo, baby!"

Bursting into tears, she reached out for him. "Papa, you think I'm good? You love me?"

He frowned. "What are you talking about? Love you? Of course, I love you. You're my child, aren't you? Now, stop..."
saying such silly things. They are more important to those who are not important to it.

More important ... more important, Papa? she wanted to say. Then why have I worked so hard? Why—But Papa was talking again. Why I'll take you to the ballet in Agua Caliente, Mexico," he told her. "You will try out for them. You will be very, very good, you understand, and they will hire you.

So they left a little room in California and went down to Mexico to the Agua Caliente. There, she danced for the fat, balding, cigar-smoking Mexican who owned the casino. She danced as she had never danced before—black hair flying, castanets clicking, her heart beating wildly with the rhythm—and the owner said, "We take her on. Four weeks we take her." Papa looked excited as she hung up her costume.

"Four weeks," he answered, his face expressionless, his tone implying it was not enough.

But the four weeks were extended and extended until they became two years. Surely, that was something. "I'm taking you to Hollywood," Papa told her at the end of the two years. "You will be a big star—for me."

For him? Anything. Anything in her power. She would dance and dance ... But she only lived in two or three movies, and that was all. Suddenly, there was no more. Nobody wanted her to dance, except Papa. And he wanted her to dance in front of an excited audience, on a glittering stage in the dingy rooms they took. After all, he often told her, wasn't he Eduardo Cansino, descendent of the greatest dancers that Spain had ever seen? Wasn't she his daughter? She must succeed.

"But Papa—nobody wants me," she finally told him one day, sitting on the edge of her bed, massaging her feet. And, as she said it, she closed her eyes and thought: I don't really mean that the producers don't want me. I just really care about that. Just want someone to care about me.

She was fifteen. Fourteen years she'd done everything Papa had told her, and still it wasn't right, wasn't enough. She turned her head away so that he could not see her tears.

Then, one night she got a phone call from a man named Eddie Judson. "I just caught your act in a movie," the suave voice said, "and, baby, it was great. Really great!

She pulled the receiver away from her ear and stared at it for a moment. Then, her eyes filling with tears, she said, "Thank you," and she felt for the first time that she was great.

"I'd like to see you," the voice continued. But she shook her head. "No, I don't date—unless invited. The type of men had watched her—but always from a distance, always from the audience. "Papa doesn't know you, does he?"

"No. But perhaps if I call him?" the voice suggested.

"Perhaps," she said doubtfully, but she was almost sure she'd never get to meet this man. This man who sounded so admiring. She was wrong.

Two weeks later she found out. He'd called her father and overwhelmed him with his knowledge of the movie industry—and he'd flattered him, too.

The man, Margarita Von Der Schulenburg, must be forty years old. His dark hair receded at the forehead, but was a distinguished gray at the temples. He had the beginnings of a double chin, but it could harden into a set, firm line, when he wanted something. And he wanted something this time. He knew a promotable commodity when he saw one. Margarita was that commodity.

Eduardo sized Ed Judson up quickly and handily. What? With whom? To Margarita's career—real life. What? With him. In her. Judson could, he told his daughter, and so Margarita Cansino became Margarita Judson. Or rather, she became Rita Hayworth. She was to be a dancing redhead, instead of a brunette. She would be given the best gowns, and couldn't find anything in the apartment to eat. But that didn't matter. Ed told her.

The dance should be lean," he said. "It's easier to keep your tummy tucked in when you're hungry." That Rita couldn't argue about.

She looked around her at the glamorous clubs Ed insisted they go to every weekend. She looked at the candlelight and the flowers and her husband, and wondered: But where is the romance? Where is the happiness? Who is sitting down? I am not a wife, just as I was never allowed to be a child. What is the good of any of this?

That Trocadero she found the answer. Howard Hawks saw her in her beautiful gown and signed her to play a femme fatale in "Only Angels Have Wings."

When she told her father about it, he smiled—really smiled. But he said, rather casually she thought, "Oh, this makes only the beginning. Baby, you will do better with Ed Judson and you, you will do much better than that."

And she did. She made thirty-five pictures. She became Hollywood's Love Goddess. She, who had never known love.

One day she couldn't take it any longer. She packed up her beautiful clothes, that by now hid a deeper hunger, packed up the car, and drove home. At last she had her longing, and she left Eddie Judson.

She had only wanted to be loved for herself. That was all she had ever wanted. Even if it had meant buying it, she had wanted it. And she had wanted it badly. But maybe, she thought, maybe next time. For there would be a next time. She knew that. There had to be. After all, she was only twenty-two.

She waited a time. She dated a lot of men. She tried to have fun. She even became engaged to Victor Mature, but when he was drafted she didn't want to find out if he'd come back. Instead, she married Orson Welles. With all those brains, he wants me, she thought: Orson wants me.

Very soon Rita found out that with all those brains Orson couldn't make any money. Again, she was supporting a man. And, again, she could not do enough to make him love her for herself. Not even with the pride and the passion she had shown to her father and Eddie, she was a not-quite-bright girl to be exploited. And so a second marriage fell apart.

What's wrong with me? Rita asked herself once again. She looked up at the marque after another premiere and wanted to burst into tears. In every picture, she got her man. She was a celluloid lover. As a real-life woman she was a failure.

To get away from this thought, she flew to Europe. It was 1948 and she went to Cannes, there, at a dinner party, she met him. She looked at him, and she smiled. All her dreams come true. Here, at last, was a man who cared what she felt, who seemed to love her only for herself. Here was an honest-to-goodness prince charming: Aly Khan.

After a transcontinental courtship, they were married on the Riviera, May 27, 1949. She thought to herself, I will never forget that day as long as I live. The ceremony was breathtaking, and, for perhaps the first time, Rita was glad she was beautiful. If her face and body had been what first attracted this wonderful man to her, then
she was happy that they were attractive. "You are my princess," Aly said when the ceremony was over and he had kissed her. "I adore you."

And her heart was so filled with happiness that she could think of nothing else. Except, during the ride home, she suddenly turned up into her husband’s eyes, she wondered if, at last, Papa might be proud of her. Have I finally done enough, worked hard enough, to rest now and be happy? she asked herself. She’d kept so thought aside. For two years she was wildly, wonderfully happy. Aly was so good to her. He had been so glad when their child was born, and he’d been pleased that it was a girl. "We’ll call her Yasmin," he said, "if you like that name."

"I like anything you like," she told him. But that wasn’t quite true. His prince, after all, was forty-one, and they were, well—women—even if you were married to them.

"I could take four wives at once if I wanted to," he told her angrily a few months before their third wedding anniversary. "But I haven’t."

They were quarreling about the women he saw. They often quarreled about that. Also, she fought about his gambling, his constant need for friends—fifty at a time—to be around. His going off and leaving her while he explored new worlds. But Yasmin loved her daddy, and Rita still loved Aly, too, so she hung on. Even after Aly had "borrowed" one woman or another.

He even thought his father was the richest man in the world, Aly often ran short before his allowance arrived. She hung on even when she heard more and more about Aly’s romances. It never occurred to her that, to him, she was simply another desirable woman, conveniently his wife; that on his part it had only been physical attraction. That, and no one had ever been for love. He didn’t need her any more than her father had, or Ed, or Orson.

So, one day, despite Yasmin’s tears, she left this husband, too. "It will be all right," she told herself as she fixed her things so Daddy can come to see you and you can go to see him, honey. It will be all right."

And Yasmin had been comforted. Rita had not. How will I fix it? she wondered, knowing no one for a way to. Yasmin was not going to grow up as she herself had. Despite all Aly’s faults, he did love Yasmin—for herself alone. And Yasmin needed to know this, just as Rita had always needed to know it—and always would.

She went back to Hollywood and began making pictures again. Because of Aly she was in debt, and she had to work hard. But not so hard that she had a lot of time to spend with Yasmin; not so hard that she didn’t see how much the child wanted her father; and not so hard that she could kill her own loneliness.

It was at this point that she met Dick Haymes. Very soon she discovered that he needed her as no one had ever needed her before. Terribly in debt, depressed to the point of depression, she came to him. He cried when she told him the reasons they should not marry, the reasons it wouldn’t work.

"It’s got to work," he said. "Rita please—don’t say that. He loved her and held her and lulled her doubts. And they were married.

They moved into a rustic cabin and sat by the fireplace and dreamed dreams and told each other all kinds of stories. They had a lot of laughter. But how can love survive when into the dream move ex-wives waving back-alimony bills; when into the dream come process-servers and income-tax collectors and government officials who want to push the man you’ve been dreaming with out of the country? The dream died quickly, but Rita did not move out of it until Dick was on his feet. Then she packed up Rebecca and Yasmin and left.

Aly was still trying to get custody of Yasmin—or, at least, to get Rita to live up to her agreement to let him see his child every summer. But Rita’s lawyer had advised against her taking up any other legal matters settled. The legal matters were primarily monetary ones.

"Yasmin is entitled to one-fifth of the Agnes estate," the lawyer kept saying.

"But I don’t care about that," Rita protested.

"It’s not your decision to make," the lawyer said. "It’s up to the child, and, since she’s not old enough to decide, you can’t simply throw away her birth-right!"

Well, he was an attorney, after all. Rita decided. Probably he knew best. But it hurt her to see Yasmin’s face when she was a child at Christmas time, or for her birthday. We’ll see.

And then, gradually, and Yasmin didn’t ask any meaning of Aly’s forgotten, Rita thought, feeling relieved. Maybe it wasn’t as important as I thought. Maybe everything will be all right.

I was Jim Hill who showed her that everything was not all right. Soon after she’d met him, on Christmas Eve of 1956, her heart began to sing. He was a partner in the biggest company in the world, the company, for whom she was to do a part in “Separate Tables.” He was also a good friend of the Bob Schiffers, whom Rita had known and cared about for a long time. When she heard that Jim was going to be with Christmas Eve, they asked Jim, too. And that’s when they really began to know each other.

From that night on, Jim was no longer a forty-one-year-old confirmed bachelor. Rita was no longer lonely. From a basic liking and understanding of each other, they grew to love each other deeply. And Jim loved Rebecca—Yasmin especially.

"You should see her father," Jim said. Rita hadn’t mentioned her father in quite a while. But he remembered how she had felt as a child, and she knew Yasmin would never forget.

Her hand flew to her mouth. "What if she thinks Aly doesn’t care any more?" she asked, her voice muffled, her throat feeling strangulated. How could she think that? she wondered. And then a voice within it answered her: Why, it’s easy. Haven’t you always thought that about your father?

So, shortly after that she fired her lawyer. "I’m Yasmin’s mother," she said. "I know what my little girl needs, and it’s not money!" How well she knew that.

Holding tightly to Jim’s arm, Rita walked down the hotel steps toward the limousine. Quietly, respectfully, the reporters cleared a path for her. Just as she was getting into the car, one reporter said, "But what will you think about this twenty years from now?"

Turning, she said, "She’ll think how happy she is. She’ll remember how much we loved her.” And Rita smiled.

—ANN HUNTER

SEE RITA IN COLUMBIA’S "THEY CAME TO COR- DURA”; NEXT IS 20TH’S "STORY ON PAGE ONE."
until June. I'd like to make it sooner—but you know girls. She wants to be a June bride.

Tony stood watching her across the room where some other girls were admiring her ring, and then Tony heard his friend give a low whistle. He turned to him, frowning.

"What did you do that for?" he asked.

His friend caught him by the elbow and pointed. "Who's that?"

Tony looked in the direction in which his friend was staring. There was a girl—tiny and blushing there, her head thrown back, her eyes crinkled with laughter. She looked fresh and vivacious. That's just a girl," Tony answered and he realized he felt uncomfortable.

"I'd like to meet her. Do you know her?"

Tony nodded, but he said, "Look—what are you trying to do? You just got engaged. You don't want to be thinking of other girls now, do you?"

"I want to meet that girl. She's worth meeting. What do you want to meet another girl for?"

"Come on, Tony," his pal said, "don't give me a lecture."

She said, and turned over to the girl and introduced them. She seemed to fascinate his friend and he hung on her every word.

Tony left and went to get himself a cup of coffee. I know exactly what's going to happen next. The girl is going to hang around that blonde all evening, and then, when he realizes there's nothing to it, he'll be sorry. But he'll be sorrier when his fiancée reads the riot act to him. It didn't happen exactly that way though. The next day his friend called him, sounding real down in the dups.

"Was it worth it? Tony asked.

"I don't know what took care of me," his friend said. "Maybe it was pre-wedding jitters—or, I don't know."

"Well, are you still engaged?"

"Sure."

"What do you know happened? I expected my girl to get mad and yell or cry, or something. But all she said was, 'I thought you were grown-up enough to be engaged.' That was all she said. I felt as if she felt above it. She felt as if she were on a real high. 'I'll never look at another woman again.' He sounded as though he meant it, too.

There's no future in it, Tony told himself. He was determined that he was never going to look at another woman once he was engaged—or married.

"Look," his producer friend said, tapping his hands, "it's not as bad as all that. Do you know what Cary Grant once told me?"

"He went on. "If he sees a pretty woman on the street he goes right up to her and says, 'I'd like to tell you how very nice you look today!'"

Smiling a little, Tony said, "Well, not every man has Cary's poise. Someone like me would get a slap in the face doing that."

His friend laughed. "As Cary points out, it's not that you look at a woman that counts! That's more, have you ever noticed that women always notice other women, too? They admire a tie, or the set of a man's jaw—or a good tweed suit. They look and then look away."

It was true; women did notice other men but they seemed to do it differently. When laughing in bed and waking up in the morning, she'd say, "He's nice looking, all right, but what a shame he's letting himself get heavy," and Tony would think it was worth the effort to keep in shape, and feel good.

Shelley always had him feel the person she noticed was never quite as wonderful or as nice as he. When she looked, she saw the top man who'd gone with the bad—and she always ended up making him feel that she was glad she was with him. That was it. That was the difference... He felt better. He was learning.

Tony finished his coffee and looked at his watch. "Oh—oh," he said to his friend, "I have to go. I'm meeting Shelley for dinner in a minute. I washed her back and metal chair and stood up. "It's been great," he said. "Let's try to get together again... maybe when Diane and the kids come home from the country."

Tony walked to the corner and waited for the light to change. He was thinking that maybe the country air was good for her friend's wife and kids, but that it wasn't such a great idea for her to stay away so long. Then he remembered what Diane had said. He, of course, knew after all, she knew what she was doing. She was the kind of wife who had her husband's best interests at heart—and he knew it. As the years grew, she had grown with him. And, as long as their marriage continued to grow, as long as their main interests were the same—with room for occasional surprises so that nothing was ever dull—there was nothing to worry about.

The light changed and Tony crossed the street. But before he got to the other side, he looked back and thought struck him. What about the man who looks in the wrong way? he asked himself; or the man who looks too long? What can a girl do about that?

He wasn't thinking of himself now. And then, walking along the noisy, crowded street all by himself, he grinned.

"The best thing a woman can do with a man like that is to surprise him. He'll expect her to be angry, decided, just as my friend expected his fiancée to flare up over that blonde. But what a girl shouldn't do is to let her husband or boyfriend doing a double take over a woman, she ought to tell him what good taste he has. Well, that's what she ought to do. Tony thought, but then he saw Shelley again.

What most girls would do is throw something at the guy—even if it's only an icy glance or catty remark. But if a girl could persuade him, himself, I'll bet her husband would do another double take—this time in his wife or girl friend's direction. Because he'll wonder why she didn't get mad, and then he'll wonder what she's been doing more—when she didn't get jealous or anything. So then he'll start concentrating on her completely, to make sure she does care, and kind of...

Tony was smiling as he swung into the restaurant where Shelley was waiting for him. He spotted her immediately, even though she was seated in an inconspicuous corner. He'd never thought about it. If a woman would always take as much time and trouble getting ready for her husband or boyfriend as she did when the first time dating, there would never be any trouble. Shelley hadn't let him try, begging him to come to Hollywood for a screen test.

"I'll be all right," she'd said. "You'll find I only just now.

She believed in him. She just wouldn't stop believing in him, no matter what excuse he gave. Then one night she got him to admit that, actually, he wouldn't and took him to a movie star, and he would kind of like it—only, well, he was scared to try. What if he failed? What if the screen test showed him up and made him look terrible? What then?

Finally, after overcoming a fortune in cross-country telephone calls, Shelley managed to convince Tony that at least he ought to try. So he'd flown out to her and taking a movie star, and she would kind of like it—only, well, he was scared to try. What if he failed? What if the screen test showed him up and made him look terrible? What then?

Finally, after overcoming a fortune in cross-country telephone calls, Shelley managed to convince Tony that at least he ought to try. So he'd flown out to her and taking a movie star, and she would kind of like it—only, well, he was scared to try. What if he failed? What if the screen test showed him up and made him look terrible? What then?

She'd have her own fortune in Hollywood, she'd said, and he'd be forced to try. Because of Shelley's faith in him, she'd known he'd do well long before he had. Perhaps because women mature earlier than men.
New... The Most Trustworthy Napkin Ever Created

- New... a magic channel of protection you can trust
- New... a discreet deodorant you can trust

Modess... because
Salem's new cigarette paper discovery "air-softens" every puff

Now even the paper adds to Salem's Springtime Freshness
An important break-through in Salem's research laboratories now brings you an entirely new kind of cigarette paper — HIGH POROSITY paper — which breathes new freshness into the flavor.

Each puff on a Salem draws just enough fresh air in through the paper to make the smoke taste softer, fresher, more flavorful than ever. If you've enjoyed Salem's springtime freshness before, you'll be even more pleased now. Smoke refreshed — smoke Salem!

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Salem refreshes your taste
Liz and Eddie answer 8 intimate questions about their marriage.

HOLIDAY CONTEST

Win 5-minute phone call from Kookie, Fabian, Rock Elvis.

PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER 25¢

LIZ and EDDIE
Breck Hair Set Mist

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

IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STIFF
Breck Hair Set Mist is a fine, gentle spray that leaves hair soft to the touch, never stiff or dry. This fragrant spray contains lanolin which brings out your hair's natural lustre and beauty. It is good to your hair.

• Use after combing, to hold hair in place

IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STICKY
This soft spray does not make hair sticky. It holds curls beautifully in place for hours, even in damp weather. To renew its gentle hold just draw a damp comb through your curls—no respraying is necessary.

• Use before combing—style as you comb
• Use for pincurling

2 oz. size 65¢; 5½ oz. size $1.25; 8 oz. size $1.50; 11 oz. size $2.00. All plus tax.

Beautiful Hair

BRECK

Enjoy Shirley Temple’s Storybook on the ABC-Television Network—Monday, November 30th, “Rapunzel.”
Every time you brush your teeth,

**finish the job... reach for Listerine**

**Listerine Stops Bad Breath**

**4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

*Tooth paste is for your teeth; Listerine is for your breath.*

Germs in your mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs, and no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine way of stopping bad breath covers 4 times as much germ-laden mouth and throat surface as tooth brushing does; and Listerine covers all this surface with cleansing, germ-killing action. (No wonder, when you rely on tooth paste, bad breath returns four times faster, by actual clinical test!)

*Feel Listerine's germ-killing action clean and clear your mouth.* No tooth paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine does . . . on contact, by millions. Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

*See directions on label.*

**Reach for Listerine**

... every time you brush your teeth

---

[Image of a couple smiling, with a bottle and glass of Listerine nearby.]

**DON'T TRY TO BRUSH BAD BREATH AWAY**

Chart proves Listerine's superiority

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COVER PHOTO: Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher by Pictorial Parade

Your January issue will be on sale at your newsstand on December 3rd

PHOTOPLAY
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

DECEMBER, 1959
VOL. 56, NO. 6
THESE ARE THE FOUR LIVES THAT REVEAL THIS GENERATION.
THIS IS THE ONE MOTION PICTURE THAT CUTS TODAY'S WORLD TO ITS CORE!

A woman's Career is loving...
a man who corrupts her love for his own Career gets hurt—the way it hurts hardest!

"Maury, don't make a pass! I'm the one who makes all the passes!"

"Sam, you married her for a job. Well, you got it... but the baby is Maury's!"

DEAN MARTIN
ANTHONY FRANCIOSA
SHIRLEY MACLAINE
CAROLYN JONES

HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION "career"

and introducing JOAN BLACKMAN · ROBERT MIDDLETON

Directed by JOSEPH ANTHONY · Screenplay by JAMES LEE · A Paramount Release
Have you heard his Columbia record, "Boom Boom Baby" backed with "Don't Destroy Me"? Then for everyone's info, Crash is handsome, husky, with brown eyes and brown hair.

Crash, who turned nineteen this year, says this about his name: "It was the final quarter of a close football game at Greensboro, North Carolina, and I crashed through the line for a touchdown! I've been called Crash ever since." (Before that, he was Bill.)

The youngest of thirteen children, Crash has been fiddling with a big-boy guitar since he was six.

"I always liked a shy, dark-eyed gal who kind of agreed with me on things!" admits Crash. The one who took him out of circulation and to the altar is Mae Lanning, who works in Greensboro at Burlington Mills, pairing silk stockings together.

"We have a good time just being ourselves. We're simple people," he says, "and that's how I want my singing to be, easy and down-to-earth."

BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

Check your lipstick next time you go to the supermarket. That's where Walt Disney discovered songbird Roberta Shore... When they take a break at "77 Sunset Strip" rehearsals, Edd Byrnes buries his nose between the hard covers of "I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf," a kookie book all about Dobie Gillis' girl troubles. Dobie's on CBS-TV, too, played by Dwayne Hickman... Bobby Darin confesses, "I go for a gal who's willing to try longhair things now and then—like a museum, concert or ballet."... Roger Smith's pet peeve is people who tell off-color jokes.

If your guy's six feet tall, weighs between 180 and 200 pounds and has a bit of acting ability, send him over to 20th Century-Fox pronto. He's the guy they're looking for to star in "The King Must Die!"... Paul Anka's new nickname: Speed.
This is the place
where a boy and a girl discover desire, where adult emotions violently explode, where the people, the sins and sensations of the great best-seller come to bold life.

By the author of 'The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit'

STARRING
RICHARD EGAN • DOROTHY McGUIRE • SANDRA DEE • ARTHUR KENNEDY
AND INTRODUCING A NEW YOUNG STAR SENSATION TROY DONAHUE

CONSTANCE FORD • BEULAH BONDI from the novel by SLOAN WILSON
Written, Produced and Directed by DELMER DAVES Music by MAX STEINER.
You’ll hear the hit theme from 'A Summer Place'!

WARNER BROS. First in Motion Pictures, Television, Music and Records
ALBUM REVIEWS

**Dinah, Yes Indeed!** The title's from an old spiritual and Dinah Shore sings it—and such standards as "It All Depends on You," "Sentimental Journey," "Taking a Chance on Love"—like she's never sung before. Capitol.

**To You Sweetheart, Aloha:** Here's one for lovers. Andy Williams explains that "Aloha" means "hello," "farewell," "welcome"—or "I love you." A handy word to know. Cadence.

**Como Swings:** Perry swings a golf club on the cover. Inside, he does the same to "Begin the Beguine," "You Came a Long Way From St. Louis," "Honey." If you're a Como fan, you'll want this one. RCA Victor.

**platter chatter**

If you're the girl who sent her picture to Johnny Restivo but left off her name and address, hurry and write him. He flipped for the picture, wrote his RCA hit, "Dear Someone," just for you. . . . Did you know Johnny October used to be an amateur boxer? He's got a knockout with his new Capitol single: "Growin' Pretty" and "Young and in Love." . . . The Fleetwoods, whose Liberty disc of "Mr. Blue" is riding high, all hail from Olympia, Wash. In their teens, they play instruments by ear. . . . Seventeen-year-old Bobby Rydell, that "Kissin' Time" guy, does the wildest imitation of Jerry Lewis I've ever heard. . . . The Poni Tails do all their rehearsing while washing the dishes.

**Gone Ape**

The day dawns at 5:30 a.m., to the recorded sound of the mating call of a bull ape.

And for fourteen solid hours, Jacksonville, Florida's WAPE sounds off with the ginchiest rock 'n' roll you ever heard—from Elvis to Fats Domino to Jackie "Mr. Excitement" Wilson. When it's time for station breaks, the signal is the ape's roar.

Station engineers have been so sent by this mating call, that they've taken to dashing about dressed in hairy-ape costumes. On sunny days, they stalk out to the highways to thumb rides downtown for lunch. What this does to traffic shouldn't happen in any man's jungle.

Even the paychecks at WAPE are decorated with ape-images and imprinted with the thoughtful message: "We would so welcome your saving this check as a souvenir instead of cashing it!"

The station's really gone ape all the way. I tuned in to them on a recent trip down south and then stopped at a drive-in movie. To see a revival of "King Kong," natch!
Now... \textbf{MAXIMUM MOISTURE} for dry thirsty skin!

New research shows 'Moon Drops' creates a reservoir of moisture... regulates the flow of moisture to give your skin a much fresher, firmer look!

Here's how this advanced formula assures your skin of continuing moisture that counteracts aging lines and dryness; 'Moon Drops' replaces moisture from the outside—and helps store it up inside. This creates a reservoir... a reserve supply of vital moisture on which your skin can draw at any time!

No other moisturizer ever made creates a reservoir this exact and scientific way.

Give your skin a full measure of moisture ... the \textit{maximum moisture} it needs!

\textbf{Revolon 'MOON DROPS'}

\textit{Constant Moisture—Day and Night!}

'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE BALM. For intensive night-time moisturizing. Rich, yet so remarkably greaseless your skin absorbs it almost instantly!

'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE FOUNDATION. A light, protective base for day-time; gives a satiny finish under any make-up.

FROM REVLON RESEARCH ... SCIENTIFIC FORMULAS FOR WOMAN'S DELICATE SKIN CHEMISTRY

Each, 5.00 and 5.00 plus tax.
your monthly HOROSCOPE

If you were born between October 24th and November 22nd, you're a Scorpio. Shake hands with Tony Franciosa (Oct. 25), Burt Lancaster (Nov. 2), Katharine Hepburn (Nov. 31), Hedy Lamarr (Nov. 9), Grace Kelly (Nov. 12), Kim Hunter (Nov. 12), Jean Seberg (Nov. 13), John Kerr (Nov. 15), Gene Tierney (Nov. 20).

If you're a Scorpio, you're loyal, but look out—you can be hurt by a friend. You like frankness, but you may be likely to be a litte bit domineering in love and romance. Still, one of your most engaging qualities is your enthusiasm.

If you're a Scorpio, you've a good shoulder for crying on and your friends are always coming to you for advice. Your lucky number is 9.

ACROSS
1. He sings of Mary Lou
3. The divine Sarah
5. Our singer of the month (pictured)
10. He sings of "Morgon"
11. Came up and see her
14. He gives lessons in "Makin’ Love"

DOWN
1. He has a hit with "What’d I Say"
2. She loves Porgy
4. "World of Talent" star
5. First singer to wear white bucks (init.)
6. Yvonne
7. "Just Ask Your Heart," he says
8. December 25th to Christine Carere
9. Garry Moore’s summer replacement (init.)
13. You dig his "Teen Beat" (init.)

Can You Guess This Star’s Name?

Gals are hiding their curlers—and panicking each other at pajama parties—with stitch-em-up-yourself sleep-wigs. To see what happened when Connie Francis’ friends first discovered them, see page 50. Wigs are easy to make. We found out how from Connie and we've arranged for a free instruction leaflet. Just send a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: George, Photoplay, Dept. CC, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. . . . A teen in Chicago writes they’ve invented a new punch for spook parties. It's called "swamp water" and it's half-rootbeer, half-lime soda. . . . When Johnny Saxon went home to Brooklyn, he found out that, for big school dances, the guys wire their invites—even if the gal lives next door.
NEW COSMETIC DISCOVERY!
Now you can actually change your skin tone to go with any fashion color

Have you discovered the fashion genius of new Angel Face? It's the new sheer veil of powder and foundation in-one that lets you change your skin tone to make any fashion color flattering! From now on, you'd no more rely on one shade of compact makeup than you would on one lipstick!

Pond's discovery of cosmetic-silicones makes new Angel Face possible. Cosmetic-silicones create shades so soft and subtle they can't look artificial, heavy or masky... can't discolor... can't turn orangey. Buy new Angel Face today!

Choose your own loveliest shades

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New! The fabulous "Fashion Case" holding the finest powder and foundation in-one, $1.25 plus tax.

Angel Face makes all the difference. On the left, it's Golden Angel Face. On the right, it's Ivory Angel Face.

You...radiant in russet
You...beautiful in black

Pond's New!

The fabulous "Fashion Case" holding the finest powder and foundation in-one, $1.25 plus tax.
never believed Cary Grant and Rick Nelson would ever date the same girl, but they have. She's Yellow Bird, a showgirl at the El Rancho Vegas. . . Of all the new actresses, Tuesday Weld can be the biggest box-office. . . By the way, did you know that a New Face stays new for about six months in Hollywood? . . . In the midst of a party, Paul Newman told me: “I’ll tell you about Joanne. If she quit acting, she’d become a child psychologist. I think she’s studying at home now.” . . . Robert Mitchum eats onions for lunch if he has to play a love scene with an actress he doesn’t particularly love. . . Now it seems as if Eddie Fisher had never been married to Debbie Reynolds. . . Most movie shorts are too long. . . Somehow Ingrid Bergman always looks prettier between marriages. . . Why isn’t Claire Bloom a bigger star? . . . Tony Curtis told me, “An unhappy poor man thinks money will make him happy, until he meets an unhappy rich man.” Which should qualify Tony for the Philosophers’ Club.

Judy Garland’s singing voice is still full of hope. . . I get fonder and fonder of Audrey Hepburn, but no matter how fond I get, she’ll never surpass Katharine Hepburn with me. . . Fabian is a good kid who looks as if he’s collecting autographs. . . Sophia Loren munches on raw hamburger meat the way you do on candy. . . I’m betting we’ll have a new Elvis Presley next year. And you know what? It might even be Elvis instead of another Frankie Avalon or Bobby Darin. . . Kim Novak usually wants to know if a fellow loves her because she’s a movie star or for herself. Both, Kim. . . Edd Byrnes speaks English as if it had been invented six months ago by a jazz musician.

I’m waiting for Barrie Chase to dance in a movie. And for Kim Stanley to make another movie. Please! . . . Lana Turner has made a fortune by acting her age. . . Milton Berle says he gets along with NBC’s chief, Robert Sarnoff, like father and son—Bing and Gary. . . Zsa Zsa Gabor adores the word adore. . . One thing you can say for Jayne Mansfield and that is there’s nothing subtle about her. . . Errol Flynn told me that in Hollywood an actor shouldn’t get married until he has saved enough money for the divorce. And That’s Hollywood For You.
In just one hour...you can safely, permanently change the color of your hair!

TRU-TINT

Unlike other hair colorings...‘TRU-TINT’ self-timing action shuts off automatically. You can’t overtint!

Pick a color. Any color! And in just one hour, from start to finish, ‘TRU-TINT’ gives you the precise color you want, for keeps. Not a temporary rinse, but permanent hair coloring. ‘TRU-TINT’ lets you change to any dazzling shade your heart desires, even from dark to blonde... covers gray completely... or re-creates your own radiant, young-hair color... easily, safely.

- Only ‘TRU-TINT’ has the self-timing color control action... devised by DuBarry scientists. Shuts off at just the right time, automatically. You can’t overtint with ‘TRU-TINT’!
- Only ‘TRU-TINT’ comes complete with its own creme color developer. Brings each shade to its exact peak of perfection, without prebleaching. Extra-rich texture means no messy drip.
- Only ‘TRU-TINT’ has a built-in shampoo. No shampooing your hair, before or after coloring!
- Only ‘TRU-TINT’ has Exellin... conditions as it colors. Leaves hair with lively, lovely highlights... shining with natural radiance... wonderfully manageable. For a fabulous new hair color, so true, nobody knows but you—choose from ten glorious young shades of ‘TRU-TINT’ today.

‘TRU-TINT’...used safely by over 1,000,000 women!

NEW YORK  DuBarry  PARIS
Travel-tough vinyl covering won't show wear and tear...washes clean with a cloth for years of smart traveling.

Look at this value! You save a healthy $3.00 when you buy this Samsonite Streamlite Beauty Case for Christmas giving— or for your very own. This is the luggage that keeps its first trip look...and the classic beauty of Streamlite stays in style! Sectioned tray for cosmetics and toiletries lifts right out. Full-width mirror for full viewing. Triple-strength construction means years of good use. Don't miss this Holiday buy on a famous Samsonite Streamlite Beauty Case.

NEW LOW PRICE $14.95

Holds 52 items

Comes in four colors to complement your costume: Saddle Tan, Ebony Grey, Hawaiian Blue, Rawhide Finish.
DEAR MISS PAIN:
I've just gotten an invitation to a Thanksgiving wedding and reception. It's from my girlfriend's older sister, who is getting married next month. The invitation is engraved and down in the corner is written R.S.V.P. My mother says this means you have to answer but I don't know how. My mother says I also have to give her a gift.

DEAR JANIE:
Since you're only fourteen, don't worry. He knows you're not thinking of marriage—yet. But, did you ever think maybe the boy would like to meet your parents? And relax, introductions can be painless: you introduce the younger person to the older one; the boy to the girl. An easy way to remember is to say the name of the older person—or the girl—first: "Mother (or Mary), I'd like you to meet Bill." The time to worry is when you forget his name!!

DEAR EDITOR:
I've been dating this one boy pretty steadily since last summer, and my girlfriend Gladys says I should give him a present for his birthday. We haven't known each other very long when I had my birthday so he didn't give me anything. I'd like him to know I appreciate his taking me out, but I don't want to look too pushy.

DEAR WENDY:
Here are some rules that'll help define your territory: bread plate on the right; water glass in front of you to the right; salad plate on the left. A safe cutlery rule: start on the outside and work in. And when in doubt, let the host make the first move.

DEAR SALLY:
A gift could scare a boy away, so think twice before giving one. However, if you've dated for six months, it's quite all right for you to give him a birthday or Christmas present. And you're safest if the gift is inexpensive. We think a book is fun.

DEAR MISS PAIN:
Either I'm all mixed up or the boys I know are. What can't seem to agree on is, who goes first? I thought a girl always goes down the aisle first at the movies and places like that, but last Friday night I started down first—and so did my date—and we both collided and I fell on top of a man who was sitting right on the aisle. And how about doors? If I start to open one myself, I usually get banged with it because he reaches out to open it too; but if I wait, I usually find myself standing, staring at a closed door.

DEAR LAURIE:
You're right. The rule is ladies first. But if you keep on staring at that door and your escort still doesn't get the point, then try—but make sure you're too weak to succeed—opening it yourself. If he likes that he-man feeling, it'll open all kinds of doors.

P.S. Look for your letters here every month. We're sorry they can't be answered personally.
confidentially...

My one ambition is to become an actress. I have blond hair and blue eyes. My favorite actress is Deborah Kerr. I’d like to be as wonderful an actress as she is.

Emily Simmons
511 W. Henry
Greenwood, Miss.

I would like any pictures of Claudette Colbert, since she’s my favorite actress. I’ll trade other stars’ pictures for them.

Beth Long
21 Henry St.
Kings Park, L. I.

Clearing out my huge collection of movie-star pictures. Anyone interested in a specific star, write to me:

Carolyn Costa
2111 Rucker Ave.
Everett, Wash.

I’m a real “Georgia Cracker” from the deep South and would love to have pen pals from everywhere. I live on a hereford ranch and plan to make music my career. I’m sixteen.

Lil Cross
Colquitt, Georgia
Route #3

Have pen—will write—anyone, anywhere. I’m thirteen—like horses—like music.

Pat Beardley
Colman Hill Rd.
Jamesville, N. Y.

Anyone interested in Collie dogs, horses and dancing? If so, please write to me:

Janice McNeele
Box 260 Mitchell Village
Morehead City, N. C.

I beg to express my desire to correspond with American college boys or girls, so that I may establish new friendships, improve my English, learn more about your country and further the Turkish-American youth relationship.

Vivi Hassan
Kadikoy, Moda Caddesi 122/124
Istanbul, Turkey

I’m much interested in collecting stamps and photos. I am twenty and studying in costing. Is there a boy or girl who would like to correspond with me?

Vasudev S. Athal
Room No. 4, Patel Mahal
King’s Circle, Matunga,
Bombay 19, India

Do you think there’s a chance for me to get a break in the movies? I am five-years-old and I’m in Japan now. But I might go to the States in a few years. My mommy and daddy say it’s okay for me to be a movie actress. I am 43” tall and weigh 39 pounds. I have brown hair and blue eyes.

Katherine
c/o Mr. A. Irwin Switzer, Jr.
Office of the Comptroller
HQ, U.S. Army Japan, APO 343
San Francisco, California

I would like very much to correspond with American people interested, like me, in movies and music.

Mr. Almo Maria
Rua Vilela, 307
São Paulo, Brazil

I am a girl of sixteen who desires a pen pal in the U.S.A.

I have black hair and eyes. My height is 5’14”. My hobbies are singing, dancing, Rock ‘n’ Roll, Cha, Cha, Cha, etc.

Benita Soh
P.W.D. 24 Princess Road
Kuala Lumpur
Selangor, Malaya

Some of us guys serving on this desert island, avidly read your magazine since it keeps us posted on Hollywood doings and the latest movies. Except for movies, there’s nothing much here to pass the time, other than reading. We’d appreciate it if some readers would send us their movie magazines and perhaps pin-up wall calendars for 1960. We’ll gladly send view-cards in exchange.

P. Max Nazareth
C/o Cable & Wireless Ltd.
Bahrain, Arabian Gulf

Hi, I have 120 various sized pictures of Tony Perkins and 30 of Montgomery Clift. Anyone interested in swapping pictures of Rick Nelson, Tab Hunter or Fabian for these?

Lynden Douglas
70 Clermont St.
Albany, N. Y.

Want to join a fan club for actress-singer Maureen O’Hara? Please contact:

John Kolcum, Pres.
15 Queen Street
Binghamton, N. Y.

I’ve just started a Rick Nelson Tri-State Fan Club and would like new members from Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. For full information, write to me enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope:

Richard Loose, Jr.
Bear-Christiana Rd.
Bear, Delaware

Wanted: members for a new Gale Storm fan club. Dues are 50¢ a year. You receive a membership card, monthly paper, official club pencil and two pictures of Gale.

Jancy Emerle, Pres.
Gale Storm Fan Club
2632 N. 74
Wauwatosa 13, Wis.

There is now an official Christopher Lee Fan Club of America. If you want to join write to:

Jessica Wallace, Pres.
37 Water Street
Hallowell, Maine

Anyone interested in joining a Jill St. John fan club, write to me enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope:

Judy Schaner
Route 1 Plainview
Sussex, Wisc.

We hereby grant permission to Eddie Richardson, 7514 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, to formulate and be President of the only official fan club for our daughter, Evelyn Rudie.

Mr. & Mrs. Emery Bernauer

Come on and join The Andy Williams Music Bandwagon Fan Club, Dues, $1.00 a year. You receive pictures and news on every thing concerning Andy and his music.

Margaret Walker
Box 340 Rl. 2
Connelly Springs, N.C.

Attention Nick Todd fans: We’re now open for additional members. No fee. Only requirement is that you want to give Nick a boost. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope:

Barbara Lyons, Pres.
3882 North 65 St.
Omaha 4, Nebraska

Need members for a fan club? Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fads? Write: Confidentially, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
EXCITINGLY NEW! EXCLUSIVELY YOU!

Are you the woman other women watch to see what's new and exciting in fashion? Then you are the fashion leader for whom Richard Hudnut created 'LIP QUICK'—the world's first roll-on lip color—in the slim, elegant, golden case. An original in every sense of the word! 'LIP QUICK' actually rolls on flowing color automatically. Takes the place of lipstick, lip liner and lip brush! The secret is in the exclusive well and ball-point action. Fresh, flowing color, stored inside, is released only when you apply it, as the rounded tip is pressed gently against your lips. 'LIP QUICK' outlines, shapes and colors lips, cleanly, quickly, easily. Greaseless, it can't smudge or smear. Creamy color stays on!

'Lip Quick'
The world's first roll-on lip color
by RICHARD HUDNUT

Outline lips perfectly in 1-2-3 strokes!
Now—just moisten your lips!
Press lips together. That's all!

Ordinary lipsticks can break off or melt. 'LIP QUICK' won't. It never gets messy, never breaks. And it's so easy to apply. This flowing lip color can be used to the very last drop! Lasts twice as long as lipstick. Be first with the first new form of lip color in 40 years. Say 'LIP QUICK'—not lipstick. It's the exciting new fashion in beauty by Richard Hudnut. In 8 fabulous shades.

'LIP QUICK' in a precious jeweler-design case, $1.50 plus tax. Refillable.

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I dreamed
I accentuated the positive in my maidenform* bra

What an exciting development! You can see in a flash why Twice-Over* is the world’s most fantastic elastic bra (doubled elastic all the way round!) Curve-shaping cups in white or black embroidered nylon. Also in white cotton broadcloth, with circular stitched cups. A. B. C cups, 3.95. D, 4.95.

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter ... Just Because ... I Like Your Kind of Love. Looking Back ... I'll Remember Tonight because All I Have to Do Is Dream. I Need Your Love Tonight, so please Return to Me. With All My Heart, I Gotta Feeling ... It's Only Make Believe, but Duncha Think It's Time to Come Softly to Me? It's Not for Me to Say, but, Great Balls of Fire! Why Don't They Understand that Love Is Strange? Get a Job down in Lonesome Town and Send for Me ... I'm Available, and Singing the Blues, so Don’t Be Cruel, but Love Me Tender. Oh, Lonesome Me, I'd go Around the World ... For Your Love. Your Kisses Sweeter Than Wine make this A Very Special Love. Don’t ... Catch a Falling Star—just write Love Letters in the Sand and Wear My Ring Around Your Neck. I'm Devoted to You, so give me A Lotta Lovin' under this Blue Moon, Any Way You Want Me, I'll be Enchanted—and remain a Teenager in Love. It's no Twilight Time, so Loving You, I'll say Bye Bye Love.

LYNNE E. ENSOW
Viroqua, Wis.

Murderers' Minuet

Will you be so kind as to tell me the name of the Boccherini composition played in the Alec Guinness picture, "The Lady Killers"?

ANNE B. PRICE
Lynchburg, Va.

String Quintet in E. Major! We don't only listen to Fabian!—En.

Stuck in Philly

The one I would reach up and grab a star for is Edd Byrnes. I go ape, kookie and all that jazz over him. How lucky Sandra Dee is to get to meet him and go out with him. If I could have one wish come true, that'd be it. I don't know if he'd dig me. Ah, well, all this wishing is hopeless. It looks like I'm stuck in Philly with Frankie Avalon's, Fabian's, Bobby Rydell's and James Darren's families!

BRENDA SUE KURMAN

Suggestion: Ask your mom to join the PTA—so she can get to know the parents and you could get to know the sons.—En.

Help Wanted

In the city of Chicago,
In nineteen thirty-three,
Was born a little baby boy
As cute as cute could be.

The years went by, as all years do—
To him, they had been kind—
And he found his way to Hollywood
With acting on his mind.

But this cute boy can also sing!
Let's help him reach the top!
Hear his records, then you'll agree
He's the cream of the crop.
Mark Damon is this young man's name—
Talented as he can be.
But he could use a little help
From folks like you and me.

KATHLEEN BARRILEAUX
Baton Rouge, La.
Kookie Vs. Zimbalist

It seems that the hit of today's TV
Is Kookie of the well-combed hair.
Well, this is one teen's opinion on
What is and what isn't fair.
I fear the feminine sex overlooks
The fact that Kookie is not
The only male on "Sunset Strip"
And the only cat on the block.
I find when I read the stories today
That appear in most magazines,
That to mention a man named "Zimbalist"
Is to make a square of a teen.
I protest the one-sided viewpoint
Of the conformist crowds that rage
That the charms of a man like Zimbalist
Date back to the Old Stone Age!
Do the habits and mannerisms of Kookie
Rank beside Zimbalist's smile?
Does Kookie's jazzy lingo
Impress, disturb, or beguile?
Let's not exclude the lasting things
For the momentary fad.
Incidentally, I'm sixteen and I don't con-
sider myself a square. I wouldn't mind,
either, being challenged on my views.
Mary M.
Bristol, Tenn.

Ever Think . . .?

Ever think the day will come when these
people would record these songs?
"Turn Me Loose" by King Kong
"I'm A Man" by Frankenstein
"Kookie, Kookie Lend Me Your Comb" by Yul Brynner
"I'll Wait For You" by Teddy Roosevelt
"Tiger" by Captain Kangaroo
"I Go Ape" by Tarzan

MARIAN SEWARD
Camden, Mo.

Nope, we really don't!—Ed.

Boy or Girl?

My Mother-In-Law says she read Tony
Curtis and Janet Leigh had a baby boy. I
thought it was a girl. Who's correct?

Mrs. J. KUJAN
Queens, N.Y.

Tony says to tell you, "We have two ador-
able little girls—Kelly and Jamie."

A Smash Hit

If I were to produce a picture, I would
cast the following actors and actresses:
Leading Actress—Sandra Dee
Leading Actor—Elvis Presley
Supporting Actress—Debbie Reynolds
Supporting Actor—Roger Smith
Others in the picture would include:
Rock Hudson
Tony Curtis
 Clint Walker
Sal Mineo
Ester Williams
Rick Nelson
Barry Coe
John Wayne
James Garner
Carol Lynley
Wouldn't you say this picture would
turn out to be a smash hit?

SHARON LAVISH
Kansas City, Mo.

I'll say this, you sure know how to pick 'em. Seems to me, the only one missing
from this spectacular cast, who would make it a sure-fire hit, is Lassie!—Ed.
Think Danny (right) looks like Ty?

Look Alikes

We all think Danny Convertini resembles the late Tyrone Power. Don’t you? Danny is a fine singer and actor and has appeared in many U.S.O. shows here in Detroit.

Rita, Betty & Marie Detroit, Mich.

I Keep Insisting:

I keep insisting that June Allyson played the leading female role in “Magnificent Obsession.” My sister insists it was not.

Could you set us straight as to who did? Phil Pointer Farmer City, III.

Sorry! The female lead in this picture was Jane Wyman. Remember?—Ed.

Rock and Jane in “Magnificent Obsession.”

Itinerary

My idea of spending a day in Hollywood would be to:

- Breakfast with Debbie Reynolds
- Swim with Kirk Douglas
- Luncheon with Frank Sinatra
- Shop with Kim Novak
- Dinner with Paul Anka

Eleanor Storzinger Long Island, N.Y.

Annette

A—always loved by her many fans
N—nearly flips when Fabian Sings “I’m a Man”
E—named the Promising Vocalist for ’59
T—thoughtful and considerate to those who love her
E—everyone’s darling, she’s so devine

Darlene Whorley B.C., Canada

Address

Loved Brandon DeWilde in “Blue Denim.” May I have his address?

Jackie Crawford Pre-cott, Ariz.

Brandon will receive your letter if you address it in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.—En.

Bring Back, Please!

One of the best movies I ever saw was “Gone With The Wind” starring Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O’Hara, Clark Gable as Rhett Butler and Olivia de Havilland as Melanie.

The acting and music were superb. I’ll never forget “Tara’s Theme” as long as I live.

I certainly hope they have a remake of this wonderful movie.

Evelyn Jaworske Cleveland, Ohio

Down-to-Earth

I had the good fortune of meeting Frankie Avalon a while back. I just want to tell everyone how down-to-earth and sincere he is besides being a good singer.

Charles Hawkins DeSoto, Mo.

My Wish Came True

Some time ago, a motion picture was filmed in the Napa Valley where I live. I was very excited since I had never seen an actual picture in the making. The picture was Universal’s “This Earth Is Mine” with Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons. I didn’t get Rock Hudson’s autograph since I was too shy to ask. But everybody was so very friendly.

Then I had a thought. If they’re all this friendly, I’m going to write a letter to a star that I’d met in magazines and movies only. Sure enough, two weeks later my letter was answered. I was so excited I could hardly read it. It was from Sandra Dee, my favorite actress.

You see, my one dream was to someday make friends with a movie star. My wish came true.

Patricia Bottleson Napa Valley, Calif.

Neville and John—are they doubles?

Another Look Alike?

... Everyone thinks my son John looks like Elvis Presley. What do you think?

Mrs. Charles Wisloh Brooklyn, N.Y.

We’re more convinced he’s a double for Neville Brand.—En.
Revolutionary 3-layer tablet for relief of Colds Miseries and Sinus Congestion

HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES (critical areas of colds infection)

**DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets**, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, sinus congestion and pollen allergies. DRISTAN...amazing medical achievement...contains: (1) The scientific decongestant most prescribed by doctors. Reaches all congested areas in minutes...shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes...promotes drainage...restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive anti-allergent to block allergic reactions often associated with colds, plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. Relieves body aches and pains due to colds, reduces fever. (3) Vitamin C, to help build body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Note: Today DRISTAN is widely imitated. But the fact is...the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula cannot be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!

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“...“The warmest way to send holiday greetings is with something you’ve made yourself,” says Vera Miles. She’s in Warners’ “The FBI Story.”

7240—To thrill that little girl on your list: Transfer, directions for 3-inch doll, pattern pieces for 4 doll’s dresses and underwear.

7012—Embroider a gift for the house in the Oriental trend. Transfer of twin panels, 7½ x 21 inches. Color charts and full directions.

7068—Put Yule cheer everywhere. Applique pattern for 3 Santa caps, transfer of 7 heads and 4 holly sprays.

844—Stitch a cuddly pet with just two pieces plus ears. Pattern pieces for 4 toys and directions.
ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES

New improved Bobbi waves in style-support with the ease and softness of a setting

The only permanent with 3 kinds of curlers... waves in the style you want with the support it needs!

Style-support... the new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and there's no re-setting. Just brush out natural-looking waves right from the start. New improved Bobbi waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50. Look for the bright pink box.

Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give style-support for the fliply casual look of "Melody." Bobbi waves in style-support to keep it trim and tidy.

Style-support is the key to the lifted crown cap of "Missy"—soft and young. With improved Bobbi it's simple as setting.

For the new, softly controlled look of "Melody," Bobbi waves in style-support to keep it trim and tidy.

ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.

6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".

6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

The easiest permanent to give yourself...
This film’s about actors—but none of them gets discovered overnight. And that’s what makes the difference. Here’s a movie that steers around a lot of clichés—including that old one about Cinderella—and finally arrives at something very close to the truth about this business of acting. Anthony Franciosa, who can be more intense than anybody, and Dean Martin, who can be more relaxed, team up to make this point: There’s no use trying to be an opportunist unless you’re just naturally cut out for the job. One of them is; the other isn’t. Either way, it’s hard on the women who love them, and that gives Shirley MacLaine, Carolyn Jones (left, at bottom, with Tony) and newcomer Joan Blackman a chance to chew the scenery. They do it just fine. You can thank director Joseph Anthony for creating as authentic and convincing a picture as you’re ever likely to see of the theater-TV-movie world.

The Last Angry Man

If you’ve ever loved a book and worried about what your favorite characters would look like on the screen, this is one time the movies do right by you. In the film version of this best-seller, Paul Muni is Dr. Sam Abelman, exactly as this reader imagined him, cranky, yet wonderful. And if he’s angry, what goes on in the Brooklyn slum around him gives him good reason. And even when he gets angry at his patients, you know, under that towering rage, he’d do anything for them—except cater to them in the way high-priced specialists, like his boyhood friend Luther Adler, do so profitably. Gerald Green, whose father is rumored to be the real-life model for Dr. Abelman, has adapted his own novel of a TV producer (David Wayne) who tries to maneuver the old doctor into a live documentary show, complete with drug-company commercials. One new young actors worth watching here are Joby Baker, who’s the eager-beaver nephew (left, at top, with Paul Muni), and Billy Dee Williams, the hoodlum.

Back to the Wall

We’ve come to expect that, if the movie’s French and the chief characters are a husband, a wife and her lover, then it’s a comedy. Well, there is a certain grim humor in the elaborate scheme that industrialist Gerard Oury cooks up to revenge himself on Jeanne Moreau and her charming no-goodnik friend, Philippe Nicaud. But it’s anything but funny to the three principals. As you feel the mood of the picture changing gradually, you know that something terrible is going to happen. (It does.) Edouard Molinaro—one of the young directors adding extra excitement to French movies these days—does a neat job: no fancy touches, just good, tight suspense, with a whopper of a climax.

(continued)
Traditional Choice
...through the years

Where in this world is a happier girl... for this is a day from a little girl’s dream... the day it all comes true. And today, like brides through the years, she wears diamond engagement and wedding rings by custom - Keepsake Diamond Rings by choice.

The choice is traditional, for Keepsake is the most cherished of all love’s symbols—a perfect diamond. Only a gem of this flawless clarity, fine color and magnificent cut can reflect a diamond’s full brilliance and beauty. This is the center diamond in every Keepsake engagement ring—your treasured symbol of love forever.

Genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Rings are not sold by all jewelers—only by authorized Keepsake-Starfire Jewelers (listed in the yellow pages). Choose from many distinctively beautiful styles, each permanently registered and guaranteed for your protection. From $100 to $10,000.

Are You Sure of the Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding?

Keepsake’s valuable new booklet, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," gives expert advice on the announcement, parties and showers, trousseau, invitations, attire, gifts, the ceremony and many other details. Another booklet, "Choosing Your Diamond Rings," gives interesting and helpful facts about diamond quality, value and styling. For both booklets, send 25¢ with name and address to: Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 8, N. Y.
MOVIES continued

Third Man on the Mountain
BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

Next best thing to a trip to the Swiss Alps is to see a mountain-climbing yarn that's just like the air in that part of the world—clean, exhilarating and often full of chills. The shivery scenes are literally cliff-hangers, because young James MacArthur (Helen Hayes' son) and two old pros, Michael Rennie and Herbert Lom, are trying to get up a mountain that's never been climbed before. Plenty of men have been killed trying—including Jim's father. It's all supposed to take place about a century ago, when the Matterhorn was first conquered, so the Swiss scene's even quaintier than it is today. A pretty part of it is Janet Munro (you met her as an Irish girl in "Darby O'Gill and the Little People").

The Magician
SWEDISH DIALOGUE, TITLES IN ENGLISH

You might say that the title of this movie refers to the director. What Ingmar Bergman can do with a strip of film is very nearly magic, and it actually is poetry, with a strange and haunting atmosphere. The magician in the story, played by Max von Sydow, is advertised as both a showman and a health-giver, back in Sweden of the 1830's. Along with his hungry troupe, he comes into a small town, where most of the people decide he's a cheap fake. Apparently, they're right. And yet some very odd events take place, leaving you puzzled, but fascinated. Ingrid Thulin, who was the daughter-in-law in Bergman's "Wild Strawberries," is now the magician's wife, and Bibi Andersson, who was the lively hitchhiker, is a servant girl who's too much interested in human nature—especially male—to notice anything supernatural.

The Mouse That Roared
COLUMBIA EASTMAN COLOR

It's hard to think of a subject more serious than international politics, but this British movie manages to get a surprising amount of fun out of it. Why would an absolutely microscopic European country (imaginary, of course) declare war on the United States of America? Well, they're broke, and they naturally expect to lose the war—and everybody knows the Americans take wonderful care of countries they've defeated. Peter Sellers gets more than his share of laughs—after all, he plays three different roles. One of him falls in love with an American girl, Jean Seberg. Jean's pretty enough, but can she act?

A Summer Place
WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

As young lovers, Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue (below, left) have a tough time unscrambling all the problems their parents have gotten into. Sandra's father (Richard Egan) loves Troy's mother (Dorothy McGuire). Sandra's mother (Constance Ford) is a neurotic. Troy's father (Arthur Kennedy) is an alcoholic. Otherwise, everything's fine. More than ever, Sandra's our idea of what a teenager should look

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works
CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

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2. Stops bacteria. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples...

3. 'Starves' pimples. Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples...dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples...

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL. (Either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 99¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.
like. And when you get a good gander at Troy—tall and blond, with a nice, earnest manner—you'll probably wonder (we did) why he's been kept in small parts up to now. The sets are easy to look at, too: a summer hotel and a smart modern house, both on the New England coast. There's plenty going on in front of them: big emotional scenes and solemn discussions of sex (which sound as if the writers just discovered it yesterday).

**Odds Against Tomorrow**

用手可以期待有些特别的从一个有三个主演——哈利·贝拉方特, 罗伯特·瑞安和艾德·贝克利(对面上)——加上一个导演——罗伯特·怀斯，他做“我要活下去！”不幸的是，这并不能成功。你所得到的是一个日常的关于一个策划得很周到的银行抢劫，在上州纽约。剧本有些装腔作势，但很难搞清楚这些证明了什么——除非也许它是那种种族歧视应该避免的。你想知道那些证明。好吧，也许那有些证明。至少，这个剧本是上演的，摄影和编辑得好像它真的是有意义的，而且这些技术技巧让它值得一看。

**Robert Wise:** The good editing in "Odds Against Tomorrow" is no accident, because Robert Wise's professional hand was undoubtedly behind it.
MOVIES continued

Director Wise first learned about movie-making in the cutting room, which is where all the individual shots are put together into a finished picture. He'd just come from Indiana, and was in his early twenties when, as a messenger boy at RKO, he saw how much cutting and editing have to do with a movie's pace and meaning. Eventually, the producers let him try directing.

Could a boy—or a girl—who wanted to be a director, break in the same way today? When we put this question to Robert Wise—who's now a graying, handsome man in his mid-forties, with a lot of directing hits to his credit, like "I Want to Live," "Executive Suite"—he said: "There just isn't any opportunity! Not even enough work to keep the old-time directors employed. TV film shows? The veterans do those, too.

"There's a young man in my office who is a graduate of UCLA's Cinema School. I believe he has talent—but he's working for me as a secretary. And," Wise goes on, "a school friend of his is working as a messenger at Warners, just to get inside a studio."

Discouraging? Remember—it's an ex-messenger boy who's talking.

The Jayhawkers  PARAMOUNT: VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLO

Fess Parker (page 25) is a pretty good double for Gregory Peck, except he doesn't get cast in as good pictures. This one, which should have been a lusty pre-Civil War potboiler gets bogged down by too much talk. Seems Jeff Chandler's about to set himself up as king of Kansas when Fess barges in. They join up, but more for conversation than action. Nicole Maurey gets in on the general gabfest, too.

The 400 Blows  ZENITH INTERNATIONAL: FRENCH DIALOGUE, TITLES IN ENGLISH

The trouble with most movies about children is that they're made by adults who can't remember what it was like! However, Director Francois Truffaut does remember and shows us a world—the way one twelve-year-old boy actually sees it—as a harsh and unfriendly place. The blows in the title aren't physical ones, but they turn Jean-Pierre Leaud, a perfectly normal city kid, into a bewildered runaway. There's some humor, but the picture as a whole is a heartbreaker. Bring a hanky.

The Man Who Understood Women  20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Natch, there's no such man as the one in the title. Henry Fonda, as a tem-

If you had mink out to here, you couldn't buy finer fit!

There's the convenience of front hooks, the chic of a dipped back—the gentle deception of padded cups. There's the versatility of shoulder straps that adjust three ways (which means to any neckline). You get all this and comfort, too—thanks to spiral boning! Do luxuries like these come priced like mink? Not if you're foxy! Just $7.95 buys CARIBBEAN by

BESTFORM®
peramental movie director, certainly doesn’t understand women—especially not Leslie Caron, even after he’s made her a star and married her. It’s generally confusing; even after it’s all over, we don’t understand Fonda, either. Trouble is, the picture shifts gears too often, between comedy and drama and romance.

**The Lovers**

**ELLIS: FRENCH**

The French are supposed to be a practical people—everybody says so, including the French. That proposition, though, gets the brush-off in this picture, which insists that love is the only thing that really matters. As the shallow wife of a provincial newspaper publisher, Jeanne Moreau throws respectability and security away when she meets an awkward, blunt-spoken young archaeologist. The story and its people are handled knowingly, and the love scenes are quite beautiful. But they’ll have you on the edge of your seat as you start wondering nervously how far the actors plan to go. **ADULT**

**Goliath and the Barbarians**

**AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL**

Hercules is back! In spite of the title, Steve Reeves isn’t playing the giant from the Bible. Steve is a Roman of 470 A.D. or thereabouts, who’s mighty busy fighting barbarians—that is, when he isn’t off with their princess. The battles are loud and colorful and good enough fun—even if they don’t make much sense. There are even a couple of barbarian orgies, with everybody laughing and eating grapes like mad, but they’re pretty tame. **FAMILY**

**Girls Town**

**M-G-M**

This what-is-it has apparently been tailored to please somebody’s idea of the typical teenager. Don’t know where they got the idea. Anyway, Paul Anka fans will want to hear his songs and see him in his acting debut. He’s pleasantly modest and sincere about it, but a little more humor would have helped. **FAMILY**

**Libel**

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

You might call this British mystery a pretty fancy plate of hash, with Olivia de Havilland and Dirk Bogarde doing the serving. But it’s still a bit of hash, put together from a lot of old leftovers: A case of amnesia, two men who are exact doubles (of course, one of them is rich) and a whole series of showdowns in one of those elegant English courtrooms. It will do if you’re an all-out whodunit fan. **FAMILY**
CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

CAREER—Paramount. Directed by Joseph Anthony; Manny Novak, Dean Martin, Sam Lansky, Anthony Franciosa; Sharon Kenttington, Shirley MacLaine, Shirley Drake, Carolyn Jones; Barbara, Joan Blackman.

GIRL'S TOWN—M-G-M. Directed by Charles Haas: Silver, Merry Van Doren, Fred, Mel Torme, Dick, Ray Anthony; Mother Superior, Maggie Hayes, Jimmy, Paul Anka; A Singer, Cathy Crosby; Scrubbing, Gigi Perreau; Mary Lee, Eleanor Donahue; Fido, Gloria Talbott.


LIBEL—M-G-M. Directed by Anthony Asquith: Sir Mark Laddon, Frank Welsey, Dirk Bogarde; Maggie Laddon, Oliver de Haviland; Sir Wilfred, Robert Morley; Jeffrey, Paul Massie.

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN—20th. Directed by Norman Johnson: Ivan, Leslie Caron, Willy, Henry Fonda, Marco Ramier, Cesare Danova; Preacher, Myron McCormick; G.K., Conrad Nagel.


ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW—U.A. Directed by Robert Wise; Truman, Harry Belafonte; Tucker, Robert Ryan; Larry, Shelley Winter; Burke, Ed Helms; Hedy, Gloria Grahame.


THE RFR MAN—Columbia. Directed by Ken Annakin; Cattiva Winter, Michael Requig, Rudi, James MacArthur, Lizbeth, Janet Munro; Franz Lerner, James Donald; Suez, Herbert Lom.

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

/// BIG FISHERMAN, THE—Bevera Vista; Panavision, Technicolor; A dazzling spectacle illuminates the beginnings of Christianity, with Howard Keel as St. Peter, John Saxon and Susan Kohner provide the romance. (F) September

/// BLUE ANGEL, THE—20th; CinemaScope; De Luxe Color; A tag of strangeness in German background liven the story of a night-club singer (May Britt) who removes a schoolteacher (Curt Jurgens) from respectability. May's the very picture of a femme fatale. (A) November

/// BUT NOT FOR ME—Paramount; VistaVision; One joke—stage-producer Clark Gable's reluctance to admit his age—sparks mild romantic comedy. While Carroll Baker isn't too well cast as his eager, youthful new love, Lilli Palmer has the light charm the film needs. (F) November

/// FBI STORY, THE—Warners, Technicolor; Saga of the federal agency provides gunflights and explosions aplenty, as agent James Stewart faces national enemies in four decades. In between come tender sentiment and family love, with Vera Miles as Jimmy's wife. (F) November

/// IT STARTED WITH A KISS—M-G-M; CinemaScope; Metrolcolor; Debbie Reynolds is turned loose as a mature comedienne in a funny movie without a thought in her head. Air Force sergeant Glenn Ford has two problems: a giddy wife and a giddy car. (A) November

/// LOOK BACK IN ANGER—warners; Talky and irritating but beautifully acted and photographed, this British drama focuses on a sorry marriage. Richard Burton's the angry man jealous of wife Mary Ure's upper-class upbringing; Claire Bloom's the mistress. (A) November

/// PILLOW TALK—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color; In a slick, bright, thoroughly winning comedy, the New York phone company gets two subscribers (Doris Day, Rock Hudson) together by putting them on a party line. With songs, Tony Randall, Thelma Ritter. (A) November

/// THAT KIND OF WOMAN—Paramount; VistaVision; Under the fashionable frankness of this World War II drama beats a soft and sentimental heart. Tab Hunter's a naive paratrooper who falls in love with Sophia Loren—and learns about George Sanders. (A) October

/// THEY CAME TO CORDURA—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color; Different sort of film that happens to have a western setting, on the Mexican-American border in 1916, When the story's tensions separate the men from the boys, Gary Cooper sees Van Heflin as a brute, Tab Hunter a careerist, Ignorant glamour, Rita Hayworth's great. (F) October

/// YELLOWSTONE KELLY—Warners, Technicolor; Three top TV stars are crammed into a good, sturdy Indian-fighting yarn. They are Clint "Cheyenne" Walker, Edward "Kookie" Byrnes, John "Lawman" Russell. (F) November

GREGORY PECK
DEBORAH KERR
in JERRY WALD'S PRODUCTION OF
"BELOVED INFIDEL"

EDDIE ALBERT

CinemaScope
COLOR BY DE LUXE
Directed by HENRY KING
Screenplay by ALFRED HAYES and SY BARTLETT
STEREOPHONIC SOUND

"Sheelah, My Beloved Infidel," he whispered.
"LET EVERY LOVER BE THE LAST!"

There had been other men. But he made her feel like a girl awakening to life.
The bold, bitter-sweet love affair of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Sheelah Graham!
Christmas Contest
Just fill in last line. Send in as many coupons as you like.
Paste on a postcard and mail to:
Win A Five-Minute Phone Call
P.O. Box 1872, Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York

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

I am: ____________________________
My name is: ____________________________ My phone number: ____________________________
I live at: ____________________________

SEE YOUR 4 FAVORITE PINUPS
FABIAN: “I’ll call—will you be there?”
ELVIS: “Let me say Merry Christmas— personally.”
EDD: “I’ll be waiting to ring you up.”
ROCK: “I’d stop everything to call you.”
JAMES DARREN:

can you outgrow someone you’ve loved?

Jim Darren was on the brink of a second marriage. He looked happy in love, but reserved.

He was dressed in a dark green wool jacket, pink shirt and hound’s-tooth check trousers and he was talking on the telephone in his spacious suite at the Savoy-Hilton with his fiancee Evy Norlund. Evy had just arrived in New York that afternoon.

A wonderful soft glow radiated from his face as he replaced the receiver into its cradle. They say all women become beautiful when they are loved. The same must be true of men, for although Jim is a handsome
enough guy, with his dark good looks, he looked even handsomer—if such a thing is possible—after he talked to Evy.

"We’re both crazy about New York," he admitted. "We can’t make up our minds where to eat—there are so many restaurants to choose from. You know, we love New York so much we want to get married here this winter. We’d like to spend the first few days of our honeymoon exploring this big city, then fly to Europe to meet Evy’s mom and dad in Denmark, and, if we have time, we’ll go to Italy to look up some of my relatives.

"Marriage," he (Continued on page 83)
Friday the 13th pinups

SANDRA DEE:
I get wobbly
over umbrellas
opened
in the house.
When Friday the 13th comes up this month—it'll be the *third* one this year! —all Hollywood will be quiet. It's a day filled with superstitions. Tommy Sands intends to beat the hex by staying in bed all day. Joan Crawford and Lana Turner will venture (*Continued on page 93*)

drawings by WALLY BATTERTON

**ROGER SMITH:**
A black cat across my path gives me the double whammy.

**EDD BYRNES:**
I'm in voodooosville if I walk under a ladder.
THE LETTER READ:

Sandra—
why don't you tell the truth about your father?

You pick up a magazine and see your face smiling up at you, and you can't help smiling back—until you see the words alongside the picture. Ugly words. Words that accuse and blame and hurt. And all you can do is ask yourself and your mother, “Why? Why are they saying these things? Why don’t they stop?”

Why? I’m going to tell you why, Sandra, they’re saying these things. I wanted to call you and tell you how I felt about all of this, but I decided to write instead. You ought to tell them, someone ought to tell (Continued on page 90)
EDDIE:
“I think I’m nice, I think Elizabeth is nice, and I think people who make mistakes can still be nice.”

LIZ:
“...they said I had a child secretly... they said our marriage wouldn’t last!”
Sometimes, the stares that met Eddie, Liz and her children in Europe were curious. Other times, they were accusing.

by ART BUCHWALD

While a great deal has been written about the Fishers, very little of what has been printed has come from them and we were happy to sit down and talk to them about what has become the most discussed marriage since the Duke of Windsor married Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

The Fishers, although married several months, were still honeymooning when we had lunch with them.

Miss Taylor said, "They said it wouldn't last."

Mr. Fisher said, "Of course it hasn't been all smooth sailing. We had the typical problems of any young newlyweds, like getting 7,000 letters a week threatening us, like receiving voodoo dolls and communications from different chapters of the Ku Klux Klan. Worse than that, Hedda Hopper said she wasn't going to write about us any more."

Miss Taylor added, "I wonder why sane people don't write letters any more? We've heard from everybody but Governor Long."

"How do you explain all the (Continued on page 93)"

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"How do you explain all the (Continued on page 93)"
LIZ and EDDIE:

“It hasn’t been all smooth sailing... but if we had to do it again...”
Carol Lynley: "My first date was a junior high prom. I was fourteen and I didn't want to go, even though I had a nice (Continued on page 77)"

Brandon De Wilde: "I'm not exactly a man about town, but my one beef with 'Blue Denim' is that these kids are a lot (Continued on page 76)"
As Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall spoke their marriage vows, only he realized the special, terrible meaning behind the words—

till death do us part

The last words she spoke were: "Darling, I love you very much." She said them so softly that her husband, standing beside the bed, had to bend down to hear. He stayed that way for a minute. "Kay," he said, "Kay—" Then he straightened up. His face was gray. "My God, get the doctor," he said frantically. The nurse hurried out of the room. A second later, a white-coated man pushed open the door, strode

(Continued on page 78)

by Charlotte Dinter
Gale Storm's three-year-old Susanna asks:

"can I grow up to be a mommy, too?"

by GALE STORM
That's right, Peter, you heard what I said. You can't jump off the top of the roof on your skis. No, not even if there was snow." ... I was reading a magazine article—or rather trying to read one—while resting in our backyard hammock. I thought this would be the quietest place in the house. It wasn’t. When you’re a mother, there is no such place. The article was about the perfect mother. There was even a picture of her. This particular woman had six children in six years. (Continued on page 85)

I always let Lee have a say.

Just what is a mother? To a 16-year-old, she may be "immature."
let’s all go over to

PAJAMA PARTY

A famous quartet (that’s the leader) crashed in, shouting, “But we brought our pajamas!” Guess what happened.
The minute I picked up the small yellow envelope with the bright orange writing, I knew something was funny. Because it was only October, and every letter I’d ever gotten from Concetta Franconera—since she moved out of the house around the corner on Brookdale Avenue in Newark, and became Connie Francis—had been a Christmas card. Connie never writes—she uses the phone. So you can imagine the double take I did when I got this fancy invitation to stay overnight at her new house in Bloomfield. Bring lots of records, it said, a favorite ghost (Continued)

(Above) Connie gave us the lowdown on European boys. She says they really do kiss your hand, and all that. (Top right) When it comes to mambo stamina, no one beats Pat and Connie.

(Above) Make-em-yourself nightcaps (see page 8) are just peachy for hiding curlers—or faces! (Left) The mambos made us so hungry, there wasn’t a scrap left—even if we’d let Dion in!

For bed! They were pretty enough to wear to a party. So we did.
We had free beauty treatments from our prima donna. While Pidge got feathery brows and Jo Ann a new hairstyle, the rest of us waited our turn making mystery calls to old boyfriends.

story, enough eye make-up for seven girls to experiment with—and forget about pajamas.

I was early. My first surprise came when Connie opened the door herself (no butler!) in plain old slacks and a shirt. Right away she introduced her best friend and secretary, Joyce Becker (everybody calls her Pidgeon) and, boy, is she pretty.

Then the whole family made a big fuss over me. Mr. Franconera brought out a neat flashbulb camera and announced he was going to play photographer, so we'd all have some candids for our scrapbooks. But Connie told him he could only hang around if he wanted to wear p-j's, too, so he gave her a big wink and quickly invited Mrs. F. to the movies. I'm pretty
good with cameras, so I took over (what do you think of the results?).

When everyone had checked in (I didn’t know a soul), Connie led us into the living room and produced seven big satiny boxes, filled with the cutest pajamas I ever saw. We couldn’t wait to get into them, but it’s funny how girls feel shy about undressing. So we all sneaked off to change in separate rooms.

By the time I came out, Perez Prado was blaring down in the den, and three mad couples were in the midst of a mambo marathon, all dolled up in the nuttiest night-caps this side of a fruitcake.

“Torero, torero, olé!” Connie sang out, with a stomp and a flutter of her matador (Continued on page 87)
the things
I really
wanted
to tell
my son ...

You've been married thirty-five minutes now, Son, and your bride is beautiful. As I shake your hand, I think, Try to keep her looking—and feeling—that way. That's one of the most important jobs a husband has. But I can't say it. I can't say any of the things I wanted to tell you less than an hour ago, when the clock read 2:30. At that moment, you were standing at the altar, waiting for Patty Beasley to come down the aisle. And I, feeling like a fool, was home in bed with a virus bug— (Continued on page 74)

by ALAN LADD
as told to SARA HAMILTON
Except for a light drizzle, it looked as if the flight would be a routine one. I sat back against the seat in the limousine, listening to the other passengers talk about where they were going and what they'd done in Pittsburgh. I had flown down there to promote some of my records, but now I was anxious to get back to New York and my family. And I was anxious for another reason, too—I don't really like getting my feet very far off the ground.

It's the air age, I kept telling myself, but my stomach didn't know it; all it knew was it was full of butterflies again. Yesterday I'd picked up the papers and read, "TWENTY PEOPLE KILLED IN AIR CRASH."

You can't help thinking—when you're taking a trip—What if I'd been on that plane? I could have wound up my business a little earlier and then been on that fatal plane . . . The limousine turned into the airport, breaking into my thoughts, and I (Continued on page 69)
Hollywood Producers and Directors Choose the: all-time

Marlene Dietrich

Ingrid Bergman

Dolores Del Rio

Carole Lombard
great beauties and why

Elizabeth Taylor

Deborah Kerr

Grete Garbo

Hedy Lamarr
“Who are the all-time great Hollywood beauties?” One afternoon recently, in Hollywood, seven famous directors and producers sat down in seven different places and tried to answer this question and another that you have asked Photoplay so often: “What makes a beauty?”

The men had one important thing in common. All of them, through the years, have worked with and known and helped build into stardom some of the most beautiful women in the world.

After they finished, we tallied up their score. Many stars appeared—stars like Irene Dunne, Gloria Swanson, Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner—but the eight most popular are the stars that appear on the preceding pages. All were considered a beauty by the men who voted for them (see list at right). And in the words of these judges, here are the qualities that set them apart.

GRETA GARBO: Garbo received more votes than any other star, yet her admirers were also most critical, perhaps proving in a way that beauty, in its complexity, need not be perfect. What makes Garbo the all-time great beauty? “... her unforgettable voice; her lingering mystery; a face that overrode all criticisms of large feet or awkwardness... her erectness, her boyish figure, her awkward gait so fascinating to watch... her mouth too wide, but which added to the whole; her forehead too big; one eyebrow higher than the other. The nose not straight, but yet when she came into a room, all other women looked alike...”

MARLENE DIETRICH: “... the indestructible beauty that comes of care and thought and a desire to remain beautiful... the beauty that improves with proper make-up: the drawn brows, the naked under- lids that set off the carefully made-up upper lids, the figure, clothes, the aura of glamour... the refinement, even elegance, about her sensuality with none of the over-bosomed, deliberate appeal... her patience in every small detail concerning her appearance.”

DOLORES DEL RIO: “... the sound of her voice, the color of her clothes... a quality of race and racial beauty... a true Latin beauty, melting dark eyes, mobile features, yet with a languid, cool, calm un-Latin serenity... one of the world's most perfect faces.”

CAROLE LOMBARD: “... the perfect paradox, the angel who talked like a mortal... her direct gaze and utter simplicity... her unadorned, un-made-up square face—too wide for perfect balance—yet expressing an inner beauty and simplicity... her sense of chic, her humor so rare in one so beautiful... her speech, the way she almost lisped... and even the small scar on her cheek only enhanced a face of soft loveliness.”

HEDY LAMARR: “... the exotic type of brunette beauty; eyes that reveal a questioning spirit; dark hair like 'dark clouds' around her face, an aloofness that makes one want to know more of her... her impertinent nose. rather (Continued on page 34)
ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: LONDON

ENID BOULTING, glamorous, chic—and on-the-go every minute. The mother of 3 lively boys, she is also a talented dress designer, a serious painter and a noted hostess for her famous film-producer husband. . . . "I often have frantic days but my face never shows it." She uses Pond’s Cold Cream to deep-cleanse—to moisturize and ease away tension lines. . . . "My skin stays beautifully soft and smooth all day long."

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

She’s busy... yet she’s beautiful she uses Pond’s

NOW! POND’S COLD CREAM IN STUNNING NEW DESIGNER JAR!
I’ll never forget that day when I heard
One day after school, I was walking over to one of my girlfriend's. As I passed a couple of boys from class, I noticed they were pointing their fingers at me and seemed to be whispering. I had a scary feeling—like I had in assembly. Usually, if the boys whispered, it was only for a second. Then they’d holler out, “Hi, where’ve you been keeping yourself?” or “Hey, how’re things?” But on this day, none of the fellows (Continued on page 72)

by KEELY SMITH
MILLIE PERKINS engaged to DEAN STOCKWELL:

SHE
NO LONGER
HAS TO
PRETEND...

Millie Perkins is an ordinary enough name. Millie Perkins was an ordinary enough girl until January of 1958, when—against odds of 10,233 to 1—she won the role of Anne Frank. She'd only tried for the part when 20th Century-Fox insisted she at least try. She hadn't wanted to be an actress, and she didn't care if she won or not. But she had won, and in February she'd gone to Hollywood.

With only one suitcase, she'd stepped off the train. A thin girl, in a rumpled blouse and skirt, with dark knee-socks, she'd peered nervously and near-sightedly around her. There were so many people hurrying around the station; so many strangers—and they all seemed to know exactly where they were going. She wondered if she'd ever know just where she was going. What am I doing here? she asked herself. She didn't know what it all meant—that it would mean. And, of course, she had no idea that here was where she would find herself as a person. (Continued on page 80)

by JANE ARDMORE
Four to glow with
by Cutex®

Match your mood with your polish! When tonight's the night and the world is a glittering promise, light up your nails with Gold Sequins—shown top left over Slightly Scarlet. The gold sparkles are equally spectacular on their own. Or be vibrantly feminine with Tahiti Orchid, top right. Flaunt the new Flaming Pearl, lower left, and light up the night with molten excitement. Or smooth on mysterious Capri Blue Pearl, lower right, and wear an air of cool sophistication. Try a different Cutex Pearl Polish every night...and thrill to a new look every time!

Cutex Pearl Polishes come in 16 luminous shades, including dramatic new Charcoal Pearl to wear with the fashionable new gray tones.
TY HARDIN to ANDRA MARTIN:

“Darling, I think I’m going to be a father”
It was a gray morning last March; the California skies threatened rain and the clouds hung low, the kind of day both he and Andra liked. Ty Hardin kissed his lovely wife, Andra Martin, before leaving for the Warners Studio for the day's shooting. "Know something?" she asked. "I'll miss you."

Looking down into her great gray eyes, he smiled and said, "Me too." He started for the door, then turned. "But you know something else?"

"What darling?" she asked, following him to the door to get the paper. "I have some news for you," he told her. "I'm going to be a father."

Andra looked startled. She had been seeing her doctor for the past few weeks, but had not mentioned it to Ty. She wasn't sure, and she didn't want to disappoint him. They'd wanted to have a family ever since they'd married last August. But there had been no signs of their being blessed with their first child, until a few weeks ago when she began to feel strange in the mornings. Not wanting to complain, she had said nothing to Ty.

When the first shock of Ty's remark left her free to say anything, she whispered, "How can you be so sure of it?"

"My mind's made up," he laughed. "I just feel like being a father without more than the necessary delay." (Continued on page 87)

by DOROTHY DAY
Now, a beautiful new look in diamonds

Artcarved
"Evening Star" Engagement Ring

THE MOST EXCITING DEVELOPMENT IN DIAMOND RINGS IN OVER 50 YEARS!
Unlike any ring you've ever seen before. Artcarved has freed your diamond from its deep setting, allowing it to float delicately on your finger like the first star of evening. It's beautiful from every angle, looks bigger, brighter than you ever thought possible. Only Artcarved's fine artistry could bring you this excitingly different design. You'll be so proud of your Artcarved Evening Star ring, sure of its value, too. Artcarved's unique nationwide Permanent Value Plan guarantees in writing that you can apply your Artcarved ring's full current retail price, if you ever wish to, toward a larger Artcarved at any time...anywhere, at any of the thousands of Artcarved jewelers throughout the U. S. A. Guaranteed for color, cut, clarity, carat weight, too. See Artcarved Evening Star today. At authorized Artcarved® jewelers only. Or write Dept. P-49, J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., 216 East 45th St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Beloved by brides for more than a hundred years (1850-1959)
had my bags ready, before we stopped. It was raining a little harder now, I noticed, as I ran toward the terminal. Even then, I thought to myself, looking up the sky and the winking red lights of a circling plane. But I didn’t mean the heavy weather—I meant that the tension in my chest just had to be let down.

I got my luggage weighed and was right on the nose. This made me feel pretty good. I’d been afraid it would be way over. When I heard that my flight was about to depart. Glancing at my watch, I picked up my bags and started toward the gate. “Better hurry, fella,” the man who checked my ticket told me. We didn’t make time I made my way down the aisle. The seats were filled, for the most part, with businessmen, but there was one young woman with a little boy and a baby. The little boy kept asking, “When are we going up, when are we going to see Daddy?”—and his mother kept saying, “Soon.”

The seat in front of them was empty. I adjusted them out of it and sat down. Almost as soon as I was seated, the no smoking and fasten your safety belts signs flashed on, and the plane began moving down on the runway. It was just not enough to feel secured. I ground out my cigarette and looked out the window. The rain was really coming down. It could make us late, I thought.

Then the plane was in the air. The stewardess announced: “We are now flying at six thousand feet.” I swallowed and my ears popped. Now I could hear the engines, but, above that, I could hear the voice of the little boy behind me. Turning around, I tried to catch his eyes—the biggest pair of blue eyes I’d ever seen.

“Shut up the little boy said, smiling. “I’m Zev. This is my first flight.” He reached over, and I realized he had a stubby finger at the sleeping infant. “And this is my mudder.” Now he was pointing at the pretty, blond-haired woman.

She smiled. “It’s his first flight,” she said, “and he’s pretty excited. Hope he doesn’t bother you too much.”

“Glad that,” I told her. “Kids and I get along fine.”

Most of the way to New York, Zev and I played a three-year-old’s version of casino. I was glad I could keep him amused, because the weather was getting worse and worse. It was getting air sick. Rain poured down in almost impenetrable sheets and we were fighting a losing battle with headwinds that kept growing stronger as I tossed the plane around as if it were a toy. And then there was a sudden clap of thunder. A jagged streak of lightning zigzagged across the sky.

The fasten your safety belts sign flashed on again and again, and the stewardess, trying to serve coffee, spilled most of it. Then Zev’s baby brother began to wail. I knew just about the moment it was right. I turned the plane around as if it were a toy. And then there was a sudden clap of thunder. A jagged streak of lightning zigzagged across the sky.

Putting away their important-looking papers, the businessmen sat forward expectantly. Zev stepped down to pick up the cards and then peered out the window.

A

nd that’s when it happened. We were heading in for the airport, losing altitude, circling—when we saw the plane coming in. It was the pilot meant to land at LaGuardia, too, but it seemed to me he was awfully close to us. Never had I seen a plane come that close before. And it kept on coming closer. Our seats trembled and it would be no use to get a better view. The seat belt held me back, but I could see enough . . . too much. The pilot of the other plane hadn’t seen us. I’m glad I heard. The other pilot hadn’t seen him. It would only be a matter of seconds . . . before we hit. My throat tightened as Zev’s mother screamed. She was the first. The others, as if the sound were some signal, went next until the whole plane was filled with the sound of those screams, filled with the horror of death and so many things left.

My mouth hung open, but no sound came out. My throat felt as if it were clutched in a vice. Zev clung to me. He began crying, and I shut my eyes tightly, trying to hold him close, to wordlessly comfort him.

His little body was crushed against my roseary beads; so, mentally, I fingered them, silently, I made the sign of the cross, and I offered up for his sake, to the infinite kind. But for Him to take little Zev and the frightened infant behind me? I could not believe He would do this. My mother had taught us to believe, to accept and to trust. It was a faith that I had lost now. Somehow, God would save us all, I told myself, not questioning how, just knowing deep inside that He would.

But for little Zev especially me, I began to pray without words. And at that moment, in the middle of my prayer, it happened.

Suddenly, we were at that point of time that seemed to be a ninety-degree angle, pointing upward toward the heavens. We were climbing with such swiftness it was terrifying. The screams around me grew more frantic. Zev was crying for his mother, for his eyes, I could see his tear-streaked face, the whiteness of fear etched deeply into that face.

But then I saw something. Our plane had leveled off after its terrific climb. The other plane was nowhere to be seen. Amazingly, at the last possible moment, our pilot had sighted the cargo plane and had snatched it from our path, thus forcing us to get out of danger. He had saved us. He? Not alone. How many of us had prayed during those few seconds when a miracle seemed inevitable? I don’t know. I only know the pilot could not have done it alone.

Now, we were losing altitude again. I relaxed my grip on Zev, and he, feeling the undersurface of the stewardess, stopped crying and began to smile. “It’s all right now, isn’t it?” he asked.

I nodded and tried to smile, too. “Yes, Zev,” I said. “We made it, thanks to God.”

And I knew that hundreds of lives would have survived if God hadn’t intervened.

As we circled the airport, I thought about what had happened, wondering how many others had realized that when we reached the point to which we were headed, it would be a miracle. We had all witnessed this miracle together. Certainly there could be no doubt that God had reached down and lifted us out of danger. But our lives are full of miracles—less dramatic ones perhaps, and I wondered how many people in this world actually recognized them.

There are times in our lives when there seems to be no hope, no light. There had been such times in mine. And then, when I thought there was no answer to it all, I remembered the time I thought I’d never see again, when I saw the future only as a place of darkness.

The doctors had put me through all sorts of examinations—blinking lights, drops that dilated the pupils of my eyes, everything. And then they told me what I feared was the worst—I was going blind.

Never to be able to see my family again . . . Never to be able to see a beautiful face, to speak, to laugh, or to be able to read a script or the words and music to a new song. And the people—who would they be entertained by someone who couldn’t see them, who stood stupidly in order to be seen?

“Mom! I can’t stand it!” I told her then.

“Mom—what am I going to do?”

And, forcing back her own tears, she said, “Sal, you are a man. Answer to that since you were a child. Talk to God.”

I went off by myself to the quiet church, where I lit a candle to Saint Anthony, and then kneeled at the shrine. I simply, humbly, asked for the strength to bear whatever came. Light, or darkness.

Finally when it was decided that I would have to have an operation, I told the doctors to go ahead. I put the whole outcome in God’s hands. And then miraculously, I learned of this miracle.

The doctors told me the operation was a success. I would see and go on seeing all that is beautiful, all that is wonderful.

When I was better, I went back to the church and knelt at the altar. I asked about my eyes, and knelt again, before God, and I thanked Him for everything . . . I had no doubt that He heard and He would keep us all. He watched over Sarina. Sarina’s doctors didn’t have a home one day and Mother told me she was sick. We thought at first that Sarina had a cold, an unusually heavy cold that was hanging on too long. When we found out what really was wrong with her, we could only stand there and stare helplessly at each other. “Bulbar Poliomyelitis,” the doctors said. “She receives, it will be nothing short of a miracle.” But Mother was unshaken, believing in miracles, and by this time I believed almost as much as she did.

Mother turned to us and said softly, “I only pray for my little girl. I know that God will take care of her.” And then she went with Sarina to the hospital.

We tried, but it was hard to seem cheerful. Sarina was in her hospital room. As we could hear was the sound of my sister’s labored breathing under the oxygen tent. But Mother insisted that we believe and tell Sarina we believed—all could be well. Everything would be just as it had been.

“If she passes the crisis . . .” the doctors kept saying. They looked at her and shook their heads and turned helplessly away. But Mother dealt with the situation as if she would be all right again. And so it came to be. Sarina passed the crisis. Sarina walks and runs today as if nothing ever happened.

Sarina recovered, and my sight was restored. Now my life had been spared. Why? I can only think it was because I prayed—and believed my prayers would be answered. He answered first, and Sarina was cured. His miracles all alone—without your help. You’ve got to believe He’s with you and hears you. You’ve got to believe. The End

See SAL IN COLUMBIA’S "THE GENE KRUPA STORY." HE ALSO RECORDS FOR EPICS.
Maisie, The
Mouse That Roared, The
Mummy, The
Mysteries, The
Naked Maja, The
Never So Few
Never Steal Anything Small
Night of the Quarter Moon
Night to Remember, A
North by Northwest
Nun's Story, The
Odds Against Tomorrow
On the Beach
Operation Petticoat
Perfect Furlough, The
Pillow Talk
Pork Chop Hill
Private's Affair, A
Rabbit Trap, The
Rally Round the Flag, Boys!
Remarkable Mr. Penny packer, The
Rio Bravo
Sapphire
Say One for Me
Seepage, The
Shaggy Dog, The
Shake Hands with the Devil
Sheriff of Fractured Jaw, The
Sleeping Beauty, The
Solomon and Sheba
Some Like It Hot
Sound and the Fury, The
Stranger in My Arms
Summer Place, A
Take a Giant Step
Tempest
That Kind of Woman
These Thousand Hills
They Came to Cordura
Third Man on the Mountain
This Earth Is Mine
1,001 Arabian Nights
Trap, The
Up Periscope!
Wartock
Waxui
Who Was That Lady?
Wild and the Innocent, The
Woman Obsessed
Wonderful Country, The
World, Flesh and the Devil, The
Wreck of the Mary Deere, The
Yellowstone Kelly
Young Land, The
Young Philadelphians, The

Maybe you've never thought about it like that, but you're a star-maker. Yes, that's right, you. Every time you go to a movie, every time you pick up a copy of Photoplay, you're being a fan. And if there weren't any fans, there couldn't be any stars. Your biggest day of the year as a star-maker is the day you vote for your Gold Medal Winners. That's when all the stars wish upon you!
You've got till December 31, 1959 to put your favorites in orbit.

Tony Curtis and Debbie won last year. Now, here's your ballot for the 39th year of Gold Medal voting.
spoke up. Their whispers were low and strange, as if what they were saying wasn’t nice. And then there was “polkadots” to me. They were all looking at me in a different way, I felt, from the way they usually did. They seemed cold and calculating, as if everyone wanted to rob me. I was afraid. I couldn’t help wondering what was the matter. What had I done?

Then I did run. I ran all the way over to my girlfriend’s house. When I got there, I couldn’t catch my breath and then I started calling her name. But she yelled back from the kitchen, “I . . . I can’t come out now! I’m busy helping mother in the kitchen.”

I waited on the porch for a long time, but she didn’t even come to the window. Another girlfriend didn’t live too far from there, so I went over to see her. She was sitting on the front steps, reading a mystery book from the library. She asked if she didn’t want to interrupt her reading, even for a minute, to talk to me.

I sat down next to her, I said, “I’ll just stay a short while. What’re you reading?” When she told me the title of the book, I thought her tone was up, and I couldn’t figure out why. "Bessie," I finally blurted out, trying to be as angry as possible, “have I done something wrong? Why is everybody treating me like I had mumps or something? What . . . what’s the matter? I haven’t done anything wrong, have I?”

“You should know," she said emphatically, curiously, slapping the book closed and turning away from me.

“What do you mean?”

“Well,” she said in a breathy tone of voice, “everybody knows. You can’t hide something like that. It’s all over school and the neighborhood.

I was surprised to hear her tell me what she was talking about but she just sat back and stared at me for a minute. Then she leaned over and told me the terrible rumor about me that had started that morning.

When she finished, it was so awful that I couldn’t even bring myself to speak for a minute. All I could do was cry. Then between tears, I sobbed, “How can anybody know something like this? And how can you believe it? How can anyone think it’s the truth, when they know the kind of person I am?”

She didn’t answer. She just opened up her library book and pretended to read.

All the way home, I cried. My mom, who’s part English and part Cherokee Indian, was working late in the dime store. She’d worked there ever since she and my dad were divorced, when I was ten years old. She worked to support all of us—my three brothers—Dumps (Howard), Piggy (Neroll), and myself. My mom was a lazy man, we all knew it, and finally my mom told us she’d do it alone. She never once complained and we grew up in such a warm atmosphere with Mom, that I’ve never honestly felt lost or lonely without a dad.

Two of my brothers were home, and they wanted to know what was the matter with me. “Why’re you crying, Sis?” Piggy demanded, his dark eyes looking concernedly into mine.

I started to cry even harder because I couldn’t bring myself to tell him the terrible thing the school kids were saying about me. I was ashamed to tell Piggy because he was a boy.

Finally, my mom came home. She came in the dark and musty-smelling living room where Piggy told her I was sitting and crying so hard.

“Child,” she said, “you look like you’ve had a fit.”

Between sobs, I told her what my girlfriend had said. I told her how everybody was saying that I had left out my drugstore, and that I was a drug user. I told her I was afraid.

As her eyes stared into mine, her face blanched, but all she said was, “Who’d ever have started such an evil thing?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “I don’t know,” I said.

“Well,” she announced, “I’ll get to the bottom of it, don’t you worry.”

We got dressed, packed lunch, and the next morning, I couldn’t face school. “I can’t go,” I told her, “not after yesterday.” She let me stay home.

My heart felt as if a steamroller had run over it. I moped around the house all day, and that evening, when Mom came back from clerking at the Norfolk five-and-dime, she sat me down on the swing on the back porch and started crying, too.

“I just know someone’s made up a lie about you, doesn’t mean you have to believe it,” she said, “I can’t seem to find out where it started. And I don’t think we should waste any time trying to find out. I think we should be bigger than the fools who think such a thing. I’m not telling anyone, you know, and I think you know how they’d feel. They’d turn the town upside down. Dorothy, you want me to be braver than they are and go out and look them in their faces. If they have the nerve to say such a thing, I’ll say it right back at them. Not angrily, but like a lady.”

“I can’t, Mom, I just can’t,” I cried.

“You must!” my mom told me firmly.

“And I’m going to be praying for you. Because I don’t believe you’re going to get such a stupid rumor ruin her life.”

I shook my head. “No,” I said, “I want to stay away from home to a place where nobody’ll know us, and I can start life all over again.”

She nodded her head and looked into my eyes calmly. “Darling,” she said, “we’re not going to run away and ‘we’re not hot.’ If we ran away, everybody would think it’s true, don’t you see?”

“But Mom, you don’t understand,” I said, and then I told her about Gus. He was the one who had treated me like that. He was tall and dark-eyed, with black wavy hair. He sat across from me in chemistry class, and he’d just begun to carry my books to the next class. “You see, it’s started. I just know now I’m going to ask me to have a Coke with him soon, and now—now—.” I couldn’t say anything more, I was crying too hard.

“You think Gus will believe that rumor?” Mom asked.

“Well, why won’t he? Everyone else does—and Mom—I like him!”

“Well,” my mom announced, patting my shoulders, “you’re going to begin with him. You’re going to run up to him tomorrow morning, and you’re going to say, ‘I just heard about a big and ugly lie somebody’s spreading about me, and I want all my friends to know I’m going to stand up and prove them wrong,’ and then, by not being afraid to face everybody.”

“Mom,” I said, “I can’t tell him anything like that.”

“All right then,” she said, “you tell him what you want, but tell him something, so he’ll know you’re not afraid to face up to an ugly lie.”

Maybe it was the Irish blood, from my father’s side, that gave me a spook of courage, or maybe it was my mother’s faith in me about the whole thing. I knew Mom wouldn’t call up the principal again to say I was sick, so I dressed for school and ate my breakfast of toast and cereal.

I walked to school with Dumps and Piggy and Buster, and I was glad Mom hadn’t told them anything. But I had a clammy sensation in the pit of my stomach that I would have to say anyway in the way I handled everything, I could never go back to school again. I kept thinking of my mom’s words over and over again: ‘I can’t tell him anything like that.’

As I walked into my home room and the kids turned and whispered to each other, I held my head up high. I’ll show them who’s afraid of lies, I told myself. And I noticed something as I went up to my girlfriend—the one who wouldn’t talk to me the day before. ‘Did you ever stop to think of coming to me and asking if the rumor was true?’ I said. ‘If you were really my friend, that’s what you’d do.’

She looked stunned.

‘I’m not going to let lies get the best of me,’ I said, ‘I won’t go to lower myself to bother asking who ever started such a terrible rumor. It’ll catch up with them someday, you wait and see.’

She unknuckled, and I wondered for a moment if maybe she’d been the one who’d started the rumor. But I wasn’t going to start speculating about that because if I ever found out, I’d probably be brokenhearted.

So I held my head up high, and believe me, it took all the courage I had.

I finally saw Gus later that afternoon and as I approached him, I got up right up to him. “Gus,” I said, “I’ve heard an awful rumor that’s going around about me, and I just want all my friends to know it’s not true. I—I’m not like that!” And there was so much love in him that he was smiling at me. I couldn’t believe it!

“I knew it wasn’t true,” he said, and then he asked me for a Coke.

My heart jumped a beat, and I was positive he was going to do as I had anticipated.

“Well,” I said, “what’s it be all right if I walked you home?” he asked.

After we finished our Cokes, I ran all the way home, my heart pounding with joy. There weren’t any whispers from the gangs of guys at the street corners now. Gus was the only one I had told, and if he believed me and wanted to be seen with me, then I was strictly okay. I wanted to hug my mom, to tell her she was one-hundred percent right. But the only way to face a lie was to stand up and fight for the truth— and not run away!

Now I’m Keely Smith—when Mom married Jesse Smith, my stepfather, I took both dads’ names for my stage name—I realize how much that episode means to me in my life. Why? Because it gave me strength and courage to believe in myself.

My romance with Gus turned out to be a puppy love crush, and anyway, Gus moved away to Louisiana where his folks were. I had the drugstore business to run, and in 1949, when I turned sixteen, my brother Piggy heard that Louis Prima, my favorite singer and music maker, was playing at the Surf Club in Virginia Beach—which is close to Norfolk. Piggy heard Louis was looking for a girl vocalist and he arranged for me to have an audition with him that next Sunday afternoon. I’ll never forget the date: August 6th. Piggy borrowed his car, and I drove to the Surf Club. I stood up there, ready for my audition,
and I sang "Embraceable You" and "Sleepy Time Gal." Louis came right out and said he liked my voice, and he commented about my poise. I don't think I would have had that poise if I hadn't had to face up to that awful rumor. It taught me to stand up straight under pressure; to face myself and not be afraid.

Louis sized me as the girl singer in his band, and Piggy and I went home to celebrate. Mom and my step-dad, Jesse, gave me a small party. We were still poor and we couldn't afford much, but, to tell the truth, the party fixed all that matter. What mattered was that we were all happy, and that my family gloved over my good news.

By 1953, I had fallen in love with Louis—or The Chief, as we called him. I had great respect and admiration for his dedication to his work; for the way he perfected all his numbers. Louis was tireless in his efforts to help all of us who were after him. He taught me how to pick out show costumes and decided upon the design that was right for me—the cocktail-length dress with the tailored top and full skirt.

Once, when he saw another vocalist wearing a long page-boy hairdo just like mine, he picked up a scissors and a comb and he cut my hair so it would have "a look all its own"—and I've been wearing it that way ever since. Naturally, Louis has helped me develop my style of singing.

We married, and we've been blessed with two beautiful daughters, Luanne Frances and Toni Elizabeth, and we've been lucky not only in love, but also in our careers (although I'd give up my career tomorrow if it interfered with my marriage). Our love has grown deeper, and our careers have developed to a point I never believed possible. Each night, when I'm singing with Louis on the stage, I have to pinch myself to remind myself it's all true; that the fans are all out there clapping for more; and that their love and their loyalty have made us into the popular performers we are today.

Louis and I believe love is the secret of any success we've achieved. We're both "love people." We both love good movies and the love ballads of Ella Fitzgerald, Lena Horne and Frank Sinatra. We still date, but we don't go to clubs that encourage meeting between club dates, Louis will look at me and say, "Honey, how's about a date? Huh?" and we get into the car and put the top down and drive to a roadside stand for hot dogs with mustard and chocolate pie. Sometimes we keep to ourselves—reading or learning a new song—between acts because we believe married people should respect each other's privacy. Too, I love to read anything that has to do with love—poems, books or news stories. Let's face it—without love, the flowers just aren't as pretty and the sun isn't as cozy or warm.

But being in the limelight, of course, subjects Louis and me to a lot of rumors. Some weeks, a day won't pass without my hearing a rumor or some nasty gossip about our breaking up; that our marriage is on the rocks, or that we've called it quits and are separating.

And do you know what I do? I think back to Mimi's wise words that gave me the strength to face my classmates, and I know, so long as I know what is true and face up to it, that is what matters.

For ever after all, aren't all lies slippery? Once you stand up to them, don't they slip away? People will always talk. You can never worry about all the things they're going to say. Rumors can hurt people lots of times, but I won't let them hurt me or my family.

—as told to GEORGE CHRISTY

WATCH FOR KEELY IN COLUMBIA'S "HEY BOY, HEY GIRL." HEAR KEELY AND LOUIS ON CAPITOL.
and my thoughts. And as I looked out the window, I saw that it was a beautiful day for a wedding. The sun was tracing patterns of light and shadow on the lawn where you played as a boy.

I'm sure you know it's the marriage that's really important—not the wedding. But I wonder if you know it takes hard work to make a good marriage. Sue and I have had a good marriage. That's what I want for you, too. We've had seventeen years of marriage—Sue and I—and we hope we'll have seventy more. But you know not every couple can say that. Son, how did we do it? I'd like to be able to tell you, so that you'll be as happy as we were—and are.

Happy? I couldn't help smiling today, when I thought back to my wedding day. We had a beautiful ceremony and the whole world seemed to know we were getting married.

World War II was on at that time (which is why we hurried our marriage) and I was among those to go. I never did get across, but was assigned to a camp at Walla Walla, Washington. And it was then that Sue and I began our "no separation" arrangement which has gone on throughout the years, and always will.

What a honeymoon we had! Of course, we didn't have much money in those days and travel accommodations were hard to get. So Sue and I shared one upper berth on the train to Walla Walla. I don't recommend it for comfort.

Every time Sue turned over, I nearly landed in the aisle. After I'd hung onto the berth for dear life for the umteenth time, Sue said, "We'll just have to invent some signals, honey."

All around us were people snoring and coughing. I felt as if I hadn't slept in a week. "Like what?" I asked Sue.

She sat up and thought about it a minute. "Well," she said, "every time I want to turn over, I'll wake you up. When I say 'right turn,' we both turn right; 'left'- we turn left together."

"All right," I mumbled. "Now I know I'm in the Army." But it worked!

Then, at last, I was discharged. The war was over, and we returned to Sue's hometown. It wasn't making a big story at Paramount at the time, but I still wanted to be the one to provide my wife a home.

So we began looking around. Instead of a house in town, we found an old three-car garage with a shed attached far out on beautiful ranch land in Hidden Valley, and with the aid of a carpenter, we re-made it into the ranch house that has now become our second home. We've hardly had to alter the main house in all these years. You kids loved it. We still do. A man has to have a place to relax and have peace.

Everything about your first home is important. It's kind of the first thing you build together. But I'll never forget the time during the building when the carpenter walked out on us. You see, the night before I'd decided the pine ceiling beams were too smooth for an early American effect. What a night Sue and I had. I had a hot water hose and antiquing every couple of hours. The next morning the carpenter took one look and stomped out, sticking the door with a hatchet on the way. Sue and I finished it together.

Now about a woman's tears, Son. They're hard to resist but when you're right about a thing, don't give in to them. You know that big coffee table in our combination living room-bedroom at the ranch? Sue and I both loved that table, but we loved it for different reasons. "What a great dining room table!" she said. I stared at her. "Sue," I told her quietly, "you know very well that table is going to be office table."

"What?" Her chin began to tremble a little. "You're not going to saw off those lovely long legs, are you?"

"You are not!" she said, and then she threw herself down on the sofa and began to cry in earnest.

For a moment I stood there looking at her, wanting to go to her. I wanted to tell her "Sue, I had the fourth log sawed to the proper height—or rather, shortness. Then I stepped back to survey my handicraft."

It looked wonderful, I was thinking. Then I heard someone saying, "It looks wonderful!

When I turned around, I said casually, "Is there an echo in here?" And I saw that Sue was smiling.

She still smiles when she looks at that table, and she still thinks it looks wonderful. Of course, Son, there's a lesson in this. It's not easy to learn to understand about a woman's tears. But sometimes it pays to overlook them.

Later we bought another ranch house in town that became home, gathering place, and the center and core of our family life. And it was a big family. It still is. Our house was always the gathering place for you and your friends. It still is. Like your sister, Carole Lee, her husband Johnny and their baby Jody. And Alana and her steady date, Chris Seitz, and David and a friend, usually Bob Cummings Jr. And Son, if you're taking a place of your own, we know you'll be coming home, too, for visits.

We're a family—a happy family—and I hope you'll always be. But remember, it's the wife who sets the mood: if she's not happy, no one is. Why am I happy? Because Sue is. And why is she happy? I think because I tried never to forget that she was real, as a wife. Before our marriage, Sue was my agent, and she carried right on as co-worker and co-planner with me in my career afterward. Together, we read scripts and decide on casting. But she never interfered for one moment with her home, and, perhaps because I made her realize how important she was to me, she always made me feel important, too. Like the time last summer we went to visit my family in Belgium for his movie, "A Dog of Flanders." Susie knew we all needed her here, and so a close family friend, Jean Martin, made the least stink about us being gone. Of course, the picture, "Boy on a Dolphin," although her heart was also at home with you children, she stuck it out with me to the end.

The going is not always smooth—but with the two of us it's better and we share a lot of things. We have to. And, of our seven years, we've spent the better part of it in big hotel rooms, living in rustic cabins and motels on locations, where she'd cook my dinner on a hot-plate and look after my needs—and no place was too far or too rugged for her.

Why am I telling you this? Because the girl you're marrying is a wonderful and efficient girl, and she'll be happier—so will you—if you let her go along with you as partner in your plans. Build together, as Sue and I did. And are still building. Don't, please, deny her this right. I think it's right that you provide the home as I did, that you take your place as the head of the family. But try to remain real partners in your marriage, as well as sweethearts.

And, as far as possible, follow our policy of never buying nor planning beyond your means. For you have a lot of other and more important things to do. Splurging beyond your depth never pays. I know. You see, I learned the value of a dollar the hard way. I was on my own when I was much younger than you are and showed a bit of impulsive behavior. Now I'm glad of that. It taught me quite a few lessons in life.

And while I'm in the mood, here's another bit of advice. This may sound funny, but it may be considered as advice. It can add spice to any man's life—and, I think, to any woman's. Marriage can so easily become a humdrum routine, and that's when romance goes out the window. Do you remember that evening, several years ago, when we were all sitting out on the patio porch of our Hidden Valley house and suddenly I got the urge to be up and off?
“Let’s go some place,” I suggested. It was ten o’clock at night.

“Where?” you kids and your mother asked.

“I don’t know. How about Lake Tahoe?”

And we all piled into our cars and went, ending up in San Francisco. It’s always been like that in our marriage. “Let’s go!” I’ve said to Sue, and found myself on the Queen Mary bound for Europe, or in the car headed for any place our fancy took us. But always together. That’s the important thing to remember, Laddie.

Maybe Sue will kill me for telling this but I wouldn’t trade that wonderful first crazy year or two for all the money in the world.

Did we spat? Oh brother, did we! At least once a week Sue would flounce out of the house on her way to leaving me forever. Of course, she’d always kind of wait around the corner until I’d go after her. And I always did, until one evening I took my stand. “The next time you go out that door,” I told her, “I won’t come after you.” I looked her straight in the eye and she knew I meant it.

She never left the house in a huff again. This is just a little tip, Son, in case Patti takes to flouncing. Anyway, it worked for me.

Was I jealous? I viewed the whole world with a green eye. Up in the attic of our first home—in Sue’s house it was—I came across some still pictures of your mother from one of her early movies, “Soft Pillows.” And I hit the ceiling. There was my Sue, my wife, done up in nothing but a scanty costume. And she wasn’t only a fine actress in those days, but a real beauty, Laddie.

Anyway I tore them up in a rage but, you know, looking back as I am now, I suddenly remember that no matter how many I destroyed, there were always one or two that just happened to turn up. And I got mad all over again. Now who do you suppose was responsible for those extra pictures?

Well, anyway, a woman likes a bit of jealousy as long as it doesn’t get out of hand, Son. And a bit of flattery. And a great deal of love. So keep and cherish this wonderful girl who’s become your bride and a part of you forever.

You don’t know how much a part until you come face to face with the fact you may lose her—forever. As I did with Sue. It happened when David was born. Sue had a bad time, Laddie. In fact, the doctor had little hope of saving her.

If I never did before, I knew then what she meant to me. I guess something like this happens to a man in order to teach him values. To bring him up short. To teach him that the most important things in life are very often the things we take for granted.

So watch it, Son. Learn right from the beginning true values. And never forget them.

As I sit here now, looking up at you in your dark suit and Patty all in white, I want to say all these things I thought about this afternoon to you. Maybe you know that. But whether you do or not, I want you to know I’ll always be standing by with love in my heart and a prayer on my lips. A prayer that everything will turn out as wonderfully for you as it has with me and Susie. But I can’t say that—it sounds too much like a father, doesn’t it? So all I’ll say, as you and Patty leave on your honeymoon trip that is the beginning of your voyage together, is: “Easy does it, Son.”

The End

SEE ALAN IN COLUMBIA'S "ALL THE YOUNG MEN" AND WARNER'S "GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND."
more naive than most of the fifteen- and sixteen-year-old kids I've known. Most teenagers know a lot about sex, it's what they talk about all the time; and most of them have heard all the advice from their mothers and daddies and have read some books, plus what they pick up from each other. But this doesn't mean that what happened in 'Blue Denim' can't happen to kids I know. Kids I know came running into the school hangout last year shouting, 'I'm a father!' It was terrible, it was as if he were bragging; only it probably wasn't bragging at all but just anawah sending out a signal.

"It's only natural that teenagers think about sex—that's for sure. Our bodies are ready and our minds and emotions are trying to catch up. I guess girls feel they should resist it so as not to seem 'easy!' If a boy doesn't try, though, a girl thinks she's repulsive.

"My parents taught me 'the facts' when I was eleven or twelve and we've always talked a lot about it. I know how to know the girls I date. Usually, after I've dated a girl a few times, I either invite her, along with several other fellows and girls, to our apartment in Manhattan, or I ask her to come over and we spend the weekend with my parents and me at our place on Long Island. My mother has always written the girl's mother first, too.

"Baldwin, Long Island, is where we lived when I was a kid and where we've always spent our weekends. When my parents had a chance to meet the girl, I always asked them what they thought. Of course, if I'm really stuck badly on a girl, my dad sees it and keeps his opinions to himself. After we break up, then he'll say, 'I could have told you.' . . . But he's always given me good advice about girls. Guess he got around a lot when he was young.

"You know, last year I was primarily interested in how a girl looked. I'd just started dating; I was kind of shy (I don't know exactly how I got over it, but I'm not shy now), and I didn't know what was expected of me or what the consequences would be. I was scared of even landing over and kissing a girl goodnight for fear I'd see her the next day. Now I'd hope she'd tell if she'd like it. I never ask a girl if I can kiss her goodnight and I don't usually try on the first or second date. If I try on the third date and she says, no, I'll admit it was a little miffed but, primarily, I'd change my approach.

"When you get to be seventeen, you start looking for something deeper than looks—at least that's how it is with me. I'm looking for personality, for a girl's likes and dislikes; I want to be able to talk to a girl, sit down and discuss problems and situations; the problems of young people and adults and, of course, show businessmen.

"There's a time for everything, and at each stage, you need a certain maturity in order to top a situation. In steady dating, too, there's bound to be an element of suspicion and distrust, like 'Now when you look at that boy? I saw you turn around.'

"That's probably why Carol Lynley and I hit it so great. She's beautiful, and she's thoughtful and she's interested in everything. Also, we're both not too keen about dancing. I think she's one of the most wonderful people I've ever known. But that's not in going steady; I don't think anyone under seventeen should ever go steady—and certainly no one under twenty-one. The whole purpose of dating is to get to know other people. If you know and understand people, you can approach marriage with a lot more intelligence. A fellow should really be twenty-five or so, when he marries. I've seen some early marriages and statistics prove they just don't last. That's probably because the attraction is purely physical and, after marriage, two very young people often find they have a lot of problems that don't concern each other—who they are, for example.

"I like shy girls. So do other boys I know. We like shy girls and love a real wholehearted blush. Some people mistake shyness for coldness, but they're not the same thing at all. A shy girl answers you, a cold one has no answers.

"I have four real close friends and a lot of the time, we just sit around and yak about girls. I don't know whether girls yak about boys, but I sure know what guys talk about.

"We met a girl a couple of weeks ago, for example. Bill said she was nice and easy to talk to and Greg thought she had a crush on me. Pete said she had a crush on my name 'cause she's seen it on a marquee. I hope not. I want to be liked for just me.

"We discuss each new girl we meet—we're all seventeen and we all have about the same opinions. We don't like girls who drink or smoke. In fact, I think there should be a law prohibiting any one under twenty-one. I don't like to see men drink, and I hate to see a girl or a woman drink. I have a glass of wine on Christmas and Thanksgiving, but that's only for the last drink.

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

C'mon, let's go to a Connie Francis Pajama Party. But first, to buy the Schrunk pajamas shown on pages 50-53, write manufacturer or name of store listed.

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Or, for the store nearest you, write to:
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437 Fifth Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

Brandon can be seen in 20th's "Blue Denim."
blue princess dress, and he was a perfectly nice boy whose family were our friends. But my mother didn't talk much and he didn't talk much and we didn't hear a word each other said. The fact is, I wasn't ready to date; I was glad when the evening was over and I could go home.

"It wasn't that I was afraid of the boy; it was just that I didn't know what to talk about. I just felt funny and sort of uncomfortable and waited to be led.

"I never did do things as early as some of the other girls did. Some girls in school were just keen to run around with boys. But not me. I never really understood boys, and maybe that's because I wasn't used to having a man around the house. I never really knew my father. Mother and he separated when I was only eleven-and-a-half, a producer asked my mother if I could read the script of 'Blue Denim.'

"Mother hesitated for a while and then she said to me, 'It's a good part—but it's an awful part, and I don't want you to play.' She told me it was about a girl who started to have a baby and stopped it.

"This was new to me. 'How?' I asked.

And Mother said, 'With an operation.' I read the whole chapter. I liked the girls loved to read, but I sure didn't understand it all. But when I was fourteen, and the producer again asked Mother if I could read the part for him, I was old enough to feel sorry for the girl, and I guess my sympathy showed. Anyway, I got the part.

"All the time 'Blue Denim' ran—and it ran fairly long, it was really very real to me. More real, and more touching, than the others. It went on as much as it always had. Mother and my brother Danny and I would have a late bite after the theater, and I'd sleep late the next morning. Sundays, whenever it was possible, I'd go along with Mother and my grandmother, who was Mrs. Lillian Felch—and I was an amazing alike—half New England Yankee, and big and strong. Danny in, I lived with her one year and spend every summer there. Winthrop is like a second home.

After a while, I felt I really understood what the girl was going through in that play. It's funny, to understand love you can take the kinds of love you know yourself and that's the way it was. And I think I'll always feel that way. Then, if they do get along with each other and they're in love, they sort of clutch at each other and go too far.
to the bed. He then leaned over and touched Kay Kendall Harrison's wrist with experienced fingers. Very carefully, he raised one eyelid and looked into the sightless eye below. Then he said gently, "I'm sorry. She's unconscious now."

Rex Harrison stared at him. "Will she come out of it?"

The doctor touched the nurse's arm and motioned to the door. After a moment he followed her out into the hall. The nurse stood near the half-opened door, looking through it to where Rex Harrison stood motionless, head down, beside the bed. "Poor chap," the nurse said compassionately. "What a terrible shock."

"Not a shock," the doctor said evenly. "He's known for three years."

"Three years?" the nurse repeated. Her light English voice rose with surprise. "But they've only been married two."

The doctor nodded. His gaze moved away from the door, past the nurse, down the corridors of the London Clinic. "You are watching," he said, "the end of something very rare . . ."

Something very rare, something very precious were the words people used about Kay and Rex Harrison, right from the beginning. They used them knowing only half the story, and yet, they were right. For if their love had been less rare, less precious, it could not have been at all.

To begin with, they had no right to fall in love. Rex Harrison was married and a father when he met Kay. True, his marriage had been on the rocks for years. He and Lili Palmer, the diminutive Viennese actress, were separated and each had been dating others but, still, he was a married man. And as Kay, he had no place at all in her life. Her parents had been divorced when she was a child. She had never known a home or a girlfriend or a school. nor for more than a week at a time—and ever since she'd been able to get away with lying about her age, she'd knocked about England in third-rate variety shows, trying to convince people a girl could be good-looking and funny simultaneously. Her show business friends called her "scatty Katie" and she lived, she was fond of saying, "like a champagne bottle." Love and marriage? She'd be a worse failure at them than she'd been in her first big movie. That one, "London Town," had been a real catastrophe. And yet . . .

There was no getting away from it. From the moment they met, on the set of "The Constant Husband," there was something electric between Rex Harrison and Kay Harrison. Within hours of their meeting, sparks were flying.

"Good heavens," Rex complained, "that creature is as tall as I am! It's like trying to make love to the Tower of London!"

So you want to know what I think of Rex Harrison?" Kay inquired sweetly of a reporter. "I think he's a terrible snob, pompous, overbearing, terribly conceited—" she paused, considered, and finished honestly, "and a most marvelous actor."

It should have ended with that, but it couldn't. They scorch each other with sarcasm. People on the set took to listening in on their verbal duels—and laughing. The vengeful notes, the sharp tongue and the laughter got louder—until one day, Kay and Rex laughed, too. Laughter became their trademark. It was as if, finally, a curtain had fallen on everything dreary, everything cruel in their lives—as if, together, they could see only the colorful, the bright, the hilarious.

They had been enemies before they were friends, and friends before they were lovers. And suddenly, they wanted nothing in the world except to be man and wife.

"I'll take a divorce," Rex promised. "But it will take time."

"I'll wait."

"You won't be the first Mrs. Harrison. Not even the second."

"She's the last," she said, "that's all that counts."

She was twenty-nine years old when she said that, young and beautiful. She had never been ill, never known fear, even when the bombs fell and the sound of gunfire echoed only yards from the improvised stage on which she had entertained English troops during World War II. It seemed to both Rex and Kay that they had never been there, that their laughter would follow them through the dozens and dozens of years to come, that their love would conquer everythin..."
New York were silent, but voices echoed around Rex Harrison's head. The doctor's voice, gentle, pitting.

"We know almost nothing about leukemia, except that it is usually fatal. A disease of the bone marrow ... a form of cancer ... I've taken samples of Miss Kendall's bone marrow. There is no doubt ..."

His own voice, hoarse with fear. "Tell me what to do. I'll do anything."

"There is nothing to do."

"Medication?"

"There is no medication."

"Treatment?"

"There is no treatment."

"There must be. There must be. Doctor, I have money. I can afford the best sanitarium, anywhere in the world. Tell me where to go. Give me hope."

With inferiority, she said: "There is no hope.

"There has to be," he cried out. But the silent streets gave him no answer. On a stoop in front of a tenement house, Rex Harrison sank to his knees. Weary.

The doctor had offered him a choice—a simple choice. "You can tell her the truth," he had said. "You can tell her and make with her the end of her life. You can drag her from one doctor to another, looking for cures, fighting a heartbreaking, futile fight. Or you can keep it from her. You can simply make her happy.

"It's a kindness, dear, I think you know. It comes without pain, without fever. It does its work in silence while the victim goes his way, knowing nothing. Occasionally, there's a feeling of breathing sometimes anesthesia; a tendency to bruise easily and unexplained bleeding, but nothing that can't be fixed up temporarily. There will be no certain illness, no certain pain."

"Only—death," said Rex bitterly. "But how long—?"

And again, the doctor had shaken his head. "Some live two years, or four, or six—or even as long as twelve. Some die in that many months. Nothing is certain."

"Only death."

When he rose at last to go home, Rex Harrison had accepted his new double life. A life of careful lies and hidden despair, where all laughter would have a secret core of tears. A life based on two principals alone: Kendall would be happy.

"Kendall would not know."

And the new life began. On the surface, it ran much as the old had, and even that was agony to Rex Harrison. For it meant that he had to go on with the lies, to go on playing Professor Higgins in "My Fair Lady." Sometimes, he could barely apply his stage make-up, his hand shook so.

Before it had been a joke; they were apart so many hours they couldn't possibly get tired of each other. Now, it was no joke. It was a tragic farce which had to be played: Ray, for Rex to drop his huge success, walk out on his contract and his stardom, without telling Ray the truth. But Ray would not know. Ray would be happy.

The long-delayed divorce wasn't funny any longer. Rex phoned his lawyer: "Can't you hurry it up?"

"There are complications. These things take time."

"I haven't got time!" he cried. Ray, watching him, was puzzled. "Darling, we've waited so long; we can wait a little longer."

"No—I don't want to wait. You might—"

"Might what?"

He blinked. "Might leave me for another man."

"Who me? Old scatty Katie? Where would I find one tall enough? Or old enough? I'm thirty-one now, you know—my best years are already behind me."

"Thirty-one," he repeated, looking at her. "Thirty-one years old."

June of that year, the divorce came through at last. They were married on the twenty-first of that month, in All Faiths Universalist Church Central Park West and 76th Street in New York. Kay wore a simple waitress dress. Her gown blinked down at her through horn-rimmed glasses. It was very quiet and very simple.

"Until death do you part," the minister said.

"Until death do us part."

They sailed for London when Rex's contract was finally up. Kay was famous by then. First for "Genevieve," then "Les Girls," an international triumph for her. Producer Ronald Colman offered her the starring role in a new film, "Les Girls," but she turned it down. She was too tall, you're not pretty, you can't act and you photograph badly," now begged for her. Watching the offers pour in, Rex was afraid. They had always planned that Kay would wed after their marriage, but his careers were tremendously important to them both. If a good offer for a Hollywood movie came through, she would surely want to take it, though Rex would have to stay in England for the British production of "My Fair Lady." After all, why not? They had forever, didn't they? So he listened with a sinking heart, when Kay told him she was being courted for a new movie, "The Girl Friend."

"It's a very attractive offer."

"What are you going to tell them?"

"Why, yes, of course—if they meet my terms."

"And what are your terms?" he asked lightly. "A chauffeured Cadillac, like in Les Girls?"

"Only—dear,"

She laughed. "Nothing so simple. Just—they'll have to make it here in England."


The following January, they were both free of work for a while. "What do you want to do?"

"Oh, anything. Nothing. It really doesn't matter."

"Kay, you're not feeling ill, are you?"

"Of course not," she said. "Only content."

He smiled at her. But he had already made up his mind that they would go to Switzerland. What was the healthiest country in the world, people said. People with tuberculosis went there to be cured, people with practically anything. Of course, according to the doctor, climate wouldn't affect Kay's bone marrow; didn't alter by one moment the spread of her cancer.

But it couldn't hurt, could it, to go to a place where miraculous cures happen every day?"

So they went to Switzerland. And in their hotel room one night, she woke up crying. "I have a pain, Rex. I have a pain..."

"You've got to move," she said. Lay still and even through the blur of pain, she knew she had never seen a man move so quickly, act so fast. Within minutes, it seemed, she was out of the hotel and into a hospital in St. Moritz, with a troop of doctors standing beside her bed. There was the sting of a needle, then, and then, at last, sleep.

When she woke up, the pain was gone, and Rex was there. If his voice trembled a little, she was too weak to notice.

"Hello," he said. "You gave us quite a scare for nothing."

"What—what's wrong with me?"

"Nothing," he repeated. "Just a pain. You'll be coming home in a few days."

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"But—" Kay started to protest.

"Now, darling, I don't know the technical terms. It was nothing. You're all right." "All right," she agreed sleepily. Her eyes closed. "Doesn't matter, anyhow. I'm fine—after...you're here." The newspapers were told that it was a "possible case of peritonitis." In a few days, Kay left the hospital.

Then a new year, 1958, began. The days went by. Rex watched his wife living through them, one by one, unafraid, unknowing. Each day she survived seemed a miracle, a blessing.

And yet—each was one day less to live.

He began to watch her even more closely.

"Kay, what's that mark on your elbow?"

"Oh that? I banged it yesterday." "Once More With Feeling," she thought. "I'll be marrying in the morning."

"Shall I take it, darling?" she asked.

"Do you want to? Would you rather go off on a trip with me—or anything?"

She shook her head. "Guess I'd rather not that's all."

They went to Paris, and this time it was Rex who waited while the precious moments went by, and they were apart.

When she'd been working more than a month, Kay began to cough. "Dry throat," she apologized to Rex. "I've strained it in the shouting scenes, I suppose."

"I suppose," he said. He went to the sound stage, took her to bed, and watched.

Did she seem tired? Were her movements slower than usual? Did she sit down between takes more often?

It's a funny thing," she complained on the way home, that night. "My gums seem to be bleeding a lot."

His fingers tightened hard on the steering wheel. "Let me know, the doctor had said, if there's any unusual bleeding.

He drove the car with effort. "I was just thinking—this throat of yours isn't getting better. Maybe we should see a doctor."

It's only three years, he thought. It's only three years. It couldn't happen so soon...

A week later, she had pneumonia. Rex made arrangements for the trip back to London.

"I don't feel as if I have pneumonia," Kay protested. "And there are only six days left of shooting..."

"You'll finish them." Of course I will," she sighed brightly at home. Hollywood heard from the studio. "I'll be back in no time to finish up. You can even start looking for another script. Nothing but death'll keep me from making another movie.

On May 31, she checked into one of the world's most expensive private hospitals, the London Clinic. A newspaper report said she was only ill, and under drugs. Reporters called Rex.

"It started as tonsillitis," he said. "Now it's pneumonia. But she's on the mend already."

June first, another newspaper called the hospital. "Any news on Kay Kendall?"

A bright voice assured him that Miss Kendall was smiling and cheerful.

"Good?" the reporter said. "Who are her doctors?"

Several had been called in, the voice informed him. She gave the names. Among them was Dr. R. Bodley Scott. The newsman asked, "What's happening, then, and how's she doing?"

"It isn't a blood specialist?"

The afternoon papers carried the report that Kay Kendall was in gravest condition. She was suspected of tonsillitis. On June fourth, Rex Harrison, haggard and worn, saw the papers for the first time in days. "It isn't true," he said. "Tell them to print that. She has no 'serious blood condition.' I'm taking her out of the Clinic and home, today."

He was no longer lying only for Kay. Nor for the anxious, inquiring world. He was lying only for himself.

For the truth was this, and he knew it: He was taking her home to die.

They were together that summer as few people have ever been. All their offers were turned down. They existed only for each other and their love. Friends, unforgiving, wondered. "Aren't you bored?" they asked Kay. "Don't you want to get out a bit more?"

She stood in her living room, thinner and paler than ever, but with eyes that shone.

"A year ago," she said, "a writer asked me what I wanted to do, and I said to him: 'I don't want to do anything but be with Rex.' I've had too many years of rushing around from hotel to hotel and town to town and waking up alone in the morning. I've had too many hundreds of years of being by myself." She laughed. "This has been the happiest summer of my life. I think I'll spend my next hundred years this way."

Early in September she began to bleed and her husband told her to the Clinic on a stretcher, and the apparatus for blood transfusion was set up by her bed. Life-giving blood, that could not possibly give her life. She never left the hospital.

On October 2, her husband died. She buried him in Hampstead Churchyard in the Actors' Corner, and over her grave, they told at last the story of her last years of life, of the burden her husband had carried, and how she had shared it with him. The crowds watched Rex Harrison walk away slowly, and they pitied him. "He fought for her to live," they said, "and he lost."

But they were wrong. Rex Harrison had not spent three years fighting a hopeless battle against an inevitable death. He had struggled to fulfill the vows he had made on his death bed, to the woman he loved, and he walked together through the streets of New York.

"She will not know," he had sworn.

And she had not known.

"She will have the baby," he promised.

And the years of slow death had been the happiest of her short life.

Together, they had known a rare love, a precious love. They had nurtured it and kept it alive.

A love like that never dies.

They had won.

THE END

MILLIE PERKINS

Continued from page 64

was where she'd finally find love...

Later that day, as she ran across the studio lot to have her stills taken, she felt even more bewildered. 'Bring six changes!' the voice on the telephone had said, and Millie'd laughed nervously to herself. Since she'd just arrived on the Coast that morning, she didn't have six changes of clothes. She was wearing a pink, tweed, ribbed-sleeved jacket, a loose-fitting green corduroy jacket.

It was a clear gray day with a gentle wind and a hint of rain, that made her think wistfully of home in Fairlawn, New Jersey. From the window, she would lean out of her bedroom window and see the birch and maple trees, the Chinese fruit trees, and watch the breeze ruffling the branches. There was always so much going on outside, so many changes of light and shade, and she was always a part of it. She remembered how her sisters—Janet, Christine, Anne Marie, and Cathy—were always cooking and sewing, someone was always playing the piano. She remembered, with affection, all the excitement when Papa, who was a first mate with the Bull Lines, came home from sea—all of them rushing to welcome him.

But the sky was higher here, there was no scent of fruit, and she was running between great square cream-colored concrete barns she'd been told were sound stages, and she was alone for the first time in her life.

"Hi, Millie! Been to wardrobe already? You look pretty good in those Anne Frank clothes. It was George Stevens and the costume people who found the same-looking fellow with a friendly smile, who'd hailed her and was now falling into step beside her.

She smiled impishly at him. "These aren't Anne's clothes, they're mine. They're the kind I always wore in New York."

He looked at her in surprise. "But you were a top model, Millie. You don't do more fancy clothes. The photographers were only interested in my face." It was only an accident she'd been a model anyway, she remembered. At home, A. F. More than anything, she'd grown to the idea of being close at hand with George. "It was too hectic, I need some quiet," she tried to explain—"I like to know who I am." "And you're a Hollywood!"

The exclamation hung in the air.

"I must stop in make-up," she said softly, running away from George Stevens Jr., who belonged here and wasn't a bit afraid.

She edged into the room as quietly, no one heard her...

"Hello, Mr. Nye," she blurted out, climbing quickly into the high leather chair as if she were about to have a tooth pulled. "Have you seen Hollywood?"

"I've had a look," he said. "Good morning!"

"There she is," Millie thought. "A fourteen-year-old girl." Then, turning to her, he said, "Leave your hair down for the cocktail party, Millie. When we start rehearsing, we can try it both ways."

The cocktail party! She didn't know how she'd get through it. She stood there next to Mr. Stevens. He had invited all the press to meet her. And what on earth could she say to them?

The press began asking questions. She found the first question easy. "No, I'm not at all sure I want to stay in Hollywood. In fact, I don't want to be an actress." Everyone laughed. This disturbed her. She wondered whether she should have said it.

March: I'll never be able to act, Millie
thought despairingly. She virtually lived on the pets these days.

"You have expressive hands, Millie, wonderful hands," Joseph Schildkraut told her one morning. The great Schildkraut! she thought. And for the next few days she was possessed of her hands, that she didn't use them at all but held both arms awkwardly straight at her sides.

Ed Wynn helped. He'd take her and Diane Baker and Dick Byrner aside and tell them stories, funny stories, while Nina Foch talked of such mysterious new things as salarasthesia, relaxation, and control. "Control, technique," she said with her beautiful voice, "is what frees the little angel in each actor to express freely." But Millie would only feel all the more lost and bewildered and answer: "But I'm not an actress."

"Every girl is an actress," Director Stevens would tell her. "She's just got to loosen up and perform."

So she'd try. But after long, hard hours of rehearsal, she'd cry, exasperated, "I can't even get across the room without bumping into a chair. I'm just a catastrophe."

"You're not far enough to be a catastrophe," Stevens would answer genially. But still the feeling persisted. She felt like a scared young girl as she started the scene with Dick Byrner—the one in which she was to ask him if he'd ever been kissed. But she was surprised. The scene wasn't so bad. She could understand the part... after all she was a teenager herself and she'd dreamed about romance just as every girl did. She relaxed a little more, too, when she found Dick Byrner was almost as scared as she was.

The day George Stevens took the crew in to watch the rushes, she'd been in agony, wishing that she could have a laugh over again! She'd sat unhappily through the discussion of the scenes. Then she'd walked away from the projection room fast, eager to get home and get away from it all.

"Hi, Garbo," George Jr. called out, slowing down his car and opening the door. "Come on, I'll take you home."

She slid into the front seat, fighting back tears.

"You're coming along, you know," he said sincerely. "Really beginning to unfold."

She looked at him gratefully. He'd been such a friend to her. He makes me forget all my problems, she thought.

April. I'm so lonesome and homesick, Millie thought aching. It was a Wednesday evening in early April, and she'd curled up in a big chair with "The Sea Around Us." Her hair was in curlers and she still had cream on her face and her dinner was cooking in the kitchen. But she couldn't put Anne Frank out of her mind.

"It's the old problem again, she said to herself. She knew that she wasn't a good actress yet. Director Stevens had been patient. He was saving the big scenes, she knew, that was going for her to grow to them. But would she be ready, and was there was one scene she'd dreaded most of all— one with Ed Wynn—where, because of her hate and resentment toward him, she had to fight and to cry, but it was to cry. She had tried it so often, but the tears wouldn't come. Should she try it again?

She got up and got the script from her bedroom. A letter from her father fell out from between the pages. Slowly, she picked it up and sat down again, re-reading the words for the dozenth time.

"Millie, if you can't eat a great deal, at least sleep," Papa'd written worriedly.

These were the first letters she'd ever received just for herself from Papa. Always before, he'd written to Mama, with a line or so to each child. But now he was writing to her as if she were all grown-up.

He'd tell her how the stevedores were so interested in her career, bringing him the news items they'd find in the papers, and that he'd seen her picture in a magazine in the Honduras. And always news of the family that she was so hungry after. News about Janet and the four children in Georgia and about Christine's marriage and about how delighted Anne Marie was about expecting a baby. He'd write that Cathy wondered how it felt to be a movie star. And he'd tell her that Jimmie was going around pretending that he wasn't a bit impressed that his sister Millie was acting in a movie—even though he was secretly so proud of her.

Suddenly the doorbell rang, interrupting her thoughts.

"We're in the world knows where I live?" she said half-aloof. Then, seeing her face in the mirror, she realized she still had the curlers in her hair and the cream on her face. She couldn't answer the door looking like this. But the bell rang again. She had no time to fix up.

"Millie, we want your autograph," they chorused—a dozen teenagers, babbling with good spirits.

"How about a picture, Millie?" one ponytailed, blonde girl asked her, holding up a camera.

"Looking like this?" she gasped, pointing to the curlers. They laughed, too, at this. She wrote her name in each book, and with choruses of goodbyes, they left her.

Closing the door, she leaned against it. They'd asked her for her autograph. They thought she was somebody. They believed in her. She couldn't let them down now.

Settling down in the chair again, with the script-book in front of her, she thought. They'll never know how much they've helped me. Then, through eyes misted with tears, she started to read again, the beginning words of the scene.

And the next day, she played the scene almost easily. George Stevens told her she was fine, so did Joseph Schildkraut, and Nina Foch said, "Why don't you come home and have dinner? I feel like spending the evening with a few people I especially like."

Millie started to shake her head. The only time she really wanted to go out, was when nobody asked her, and she was all by herself at home. But then she caught a look of disappointment in Nina's face, and she said, "I'd love to."

It was a very small, spur-of-the-moment supper party, but still Millie felt a little awkward, a little shy. She ate, and a moment later she couldn't have told herself what she'd eaten. Then, after dinner, a boy she'd noticed across the room, came over to her and smiled. "Hello," he said, "I'm Dean Stockwell."

"I'm Millie Perkins."

"I know." His voice was very soft, very low.

Why, I think he's shy, she thought, looking at him and wondering why. Because, certainly, he was very handsome. She had noticed him—she was a "little person," as she called someone without pretentions, someone simple and open and direct—and almost as quiet as she herself was. I like him, she decided, I really do.

But then the party was over and the night was over and she was back at work on the set, working as hard as she knew how to get Anne just right— to be Anne. She almost forgot about the quiet, dark boy she'd met the night before.

But he hadn't forgotten her. She was washing her hair under the faucet, when she thought she heard the phone ring. Why does the phone always ring at times
May: "I’ll always be a nobody," Millie thought in anguish. Standing in a dark spot just off the sound stage, she patted pellon on her hot forehead, rubber hand cranking up her perspiring palms.

"Millie! Millie Perkins!" They were calling her. It was time to shoot the scene again. She hurried toward the tiny lighted flares of the vast sound stage. She caught herself tripping over one of the big cables coiled on the floor. She was always stumbling over something! But today more than ever.

Today she had to do the scene with Ed Wynn that she’d been dreading for so long. They’d run through it a dozen times already. She’d been dull, flat, wooden each time.

"Ho, Millie. You know why they called Anne frank?" Ed Wynn chuckled, helping her through the light-stands that made the set.

"Don’t start joking," she implored him.

"That’s all I need. I’ll die!"

"A little joke is good. Did you ever hear the one about…"

He cocked his head and so comically, she laughed before he’d even reached the punch-line. Then he told another and she forgot her stomach pangs.

"Ready?" George Stevens asked. He settled down in his chair, the tips of his fingers together. Millie and Ed Wynn were still laughing as they took their places in the small space.

In that instant, Ed Wynn’s face changed. He started acting with her. She heard, she argued back, answering him, forgetting herself, forgetting the problems of acting. She was fighting against a difficult, critical adult, for the right to be happy. Tears rushed suddenly over her little face. She cried; she sobbed.

Then the scene was over. She saw the pleased look on Director Stevens’ face. She saw George Jr. was winking and nodding. Good heavens—in acting was just like life.

How simple! You just had to react to someone!…"

She ran to Ed Wynn and kissed him. "You are the loveliest man I’ve ever met in my whole life," she cried.

"You see, you stopped being unhappy, you stopped worrying. You were unhappy for nothing." He lowered his voice and said seriously, "Never waste time on unhappiness, little Millie. There is no time for it."

Dancing in her excitement, she ran to George Jr. and joined him for the coffee break. "You see, Millie, you’re actually enjoying it now," he said teasingly.

He was right, Millie realized. She loved acting! That wasn’t all she loved. She loved life. She loved Hollywood. And she loved being with Dean. They’d dated constantly ever since they’d met. In fact, Millie told herself one day, I guess I’m going steady. Neither she nor Dean had dated anyone else since Nina’s party. I’m so glad I went, she thought.

Then she stopped still in the middle of the street. What if I hadn’t gone? But she wouldn’t even face that horrible thought. She was on her way to pick up some bread for sandwiches. Dean was taking her to Montana for lunch.

On the other side of them was a young couple just about their age. They were surrounded by their children-five staircases—one of them in a lunch basket. Millie looked at the couple and their children, and then at Dean. "I think it’s wonderful," she whispered. "They seem so happy—but…"

"But you wouldn’t be happy that way?"

"Oh, I would! But not so soon, not now," she said softly.

And, as softly, he answered, "I know." He took her hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

She looked at him again. He does know, she thought, and somehow his knowing made her happier than she’d ever thought she could be.

June: "I’m not really shy at all," Millie thought. She and Dick Beymer had just finished rehearsing the last scene. Often before, they’d heard the green police wagon come shrieking through the streets, coming closer and closer, then passing… They were safe again. This time, she and Dick had stood close together, hearing it shriek closer and closer. And somehow she knew it would not pass. Without a word, they’d held each other very close, promising to wait forever. . .

Everyone on the set was crying. Millie looked at her purse in her lap—she’d forgotten herself. She’d done all these emotional scenes in front of all these people. She remembered how, in high school, she’d been positively terrified with out for the school play—but try it out in front of all those kids?

Later, over coffee, she told Dean about it. "I guess my biggest problem has been that I was afraid of myself and barricading myself against it because I was so scared and frightened. And now, from acting, I’ve discovered I’m not scared any more."

He listened and nodded at her.

"Going to be an actress, Millie?"

"Going to be an actress? Yes, she was. She was going to learn as much as they could teach her. That’s why she’d let Dean take her to Blake’s for lunch and the coffee shop. But now she felt like running away again. Standing there, watching the director bring out all the talented young people that had room, she felt she didn’t belong. And, after all, Dean had been an actor since he was a child, and he’d just come from a stage production of "Comulsion." He—and nearly everyone else they knew—were professionals with years of training behind them.

Then, Sandra Knight, Millie’s new roommate, and she started working on a skit together. As soon as they started, Millie was bored. She forgot her fears and started to live the part as she’d been doing on Anne Frank. I do belong, she thought gladly. I’m an actress too.

In the office, she was smiling. He looked so proud of her. And she sat down quickly. Why, I’m in love, she thought, realizing for the first time why she was so happy.

After class, she and Dean went for coffee with all the other kids, but she scarcely heard them. She noticed that Dean seemed far away, too, and when she walked out of the coffee shop with him, she discovered why.

"Millie," he said, turning and looking into her eyes, "has it happened to you, too?"

She didn’t have to ask what he meant.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Forever?" he asked.

"Forever," she told him. And she knew from that moment that it would be. Even though she’d given him the earring— with two leaves encircling a single diamond—until two months later in August, when she came home from a movie, Dean had asked her to marry Frank. They went to Europe, even though they didn’t announce their engagement until September.

"We’ll be married in June if you like," Dean said, looking down at her. "I know girls are supposed to like that month best of all."

Millie smiled. "Any month would be the best month, but June will be just fine," she warned him.

Dean bent down, trying to comfort her. "Millie—what did I do? What did I say?"

Shaking her head, she whispered, "Nothing, nothing. It’s just that I’m so happy, it scares me."

For a moment she stood there looking up at him. And just as suddenly as she started to cry, she began to smile. There was nothing to be scared about. Everything was going to be wonderful. She just knew it! The End

Millie’s in 20th’s "The Diary of Anne Frank." Dean’s in 20th’s "Sons and Lovers."
There was such a soft, happy sound to it. "I wasn't lonely," Jim confessed. "I had been separated for almost half a year and had become used to living alone in a rented room. But I was alone, and it was nice to find good company. I'd hoped to save my marriage, and every morning I'd go to visit my son, Jimmy, to talk with him and make him feel secure with my love.

"But I have to admit Evy's light laugh charmed me, and I wondered, 'What's she really like? Is she as feminine and as sweet as she seems?'"

"After lunch, I drove her to her English class with Mrs. Burrows, and before I left her I managed to say, 'Gee, Evy, since you like to drive, you'd better ask for the ride to go for a ride some afternoon?' And she nodded her head and whispered, 'Okay!'

"I walked her to the classroom door and we talked in the hallway. I could say something more. I just didn't want to let her, to be alone again. But I couldn't think of anything so I started to walk away. I was late for my singing class. I must have walked ten or fifteen feet, when, all of a sudden I got up my gumption and I rushed back and said, 'Hey, Evy, how'd you like to take a ride after class?'"

"She hadn't finished until forty-thirty, she said, and wasn't that long for me to wait?

"I didn't mind waiting, I told her. So we agreed to meet for the ride.

"Maybe it was because I had a premonition of something wonderful happening that I sang very well that day, and my vocal coach raved. Still, I couldn't really concentrate on my music.

"At the end of the day Evy went out her classroom door, waiting, but the teacher had kept her overtime. Finally, at five o'clock, Mrs. Burrows dismissed her, and Evy came out. We walked over to the parking lot. They drove all over Hollywood and its outskirts. Evy asked him to stop by a dime store which was open late so that she could buy a scarf to protect her from the wind.

"It's funny, but I can't remember where we drove. I was so fascinated with her face and the way her warm brown eyes lit up when she smiled and that easy, friendly laugh of hers which is so soft it sounds like a murmur.

"We talked a lot about ourselves. Evy told me her dad was an architect in Copen-

hagen, and that her full name was Eva

Norlund Larsen, which the studio asked her to shorten. And I told her I was Jimmy

Evolcomini from an Italian neighborhood in Philadelphia. She said she came from a family of six children, and I said I had only a younger brother, Johnny.

"Evy told me how much she missed cooking. The girls weren't permitted to cook at the Study Club, where she stayed, and one thing she was dying to fix was fried chicken, her favorite.

"We talked about things we liked and didn't like. We both were sent by pop stars. I specially Frank and

Johnny Mathis, and we both approved of medium-rare steaks and cheese sauce for
dessert. We found out we were crazy about swimming and tennis and reading poetry,

particularly the poems of Kahil Gibran.

"I don't think either of us realized so much time was passing—because something
had happened between us. There was something about the way our eyes looked and each other's sight was like a magnet. I couldn't take them off Evy, and I had a hard time keeping them on the road.

"In all honesty, I don't think I was out looking for love. I'd been very depressed about my marriage being on the rocks, and this was the first time my spirits had picked up.

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ALL-TIME BEAUTIES

Continued from page 60

INGRID BERGMAN: "...a peasant-like charm of simplicities, a healthy, wholesome strength. A fresh-faced beauty that will never fade...devoid of sophistication...lacking style and sense of fashion, yet earthily vital...the most beautiful and sensitive mouth of any woman on the screen...she is eternal woman, the strong, the weak, the mother all in one...a beauty because of determination and undefeated character."

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ELIZABETH TAYLOR: "...she combines a rare quality of naivete and siren...her coloring, her violet eyes...her figure that typifies everything that is woman...her independent star-like approach to life, her lavish, lush beauty of face; her reasoning, tantalizingly unpredictable; a beauty, though, which she may be too lazy to preserve through the years."

SUMMING UP: Surprisingly, to have great beauty a woman does not seem to need perfection, a voluptuous figure or even a beautiful face. She needs most a willingness to work at and accent the qualities she possesses. Over the years the qualities of serenity, simplicity and style seem to wear best, lasting the longest and stimulating the one quality that every great beauty seemed to have—a aura of mystery, of surprise.

RUNNERS UP:

Jean Harlow
Irene Dunne
Lana Turner

Irene Dunne
Rita Hayworth
Audrey Hepburn

Joan Crawford

Sang the realigned scene in the soundtrack of the film".

"When her number was called, she stepped onto the stage and set up her microphone. She then sang the now famous song "Later on, we drove to the Cabrillo beach and sat on our rocky ledge again, and we took off our shoes and splashed our feet in the water. I couldn't hold myself back that night. There was nothing about the scene in the sky and the breeze blowing and Evy by my side that made me feel like a king. So I put my arms around her and kissed her. I told her she had become very important to me. She smiled.

"Those next few weeks passed like minutes. It's kookie, isn't it, what nutty things people talk about when they're in love. Now that I think back on it, I realize lovers sometimes just don't make sense. We decided the tiny scars we had on our thumbs, from kitchen knives, meant we were destined to be together. We compared our palms. We decided we were twins, but this was a joke of course. Sometimes we'd be riding along in the Porsche and the two of us would start singing the same song. I'd pull the radio up to the full volume and put my arm around her and tell her we were on the same wavelength. She'd laugh that soft, low laugh of hers and I'd get goosebumps all over me.

"It was a Sunday afternoon, when we were walking through town, I remember I had a strong feeling of falling deeply in love with Evy. I'm sure I had fallen in love with her long before, but suddenly, as we passed a blankly looking old street, she looked at me with such sadness. I dropped a quarter in the blind man's cup. But Evy, after a couple minutes, rushed back and gave him the quarter. She just knew he needed help, she said.

"The way she was concerned about the blind man made my heart jump, out of love for her. Because she's got so much love for the world, and she's so kind and gentle, that is a funny, sometimes thing for Evy. It was deep, bottomless."

"How do two people who are in love decide they are ready for marriage?" I asked Jim.

"It just kind of happened," Jim answered. "We didn't go together with marriage in mind. But, while a while, when we couldn't stand being away from each other, I knew we would have to talk about marriage."

"When Evy had her appendectomy at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, I nearly went wild. I didn't want her suffering alone, without her parents. I was there before the hospital doors were even open, just nine in the morning and left each night at midnight. We talked about marriage then. A lot. Evy told me she didn't want marriage to hurt us. She always knew how broken up I was over my first marriage. But life doesn't stand still. It moves on.

"I understand my former wife Gloria's found herself a new love, which makes me nervous. I don't want to have a full, rich life. But when Gloria and I married, we were kids. We were too young for the responsibilities of marriage. We were children playing house."

"I like to think I've grown up since then. Heartbreak, painful as it is, is a person stop and think. And I don't want Evy and me to outgrow our love. This is why we've gone together for a year, to sort a thing. It's better for each other. I've kept our dating a secret because I didn't think it was fair to Evy to make an announcement about it until we were sure of ourselves. After all, I'm divorced and I don't want to disrupt her from any gossipy rumors. So that's why I waited until we were sure of each other and our love before I told our story to you."

"Remember when I said marriage isn't only based on love? I've learned, through my own tragic failure, that marriage should be based on a lot of other things: respect and understanding. Evy and I see eye-to-eye on all these things, so I know we're doing the right thing by taking the next step—marriage.

"Don't you agree, now that you know our story?"
She did her own housework, made all her
own clothes and the children's clothes,
belonged to half-a-dozen community ac-
tivities and did her own baking and all
the canning. She was well-groomed and
pretty enough as well and, it said, and,
with all this, she also managed to "slip
into" a pretty dress every evening
when her husband got home from work.

I slopped down into the armchair mo-
moment because things seemed too quiet.
Then I remembered Susanna. Without
thinking, I said, "Drink your milk. . .
That's a girl," I coaxed, without missing
a word in the text. It dinned on me
that Susanna had gone off with Lee to get
the meat for the barbecue we planned that
evening.

Telling children to drink their milk can
become an involuntary habit for a mother,
I guess. Just recently, during a luncheon
interview, right in the middle of cutting
into my pork chop, I said to the writer,"Drink
your milk! It's good for you."

"Huh?" the interviewer asked.

Apologies, I rushed on to explain
that after sixteen years of eating three
meals a day with children, this is an
occupational habit.

I noticed that the mother in the article
didn't have any such habits. I stopped
reading, when she summed up. She never
had to reprimand any of her six
children. In fact, she explained that she
had never even once had to raise her
voice to them.

Suddenly I got a sinking feeling. I knew
it was true; I did raise my voice—
often. I had the urge and now and
then, to write an article in defense of us
other mothers and all we have to take.
It's not that I'm not in favor of children.
I am. I have four of them: Phillip, age 16,
Peter, 15, Paul, 12, and Susan, 9.

They've already learned to live with me—
being younger and more adaptable.
I'm just learning to live with them.

I used to think you had to do
understand children, was put yourself
in their position—having once been a child
yourself. Sixteen years later, I now know:
This doesn't work. Somehow, Gale and
children have changed. Or maybe mothers
have.

I was sixteen—almost the same age as
Phillip—when I met Lee, and the day I
met him, I made up my mind to marry
him. We were both in Hollywood as
contestants in the "Gateway to Holly-
wood" competition. RKO had created
two names, Terry Belmont and Gale Storm,
and the contest was to select a boy and
a girl to fit the names. The winners would
be given a movie contract.

I had come to Hollywood from Houston,
Texas, and can remember standing in the
middle of one of the huge sound-stages,
struck with the sights and sounds of the
film industry. I was a naive girl, but I
attended the competition, and when the
contest was announced, I was thrilled.

As the weeks went by, I got to meet
him and act with him. I didn't know
which was making me work harder: the
chance to be with Gale Storm I was going
to marry, or Mrs. Lee Bonnell—their
name. In the beginning, becoming a star
looked easier, for even though I was at-
tentive, the nearest Lee came to showing me
affection, was to pat me on the head,
smile and tell me, "You remind me
of my fourteen-year-old sister back
home!"

Well, both Lee and I won our contests,
got our contracts and fell in love. I raced
home to tell my mother the good news,
but when she heard that I wanted to get
married, she put her foot down. "Being
a movie star is wonderful," she said, "but,
slow down before you finish high
school, won't do."

Lee took the delay good-naturedly (he
was all of eighteen) and said, "We can
go to each other's shows when I go back
home."

I knew Lee was the right one for me,
and when I was seventeen, we were
married. Before the ceremony, we stopped
for the right church to admire in and
came to the Hollywood Beverly Christian
Church, where we still go as a family
today.

I was so scared. I remember standing
at the back of the church, waiting for the
wedding march, and suddenly, when the
organ began, I started to cry. My brides-
maid gave me some tissues, but I couldn't
stop. The organist played the wedding
march through again, as everyone tried
to stop my tears with cold compresses,
and before I knew what happened, some-
how I had come down the aisle—with tissues under my pocket.

All the way down the aisle, I sobbed.
I couldn't stop. The minister was so
anxious that he rushed the cer-
emony till record speed. Lee kept leaning
over and saying, "It's nervousness. You'll
feel better." But three days later, when
I was still crying, Lee began to wonder.
I tried to explain I was just happy.
I can't say I was more mature and better
prepared for motherhood. Before I was
married, I wanted four children—I was
いろいろな orphaned child—and I liked
a large family—but when I found out I
was pregnant, all I could think was, "I'm
so young to have a baby. How will I
know what to do?"

Looking back, I realize I didn't even
know what a mother was! Now I do.

A mother is an automatic dishwasher,
a chauffeur and nursemaid, a soft shoul-
der to lean on and a comfortable lap
to climb into. She's a broken record that
chants Drink your milk, Pick up your
clothes, and Go to bed. She's a hurry,
out of money, under pressure and
on a diet! She's a den mother, a room
mother, a Sunday sermon come to life.
She's the bottom of the barrel of prac-
tices what she preaches—except about her
age. She's a shopper, a pants-presser,
a cookie-maker. In other words, she's
a handly little gadget. At least, that's
the way it seems to her.

But to a sixteen-year-old son, she's just
plain exasperating.

I have been a den mother, a Sunday
school teacher, a hot dog salesman at
Little League games, and a ballplayer
when there's no one else around. And I've
never said I know anything about basket-
ball. When my boys started playing, I
thought I should try to catch his attention,
but he wasn't interested. Not
only was I sure that day I was going
to marry him, but I was sure he was
going to marry me.

As the weeks went by, I got to meet
him and act with him. I didn't know
which was making me work harder: the
chance to be with Gale Storm I was going
to marry, or Mrs. Lee Bonnell—their
name. In the beginning, becoming a star
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you've got to grow up. You can't go on acting like a kid...you seem so immature!" My athletic contribution is now limited to knitting white sports socks.

Lee and I have learned to give the boys their independence. Mother's place is in the home. The boys have an outdoor recreation room out in the back, where their friends can come and go. Music is piped in—and the place really belongs to the kids. One night when we were looking at TV, but the din out of that back house drowned out even the station breaks. I just covered my ears and hoped for the best. But Lee, I could tell, was wondering what the ruckus was all about. I watched him get up, put on a sweater and mumble something about, "I'll be right back." He was in for a few minutes with kind of a sheepish smile. "I forgot," he said, "it's their house." And so here begins...and ends all discussions about growing up with one's children. You can't; that's the final answer. For they're already convinced they've grown up past you!

Living with people who are children is an art. It also takes talent along with a working knowledge of Dr. Spock, Dr. Freud, Dr. Gisell and yourself.

I'm always astonished when after Lee has explained a detailed and complex insurance transaction, one of the boys will answer, "Boy, I see why you did that, Dad." I don't expect them to think—at least about our adult problems. But we've learned they do, and so we do, try to change this around the dinner table. Our minister, Dr. Cleveland Kleihauer, told Lee and me that the time a child—or anyone else, for that matter—is most responsive, is at the dinner hour around the family table. This is one of the few times during the day when the whole family is together and parents make the deepest impression on their children. We've been doing this since the kids were young. Sometimes a few grievances get aired, too. This started accidentally with Peter and Paul, when they were much younger.

"Pass the potatoes to Paul," I told Peter one evening, while I tossed the greens and tomato salad.

"I can't," Peter answered.

"Why not?" I asked, unaware of a pressing family cold war.

"Cause I'm not looking at him today," Peter answered.

"How do I look, Paul?" Peter suddenly interrupted. "He won't give it back..."

"He told—" And then it seemed ten, instead of two, of those boy voices were raised accusingly across the mashed potatoes, increasing in pitch, oblivious to table manners.

"Hey, hey, wait a minute," Lee finally came in stronger. "Let's have some quiet—and some mashed potatoes."

Then Lee hit upon his plan. "Paul," he said, "you pretend that you are Peter and Peter, you are Paul. Now, instead of arguing for yourself, you must argue each other's case."

"Well," Peter began, "I took—I mean, Paul has this baseball bat that he isn't using..."

We've found this reversal of arguing works. It's even responsible for some charitable penalties.

Talking about penalties, mixed in with a sound religious education, family exercise, proper diet and geometry, we add a little discipline. It's funny, but the better you discipline your children, it seems, the more they are certain you love them. Of course, you'd better be right.

I remember one time, when the boys were small, Lee came home from work and announced the demolition of their painted house. I let out a "Who did that?" There, all over the wall in crayon, were scribbles and houses and weird little people.

"Well," he said, turning around to the boys, "who did it? If Mom and I have told you once, we've told you a hundred times. Use your crayon paper for drawing."

Both Peter and Paul stepped there, digging their toes deeper into the carpet, but neither of them would confess. Phillip managed to mumble, "I wouldn't..."

When we came home—Lee there, trying to get the fellows to give him one whack each.

"For once," I told the boys, "remember, I was neutral.

I could have gone on remembering—the article had started me thinking—but I heard the car drive in and the rustle of great and great door slam, and then the soft pat-pat of sneakered feet.

"Hiii, Mommy!" a soft feminine voice, coming from low near the ground, said. It was Susanna. "Is anybody home?" she asked, already holding onto the hammock, trying to roll herself in it.

I lifted her up and squeezed her around her middle, knowing that she would giggle as she always did. This was our private joke. Only we knew that Susanna was ticklish. "Don't tell Paul I'm ticklish," she would exclaim now.

"What'd you do?" It was my turn to ask a question, and she had her answer, all prepared, knowing that this, too, was part of our secret.

"We bought milk and got Peter..." she began, and then she stopped. A leaf had fallen into my hair. Reaching up, she picked it out—carefully—as not to pull any hairs. Satisfied, she patted the stray hairs down and snuggled up to me. "Let's sing 'Jesus Loves Me,'" she suggested. And we did, softly, as we swung peacefully in the hammock, safe and happy.

When we finished, she looked up at me with her candied eyes. "Mommy," she asked, "know what?" and she waited until I said, "No, what?"

"Mommy," she said, "I love you." And then, "Can I grow up to be a Mommy, too?"

It was the nicest compliment I'd ever received. And before I knew it, I had forgotten all about that magazine article.

THE END

SEE THE "GALO STORM SHOW" THURSDAYS ON ABC FROM 7:30-8:00 P.M. EST. HURUM, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, 2:30-3:00 P.M. EST. ALSO, HEAR GALE RECORD ON THE DOT LABEL.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

OCTOPUS

RAY

SEAPLAIN

ANKASHK

NAKANA

SINGRINS
TY HARDIN

Continued from page 67

She just laughed and said, "Off to work with you!" But when he left, she hastily checked his list, then returned to the doctor. "Do you think you can make a definite diagnosis now?" she asked.

He replied that he'd suggested that she return about this time, but Andra, not one to be too much her own worst enemy, hadn't remembered the exact date of the appointment.

When Ty returned that evening, she greeted him at the door of their apartment. There was a radiance about her that is given only to mothers-to-be. Ty thought she looked unusually beautiful.

"Av, stop kidding," and he gave her a bear hug.

Andra looked up at him. Their eyes met and held.

"You are going to be a father," Andra said gently, then gaily added, "You're always right!"

They celebrated that evening with a special little dinner in the dining room of their apartment. There were pink candles and soft music from the record player in the living room, and Andra served Ty his favorite meal—steak. After dinner, he helped her with the dishes, and they spent the remainder of the evening discussing the baby and planning for the future. They were in love and they were going to have a baby and they were the happiest people in the world. They talked until after three, talking and laughing and sitting close to each other. But then Andra said suddenly, "I'm hungry, darling."

"We telephoned for eggs," said Ty. "After all that steak? Your cravings are starting already."

"Do we have any strawberries?" she asked softly.

"For one thing," he said, "Want me to defrost these?"

She nodded. "If you run them under hot water they don't take long."

"Okay. One dish of hot strawberries coming up," he said, going off into the kitchen.

When he came back in a few minutes and handed her the dish of strawberries, she was grinning.

"What is it?" she asked, spooning strawberries into her mouth.

"I've got a name for the baby," he told her softly. "It's a boy. I'd like to call him John Richard Hardin. How do you like it?"

She considered it a long time; then she nodded. "I rather like it, Ty. It has a good sound."

"I'll call for your father and Richard's for Rick Sanders, of course. After all, we ought to ask him to be the godfather—if he can tear himself away from contracting long enough."

"I'll manage to," she smiled. But then she grew serious again. "Where will we put the baby when he comes, darling? I think the apartment's too small really. Do you think we can afford a house now?"

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

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Said, "We may have to," she said. "What if it's twins?"

"Twins?" He yelled, jumping up from the couch. But then he sat down and began to smile about it. "Say, wouldn't that be great! What does the doctor say?"

"It's too soon to tell yet." Ty squeezed her hand. "Well, if it can't be twins, then I hope it's a girl. Then when we have a boy, he'll have a big sister to look after him. Having an older sister would make a boy much more sensitive in the head about women, I think. Then, too, an older sister would give a boy an added feeling of security, don't you agree?"

"Sure," Andrea said, but she knew he wasn't thinking about that really. "I never really knew my father," she remembered saying, and she saw again the lost, hurt look on his face.

Now he said, "Our children are going to have a home—a real home."

"Yes," she told him. "It's not going to be like it was when I was growing up. Or for some moments he didn't say anything, and then he turned back to her and took her hands in his. He had come from a broken home.

He had never forgotten the day his mom had told him she couldn't keep his brother and him any longer. They'd been living in a small but tidy place in Houston, Texas—the three of them and his brother and their mom. Like all the other kids, they'd gone to school mornings and come home to hot chocolate and cookies they'd bake. Ty still had asked them. One day, he'd have. They'd had fights and their making-ups, and some days, they were good. Mom took them to the movies to watch the cowboys beat the daylights out of every other cowboy in the world. The cowboys were playing all the time. How come? They'd ask her on the way home. They were like other kids with only one difference. They didn't have a mother. Ty had told them, one day, that she had gotten what was called a "divorce," and so Ty and his brother learned to play catch from the other boys, and had to learn about a lot of other things, too. Whole worlds, I suppose. But that didn't really matter. Not much, anyway.

What mattered was the day his mother told him she couldn't keep him with her any more.

He simply stood there in the dimly lighted room, staring past her out the window at the rain slanting down against the tree. Ty had always been running everywhere in the world at that moment. It seemed as if it ought to be. Did you hear me, Ty?" his mother asked softly. "I just can't make ends meet any more, even if I did get a raise in that secretarial job. I can't do it."

He swallowed before he dared to speak. Even so, his voice came out funny. "But what will we do, Mom?"

"I mean, should I go to work, or what?"

Putting her apron on, she said, "Come on, help me with the dishes, Son, and we'll talk about it."

He washed and she dried. The warm, soapy water was soothing, somehow. The warmth of it, and the automatic dipping up and down of his hands, released his mind and let him think of other things. He asked about that moment, far from the sound of his mother's voice. She was saying, "No, I don't want you to go out and work, Ty. You're big for your age, but your mind's not ready, too. No, I've got to keep the house so that you can go off to military school."

She mentioned the name of it, and brought him sharply back to face what she'd said.

"But that's so far away!" he objected. "When'll I see you?"

"There'll be vacations and such," she re-

minded him, but she would not meet his eyes. "And your brother will stay with your grandmother in Austin, and I'll just take a room somewhere, I guess."

He stared at her and then past her. "You'll be able to see him then, I guess," he said slowly. "Austin's not so far away that—"

"But you'll be home vacations like I told you," she said quickly.

He rinsed the last dish under the tap and started to put it in the rack. But he didn't make it. The dish slipped from his fingers and fell to the floor. He couldn't count the number of pieces it had broken into, or care about it. Automatically, he leaned down and began picking up the pieces, but he felt better somehow. He was almost glad in a way that the plate had looked on his face.

And then, almost at once, it came to him. He had left school and found jobs washing dishes and cleaning hash and even in one place grinding lenses for an optical firm. And all that time he'd let his mother know where he was. Then one day, as suddenly as he'd dropped out of sight, he turned up again. In Houston, on his own. And she cried and he cried, and then, when she'd kissed him and dried her tears, she said, "Come on—we're going to find an apartment."

"Okay, Mom," Ty said.

"Sure, Son," she answered, "you can stay home now. I guess it's what you really want to do."

"I want our kids to know they have a home all the time," he said quietly now.

How different her own home-life had been, Andrea thought. She'd been born in Stockholm, Illinois. She'd gathered eggs and milked cows and wakened every morning to find new baby chicks, or a new calf, or some other miracle that had happened during the night. Her folks had been plain people—immigrants from Sweden—but there'd always been plenty of love to go around and there'd never been the slightest doubt in her mind that the farm was home for always and always...

Now she leaned closer to him, taking his face in her hands. "You'll be such a good daddy," she told him. "I just know you will."

Looking at her soberly, he said nothing for so long that she didn't think he was going to answer. She yawned a little and rubbed her eyes and when he smiled, she said, "And you'll be a wonderful mommy. Now—where's that phone book? First thing to-morrow I'm going to call every real-estate agent in the book and tell them what we want, and how much we want to pay, and blinked. "What do we want?" he asked.

But Andrea had curled up on the couch. She was sound asleep. Gently, he covered her up with an afghan, and then he went into the bedroom and crawled into bed. Now he could get some sleep, too.

The next day, true to his word, Ty called every real-estate agent in the book. But they all told him what he had wanted for far too long. Dream houses, they discovered, don't grow on trees—not even on palm trees. Anyway. Every spare minute they had they were either talking about the house. No, he would say, "That big enough for the boy's Scout troop to have a barbecue—if he wants to belong to the Scouts, that is."
"And if it's a boy?" Andra chimed in.

"I'll have a stereo sound system so that we can be anywhere—in the house or the yard—and hear him when he cries.

"He won't cry," she said. "He'll be a happy baby. And we'll paint the house Swedish red, with white trim.

Ty got out some paper and a pencil and began filling in the details of the exterior of the house. He wanted red on the doors and white for the trim. Then he began drawing in bushes and flowers and little trees. This is how we'll plant things," he said. "The green grass will lie the house to the ground, so to speak.

"Fine," Andra yawned a little. "I wonder if there's any English toffee left," she asked.

Absentely, Ty rummaged through the box. "No. You ate the last piece an hour ago," he told her. "Now, the den'll be all in ox-blood leather. We'll have deep chairs in there for reading and relaxing. And there'll be lots of bookcases. Maybe I'll build them.

Oh, I forgot to tell you—we'll have a complete workshop for me, too. And I'll build a picnic table and ping-pong table for the back yard.

"Fine." She yawned again. Her eyes felt so heavy, but she forced them to stay open.

"And the living room," she said, "will be all done in ivory, with a huge, blue couch in it. Then we'll have touches of crimson and ivory in the drapes and side chairs. I saw some in the paper today. Then she frowned.

"Ooo," she said, holding herummy.

"What's the matter?" Ty asked anxiously.

She shook her head. "I don't know—that ice cream you ate this afternoon. I'm not sure if it's the couple of hours ago maybe. Honey, would you mind getting me a glass of Pepto-Bismol?"

Pushing his feet into his slippers, he said, "Well, a quart of ice cream is a lot for anybody—even if they may be eating for three," and he walked sleepily toward the bathroom, rubbing his eyes.

Smuggling down into bed, Andra thought about it. What if it really was going to be twins? The doctor had said it might be. Twins. On that thought, she turned over and fell asleep.

The next thing she knew Ty was standing over her, yelling and holding his stomach. His face matched the red in his stripped pajamas. "What's the matter?" she asked, trying to keep her eyes from closing again.

Pointing to the empty glass, he said, "I drank it!"

"I wanted to laugh, but she was too sleepy. He'd probably stood there, looking down at her while she slept, holding the glass of Pepto-Bismol, and not knowing what to do with it. Finally, he'd drunk it himself!

Then he got into bed and turned out the light. In about fifty seconds he was snoring. But for some reason, Andra was now wide-awake. What was the funny thing called pregnancy? she asked herself, staring off into the darkness.

As she lay there, smiling into the darkened room, she started playing the game over ever since she knew there would be a baby. She called the game "think-a-name" but she hadn't been able to think of a name, yet, for a little while. She had to, she told herself—that is, if she's going to be the baby at that moment that she thought of it: Trina Diana. It has such a fragile, feminine sound, she told herself. It's exactly right.

And she woke up happy.

But all he said was, "Mmph!" and turned over again.

Shortly after, they found the name for the girl—if it was a girl—they found the house—the dream-house. It was a plain, comfortable house on Toluca Lake in the Hollywood hills, not far from the studio. "It's ours!" Ty said, beaming at the real-estate agent. "It was just sitting here all the time we were looking for it, waiting for us to find it!" Andra agreed, jumping up and down.

"Take it easy now," Ty cautioned, putting his arm around her and pulling her to him.

But she was too excited to hear him. "All our early-American furniture will fit in perfectly," she said. "The dishes, the drapes everything!"

"Oh—have you already got all your furnishings?" the real-estate agent asked.

Andra and Ty exchanged glances. "Well, not exactly, Ty said. "But it's all on paper!"

The agent looked puzzled. He plainly didn't understand. But to Andra and Ty it was simple. They had to do was take a handful of two and a half thousand dollars to be sent out to the house. They already knew exactly down to the last teaspoon—what they wanted.

Actually, arranging for the furniture to be sent out took three days, instead of one or two. And then they settled down to bringing home owners and to waiting some more for the baby.

"The last months are the hardest," Andra told Ty.

"Does it hurt?" he asked, looking worried.

"No, no, it's not that. It's just that I'm getting impatient. I can't wait to see what she looks like."

"Or he?"

"Oh, that's different."

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Kicking up again?"

He placed his hand gently on her stomach.

"No. It's just a little pain in my back," she told him.

"Let me rub it for you. After all, who's the best osteopath you know?"

For a while they sat there on the blue couch, just enjoying everything, just sort of dreaming. Then Ty said, "What does the doctor think now? Are we going to have twins—or just an awfully big baby?"

Andra smiled and shook her head. "He still doesn't know," she told him.

"Well, just you let old Doc Hardin give you his diagnosis. If there's only one heart-beat, it's one; if there's two heart-beats it's twins."

"Andra giggled. "If it's three heart-beats—"

"What?—hold on there," he laughed.

"Now let Doc Hardin have a listen."

Pretending his ear was a stethoscope, he placed it over her tummy. "All I hear is gurgling," he said after a while. "Do you suppose it can talk already?"

She giggled again, but he went on listening. Then, when he straightened up, he shook his head. "What a shame—it's only one," he told her.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm afraid so," he said.

Then, "Ooo," she yelled.

"Ah! Kicking up, a fuss again, is he?"

He put his hand on her stomach and they both felt the strength of the child they had not yet seen. "He's a big one, all right. Ty said. "He's been playing like to feel him kick, honey. Say—do you think I have the barbecue finished before he arrives?"

She laughed. "He's not due yet, honey. I'm sure you'll finish it in time. Then, leaning against his shoulder, she whispered, "Oh, darling, I can't wait!"

Kissing her cheek and drawing her close, he said, "Neither can I. But wouldn't it be great to have dinner on Thanksgiving Day?"

"Any day," she said. "I'll be Thanksgiving Day. Any day at all." And they smiled at each other mistily. The End

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WATCH FOR TY HARDIN, EVERY OTHER HOLIDAY, ABC-TV 7:30-8:30 P.M. EST, IN "BRONCO."
SANDRA DEE
Continued from page 38

them, I thought, as I walked down the street to mail this letter . . . the same street where you used to play. I couldn’t help looking up at the apartment building you lived in when you were a child—your father and his new family live there now. That is, Mr. Zuck—the man who fathered you, the man to whom you were born—lives there now.

I kept tripping on cracks in the sidewalk, as I walked along the street, craning my neck to look back at the building, preoccupied; remembering so many things about you, Sandra, and about your mother—before you were born—before she’d even met John Zuck. I kept on walking and walking and thinking and trying to understand why those things, that I knew must hurt you so much, had been said at all. It was cold and windy and I shoved my hands deep into my pockets and pulled up my coat collar, trying to get warm.

An hour later, I was still walking, still unable to understand the why of it all. I passed a woman wearing a fur coat and I smiled. It was a grey Persian lamb like your mother used to wear when she was in her teens. Funny I should remember that coat—it was so long ago. Maybe it’s because she was the only one in our crowd who had a fur coat, even though most of our families could have afforded it much better than her parents could. Only your mother’s parents always did things like that for her and her sister, Olga. They always worked hard and gave their daughters the best they could. I don’t know what your grandparents had to go without to buy that coat, but I do know how beautiful your mother looked in it.

W e used to see each other at church socials, your mother and I. There was a whole group of us who grew up around the same neighborhood. We all met at the church dances and had a lot of fun. Your mother, Mary Cimboliak, was a typical teenager—only she was prettier than most, and there was something else that was different, too. People sensed it the minute she walked into the room. She had a sort of strength; I suppose that was beingOlga’s middle name. From the time she was only a little girl, she’d sung in the choir and sold tickets to church bazaars and gone to her priest when she was afraid or unhappy or troubled. Father Krehel, from the Russian Orthodox Church, always showed her the way.

At one of those church socials, a nice-looking boy, by the name of John Zuck, came over and asked Mary to dance. They danced almost every dance together that evening, and it was from that night on that John Zuck started seeing each other. They didn’t call each other by those days, but that’s what they were doing. Two years later, they were married, and in the natural course of things, a little girl was born to them. That was you, Sandra. I remember how we used to make a fuss, when your mother took you for a walk, pushing your baby carriage and having to stop every few feet, while your neighbors took turns peeking at you and telling Mary that you looked just like a little doll. And your mother would smile so proudly and say, “She’s better—she’s real!”

From the time you were little—I think you were only two—your maternal grandmother began taking care of you three evenings a week, when your mother had to get that job at the millinery shop. Mary would only take a night-time job, because it meant she didn’t have to leave you during the day. I used to see her bringing you to her mother’s house, just after dark, and it was always such a relief to know that she was safe and off down the street to her job. Always your grandmother, whom you call “Babki” (a Russian term of affection for grandmother), would watch over you and never be more than a few feet away from you as you slept.

Then, when your father went into the service, Mary took a second night-time job, working an additional three evenings a week for a doctor. But even when Mary worked six nights a week, she never left you until you were asleep, and always Babki or Mary’s sister, your Aunt Olga, watched over you.

Even though your father was away during the week, your hours were so filled with love and work and so much didn’t seem to know the difference. He was stationed in Maryland and was able to come home every weekend, which was convenient but also very expensive on a serviceman’s pay; so your mother had to get still another job to help cover this expense, plus the other necessities. There were no free evenings left in her work schedule, except for Sunday, so Sundays was the only day you didn’t have any job. Rev. Hubiak helped get her a position with a war relief agency. I remember this
was a fun-time for you because Mary took you with her to the office. You were everybody's pet, so well behaved and adorable, playing secretary, helping to answer the phones—only you didn't give away the fact that you weren't a regular member of the office staff!

A year and a half passed, and your father came home one day. There were only four, then, Sandra, and I don't know if you were fully aware of a difference in the relationship between your mother and father, but I do know you had any idea what was going on; I don't think anybody knew. Mary tried to keep the problem within the four walls of your apartment during this period; I guess both of you and John were trying to work things out, trying sincerely to hold their marriage together. I can imagine what your mother was going through. Their marriage lasted so long, probably because of her firm belief that divorce was terribly wrong, because of her deep religious upbringing in a family and a parish where divorce was unheard of.

Then she met Eugene Douvan through the pastor at church. She needed a new daytime job with certain hours, so that she would be able to take you to school in the mornings and be there to meet you when school was over early in the afternoon. Jobs like that weren't exactly easy to find but, when she discussed it with the priest, he told her he'd heard of Douvan was opening a branch of his construction business in Bayonne, and was looking for help. He arranged an introduction for her.

Actually, Mrs. Douvan didn't find out Mary had seen Mr. Douvan once the year before, when he'd come to Bayonne to attend a funeral and Mary had sung in the church choir at the services. But they hadn't been introduced until the following year, when Father Krehel brought them together at a church benefit affair. Mr. Douvan offered her a job, even after you, your mother said she wouldn't be to work before nine-twenty, because she had to take her child to school, and that she could only work until early in the afternoon, because then it was time to pick her daughter up. He must have been impressed by her: so young and pretty, working so hard to help out, so devoted to her child. He agreed to the hours, and Mary went to work. She found it wasn't too bad, her marriage to your father had reached the point of no return. You were a little more than five-years-old, when you and your mother moved in with Mr. and Mrs. Douvan, your grandparents. First came the separation and then, the following year, in 1948, your mother filed for divorce. I don't know whether she'd lost patience or heard it from someone, but I remember the day your mother was given custody of you, with your father to have visiting rights on Saturdays. He was also to pay ten dollars a week for your upkeep and expenses.

I was at your grandparents' house that first Saturday when your father came to take you out. He looked so sad and I remember you couldn't understand exactly what the occasion was or why you had to go out and leave us. But, anyway, you sat in the big arm chair warming you and him, until he came and took you away. I was still there when he brought you back; you'd been to see his family. But those visits didn't go on for very long. I remember hearing that he stopped coming after the third or fourth Saturday. At first, you probably waited for him; all dressed up, standing by the window that looked out onto the street, so that you would know when he was coming. But finally when he didn't come—and didn't come—you didn't wait any more. He was gone, and soon it was almost as though he had never been.

Still, your life was happy and full because of the love and care given you by your grandparents and your Aunt Olga. Mary continued working for Mr. Douvan because, although you probably didn't know it then, the ten-dollar payments had stopped, too, and your mother had to work to support you and herself.

I guess it was only natural that after a while, when your father didn't come any more, you began to forget him. He didn't come. He didn't call. There were no cards or visits on Christmas or on your birthday. No one talked about him and soon, I suppose, you didn't think about him any more. Gradually you forgot that life had ever been any different than it was, living with your mother at your grandparents' home.

A year passed. Your mother had been looking for a job all this time, loving her work, for it was more than just a job—it was an opportunity for meeting exciting people and becoming wrapped up in the interesting world of business. But there was something more, too. She liked and admired Mr. Douvan, and they began seeing each other. For a whole year, they'd go out on a secretarionals. In December, you, your grandparents, your Aunt Olga and her steady beau. The following year, it tapered off to a foursome, with you and your mother and Mr. Douvan and your aunt and her boyfriend. Slowly the friendship deepened, until one day, after Mary had known Eugene Douvan for three years, she realized she was in love, deeply in love. You, all the time, had admired Mr. Douvan, and even then insisted you go along on their honeymoon to Atlantic City.

I remember that he and Mary used to make life like a game for you. Every Friday, they'd set aside a day, every Saturday was Mary's. On your special days, you got to choose what you wanted to do.

I'll never forget that Friday when I was shopping in Manhattan and saw you and your mother and Mr. Douvan strolling down Broadway hand in hand. Your smile was as wide as could be and I felt good for you. You were a little girl again. We stopped to chat. Your mother told me you had chosen to go to the movies that day, not just one movie, but as many as you could. You had already been to two shows when I bumped into you, and I could tell you were in a hurry to get to the next one. After we talked for a few minutes, you waved and ran off. The three of you went down the street, you in the middle, Sandra, not walking, but skipping—it was all your tall, handsome Daddy could do to keep up with you.

The years passed, but your mom and I always kept in touch by phone or by visiting each other occasionally. Always it was the same good news I heard—all about how happy and full your life together were. Things like the time when you were thirteen and sick in bed and couldn’t go to school prom. It wasn’t really a prom, just a dance, but you wanted that, so I said yes, and called it that. Only, of all times, you had to get sick—and with the measles no less! I heard that your daddy came into your room that night, and he and your mother stood by your bed and looked at your poor baby all covered with spots, and with eyes red and swollen from crying, because you were going to miss the dance. And they comforted you and then Eugene was able to bring a smile back on your face, when he promised you that, as soon
as you were well, the three of you would have a special prom all of your own.
And you did. It was your first “prom” and you wore a formal, a billowy white dress with roses on the bodice. And your daddy had sent you a corsage of matching roses which you wore on your wrist. You and your parents were to the dance. Eugene Douvan took turns dancing with his two special best girls, whirling your mother and then you around the huge ballroom, so glittering and marbling, that’s when you discovered the most magical night of your life—or, at least, that’s the way it looked to me, when I saw the picture in the silver frame that your mother has. The one in standing at the edge of the dance floor, beaming up to your elegantly-attired daddy.

But, besides doing things for you, your daddy also had some time and money for his personal interests, too. Like being strict, and you loved him so much that you did only to look at you when you did something wrong and you never did it again. When someone spotted you and you became a successful child model, no one was prouder or encouraged you more than Eugene Douvan.

There came a day when Jo Mielziner, the famous theatrical set-designer and producer, spotted you in a coffee shop. He found out who you were, called you and asked you to try out for a part in “Happy Hunting.” It was putting on a starring Ethel Merman. You said ‘to come to your office for the audition, but, at the last minute, you got cold feet and decided not to go. You told yourself that since you were musical and you couldn’t sing, there was no use going. And Eugene Douvan looked at you sternly, and said, “You go, Sandra. You have been given a great—a star—because you had to try out.” Then he told you that there were hundreds of girls who were just dying for a chance to be seen and heard, but never had the opportunity handed to you. He told you that even if you went just to say thank you to the producers for having asked you, he would be very proud of you. But he insisted that you go.

You went. A few days later. I heard all about how, when it was your turn to audition, you just stood up in front of the room and started singing. You didn’t have any music, but they didn’t bother you. You just opened your mouth and sang the first tune that popped into your head. Then you sang three more, and if you didn’t remember the words, you made up the words to the tune along.

When it was over, Mr. Mielziner told you how much he liked you and then, almost as an afterthought, he asked your age. When you told him you were thirteen, just clapped his hand to his forehead, closed his eyes and then opened them, grinned and calmly explained that he had thought you were much older. Then he told you that he was looking for was the romantic lead opposite Fernando Lamas! You and your parents talked about it that night and, before you knew it, they were both up in tears. Because the thing that made you the happiest was the thought that someone had considered you glamorous enough to play opposite Mr. Lamas; to you, that was the triumph of your life! That evening Mr. Mielziner called your mother and daddy to tell them that your youth was his loss. But that he knew some day you would be famous because you have a natural ability. And your mother told me that the glow of pride on your daddy’s face that night might have made a darkened room light up.

Eugene Douvan, never lived to see the prediction of your stardom come true.

I know how hard it was for you and your mother, how unbearable it was, at first, being without him. But then, somehow, somewhere, you got the strength to go on, perhaps because even in death he had left so much of himself behind—a wealth of memories, of love, and the knowledge that he always wanted you to try hard, to give the very best you had inside you. And because he taught you to hold your head high and have the courage to try—you did.

It was just a short time after your father died, that you were asked to come to Hollywood. At first this seemed impossible for you, but you went. You and your mother got on the plane and flew three thousand miles away to begin a whole new life—a life without your daddy. I know what gave you the strength to make that flight. You carried it with you when you got on the plane, just as your daddy had held it before his operation.

It was a crucifix and an icon that Peter Nigole—your daddy’s best friend—had given you in the hospital. It had given your daddy comfort and peace as he faced the operations that lay ahead. It gave you comfort when you boarded the plane. And, somehow, it always will—no matter what you have to face.

I thought about all these things, Sandra, as I walked along the streets, after mailing your letter, and I told myself that if John Zuck is a stranger to you and you to him, you cannot blame yourself. No one is to blame. If, whenever you think of the word daddy, you think of Eugene Douvan, don’t feel it’s wrong. After all, he gave you his love; he was always there when you needed him, right up to the day he died. No, it’s not wrong to think of him as your daddy because, you see, the words daddy and father have more than one meaning. They don’t only mean the man who fathers a child; who actually gives a child life; they also mean the man who loves a child as his own, who cares for a child as a father might, who gives perhaps not the gift of life but the everlasting gift of love. Your real daddy, Eugene Douvan, was such a man, Sandra. His memory is indestructible, and that is how it should be.

My love to you and your mother.

—ANNA ROSENKO

DON’T MISS SANDRA IN WARNER’S “A SUMMER PLACE” AND “PORTRAIT IN BLACK” FOR U-I, HER DEBUT AS A COWORKER IN U-I’S FULL-LENGTH CARTOON, “THE SNOW QUEEN,” FROM WHICH HER DEBUT RECORD “DO IT WHILE YOU’RE YOUNG” WAS TAKEN.
FRIDAY THE 13TH
Continued from page 37
out, but not without a few pair of shoes for Joan and a bouquet of red roses for Lana. Joanne Woodward says a flat “No!” to going any place that has the number 11 in its address and Liz Taylor won’t go anywhere at all on the 13th if she has to wear a green dress. Carol Lynley shuns the color black but, since she was born on Friday the 13th (so was Judi Meredith), she’s proven that’s her lucky number. Lucille Ball can’t say why, but her lucky number’s 9.

Earl Holliman and Rory Calhoun say they just don’t believe in superstitions, but Sandra Dee’s answer to that is, “Why take chances?” She goes along with the feeling that any Friday’s bad enough (it’s been a bad-luck day since even before the silents) but Friday the 13th is the end. The thing that shakes Sandra up most, is having anyone open an umbrella indoors. He-men Clint Eastwood and Richard Boone turn pale at the thought of airplanes.

Roger Smith is still looking for the black cat that caused his recent accident and his pal, Edd Byrnes, wouldn’t walk under a ladder for a gold-colored coin. Miss O’Keefe is leery of the things (did you know bad things come in threes?)—walking, black cats, and spitting in the wind. When Jane Wyatt first met her husband, he was a bow, then knotted the bow. She keeps bad luck away from her door by always tying her sons’ shoes that way. Ava Gardner gets the same results by hanging a long gum on the boom of the camera before a movie love scene. Orson Welles believes he’s asking for trouble if he speaks to anyone just before a press conference and Jimmy Stewart’s sure a movie will turn out bad if he doesn’t wear a pair of battered brogans at least once in it. Carol Channing says phony diamonds are lucky, but Paul-ette Elliott and she’ve gone a equally difficult time telling Troy Donahue that he wouldn’t be jinxing himself by locking his doors at night. On Friday the 13th, he not only locks ’em, he leaves them ajar.

If you’re in the studio audience at Dinah Shore’s dress rehearsal, please don’t applaud. That’s a worse jinx, Dinah believes, than not walking on the same side of a hawthorn tree as she does. As for me, who’s with Dinah and happens to stray to the other side, has to say “Bread and Butter”—and three times. Craig Stevens is still wearing the same shoes he wore in the “Peter Gunn” pilot film. He’s had it sewn a half-dozen times but he’s afraid to throw it away. Incidentally, Craig also wears the same pair of shoes in every fight scene as he wore in his first battle as Peter Gunn. He’s sure that’s how come he wins every fight. You can spot Bob Van Dam in his new boy clothes—he thinks they’re lucky. John Smith’s luck, though, is something you can’t see—it’s his name. Changing his name from Robert Van Orden to John Smith, he says, adds another new lucky streak.

And, whatever you do, don’t call the Photoplay office on Friday the 13th. We won’t be in. You see, we have our own way of keeping out of trouble; we hang out—at the movies. The End

LIZ AND EDDIE
Continued from page 42
adverse publicity about your marriage?”
Miss Taylor replied, “I think it can be explained in the fact that the public’s mind Debbie’s role is that of the typical sweet wonderful girl next door with pigtails and diaper paps.”
Mr. Fisher added, “I don’t know why I never thought of Elizabeth as the feminine fatale who broke into the home and stole the husband away. “I guess I represent to them the husband who has a real chance of living. “But while we’ve been cast in these roles it’s not the truth at all. Debbie and I were unhappy from the start. We were cast as America’s strongest love interests in the minds of great many people and nobody wanted to believe otherwise. We were going to break up a couple of times and I only stayed the last time because Debbie was going to have a baby. “The legend that we were the ideal couple was to blame more than anything else for what happened when Elizabeth and I announced that we were going to get married.”
“I’ve never been America’s sweetheart,” Miss Taylor said, “so I never had Eddie’s problem.”
Mr. Fisher said, “I think I’m nice, I think Elizabeth’s nice, and I think people who make mistakes can still be nice. That’s why I live at all the roles the public has cast us in are wrong. “The thing I wanted most in the world was Elizabeth. The thing I didn’t want was for anyone to hurt her or hurt her. But because I fell in love with her I’ve had to pay a few penalties, such as the press reaction, the public reaction, and my former sponsor’s reaction. But it’s worth it, and if I had to do it all over again—I would—though I think I’d do it more discreetly. “There are very few men who wouldn’t trade places with me. That’s the trouble. It makes all men not.”

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What would you do if Fabian kissed you?

Checking the Rumors: Deborah Kerr’s finally owned up to what I’ve suspected all along. Asked if she were going to marry Peter Viertel, she answered promptly, “Yes, of course, as soon as I am legally free.” Don’t believe those rumors about Gina Lollobrigida splitting with her husband. I checked them out and they’re just not so. . . Ditto those romance whispers about Joan Crawford and Billy Rose. They’re just good friends. . . But if you’re looking for a rumor to believe, here’s one: More and more, it looks as though Lana Turner will give marriage another try—with Fred May. . . And I’m still betting John Saxon and Vicki Thal are married. She flew to New York to meet his family.

The Sass Box: Middle-aged John Ireland selected the house Tuesday Weld bought in Hollywood. Tuesday promptly turned it into two apartments—she lives upstairs and her mother down. Tuesday used neighbor Will Hutchins’ telephone while her own was being installed. “Sugarfoot” wasn’t impressed. Truth is, he hopes she keeps on her own side of the fence. . . With directors William Wyler and Stanley Kramer, two of the finest, flatly stating they’d never work with Gregory Peck again, I think producer Jerry Wald and director Henry King deserve praise for casting Greg in the difficult role of that sensitive genius. F. Scott Fitzgerald, in the movie “Beloved Infidel.” And I hope Greg repays them with a fine performance—minus his usual totem-pole style of acting. . . I approve George Burns outburst to son Ronnie: “Stay out of Las Vegas, get married and settle down.”

A Kiss From The Tiger: When Debbie Reynolds dashed into Fabian’s party at the Interlude, she was all out of breath. “I know I’m late,” she told me and Dick Clark, “but I’ve been rehearsing.” The party was a going-away event for both Fabe and his manager, Bob Marcucci. Bob was off to Texas to be with Frankie Avalon while he finished “The Alamo” and Fabe soon to depart for a tour of Australia. But despite the separation, the boys wore a wide grin of happiness. That same day, Twentieth had given Fabe a six-year contract, so I guess his first movie, “Hound Dog Man,” with Dodie Stevens and Carol Lynley, pleased the bosses. And oh, yes. I almost forgot: Fabe kissed me goodbye and for a moment we were close to a tear or two.

Baby Talk: Jimmie Rodgers and his wife have never been so happy. They expect their first baby in the Spring and Jimmie has been given a new TV deal. . . When their housekeeping couple walked out on Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, they weren’t the least bit fazed. Janet, who is Miss Neat and Tidy, kept the rooms in order and Tony took to the kitchen, whipping up daughter Kelly’s birthday cake with pink frosting and everything. “Of course, Tony broke my electric mixer.” Janet sighed. Little Kelly’s recent operation was an occasion neither Janet nor Tony will forget in a hurry, but Kelly is well and happy again. (Continued)
Ingrid Wins: Ingrid Bergman won custody of her three children. Their father, Roberto Rossellini, was granted the privilege of having them one month a year. But the rumbles of more suits and counter-suits between these two still boil and seethe like the Stromboli volcano, always ready to pop. . . . Sophia Loren tempted fate a step too far by invading Italy for her movie “Bay of Naples,” with Clark Gable. Now Sophia and husband Carlo Ponti, whose Mexican divorce and proxy marriage don’t hold water with the Italian courts, have been slapped with a bigamy charge. . . . Reports of Liz Taylor’s performance in her London-made movie, “Suddenly Last Summer,” should thrill her many loyal fans. And Liz still has them. Liz and Eddie’s first trip to Hollywood as man and wife was well-timed—the hoopla over Khrushchev’s visit kept them out of too many headlines. . . . The Bill Holdens and the Van Johnsons, who have settled in Switzerland, live on opposite sides of a mountain. Over here, only a freeway separated them. . . . Before Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn left Switzerland, Audrey did all the cooking for the family, including Mel’s three children and constant visitors. Reports are the food was sensational. That Audrey! She does everything well.

The Personal Angle: Marlon Brando hung around New York after he’d finished “The Fugitive Kind.” just to look over France Nuyen’s parents, uncles and aunts. Guess that, after Anna Kashfi, he’s taking no chances. . . . I’ve never seen Spencer Tracy look happier than at the party Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger gave for their three-year-old daughter Tracy. He’s her godfather and namesake, and he out-beamed the parents. . . . Remember when Claire Bloom vowed she would never marry one of those “sweatshirt actors.” Well, she wed Method-actor Rod Steiger.

Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger could hardly tell Nanette Fabray about that party—they were laughing so hard.

What a Shindig!

Terry Moore and her husband wish George a happy birthday.

Gardner McKay took most of Joan Collins’ dances.

Efrem arrived first, but Dennis got Tuesday’s kiss.

Party of the Month: To begin with, there was an honest-to-goodness red carpet rolled out for us. Seems an airline lost $5,000 worth of host Butler Astor Myles’ clothes on a recent flight, and the red carpet is what he asked in payment. It was a birthday party for George Hamilton, who had no actual date for the party, spent most of his time with Allison Kimball, a New York debutante who’d flown out especially for the affair. Spotted Tuesday Weld, in a matching gold dress and coat, as she arrived with Fabrizio Mioni. When she saw Dennis Hopper, she ran right over and kissed him, but I noticed that Tuesday didn’t say a word to John Ireland all evening. Terry Moore was there with her new husband, Stuart Cramer III, who’s quite shy. Carleton Carpenter came with Dorothy Provine, Jimmy Boyd brought June Blair, and Liza Minnelli came with her father. Vikki Dugan, who’s made such a splash at parties with her low-backed dresses, had everyone waiting for a look. But when I left at three a.m., she still had her stole on.

The Real Story: Jack Lemmon, with young son Chris, visited Felicia Farr on the set of her Audie Murphy movie, “Hell Bent for Paradise,” and the two seemed cozy as bugs in rugs. But wedding bells? I doubt it. . . . Rick Nelson and Lemmon warbled a duet in “The Wackiest Ship in the Army,” with Jack at the piano and Rick twanging his guitar. A gasser!!! Chatted with Cary Grant on the telephone. Says Cary, “If ‘Operation Petticoat’ isn’t a good picture, then I give up.” I have news for the handsome Cary. His movie with Tony Curtis is a riot on wheels. The laugh of the year. . . . Big John Wayne decided against son Pat playing a role in “The Alamo.” So, it’s back to college for the younger Wayne. . . . Paul Anka decided against another Hollywood movie at this time in order to make an extended personal appearance tour. Paul figures he makes more fans that way. And more dough, I might add. . . . From glamour girl to fine actress has been a long lane of many turnings for Rita Hayworth. But in the film, “They Came to Cordura,” Rita socked over a performance that rocked the town edgeways. And rumors flew around that, in “The Story on Page One,” Rita topped herself. After the snubbing Kim Novak handed Rita at Columbia Studios, I’m delighted. (Continued)
I Nominate: Diane Baker as one of the nicest girls in town, the young lady who first attracted notice as Millie Perkin’s sister in “The Diary of Anne Frank” and whom producer Jerry Wald and director Jean Negulesco recalled for added scenes, along with handsome Bob Evans, in “The Best of Everything”—their performances were that good. . . .

I nominate Troy Donahue as a new teenage rave. Tall, blond, in his early twenties and a fine athlete, Troy came to Hollywood from New York to work in his first movie, “A Summer Place,” with Sandra Dee. A bachelor and a charmer, Troy is here to stay as far as I’m concerned. . . . I believe Edmund Gwenn received his finest tribute from a little girl. Hearing of the actor’s death, the child shed in tears to her mother crying, “Mamma, Santa Claus is dead.” She remembered “The Miracle on 34th Street.”

Are Bob and Diane’s scenes together too good for just acting?

Last-Minute Flashes: “It’s a girl!” The doctor smiled at Bing Crosby, anxiously pacing the hospital father’s room. “It’s a what?” Bing demanded. And not until daddy Crosby was reassured by his radiant wife Kathy, could he believe his good fortune. After five sons, his dream of a little Mary Frances had finally come true. “I was more nervous this time than ever before,” Bing told me later. “I kinda had a feeling something special was happening.” Friends hope the presence of their little half-sister may help in bringing Bing and his boys closer together. . . . And it’s a girl for the Mickey Rooneys. Mickey, who has three sons by former wives, is jubilant over Kelly Ann, born to his fifth wife, the former Barbara Thomas. . . . The sadness of Hollywood was heightened by the sudden death of actor Wayne Morris at the age of 45. A flying Naval ace in World War II, Wayne, the fifth member of the movie colony to die within a few days, was visiting aboard the aircraft carrier Bon Homme when death came. . . . Handsome Van Williams of “Bourbon Street Beat” quietly wed Vicki Richards. . . . Shirley MacLaine may have to have her tonsils removed after she finishes up on “Can Can.” . . . Dorothy Provine collapsed from exhaustion but I think those few days in the hospital taught Dorothy her lesson. She’ll take it easier from now on. . . . David Niven and his wife Hjordis are happily reunited—and that’s the best news of the month.

Cal York’s Jottings: Rex Harrison is still receiving letters of condolence, all filled with praise for never permitting his late wife Kay Kendall to know death was approaching. And Lauren Bacall, whose husband died of cancer, has joined producer Irene Selznick in starting a Kay Kendall Memorial Fund for Leukemia Research. Irene’s dad, Louis B. Mayer, also died of leukemia. . . . The town admired the courage of Jan Sterling, who carried on with her play, “The Gazebo,” after the sudden death of her husband, Paul Douglas—because he would have wanted it that way. . . . Garbo wept when told of the sudden death of her former designer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Gilbert Adrian. Dressed in his clothes, Garbo and also Joan Crawford became the most copied actresses on the screen. . . . John Kerr has finished “The Lives of Ellego Baca” for Disney and is shopping around for a Broadway play. What a pity Hollywood overlooks this fine actor. . . . Jeff Hunter and his wife are sad over the loss of their expected baby. . . . The Michael Rennies finally settled on a divorce after five years of separation. . . . The Brigitte Bardot baby rumors have the town puzzled. Her movie producers say yes, her husband screams no, and Brigitte just pouts. And says nothing. . . . Deborah Kerr made sure her Australian movie would be postponed long enough for her to visit London and see her two adored daughters. . . . Looks like Erin O’Brien’s reconciliation with her husband, Jimmy Fitzgerald, is taking. . . . If you’ve been wondering what happened to Natalie Trundy, who left Hollywood to go back to being a debutante in New York, she married Charles Hirshon, a real-estate heir. . . . Peter Finch, who made such a hit in “The Nun’s Story,” expects his own heir next spring. . . . Glenn Ford’s trying to solve his problems with zen-Buddhism.
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