PHOTOPLAY

JULY

Rabbi & Three Ministers Discuss:

LOVE... LUST... and LIZ

LIZ WITH BURTON
Who will be next?

A Rabbi & Three Ministers Discuss:

BUTLER TELLS EVERYTHING HE SAW

TODAY! CAN YOU FORGIVE LIZ TAYLOR?
NOW THREE FINE SPRAYS, WITH LANOLIN, THAT HOLD HAIR SOFTLY, BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE, NEVER LEAVE HAIR STIFF, STICKY OR DRY.
For the Fun of Making EXTRA MONEY
You've Never Seen Anything Like CREATIVE'S
NEW CHRISTMAS CARD Line

Get Exciting Samples on FREE TRIAL

Show to Friends...Make $75.00 on Only 100 Assortments

First, we want you to look at our most unusual selection of new Christmas Cards just to pick out the cards you yourself will be sending. If you aren't so excited about our cards and gifts that you'll want to show them to friends right away, we'll miss our bet. Just let friends see your samples and you'll quickly find yourself making good money in the little time it takes to accept the orders. No experience is needed.

Creative Pays You More
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Costs Nothing to See Samples
Just send the coupon. We'll rush our two best-sellers worth $2.50 on free trial with complete money-making information and big Personal Christmas Card Album. You don't risk a cent and can keep everything FREE when you get started with us. Send the coupon now.

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Luxury ROLL-ON lotion deodorant stops perspiration odor worries. ONLY 39c

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Starting with the July issue, True Story will offer monthly
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POOR RICHARD

The members of the Richard Burton Fan Club don’t intend to sit by and watch the same thing happen to Richard that happened to Eddie. Another scandal could ruin Liz—ruin Eddie—but WE are behind Burton all the way and don’t intend to let it ruin him. But we don’t believe the rumors, this is just a gloomy forecast.

Anyone care to join the Richard Burton Fan Club?

K. Murphy
Los Angeles, Calif.

If Richard Burton’s career suffers from the Liz Taylor scandal, she is going to know—very quickly—that there are plenty of loyal Richard Burton fans who won’t sit still for this. So . . . leave him alone, Liz.

A. Weiss
New York City

How can anyone say Chubby Checker started the twist? Seems I can recall a few years back when Elvis twisted around. But he was also accused of making juvenile delinquents out of us. Remember? So I think the real twister—the one and only—is still Elvis. Please, more stories and pictures of him!

J. Coffman
Radcliff, Ky.

THIS 'N THAT

What is Rita Moreno’s real name? Where was she born, etc.? I’ve been a fan of hers for so long—I’d love to know everything and anything about her.

M.B.
New York City

Rita was born Rosita Dolores Alverio in Puerto Rico on December 11, 1931. She has dark brown hair, brown eyes. She was educated in New York schools.
After a haircut... is your permanent just a memory? Not with Fashion Quick!

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

How can such a soft, sleek wave be so lasting? Here's how: Fashion Quick's new formula waves your hair deep down from ends to crown. As your hair grows out, it still has more body than with other home permanents. And Fashion Quick saves you 30 minutes waving time. There's no shampooing, no mixing the neutralizer, no long wait for processing. Quick as can be, you have a wave Richard Hudnut guarantees will last through trim after trim for 4 months or your money back! Fashion Quick comes in special formulas for 5 different types of hair.

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Special Anniversary Sale
Save 50¢
Only $1.50
Plus tax
“What do we learn from...  

...Adam and Eve?”

“If a naughty girl tempts you to do something bad, don’t do it while God is watching.”

When Art Linkletter asks the questions, kids say the darnedest things! (So do the grown-ups who join him in other fun and games.) Catch them all, every weekday, on radio’s “House Party.” And while you’re at it, enjoy radio’s other top personalities—Arthur Godfrey, Garry Moore, Rosemary Clooney and Bing—as one great show follows another every weekday morning on The CBS Radio Network.
"People make whales sick."

"Duck!"

...Jonah and the Whale?

...David and Goliath?
THE COUNTERFEIT TRAITOR
Paramount; Technicolor; Director, George Seaton; Producer, William Perlberg (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? American-born, a businessman of neutral Sweden works with a German woman to spy on Nazi industry. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Don't let the dry, painstaking start of this real-life thriller fool you. It puts a solid foundation of credibility under the mature love story and the sweeping suspense scenes that follow. As played by the stars, these spies are not just good guys in a kids' game, but adults with complicated motives.

LONELY ARE THE BRAVE
U-I, Panavision, Director, David Miller; Producer, Edward Lewis (Family)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The independence and simplicity of a cowhand prove out of place today, he becomes a hunted man. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? If you have a romantic attachment to the Old West, you'll find this picture strangely interesting and touching—as long as you don't expect it to be a standard western. It's a chase film, but with a sad, ironic angle summed up in the first shot—tethered horse and sleeping man by a campfire, jet trail overhead.

THE BEST OF ENEMIES
Columbia; Technirama, Technicolor; Director, Guy Hamilton; Producer, Dino De Laurentiis (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? David Niven, Sordi, Michael Wilding, Harry Andrews.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Under equally unmilitary officers, British and Italian forces fight an unconventional desert war. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? David the debonair and Sordi the lovable. average guy make a happy Anglo-Italian team in this warm-hearted comedy. While it's more believable than our own Army or Navy frolics, it has plenty of hilarious gags. But it never overlooks the essential tragedy of war. Good show, old chap, old paisan!

ESCAPE FROM ZAHRAIN
Paramount; Panavision, Technicolor; Producer-Director, Ronald Neame (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo, Madlyn Rhue, James Mason.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Led by Arab rebels, a jailbreak in a Middle East oil country sends a mixed group into flight. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Here's another variation on the reliable chase theme, this time done to the lively tempo of straight adventure. Yul and Madlyn are plausible Arabs; Sal manages to look the part, in spite of a scrambled accent. The locale also seems satisfyingly exotic, though it is actually California's Mojave Desert.

THE ROAD TO HONG KONG
U.A.; Director, Norman Panama; Producer, Melvin Frank (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Joan Collins, Robert Morley.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Two feuding pals become reluctant astronauts when they're captured by a villain set on world rule. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Funniest "Road" picture since the series' early days. It ribs science fiction and "Lost Horizon," borrows a classic routine from Chaplin's "Modern Times," brings on unbilled celebrities for surprise vignettes. Mostly, it's Bing vs. Bob, plus Lamour for sentiment's sake. (Continued on page 10)
...she's almost due for her next shampoo?

Seven days of shine...it can happen to your hair, too—because now Richard Hudnut discovers a two-step treatment with continuous conditioning action! You just wash your hair with Enriched Creme Shampoo with Egg—a shower of gold with added proteins. Then follow with Hudnut Creme Rinse—the magic conditioner that stays with you from shampoo to shampoo—every time you comb your hair you can see how it acts to correct that dry, fly-away look. Make these two steps a ritual. Have beautifully behaved hair all week long!

SHAMPOO WITH EGG • CREME RINSE by RICHARD HUDNUT
A TASTE OF HONEY
Continental; Producer-Director, Tony Richardson (Adult)

who's in it? Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Murray Melvin, Paul Danquah.
what's it about? A slum-bred English teenager, raised without love, finds it in a brief affair and an odd friend-ship.
what's the verdict? This honest version of the well-regarded play owes its strongest appeal to Rita's performance. Not very pretty, deliberately awkward, she has a wonderfully vital, natural manner. The story's grimness at times gets a romantic veneer because of camera artistry, Melvin's grace and Danquah's looks.

WAR HUNT
U.A.; Director, Denis Sanders; Producer, Terry Sanders (Family)

what's it about? The last battles in Korea deeply affect two young G.I's.
what's the verdict? Quiet, unassuming movie that earnestly tries to explore the individual reactions of fighting men. As the green recruit whose viewpoint we share, Redford does a nice job—like the picture, not always expert, but still convincing. Saxon is limited because his character is supposed to be puzzled; Question: Is he a hero or a madman?

REPRIEVE
Allied Artists; Director, Michael Kaufman; Producer, A. Ronald Lahm (Adult)

who's in it? Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman, Ray Walston, Sammy Davis, Jr.
what's it about? True story of John Resko, who escaped the chair and found a new life in jail, as an artist.
what's the verdict? With a notable cast (well-known people like Rod Steiger and Dodie Stevens surprisingly cast in minor roles), this remains a routine, familiar prison film. It means well, and performances turned in by Gazzara, Walston and Davis measure up to its good intentions, as voiced by humane jailer Whitman.

THE INTRUDER
Pathé America; Producer-Director, Roger Corman (Adult)

what's it about? On the verge of integrating its school, a southern town is invaded by a fanatical young outsider.
what's the verdict? Best feature of this angry little film is William Shatner's smooth acting in the unpleasant lead role, obviously inspired by news stories. But he's handicapped when the movie gets too mad, straying into melodrama and exaggeration. The facts, themselves so explosive, would have been enough.

SIX BLACK HORSES
U.S.Eastman Color; Director, Harry Keller; Producer, Gordon Kay (Family)

who's in it? Audie Murphy, Dan Duryea, Joan O'Brien, Bob Steele.
what's it about? Chance makes traveling companions of an honest cowhand, a dashingly handsome and a vengeful girl.
what's the verdict? All dedicated horse-opera fans may relax gratefully with this modest item: no psychoanalysis, no sadism, no "adult western" philosophizing. Audie and Dan, both experienced Hollywood trail-hands, are cheerfully at home in the rattling action. Neither they nor their picture take it too seriously.

THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE
Paramount; Director, John Ford; Producer, Willis Goldbeck (Family)

what's it about? A peaceable lawyer and a rugged fighter work to free a frontier town from a killer's domination.
what's the verdict? Well now, you can't call a western unpretentious when it has a cast and a director of such standing. In its ponderous opening, it does promise big things. But when we flash back to our heroes' "young" days, what do we find? A lumbering plot that looks awfully tired.
A weatherproof matte finish...
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Now—a natural-looking matte finish that stays on—stays velvety smooth even in sticky heat and summer sun—won't streak or change color whatever the weather. New Angel Face Cream Make-up works such wonders because it has Pond's wonderful cosmetic-silicones—and a special soothing emollience.

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Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is Lady Clairol® Creme Hair Lightener
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWABS:
I can’t understand why celebrities actually like to get hit in the face with a pie. Look at Shirley MacLaine and Jimmy Durante, pictured below so happy at the Star-A-Minute Ball because they got it in the eye with a pie. (But I must say, Hope seems to see it my way.)

By the same token, I can’t understand why celebrities go on the Soupy Sales TV program for the same silly purpose. The best explanation, and that’s none too good, was given to me by Barbara Nichols. Said Barbara, “I like the program. I enjoy it. So why not?”

I could tell her many why nots, but before I got the chance Barbara said, “You know, it isn’t even a custard pie. It’s filled with shaving cream. I had to go home and wash it out of my hair. And it took me a day to get rid of the shaving cream taste in my mouth. I don’t understand how you men can shave your faces with the stuff every day.”

“It’s very simple, Barbara,” I said. “When we shave, our mouths are shut.”

While I’m on the I-can’t-understand kick, will someone explain this one: When a movie takes place in France or Spain or Germany, the actors portraying Frenchmen or Spaniards or Germans will speak with a French or Spanish or German accent and the actors playing Americans will speak English without an accent. I’m confused and I admit it.

Ben Casey has made the biggest impact on our national economy since undershirt manufacturers protested because Clark Gable was seen not wearing one in “It Happened One Night.” Or since Walt Disney had every youngster, female as well as male, in a Davy Crockett hat.

To give you a quick résumé: A national best seller is the “Ben Casey” blouse. (One manufacturer has been licensed to use the name “Ben Casey” by Bing Crosby Productions, producer of the TV series.) . . . There are also Ben Casey bracelets, key rings, cuff links, etc. . . .

As for those symbols used as trademarks on the show—they mean man, woman, birth, death, infinity . . . I’d like to see a segment where (Continued on page 94)
you read it first
DEBORAH WALLEY’S WEDDING

Deborah Walley and John Ashley were married at high noon, April 28th, in the garden of agent’s (Jay Allen) home. Originally, the wedding was to take place aboard ship in Wil-lington, California, but when the ship wasn’t in, Mr. Allen offered his Coldwater Canyon home. The altar was set up on the patio, surrounded by azaleas, and the sparkling blue pool had two white swans floating in it. Deborah’s wedding gown was blush-pink chiffon, a short, full skirt, long sleeves, a high neck and chiffon headress. Pink satin bound the throat and it. It was designed by William Thomas, but made loving care by her mother.

Bridesmaid Mary Lou Connors was also gowned in pink and carried white carnations and roses. Debra’s matron-of-honor was John’s sister Kay, and the man was John’s brother-in-law Don Smith. Other guests were Brian Kelly, John’s “Straightaway” co-star, and TV actor Mike Connors. The wedding was presided over by an Episcopal minister, the Reverend Gregory Simmons, of San Pedro.

Guests of the wedding included Debbie’s mother, Edith Mosher; her father, Nate Walley; John’s parents, Dr. and Mrs. Roger Atchley of Tulsa, Okla- rhoma, and many friends of the couple—including members of the staff of Photoplay. John’s two Oregon brothers made the trip from Oregon.

John, who had refused the bachelor dinner party the night before, said he’d slept well and felt better.” (Continued on page 17)

The morning of the wedding found the soon-to-be Mrs. John Ashley (above) breakfasting in bed with her poodle Pierre supervising the opening of all those notes of good wishes. Across town John (below) shared breakfast (and perhaps pre-wedding jitters) at a Beverly Hills hotel with his family. (Left to right) Sister Kay, their mother, John, their father, Dr. Roger Atchley, of Tulsa.
Deborah's mother, Mrs. Edith Mosher, helped her only child into the beautiful wedding dress, while John's best man, brother-in-law Don Smith, did valet duty. It was a happy bride (and bridegroom) that the sun shone on that day—for the day began with rain. (Left to right) Barbara Luna, Doug McClure, the Bob Conrads, the new Mr. and Mrs. John Ashley, Connie Stevens, Nick Adams and wife Carol raise their glasses in a toast. Then the couple left amid shower of rice, to begin their life together.
The wedding day began with a grey, damp morning; rain sprinkled the garden only minutes before the ceremony. But then something remarkable happened. The instant Debbie started down the steps to meet her prospective husband, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds and beamed brightly on her pretty face. The moment brought a chorus of gasps from the guests. During the wedding ceremony, John and Debbie's "I do's" rang out loud and clear.

After the wedding Brian Kelly made the toast, wishing the newlyweds a long and happy life together. John and Debbie drank champagne from their "own special glass"—a crystal wrapped with lilies-of-the-valley—a tender moment amidst all the gaiety. The reception for 250 well-wishers was in the gorgeous Le Petit Trianon Room in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Among them were Doug McClure and wife Barbara Luna, the Bob Conrad, Poncie Ponce and his wife, Larry Pennel (of "Ripcord") and his wife, Nick Adams and his Carol, Connie Stevens and Skip Ward.

Brian Kelly came with Laura Devon, who said she was taking notes though she's been married before. She is converting to Catholicism for Brian and they'll be wed late in June. Brian brought the rice—the half-baked variety.

"I thought," he quipped, "that I ought to get a rice that had already entered into the spirit of the occasion."

John and Debbie cut their three-tiered, pink-and-white wedding cake. Connie Stevens, tears welling in her eyes, said, "Sometimes I think this will never happen to me. It's the one moment in my life I look forward to more than any other. To be guest of honor with my husband at my own wedding reception."

John's father took more wedding pictures than the Photoplay photographers did. John's brother-in-law, a tall, dark, handsome school teacher from Oklahoma, was told by practically every woman at the reception that he ought to be in the movies. One agent guest actually tried to sign him to a contract without even knowing who he was.

Nick Adams was spouting a beard, grown especially for his new role in "The Haak" with Kirk Douglas. The male guests drave him crazy with "How are you fixed for blades?" jokes.

Mike Cannars offered plenty of marriage advice to John. "Is that because you're already married?" asked John. "No," Mike grinned, "but you're forgetting, old pal, that I did a TV series two years ago called 'Tightrope.'"

The airline phoned at the reception to tell John and Deborah that their honeymoon plane might not take off for Hawaii the next day as scheduled because of predicted fog.

John's response was, "Mo'm, don't worry about it. If Mrs. Ashley wants the sun to shine tomorrow, it will shine." And he was right! (Continued on page 20)

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**VOTE NOW AND WIN A PRIZE!**

We'll put your name on one of 400 prizes—and all you have to do is fill out and mail this ballot. This month the prize—for the first 400 ballots we receive—is "Tops in Pops," by Steve Kahn, a roundup of favorite rock 'n' roll stars that is revealing, intimate and completely honest, plus a section of pictures. Be sure to mail your ballot today to win this book.

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

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**MY FAVORITES ARE:**

**ACTOR:** 1. 
2. 
3. 

**ACTRESS:** 1. 
2. 
3. 

**FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE:** 1. 
2. 
3. 

**THE NEWCOMER I'D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:**

**THE FAMOUS PERSON, NOT IN SHOW BUSINESS, I'D LIKE TO READ ABOUT:**

Name .................................................. Age ..........................................
Address ................................................

7-62
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... the new, easier, super protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what convenience! These small feminine suppositories are so easy to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Available in packages of 6, 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

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Tested by doctors... trusted by women... proved in hospital clinics

Norforms suppositories
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A. After a day in the sun use "After Glow"—Shulton's moisturizing lotion that satins your skin, gives extra radiance to a tan. Four-ounce bottle, $1.00*

B. Hair that's troubled needs good advice. Here's ours—use Clairol, the beauty prescription for dry, sun parched locks. 4 oz., $2.50*

C. "Eye Velvet," the softest matte finish ever to flow from a tube, touches your eyelids with dazzling color that won't streak or crease. In 12 shades, $2.00*

D. The eyes that have it are Dark Eyes! One application of this permanent coloring for lashes and brows will last from 4 to 5 weeks—even at the beach. $1.50*

E. This pink plastic beach kit for beautiful eyes contains Tweezors to pluck stray hairs, Kurlene pomade to pamper lashes and a Kurlash to curve them. All, $1.75*
Dr. Margaret Mead, noted authority on human relations, says, "Every woman who lives with the loneliness of her own emotional problems will want to read this understanding book."

**Special for Women**

Eight dramatic investigations into problems of deep concern to both men and women in today's world.

- The Cold Woman
- The Trapped Housewife
- The Single Woman
- The Working Mother
- Change of Life
- The Glamour Trap
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**AVAILABLE NOW...ONLY FROM PUREX...AND FOR ONLY 25¢**

Every woman will want to read this book! If you feel overwhelmed at times with the problems you face as a woman, a wife, a mother—reading this book will be like discovering a new friend who really understands you. Because this book brings out into the open the fears, the frustrations, the heartaches every woman must live with in our complex contemporary society. Based on the award-winning Purex TV Specials for Women, this book distills actual case histories, intimate conversations with many women. This is a book you just can't afford not to read!

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They may be crocodile tears that Debbie Reynolds is shedding for Eddie Fisher, but she's been so, so sweet to him. She arranged for Eddie to spend two weekends in a row with their two children in Palm Springs. You read it here first—months ago—that Eddie wasn't out of Debbie's life. And he isn't. Poor Harry Karl now has as much chance of legally adopting the Fisher offspring as Milton Berle would have if he applied for another membership in The Clan.

I can't see why Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell are stilling in the nuptial department. He spends more time at her abode than he does at his own.

Don't you believe that Natalie Wood wasn't disappointed in being edged out for an Oscar by Italian sexpot Sophia Loren. She put on a good show the night of the awards . . . but after all, she is an actress. The weeping didn't start until the next day when she informed the "Gypsy" company that she wouldn't be in to rehearse. Maybe the strain had been too much.

Incidentally, don't look for an early marriage, if any, between Natalie and Warren Beatty. Nat filed divorce papers against Robert Wagner in California, and that means a year must pass before she's free to say "I do" again.

The change in Troy Donahue—for the better, thank goodness—is due in part to the man-to-man talk he had with Rock Hudson.

It seems the nice guys are the ones who always get the knife in the back in Hollywood. One of the nicest is Tony Eisley. A devoted husband. A devoted father. A devoted actor. So what happened? Warner Bros. gave him his walking papers to make room for another actor on the "Hawaiian Eye" TV series. And he was about the only one on the show who hadn't beened about pay or working conditions. You figure it out.

Connie Stevens certainly didn't appear too lonely Oscar night when Glenn Ford was still nine thousand miles away making a picture in France. Connie and Earl Holliman had fun, fun, fun that night. And get this—which Glenn's away, she's even dating Gary Clarke!

Didn't Ed Byrnes and Ada Maynor have their first spat? Over her baking the rolls too brown? Take a tip, Ed—you can't expect all your meals to come out à la Mike Romanoff at his most delicious.

The Bureau of Adoptions is looking into the shaky marriage status of the Mike Landons. The two children adopted by Mike and Dodie may have to be returned to an orphanage.

Some say that only career conflicts keep Dick Chamberlain from escorting Clara Ray to the altar, but I wander. He demands that any wife of his must be content to stay home and run the house, and she still has visions of becoming an opera star. Seems to me that a career is a pretty poor reason for ducking the marriage scene.

Isn't Janet Leigh ready to forgive and forget and take Tony Curtis back? Mainly because their two daughters are always asking about Daddy? And reconciliation chances are looking up. They met the first time since the split to talk things over in a quiet booth in a quiet restaurant.

I doubt that Marie McDonald was seeking medical advice when she and Dr. Ben Casey (Vincent Edwards) had a secret night out on the town recently.

Scooping around: There's quite a story behind why Joanie Sommers refuses to have anything to do with her father. . . . Ditto, why Penney Parker and Eddie Bright called off to their brief union. . . . I doubt that Columbia will want Yvette Mimieux back for another slick. While making "Diamond Head"
she demanded everything and anything no matter how many hardships it placed on others. Oh well, they still love you at M-G-M, Yvette.  

... wasn’t Kathy Nolan bounced from “The Real McCoys” TV series, despite the story that she withdrew voluntarily? ... Perry Mason helped solve the problem in the Barbara Hale-Bill Williams household. ... Big shake-up brewing in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences association. Too much criticism leveled against this year’s Oscar show — and winners. The big gripe was over Sophia Loren’s victory in a film that Academy members saw with English subtitles. The public is seeing “Two Women” dubbed in English, and this version would only be eligible for prizes at a dog show, the dubbing was so poorly done. ... The real reason Judy Garland didn’t make it to the Oscar cast isn’t a pretty one. ... Pat Boone really must be a frustrated father. Last year his four daughters had a crush on Elvis Presley ... this year it’s Fabian! ... The new love in Red Buttons’ life seems to be a married actress. Watch out, Red, her hubby has a violent temper and the muscles to back it up. ... Anna Kashfi has competition. Movieta is back in Marlon Brando’s life.

Dany Saval is no dog lover. The French actress [former fiancé of Dick Beymer] was furious when Gardner McKay took Pussy Cat along on their first date — to the Academy Awards, no less! Then it didn’t help matters when Gard was mobbed by fans and started signing autographs. Dany stormed off, hailed a taxi and went home alone. The two haven’t spoken to each other since.

The Hollywood insiders who were so sure Prince Rainer would give up his throne and move to California to watch Grace Kelly make movies and money must have second thoughts now. I’m not sure what’s behind Grace’s postponing her return to filmland, but I do know that the French aren’t any too sympathetic to the Prince living in such luxury in Monaco while the rest of the country is torn by strife.

I doubt that the Alan Ladd’s were any too happy about daughter Alana accepting Ava Gardner’s invite to visit her in Spain. Alana is too young for such on adventure.

The man Juliet Prowse now has her heart set on is Stephen Boyd.

Once the best of friends, Frank Sinatra and Joe DiMaggio are as friendly as Eddie Fisher and Richard Burton these days. Why? Marilyn Monroe. Joe is still trying. Frank doesn’t have to.

That Connecticut psychiatric clinic made a world of difference in Cheryl Crane. She’s enrolling in a college in the fall. Lana Turner learned a lot, too, from her conferences with Cheryl’s doctors.

Talk is that Elvis Presley got in over his head playing the tables at Las Vegas. I heard he had to wire the Colonel for an advance on his allowance.

Why does Bobby Darin hate the fan magazines so vehemently? Could it be because they made such a starr out of Sandra Dee? The two deny the latest stork rumors. It’s a weak denial, though.

The Nick Adams have their friends worried, and Mrs. A. isn’t the happiest about the situation.

The $50,000 yacht Jim Arness took delivery on was specially made for him. The ceilings in the cabin are more than six feet high so he can’t bump his head!

**Sex and Your Perspiration**

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It’s true! One is “physical,” caused by work, heat, or exertion; the other is “nervous,” stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement. It’s the kind that comes at moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say that this “sex perspiration” is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It comes from bigger, more powerful glands — and this is the kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this “sex perspiration”?

A. Science says you need a deodorant with a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this offensive “sex perspiration” odor. And here it is ... exclusive Perstop®! So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is Arrid Cream America’s most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop®, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. Arrid Cream Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Protect your pretty dresses with Arrid Cream!

Proved 1 1/2 times as effective as any leading deodorant tested.

New Arrid fortified with Perstop® used daily, stops underarm dress stains, stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get Arrid Cream today!

**Don’t Be Half-Safe! Use Arrid To Be Sure!**

*Cartier Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.*
When a favorite customer comes into his restaurant, Jerry Lewis (above) isn't a bit shy about showing his welcome. That's Jimmy Durante he's bussing—on the schnozz, of course.

Elizabeth Taylor, three and a half years ago, gave me an interview that would win an award for candor. When the famous quotes: "Mike's dead and I'm alive... Eddie is not in love with Debbie and never has been..." hit the front pages, I was accused of being largely responsible for the scandal which followed, because I had dared quote her. I would like to go on record that I have not spoken with Elizabeth Taylor since she has been in Rome. This time she's done it all on her own.

Out-of-work Eddie Fisher gave me the laugh of the day. After being convinced that the marriage was kaput, he suddenly remembered his children by Debbie Reynolds and said, "I gotta see my kids; they gotta see me." The appearance of their "father" may come as a shock. I do hope they'll recognize him.

Reaction to the behavior of Liz has again convinced her public that her beauty masks a willful, ruthless nature. At stake is one of our biggest studios, 20th Century-Fox, and its employees. The picture better be good!

Bob Hope, discussing runaway production, said: "There's the financial gain and there are other advantages. Burton explained the whole thing to me the other day." The censors didn't think much of his joke.

Susan Kohner hadn't yet set the wedding day with George Hamilton last time we talked. He tells her he may have to go to Europe for M-G-M in June or July. After Susan started shooting "Wounds of Hunger" in Mexico, the producers ran out of money and she flew home. Sal Mineo's trying to buy the script so he can produce it, and Susan would still like to star in it.

I almost fell over when I heard that that perennial bachelor Rod Taylor had popped the question to Anita Ekberg. She said yes—of course!—and they'll wed soon. Does anyone besides me think Rod looks like Anita's first husband, Britisher Tony Steele? Or am I going blind?
about General Motors stock going down twenty points when Liz turned down a Fisher body.

I remember the time the Burtons first came to my house to a party. He got tight; his wife left twice and came back. Following day my houseboy reported my gold cigarette case was missing. Next afternoon the bell rang and there stood Burton with my cigarette case. He said sheepishly: “I was a little high last night and took this by mistake.” And with a grin he bowed himself out.

I’m fed to the teeth with Liz, Burton and Eddie. I want to row up. They all got what they wanted—headlines. The only thing I heard during the whole mess in defense of Liz was: “Anybody who could do that to Eddie Fisher can’t be all bad!”

Romance came high for actor Brad Dillman when he fell in love with Suzy Parker. His wife divorced him and got $1,000 monthly alimony. Wonder if he and Suzy will be marrying?

Although Sophia Loren (above) was terribly disappointed that she couldn’t be in Santa Monica for the Academy Awards, it didn’t dim her great joy when she heard she’d won an Oscar for her performance in that terrific “Two Women.”

Can you imagine Bing Crosby fishing in Mexico while his wife and kid were on TV selling tooth paste before the kid has teeth! The Crosby clan were aghast that Kathy would expose one of Bing’s kids. They’ve always been afraid to tempt would-be kidnappers and feel putting a small child on TV is sort of an invitation. Kathy sure doesn’t need the money. How Bing felt about it nobody knows, but everything she does seems to be okay with him.

Cheryl Crane can’t win. The day she flew home from the Institute of Living in Hartford, Connecticut, her father, Steve Crane, was being divorced from Helen DeMaree.

Cheryl, who’ll be nineteen in July, is no longer a ward of the court. When asked if she would get an apartment of her own, Lana Turner said, “There’s no talk about that now.” But Cheryl said, “It hasn’t been decided.”

In case you don’t know who the clown and the cowboy are (above), that’s Debbie Reynolds and Sammy Davis, Jr. at the circus. The occasion: another benefit for Debbie’s pet Thalians.

Why’s Glenn Ford (above) looking so happy in Europe with Hope Lange? Oh well, Connie Stevens isn’t too lonely here—not with Earl Holliman and Gary Clarke around—and they’re her age. (Please turn the page)
Dick Chamberlain lost his steady girl friend Clara Ray, who went off on a singing tour. They met in a singing class and have been dating for the past three months. Dick told me his knees turned to jello when Joan Crawford kissed him when they were introduced. He was so flabbergasted all he could mumble was, "We would like to have you do a Kildare," "Just ask me," said Joan. I'd like to see that.

Debbie Reynolds proved to be a champ in all the Eddie-Liz-Burton fiasco. She kept on making pictures, working for the Thalians, and keeping Harry Karl happy. But every time she said, "No comment," she sure had a big smile on her face.

Janet Leigh is taking her separation from Tony Curtis in stride. Outside of that accident in a New York hotel which landed her in the hospital, she seems happy as a lark. If she's miserable she's doing a mighty good job of covering up. Incidentally, there's no romance between Janet and wealthy South American Jorge Guinle. He beaus all the glamour girls but remains a bachelor. His father, who controls the Guinle millions, insists it be that way.

Sammy Davis, Jr. was forthright when I told him I'd heard a hot rumor that he and May Britt were calling it a day. "Not true," he said. "These stories start because I'm on the road so much. I'd like to sit home with my family and wait for picture jobs to come along. But I can't afford it. When we married I told May she was in for a tough two years. I was hundreds of thousands of dollars in debt . . ." "How did you manage that?" I asked. "Being an idiot," he replied, "but I'm working myself out of it." Good for Sammy.

Marlon Brando, Bobby Darin, George Chakiris, Frank Sinatra, Hank Fonda and Milton Berle all have the same barber—Jay Sebring. They pay $15.00 every time Jay cuts their hair. He doesn't chop, he shapes the fellows' hair. For years men criticized girls for spending so much time and money in beauty parlors; now they're discovering it pays. Uncle Milty looks so young I accused him of having a face lift. He says it was just a haircut.

The girl who made the most of the Oscar show was Ann-Margret. When she finished singing "Bachelor In Paradise" in that clinging dress, everybody in town was trying to sign her for a movie or TV show. If she plays her cards right she can be the biggest star in town. She's sure got the talent for it. And her boss Peter Levathes calls her "the most brilliant star we've got."

Steve Boyd and Dolores Hart ran into each other in—all places—my office. It was a very affectionate greeting they gave each other. When Steve learned Dolores was going to be in London making a picture the same time he was doing one in Rome, he made her promise to call him and let him know where she was staying. So you can look for some news from this source, although Dolores had just finished telling me that she doesn't date actors: "They don't like me."

That's all the news under my hat now. See you next month.
If your hair is untouched by gray, you're in luck. Clairol has developed a remarkable new kind of hair color dazzle that does things for you it can't do for other women! Remember how your hair looks in sunshine? Can you imagine it twinkling with sparkling lights? That's the look! This utterly new, long-lasting hair color lotion is called Sparkling Color, and there is nothing like it in this world. No dye, no bleach, no "all-purpose" rinse that pretends to work both on gray and non-gray hair, can do for you what Sparkling Color can do. It gives you what you really want: new life, new glamour, new sparkle—plus a glow of fresh color only subtly richer than your own.

Why not look like a glowing, sun-drenched angel—or put the light of candles into your hair? Clairol Sparkling Color is so gentle it leaves your hair like spun silk—so lasting it won't rub off or wash out through more than a month of shampoos.

Every girl could use a few fireworks! Ask your hairdresser which of the 7 Sparkling Color shades is yours.
Hollywood and Broadway and wherever showfolks gather are still talking about the Hedda Hopper-Jack Paar incident at Chasen's in Beverly Hills. Paar gave it a quick mention, they say, but it didn't rate a line in the nation's dailies. If it happened to me, it prob'ly would have gotten (WAR-DECLARED TYPE) headlines. Perhaps Hedda (Continued on page 28)
Cutex presents Color Masterpieces by Oleg Cassini. Light up your beauty with the color artistry of Oleg Cassini, fashion advisor to America’s most glamorous women. Give your lips and fingertips a spark of pure excitement with new “Bold Coral”... or a sunny tempting look with luscious “Perfect Peach.” Get both in “salon finish” polish by Cutex, so fast-drying and so long-lasting... and moisture-drenched lipsticks by Cutex that go on so smoothly, last so beautifully...
and Jacque need a press-agent. At any rate, the gossip about it is more engaging than the facts. The gossips report that Paar, who avoids public places (because his adoring public “bothers” him with their lapel-clutching and autograph requests), arrived at Chasen’s earlier than some business friends. He was taken to the landlord’s private office to have a sip and wait for his guests. He told Mr. Chasen his problem: “Please put us in a corner in the back,” he is said to have requested, “so we can enjoy our dinner and some conversation.”

Chasen promised. But he didn’t keep his pledge. Dave, as we all affectionately call him, apparently couldn’t resist introducing Paar to Hopper to see if they gave off sparks. He is supposed to have taken Paar by the arm, saying: “I want you to meet Hedda Hopper,” and escorted him to her table. Chasen didn’t remember or know that Paar had often given Hedda the Lonella-Kilgallen-Winchell treatment. Hedda was startled when she heard the No. 1 Knocker’s name. She went right into her well-known act.

“Why do you keep denouncing the press? If it weren’t for the press you’d still be on the small-time!”

The rest of it, we are told, was atomic. Paar, poor chap, stood there and took it like a Gentleman. When Hedda wouldn’t stop returning the “compliments” he had flung at her (and the rest of us) he walked away and returned to his lost appetite.

One obscure coast publication reported that Miss Hopper used violent profanity. She assures us that she did not. Her reputation for Being a Lady (even when she is in the ring) is nationally known. So you can believe her testimony.

When we said that the gossip is more interesting than the facts we meant to add: The gossips who weren’t at the ringside embellished what they “heard”; that Hedda was not in Chasen’s when Paar arrived. That she was home, and when a friend phoned her to report his presence she quickly put on one of her most chic chapeaux (she’s so full of chic) and hastened to Chasen’s—straight to Paar’s table and went into a tirade, threatening mayhem, etc. Hedda shrugs this off.

“Oh,” she told us, “it just didn’t happen that way. I was right there, and when Dave brought him to my table I couldn’t be phony and charming to the man who tries to louse up the newspapers that helped him make a better living than he ever had.”

Hedda also reminded us of the first plug (orchid) Paar got in our column. When we first viewed his show. We had missed his first four because we were in Hollywood filming “The Walter Winchell File” and had to retire by 10 P.M. to get up in time for an 8 A.M. scene. One day the director said: (Continued on page 86)
are
Natalie
and her
mother
fighting over
Warren
Beatty?

(Please turn the page)
are Natalie and her mother fighting over Warren?

Natalie's sister Lana and mom love Bob Wagner.

It happened almost twenty years ago. Natalie Wood (then Natasha Gurdin) looked up at her mother and demanded the family move from Santa Clara, California, to Hollywood so she could continue her movie career—so she could be a big star. At the time, Natalie was all of five. And violently determined.

When her parents seemed to ignore her demands, Natalie threatened: If she wasn't able to go to Hollywood, she'd just sit and die—and she'd never speak to her parents. For the next three days Natalie uttered not a single word to them. Finally, Mrs. Gurdin took her tiny girl in her arms and lovingly said, "Natalia, you are only a little girl... you're too young for a career. Once in a while you can make a movie for fun—but for your life, I don't think it is best. Come, my baby, be a little girl... be a little girl for me!"

"No," the child answered. "I don't want to be a little girl, Mother. I want to be an actress. I want it! I want it, Mother!"

The Gurdin family moved to Hollywood, and for the next fifteen years Nicholas and Maria Gurdin did their best to help and please their daughter. She was their flesh and blood—even though her stubborn drive overpowered their will. Many times in those years they hoped the hard work and disappointments would dissipate their daughter's drive—but their hopes were in vain. With each setback Natalie's determination became stronger; and, strangely, with each setback her confidence seemed to grow, too—a deep, unshakable confidence.

Not even the thrill of a party or a brand new party dress could take her from the course she'd charted for herself. This was painfully evident when a script arrived at the house on the same day Natalie was to attend a party in a frilly dress she'd dreamed for weeks of wearing. When Mrs. Gurdin went to her daughter's room to help her finish dressing, she found her curled up in a chair reading the script.

"Darling," she exclaimed, "you must hurry or you'll be terribly late for the party."

"I'm not going, Mother," Natalie calmly replied. "I have to read this script." Mrs. Gurdin knew her daughter well. She took the dress from the bed, hung it in the closet, sat down next to Natalie and simply cried.

Yes, Natalie made sacrifices for her career, but her mother had to make sacrifices, too. Natalie was not her only daughter. She had an older girl, Teddy, and a younger one, Lana. Her days were filled with the usual important and time-consuming chores of a woman who had a husband and three girls to take care of—yet, every change she got, she helped Natalie with her career. When her daughter's popularity was on the wane, Mrs. Gurdin would hand out autographed photos of Natalie to Lana's school pals and their parents. So whether or not Mrs. Gurdin agreed with the hard life her daughter had chosen for herself, she helped her—with much love and a sweet willingness.

And then when she was thirteen, Natalie discovered something. She discovered that love—an emotion she had played with only in the movies—was (Continued on page 73)
You've heard of Cleopatra Look! Hold on! Photoplay introduces the Jackie Look! in the scoop of the year.
Hello there: When Photoplay asked me to be a beauty authority, I was amazed. But one look in my mirror set me straight. I am devastating! Of course, they could have asked a beautiful actress, but that's so common. Why would a young girl look common, when she can look like me! That's why I decided to reveal my Jerry Look right here on these pages. Since girls are divided into parts, I shall divide my story into parts. I will have headings like face, teeth, etc., so you can find the items that refer to you. That way you don't have to waste time reading about face or teeth if you don't have any. Well, dearie, here we go!

FACE: Every young girl should have a face—if possible. It is the basis for all beauty. So stop a moment and check—do you have one? (If you're having trouble, let me help you. It's between your ears.) Find it? Wonderful! Now check to see if there is hair on top. There is? Good. If there isn't, don't fret. Fretting won't get you hair, it will only get you fret lines. And believe me—there's nothing less beautiful than a bald girl with fret lines.

HAIR: There are many kinds of hair—blond hair, black hair, camel's hair, gray hair, mohair, white hair; and all these come in the thick or thin variety. Whatever kind you have it should be combed—never raked. Take a look at your hair. Is it neat? Is it untangled? If it isn't someone may use you for a mop. Is it clean—squeaky, silky, softy clean? There are any number of
shampoos you can use. It doesn’t make any difference if you have to squeeze it out, plop it out, run it out or scoop it out of the container, so long as you get some out. Rub in well, wet, mix, add two cups of sugar—oops, sorry, I thought for a minute I was making fudge. **SKIN:** Check yourself for skin! (You should be very friendly with another person before you check them for skin!) Now I won’t take no for an answer on this one. You must have skin. Without it, the blood would come out and everything would collapse. It could be very messy. There may be skinless frankfurters, but I’ve yet to see a skinless girl. (If you’ve checked and checked and still no skin, mail yourself to the nearest circus. You’ll make a fortune! P.S.: Don’t forget to remember me in your will!)

**ARMS, LEGS, FEET:** Now after your skin leaves your shoulders, it will form two arms. (Three can be handy, but a little awkward!) Your skin will also form two legs. (You can run faster if you have three, but it’s hell trying to get someone to race with you.) Now between these arms and legs there’s lots of body. There should be slopes and curves everywhere. If the body is flat and straight, then stop reading this article—you’re too young. At the bottom of each leg, there is a foot. They’re for your shoes, which should always match. If you can’t afford shoes, then please make sure your socks match and that they are darned with matching thread. **EXERCISE:** Exercise (Please turn the page)
regularly to keep your figure in trim. I knew a girl once who was 34-22-34—in one leg. She got that way from standing on one leg all the time. So, stand on both legs. Now, when you do exercise, do it the same number of times on each leg or arm, or side of your body. You can imagine how silly you'd look with a skinny left side and a fat right one. Think of the trouble you'll have buying clothes. Not to mention only being able to squeeze one side of yourself through a half-opened door. That would be silly.

SWEETS: Watch out for sweets. Sweethearts, sweeties, Swiss cheese, sweet peas and Sweet William are all right—but not sweets. They are no good for your skin. Some girls I know feed themselves and their boy friends sweets, then they have fun just sitting around watching each other break out. This is not my idea of a good game or a national pastime.

TEETH: Teeth are vital. Without them your tongue can get lost and you know how silly you feel when you lose your tongue. (How can you lick stamps, lollipops or the chocolate off your fingers?) Now I'm going to get very technical here. Your teeth should form a good bite. (The best bites I know belong to Lassie and Leo, the M-G-M lion!) If you don't have a good bite, you'll be doomed to mushy food. Mushy stuff, I'm sorry to say, makes for a mushy personality. You wouldn't want to look like a bowl of oatmeal, would you? Take it from me, even with lots of sugar and heavy cream you won't look good. Brush your teeth regularly. Ammonia, kerosene, lye, no; but a good paste, yes. There's nothing like a good paste in the mouth to help a smile. I almost forgot. If you're still wearing braces on your teeth, please be careful when you kiss a boy. If he has braces, too, you may find yourself locked in an embrace, face to face, for the rest of your natural life. You'll have to marry him. (Aside to shy girls: This is a terribly sneaky way to hook a man!!)

NOSE: I don't want to stick my nose in your business, but somebody has to tell you the bitter truth about noses. It should be located between the eyes, so it can separate them. It should also be above the mouth, so it can smell what's going in. If your nose missed its mark, then you must have it relocated. Don't go to the Government Relocation Office, go to see a plastic surgeon.

LIPS: Lips are very important. They tell when you're smiling, when you're being kissed. Keep your lips moist and always have them neatly covered with a schmaltzy, delicious-tasting lipstick. (Then call me, I'll be right over, my dear!)

Now, my instant beauty hints:

PERFUME: Always use perfume. Otherwise, when the lights go down low, how is your beau going to find you?

FACE CREAM: I have made a special study of creams: queen bee jelly, hormone cream, shark belly jelly, ice cream, frozen custard, creamed spinach—and I have discovered that the proper cream activates the skin into better condition. Personally, I prefer strawberry cream. It brings a nice rosy glow to your cheeks, and when your boy friend kisses you, he gets that yum, yum, yummy strawberry flavor. Take it from me, girls, you can drive him nuts during fresh strawberry season. No fooling!

LIPSTICK: This should always be worn on the lips—and let your boy friend take it from there! Never put lipstick on your eyebrows or on your dimples. That isn't chic this year.

EYEBROW PENCIL: Use it sparingly along the natural eyebrow line. Never get carried away and make a complete circle around your eyes. You'll look as if you're wearing glasses but forgot to put the glass in.

EYE SHADOW: It's good to add a shade to your eyelids. But no venetian blinds. You'll look awfully funny with the strings hanging down.

TOOTHPICKS: Toothpicks don't belong in a girl's mouth. In an olive, yes, in a baby frankfurter, yes—but not between a young girl's lips—unless you're out to stab your guy.

FALSE EYELASHES: The only time false eyelashes come in handy is when the window wipers in your boy friend's car break down. Then you can put your face up to the window and flutter. But for beauty—nah!

UNDERGARMENTS: No girl should be without undergarments. No girl should be without overgarments. What you wear in between is your own business.

CORSETTING: Every once in a while a young girl needs corsetting to put in the bulges where they shouldn't be and let them come out where they should be. (Continued on page 93)

A beauty with a sense of humor—the our Dolores Hart (shown here minus "The Jerry Look"). Always a prim and proper lady on the screen, this is the first time Dolores has had a chance to display her very obvious flair for comedy before camera. Did she enjoy it? Decidedly ye Said Dolores, "It's a relief to do something crazy. Everyone thinks I'm a go Now they will realize I am a real nu
Who is the man forcing Grace Kelly to make another movie?

CLUE: It's not Prince Rainier
It's not Alfred Hitchcock! But it is someone you know—someone in the headlines almost every day

(Please turn the page)
HOLLYWOOD and all filmdom were aglow over Grace Kelly’s return to the glare of the hot kleigs and whirring cameras—but two perplexing questions still remain: Why did the Philadelphia golden girl, who abdicated the multimillion-dollar throne of stardom in order to become the bride of Prince Rainier of Monaco, suddenly agree to a film comeback in an Alfred Hitchcock motion picture? And why, after everything was set, is her return delayed?

Now, for the first time, Photoplay brings its readers the inside story—the real reasons behind the Princess of Monaco’s decision.

The fact is there is little choice. She must return! Yes, Grace Kelly must return to save the crown! It’s as simple and realistic as that. Today, Prince Rainier, Monarch of the Principality of Monaco, is in the worst and weakest position that any reigning ruler of the tiny Mediterranean land has ever been in. He is confronted with the very real (Continued on page 92)

Grace is exchanging this life for “just one movie.” Once she’s back in Hollywood, will it be too hard for her to go back home?
“My body is a deadly weapon,” Bob Conrad said. “With two fingers I can blind a man. With one hand I can paralyze his arm. With a single, well-placed blow I can kill him.” As he talked, Bob demonstrated, moving from chair to desk and back again, his lean, hard body as graceful and as deadly as a panther’s. I felt as though we were in a jungle.

“Some people think that my studying karate is a kind of joke, a game.” He stopped his pantomime. Facing me, he flexed his knees, leaned back from the hips and raised his arms oddly. “Try holding a position like this for a couple of hours—especially when you’re already bone-weary from work, when every minute you spend at it is stolen from your family or from the sleep you need. When you’re done, you ache in muscles you never knew you had. And what can you show for it? Nothing but your stiff back and the knowledge that your teacher, a man six inches shorter and thirty pounds lighter than you are, can destroy you in seconds. And for months you may never learn his skill because he’s testing you, making sure you’re ready.

“Karate turns a man into a loaded gun, and no one puts a loaded gun into the hands of a child. I had to show my teacher that I’m worthy of knowing karate—and that means passing inspection on my mind, my heart, my soul...”

“Why bother?” I asked.
Bob stopped. “What?”

“Why bother?” I repeated. “To hear you tell it, learning karate is an all-consuming task. I don’t understand why you’d want to take the time.”

“I see.” Bob thought for a moment. Then, lightly, (Continued on page 90)
A Rabbi and three Ministers discuss:

LOVE...
LUST and
LIZ TAYLOR

REV. ARTHUR LEE KINSOLVING of St. James Episcopal Church in New York, and father of movie actor Lee Kinsolving, says: “To me, Elizabeth Taylor is a broken doll. She is so very attractive and so talented an actress that (Please turn the page)
teenagers pattern themselves after her. So when she lets her husband down, she lets everybody down.

"Teenagers all over the world feel Elizabeth Taylor sets a pattern for America. And when her movies are shown all over the world, people abroad think of her as a typical American. When she cannot stay married, then these people think most Americans cannot stay married. And I imagine when a foreign girl wants to marry an American man, her parents won’t permit it because they have acquired a distorted view—that most Americans hold marriage in contempt. This is not true. Nevertheless, too many of us have lost the difference between love and lust. We have been short-changing ourselves because we place lust above love.

"Elizabeth Taylor is a symbol of the Hollywood confusion—that love and lust mean the same thing. Lust is self-centered and selfish. . . . Love is giving unselfishly of one’s self.

"I do not condemn Miss Taylor—it is un-Christian to condemn. But I do deplore the fact that a person with a cap. (Continued on page 82)
"MATERIALISTIC"
You want to know what makes with Liz, Richard and Sybil? So would they! They’re sure mixed up. It’s a crazy new kind of triangle. But it’s a crazy new kind of world. Whatever happened to principles, dedicated actors, normal housewives? So I’m a Clyde for asking. This round world was better when it was square. Stop the world, I want to get off. Me and millions. You still want to know what makes with Liz and principles? Richard and dedicated actors? Sybil and normal housewives? Remember, you asked for it! Let’s start with Liz. First she insisted she was going to marry Richard, ignoring the fact he’s married to Sybil. Then (Please turn the page)

When Sybil wed Dick in 1949, she gave up her career to be wife. Many times his antics threatened their marriage, but Sybil always won. Now she faces biggest test of all.

In battle with Liz for her husband, Sybil has certain things in her favor: daughters Jessica and Kate, and the fact that she understands Richard better than he does himself.
she changed her tune after a spanking by a Vatican newspaper. Oh yes, I forgot—she dropped Eddie via overseas phone. Seems Eddie didn’t believe it when told in Rome. . . . Richard is the husband of Sybil (Feb. 5, 1949) and Liz’ leading man in “Cleo,” night clubs and her villa! At 7:30 A.M. Richard is spotted by the paparazzi (photographers who tail celebrities better than a private eye) exiting Liz’ villa, carrying a Siamese cat in his arms. (Is this a hunk of Fellini symbolism? Too early for me and symbolism . . .) Sybil is the wife, who, in this crazy triangle, finds herself The Other Woman. Sybil’s tolerant attitude toward Richard’s behavior is best explained by a line of Ernest Dawson: “I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion.”

This “Design for Living” continues. Noel Coward’s old play is played as if it were written by Tennessee Williams. Liz starred in the movie—laundered version of two of his plays: “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof” and “Suddenly, Last Summer.” Burton, on that early-morning exit from Liz’ villa, was carrying a cat. Tell me, does Liz’ villa have a tin roof?

I recall my first meeting with Burton. It was on the set of the first CinemaScope movie, “The Robe.” I visited his set often; Burton’s dialogue was colorful and honest. During the filming of “The Robe,” Marilyn (Monroe) and I were invited to a cocktail party at Michael Rennie’s by Hugh French. French is an Englishman. He was then ten-percenting for Charles Feldman’s Famous Players Agency. Hugh had been assigned clients—Marilyn, Richard and Rennie. I don’t remember the locale of Rennie’s house. It was in Beverly Glen or Benedict Canyon or Coldwater Canyon. It was sitting dangerously on some hill. Shortly after Marilyn and I arrived, a tall lady slapped a tall man’s face. The slap produced a loud noise. The hilltop house rocked. Marilyn said: “It must be another plane breaking the sound barrier.” The nearby aircraft factories were testing then. They still are.

“It’s our hostess slapping our host. I hope she didn’t break his jaw,” I informed Marilyn. Continuing, I whispered, “We’re getting out of here as soon as possible.”

“Okay with me,” MM answered. I myself never had the tsouris (aggravation) her husbands seem to claim they had.

Michael Rennie behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. (The Rennies are divorced now!) Then Burton strutted into the scene. “Slap her back, Michael,” said Burton.

Rennie answered, “No.” He didn’t want to start a brawl. Burton evidently felt insulted. He loudly proclaimed to his host, “I’m leaving. I’m not staying in a house where a man wouldn’t slap a woman back.”

Richard turned and majestically started to exit. He paused where Marilyn and I were sitting. “I’m going with you people. I’ll wait in my car.” He exited. To this day, I don’t know how Richard could hear our whispers.

Embarrassed to leave; embarrassed to stay. Fifteen minutes later I was rescued by Jim Heneghan and his wife Frances. “We’re leaving,” said Jim. “Care to join us?” We sure did. Marilyn and I, Jim and Frances, another couple, whose identity completely escapes me, and Burton were soon in Bob Dalton’s Steak House on La Cienega. We had the large table in the porch section. A good time was had by all. We dined listening to Richard sing Welsh songs as he ate. Later, Richard recited large hunks of Shakespeare and sentimental poetry. This didn’t interfere with his drinking. He switches between vodka and Scotch.

Richard kept telling Marilyn, Frances and the other woman, “Ladyship, you’re beautiful.” Or, “Ladyship, you’re sexy.” As I recall, the “beautiful” went along with the Scotch and the “sexy” (Continued on page 74)
HOW LIZ HUMILIATED EDDIE—AT HOME

Liz’ butler, Fred Oates, tells everything he saw at the villa

(Please turn the page)
by Fred Oates, Liz’ butler

My name is Fred Oates. I am Italian. For three whole months, from November, 1961, till February, 1962, I had the privilege of being the butler in the Roman residence of Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher. All the time I lived under their roof, I shared Mrs. Elizabeth’s secrets and I was tolerated as a witness to the quite intimate life of the famous couple. I have to state in advance that when I left the Fishers after ninety days of honorable service, I did so because the situation became embarrassing. When I entered their house, I had the intention of serving them both with the very same faithfulness and consideration but, owing to Mrs. Fisher’s temper and to some other particular circumstances which I shall mention later on, this became impossible. The moment has come when I should speak a little about Mr. Eddie. He’s a very good man—generous, discreet, tolerant, unselfish and, as far as I am concerned, a bit too submissive. During the time I lived with them, I discovered in him not so much a husband in love with his wife, but a man who was sacrificing himself for the love of his wife. He was aware of his sacrifice, but he did it for her profit and without hoping to get anything for himself. I am sure that Mr. Eddie considered himself for those last three years only someone acting for the good of Elizabeth Taylor. He took care of her, her children and her business without asking for a thing—not even to use the little time that was left for the music he simply adores. He was happy only with what he was doing and happy to be going on doing it. If this definition of Mr. Fisher hadn’t already been told from one friend of theirs to another, I would have liked to have said it: “He is the vestal who takes care night and day of the sacred fire of the goddess Liz.” And in judging the (Continued on page 50)
events of the menage of the Fishers I found out that I started to take Mr. Eddie’s side while I would criticize certain attitudes of Mrs. Elizabeth. This was precisely the opposite of what I had in mind when I started serving them. I therefore came to the conclusion that it was much better for me to resign than to live in that situation, and I left the Fishers’ villa on February fourth last.

I left many illusions behind me, but in my suitcase I had my every day’s diary of the last three months. I had carefully written down everything that had happened in the Fisher household.

My faithful diary justifies my attitude in many episodes, and to demonstrate, here is an example in which the protagonists and the victims were at the same time two of the very best friends of Elizabeth Taylor: Audrey Hepburn and her husband, Mel Ferrer.

Audrey Hepburn was invited for dinner at the villa on a night at the end of December. “There will be six people for dinner tonight, at 7:30 P.M.,” Mr. Fisher told me in the morning. The four guests (Audrey and Mel Ferrer, her sister and her sister’s husband) arrived on time. Later on the hosts, who had been held up at Cinecittà Studios, arrived. Elizabeth Taylor, as always after a long day of work, appeared to be tired and rather nervous. At the bar, which had been set up in a corner of the lounge, she was very nice and even succeeded in being a perfect hostess — she gave suggestions about the drinks, took part in the conversation and even paid a compliment to Mrs. Ferrer.

Then her way of acting changed completely.

When it was time to sit down for dinner, Mr. Fisher thought of informing the guests that the different courses would have to be brought rather rapidly as to enable his wife to go to bed early. He apologized for this, and added that he hoped they would understand this, being actors themselves, and would forgive an actress who spent almost twelve hours on the set every day.

I noticed (and the four guests did too), I am positive about it) that Mrs. Taylor had accompanied her husband’s words with a gesture of impatience; and when he turned towards her, he was rather surprised in noticing that her mood had completely changed. “But Elizabeth,” he told her very patiently, “you know that you have to be careful about your health, and that you have to go to bed early.”

What followed was very embarrassing both for the guests and for myself. Elizabeth Taylor got up angrily from her chair and left without saying a word. When she was near me she stopped for a moment and said: “Bring my dinner up in my room, Fred, I am going to eat alone.” She then walked very rapidly up the stairs towards her apartment.

The dinner had had an unhappy start. Half an hour later (I had just taken her plate and silver away from the table and was going to bring it to Madame up in her room) Elizabeth Taylor once more came downstairs. She wore a pink nightgown and a white bathrobe of crépe.” She sat at the table and asked her husband why her plate wasn’t there any longer. Trying to help Mr. Fisher, I thought of telling her that I had merely done what she told me to. “I was just going to bring your dinner up to your room,” I said. Madame looked at me in such a dramatic way that she made me think that maybe she still thought of being on the set. She probably realized it, too, since her tone of voice changed completely and she said rather ironically: “Well, if my dinner is ready, then I shall go up to my room and eat it.” After this she got up and left, and didn’t come back. She probably did not know that she had succeeded in making her guests uncomfortable . . . (Continued on page 78)
“Life with Elizabeth was more than unbearable—it became, at the end, a living hell,” sighed Eddie Fisher. “How do you think it felt to see three years of living and loving and suffering go up in the smoke of scandal?” Though headlines in the newspapers quote Eddie Fisher as saying, “I’m alive again,” the truth is that Liz Taylor’s swift, selfish and incredibly cruel public rejection of her husband over a shameless physical involvement with married-man-father-of-two Richard Burton has plunged (Continued on page 83)
CANT YOU FORGIVE LIZ TAYLOR?
VOTE TODAY!

On the preceding twelve pages PHOTOCPLAY has presented the most complete and in-depth analysis of Elizabeth Taylor—her exotic life, her tumultuous loves. Now we are asking you to fill in the ballot below and mail it in to us. But before you do, before you make your voice heard in our nation-wide poll, we strongly urge you to consider all the aspects of what Liz has or has not done.

Yours is a great responsibility—so think very carefully before you answer the important question: Can You Forgive Liz Taylor? The results will appear in a forthcoming issue of PHOTOCPLAY.

CAN YOU FORGIVE LIZ TAYLOR?

YES ☐ NO ☐

If you have any additional comments, we welcome them:

________________________________________

________________________________________

________________________________________

Clip out and mail to: LIZ TAYLOR POLL
Post Office Box 1926, Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York
The world’s foremost authority on

ROCK HUDSON
tells what everyone in Hollywood has long suspected!*

I, Jane Wilkie, am what is known in Hollywood as Nobody, except for one small claim to fame. I am reputed to be an oracle on the subject of Rock Hudson, having in the past eleven years written twenty-six stories about him, involving roughly some 93,600 words that were read by millions.

This situation has garnered for me all sorts of unseen friends throughout the world. Just because they think I know Rock. I have been invited to spend a weekend with a family in Nijkerk, Holland and a lady in Sweetwater, Texas, has written that she keeps coffee brewing all day long and I am welcome to stop in any time I’m passing by.

This friendliness is sort of nice, but there are drawbacks. I have a great-aunt who never lets me finish anything I’m saying because she’s always firing questions at me about Rock. Other writers in Hollywood take a dim view of me. “You can’t die,” they leer. “If you do, who will be left to tell the palpitation world about Rock Hudson?”

And worst of all are the editors. Every time they call me up, I know what’s coming. “First of all,” they say, “we want another story about Rock.”

Now I don’t need to point out that Mr. Hudson is notoriously difficult copy. He is a charming conversationalist, but the conversation is assiduously steered away from the subject of himself. An interview with him—even the thought of an interview with him—affects writers with the ague. And that includes me. I have (Continued on page 95)

*He’s the worst interview in town. Ask personal questions and you end up talking to yourself!
Richard Chamberlain, we accuse you of making the one mistake no star can afford. We say you're getting bad advice, and it's costing you your personality. It's one thing to be a decent human being, it's something quite different to be dull. "Virtue," in the immortal words of Kirk Douglas, "is not photogenic." Neither is oatmeal. We are proud to present this pin-up of you to your fans. We hope that in future issues of PHOTOPLAY you will give us the opportunity of also presenting the real you—a colorful, exciting, talented guy with a mind and heart and a wonderful, wonderful future.
I'm in orbit! I'm soaring!
I'm the luckiest girl alive!

An exclusive interview with twenty-one-year-old Nancy Caryl Lowe, secretary to seven great men—America's astronauts!

Place of interview: Room 203 of Building 60—Space Agency (NASA) headquarters, Langley Field, Va. This is Nancy's office. One desk. Two phones. Three locked file cabinets. Battered air-conditioner. On Nancy's desk, a jar of candy balls. Also a kooky figurine of a man from outer space—Martian style. Also a coffee jug, a gift from the astronauts, inscribed: "To Nancy Lowe, our friend and secretary 'par-excellent,' with best wishes and many thanks." A secretary's personal, very special treasures.

One door away is the entrance to the astronauts' office. Surprisingly small. Cramped, in fact. Seven desks. One phone. Two battered air-conditioners. Twenty-four hour clock on the wall. Blackboard. Two maps. Eight windows. Each desk piled with papers. Each desk featuring at least one personal effect. On Carpenter's desk, a globe—a gift from his wife. On Glenn's, a jug inscribed: "I work well under pressure." On Shepard's, a tiny toy tiger. On Grissom's, a sign reading: "If you wanna race—go to Daytona." On Cooper's, a big cup with a drawing of a sad-eyed dog and the inscription: "Coffee Hound." On Schirra's, a white jug marked: "Wally." On Slayton's, an ashtray inscribed: "May your birthdays bring you more horse power and less exhaust." But back now to the story, which this reporter took down so painstakingly that Nancy offered help. "Would you like me to take it in shorthand while I'm talking?" she asked. But her kind offer wasn't really needed—here is her story of life with America's seven astronauts—word for word:

"Like most secretaries, my working day begins at the coffee pot. See it over there? It holds twenty-four cups. When the boys are all here, I usually make at least two pots a day.

"I get here a few minutes before nine every morning. Then they come in, one by one—Col. Glenn by air shuttle from Washington; Comdr. Shepard from his home in Virginia (Continued on page 70)
Coffee, everybody?" Nancy Lowe, secretary to America's seven astronauts, pours for Comdrs. Carpenter (left) and Schirra.
Our Jackie conquers India and...
Though in the company of interesting people, Jackie was lonely.

A reminder of home? Jackie finds time to go riding. Later, she was overwhelmed when officials presented her with a prize Arabian horse.

High spot of her trip—Jackie rides an elephant with sister Lee.
INDIA TEACHES JACKIE TO CONQUER LONELINESS

What was troubling Jackie Kennedy? The newspaper men and women were the first to notice that something was wrong. Her lips were a little tighter than usual when she smiled at the cheering crowds. Her face was a little paler as she hurried from reception to ceremony to formal dinner. Her shoulders drooped when she was away from the mobs and the officials. And sometimes, as she peered out of the window of her limousine, it seemed that her eyes, shadowed by an expression of loneliness, were looking at the strange, exotic sights without really seeing them at all. The reporters cabled their dispatches back to the United States. They told the truth, but not the whole truth. Typical of the leads they sent to their editors were: "Jacqueline (Please turn the page)
INDIA TEACHES JACKIE TO CONQUER LONELINESS

continued

Kennedy, growing tired but still pert and beautiful on her grueling Asian tour . . .” and “President Kennedy’s wife was slightly weary from her whirlwind good-will tour of India on her arrival here in Lahore, Pakistan, yesterday. But she kept up the hectic pace with a jam-packed schedule that included a sightseeing tour of this ancient city and a formal dinner tonight.” This is what the public was told and what they read in print.

But privately the journalists agreed that something far more serious than fatigue and strain was bothering Mrs. Kennedy. One of them diagnosed her ailment crisply: “Jackie is suffering from a severe case of loneliness—and the cure is thousands of miles away, back home in Washington, D.C.”

And, as they watched her closely for the next few days, the newspaper men became worried. Not that Jackie, with her charm, beauty and good humor, wasn’t conquering the hearts of the people—she was. From the high dignitaries right on down to the throngs who gathered in the streets to greet her. She had conquered the people of Pakistan, no doubt—in the very same way that she had conquered Indian Prime Minister Nehru and his countrymen. But what the reporters (especially the newspaper women) were concerned about was whether Jackie would be able to conquer her own loneliness—a loneliness of a different quality and kind than they had ever witnessed in the First Lady before.

A few ex-society-page columnists in Jackie’s press entourage remembered clearly Jackie’s first encounter with loneliness, back when she was an eleven-year-old girl. Jackie’s father, big, handsome “Black Jack” Bouvier, had been the solid center of her little world, around whom she crawled and walked and skipped and ran. Then, suddenly, the center was no longer there. Her mother and father had gotten a divorce visits which lasted only a few hours, Jackie’s father would pull her out of the pit. She’d laugh and joke with him, and for a while she could almost believe that everything was just as it used to be before he went away.

But then would come the inevitable moment of parting, the moment when she had to turn and walk away from the security and warmth of her father’s company. This wrenching, wretched, from heaven-to-hell pattern of reunion-parting, reunion-parting became almost more unbearable experience than loneliness itself and so much harder to take.

For years that loneliness hovered nearby, its shadow revealed in an expression she could not always keep from clouding her eyes. Then, miraculously, the shadow was gone and there was only laughter in her face. She had met and fallen in love with Jack Kennedy, an attractive bachelor.

But, in years to come, the shadow was to return. The newspaper men and women close to the Kennedys in Washington saw it there in Jackie’s eyes. It was there when Senator Kennedy went off speech-making, hand-shaking and fence-mending; and his young bride stayed back home in Georgetown. It was there when Senator Kennedy set his sights on being President Kennedy and threw himself into the day and night vote-getting, stump-speeching, city-hopping campaign grind. It was there again when, as President, the pressures and responsibilities of dealing with foreign policy and civil rights and nuclear testing kept her husband working far into the night and all through the day.

Yes, the loneliness had returned many times, but in the past Jackie had always managed to conquer it. Now, in Pakistan, the (Continued on page 33)
Ever wished for a good set of matched kitchen tools but felt you couldn't afford them? Now you can! Now you can buy every kitchen tool you've been wanting and still stay within your budget—because Ekco's new Kitchen & Dining Tools only look expensive! In fact, they're so good looking, you'll want to show them off in both your kitchen and dining room!

Talk about quality! The distinctive chip-proof handles are dishwasher-proof. The Danish modern flat stems are beautifully finished and strong—last for years.

Start your Ekco kitchen tool collection today with the handsome 7-piece gift boxed set—6 essential tools plus a gleaming, chrome-plated wall rack—about $4.00! Add to it any time from open stock with a Potato Masher, Grill Scraper, Ladles and Strainers.

P.S. Ekco Cutlery, Gadgets, Egg Beaters, Can Openers, Kitchen Rack and Towel Bar Accessories and "Ekcoloy" Bakeware will all fresh up your kitchen, too! Prices may vary slightly in different sections of the U.S. Available in Canada.
Today some people don't even take Vinie and me for brothers, much less twins. But up until the time he went off to college, we were always together. We'd both weighed seven pounds at birth. My hair was lighter than his and more curly—in fact, Mom kept me in a Buster Brown haircut until I was eight to keep those curls, and you can imagine how much I liked that. But I never protested, which shows you how different Vinie and I were in disposition. I was always easy-going, satisfied with what I had. But not Vinie. He wanted the world on a string, and he set out to get it right from the time when we were nothing but youngsters.

We started kindergarten at five and were in the same class. When we were seven, Joseph, who was fourteen, got stuck with taking us to Hyland Park after school. We thought it great fun running off in different directions to see if he could be in two places at once and get us in tow! Now he got the Nancy business!

I did my homework faithfully each day and used to spend long hours over it, but Vinie never had to split a book for class. He learned the lessons in school and read what he pleased after school. Mom was always pleading with him to do his homework like me, until she saw that he got just as high marks as I did and sometimes higher. I had to study hard; he didn't have to study at all because he had a good memory. He was lucky that way.

When we were ten, Vinie began out-growing his clothes. He was a big eater, but I wasn't and I stayed thin as a rail. Soon his clothes became my hand-me-downs. In fact, I was so thin in grammar school that he sold me a bill of goods by saying, "Here, you carry my books with yours. Then the wind won't blow you away."

I fell for that one, too! He was always a leader and I a follower. Vinie was the one who was aggressive and headstrong, and I'd just go along for the ride. I guess we were a handful to the family.

There were two other sets of twins in our class—the Murphy twins and the Smith twins. I remember thinking how funny it was that none of us resembled his twin too much.

Our first job after school was a paper route for the Long Island Press. With Buster and Georgie, two kids in the neighborhood, we applied for the job. Vinie teamed up with Buster and got hold of the only available bike. He was sure they'd beat our sales record since all we had to deliver our papers was a wagon which we pulled. But this time we fooled them. Georgie and I did better with the wagon.

Vinie was lucky in other ways. In those days when you went to the movies, they'd
studied commercial subjects like accounting, stenography and typing. Vinie went to the East New York Vocational High to prepare for a career in aviation. For years he had been crazy about planes and had models of them strung all over the house.

We were separated in school now, but we still went inseparable after school, even though Vinie was beginning to come up with some very strange ideas. One of them was that he must eat health foods. He sent Mom to stock up on wheat germ and other things like that and tried to get me to go in for them too.

"Count me out," I told him. "Mom's cooking is good enough for me."

"Sure," he agreed. "Her cooking is the best. But I'm still going to eat health foods."

These foods turned up in our kitchen, but Mom didn't mind. As long as they made Vinie happy, that was all that mattered to her.

The next thing he wanted me to do was to lift weights with him. "You need it even more than I do," he said. "It'll give you muscles."

"Maybe so, but I'm too busy with my studies and my job at Kelly's," I answered.

So Vinie did the weight lifting by himself.

After two years at Vocational High, Vinie told us one day—out of a clear sky—"I want to go to college."

"I thought you wanted to be an airplane mechanic," everyone shouted at once.

"I've changed my mind. I don't think you can get anywhere in this world doing manual labor."

"Well, what do you want to do?" Mom asked him.

Vinie didn't know then. He just knew he wanted a college education. "I'll work my way through," he said, "and I'll try for a swimming scholarship. Why don't you try for one too, Bob?" he asked me.

"What for?" I countered. "I'll have a good job waiting at Kelly's when I graduate. I won't need college."

So Vinie began going to night school to prepare for college entrance. We both graduated from high school at sixteen, and, just as they had promised me, I got a job at Kelly's. I was with them for seven years—first in the office and then as an out-of-state salesman.

If I took a glass of beer occasionally Vinie shook his head and said, "Health foods and weight-lifting would do you more good." I was six feet and weighed only 155 pounds. Vinie was six-feet-two and weighed nearly 200. He had a fine physique, and as he grew more and more expert at swimming he became a guard at the Cypress Pool in our neighborhood.

During the summer he was a lifeguard at Cropsey Beach. I'd always have the back door open so we'd get in and out. And for kicks, he'd dream up the craziest pranks.

Anything for a laugh

When one of our bunch, Louis Napolitano, married, his house became our hangout. He had one room marked for the "boys" and he never knew how many of us would turn up for meals or to sleep over. He and Vinie were the comics of the bunch, thinking up wild practical jokes to play on the others. It was Vinie who dreamed up the idea of putting pebbles in bulletin boards at school. The summer he even got crazy trying to find the knob in their motors. And when we'd go up to Louis' home to hear classical music, he and Vinie would plan a scare for some unsuspecting victim. One night, while we were listening to "A Night on Bald Mountain," an eerie piece at best, Vinie turned up on the fire-escape with ketchup dripping from him—"to look like blood—and a bright light shining on his face, which was distorted into a weird Grimace. His victim ran so fast he was seven blocks away before we caught up with him.

Vinie had different sets of friends in those days, Some were from school, some from the Y and, later, some were from college. Before Vinie went away to college, he used to dress up for an appointment in New York. Even I never knew where he went. If I'd ask, he'd say enigmatically, "You can't pal around with small people all your life or you'll never get to be big. Sometimes you have to go where the big people are."

I was still impressionable and you never knew what to expect from him next. I was the one who always thought things over carefully, and even though we were really close, this made us seem far apart.

When I started to work for Kelly, I turned my money over to Mom. She must have saved it for me because in 1948 she bought me a new Dodge for $2200. It was something I'd always wanted, and it was my pride and joy. When I put it in the garage to go on a three-week vacation in the Catskills, it showed 1500 miles. When I came back, I called for my car. The garage man thought I was crazy. Vinie and I must have looked alike at that time because they'd given the car to him, and when I found it back it showed 200 miles and the motor was burnt out. That was about the only time I ever got really mad at Vinie. He said, "What's the harm? You weren't driving it so I thought I might as well. Haven't we always shared everything?"

"But the motor—you've burnt out the motor?"

I was fit to be tied. Mom calmed me down and told me to sell the car and keep
the money. I did that. I sold it for $1800. Vinie got his swimming scholarship to Ohio State. He waited on tables there, too. Now swimming seemed to be the one thing he wanted to do. Just as he made some records, he'd had a taste of dramatics at Ohio State and I guess it was in his blood. When he told Mom that he wanted to go to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts where all the best actors studied, she was flabbergasted. I guess we all were. My pop was a building contractor, and when Mom realized that becoming a good actor would take a long time—maybe years—she decided to get a job and help Vinie get his chance.

She applied to the Board of Education and took a job in the school lunchroom. She still works part time at Eli Whitney High and loves being with the kids so much she won't give it up—even though Vinie has begged her to come out to Hollywood and live with him.

Vinie never did finish his acting courses. Because of his fine build, Hal Wallis put him under contract for “Mr. Universe” which was made in New York, Vinie asked me out to the set to watch the shooting at Sunnyside, Long Island. In those days, I thought my brother was quite a ham. But when Mr. Wallis took him to Hollywood and he appeared in other pictures, I noticed that he was always improving. Mom was unhappy when he played “ heavies” because he was so often a killer or being killed himself! It shook her!

When Kelly gave up part of the business, my brother Joseph and I opened a kiddie shop on Long Island, but I gave it up when Vinie announced that he was to be drafted, so I decided to enlist and get my stint over with. I had fallen in love with Pearl DeVito and was anxious to get married.

That was in 1954. I was sent to Germany. Vinie had been out in Hollywood the last three years and had missed me each year he’d come home because I was on the road. So he cabled me to get a leave and meet him in Rome on January 15, 1956, where he was scheduled to shoot “Serenade.” I was there all right, but Vinie wasn’t. Plans were changed. The picture was going to be made in Hollywood.

Philip and Dennis Crosby were in my Army outfit, and we became very good friends. Vinie sees a lot of them now that they’re all in California. While I was in the Army I played the lead in “The Valiant” and, in doing it, I got a taste of the glamour of the footsteps. I began to understand why Vinie wanted to act. I decided it was all right for him—but not for me. What I always wanted was security, a family, a nice house and a quiet life. Vinie liked excitement, glamour, the thrill of being somebody. It was worth twelve years of struggle to get these things.

On my first leave I married Pearl, and took her to meet my folks. We’ve been married a long time and now we have a new baby girl. We own a spanking new house in a nice community—a good place to bring up kids. I work for the N.Y. Transit Authority driving a bus. It may not have any glamour attached to it, but it pays for the things that mean most to me and for my family’s comfort. I haven’t seen Vinie since 1951 when he went to Hollywood. Gina has never seen her famous uncle except on the TV screen. Even now a few weeks to Christmas, when we’re all out in Long Island for a long run in the afternoon so she can stay up and watch Uncle Vinie as Ben Casey. She loves him very much and tells him so on the phone.

Vinie has called Mom regularly every week for the last twelve years. He calls me, too, every once in a while. Only the other night he said he was going out to Hollywood and we’ll do things together the way we did in the old days.

I’d like to go to the Coast if I could work with Vinie in some business capacity. On the other hand, my family and our bright new house is here. Well . . . we’ll see what the future holds.

We Zoinas have had our ups and downs. We’ve had deaths—Carl, Marie, Helen and Pop—we’ve had struggles and now suddenly—not so suddenly—we have fame. And we have friends that we never had before. Even on the bus, people talk to me about Ben Casey.

We always said Vinie was lucky when he was a kid. There he is—he has a ticket to the movies and a bottle of pop six out of seven times. But we also know now that if he stays on the top, if he makes it big as an actor, it will not be luck but study and hard work. That and the long bleak years of discouragement and his fighting in the face of it. From the beginning, Vinie had the drive and perseverance to get anything he put his mind to.

I’m betting on him! The End

See Vincent Edwards in “Ben Casey” on ABC-TV, every Monday at 10 P.M. EDT.

Image of Nancy Caryl Lowe
slippery little things. 'Well,' Col. Glenn said, 'in that case, let's have a conference.'

The upshot of our conference was that the Colonel took all oysters and gave me part of his broth in return. That was nice enough of him, I thought. Very nice. But Col. Glenn wasn't going to let it go at that. Oh no. For a few days after that, everyday I saw him, he'd stop me and reach in his pocket and say, 'Would you like an oyster, Nancy?' I knew he was only kidding, of course, but there was just something about the word that didn't sit well with my stomach. And I don't have to tell you that Col. Glenn stopped the joke when he saw my face turning pale.

'About teasing—did I tell you how I got my nickname? Well, right after Comdr. Shepard's flight, I appeared on the TV show, 'To Tell the Truth.' I stood on the platform with two other girls—one was really a more mature-looking woman—and we all said, 'My name is Nancy Lowe.' And then Bud Collyer, the M.C., explained that one of us was secretary to the seven astronauts. Well, all but one of the panel members guessed it was me. But the one who didn't, she said, pointing to the matronly-looking woman, 'I think she's the one. I think those boys would need to work with the more motherly type!'

'Need I say more? As soon as I got back to the base here, it was 'Little Mother, would you get me this?' and 'Little Mother, would you take a letter?' Little Mother. That sure was me for a while. Little Mother to the seven astronauts.

'I have eight bosses'

'What's that? You get the impression that all we do is have a ball here? Well let me say—there's a lot of work goes on in this office, too.

'The boys—well, the whole world knows what they do. 'My job'? Actually, it's much different than what most secretaries do—except that I have eight more bosses than most girls. The seven astronauts and Dr. (William K.) Douglas, their physician.

'I would say that my main job is taking dictation. And I answer correspondence. Not all of it, mind you. There's so much coming in since Col. Glenn's flight that we couldn't possibly answer it all. Just yesterday we sent 1,500 pounds of mail—all for the Colonel—to Washington. The usual crapstock letters—you know—'You have no business venturing into outer space, young man.' But most were the praising kind, and from school children working on class papers. They just need some personal information from the Colonel to make their papers complete. And oh, those requests for autographed pictures of Col. Glenn.

'I've started to get some mail, too. Personal. For me. From people all over the country. Some of it is quite uncomplimentary. For instance, I was on 'What's My Line' a few weeks ago, and at one point John Daly called me the 'Twist Queen of Cocoa Beach.' A few days later I got a letter from this woman saying, 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself—doing that awful dance in public?' And I got one from the president of a ladies' garment company who said he had seen the show and was sending me a complimentary pair of twist panties. These I've got to see! Also, of course, I get a lot of letters—from girls mostly—asking me which astronaut do I consider the best-looking, which has the best sense of humor, and so on. These I answer by saying that I think they're all wonderfully humorous and good-looking, which is an easy out but also happens to be the truth.

'Like most secretaries, I occasionally shop for my bosses when they're too busy—you know, presents for their families. . . . But right now I'm mostly readying things for our move. That's when the whole NASA operation here at Langley switches to Houston, Tex. It's quite a job.

"Genuine career girls . . ."

'I'm very excited about it. Aside from the three trips I've made to Cape Canaveral and the two to New York, this is really the first time I'll be leaving home for any length of time. Of course, there's sadness in my heart about all this, too. Because I know I'm going to miss my family very much. Very, very much.

"I come from a big family. There's my father—Hansel Lowe: he's a heavy equipment inspector for the government at Fort Monroe. There's my mother—Nellie Lowe; she's a full-time housewife, or more than full-time—since she has borne and brought up six children. In order of birth there's my brother Wayne—he's twenty-four and in the Navy now, submarine service. There's me. My brother Phillip is nineteen. My sister Cynthia is fifteen, Donna is eight. And that Debbie—she's five—and she runs the whole house.

"Actually, I don't talk too much about my job at home. I try to treat it as a typical job—you know, keep things pretty normal. Summer weekends I go swimming a lot.

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In the winter I go bowling. Or watch TV. I just think 'Dr. Kildare' is fine. Or I go to the movies. I like good pictures. And I like anything at all with Charlton Heston. Or with Robert Mitchum—though you don't see much of him these days, do you? With Rock Hudson—I guess I'm a typical female in this sense. And with—what's his name—that black-haired fellow who was in 'Home From the Hill.' George Hamilton! About I like the basketball. I love to read books by Frank Capra and Frank Slaughter. And I guess more than anything—since as a secretary I hate to write personal letters—I spend an awful lot of my home time on the phone talking to my best friend, Lyn Holloway. So you see, I try to live a real normal life. But my excitement about the job, much as I try to get to show it, must just glow all over the place.

"The most exciting moments of my job?"

"That's easy—being at Cape Canaveral for the three flights so far. Comdr. Shepard's, Capt. Grissom's and Col. Glenn's."

"I don't mind telling you I was a nervous wreck for Comdr. Shepard's flight. I'm not one who likes to show her emotions to others, so for this flight I stayed alone in crew headquarters. Everyone else was outside at the press site. But I just stayed alone in that office, watching the beginning of the flight from the window half leaning out, half falling out. Then I turned on a TV set in the room and watched just like everyone else in the country.

"My bride ... my roommate"

"For Col. Glenn's flight—well, I was only less nervous because he was so calm. Right from the beginning, the day he walked in from the conference room with a smile on his face and said, 'Nancy, I'd like you to place a call to my bride.' He never refers to her as 'Annie,' or 'my wife.' Always 'my bride,' or 'my roommate.' He said to me, 'It looks like I'm not going to be home for a while and I want her to know.'"

"And he said, 'Yes, I suppose to go to the Cape in two weeks.'"

"As it turned out, I went along. And I'll never forget those weeks of waiting with Col. Glenn, working with him. The tension, the postponed flights—it was enough to wear anybody to a frazzle. Some of the reporters who were there covering the flights didn't have their fingernails. But Col. Glenn remained the calmest man in the whole wide world. And after a while I lost whatever nervousness or jitters I had ... just by being close to him.

"When he wasn't in the Briefing Room he'd spend a lot of time with me taking care of this, or that, with the Colonel, you know? He's a man of so many different and fantastic experiences that he'd be dictating a letter and in the middle of it he'd be reminded of something, and he'd say, 'Nancy, did I ever tell you about—' And then it could be the war he'd talk out. Or college. Or test pilot school. Or adventure. And they were very small, and when he started to court her. Oh, I wish you could hear the love in his voice whenever he talks about his wife and his children. It's just the loveliest thing to hear.

"As I said, he wrote lots of letters to personal friends during this period before his flight. A few, to his very best friends, he would sign, 'Pierre Glutz'—which I thought was very funny. He also answered people who had written to him—especially children. He is the kind of man who goes out of his way for everybody. For me, for instance.

"I'd like to give you just two examples of Col. Glenn's kindness to me, if I may. One was that great day after his flight, when he returned to the Cape and was greeted by President Kennedy. Well, Sir, that day I was just one of thousands of people at the airport. All I wanted was a look at my boss, to see for myself that he was really all right. I got near the speech platform.

"The car with President Kennedy and the Colonel drove from the plane to the speakers' platform—and stopped right in front of the spot where I was standing. And Col. Glenn was saying something to the President. . . . All of a sudden he saw me. He smiled, put up both of his thumbs and shouted, 'We made it. Nancy. We made it.'

"I shouted back to him, 'Welcome home, Pierre Glutz.'

"He said, 'It's good to be back.'

"A few seconds later Col. Glenn and the President got out of the car. He took the President's arm and led him over to where I was sitting. Then he introduced me to President Kennedy. And then, right in front of the President, he kissed me. Right here. On this cheek.

"Again he said, 'We made it, Nancy.'

"And—I didn't say anything, I couldn't. I might've burst into tears right there.

"Another time I'll never, never forget, as longer as I live. It was a Wednesday night, about a week later. I was back here in Virginia and planning how the next day I would watch the great New York City welcome parade for the Colonel on a TV set. All of a sudden, there was a boy at the front door with a telegram for me. It read: 'DEAR NANCY . . . I NOTICE THAT THROUGH OUR OVERSIGHT YOUR NAME WAS LEFT OFF THE INVITATION LIST FOR TOMORROW'S PARADE AND RECEPTION IN NEW YORK. I WOULD THEREFORE PERSONALLY LIKE TO INVITE YOU.'"

"Colonel John H. Glenn, Jr.

"Well, it would be silly for me to even try to describe the thrill I got from that telegram. And I still got the next day flying to New York with everyone else and taking part in that fantastic parade.

"Can this be me?"

"But all the time I kept thinking—this can't be me, Nancy Lowe, a secretary from Poquoson, Va., population 4,000—a fishing village with a couple of banks, a few stores, and it wasn't like 'it can't be me sitting here in this car, in this parade, a part of all this excitement. It can't be.'

"I thought back to how I'd gotten my job. I'd graduated from Poquoson High in June, 1958—third in my class, there was the Valedictorian, the Salutatorian—and I was a Valedictorian. I'd taken a month's vacation after graduation and gone to Frederickburg to visit some relatives. When I got home there was a notice from the personnel office at Langley Field, asking me to come for an interview.

"Long before that, I'd decided to take the first job anyone offered me. I'd spent enough time lazying around and I sure wanted some money for new clothes. So I wasn't when the interview, was accepted for the job and placed in a steno pool for a whole bunch of engineers.

"That's how it began. And then there were all those rumors about a space program—with strange words and phrases like 'astronaut' and 'project Mercury' bandied all over the place. . . . Then before I knew it, I was transferred to the medical division, to Dr. Douglas' office. And slowly I began to realize that I was becoming more and more involved with this space program.

"The selections were announced on April 6, 1959. And a few days later, just before the men arrived here at Langley, I'd been more or less told that I was going to be their secretary. Secretary to the seven astronauts."

"They arrived, all seven of them, late that afternoon. I was introduced, we all shook hands and said our hellos. Downstairs, later, some of the girls asked, 'What's it like, Nancy?'

"And I said, as near as I remember: 'To tell you the truth, they're quite ordinary. They're nice-looking and healthy—looking—but they don't have two heads, if that's what you mean.'

"It didn't take me too long, after that, to realize that my bosses weren't ordinary at all. They might have two heads, but they certainly had hearts and senses of humor and streaks of bravery that were ten times—a hundred times—larger than most people's.

"And now here I was, riding in a big open car in New York City, in Col. Glenn's triumphant parade. Waving to the people. Laughing a little. Crying a little. Remembering. All at the same time.

"And I thought to myself, 'Nancy—you're the luckiest girl in the world, in case you didn't know. . . .'

"I thought, too, that day in New York, how different things might have been for me if I hadn't made a certain important decision. That during high school I had gone steady with a boy. A nice boy. And like practically everybody else in high school who went steady at the time, we planned to get married.

"But about graduation time, for some reason, I thought it best if we didn't get married. I don't know why exactly. Maybe I figured we were just too young—and there was more to life than marrying in your teens and being just like everybody else.

"So I spoke to this boy. He said he understood. We called off our engagement. And a few months later I answered that note from the personnel office at Langley Field. And I said, 'You know?'—a couple of days ago a friend of my mother's said to her, 'Nellie, tell me—Nancy is nearing twenty-two now. When does she plan to get herself a husband and married?'

"'My mother said, 'Nancy will be married someday. She'll be a good wife and mother—and she'll be a good mother. But for now, I'm afraid she's just married to her job.' . . . (Smiling) "And do you know what? I'm afraid my mother is right."
Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don’t realize what is involved in treating “the delicate zone.”

They don’t ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It’s time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: the tissues in the “delicate zone” are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

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This is modern woman’s way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for “the delicate zone.” It is called Zontite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zontite as important a part of their personal hygiene as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zontite.

Rules aren’t for her

When she was fifteen, Natalie planned to go to Tijuana, Mexico, for the weekend with actor Scott Marlow. When her mother objected, Natalie couldn’t understand why. In Natalie’s mind it was just something she wanted to do. The idea of propriety or what other people would think never occurred to her. If it did, it wouldn’t have mattered anyway.

Says a friend, “That’s what’s so marvelous about Natalie. She’s honest about everything. She never plays a game—because games mean rules and she says to hell with rules—they’re for the people who wouldn’t know what to do without them.”

But underneath Natalie’s fancy for the world of love and men, lay the dominant, dynamic drive to the top that only Mrs. Gurdin could control. Turbulently, she walked by Natalie’s operations, calling them duty, not love.

Natalie’s sufferings were easily seen, in her mother’s forbidding face. In her daughter’s heart. Natalie’s publicly published romance with Nick Hilton, for example, as well as some of the very “forbidden” men she dated, were not much more than deviltry conceived by that artful mischief-maker, Natalie. Mrs. Gurdin knew this—for she was her daughter’s mother—well as her confidante. She knew what Natalie was after, and she helped her get it. As Natalie herself said, “My mother

Let’s talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Continued from page 30

something she didn’t know anything about. And, unlike other girls, Natalie was not content to simply ask questions—she wanted to find the answers through first-hand experience. For a while Mrs. Gurdin let her daughter’s search for romantic adventure pass without discussion. But one evening she walked into the parlor and found Natalie kissing a boy friend. Struggling to keep her composure, Mrs. Gurdin decided to calmly talk about the problem the next day. Natalie listened dutifully and promised her mother her behavior would improve.

But her continual association with boys who were really men, the frank discussions of sex she heard on the set, and the defiance of morals she saw among other actresses and actors were things this bright, intelligent, innocent girl could not ignore. It is not to be implied that Natalie’s behavior was wrong, it wasn’t. She said to her mother, “I want to know what older people do alone together. I understand knowing about it doesn’t give me the right to try to get away with it. But, Mother, I can’t make believe sex doesn’t exist, and not knowing makes me feel stupid.”

Again, Mrs. Gurdin had a down-to-earth discussion with her daughter. Natalie’s reaction was honest and mature. She announced that from then on she was not going to go steady with any boy because “the physical temptations are too great.”

So instead, she went out with a variety of men. Some of them would give a mother cause to worry, but if Mrs. Gurdin worried, she didn’t do it publicly.

Rules aren’t for her
should never ever be accused of forcing me to become an actress. She didn’t have to.”

But Natalie’s dates with a young actor named Robert J. Wagner were more than just publicity. It was the beginning of love. And Mrs. Gurdin seemed to approve. “He is a fine, mature and intelligent young man,” she said. “He is the balance and the caution my daughter needs.”

But in her wisdom, she also knew that her daughter’s tremendous drive was committed to success as a movie star—and that this goal was firmly entrenched in her character and personality. Love, as most girls knew it, was second-place with Nat. It was a delightful novelty. Now with Bob, Natalie’s heart tried to look in two directions at once. Toward success and toward love. But Natalie’s desire for success had a fifteen-year head start on her desire for love. Mrs. Gurdin knew this, but when Natalie married Bob—on December 28, 1957—Mrs. Gurdin was delighted. She liked Bob immensely.

Shortly after Natalie’s third year of married life, the drive that she had tried desperately to suppress in favor of love, erupted. In a few months the impending and inevitable end of the marriage was looming enormous and ominous.

The “surprise” separation didn’t surprise Mrs. Gurdin, but the rumored reason—another man—Warren Beatty—hurt.

Could Natalie’s separation from Wagner have been avoided? Those in favor of saving a marriage at all costs will say yes. Those who know Natalie say no. Because at that time—as today—Natalie was so committed to glamour, fame and glory that it would have taken a miracle man to dissuade her. Bob Wagner is a wonderful person, but he is no miracle man.

And what about Warren Beatty? Is he a miracle man?

In many respects, Warren is very much like Natalie. Today, he is committed to the glory and fame of Warren Beatty. He is every bit as dedicated to himself as Natalie is dedicated to her career. For Warren, as with Natalie, personal achievement is the most important thing in life. Love for Warren, as for Natalie, would seem to be more of an emotional convenience than anything.

If Mrs. Gurdin felt that Natalie, hurt by the unkind talk of her love for Warren, would change—Mrs. Gurdin was wrong for the first time in many, many years. Natalie pointed out that only her art, not her private life, was public domain. But she’s a prominent star and her personal behavior influences others. It would seem that Natalie, who has no use for rules, expects others to obey hers. And life doesn’t work out that way.

“A jurist once said, ‘holds a public trust. A judge can make the wisest decisions of justice on the bench, but if in private life he’s chasing girls, leaving his wife at home, he’d damn well better expect public censure.’

A broken heart

Should Mrs. Gurdin have taken more drastic measures to prevent her daughter from becoming an actress?

“Perhaps,” says Mrs. Gurdin, “but I loved my daughter. How could I, in conscience, deliberately stand in her way? She worked for her dream. She made sacrifices for the future.”

And what about the sacrifices Mrs. Gurdin made? Are all the years she spent helping Natalie get what she wanted to be tossed aside because of a young man named Warren Beatty?

Are Natalie and her mother fighting over Warren?

It must hurt Mrs. Gurdin deeply as it would any mother, to know that Natalie, whom she loves and respects, is involved with Warren while still legally married to Bob Wagner. (Her California divorce will not be official until April, 1963.)

In any case, Mrs. Gurdin has never uttered a derogatory word about Warren. (It might be added, however, that she’s consistently heaped praise on Bob Wagner.) It is not necessarily Warren that Mrs. Gurdin deplores as much as it is the kind of relationship that has been publicized about Natalie and Warren.

Like Natalie, Mrs. Gurdin is not both ered by “what the neighbors think,” but she is concerned. What worries her is the one rumor that Natalie ignores—the rumor that Warren has told friends in private that he has “no intention of getting married to anyone.”

It can be seen Natalie’s getting hurt as an actress,” Mrs. Gurdin has said, “because when it comes to her profession she has strength in her little body that would amaze you. She will survive critics and the others who find fault with her dramatic abilities. No, that is not what I fear.

“It is the hurt a selfish man might inflict. It is the hurt that worries me. She is so sure, so confident, but only because she has never before been hurt by love. The unhappiness and disappointment over marriage to Robert, fortunately, has only made her wiser. But still, as a woman, she is much too sensitive not to suffer terribly if she fails at love again. This is a topic too long discussed. I only want to see Natalie’s heart and I pray that it will not happen.”

All Hollywood hopes, too, that it won’t happen. But more than that, they hope nothing will happen to the relationship of Natalie and her mother. —ALAN SOMERS

Natalie stars in UA’s “West Side Story.” Her next film is “Gypsy” for Warners.

While Burton was in “Camelot,” Cindy Adams interviewed him. She quotes him: “Darling, it’s torture when you can’t feel anything toward your leading ladies. It’s so much more helpful in making love to them professionally, if you have some sort of yen for them personally. The difficulties of romancing a woman publicly, if one’s not the slightest inclined toward her privately, can be hell.

“Just so happens that I’m madly in love with Julie (Andrews). Oh, nothing personal, mind you. Nothing funny. We’re neither of us going to leave our respective mates. It’s just that I simply adore her. And of course, this makes it so much easier to work, don’t you think?”

Richard didn’t dig Marilyn, Frances, or Miss Forgotten. He doesn’t favor blondes. Brunette Elizabeth Taylor is as beautiful as can be found in this model.

Although the public is better acquainted with Liz and Richard’s off-screen acquaintances, he has torrid love scenes with her in “Cleopatra.” Burton is being paid plentiful for but little of it. In fact, he told several people: “If the picture runs a few more months overtime, I could wind up with close to a million dollars.”

Richard Burton is moving into the Big Money for the first time. When he was the chubby, short kid, Richard Jenkins, with pock marks on his face, he often dreamed about beautiful women and a glamour world in which he was Lover Boy. He never included a million dollars in those dreams. This was too impossible even for dreams.

When the Burtons first visited Hollywood, they were house guests of James and Pamela Mason. Richard had done a few pictures in England. However, it was his acting as a member of the Old Vic that fellow actors respected. He respected himself for it, too.

He liked Hollywood, but he was afraid of it. “It’s like drinking wine,” Richard said. “It’s wonderful, but I got to get back to the Old Vic.”

I never could understand why he didn’t become popular, a big movie star. He always gave a dynamite performance. He received an Oscar nomination; “My Cousin Rachel” (1952). He played then in “The Robe,” the movie that introduced CinemaScope. Yet he was nothing at the box office.

Many producers told me why. “Burton. He’s got no sex appeal! I did not feel the sex appeal,” he said. I knew Richard appealed to more women than the total sum of five current movie heroes. To me, Burton was the Welsh edition of John Barrymore. And like him, Richard has done some wild things.

At the studio luncheon for Khrushchev, he didn’t like a few statements Mr. K made. He was about to stand up and let

THE BURTONS

Continued from page 46

accompanied the vodka. Each to his own.

It was near close time. The waiter placed the tab on the table. Burton pushed his chair away from the tab. “I’m a Welshman. We’re slower on the draw than the Scotch.” He smiled pleasantly. No one in the group objected. Richard is a charmer.

Burton never made a pass at Marilyn, Frances or Miss “I Can’t Remember The Name.” He complimented them continuously and was over-attentive. He acted as if he had to satisfy their egos, but more important—his ego. He had to make the impression that he’s Lover Boy.

A prominent member of the British colony in Hollywood said, “When Burton is involved with one of his co-stars, the first week Mrs. Burton says to him, ‘Richard, don’t hurt the girl.’ When the involvement continues for a few weeks, Sybil says, ‘Richard, don’t hurt us.’

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Mr. K have it. Kim Novak, sitting next to him, yanked him back into his chair. "Where does that dame get off telling me how to behave?" Richard told me. He transferred his anger from Krushchev to Kim. Remember, he doesn't dig blondes!

This is Richard Burton

Richard is Marc Antony to Liz Taylor's Cleopatra, for which he'll be paid (almost) a million dollars. He and Sybil and their daughters, Katherine, five, Jessica, almost three, can live comfortably. He'll never have to worry about money again. He has made the breakthrough. Liz Taylor accomplished what his entire movie career couldn't. Liz made him a movie star.

She repeatedly said, "Richard and I are going to be married." Liz and Richard went to restaurants, night clubs on the Via Veneto, followed by reporters and a horde of photographers. Richard the Rogue appeared to be enjoying the escapade. He forgot his marriage, or misplaced it for a while. Richard has many talents.

Liz gets what she wants. A continuous pattern, starting in childhood, ranging from chipmunk to Oscar. Liz discards what she no longer wants. This includes everything from a twin-worn Dior gown to a slightly-used Nicky Hilton. The latest throw-away is Earl Fisher.

Eddie was informing reporters in New York that the divorce story was "preposterous." The overseas operator interrupted with a previously placed call. Eddie spoke to Liz, or maybe it was vice versa. However, then Eddie returned to the reporters. The story wasn't preposterous. He was—and they had sympathy for him.

The next day it was officially announced that it was over.

Liz also made an announcement: Again she was going to marry Burton. Only this time, Liz pressed the panic button without realizing it.

Sybil was frightened. For the first time during her thirteen-year marriage. The Fishers were divorcing. Her security was threatened. And Richard's escape with Liz wasn't a private affair. It was out in the open, for all the world to see. Sybil's friends asked if she and Richard were divorcing. Relatives, who previously showed discretion, asked. She heard strangers in the shops asking. Newspapers, radio and television asked the question.

Sybil pondered the date, and discuss the situation. It was merely a meeting of husband and wife. A newspaper in L.A. headlined: "Sybil and Richard To Have Summit Meeting." In Paris the Burtons appeared to be having a wonderful time together, just like any normal happily married couple.

I'll give you the rundown on Sybil. Sybil Williams is Welsh. She comes from a mining village, about 40 miles from where Richard grew up. They never met until the first day of filming in Richard's debut film, "The Last Days of Dolwy.

The first day Richard worked, his roving eyes spotted a beautiful young girl. She had a small role in the picture, her first professional job. Two weeks later, Richard and Sybil announced they were marry. Fast worker, Richard. Five months later they were married at the Kensington Registry Office. Sybil was so happy to be Mrs. Burton that she quit her just-beginning career to be his full-time wife.
During her frequent trips to Hollywood, I have met Sybil. Sybil has attractive and attention-getting snow-white hair. She appears lovelier, dresses with more chic, I'm told, than she did when they house-guested with the Maroons. "She was tacky, then," I'm told. She is vivacious, well-liked, bright and has a sense of humor.

This is Sybil

Sybil likes to be with Richard, but doesn't give him the watch-dog behavior whenever he's working. She frequently travels to wherever he works for a brief visit. Sybil understands Richard. Better than anyone does—including himself.

Sybil knows Richard appears to have bravado because he is scared. She knows Richard the romancer is, in a way, an enslaved Richard. He lost control. He walked over to Garbo and said, "Miss Garbo, all my life I have wanted just one thing—to squeeze your knee. May I do it now?"

Garbo smiled. She was amused. She gave permission.

Richard squeezed her knee, very respectfully, thanked her and walked away. Sybil is waiting. She could hardly control her laughter. "Whatever made you do that? You acted like a schoolboy meeting a movie star for the first time."

Richard answered, "I kept my word to Miss Garbo. I squeezed only one knee. I could have gone for two."

He is Richard the Schoolboy. He is Richard the Waspishman. He is Richard the Story Teller. He is Richard the Clever Deceiver. He is Richard the Charmer.

Sybil knows all these Richard Burtons. Does Liz Taylor? Would she tolerate them? Sybil is wife, mother, confidant, nurse, to Richard. Can Liz Taylor be all this to the many Richards?

Sybil has plenty going for her. Richard's presence emerged from the Summit Meeting not wanting to give up a good thing—Sybil.

This is Liz

Liz Taylor has plenty going for her. From past performances, whether it be working, loving, honesty, or a fighter against adversity, Liz is the chic of chicks. However, we also know Liz gets bored easily. She doesn't merely love a man, she conquers him. She needs the public to witness it, too.

She seems to be on a kick—married men. Liz and Eddie also had their romance for the world to see. New York night clubs instead of Roman. Grossinger's instead of a villa. Different location. Same script.

A headline romance. Liz said she was going to marry Fisher, a married man. I covered part of that story. She was asked about the wife. Liz replied, "What am I supposed to ask him is a great question. He and her try? He can't. And if he did, they'd destroy each other. I'm not taking anything away from Debbie Reynolds, because she never really had it."

Burton is married. There the compari-son ends. Her Fisher method didn't work.

Liz said she's going to marry Burton. Richard didn't say he's going to marry her. His reply to their around-the-clock dates: "If I feel like going out, I'll go out. Let them say what they want to. Hang 'em."

Liz has been a very good star. She has worn a very good hat. In the few years she is the only star who can carry a bad picture alone and make it a sensation at the box office. She was paid one million dollars to portray Cleopatra. She'll receive practically another million for overtime. Also, the fate of Twentieth Century-Fox is riding along the Nile on that bargain with "Cleopatra." If the picture isn't a smash hit, the studio could very well sink.

"Cleopatra" is a runaway production out of control. The studio wishes they were filming it on their sound stages. Not only would it cost less, but Liz would behave better. Liz is really living it up in the city of "Cleopatra."

Rome is wild. A sex-fendi thief broke into Anita Ekberg's house. He didn't steal Anita's jewelry or furs. He took her brassieres (size 40 DD), a few garter belts and her collection of panties.

Fellini states that there was a real orgy that inspired the one in "La Dolce Vita."

A magazine reports thousands of unmar-ried couples competing at Porto Ercole, Stefano, amid rumors and denial that Burton's secretary was on a mission to London to sound out Sybil about a divorce. Yet their idol ended abruptly when Liz walked out out tepet—and alone, only to end up at Rome's Salvator Munda Hospital, with the carabinieri (national police) investigating what may have been an attempted suicide. This latter rumor is the only one in recent memory not attended by a devoted, frantic husband or lover.

We know what sent Liz flouncing home from her seaside rendezvous: word that Sybil had arrived at the Burton villa. She came by car, unannounced and unnoticed by the paparazzi who haunt the airport. When Burton came the only one in recent memory not attended by a devoted, frantic husband or lover.

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The official Vatican City weekly, in a blistering letter addressed to "Dear Madame," but leaving no doubt that it was meant for Elizabeth Taylor, criticized her for what it termed "erotic vagrancy." For the first time Liz appeared to feel the sting of adverse publicity.

Liz is not a person who quits easily. First, she was puzzled by Sybil. This wife responded differently than Debbie. Sybil couldn't hide her hurt. She let her ego to cry. Sybil didn't go to Rome and compete with Liz for Richard. Sybil returned to London. She had her say and then disappeared.

Spoiled Liz was left with hostility to burn. This wife didn't fall into the trap. She didn't issue an ultimatum, "If I catch you fooling around, I'll divorce you."

Liz called and Mr. Burton, who had avoided the press, now invited David Lewin, London Daily Express correspondent, to the villa for a quiet dinner.

Now Liz Taylor denied saying she's going to marry Burton. What's more, Liz honestly believes she never said it. Liz is convincing, capable of convincing herself.

She is the kind of person who, if she car-ries a book long enough, believes she has read it.

Liz said: "In two months, I should be finished with 'Cleopatra' and I have been with it now through life and death for two years. Then, I go to Gstaad, in Swit-zerland, to my house there, which I have never seen. I don't even know how many roles it has, but I have looked at pictures of it."

Liz said that after a long rest, she'll go to Las Vegas and get the divorce. Liz was married in Las Vegas. She probably feels she's returning the merchandise.

Then Richard, in his Churchillian narra-tive voice, told the reporter: "I am going to be in this film for longer than her lady-ship here. They want to finish her as quickly as possible on account of all that money she is costing them. She is very expen-sive." Richard paused.

He turned to me and wisecracked, "You know, Liz, you ought to give some money to the Vic. You have got so much."

He went on with his statement, his plans.

"I have got another three months or more on this (picture) and that will be expen-sive too," went on Richard. "Then I am going to make a film in Italy or France that will allow me to make as much as Elizabeth's salary for one week. Then next February, I am going home for a long time to work at Stratford-on-Avon . . ."

In the meantime Richard Burton was going to England to see his wife and children as soon as he got a few days off. Or so he said. But when the studio announced come past it could take a long weekend off for the Easter holidays. Liz didn't hide her reaction. She was still unhappy over the Burtons' Paris reunion and friends said she made it pretty clear she didn't go for the idea of Richard's leaving her again to spend Easter alone.

Off they went, these two, to a rented seaside villa at Porto Ercole, with Stefano, amid rumors and denial that Burton's secretary was on a mission to London to sound out Sybil about a divorce. Yet their idol ended abruptly when Liz walked out upset—and alone, only to end up at Rome's Salvator Munda Hospital, with the carabinieri (national police) investigating what may have been an attempted suicide. This latter rumor is the only one in recent memory not attended by a devoted, frantic husband or lover.

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and this was at a dinner that should have been rather “formal.”

I never understood the reason for her irritability, and I tried to figure out if it was due to her little physical strength and to her difficult profession, or if it was her own temper. It is therefore understandable that when I have to answer the questions of people who ask me how this famous Elizabeth Taylor really is, I use the word that English-speaking people apply to little children: spoiled. But to tell the truth, I think that Mrs. Taylor has a lot in common with the little spoiled children who tend to consider themselves the center of the world and to think that everybody is always at their disposal.

And the people around her help give her that impression, ... 

During a weekend the episode which, in my diary, goes under the name “The incident of the phone call,” took place. One evening, towards 9:00 P.M., the phone rang. The Fishers had finished eating a while before and were probably already resting. I took the phone call which came from Beverly Hills, from the parents of Elizabeth Taylor. I was previously ordered not to pass any phone call which would come to the villa after 9:00 P.M., but on that evening, and considering where it came from too, I passed it through the house-line to their apartment. Mr. Eddie answered it. He spoke in a low voice and didn’t seem to appreciate my initiative. “Sorry,” I answered, “I thought that it might have been something important.”

From the way he spoke to me I understood that he had accepted my apologies. “Don’t accept the call, Fred,” he said, “and remember that there isn’t anything more important than the sleep and rest of Elizabeth Taylor.”

Mrs. Taylor’s health is very fragile. She isn’t physically very strong and she is undoubtedly very nervous. I wrote in my diary “January 12: nervous breakdown of Madame, who left Cinecittà studios and came home.” It is always like this at the end of the week. She is tired, often she can not notice it right away, because her face is very pale. She looks to me as if she only could stand on will power. She eats like a bird; fish, orange juice in the morning and coffee and the usual can of chili in the evening. Her lunch at Cinecittà studios, as far as I know, is never more than a small piece of fried chicken.

I often ask myself how this woman can stand to work fifty hours a week on the set, practically always standing and always under flood lights. I have the impression that Mrs. Taylor started working too soon after the very serious illness she had in London. I know that the doctors told the producers that she could face the effort of making a film, but it is obvious that if she could have had more six months of rest her health could have improved a lot.

I thought about this, since I saw her go out only once, during my whole stay, on the weekends. She spent them in bed, and left the room only to enable the servants to sweep and change the linen every day.

Another indication of her ill health was due to something which had happened some days before. On an afternoon in the middle of the week Elizabeth Taylor came back from the studios at 4:00 P.M.—three hours earlier than usual. The bell rang and as I went to open the door I saw the car (given to the Fishers by the producers) in front and the driver as he ran towards the back seat with a pair of crutches. Mrs. Taylor was very pale, and her face had that expression showing physical pain that she had in the pictures taken last year in a London hospital. She slowly got out of the car and took the crutches. I promptly offered my help, too, and asked her what was the matter. “Nothing, Fred,” she answered. “I am only tired, very tired.” She was brought up to her room, and after a while she received the visit of Doctor Pennington, her personal doctor. For three days she had to stay in bed without moving, and when, on the following Monday, she went back to the studios, she still wasn’t feeling well and had the leg completely bandaged.

### Madame’s cigarettes

But the reason of her ill health is not why she seems so spoiled. Mrs. Elizabeth has some eccentricities, like some other film stars, and these whims are catered to by everyone who knows her.

First of all, I have to inform you that Elizabeth Taylor never uses matches which are commonly sold on the market, nor does she light her cigarettes with a lighter. She uses only matches which I think she gets from 20th Century-Fox. Since I could only get a few at a time, they are probably made for her alone. They are made of shining wood with golden heads, and they close in elegant boxes have on the outside a small reproduction of very famous paintings.

Mrs. Taylor smokes generally a pack of cigarettes a day, and since she never uses the same holder more than twice I figured that she needed at least ten holders a day. What really struck me, when I first started to observe, wasn’t the number of these gadgets which were to be found all over the place, but their colors. I found out the reason for it on the occasion of a party where Mrs. Taylor wore a green outfit. She ordered us to set the table with a turquoise table cloth and to put on it the box with the colored cigarette holders.

It was exactly that evening when I was given a new duty concerning the cigarette holders. I had to have a new box of holders in the proper colors ready every morning and to give them to Madame before she left for the Cinecittà studios. I had to choose the ones for the evenings (paying particular attention in the evenings when there was to be a party) so that they would not only match the color of her outfit, but also the color of her tablecloth.

I tried to do my best to accomplish these duties, but became gradually aware of the fact that I would find it rather difficult to get used to the American way of thinking in a house ruled by the moods of a film star and of a singer.

But now, when I think about these episodes, I do sometimes believe that before condemning Elizabeth Taylor one should consider the mitigating circumstances. Living there three months, I think, helped me to understand her situation—a situation of a woman who is, day in and day out, in the position of having to live up to the growing and at times inhuman exigencies of life as a number one star. This too explains, in a way, why she is so spoiled and why she lacks consideration for others and even why she is so extravagant.

Her clothes, her jewels, her colored cigarette holders and the specially prepared matches were not the only methods Mrs. Taylor used to remind herself that she is a star. But they were used like dope—to be taken daily to keep that self-assertion that she needed to survive outside the set.

She is probably the only actress who has, as far as I know, a manuscript bound in Moroccan leather. And I know, for having seen it under the Christmas tree, that

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*Continued from page 50*
her set chair, which she used to rest in while working at the studios, was similar to the manuscript. Instead of being simply made, as all other ones, of cloth and painted wood, with the name of the star it belongs to on the back, the one of Madame has been made with a special kind of wood from California and Russian leather by a Roman artisan. The chair was a veritable masterpiece, and I know it had been paid for by Mr. Mankiewicz.

Bath by candlelight

The furniture of her private bath revealed her movie-star taste. Elizabeth Taylor wanted her bathroom floor covered with a white woolen carpet, just like the one she had in the nearby room. The bathtub, very elegant and very low, had a big mirror around it and nearly there were three green crystal candle holders of Murano and white candles. I have no doubt that Mrs. Taylor took her two daily baths (one at 7:30 A.M. and the other at 8:00 P.M.) in the candlelight. I think she did it, besides the fact that it was very fashionable, because the lights often went off in the villa.

But besides her willfulness and eccentricities, there was also, at certain times, a sort of mystery curtain around Mrs. Taylor and her villa... and a strange atmosphere of conspiracy created in the house by the people very near to the Fishers. In the case I am referring to, mystery could be felt in the air already at the beginning of December, and in spite of my trying to find out something, I didn’t succeed in it till the 15th of the same month. On that date, Dick Hanley, the secretary of Elizabeth Taylor, called me on the phone and told me to have the guest room, near the one of the Fishers, thoroughly cleaned. “And have it disinfected too,” he told me, “but do it without any fuss. The guest is supposed to be a surprise for Mr. Fisher.”

This didn’t convince me at all, since Edith Fisher found out about it right away—and even had he not been aware of it, he could very easily have guessed what was going on. Two days later we were told that “one of Mrs. Taylor’s relatives will bring a baby along.” It was easy to understand that this had been said in order to justify the many objects which were seen to be brought to the villa on the same afternoon: a high chair, a small plastic bathtub and lots of baby clothes.

The time draws near

Starting from the morning of December 20th, I realized from little signs that the baby’s arrival was near. When I brought Mrs. Taylor’s breakfast to her bed, I groped about trying to find the light and a place for the breakfast tray on the table beside the bed which was regularly full of all sorts of things, starting from bottles and various other containers, cosmetics, remedies and such. Unfortunately I walked on the table, and in any case, the only one of the five dogs of the Fishers, which (maybe on account of the fact that it had been one of the first gifts to Madame of the late Mike Todd) had the privilege of sleeping always in their bedroom. The dog yelped and to make it worse Mr. Fisher woke up in the

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darkened room and started to ask for an explanation.

This accident had happened before, but on that morning, instead of casting an annoyed look on me, as she usually did, Mrs. Taylor smiled at me. It must really have been a very important day to start so well.

In the afternoon the Fishers arrived at a lot of phone calls from abroad, which made me think that something must have happened to someone very dear to them. The last one came from Munich, and was for Mrs. Taylor. It must have brought to her dramatic news, since I saw her collapse on the chair of the office, trying to hold the receiver with one hand and to keep balanced with the other. I couldn’t get anything of what was said on the phone, since she had already started to cry. When she got up she was still crying and went slowly upstairs to her room. The servants were told that a girl friend of Mrs. Taylor was very ill, and that she was very upset about it. But it was quite obvious to everyone that it was the baby who was ill. We thought: Maybe something happened to it and it won’t come anymore. But the last communication of Richard Hanley, Mrs. Taylor’s secretary, made us change our minds. “Is everything ready?” she asked. “The guest will arrive this evening.”

The little orphan girl arrived in the evening of December 21. I was the first one to see her and welcome her, since Mr. Fisher was upstairs and Mrs. Elizabeth was working.

As soon as she saw him, Maria liked her adoptive father Mr. Fisher. She was only two years old, but she was already a charmer. She let him play with her tiny hand and decided to repay all his compliments by an adorable smile which showed the presence of two front teeth (which weren’t any bigger than two rice grains) in the upper gum. Half an hour later Mrs. Taylor arrived from Cinecittà with the little girl. She was already known about the arrival, since she walked in quickly, threw the sweater she wore on a couch and went, without hesitating, up the stairs which led to the apartment, sure to find there the little girl about whose health she had worried so much twenty-four hours before.

The Fishers would usually dine upstairs after Madame came back from the studios (that is to say between 7:00 and 7:30 P.M.), but on that night they seemed to have forgotten all about their appetites. Only towards 9:00 P.M., after two hours in the nursery, Madame called me on the housephone to come upstairs.

**Maria’s effect on Madame**

I can’t recall any other moment where the actress made me forget her attitude towards me. On the contrary, on that occasion, Madame showed understanding and kindness, two qualities that before and after that I never had the pleasure to notice in her. I often thought about that, and have no doubts now, that only the presence of the little Maria could have produced such a change, even if only for a short time, on her temper.

I knocked at the door of the nursery thinking that Madame called me just to order her dinner, and in that case, Mr. Fisher would have come to the door to take care of it for her. That evening it was different, though. As a matter of fact, while I was trying to open the door, Madame told me: “Come in, Fred.” I didn’t know what the orders were going to be, and therefore I left the door opened, thinking to leave right away. But Elizabeth Taylor must have wanted me to watch them receive the little girl’s father, while Eddie Fisher called a doctor. On that same evening Maria’s leg was put into a cast from the hip to the malleolus. This was done by a doctor who had been chosen very carefully. But, still, when Mrs. Taylor found out that he was a Roman doctor, she did everything to see and hide from him the true identity of the little girl, and the precautions she took seemed to be an unpleasant surprise to me.

**The masquerade**

Mrs. Taylor’s makeup expert, Viviane, and her husband were supposed to act at the party where the little girl’s parents arrived, and I was told to address Viviane as “Madame.” When Maria was taken home I was ordered to lock the three children in a room and to turn all the lights of the villa out, except the one of the hall and the one of the office.

Then I was supposed to make everything look as if the Fishers borrowed a villa just opposite, and Elizabeth Taylor lived in that house. The picture of Mr. Todd happened therefore to end up between the marriage license of Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor and the picture of the two children Mr. Fisher had with Debbie Reynolds. But the most humiliating destiny was the one of the Academy Award statue which put with little respect in the silver drawer. But in spite of all these precautionary measures which, in a certain sense had a tragi-comical taste, I don’t think that the Roman doctor, when he left the villa, still ignored the identity of its owners. An episode that took place on the following day: every time I think that I might have had some suspicion about it.

I don’t know whether the doctor forgot his notebook in Maria’s nursery by chance or on purpose, but there it was. On the following morning, when Bertha gave it to me, I promptly called the doctor up to tell him that I would send one of the two drivers with his notebook. The doctor said that it wasn’t worth taking out a car for it, and that he would pass by the villa himself in a few hours. When he came to get it, he smiled at me, winking at the same time with an air of silent complicity.

The masquerade that Mrs. Taylor put up to hide her identity to the doctor wasn’t the only peculiar episode that took place at the party with the little girl in contact with Maria’s presence.

Another one concerned Elizabeth Taylor, Eddie Fisher and the poor Bertha. When the three of them had to enter or go near the nursery, they would put on an antiseptic mask which was very similar to one used by surgeons when they are operating. This was not only a bit more ridiculous, but also the completion uselessness of this hygienic precaution in an apartment where five dogs and four cats were completely free to go around as they pleased and to do all that any animal could ever do.
The sleepless nights of Mr. Fisher

But her behavior to Eddie—that was a different story. His devotion to his wife touched at times heroism. We can't talk about conjugal egoism when a man used to lead a night life, or better, used to take night for day and not going to bed before five o'clock. I am not talking about this, because I am convinced that the "Nine O'Clock Retreat" (as the servants called it) was the most irksome duty that he had taken upon himself as prince-consort, and probably the only one that he couldn't get used to very easily.

Eddie Fisher would every night retire together with Madame at nine o'clock sharp, but every night, between midnight and one A.M., we could see him get

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up and walk around the villa. I have to admit that it wasn’t a happy sight. In those circumstances Mr. Fisher would offer a very touching image of himself; that of a man who in spite of everything was still used to setting his watch on the ones of Las Vegas nightclubs much more than on the Egyptian sun dial of Cleopatra.

One night, when his insomnia seemed more unbearable than ever, and when his walking around had brought him to the servants’ hall where he is taking care of the monthly bookkeeping of the house, I got the nerve to tell him: “Mr. Fisher, why don’t we put our jackets on and go out together? I know some of the Rome-by-night places that are just right for someone who doesn’t want to sleep.” He smiled at me very pathetically, and the way he gently patted my shoulder made me understand that he had appreciated my literary writing. But that husband in love won once more over the man who loves night life: “Thank you, Fred,” he told me, “but for me now there is only Elizabeth Taylor, her work, her worries. I have to stay with her and near her.”

And before starting to walk around the villa again, maybe thinking that I hadn’t heard what he meant, he added: “These sacrifices can be done for Liz and her happiness.”

Soon after he said those words, Mrs. Taylor was through with him. Now Eddie Fisher will never have to make those sacrifices again...

LOVE LUST & LIZ

Continued from page 42

Many preceding Hitler’s rise to power. It is something we must fight here.”

RABBI CHARLES E. SHULMAN of the Riverdale Temple, New York, and author of many books including “What It Means To Be a Jew,” says: “We have a sad situation in our country in which one out of four marriages end in divorce. Liz Taylor’s four marriages, three of which ended in divorce, are indicative.”

“Liz Taylor is a type. She is one of those who try very hard for success and, in trying hard, she becomes a sort of public domain. Inevitably they lose something of their private lives.

“When a person’s public life becomes more important than her personal life, something precious is lost and a sense of balance is gone out of living. This does not apply to Miss Taylor alone; it applies to all people in the public eye.

“We live in an age highly geared to public relations, and it is inevitable that the more you blow up a person, in terms of notoriety, the harder it is for that person to keep a sense of balance and living. Far from viewing Miss Taylor as a ‘trumpet,’ I think of her as a tragedy of our age. She is less a person than a product of publicity, a commodity, something with which to sell movies. I don’t believe most stars and celebrities are extraordinary people worth as much as a scientist working in a laboratory. But these are the people who gain fame and fortune way out of proportion to their value.

“Obviously, Miss Taylor is unstable. Four marriages indicate that, for her, love does not have a sustaining quality.”

REV. DONALD HARRINGTON, minister of the famed Community Church in New York, says: “Elizabeth Taylor’s plight is part of the materialistic culture of which Hollywood is an epitome. In Hollywood, even the best of people have had a hard time staying married. I don’t know why it is that Hollywood stars cannot sustain a normal life.

“As for Miss Taylor’s multiple marriages, it is obvious she does not know what she wants and she cannot hold the love of a man. There are a lot of people who have less of a religious life than she has had, yet manage better than she does. I’m told she is regarded as a Love Goddess, a symbol of love. Isn’t it sad that a Love Goddess does not know how to love?”

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THE END
the heartbroken singer into an agony equal to the ecstasy he "endured" as Elizabeth's real life love slave for three years.

Now Eddie has been transported to hell by the very pleasures which elevated him to a nuptial paradise when he bewilderedly became the object of Liz' fantastic and unhealthy search for love at the untimely demise of Mike Todd.

Eddie emerged from the recent earthquake in Rome in a shattered emotional and physical state. Thanks to the ministrations of his "miracle" physician (and President Kennedy's), Dr. Max Jacobson, he's recovered enough on the surface to resume his singing career—and the more difficult task of adjusting to everyday life after a fairy-tale, horror-story existence.

Three and a half weeks after an agonizing period of domestic chaos in Rome which involved actual physical violence, threats, hysteria and havoc, Eddie, unable to bear the situation, virtuously fought his way out of the sumptuous and famous villa off the historical Via Appia in Rome.

Three times before, he had made attempts to escape Elizabeth's irrational behavior by retreating to their chateau in Switzerland, a hotel in Paris and a seaside resort in Italy. Each time Elizabeth implored him for patience and understanding, urging him, begging him to come back to the working world between them for the sake of their futures and for the children who love Eddie as dearly as he loves them. She insisted, even while blatantly romancing Burton, that Eddie was her only love, her deep love, indeed the only person she loved more than herself. She kept him chained to her with uninhibited and seductive wiles and ways, playing on his deep addiction to her enchanting endearments and overtures. He was helpless before her.

**Goodbye to Rome**

Three times he returned—to be rewarded with a renewal of anguish and despair. Finally, the knife that she had impaled him on bled him of his life's force and reduced him to physical exhaustion and heartbreak. To save his own sanity and self-respect, he fled again—this time for good.

"I stood by Elizabeth for more than three years," Eddie said, "but when the situation in Rome became intolerably—I came here." He came to New York, he "came alive" and he sang. Was it an accident that the first record he made there should be "Arrivedere Roma"—"Goodbye, Rome."

"Oh it has a meaning," Eddie admitted. "It means the end of a wonderful love."

And he said, "I'm not bitter at anybody or anything." But when the subject of reconciliation came up he asked, "Reconciliation? What's that?"

That was the way Eddie talked. Seemingly light words and a careful poker face. But none of it could hide the inner anguish of a man who had saved her sanity and self-respect only by fleeing the woman—the woman—of his life.

And in fleeing, Eddie proved that the ecstasy of being her prince, her lover, her husband, her comforter, her champion, her friend, her bodyguard and her children's father was—after all—not enough to alleviate the awful agony of watching her entice another victim with her potent brand of love... In essence, he had to commit a form of suicide by killing his love for Elizabeth, the wife he'd adored.

**A faithful husband**

While Eddie was married to Debbie, he was a constant and moral husband, there is no question or doubt about that. Even in Debbie's mind. Many Hollywood flirted tried their wiles on Eddie when he was boss of a mammoth weekly TV show, but he remained impervious to the advances of the most beautiful and persistent of them. In Las Vegas, where he has several times broken all records, stars and chorus girls made bets that they could entice him from his hearth for a night. They only made fools of themselves—and lost their bets as well. Until Elizabeth Taylor became a widow and a lonely woman, Eddie Fisher was a good husband—as good as the circumstances of his relationship with Debbie allowed.

After Mike Todd's death, when Liz demanded more and more of Eddie's sympathy and time, he gave it, flattered that she needed him to lean on in her grief. He was aware that these constant telephone summons would widen the breach that already existed between Debbie and himself since before the birth of their son Todd. But he still had not the slightest inkling, unsophisticated as he was (and subtle as she was), that the Widow Todd was needing him more as a man than as a mutual mourner.

Elizabeth's forlorn overtures were cloaked in misery and tears, but Eddie needed consolation too—his loss of Mike was a genuine grief to him. So the two saw each other several times a day at her hideaway house in the Hollywood Hills. He brought the widow little gifts to take her mind off her sorrow. They talked, they listened to music, they swam. They felt the beauty of nature and life around them. Gradually, there were fewer tears and more laughter. It was wholesome, the doctor said, to get the grief out and let life again assert its meaning.

Then Elizabeth decided to take a trip to Europe to take her mind off her memories—to meet new people and seek new adventures. Coincidentally, and it was a coincidence, Eddie was scheduled to fly to New York on business for his TV show. When he arrived, Elizabeth was still in New York although her ship had sailed. Eddie was surprised and delighted. He escorted her to elegant restaurants and to the theater. They had a marvelous time.

Then they went dancing. And they danced very close. And it would have tempted the strongest man in Christendom to resist the fragrance of Elizabeth's effervescent fume, the feel of her hair against his face, the curves of her body against his. Eddie...
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was duck soup for Elizabeth even before that dancing date was over. Music, gourmet foods, sparkling champagne, romantic settings did the rest.

They talked themselves into love.

Eddie had lost all communication with Debbie, and Elizabeth had lost the most exciting man in her life. They talked out their hearts' feelings and innermost dreams. And this sharing of confidences in candlelit bistro led to the indiscreet weekend at Grossinger’s where Eddie learned. *ipso facto*, that Liz meant biz.

A world well lost

"I stood by Elizabeth for more than three years," was what Eddie said at the end of those years. It was the understatement of 1962.

Eddie didn’t take up his devoted and constant attendance on an always-ailing Elizabeth who finally won back the world’s sympathy—and an Oscar—by escaping death at death’s door. Not once did he drag in the anguish of a husband whose beloved might die... or, when she was well and blooming again, the final blow he dealt his own career by subjugating himself entirely to the needs of his Cleopatra. But he did not deny that "Cleopatra" was indeed a “picture with a built-in hex.”

"Cleopatra" has already shaken the great Twentieth Century-Fox Studio to its foundations. It has shaken the entire industry. If it does not break every existing box-office record when it’s released late this year, it will do more than shake—it may crumble the foundations of both studio and industry... And it shattered the marriage that for three and a half years had been the symbol of a great love and passion.

At first all was serene. “We were inseparable,” Eddie says, remembering the pink villa on Rome’s outskirts. In order to be with Liz—indeed, at her insistence,—he had turned down many personal appearance offers in the States. Liz’ whole menage was in Rome—children, household help, secretaries, doctor, hairdresser, pets—and Eddie. Liz travels at studio expense and so does her big domestic entourage.

“We lived a quiet family life with the children," Eddie reminisced, and in his memories he includes Maria—the handicapped little Greek-German girl they both adopted, despite Liz' quotes that only she adopted the child. Aside from working hours, they secluded themselves in the villa... played with the children... read books... watched their diets.

Then slowly—almost imperceptibly—as the “Cleopatra” love scenes started on film, the Fisher love scenes diminished at home. They continued to read scripts and look for material they could use for their own company after "Cleopatra." They scouted and bought an enormous villa in Gstaad, Switzerland, to use as their European headquarters. But something was missing in these accomplishments. Eddie, who was on 20th’s payroll as assistant producer, had little to say and do, other than sit around on the set and watch his wife being made love to by Burton, both garbed in shockingly brief costumes.

**Between Them—Burton!**

Slowly the fantastic closeness between Eddie and his Elizabeth was dissipating itself. Now, instead of Eddie and Liz it was Eddie, Liz and Burton. And the horrendous part of it was that Eddie was unaware of the undercurrents between his wife and her co-star. They joked together, laughed together and ate together—all three of them, when Burton’s wife Sybil was not in Rome. And all the time this camaraderie was going on, the off-screen romance was burgeoning into the most scandalous affair in history. Burton and Liz were reported to have their own little hideaway where they would repair for food and frolic unbeknownst to Eddie. Eddie was being betrayed by a man whom he admired and by a man who always had a slap on the back for him and a friendly word.

There was more. Eddie had to watch the obvious rapport that Liz and Director Mankiewicz enjoyed. If ever a man was bewildered and hurt, Eddie was that man as he watched his enchantress of a wife slowly slipping out of his grasp—into the
arms and hearts of two other men—two men acknowledged to be his mental and physical peers. And still Eddie hoped to lick them both by continuing his adoration; by forgiving Liz her derelictions; by maintaining his own dignity and prevailing upon her to reconsider his actions.

Right after Christmas, Liz and Eddie cooled to a freeze. It had been case of "Enter Burton, Exit Eddie".

In the unlikely event that you have not been impressed by Mr. Marc Antony Burton's visage in the photos flashed around the world, let it be said for him that he comes on like gangbusters. He's not pretty in the Rock Hudson way, but Burton is rugged, sturdy, dashing, daring; he has flashing green eyes and a fabulous sense of humor. He is even more irresistible than Mike Todd. Todd blustered four letter words and threats to achieve his effects. Burton has a command of conversation that is literally and figuratively hypnotic. His voice, his vocabulary, his disarming candor are fantastically appealing. But even these are secondary attributes compared to the stately indices and the animal magnetism he projects. It is a pity—for Burton—that it took Liz' interest to focus the public eye on his remarkable charms. Of course Burton does have his rough edges. But he also has adaptability, and Liz will teach him all she wants him to know. He has already donned a tuxedo for her and worn a tie to dinner.

As this lover grew more intimate on the reels, the feelings grew more intimate for real. It was, as one observer noted, absolutely inevitable that any two people, playing these two parts, would have to fall in love.

Now, at last, Eddie had to see some of the things that were going on. But in his steadfast devotion and absolute adoration of his Liz, he was acutely aware of himself that the interludes with the wily Welshman Burton were more than good rapport between congenial people working so closely together. He hoped against hope that neither would be a lasting relationship. He hoped right up to the frightful moment when Lizzy, in a tizzy over Burton's return trip to Paris, managed to get him to write her a dramatically conveyed to the local hospital for a stomach-pumping—the true cause of that episodic known but to a chosen few.

Even then Eddie refused to acknowledge, openly, that his hopes were fruitless. He stayed at Liz' side—stern, chastising but ever-loving. They tried to show that all was right with their world.

But things didn't look like trying to hide the stars in the sky. All Rome was titillated over the Taylor-Burton-Fisher triangle. Rumors crossed the cables and made blind items in many columns. Finally Louella Parsons broke the story. The ensuing furor overshadowed even the shocking triangle of three years before—when the Welsh Todd wangled Eddie away from Debbie.

Now a certain amount of publicity is good for any picture, so 20th accepted this. They did nothing to help the run-away publicity along, but they also did nothing to stop it. Until the backers of the film convened in top-drawer meetings in New York to analyze the effect of such carryings-on. The upshot was that the Bosman of 20th jetted post-haste to Rome.

Enter Spyros Skouras

Mr. Skouras is a tall, grey-haired, benevolent-looking Teddy-bearish tycoon who rose from busboy in a restaurant to overseer of a fabulous movie studio. Now his studio was in jeopardy. Armed with demands from his stockholders and investors, he arrived in Rome for a chat with the Fishers. A private chat, of course—but everyone knows it was to admonish the Fishers to keep their own counsel and a certain family decorum until after "Cleopatra" was finished. Then they could bloody well do what they pleased. There is no doubt, either, that Mr. Skouras had a few business and financial blandishments to offer both Fishers—even if in separate deals.

Now Elizabeth the queen, incredibly pampered by Eddie, his studio, her parents and her friends is, as the expression goes, spoiled rotten. Her magnificent head of hair must have bristled with fury as Skouras unfolded his conditions. She must have fumed at this private upbraiding, as she fumes at anyone who dares contradict, countermand, or even challenge her slightest whim. This Eddie didn't discuss with me. But, having given his own word to Skouras that they would keep their private wash off the public lines, Eddie kept his part of the bargain. When he came to New York, at Mr. Skouras' suggestion—to arrange some business matters—he kept his counsel, his word and his dignity.

Unfortuantly, his wife on the other side of the globe, resented Eddie's attempt to whitewash the red paint. In her usual head-strong defiance she showed her bad taste by dating Burton openly in Rome, kissing him and apparently allowing him to visit her villa while her four children lay innocently slumbering. The last shattering betrayal—those pictures of Liz and Burton nuzzling—made Eddie sick. Elizabeth, the wild woman, had triumphantly defied Skouras, stockholders, investors, Wall Street backers, the human code of decency and even Divine Authority.

Nobody can say they saw Eddie cry. I didn't. But everyone who knows how deeply he adored Liz knows how he must weep and sob unashamed in privacy over those pictures of his wife in the embrace of another man. Only Eddie can envision the intimate conversation, the breathless looks and the incredible loveliness that Liz could bestow on Burton! Only he knew what Elizabeth was capable of making a man feel! He must have writhed in a private hovel of torment when he read the blatant reports of Burton leaving their villa early in the morning.

Yes, Eddie is paying the most dreadful price that can ever be exacted of him in payment for the ecstasy. No other calamity in his life can affect him as desperately as this treachery. Say what you will—that this is retribution for his act in abandoning Debbie and their children. The fact remains that Debbie had been more human. To be sure, she was even more heartbroken than humiliating. He would sooner pay with his life than lose Elizabeth.

How do you forget?

Every morning he will remember how she looked lying next to him with her

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dark-fringed lashes fluttering open on a new day. Every afternoon he will remember
g their gay lunch, their crazy gags
and jokes, their little ceremonial cocktail
hours and their fun with the children.
The romps, the picnics, the seasides rides,
the trips to the circus and the zoo, to
Disneyland. Every February 27 he will
remember her birthday and how delighted
she always was with his gifts—the $25,000
sable coats, the $15,000 earrings, the cus-
tom-built Rolls-Royces, the closets full
of fantastic clothes and other little tokens
of his enormous love and complete ad-
diction to her.
Every Mothers Day he'll remember the
huge photograph of him with Liz' children inscribed:
"To our Queen Mother Eliza-
beth, with love from her loyal subjects,
Mike, Christopher, Liza and Eddie." On
Valentine's Day he'll remember the love
poems he hunted for her. On his own High
Holy Days he will remember how she con-
verted to Judaism and studied his religion
—discussed it with him and made him
more aware of its significance than ever
before.
On little Liza's birthday, so close to his
own in August, he will remember that
she gave the child his own legal name be-
cause he loved her and her mother so
very much. He'll remember all these things
for a long time and the pain will be
unbearable.
But though Eddie is haggard and worn,
and weighs less than he did as a Phila-
delphia schoolboy, he is not defeated. He
has learned by these experiences some-
ting of value. Call it mettle, or courage,
as he resumes his career and tries to re-
construct his life. He knows he is at the
top of a hill and has a long climb
ahead. But he neither asks nor wants pity.
"I'm fine," he will tell you jauntily. "I
feel just fine—like I'm alive again."
No, he wants no pity. Only a chance
to get over his traumatic episode the best
way he can.
He needs no help. "What do you go about forgetting three years of bliss and torment? And the
exquisite creature who was your wife—
even if she is more sinning than sinning
again?"
—GERRY GORDON

WALTER
WINCHELL
Continued from page 28

"You have three days off!" We were
doing a column for The N.Y. Mirror
and dialed NBC's 11 P.M. news when on
came the "Tonight" program. Paar's skill at
keeping a group of people (talented and
otherwise) talking (or doing a song-and-
 jig) impressed us. He's good, we mused.
And so mushig, we made a men— to use
in the next "Orchids to You!" paragraph.
It was: "Jack Paar's delightful nonsense
is always welcome over at this typewriter."
We mention it now (for the benefit of the
Poor Memories) to remind their prop-
rietors that we were one of Paar's early
"Tonight" patty-cakers.
He returned the salute by permitting
one of his blimps to utter a counterfeit
statement about our voting (and vote
registration) record. She said: "Winchell
is a horrible person and a phony American.
He tells us all to register and vote and I
can PROVE that Walter Winchell has
never voted or registered in his life!"
Paar had to display a blown up version
of our vote registration and photo showing
us voting for Ike. He has never "forgiven"
us for catching him and his playmate in
That Lie.
He was the Christopher Columbus (he
thought) who "discovered" a singer from
Philly named Trish Dvelly. She had been
on Sullivan's show weeks before and when
Paar learned he'd been swept "never
used Trish again. He was fceyorangeass! How-
ever, before her second appearance
on his show he read a wire we sent her, to
wit: "Trish received the following tele-
gram today. Congratulations. Thought
you'd be pleased to know that at luncheon
with the 20th Century-Fox brass I told
them how photogenic you are and that
you belonged in pictures. Hope it helps.
Good wishes to you and your Columbus—
WW."
Paar was delighted. He looked straight
into his cameras (as though hoping I was
watching) and said happily: "Now wasn't
that a nice thing for Walter Winchell to
do?" Then he brought on Trish. Her
second and Final appearance on his show.

Where are you, young lady? Can I help
you? I have helped a few newcomers in
the last forty years. And some not so new
ones. Roberta Sherwood, to name my
favorite.
Brigitte Bardot's big problem: She
cannot bear to be left alone and is fright-
ened of crowds ... Shened of Trish's done
never used that partner ... One of Warren
Beatty's dolls confided to an interviewer:
"His hobby is sex." In other words, he's a
man ... Of all things, Maria Schell is an
authority on Japanese poetry ... While
modeling, Suzy Parker demands back-
ground music and champagne. Every
luxury is a necessity ... Shirley MacLaine
was dressed in a fur coat in Rome when
she was sixteen ... Art Carney is a lucky fella.
Devores sweets and doesn't add poundage
... Como's top feat: He has survived
thirteen years of TV exposure.
Noel Coward has a higher opinion of
U.S. critics than the British variety. This
is good? ... George Sanders admits that
over the years he has consulted at least
hundred psychiatrists. A new record?
... Look magazine quotes Spencer Tracy's
self-criticism: "I am old and fat and I've
got a face like a beat-up barn door."
G'wan. Talent is never old or fat or beat-
up ... Geraldine Page has the darndest
reaction to the characters she portrays.
When she played sinful Sadie Thompson,
after the show she was desolate and quiet
... After portraying a shy and inhibited
girl in "Summer and Smoke" she became
loud and uninhibited after leaving the theater.
Ray Bolger is enjoying a reunion with the
Broadway theater. He started in show
biz as a comic. While doing a comedy
monologue he just didn't know how to get
off the stage, so he danced off. He did more
than ... Several years ago he decided he would never
do another Broadway show. He changed his
mind, of course. The star explains it this
way: "If the one love you ever have is the
theater, then your life is the theater."
When Sidney Poitier applied for his
initial acting jobs he was barely able
in English. He was flatly rejected. Mr. Poitier
refused to surrender. He bought a radio and spent hour
after hour during the next six months listening
to voices and endeavoring to speak clearly.
He studied newspapers and magazines and
read aloud, learning laboriously to pro-
nounce—syllable by syllable. Finally he
was able to obtain acting lessons in ex-
change for sweeping up a theater.
Olivia DeHavilland (who brightened
the Broadway scene) is wed to a French-
man. Her soon-to-be-published memoirs
includes the following dash of spice: "My
California divorce became final August 27th
1953. But for nine months French law
expressly forbade me to remarry. I asked
why, 'Just in case,' was the reply, 'of
an overly sentimental farewell with the pre-
vious husband on the day of the final de-
cree.' "... Tammy Grimes praises the act-
ing ability of Christopher Plummer in in-
terviews. Mr. Plummer is her ex-husband ...
... Despite their divorce, Vivien Leigh
... pictured to do a play with Laurence ...
... Kim Novak owns two bicycles—one is
for long distances ... Jimmy Cagney owns
one of the largest cattle farms in New York
State ... Dick Clark expects to be "fixed
for life" in two years. Plans to retire and
count his money ... Ella Fitzgerald's hobby:
collects dolls from foreign countries ...
... Andre Previn, the jazzy-dazzler, has
composed several symphonies. Also
chamber music ... Liz Taylor's big yen:
To sing in flickers. In one of her early films
she was a tweet-tweetheart.
Jane Fonda studied for three years with
Actors Studio before getting her first
acting job ... Marlene Dietrich
originally intended becoming a concert
violinist. An injured finger ended that
career — Dinah Shore explained the
secret of her stardom: "I'm still starry-
eyed about show-business" ... Success
has changed E. Presley. He has lost his
once- thick Dixie drawl! ... Laurence Har-
trey describes Hollywood actresses as
'mannered female impersonators'
Joan Crawford is unique. Says she loves
her former husband and current press agents ...
... Julie Harris skips the luxuries. Doesn't
own any fancy furs or jewelry ... Tony
Perkins has never had an acting lesson.
Debbie Reynolds wears a size 5 dress ...
... Loretta Young has a wardrobe of more
than 1000 exclusive gowns. Worth over
$100,000 ... Shelley Berman was an A.
Movie star before his 27th birthday ... 1961 ...
... Acland Bergman is a timid individual. Has
a horror of being recognized in public ...
... Mary Martin collects trays, dishes and
other art objects shaped in the form of
outstretched or clasped human hands ...
... Lana Turner has a passion for shoes. Owns
hundreds of pairs ... Shelley Winters has
appeared in about three dozen films and

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Burt Lancaster was once employed as a dept. store floorwalker. In the ladies' apparel section... Raymond Burr... Hopes to publish his recipes in a cookbook... Groucho is practical. He says he went into show biz to make money... Liberace's baby grand cost only $20,000... Only a few years ago Warren Beatty was toiling as a brick-layer's helper... Red Skelton's bedroom has a control panel hooked up to three television sets, a dehumidifier, and a fire extinguisher... Despite his wealth and success, Rudy Vallee still has a nagging ambition. Wants to click big on teevee.

While film-making, Marilyn Monroe is so jittery her hands tremble and she breaks out in a rash... Alec Guinness is a painfully shy man. Reporters frighten him and he will run out of a shop if somebody recognizes him... John Wayne probably has the largest private collection of paintings, sculptures, and rare books on the American cowboy and Indian... Jerry Lewis is frank. He confesses: "No one gets into this business not to be noticed. I love to be at the head of the parade."

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jr. was a winner of an Academy Award for the darndest reason. He has an acceptance speech prepared. It goes like this: "I am happy to receive this award which I so richly deserve. It means even more to me because I won it in spite of a bad director, a jealous, uncooperative cast, a group of unbelievably lazy technicians, and an unfortunate story which was turned into a tragic script with some of the most ridiculous lines an actor has ever had to say on the screen."

The bright and transitory fragmentary known as stardom are full of radiant charms and inexplicable wonders. Nevertheless, the brightest twinklers have experienced the experience of failure. Ruth Russell puts it philosophically: "Hopes are a part of life's menu, and I'm never a girl to miss out on any of the courses."

Sir Laurence Olivier once offered this merciless truth: "People can't stand a boring success. They want you to have a failure. You can talk to them for a few minutes about your success, but you can hold them absolutely spellbound for three hours by telling them about your failures."

Moral: Accidents always attract fascinated onlookers.

Incidentally, Roz Russell's father was a very astute man. He died when she was nineteen, leaving an estate of half-a-million dollars and a provision that his children get all the education they wanted, but no support for three years after graduation. Roz explains: "He didn't want us to sit around waiting for some husband to drop by and support us." A smart man, indeed.

 Humphrey Bogart often received missives from star-struck young ladies who wanted to break into show business. He invariably responded: "Change your hair style, learn how to walk, buy a sexy wardrobe and before you know it you'll be married, have six kids and forget about all this nonsense."

Igor Stravinsky, the 79-year-old pianist who was honored with a White House dinner several months ago, has a sensayuma that strikes the right note... Some years ago he was offered $5,000 to compose the music for a Hollywood film. He said: "It is not enough." The producer argued: "It's what we paid your predecessor..."

Stravinsky then explained: "My predecessor had talent. I have not. So for me the work was more difficult."

The turning point in Edie Adams' career was the consequence of a carefully calculated move. She was booked for her initial night-club appearance in Toronto, Canada. The job paid $100. However, Miss Adams spent $1,000 on a dazzling wardrobe. The result was a review in Variety, which neglected to mention her singing, but raved about her gowns. Among those who noticed the review was John Farnley, casting director for Rodgers-Hammerstein. When auditions were held for understudies in "South Pacific" she applied for the job. Although Miss Adams didn't get the job, she made a good impression on Farnley. Several months later he recommended her for the role in "Wonderful Town," which put her name in lights.

The shaping of a curvy Cinderella is rarely simple or swift. Ava Gardner, for example, inked her first film contract for the magnificnt sum of $50 weekly. She did bit roles (and posed for cheesecake photos) for four years before her talent was discovered... Esther Williams was a swimming star when she was signed. She was groomed slowly. She was taught diction how to walk, sit, dance. The grooming process eventually paid off, of course. Within two years she was a $250,000-a-year star.

"My Fair Lady" may or may not wind up its marathon run soon. The musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion" is Broadway's golden monument... The origin of the Shaw classic has its ironic aspects. It is the consequence of a sentimental gesture by The Great Cynic. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the star, made Geeloo breathe heavily. He expressed his passion for her by writing "Pygmalion" as a Valentine. Mrs. Campbell, incidentally gave a brilliant performance in the Eliza role. She played the 18-year-old Eliza when she was forty-eight.

The End

Walter Winchell narrates "The Untouchables," ABC-TV, Thursday, 10 P.M. EDT.
reporters saw from the expression in Jackie’s eyes that the loneliness was back. And it was different, somehow—perhaps deeper, perhaps sadder. The newsmen and women felt very sympathetic and even a little frightened.

It wasn’t any secret that Jack didn’t want his wife to go on this Asian trip in the first place, and that perhaps Jackie isn’t wanted to go herself—without Jack.

The whole idea for the tour had come about by accident. Back in November, Prime Minister Nehru of India was sitting next to Mrs. Kennedy at a formal White House dinner. The Indian leader and the President’s wife had been talking about this and that, when Nehru said, “You must come to India,” and Jackie replied politely, “I’d love to.”

Ordinarily, that would have been the end of it, but it turned out to be just the beginning. Nehru returned to his own country, and there he conferred with United States Ambassador Kenneth Galbraith about the First Lady’s forthcoming trip. Galbraith was delighted: it would be a master stroke in Asian diplomacy, it would show the people of India that the First Lady was sincere and warm, it would . . . Quick as you could say New Frontier, the Ambassador whipped up a detailed itinerary for the trip and sent it off to Washington.

Nehru was flabbergasted. He got on the overseas phone and tried to put a damper on the project. For one thing, he missed Jackie when they were parted for just a little while. For another, he always dreamed of taking an Asian tour himself, with Jackie at his side.

Galbraith flew to Washington and did some fast talking. Nehru might be disappointed if Jackie didn’t show up, the Indian people would feel let down. . . . President Kennedy listened, and then reluctantly he gave his consent.

But now another country was heard from. The President of India’s neighbor, and bitter enemy, Pakistan—Mohammed Ayub Khan—extended his invitation to the First Lady, too. This posed a delicate diplomatic problem: If Jackie said “yes” to Nehru and “no” to Ayub, Pakistan would be slighted. If she changed her mind and said “no” to both of them, Nehru would be hurt because she had already promised she’d visit India. So she did the only thing possible under the circumstances: She agreed to visit India and Pakistan.

Kennedy cut his wife’s itinerary to the bone, but nevertheless he had to face the fact that he and Caroline and baby John, Jr. would be without Jackie for weeks.

Without Jack . . . the first hurdle

Jackie herself probably started missing Jack and her children the day she arrived in Rome, a stop-over on her 23,000-mile trip to India. Shortly after she arrived in the Eternal City, she put through by a call by trans-Atlantic telephone to Jack in Palm Beach, where he was spending the weekend with the children. She informed him of her safe arrival and she asked about the children, of course, and was informed that they were all right. But it was that evening, at a reception given by Italian President Giovanni Gronchi at Quirinal Palace, that Jackie realized how helpless and miserable she could feel without her husband.

Darrett McGurn, staff correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune, caught his finger on the reason for Jackie’s discomfort. “Mrs. Kennedy’s reception was friendly, but could not be called triumphant,” he stated, “one of the reasons being the Italian attitude towards the wives of celebrities. It can be summed up crudely as one housemaid did by saying that fundamental to the whole idea of the wives should be home with children and can in no sense stand in for a chief of state.”

The Tribune reporter’s analysis of the situation was born out by what happened at the Presidential Palace. Jackie was greeted all right, but her reception committee was composed exclusively of women. The only man in the whole place was the wife of the President, the wife of Premier Amintore Fanfani, the wife of Giovanni Leone, speaker of the Lower House of Parliament, and the wife of Cesare Merzagora, speaker of the Senate—but women just the same. Their husbands were nowhere around.

After the while, President Gronchi did wander in, and he did propose a toast to the First Lady. But the other husbands didn’t appear, and Gronchi soon left.

It was then that Jackie really needed her husband and the strength of his love, the comfort of his presence. But unfortunately, she was alone. And she had two more nights of loneliness and stillness at the palace alone.

But the following day everything was all right again. It was Sunday, and in a sense she was close to her husband because they would both be attending Mass that day. He at St. Joseph’s Catholic Church in Florida, she at the Pontifical North College on the slopes of Mount Aventine. Though they were still separated by an ocean, that day they were united by their faith. Spiritually, they were together.

Later that same day, Jackie spent thirty-two minutes with Pope John at a private audience in the Vatican library. The warmth of her reception at the Vatican was somewhat of a contrast with what had happened the previous evening at the palace. For one thing, a crowd of 15,000 people stood in the rain and applauded and cheered as her car moved slowly through St. Peter’s Square. For another, the 82-year-old Pontiff received her warmly and graciously and granted her the private audience he had ever given. Perhaps this helped her to forget her loneliness.

It had been a wonderful day—a day in which religion and friendship had wiped out the bad taste of the night before and had bridged the thousands of miles of ocean that separated herself and her family, but now it was time for Jackie to go on to India and then to Pakistan where she would experience loneliness of a kind she had never known before.

In New Delhi, on the second day of her visit there, it was already apparent that she had conquered the hearts of the Indian people. Everywhere she went, huge multitudes of men, women and children shouted, “Mrs. Kennedy Zindabad” (Long Life), and one village woman, waving as Jackie passed by, even fell on her knees. The reactions by saying, “She’s like an angel.”
Later that evening, the First Lady returned to the Taj Mahal. The monument to love was bathed in half-moonlight, and Jackie watched as the light played about the square marble parapet and caressed the 210-foot marble dome. The scene was breathtaking. When she finally left, Mrs. Kennedy said simply, "This is a scene I can never forget."

As in the afternoon, an entourage was with her. Yet, to newspapermen and women observing her, the President’s wife seemed suddenly very far away. They may have thought she was lonely at that moment, but it would be pleasant to think that it was peace, not loneliness, that gave her that far-away look. Peace and the comforting thought that soon she would be able to share this dream-like experience with Jack. There would be so much to tell him.

The following day the reporters, riding along on a river steamer, followed in the wake of a flower-decked motor launch that took Jackie for a cruise down the murky, greenish waters of the Ganges from the holy city of Benares, which the Indians consider the gateway to heaven.

She was a romantic picture in a shocking-pink linen sheath gown with a garland of deep roses around her neck and her head protected by a gold-braided and white umbrella. Jackie was boating in the marigold-strewn boat gliding through the water; high priests along the river banks ringing temple bells, burning sandalwood, fragrant flowers and teak and saying special prayers in Jackie’s honor. It was, however, the type of romantic picture and scene that was incomplete—a beautiful woman alone.

Her thoughts were with Jack

But Jackie’s thoughts might well have been with her husband. In fact, later in the day, during a half-hour tour of a Benares silk-weaver’s house, she bought five yards of loosely woven natural-colored tussah for a jacket for him. Then something happened that must have really made her think of Jack. When it came time to pay for what she had bought, she was short of money. And Ambassador Galbraith—sort of standing in for his husband—responded to this crisis in the same way Jack often did; He found he had no cash with him. Two U. S. Secret Service agents came to the rescue.

When she arrived at Jdaiapur, her host, the Maharana Shri Bhagat Singh, arranged for an up-to-date telephone system to be temporarily installed in his white marble palace so that his distinguished visitor might call home. In talking to Jack, Jackie was informed that Caroline was upset because she hadn’t received any of the letters her mother had promised her. The First Lady was confused. She had written letters to her daughter, she had given them to Galbraith to mail for her. Galbraith!

When she checked with the diplomat, he reached into his jacket pocket and shamefacedly pulled the letters out.

Galbraith was not only standing in for her husband, he was beginning to outdo the President in his ability to forget little things, especially when they had to do with money! When they arrived at Jdaiapur, for instance, India’s “Pink City,” the First Lady was expected to respond to her ceme-
he said, "I'm learning it . . . because I might use it."

He said it too casually. "Use it? You mean in a fight? Do you get into fights?"

"As a matter of fact," Bob said, "I do."

The last one I had before I started karate was in a restaurant in Beverly Hills. I was sitting with friends when a drunk came over. He was about six-two, maybe two-hundred-thirty pounds. That's four inches taller and seventy pounds heavier than me. He stood over me and made a crack. I got up and the next thing I knew we were finishing it in the alley. I got a black eye and he got a bloody nose.

"If I'd known karate he would never have touched me. Instead of staring at his stupid face, I'd have been looking at his weapons—his hands and his feet. Since his feet weren't in position, I'd have concentrated on his hands. I'd have parried his blow and paralyzed his arm in the process. Then I'd have kicked him with a two-knuckle punch to one of the vulnerable areas—ribs, groin, the back of the head. In this case, considering the position and his size, probably the groin. He would never have had a chance.

He acted the whole thing out, his hands moving swiftly through the air. "I'd have saved plenty of wear and tear on myself. But, as it was . . ."

"As it was," I finished for him, "you were lucky to get off as well as you did."

He stared at me. "Well, I wouldn't go that far," he said. "I can take care of myself. I'm a pretty good boxer, have been since high school. And I'm powerful. I lift weights. If two guys should jump me, I'd be in trouble—but that doesn't happen every day. Besides, I'm a peaceable sort of guy. I dislike violence."

A "loaded gun"

"But you're a loaded gun," I said.

Bob shrugged. "A loaded gun doesn't have to go off. I'll probably never use karate. I don't have any reason to. The guy who got me interested in it, he's a Hawaiian who works nights as a police-

man in Malibu, uses it to subdue violent kooks. He's assigned to the psycho division. But me—I'll never use it."

"Now, wait a minute!" I said. "Five minutes ago you told me you learned karate because you might use it. Now you say you'll never use it."

Bob sat down and passed a hand through his hair. "I said that, huh?"

I nodded.

"Well, I guess that's not my reason. I guess the real reason I work at karate is because it's a challenge."

A challenge, I repeated. "But is he becoming a nuclear physicist. Why should you want to know how to kill a man with your bare hands?"

For a long moment we stared at each other. "I guess," he said at last, almost lost in thought, "I guess you could say it's because of the gold braid."

I could see he had become immersed in thought. I didn't want to interrupt. I just let him talk.

He stood at the floor, and the words came, slowly. "I won the gold braid when I was a kid, and then—suddenly—I lost it. I haven't thought about it for years, but . . . it meant so much to me once."

Suddenly, the words began to come rapidly. Bob seemed to have forgotten that I was there, forgotten that my pencil was recording what he said. As I listened and wrote, a whole new world opened before my eyes—Bob's world. I had never heard him speak of it before, and yet this was the world in which he had grown up, the world that had formed him.

He was seven years old when he entered that world, a frightened little boy clinging to his mother's skirt. What is it psychochologists say about the children of divorce? That no matter how gently and thoroughly the divorce is explained, the child invariably feels that he alone is responsible—that some failure on his own part drove one parent away. That the child feels in his heart he is unworthy."

Bob Conrad was such a child. "I stayed close to my mother's hip," he said. And it was true. Perhaps he was afraid to venture away lest the world discovered his unworthiness; or perhaps he was afraid that if he should stray, his mother, too, would be gone when he returned. Perhaps that was why Bob's mother took such a drastic step—literally thrust him away from her—to force him out into the world.

She sent him to military school. The first sight of the school was terrifying to seven-year-old eyes. The vast parade ground. The echoing dining hall. The tall male teachers. (Would they, like his father, reject him?) The straight rows of boys in their identical uniforms, their identical faces looking neither to the left nor right. Of course, a boy might hide behind his uniform, living unnoticed in the crowd, existing only for visiting days and the escape of vacations.

"You have to fight . . ."

But that hope was soon dashed. The retired colonel who was head of the school stood before the new boys. His body was erect, his voice strong.

This is a cold world, he told them. Your world. Here, you'll learn to make the most of yourself, and we'll help you to do just that. But never forget this: Our school is like the world outside. You have to fight to get ahead. Some of you have natural ability. That will help. You'll only have to fight the competition. Others of you will have to fight yourselves as well. That won't be impossible. No matter how hard things get, keep fighting. Keep competing. There are only two kinds of people in this world—those who succeed and those who fail. Only you can decide your destiny. The choice is yours.

The choice is yours.

It was terrifying. It was his deepest need, brought out into the open, shaped into a way of life. Test yourself. Prove yourself. If you think you're unworthy—fight, win, prove that you're worthy after all.

There are two areas, the colonel continued, in which a boy can excel. One is physical. Be strong. Be quick. Good at games, accurate on parade. The other is mental. Be sharp. Learn fast. Make good grades. Stretch your mind. For those few boys who can excel in both areas, there is the gold braid. The boy who earns the right to wear the gold braid never gets a grade under ninety. He makes that grade in every subject—physical and mental. The boy who wears the gold braid—and only a few of you will—can be sure that he has reached the top.

Bob Conrad, seven years old, had to make his choice early. He could hang back, avoiding testing himself. His quick mind and agile body would place him on the middle rungs without difficulty. He was tempted. It was safe.

But the gold braid hung before him, a vision, a dream. To try for it and fail would be a disaster. But if he won—if he won . . .

He accepted the challenge. He went after the braid.

His naturally quick mind proved an immediate handicap—he was placed in .
er told him it didn't matter, he was leaving anyway at the end of the year.
But the world had crumbled around him. He had climbed to the heights and fallen. He had tasted success and let it slip away. He was destroyed.

He graduated without the braid.

For the second time he was faced with the harsh necessity of making a choice. He could accept defeat. He could go on to a co-ed school. What was acceptable to any boy—fun, kicks, girls. Or he could try again.

He chose to go to another all-boy school and to try again. Doggedly he went after every honor. Day after day he tested himself. Was he doing his best? Was his best good enough? Was anyone doing better? Were there new worlds to conquer?

Years went by. He was the gold braid he had ever known. But the drive the top never eased. Many times the prize changed form, changed name—but what drove him on remained the urgent, unconquerable need to be best, to reach the top. The choice is yours; he had been told. And he never forgot it.

Bob Conrad could choose only the best, therawest the kind that other men could have, or be, or attain.

He married a beautiful, brilliant, cultured girl—no other could possibly do.

He chose a career that combined talent, skill, physical strength and good looks—acting required the use of the whole man. He reached out aggressively towards goals other men dreamt of but were not strong enough to be a rich man—I'm planning on it. When he learned that his wife would inherit a fortune on her thirtieth birthday, he shrugged it off. "It's nice, but it hasn't anything to do with my getting rich. I didn't earn that money. I'm going to make a pile myself." He worked constantly, intensely. You'd have to try to have his scripts made harder, more demanding; insisting that every new skill he acquired be written into his part.

And every success meant only one thing. "The gold braid," Bob Conrad said softly, still speaking more to himself than to me. "Now I see it. They're all—"

And karate was the last of them.

I saw now why Bob Conrad had found karate so irresistible. The very difficulty of learning karate—the back-breaking exercises, the anatomy charts to be studied, the Oriental philosophy to be absorbed, the psychology of violence to be analyzed, made the challenge more tempting, insured that only the best would succeed.

And yet—however rich and famous he became, whatever rewards were heaped upon him, I knew he could never recapture completely the pride of the child with the gold braid glowing on his shoulder. However successful and happy he became, he would never wipe out entirely the braid of the day the shining symbol was torn away.

But does it matter? I think not. What matters is the spur that still drives him on, the vision that still dances before his eyes. What matters is the hidden secret of the gold braid—that in the end there is something more important than the braid:

The struggle to attain it.—JAY RICHARDS

Bob stars on "Hawaiian Eye," ABC-TV, every Wednesday from 9:10 P.M. EDT.
peril of being forced to abdicate the 900-year-old Grimaldi dynasty—or, more drastically, outright dismissal by the French. As we all know, Monaco is an independent principality and has been ruled almost continuously since the year 968 by the House of Grimaldi. France, however, has a treaty with this postage-stamp principality which provides certain requirements for its continuing independence. One of these is that the ruling prince must have an heir to carry on—or else Monaco would become a French protectorate. Such an heir exists in four-year-old Rainier.

Another provision of the treaty is that Monaco must accede to the appointment of a high French official as the principality’s premier. Henri Pelletier was such a man—until the Prince fired him.

Whether it shows or not, relations between Rainier and President de Gaulle have been strained since the Premier’s dismissal. The Prince’s action at once offended de Gaulle and brought an accompanying weakening of Rainier’s position with the French government. Authoritative Paris sources say flatly that de Gaulle will not forget Prince Rainier’s slight—that the Prince’s days may be numbered.

The fact that de Gaulle did not take immediate drastic steps against the Mon- acan ruler is attributed to one saving Grace Kelly (please note the capital “G”). Indeed, Rainier was saved by his wife. Grace is the personification of the royal image in the eyes of most of the world (thanks mostly to her American heritage and her renown in films). And any slap against the Prince is a slap at Grace. Surely de Gaulle wouldn’t want to incur the enmity of millions who idolize her. Not with the world’s eyes on France and the ever-hot Algerian situation.

But time is de Gaulle’s ally. No star can hibernate for a half dozen years, as Grace had done, and expect to retain the glamour, the sparkle, or popularity that was hers while performing regularly on movie screens. Absence may make the heart fonder . . . but it also shrinks the memory.

Just a princess and mother

In time, if she had remained simply a princess and a mother, Grace Kelly’s image as the majestic queen of filmland would have diminished much further. Then de Gaulle might have swung the ax down on the House of Grimaldi without a single whimper from the world.

No one was more aware of this inevitable turn of public fancy than Prince Rainier—and, of course, Princess Grace. Something had to be done to give the royal couple’s popularity ratings a shot in the arm. Grace’s return to films was the only practical solution.

Sources from the French capital say the Government retraced immediately with the Palace communiqué that the golden girl of the movies was going back to the old stand. The story made headlines in newspapers around the world. Perhaps the catchiest headline for Grace was this one in the New York Daily News:

“Grace Kelly to Do a Mystery; A Mystery, Why?”

At the time, back on March 19th, it was a mystery. Countless reasons were advanced and they all made good reading. Here are some examples:

• The Rainiers need money.
• They were having marital troubles.
• The Prince was planning to abdicate and Grace’s return to Hollywood was the first step in establishing a new home there—and in picking up her old career to help the family income.

But all of these are wrong. Let’s examine the reports, one by one, and see why they were false.

Money?

As ruling monarchs of Monaco, the Rainiers are on the official civil list in Paris for a cool $9,000,000 a year. Their income is probably double this amount. Moreover, because of Monaco’s happy tax-free situation—none of the 4,000 Mon- eguases pay any direct taxes (they’re also free of the draft)—and the acquired wealth of the 900-year-old dynasty, the Rainiers have far more income than they could ever spend. The principality con- tinues to enjoy a solvency that literally no nation knows, thanks to the Monte Carlo gambling casino which pays about $8,000,000 in income taxes and $30,000,000 in taxes on games.

The rest comes from a government monopoly on cigarettes, matches and the sale of postage stamps.

So, you can see, there’s no financial crisis in the tiny kingdom-by-the-sea.

Marital troubles?

There are rare words of one who should know—Prince Rainier himself.

“It’s ridiculous to say my wife’s return to Hollywood is a signal for the breakup of our marriage. . . . It’s all very simple. My wife is always being asked to make films, she has always said so, and said no to this one at first. But she finally decided to offer from Hitchcock because it would work in with a vacation trip we planned to make. “My wife wanted to see her family, so we decided to spend a month in America with the children. At first, my wife also turned down Mr. Hitchcock’s offer to make ‘Marnie,’ but eventually she agreed when he made arrangements to change the film schedule to coincide with our vacation.”

“I’m delighted . . .”

The man who won the heart of one of America’s most beautiful film stars was asked if he had any objections to his wife’s return to the hectic movie-making grind. “I’m delighted,” he replied.

As for Grace, there was nothing but an appearance of coolness, serenity, and contentment in the light of all the excitement.

A palace source revealed that Grace scoffed at reports that she was having domestic troubles needing the Prince.

“I am going back because I’ve read the script, liked it, and want to do this movie for Mr. Hitchcock,” she said.

Her decision, however, was a complete turnaround from the position she took in 1956 after she reached the pinnacle as an Academy Award-winning star in “Country Girl” and after her almost real- life role in “High Society.” That’s when she became Princess Grace of the Princi- pality of Monaco, wife of the young ruling head of the House of Grimaldi, and one of the most titled women in the world. In addition to being the Princess of Monaco, she is the Princess De Chateau-Porcien, twice a duchess, nine times a countess, three time a marquise, and six times a baroness. An attack is forget, an ex-movie queen. Yes, when Grace was not the many-faceted roles of royalty she foresaw forever the life of a working girl midst the hurly-burly of the film firmament—Oscars notwithstanding.

Skeptics had to concede, as time passed, that Grace meant what she had said. They were charmed by her sincerity as they watched the new Princess conduct her affairs of state in true regal fashion.

From every viewpoint, Grace Kelly appeared as to the palace born.

But the blond, patrician beauty now has proved once again the age-old adage that a woman has the right to change her name. Or, at least, has.

And although the Prince and Princess both insist that the filming chore is a one-shot affair, the skeptics again cry out in a collective “Oh, yeah?”

Which brings us to the third major rumor that made the rounds after the palace announcement.

Is the Prince planning to abdicate? Are the Rainiers considering to make Hollywood their new home as Grace picks up the threads of her movie career?

“The fact that my wife is making a film—to pass the time on a holiday—doesn’t mean she is going back to the film business. . . .

And is the Prince talking to Mrs. de Gaulle? “We intend to come to the United States in September, and remain until November. Then return to Monaco.”

She’ll want more . . . and more

But the skeptics persist that Her Serene Highness, like any born trouper, misses the call of the casting director and the electric atmosphere of Hollywood’s stages. It is entirely possible, and probable, that Grace will be back to Hollywood for more films, but we doubt that she and the Prince and the children (there’s Princess Caroline, five, besides Prince Albert Alexander) will settle down in Hollywood. It is utterly ridiculous to consider they would. Because the whole idea of making her movie comeback is predicated on the concept of strengthening the status and prestige of the ruling House of Grimaldi in the face of those de Gaulle-stimulated rumblings which threaten Rainier’s rule.

Incidentally, the backlash of the slight attributed to the Prince when he dumped de Gaulle’s minister is not the only seismic shock being felt in the 370-acre principality. We’ve already spoken of Monaco’s happy tax-free status. But the latest word from Paris is that de Gaulle is also dissatisfied with that status.

The French President is deeply concerned over how Monaco has been drawing business firms from France into the principality to take advantage of the liberal tax laws. The word in Paris is that de Gaulle has put the pressure on
Rainier to abolish the lush, tax-free living in the land he rules. And, more importantly, to put the bite on the commercial interests which have taken refuge in Monaco to avoid tax levies in France.

Whether de Gaulle can succeed in braking the exodus of French enterprises into Monaco is a moot question—one whose answer can come only from the Prince. So far, he has not indicated what he intends to do about de Gaulle’s plea.

Unless, of course, he plans to ignore the French leader and hold out for the upsurge of popularity that the House of Grimaldi will possess when his wife makes “Marnie.” How de Gaulle will fight back then is something that must remain in the realm of speculation. Chances are, however, that the Prince will win most of skirmishes.

Once Grace Kelly’s magic name is plastered on theater marquees around the world, the bouquets, the raves, the accolades will pour in. Monaco will enjoy unprecedented popularity as the celebrity spotlight is beamed on the palace with greater-than-ever candlepower.

A few observers, however, have pointed out that the Princess’ return to movie-making violates royal etiquette, and that Her Highness will offend Monagesques.

“Right mud this day and age!” the Prince shouted. “I find nothing wrong with what my wife is doing.”

As for the picture itself, there’s no chance that Grace will not come up with a superlative performance. She can’t help but do her best when working with Hitchcock. Grace made three of her most successful films for him before she married the Prince—“Dial M for Murder,” “Rear Window” and “To Catch a Thief.”

Significantly, too, there’s a warm spot in Grace’s heart for Hitchcock. It was while filming “To Catch a Thief” on the Riviera that Grace met her future husband.

As for the film itself, “Marnie” promises to give Grace an opportunity to play the role that seems to suit her perfectly. It’s a suspense story of a pathological liar written by the British author, Winston Graham. “Marnie” is an English girl of muddied background who goes from town to town, stealing from her employers.

But Hitchcock did not consent to his favorite Princess playing a sleazy dame, so he assigned Evan Hunter to rewrite the script. Now Grace is cast as an American from an excellent environment—which is precisely the Princess’ heritage. (Her father was the late John B. Kelly, who rose from bricklayer to multi-millionaire construction giant.)

Hitchcock minced no words in putting his relationship with Grace in its true perspective.

“She likes me, she likes to make a movie, she’s a good actress,” he said.

Why the sudden change?

That, then, is the reason Princess Grace agreed to make “Marnie.” As to the reason for the sudden “postponement” of the film, there are two versions. The AP reports from Hollywood that Hitchcock himself requested the delay because of the short time between completion of his current film, “The Birds,” and the announced starting date of “Marnie.”

From Monaco itself comes the report that the Prince asked Hitchcock to let his wife bow out of her contract because of its effect on public opinion (adverse, that is, particularly from Monagesque society) combined with Rainier’s current difficulties with the French government.

The man who was forcing Grace Kelly to make another movie is not, of course, making any comment. But it would seem that the problem of de Gaulle poses has made Grace and her Prince do some second-guessing on their choice of a solution for saving their Principality. At the moment, the place of the Princess is at the side of her husband who needs her, there in Monaco, and not as a working wife off in Hollywood. Grace Kelly has proven herself a born troublemaker, a born princess, a born heroine in every sense—and she may yet save the crown!

—George Carpozi

THE JERRY LOOK

Continued from page 34

This is a small problem when you’re a kid, but as you grow it gets bigger.

BEATNIKS: Because I have your best interests at heart, I feel I must have a separate section on beatniks. My one word of advice is: Don’t! Don’t beat Nick. (He’ll never ask you for another date!) Beauty does not go with beatnik, just as beauty didn’t go with the beat. (That fairy tale is a lie!) Beatnik girls wear black stockings because they don’t show stains, and their official theme song is, “I Dream of Joey with the Light Brown Coffee Stains.” Some beatnik girls look so much like beatnik boys you can get into trouble in those dark, dark beatnik dens. You’ll just have to sit back and wait to see which washroom they go into. Sometimes you can get a clue to their sex from their beards. The one without the ribbon is the one you should make friends with. Beatniks, of course, don’t mean to be messy looking. It’s just their religion—they’re very Devout Slobs.

Now, if I’ve overlooked anything, it’s on purpose. There are just some things that are too, too, delicate to discuss. I suggest you ask your best friend, if she is your best friend, else you will—so you maybe you’d better ask your best enemy. And believe me, if you have The Jerry Look, you’re sure to have plenty of those.

Love and kisses,

Jerry

“The Jerry Look” was dreamed up for us by always zany Jerry Lewis in a pointless interview with the usually sane Paul Denis. For more of Jerry’s antics, be sure to see his new Paramount picture, “It’s Only Money.” Dolores Hart is in “The Inspector” for 20th. Her outfits for “The Jerry Look” by Lilly Daché and Countess Imi.
Ben Casey, not feeling well, sends for—who else?—Dr. Kildare. Or Dr. Kildare isn’t feeling well and sends for Dr. Casey. I permit Edwards and Chamberlain to toss a coin—loser gets sick, winner gets the call.

Definition of the Emmy Awards: The night the public finds out it’s enjoying the wrong programs.

The Academy Awards have come and gone again. I’ve no complaints about the Oscar winners. I accept the fact that everyone can’t be satisfied—any year. But I do have other complaints.

It’s about time that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences modernized the presentation. It’s been the same for too many years. The show is now as dull as a twelfth carbon copy, or however many years ago they started using this format to televize the Academy Awards.

Because the Academy Awards is now a TV Special, the producer (Arthur Freed) should use some TV technique and the TV camera. The Academy Awards should sell Hollywood glamour and not toothpaste and stuff to help ladies put up their hair before going to bed. This commercial put down every actress in the Civic Auditorium.

The day after the Awards, the smart proprietor of a drug store on Santa Monica Boulevard had a special display in his window—some toothpaste with this sign: “Star of Last Night’s Academy Awards.”

I can hear an official—maybe all the officials—of the Academy saying loudly and firmly: “We got the highest rating of any one-shot special on the air, with the exception of John Glenn and Jackie Kennedy.”

My answers to that hunk of self-justification are: 1) An Academy of Arts and Sciences should be concerned about quality, not quantity. 2) If you’re actually striving for a rating, wouldn’t the rating be greater if the program wasn’t dull?

I can’t reconcile myself to the fact that within the space of a few minutes “The West Side Story” is being awarded an artistic triumph and also being used as a shill to sell toothpaste, hair cream, etc. Stay with me, I’ve got a few more complaints.

The Academy can only progress from adverse criticism, as it has in the past. But it has always been a slow take. The Awards should sell glamour and the movies. There should be two cameras outside the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, one to pick up the numerous celebrities as they arrive, the other to pick up the overflowing bleachers and the fans crowding the sidewalks. What better evidence that people of all ages are interested in movies and movie stars? From the letters I’ve received and what I’ve been told in person by many, a huge audience throughout the United States wants to see favorite performers dressed in their best finery. This also sets the mood for the program that’s going to take place on the stage of the Auditorium.

Don’t tell me this procedure is similar to the telecast of a movie premiere. You’re wrong! The Academy Awards is special. A bunch of nincompoop celebrities are not directed to the microphone, each saying: “I’ve been this great picture. I can’t wait to see it. I must hurry inside. Goodnight.” In my book, the stars will make no statements. The reporters and the photographers are seen in action, doing their tasks; the shuts from the bleachers herald the approach of another star.

When the stars make their statements it’s when they’re called to the stage as winners. Give the important winners in the seven main categories a reasonable time to make a speech. This is the entertainment.

The Academy Awards is a mystery show. After the envelope is opened, we, the people, know and have captured the person we’ve been searching for. Please permit him or her to make a full statement.

And while we’re searching, and waiting, there’s so much to do with the cameras! The audience at home isn’t only interested in the nominees while they’re waiting for the envelope to be opened. The audience in homes is interested in everyone in the Civic Auditorium audience. The seating plan should put every person of interest in camera range. Sitting in the control booth should be a person who knows the movie people and their connection with events listed on the program.

These suggestions are merely openers. I want to see the Academy put on a better Oscar Derby because I’m fond of the Academy and I know it is a most important organization—which is why I’m one of the 2,525 members.

When Betty Grable was America’s Pin-Up Girl, her mother was sitting on the porch of a resort hotel. Of course, when the guests discovered she was Betty’s mother, she became the center of attraction and was asked many questions. Most people wanted to know what Betty Grable was really like. It is a far cry that Betty is normal. She’s like any average American girl who makes a million dollars a year.

Styles in glamour girls may change but not their mothers. Recently I met and listened to Jayne Mansfield’s mother, Mrs. Pierce, who is visiting Jayne. Mrs. Pierce told me, “I’m staying with Jayne and Mickey. It’s an ordinary twenty-room house with twelve baths. We just call it home. You know, when Jayne was a little girl, six or seven years old, her idol was Shirley Temple. Shirley made a pink world for her.”

I think the Academy should give an Oscar every year to the mother of a movie star.

**The End**
written about his boyhood, his career, his 
boat, his marriage, what he thinks of 
other people, what other people think of him. I have had him interview me, 
and I’ve even had him interview Sandra Dee.

As of this moment Jack Podell, 
Editorial Director of Photoplay, has done 
it to me again! From New York this 
month he said, “Let’s start off with some-
th ing easy.” But he didn’t fool me; there 
was a slight snicker in his voice. “Like 
Rock Hudson,” he said.

So as long as people are forever ask-
ing me about him, and he’s not talking 
about himself—I’ll interview my-
self on the subject. I’ll ask myself 
the questions everybody else asks—and answer myself.

FROM MY GREAT-AUNT: Is he 
really all that handsome?

ANSWER: A gasser. (Aunt Elspeth 
may be old, but she’s hip.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPHER: I 
asked him once to pose hanging his socks 
on a clothesline—and he wouldn’t do it. 
Who does he think he is anyway?

ANSWER: I would guess he’s an actor 
who has posed hanging up his socks ap-
proximately ninety-seven times.

FROM A NEIGHBOR: A friend of 
mine went to a party last Saturday and 
he was there. She went home a driveling 
idiot. I think she’s overdoing it. Don’t you?

ANSWER: No, she sounds normal.

FROM MY DRY-CLEANER: Any 
chance of getting his business?

ANSWER: For suits, maybe. But 
when his ties need cleaning he throws 
‘em away.

FROM MY BROTHER-IN-LAW: 
I read he pays fifteen dollars for a hair-
cut. I dare you to explain that.

ANSWER: I can’t answer for the 
barber’s prices. But I know Rock would 
insist on a good haircut—his appearance 
is important to his work. It certainly isn’t 
a matter of vanity.

FROM AUNT ELSPEITH: He must 
be concealed. Any man that good-look-
ing...

ANSWER: Well he isn’t. The only 
time he thinks about himself is in relation 
to acting. Publicity embarrasses him 
acutely—he’ll never understand why peo-
ple want the details of his life. I have 
yet to see him look in a mirror, and the 
older his clothes, the happier he is. He’s 
still a bit of an Illinois hay-killer and 

comfort is the keynote of his personality. I’d 
say he’s less involved in self-adoration 
th an any actor I know. There’s just 
the right blend of humility and self-confi-
dence. He’s upset by compliments—never 
knows what to say.

Back in 1953 I told him once, “Conrad 
Nagel said you remind me of Gable when 
he was getting his start, that you have 
the same attitude toward your work and a 
lot of the same appeal.” Rock buttered a 
roll and said nothing. I pressed on, “And 
he says you think all the time, particularly 
in front of the camera.” Nothing. So I 
said that Nagel said everyone at the 
studio liked Rock, they thought he got 
nicer all the time instead of the usual 
pattern with new actors who get star com-
plexes too fast. Rock buttered another 
roll. Then he said, “Nagel was doing a 
goodness.”

A LETTER FROM WINNETKA, 
ILL.: When we were both ten years old 
I used to swim with him in a lagoon on 
the shores of Lake Michigan. I’ll bet you 
never knew they used to call him Junior.

ANSWER: I did too! He hated it! 
A boy as much as he detested his name 
Roy, Roy Fitzgerald. Furthermore, he 
was a one-piece red bathing suit. 
With holes on the sides, yet.

FROM A NEIGHBOR, AGE SIX-
TEEN: If you knew him before his mar-
riage, what was he like on dates?

ANSWER: Fairly crazy. Girls never 
 knew whether they’d end up on a muggy-
ground fifty miles away in a night-
club. They had trouble figuring what to 
wear. Their mothers adored him—he 
 washed the kitchen walls for one mother, 
painted a fence for another. . . . He was a 
tease, a good dancer, and he ate anything 
you left over on your plate.

FROM AUNT ELSPEITH: (again) 
What did he wear, and in good manners? 
I thought he used to be a truck driver.

ANSWER: He was. And his parents 
were far from wealthy, they lived in a 
poorish neighborhood. But after Rock 
rescued a small boy from the neighbor-
hood bullies, the boy’s mother invited him 
to her mansion and introduced him to 
ten best circles. His natural charm took 
over from there. All he had to do was 
watch and listen. The manners were 
learned early, but the poise came later.

FROM A FRIEND: What’s the truth 
about his marriage to Phyllis Gates? 
Weren’t they ever happy?

ANSWER: I have no way of knowing 
about the marriage because Rock is 
gentleman enough to never discuss it. I 
talked to him a month after the wedding 
and again five months later. He seemed 
happy enough. I took his reluctance to discuss 
his marriage as his natural reluctance to 
discuss anything about himself.

FROM AN EDITOR: Is he a Demo-
crat or a Republican?

ANSWER: I don’t think he’s a party-
liner. He doesn’t discuss politics, he’s 
never been interested.

FROM A FRIEND: If he sees your 
stories before you mail them to your 
editors, what kind of things does he ask 
you to delete?

ANSWER: He very seldom asks that 
anything be cut. Unlike some actors, he 
wasn’t born with a blue pencil in his 
mouth. As long as I’m honest in my 
reporting he seems happy enough with it. 
Any offenders are apt to be trivial things.

PHOTOGRAPHER’S CREDITS
Cover: Sorci-Pip; pgs 14-16: Globe; pg 29: Dollin-
ger-Gilleon; pgs 31-34: Vivien Cressler; pg 37; 
Banks; pgs 38-39: Trudal-Topix; pg 40: Sorci-Pip; 
pg 41: Gilleon; pg 44; Pixs; pgs 48-49: Sorci-Pip; 
pg 51: Porimage; pgs 54-55: Leo Fuchs; pg 57: 
Homilton-Globe; pgs 58-59: Stoger-Globe; pgs 60- 
He dislikes anything fatuous or silly. At lunch one day he ordered snails. Whereupon I, eager to snatch any new crumb about Rock, wrote the fact in my notebook. He leaned across the table and stopped my pencil in mid-sentence. "If you're planning to write that I like snails, it's true," he said. "I've liked 'em since my first trip to Europe. But please don't say so or I'll be pumpkin pie all over again."

"Pumpkin pie?" I said. He nodded. "Somebody wrote that I like pumpkin pie, and for months after—well, I appreciated the kind thoughts, naturally, but pumpkin pie gets soggy in the mail. When you have forty or fifty of them around the house, you have what might be termed a real mess. And snails—a few thousand oldish snails could turn a neighborhood into an emergency area."

Years later he also objected to my mentioning his new interest in ham radio. "Once that gets out," he said, "the other writers will want to interview me about ham radio. And what in the hell can you say about ham radio to people who don't care anything about it?"

FROM AUNT ELSPETH: What's the most difficult story you've ever done on him?

ANSWER: A magazine wanted a complete report on Rock's and Phyllis' wedding. And so in Hollywood I talked to Rock's mother, his agent and the bride's attendant. On the phone I talked to Rock's best friend, Jim Matteoni, in Winnetka. Then I drove to Oxnard and talked to the police officer who'd given Rock a ticket for speeding; to the county clerk in Ventura who'd issued the marriage license; in Santa Barbara to the minister, the florist, the hotel manager and the photographer. I ended up knowing more about Rock's wedding than he did.

When I asked the minister about the kiss after the ceremony he said, "It was a fine kiss, Yes indeed. Mr. Fitzgerald did a good job of it." I suppose Rock thinks me an awful bloodhound, tracking him so thoroughly. But difficult as it was, I enjoyed it. Because I found it had been a perfect wedding ... small, quiet and altogether lovely.

FROM MY HUSBAND: You keep talking about his sense of humor. What's so special about it?

ANSWER: It's the way he talks, Dear, the way he expresses things. When he told me years ago that Phyllis was taking piano lessons he said, "She's learning What-Is-A-Note. Starting from plink."

FROM A FRIEND: Why on earth do clams remind you of Rock Hudson, and what other nutty things don't I know?

ANSWER: Because when he was a kid his stepfather made him eat an enormous bowl full of the things and he was so sick he hadn't been able to face a clam since. Other nutty things? He loves to take his shoes off and wiggle his toes, and he has a memory that includes practically everybody he's ever known. He still recalls a history teacher whom he describes as "ungodly." But he forgets to R.S.V.P. What else? Well he goes to sleep on his side with one arm above his head. His problem is to fall asleep fast before his arm goes to sleep or he'll have to shift position.

FROM THE CLERK AT VENTURA COUNTY COURTHOUSE: Oh, I could kill myself! He said his name was Roy Fitzgerald and I was so busy I barely looked at him. When the news got out I caught the devil from my daughters—why didn't I get his autograph? And they say I insulted him because I didn't recognize him. Do you think this is true?

ANSWER: I'd say he was overjoyed that you didn't recognize him.

FROM MY TEENAGE DAUGHTER: Mother, I know Daddy is handsome, but so is Rock Hudson. I hope you don't flirt with him.

ANSWER: Honey, I wouldn't dream of it. Even if your father weren't here, I'd know better than to try anything like that with Rock. All I have to do is start batting my eyelashes at him and it will shatter a nice friendship.

FROM AUNT ELSPETH: So he looks like Adonis, but why do you like him?

ANSWER: Lots of reasons. I like music and he likes music. He'll talk about African rhythms that sound like Bach, and the next minute he'll insist I listen to a new opera. And when he gets excited about music he does the same thing I do—walks around the room and conducts the orchestra. Some day we'll collide.

And he's fun to be with. Out of the blue he'll say, "Want to swim?" or "Want to see a house?" or "Want to see a bee farm?" You never know what's coming next. Once he insisted on bundling me into his skin diving equipment and then laughed at me because it was so heavy. I couldn't move. And yet he relaxes too, I've spent hours on a supposed interview, just doing crossword puzzles and having him ask me questions like, "What's a Tibetan horned toad in thirteen letters?" He says if I'm a writer I ought to know these things.

He has a way of expressing himself that amuses me. He'll say, for instance, that he's "got the middles," which means he's in the middle of nothing—"no picture, no trips, no new interests—just the middles."

And I adore driving with him. Females recognize him and their mouths fall open, sometimes even scream. One day we walked along a beach and I noticed people staring at him, some from atop a cliff, others on the open porch of a beach house. "How many pairs of eyes are looking at you right now?" I said. "Seven," he answered, and ducked his head as if to ward off the stares. "Four pairs on the porch, a few even scream."

He's honest, too, about his reasons for acting. He says he does it to earn a living, a good living, and he doesn't care who that shocks. He once told me, maybe ten years ago, that he disliked Hollywood. Not the work or the people, but rather the phony side of the endless parties and cliquish groups.

I like him because he's kind-hearted. Once he got home from work and a teenage girl rang his doorbell. She told him she'd walked all the way from Santa Monica, some ten miles, to see him. Rock was near Appalachia, angry, he tried to hide it. He told her as politely as possible that she should go home where she belonged. But when he saw her walking down the driveway, beginning to cry, he ran after her and spent a long time trying to explain how he felt his home was his final retreat and he just couldn't ask everyone in Hollywood to come there.

And I like him because he has a good mind. He won't discuss it with me, but I know from other people that he dotes on philosophy and is well read on the subject, particularly the ancient philosophers.

FROM MY MOTHER (who has just read part of this story): But dear, dear, dear! All these trivial things written about him. Don't you think the fact he throws his ties away when they're soiled is a little silly? And I shouldn't think he'd like his marriage dredged up again.

ANSWER (with a sigh): You're absolutely right. But I'm writing for his fans. Most of them care more about him—even down to his ties. He's an actor, and taking all this is part of his job, and I'm a writer and I'm expected to come up with something for my editors. Even if this time Rock's reaction is going to be more startled than if I'd gone to interview him in his mini bathing suit and eye shadow.

FROM PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY (including Aunt Elspeth): Is he going to marry Marilyn Maxwell?

ANSWER: I wouldn't be caught dead asking that! He sees her a lot—even flew to New York for a weekend to surprise her for the opening of her Latin Quarter act. I know he sent her flowers that night. But I certainly don't know if they'll ever marry. Next question?

"Next time he brings that darned horse, he's doing the rowing."
Bathing suit, Sylvia DeGay for Robert Sloan

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POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
Room 9R82 - 121 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 3, Ill.
First I was appalled to think that anyone would put our First Lady on the cover with Liz Taylor, but then I read your story. The comparison of the two certainly draws attention to Liz’ empty life. In the past, I have always envied her; somehow I now feel much compassion for her. In the long run she will hurt herself badly.

Gladys Wall
Dallas, Tex.

Wow! I just got my June issue of Photoplay! I never realized before how much Jackie’s dress (her hair, her gown, her jewels) resembles that of a movie star. She really is glamorous—just like Liz—but Liz sure hasn’t acted in the best of taste in Rome lately. Anyway, I think that was such a good idea, putting Jackie and Liz together on the cover to show everyone how beautiful and chic our First Lady is.

L. F. W.
St. Paul, Minn.

It was with surprise that I noted your June cover. Imagine comparing our First Lady with Liz Taylor! What could they possibly have in common, except they are both females?

A. B.
N. Y. C.

What are you, some sort of a nut? Personally, I think neither Liz nor Jackie should be on any cover. First, I’m a Republican and that takes care of Mrs. Kennedy. Then, too, I’m strictly for blondes. So that leaves your June issue out in left field as far as I am concerned.

Romeo
Dallas, Tex.

How dare you link Mrs. Kennedy with Elizabeth Taylor. . . . I hope Liz Taylor has her citizenship taken from her.

Mrs. M. B. H.
Mira Loma, Calif.

. . . When do you start putting “Macaroni” on your cover? Certainly Caroline’s horse deserves some attention from Photoplay. I mean, after all, he’s in the public eye enough.

Naomi Gershberg
N. Y. C.

. . . If you think you can truthfully compare Jacqueline Kennedy with Elizabeth Taylor for looks, beauty, dignity or anything at all, I think you should think again. Mrs. Kennedy is so far ahead of Miss Taylor it’s an insult to say her name along with Liz’. Mrs. Kennedy is a dignified lady and Liz is (to quote a movie she made) a “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.”

C. S.
Barre, Mass.

. . . Surely you do not equate Mrs. Kennedy with Miss Taylor, and no matter what your intentions might have been, the final result as it stood out on your front page leaves room for much confusion.

F. S.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . I think it is about time Liz Taylor should pay for her escapades. The public should refuse to see her films and then, perhaps, the producers will think twice before starring her in another picture. If the box office receipts were affected I am sure these men would not condone the actions of their stars.

J. A. M.

(Editors’ Note: We have received hundreds of letters, pro and con, about the June cover of Photoplay. We are always proud when our readers take the time to write us. This is our position: Stardom is not limited to Hollywood. Jackie and Liz invite comparison because, for totally different reasons, they are the most talked-about women in America. To compare is not to take sides or equate. In church, the ways of God are compared to the ways of Satan. We are sure you will agree this does not mean the cause of Good has been damaged by comparing it with Evil.)
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GO OUT TO A MOVIE
by JANET GRAVES

THE MUSIC MAN
Warner Bros.; Technirama, Technicolor; Producer-Director, Morton DaCosta (Family)
WHO'S IN IT? Robert Preston, Shirley Jones, Buddy Hackett, Hermione Gingold.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A traveling con-man of 1912 tries to swindle an Iowa town with his scheme for kids' hand.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? This big, handsome version of the stage hit is wonderfully good-natured and generous, telling its whole story in musical terms. Light romances team Robert with Shirley, Timmy Everett with Susan Luckey. Its picture of the "good old days" is so funny and fond, everybody can feel at home back there.

THAT TOUCH OF MINK
U-I; Panavision, Color; Director, Delbert Mann; Producers, Stanley Shapiro, Marty Melcher (Adult)
WHO'S IN IT? Cary Grant, Doris Day, Audrey Meadows, Gig Young.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Tycoon chases girl who won't say "yes" (without a wedding ring), but doesn't exactly mean "no."
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Mighty slick, stylish comedy, in which the good girl gets as lively a ribbing as the wolf does. Any resemblance to real life is strictly, delightfully non-existent. While the movie belongs to the impossibly poised Cary and the gorgeously dressed Doris, plenty of clever lines go to Gig and Audrey as well.

BOYS' NIGHT OUT
M-G-M; CinemaScope; Metrocolor; Director, Michael Gordon; Producer, Martin Ransohoff (Adult)
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Four commuters secretly rent a lush apartment in town and hire a "hostess" who fools them all.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A neatly designed, brightly paced frolic that keeps promising to plunge into sin, but somehow always stumbles into respectability instead. In fact, that's the point of the wacky plot.
It's acted by a small army of well-known players topped by Randall and by Garner, who's recovered his old "Maverick" wit.

ADVISE AND CONSENT
Columbia; Panavision; Producer-Director, Otto Preminger (Adult)
WHO'S IN IT? Henry Fonda, Don Murray, George Grizzard, Charles Laughton.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A Senate fight over a cabinet nomination sets off intrigues and reaches deeply into private lives.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Absorbing and controversial inside story. Once its complex situation has been outlined, it speeds up and generates lots of tension. A real blockbuster of a cast—fine actors playing brief roles—gives varying angles on the art of politics. Don and George really score as young individualists on a collision course.

THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY
Columbia; Director, Richard Quine; Producer, Fred Kohlmir (Family)
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Assigned to London, a young U.S. diplomat tries to help an American girl suspected of murder.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Back to the comedy mood again, with Jack and Fred as a pair of bureaucrats whose minds are definitely not on politics. Hardly a mystery—who'd believe Kim was a killer?—the film just pokes fun at creepy whodunits, and any time the laughs lag, it's Lemmon to the rescue. He's our boy! (Continued on page 10)
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MR. HOBBS TAKES A VACATION
20th: CinemaScope; De Luxe Color; Director, Henry Koster; Producer, Jerry Wald (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara, Fabe, Lauri Peters, John Saxon.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Family holiday at a broken-down seashore house; adult jams, teenage woes, son-in-law problems.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Okay, let's have a ball laughing at other people's troubles, endearingly like ours—but hilariously exaggerated. Everybody performs with skill, from Jimmy and Maureen as parents (and grandparents!) to Fabe's new girl, Lauri, who copes with a harrowing, intimate tragedy: braces on the teeth.

BON VOYAGE
Buena Vista; Technicolor; Director, James Neilson; Producer, Walt Disney (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman, Michael Callan, Deborah Walley.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? This American family chooses a vacation in Europe, where kids seek romance, parents try to renew it.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? More leisurely, more determinedly wholesome than "Mr. Hobbs," this cheerful comedy is also more spectacular. The love story of Deborah and Mickey is touching; Tommy Kirk's "man of the world" pose is as funny as the other vacation disasters.
Message: Go to the movies, not Europe.

BOCCACCIO '70
Embassy; Eastman Color; Directors, Fellini, Vissconti, De Sica; Producer, Ponti (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Anita Ekberg, Romy Schneider, Sophia Loren.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? An anti-sex fanatic meets a billboard queen; a rich girl gets a "job"; a carnival girl is raffled off.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Boccaccio wrote 600 years ago, but the Italians still have their minds on the same topic—you know what. Three top directors toss off three stories in effective style (and a total of 165 minutes), starring Anita in a bawdy fantasy, Romy in a wry drama, Sophia (the best) in a rowdy comedy.

THE CABINET OF CALIGARI
20th: CinemaScope; Producer-Director, Roger Kay (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Glynnis Johns, Dan O'Herlihy, Dick Davalos, Constance Ford.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A woman finds herself trapped with other "guests" in the mansion of a strange tyrant.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The dazzling use of the camera, set free by the imaginative nature of the story, makes this new version of the silent classic fascinating to watch. Glynnis' performance is first-rate, too. But, unless the moviegoer happens to know a bit about psychoanalysis, the film makes no sense till the very end.

LISA
20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Director, Philip Dunne; Producer, Mark Robson (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Dolores Hart, Stephen Boyd, Hugh Griffith, Donald Pleasence.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? To pay a moral debt, a young Dutchman helps a concentration-camp victim make her way to Palestine.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Dolores' shining creation of a brave character is the most appealing feature of this oddly mixed action movie. There's a lack of taste in its wavering between grim suggestions of reality and touches of light adventure. Fine British actors improve the minor roles, and genuine foreign locales add strength.

THE SKY ABOVE AND THE MUD BELOW
Embassy; Agfacolor; Director, P. D. Gaisseau; Producers, Arthur Cohn, René Laloue (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? No professional actors. French explorers, primitive tribesmen.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A dangerous 1959 expedition across New Guinea to observe native customs, map uncharted areas.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It's easy to see why this impressive film won this year's Oscar in the feature-documentary class. Well-planned photography shows us the magnificent scenery (from land and air) and the people, but the cornball narrative does no justice to this very fine movie.
Tip your fingers with shimmering Pearl Polish by Cutex and get a glowing Dreampearl bracelet besides! Fashion-approved by Oleg Cassini, each pearly polish shade dries in a twinkling to a smooth "salon finish" that resists chipping and peeling...keeps your hands glamorous for days. Wear it with its own soulmate hue of Cutex lipstick and you'll turn a man's world upside down. Your Dreampearl bracelet is included as a gift with each bottle of Pearl Polish by Cutex.
...she's almost due for her next shampoo?

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SHAMPOO WITH EGG • CREME RINSE by RICHARD HUDNUT
THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF

Walter Winchell

Romeo vs. Juliet: Love frequently creates stories out of moonlight, rainbows and shadows. All too often the strangest romantic tales are written in the stars. They are inscribed with headlines and fireworks. The outstanding contemporary illustration has been provided by Liz and Eddie. Their headline circus has attracted more news (Continued on page 74)
Making movies can be fun! James Garner and Audrey Hepburn show you why!

Sid Luft isn't out of Judy Garland's life. He flew to London in an attempt to persuade her to take him back.

Look for Eddie-Boy to divorce Liz in a Reno, Nevada, courtroom come August. He'll charge mental cruelty which I, for one, think is the understatement of the year. Wouldn't you say so, Liz?

Mike London really landed in a hornet's nest. Got himself named as a co-respondent in a bitter divorce suit between a starlet and her irate hubby. The little cowboy pleads innocent. Yet wasn't it this same starlet that led his faithful Dodie to send him out to find a home on another range?

I love Yvette Mimieux's quote in evading a newsman's query about her marriage: "If I felt being a movie star would be an invasion of my private life, I would kill myself." Such strong words from such a small girl.

It didn't make Marilyn Monroe any too happy when Gardner McKay refused to play her muscle-man lover in "Something's Got to Give." La Monroe's temperature rose to the boiling point, and she didn't report to the set for days. Claimed she was "ill." Her temperature went down. (Continued on page 16)
in Photoplay...

Dick Quine (left) gives Kim Novak a quick kiss. Does this mean their off-again-on-again romance is now on? It's getting a bit tiresome, don't you think? Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti (above) are so in love, but their marriage is still not legal under Roman law. Our roving tape-to-typer Fred Robbins (right) couldn't leave Rome without talking to an old friend—Liz Taylor.
however, when Gord asked her out on a date to explain his side of the story.

One of the Hollywood Park racetrack followers tips me that Vince Edwards has more than a romantic interest in Sherry Nelson. Sherry (once married to a jockey) is better than an IBM machine when it comes to picking winners for Vince. She doesn't talk to the ponies, but apparently they tell her all.

Take it from me—the lovebird posing Connie Stevens and Troy Donahue staged while filming "Hawaiian Eye" in the islands was strictly for publicity. In fact, they weren't even speaking when they left—on separate planes.

Was it on orders from the Big Leader that Frank Sinatra decided to cut out all of The Clan foolishness?

Tip to Susan Hayward: Your sister paid a visit to a newspaper in hopes they would print another yarn about her trials and tribulations.

Didn't Eddie Goldstone stage a far-out hoax in hopes his Juliet Prowse would come back to roost? I understand the police force had quite a laugh. The move didn't work. Juliet even dropped him as her manager.

My advice to Liz Taylor: You'd better hire a bodyguard if you ever plan to step on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot again. Another cut in studio personnel was ordered when the costs of making "Cleopatra" rose several more million. "I got fired after twenty years," one of the ex-employees said after he got his notice, "all because some (censored) in Rome has been playing around with people's lives instead of working." He had a few more things to say about Liz—but they're all unprintable. Unless the film is a success, everyone in the company may stand to lose his job.

Scooping Around: Connie Stevens' temper got the best of her again—she told her Warner bosses off in pretty strong terms for putting her on layoff the day she returned from location in Hawaii. Even claimed she would walk out permanently unless they changed their minds... A certain Hollywood publicity office really screamed when one of their young temper centers walked out of the firm to start a business of his own. He took with him several of his bosses'

Scoop picture of the two big surprises at Eddie's opening: his date, redhead Annette Cash, and Mike Todd, Jr., who flew to Los Angeles just to cheer Eddie.

Frank Sinatra had quite an appreciative audience on his stop-over in Israel, which is part of his round-the-world tour for children's charity. Frankie's a changed man now, devoting himself to worthwhile causes rather than frivolity.
top clients. ... The reason Stella Stevens spends so much time at P. J.'s nitty isn't because she likes the food. The club's owner, Paul Raffles (once married to Harry Karl's daughter), and Stella have eyes only for each other. ... The Jill St. John-Lance Reventlow merger is shaky again. ... I don't believe Gower Champion will be anxious to direct another movie for a while. "My Six Loves" (his first movie megger jab) gave him more headaches than Liz ever had. Gower and Debbie Reynolds nearly severed their longstanding friendship as a result of the flick. She didn't appreciate some of his directions. ... The Katy Jurado-Ernie Borgnine rift looks final this time. ... Skip Ward and Michele Triola finally admitted what I printed long ago: The marriage is fin.

Still one of the big puzzles in Hollywood is the marriage of Cary Grant and Betsy Drake. They've long been separated, but no move has ever been made to obtain a divorce. They're on the best of terms, and they see each other more frequently now than when they lived under the same roof. So don't be surprised if they try marriage on a full-time basis again.

Apparently Anita Ekberg and Rod Taylor were serious when they announced their engagement. Anita sold all her interests abroad, including a yacht and a villa, to clear the way for the marriage. They'll make their permanent home right here in good old movieland. But you'd better move fast, Anita. Did you know that while you were on foreign shores recently, Rod dated Rhonda Fleming? And Rhonda has a way with men.

Ann-Margret was nearly talked into eloping with Burt Sugarman while they were in Las Vegas for the golf tournament. You'd better make up your mind soon, Ann. He isn't going to ask too many more times. I wander, though, if she'll ever be able to say "yes" with her studio and parents dead-set against any such merger.

Jose Ferrer has been on his best behavior lately. Too bad it's too late as far as Rosemary Clooney is concerned.

Didn't Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell stage a lover's quarrel? When Rock flew to Germany and Spain, no one—including Marilyn—knew where he could be reached. He went into hiding for ten days in a small Spanish seaport outside of Barcelona.

Lana Turner's controversial daughter looks as if she's making the grade on her own. Cheryl, apparently rid of mental woes, is not only working as a secretary but also took an apartment by herself. Now that everything looks so bright for Cheryl, I hope those break-up rumors that have been circulating around town about Lana and Fred aren't true.

Short Takes: Rhonda Fleming has another wealthy admirer at her doorstep. ... Wasn't it Frank Sinatra who first introduced Marilyn Monroe to President Kennedy? ... And speaking of Frank, what's this I hear about Janet Leigh being his real true love? Frankie and Janet keep denying this, but everyone else seems to have something to say about it. I'll be interesting to see what develops when Frank winds up his round-the-world tour. All I can say is—if there is any truth to those rumors, wow, what a swosome!

Clark Gable's pretty widow is dating the president of an airline company. ... Wonder if Suzanne Pleshette knows that while Troy Donahue was in Hawaii he dated a different girl every night? That's some record—even for Troy. ... It was $80,000 of Lucille Ball's loot that went into re-decorating the home she and Gary Morton share. ... Hasn't Ed Byrnes asked Ava Gardner to give up her career? ... Ava Gardner popped into town following another session at that Arizona beauty farm. ... Tense situation existed when Keely Smith played the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, and down the street Louis Prima was appearing at the Sahara. The two speak to each other only through a third party. Incidentally, it was Bob Fuller back at Keely's side again for the opening. ... Jim Hutton may have hit the big time, but a farmer pal is still waiting for the actor to repay a $20 loan. ... Best thing that ever happened to Bob Wagner: Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti are giving him some good advice—especially about women.

I don't know how Debbie Reynolds ever finished "My Six Loves." She looked like she was going to have twins, and they could shoot only the upper half of her body!

Strangely enough, Cliff Robertson's taste in women is in line with the President's. Cliff plays John Kennedy in "PT 109," and his best girl, Jane Blackburn, sizes up as another Jackie Kennedy.

Hasn't Van Johnson arranged for all his salary to be banked abroad so that his estranged wife can't tie it up?

Poor Tarita. She was Marlon Brando's girl when she was in Tahiti. But she arrives in Hollywood only to find that she's off his list. He didn't even call her or meet her plane. The reason? He has fallen for an Oriental girl who appears with him in "The Ugly American."

Has Warren Beatty high-priced himself right out of Hollywood?

Here's a nice bit of agenting—Paula Prentiss talked M-G-M moguls into giving her hubby Dick Benjamin a part in her next picture. I wonder, does she collect ten percent of his salary? Seriously, I'm glad he got the break, because Dick is one of the nicest and most talented guys who has blown into town lately. Paula will be the first to say Dick's terrific. (Please turn the page)
PERIODIC PAIN
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Bonnie's GAY with MIDOL
You'd have thought a nuclear explosion took place in Los Angeles the day Jayne Mansfield filed for divorce from Mickey Hargitay—only to withdraw the complaint less than twenty-four hours later. Somehow I just can't picture Jayne in the role of a mother hen, exclaiming that she left her muscle-man because he wanted to leave the children behind when they left for their Roman adventure. And I must say that the "mother hen" was certainly out of character earlier that same week when the patrons of a Hollywood twist joint saw her in not much of anything when her dress came apart on the dance floor. And here's the bit—she didn't even look embarrassed.

If Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis had smoked the peace pipe soon after their separation, they might have had a chance. But now too much time has passed, and that pipe is getting harder and harder to light. As a matter of fact it looks to me as if they're happy living apart—especially Janet, who receives long-distance phone calls from a South American admirer and is seen around town with Arthur Loew, Jr. And hasn't Tony been trans-Atlantic telephoning Christine Kaufmann? That's what I heard.

Bonnie's BLUE
continued

Weren't Glenn Ford's dates with Connie Stevens and Hope Lange's dates with Bob Logan just to make each other jealous? Looks as if it served the purpose, too. Glenn and Hope came on stronger than ever when they were in Europe to make "The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimmin."

Where does that leave Connie and Bob? Connie is finding solace with one-time fiancé Gary Clarke, Bob with Greta Chi, who once was Gardner McKay's girl. It's getting complicated. I just hope Gary doesn't get hurt—again.

Strangely enough, the week Dinah Shore divorced George Montgomery, "Samar," the film he made in the Philippines, was released. It stars a certain actress, Ziva Rodann, who many feel indirectly lit the fuse which ignited the Montgomery marital explosion. Dinah obtained the divorce in six minutes. It took George three months to make the film.

Latest from Rome. I've been tipped that Liz Taylor is planning to ask Mrs. Burton to let Dickie off the hook. But does Dickie-Bey want off the hook?

Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty carefully avoided even accidentally running into Robert Wagner in Europe. Can't say I blame them.

Dick Chamberlain never did take his announced vacation in Hawaii. Instead, he went to New York, where he dated Carol Burnett. Then flew back to be close to Clara Ray.

Puzzler of the Month: What movie star became so loaded at a night club that, when she emerged from the powder room, she was wearing only a pair of panties? It nearly caused a riot in the place.

Eddie’s First Date

If you’ve been feeling sorry for Eddie Fisher, here’s cheery news. I saw him on his first date not long ago—at Trader Vic’s with lovely Sharon Huguency—and believe me, he was a far cry from the haggard, beaten guy who arrived in town just a couple of months ago. Eddie was smiling again. And so was Sharon, looking at him, it seemed to me, as if Eddie was the beginning and end of her world that night. And who knows, maybe he will be someday. I can remember a lot stranger things happening in our town. Of course, Eddie is moving fast these days. He’s also dated Edie Adams and Annette Cash. But there’s something about Sharon, maybe it’s the fact that she looks so much like Liz, that makes me think she may be more than a passing fancy with Eddie. More than just a date. And there’s something else—the fact that Sharon, though barely out of the playing-with-dolls stage, has known bitter disappointment and tragedy, too. She knows every bit as well as Eddie how it feels to have a love you thought was "forever" shatter—and the pieces crash down right on your head. It hurts. It hurts plenty. But maybe it hurts a little less if you find someone who knows your hurt, who understands, without being told, what you need now and also what you’re afraid of. Sharon and Eddie know these things about each other. Will they continue to date? Well, this is what Sharon said: "I like Eddie very much, and I will be seeing much more of him. We have fun together." I’d say time will tell—good times together to help erase the past. THE END
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New Confidets—the only sanitary napkin with true anatomical shape and accident-proof inner shield
DEBBIE'S BIG FEAR:

Eddie Fisher's back in Hollywood—back in Debbie's life. What is it doing to her? To their two children? To her husband Harry?

EDDIE!

Debbie Reynolds bounced happily through the wide door from the sound stage on her way to lunch. She beamed a half-dozen cheery "Hellos" at passing co-workers as she walked, almost vivaciously, toward her parked car. A playful breeze caught her hair and ruffled it gently. Debbie threw a smiling glance at the high, blue California sky. At that moment she could easily have qualified as the world's happiest woman. And then she saw something that drained her white. She stopped so suddenly that those who saw it say, "It looked as though she had suddenly crashed into an invisible wall." For in that split second, Debbie's eyes had seen a newsboy jam the latest edition of the papers into the rack. One big, black, blaring headline screamed at her: "Eddie Fisher Returns to Hollywood." It was then that the hand of fear gripped her heart, and for the first time in four years the shrieking memories also returned. Eddie! Back! What now! Oh God! What was going to happen now?

It wasn't just Debbie. No one in Hollywood had expected it to happen quite the way it did. There were even murmurs that Eddie's decision to return was another unkind act toward Debbie. To reappear at a time when he was again the third corner of a scandalous triangle to be so near to Debbie, to the children, at a time like this was unwise, to say the least. As a close friend of Debbie points out: "It is the one thing we never thought would happen so soon. Most of us were shocked to learn that Eddie had returned, so permanently. It isn't a thought he has come to Hollywood for a couple of night club engagements—he's bought a house! He's here! He's back! Believe me, Debbie has something to worry about because it's obvious that Eddie has every intention of seeing his children as often as he can. Not just because he loves them—but because he needs them!"

So it is that even Debbie's friends emphasize these fears that have penetrated her life since Eddie's return. "What people must realize," says another Reynolds intimate, "is that although her survival of the Liz and Eddie mess confirms Debbie's durability as a woman, another emotional ordeal would mean greater hurt than before. You do not survive such anguish and forget it! It will never be completely blotted out of her mind—never! In my opinion, Debbie must come to grips with the significance of Eddie's return as any happily married woman..."
not at the threatened and dreaded intrusion of an ex- husband. In short, Debbie has a right to her fears. The implications that Eddie’s new presence could mean are rough to add up to a nightmare in any woman’s life. And Debbie is all woman. She is a remarkable combination of warmth, devotion and strength. But if you know her well, you will also detect a peculiar delicacy in her qualities, as in the qualities of a diamond. Indestructible, brilliant, valuable and rare. Yes. But let someone hit that diamond exactly right and it will split in half. The day I see it Eddie is the guy who could touch Debbie at right and break her in two. I think Debbie knows and this is what frightens her. God, can you imagine wing to live with a fear like that?

But if Debbie can be compared to a diamond, it should be added—that as a human being—she is beautifully cut. Though her mind might have been riddled with fears native to Eddie’s return, it was her heart that spoke. “How is he taking the separation from Elizabeth?” Debbie wanted to know. “Is he well? Is he standing up to it?” . . . The questions reveal vividly the kind of woman Debbie really is. Having known hurt herself, she understands what great pain the loss of someone you love inflict. Who would have criticized Debbie if she had asked, “Eddie, my lost love, didn’t I tell you so?”

Instead her immediate fear was for the welfare of the man who had left her! And in private, Debbie showed a very specific concern. In confiding to one friend, she vealed, as knowing Eddie as she did, she was apprehensive because, with his ego so brutally smashed / Liz, he might crack up—or worse! “Eddie gave up his one and his family and, I think, the best years of his life for Elizabeth,” Debbie told one friend. “Sometimes I am afraid for him, really and truly afraid.” . . .

was with good reason that Debbie hushed her concern or Eddie in this respect. What a fine time gossipers could have had speculating, had they known! From her own experience, Debbie could see the sly remarks in the columns. “The stirrings of an old love,” one would go. “It looks like Debbie still carries the torch for Eddie,” another would say. So Debbie remained quiet and wise. He learned through her own sources that Eddie was doing it well and had turned to a new and active career to help obliterate the searing memories of the last few months—exactly as Debbie had done when she lost him.

But Debbie’s immediate concern for Eddie’s welfare as only the first of other fears. What effect, for example, would Eddie’s return have on her marriage to Harry Karl? “None, absolutely none,” is the quick answer from everyone. True? Not quite! Debbie’s life as Mrs. Karl an unbelievably happy one. To anyone who might doubt that sturdy and healthy marriage, here is what Debbie herself says: “Harry and I are so happy, so much love and so compatible, that it leads some people to doubt, because they find it difficult to believe a man and a woman can be that happy.” . . . Of course, Debbie’s comment will not prevent some rummagers of rumors from pointing out that, “It was all right as long as Eddie was out of the country or even on the East Coast. But he is here now, here in Hollywood, only minutes from Debbie and his children. Watch for developments.”

There will be no “developments.” But gossips gossip—and with Eddie so close at hand it is only reasonable for Debbie to fear that untrue stories of Harry Karl’s “jealousy” of Eddie’s nearness will make the usual circuit. The pressure on Debbie is heavy. One suspicious columnist, on being informed that Debbie and Harry preferred to stay home at night, snorted back the comment: “Naturally. Neither he nor Harry want to bump into Eddie in public. I’d like to get a dollar for every flashbulb that goes off the night they do!” The flashbulbs will go off, but Debbie’s reasons for staying at home are exactly as she says. She is miles ahead on the long road to the conquest of happiness and she knows it.

Could Harry Karl be jealous of Eddie? His friends all give the answer: “Impossible,” they say. “He just isn’t that kind of a man and never will be.” And what about Debbie’s fears that Eddie’s new presence will bring on the storm of old memories? It may come as a shock, but Debbie readily admits that Eddie being in Hollywood does bring back memories. It would be foolish to assume that Debbie retains no hurt from (Please turn the page)
DEBBIE'S
BIG FEAR: EDDIE!

continued

the screaming headlines that broke up her marriage to Eddie. It would also be foolish, as we pointed out, to believe that Eddie’s break-up with Liz hasn’t affected Debbie. She is much too warm and sensitive a woman not to have feelings in the matter. But Debbie can handle herself—as she’s proved a thousand times—in any crisis, and she never denies those memories. Eddie was her first love, a love no woman forgets or wants to forget. Debbie bore Eddie’s children. You don’t close the door on memories like those! The mistake may be in believing that these memories will disturb Debbie emotionally.

Debbie’s remarkable calm quiets this fear. “I haven’t seen Eddie,” Debbie told PHOTOPLAY, “and I am sorry, really sorry, his marriage broke up. I’m sorry when any marriage breaks up, because of the children. You must feel sorry for the children whether they are natural or adopted, as Eddie’s four in Rome were, in effect. But I have great hopes for Eddie. I think his career will zoom from now on. You can’t ignore a talent like his. He has a magnificent voice and he is a gifted entertainer. I think the public’s attitude toward him will change—in fact, already has.”

But of all the fears Debbie may feel over Eddie’s return, it is those concerning the children (as much a part of Eddie as they are of Debbie) that seem most acute.

Almost six, Carrie, the oldest, is learning to play with strange children and just beginning to read. She is still pretty much in “the-cat-sees-the-dog” stage, but in a few months she will be capable of reading and understanding adult prose.

During these two new and crucial periods in Carrie’s life, inexorably, will come the moments that Debbie dreads most. It will start out to be a day like other days in Carrie’s young life. She will go to school and she will smile and struggle with small numbers and run and jump with the other children. But among those other children will be the “one.” There is always “one” in every group of small children. He will smile at Carrie with no real intention of hurting her. Yet, suddenly, he will say: “Your father is a bad man.”

“He is not!”

“He is not!”

“He is, too! I know because I heard my mother say he was. Your father ran away. He went with another lady—across the ocean.”

“He didn’t run away!”

“He did! He did! Nya, nya, nya!”

It could happen that way—and break a little girl’s heart. Or on some quiet morning Carrie will find a book or a magazine. She will read it thoughtfully for a while and then say to Debbie, “But, Mother, it’s a picture of Daddy with another lady and it says...”

Somehow, Debbie hopes she will be there to stop the words, to tell an innocent daughter, with tenderness and love and fear and excuriating patience, that it is true that Carrie’s father was involved in two scandals. But Carrie must not try to understand that now. Some day when she is older and a big girl...

To avoid a complete tragedy, Debbie has slowly but carefully guided Carrie with mother-and-daughter talks to the point where Debbie’s fear on this has been somewhat alleviated. There’s still the fear that distorted versions may get to Carrie, but Debbie is certain her daughter can take it. Besides, Debbie will be there or, you can be sure, not very far from there.

There is another fear that Debbie must cope with.

Only the integrity of the two men in her life and the two children in her life, can save her from this one. Here’s why.

For much of their lives, following infancy, Carrie and Todd have been without their “real” father. In Eddie’s place, the children accepted, loved and obeyed a kind, gray-haired man who adores them, Harry Karl. He has daubed their noses, taken them to the circus, stroked their foreheads in fever, tied their shoelaces, pushed their swings, laughed at the ice cream on their chins and kissed their cuts and bruises.

Now, to Carrie and Todd, two kids...
yearning desperately, as all kids do, for the feeling of security, must come the awesome awareness that they have two fathers. How do you soften this confusion for a child?

You don't. You tell the truth and you hope and you pray and you trust in God that somehow He will not let doubt enter the hearts of two kids who have done nothing to deserve it.

What about the "fathers?" What about Harry? His love for the two Fisher children is unquestioned.

On the other side, there are those who feel it is difficult to say just how much Eddie Fisher loves his children. After all, they say, he did leave them for purely emotional reasons. And he was separated from them for long periods of time.

But Carrie and Todd are Eddie Fisher's flesh and blood. No matter what he has done he feels a deep and irresistible need now for them.

Can this situation create a monstrous, emotional tug-of-war between the two men, each trying to show a boy and a girl who loves whom the most? It could!

This then, is Debbie's dilemma.

During Eddie's visits to his children she can only look and listen while a father pleads with desperate eyes for his little boy and his little girl to return some of his love.

At home, with Harry, Debbie again must sit and watch and listen as the man she now loves gives his heart to the children he adores.

Amid all her fears, there is one thing Debbie is very grateful for: God is giving her and Harry a child. That child will be here—soon. Harry Karl will have a child of his own to love as much as he loves Debbie's.

"And with that," says Debbie, "I will have happiness. And that is all one can ask out of life, isn't it?"

Brave words, we say, from a gallant girl. Debbie has conquered heartache before. She kept her faith in God and met crises when, if it hadn't been for that faith, she might have believed her only lot in life was despair. The fears she has to cope with today may seem insurmountable now, but if we know Debbie, she will find a way.

—ALAN SOMERS


Married women are sharing this secret

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What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

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PRINT NAME
Jayne Mansfield suing Mickey Hargitay for divorce was the laugh of the week. She went to court without telling him; came home and there he was. So what did they do? Went marketing for groceries for the evening meal. She hadn't had a headline since the shark chased her in Nassau. I've always said she'd stand on her head at Hollywood and Vine if there was a camera there to shoot her. But in spite of this you can't help liking the girl.

Frank Sinatra's round-the-world tour in behalf of the world's needy children was something to shout about. He took along thirteen people, paid all their expenses, which will cost around a quarter million dollars. In Tokyo an orphanage was named after him. In Hong Kong a hundred handicapped children sang for him. They'll name an interracial youth center for him in Nazareth. This trip was unsponsored, unasked for and done without fanfare. I don't know anyone who's done so much yet said so little about it. In Israel they said it was easier to part the Red Sea than to get a ticket to see him. He had his own plane flown over filled with record albums, baseball equipment, baseballs, candy and all sorts of things to delight the heart of an underprivileged child. His stature has grown about ten feet.

Liz' parents (above with little Liza) said they were surprised by their daughter's split with Eddie. It's no surprise that they are heartbroken by Liz' scandalizing goings-on over in Rome.

So much has been reported about Miss Elizabeth Taylor, there's little I can add to what's been written. She takes what she wants and gets away with it. Question is: Will she take Dickie Burton to the preacher? Latest rumor from Rome is that he'll divorce his wife to marry Liz, but I'll believe that when I see it. My hunch is that when the picture ends he'll turn his back on her and she'll end up in the hospital once again. I heard also that he agreed to play opposite Audrey Hepburn in "My Fair Lady" if Warners co-starred him and Elizabeth in "Camelot." That's possible. You wouldn't
think any studio would take them on after this outrageous scandal. But I'm certain producers will line up waiting to sign them. If the picture's good I guess everybody will want to see the two people who rocked the moral foundation of the world.

Perhaps those ravenous wolf photographers of Rome will think twice before picking on Burt Lancaster again. He knocked one of their ring leaders flat. It takes a man like Burt to do it. I'm sure everyone who's suffered from them will applaud him. But why hadn't Dickie Burton thought of that? Hmmm?

Cliff Robertson (above with me) sees his daughter Stephanie each week. He rented a house instead of an apartment—he thought it would be nice to have a home and garden to receive her. "I was cooking lunch for her not long ago when I heard this awful music on the radio. There she was doing the twist but stopped cold when she saw me. 'I was doing the twist,' she explained." Stephanie, in case you don't know, is all of four!

Natalie Wood didn't want to be separated from Warren Beatty, so he went to Europe with her (above). Hmmm . . . who paid for that nice trip?

Wonder if Marilyn Monroe will try to beat Liz' record of holding up a studio. She was due on the 20th set on April 24th. She showed up the first of May long enough to put on makeup and have photographs taken of her nuzzling Dean Martin. Then she left for home, and didn't show again until May 14th, getting under the wire before she could be suspended. We learned the studio had Kim Novak warming up to take her place. Billy Wilder who directed Marilyn in "Some Like It Hot" had so much trouble with her that after it ended he said: "I wouldn't make another picture with her for a million dollars."

When she failed to show on this one, he said: "It gets worse and worse. Used to be you'd call her at 9 AM; she'd show up at noon. Now you call her in May and she shows up in October."

Dick Chamberlain and Clara Ray, who met in a singing class, make beautiful music together.

Van Johnson had quite a hassle with Evie who demanded $5000 a month alimony for herself and their fourteen-year-old daughter. What hurt Van most was when Evie, without telling him, took Schuyler out of school in Switzerland where she was very popular and learning three languages. Van's opening night in "Music Man" at the Cocoanut Grove here was attended by Janet Leigh and forty guests. June Allyson and Dick Powell came with a party of twenty. In fact, none of the stars he worked with forgot him except our Liz.

Joanne Woodward is doing a perfect imitation of Marilyn Monroe—gestures, voice, hairdo—in "Celebration," and on La Monroe's own home lot, no less.

It looks serious (above) between Rick Nelson and Chris Harmon. Wedding bells anyone?? (Please turn the page)
Joanne Dru may have her next picked out although they have to wait a year until his divorce is final. She's chosen a business man for a change—George Perose. Seems incredible that her oldest son by Dick Haymes was twenty in June.

Judy Garland was going great guns in London on "The Lonely Stage" until Sid Luft arrived. Then she got nervous and the cast and crew had to wait for her to show. Judy has said when she retires from films she'll live in Britain forever, but forever is a long time. Well, we shall see.

Ann Miller's back in circulation. She denied she'd ever married Arthur Cameron in Mexico before her divorce from Bill Moss was final. Then she sued for $7,000,000. After a settlement was agreed upon, which she said was slightly less than a million, I learned it was the interest for a year on a million which would net her around $40,000. She called to tell me there were two sides to the story. I said: "But wasn't seven million after a year's marriage a little high? It looked like a holdup to me."

"I was mad when he denied the marriage. You see I'm half Irish, half Indian," she explained.

Reminded she'd denied the marriage at one time, too, she said: "I had to. Bill Moss would have sued Arthur if I didn't."

Warren Beatty has made just three pictures; now his asking price is a quarter of a million per picture and 7½% of the gross. This tops the asking price of his sister Shirley MacLaine who's been an established star for quite a few years. He's frank in saying: "There are as many people who'll think I'm no good as there are who think I'm good." I don't believe he wants to marry Natalie Wood, but they've been inseparable since making "Splendor in the Grass" together. Could be he got his idea of picture prices from Natalie; that's what she made in "West Side Story," without the percentage, that is.

Don't believe it'll be long before Pat Wymore, Errol Flynn's widow, marries that jolly Texan Mack Caudle. Recently when they were in Manhattan they were walking down 52nd Street when a big, burly truck driver stopped in traffic and yelled: "Hey Mack, how can I get back home to Houston?" "Send me your address at the Plaza and I'll see you get there." And by golly he did. They'd been pals in the old days back in Texas.

Tuesday Weld and Gary Lockwood (above) are still dating, but I hear that Mrs. Weld is secretly hoping the dating won't actually lead to marriage.

The friendship of Frank Sinatra and Peter Lawford ended with a bang when Lawford called Frank's great friend Jimmy Van Heusen and asked if he'd get Bing Crosby to lend his house, also Jimmy's and another friend's house, to President Kennedy during his stay in Palm Springs. I never could understand why Sinatra kept pushing the non-talented Peter Lawford over the years; he couldn't sing, and danced with two left feet. If he was the charm boy I certainly failed to see how he could be.
From where I sit in my office high above Hollywood Boulevard, it doesn’t look as though Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis will reconcile. What happens to these young people who start with ambition, no worldly goods, who work like slaves to achieve success? They fall in love, marry, have babies, and enjoy every luxury money can buy. And then bang! Suddenly it’s all over.

Peter Sellers was like any other tourist when he made his first trip to Hollywood: “It’s a place whose fabulous features I’ve heard of as long as I can remember. I’m looking for stars like any other tourist and getting to see their homes.”

Prince Rainier had the answer when asked what he thought of Alfred Hitchcock’s description of Princess Grace—“an iceberg with a bubbling furnace inside.” “She is capable of boiling,” said Rainier, “but is not constantly on the simmer.”

Peter Lind Hayes’ line: “Imagine Eddie Fisher trying to hold onto Liz. It would be like trying to flag down the Sante Fe with a match.”

People are saying Eddie got what was coming to him.

I don’t know when I’ve been as moved as I was at the funeral of Louise Fazenda: We called her the angel of Hollywood. She did so much good for so many. At UCLA’s Children’s Clinic she was on call to care for babies who had a short time to live. When each went she suffered as though they’d been her own. And she never let me write about her. (Please turn the page)
Phyllis. doubt son theirs daily went times Malsen Davis. was long this there 20th Winston He DDas

"We honor you not as a picture director but as a great citizen." He read comments made by Winston Churchill after he saw Capra's war-time documentary films: "I've never seen a more powerful statement for our cause than these films," said Winston.

Dick Beymer discovered Linda Evans, took her to lunch at 20th where all the execs were asking who she was. Metro got there first and have the beautiful pixie in a TV series with Jim Davis. It should be great!

Princess Soraya went through this town like a hurricane. But long before she came here she was a friend of Baron Dieter von Malsen and visited him several times at his Schloss Osterberg in Austria. When he went into the bakery business in France she went in with him. They turn out 15,000 loaves of brown bread daily and hope that eventually theirs will replace French bread.

Dinah Shore looked heartbroken when she went to court to divorce George Montgomery. I don't believe she learned of his indiscretions until quite recently.

Jose Ferrer hopes Rosemary Clooney will forgive and take him back into the family circle. I doubt very much if she will. Why go through agony again?

Carol Channing made her friends happy while she was here. But Kenneth, her New York hairdresser, must have wept when he learned that she had washed the beautiful wig he made for her in soap and water. It shrunk so very much she couldn't get it on her head.

Hope Lange enjoyed smoking a cigar in "The Grand Duke and Mr. Pimm," but hasn't followed through with it thank goodness!

Biggest surprise to Hollywood was marriage of lovely Robin Chandler Lynn to Angier Biddle Duke, State Department's Chief of Protocol, plus which he's a multimillionaire. There was a recent widow here who had her eye on him but got nowhere. Robin has two children, a son and daughter, by Jeffry Lynn; Duke has three. Charlie Knickerbocker took it upon himself to deny this coming marriage.

Frances and Van Heflin have been planning a trip around the world for years, but something always interfered. They finally made it to celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary. Their older daughter Vana is in college, and Van's mother came out from the East to baby-sit for the two younger Heflin children.

Doris Day became a fashion plate when she wore Jean Louis' beautiful costumes in "Midnight Lace." Now her favorite designer is Irene. Doris also has her own line of dresses on the market.

Last time I saw Rock Hudson, I asked: "When are you getting married, or haven't you thought about it?"

"Oh, sure. But I don't know." "Why clutter up your life. It's perfect as it is," said I.

"I don't think it's perfect. I'd like to have a family." When I ventured kids might annoy the heck out of him, he protested: "I love kids. Marilyn Maxwell has a little boy—he's five now. We get along swell."

"I thought you liked to play with children like Maria Cooper."

He laughed: "She's too young for me." Then he recalled an interview two weeks after his marriage to Phyllis. "A reporter asked: 'What do you and your wife do at night?'

"'She dances on top of the table,' I replied.

"'But we can't print that,' said the reporter.

"You know magazine writers have a completely different mentality from anyone else I ever knew," Rock kidded me.

Vera Miles: "I'll never buy another formal ball gown. I've got one I've worn twice. Every time I look in my closet there it is taking up all the room—and too expensive to throw away."

That's all the news under my hat now. See you next month.
HOW JACKIE GETS ON WITH HER IN-LAWS....
The White House—like most houses—has had its share of that most hair-raising problem of them all (war, revolutions and national defense notwithstanding): The In-Law Problem. Mary Todd Lincoln reportedly had several "kin whom Abe, despite his general kindliness, could not abide." James Polk, an otherwise calm and patient man, is supposed to have once ordered a brother-in-law "off these premises, federal to some, and private to me." They still gasp in Washington when long-suffering Eleanor Roosevelt's problems with FDR's incredibly possessive mother, Sara, are recalled. (One example—about Inaugural Day, 1933—from Alfred Steinberg's Mrs. R.: "Once inside the White House door for the special lunch before the customary parade, Franklin and Eleanor were now officially President and First Lady. However, Franklin looked uneasy. The answer was not hard to find. He had to take his lady's arm and lead the procession to the dining room. The problem was Sara Delano Roosevelt, beaming with joy on this wonderful occasion. Franklin looked helplessly at Eleanor. Then he took his mother's arm and the two walked first in the procession, with Eleanor walking behind.") What do they say in Washington today about Jacqueline Kennedy's relationship with her in-laws—the fabulous, remarkable, incredible, overpowering, glamorous, nearly a dozen-strong Kennedys? "Things could have been awful between Jackie and—as I call them—that in-law mob," says one society gal, a good friend of Jackie's, "—but they've turned out beautifully. For the First Lady, let's say, the in-laws are an in-group. Jackie had her doubts about them at first; I don't think that's any secret. She was scared stiff of them at first—back in 1951 when Jack was courting her, when she first met them. Who wouldn't have been scared? They were, after all, a very, very different kind of family than most of us have ever known...." Said reporter Harold H. Martin, in a Saturday Evening Post article written in the early '50's: "When an outsider threatens to thwart the ambitions of any of them, the whole Kennedy family (Continued on page 93)
by Debbie Sherwood
a girl from his past

I will never forget the day Warren Beatty kissed me—kissed me, Debbie Sherwood!—right smack in front of everyone on the "Dobie Gillis" set. Oh, I was pleased all right, but I was embarrassed, too. The director was all ready to shoot a scene in the classroom. The assistant director had yelled, "lights" and we sat waiting for his "action" cue. But it didn’t come. One of the desks was empty. Warren was missing. Suddenly, his dressing-room door opened and Warren sauntered onto the set, down past the empty desk, (Continued on page 89)
Celebrity-Wild Child
Some children collect stuffed animals, some put bugs in jars or coins in banks. But a younger named Arthur McDonald, Jr. has the most unique collection of all—he collects real, live celebrities. Aided by his favorite photographer, his dad, Arthur McDonald, Sr., the boy has managed to gather close to five hundred photos of himself with people whose faces should be very familiar to Photoplay readers. Arthur, who is now all of five years old, started his off-beat hobby at the tender age of eighteen months. When asked if there was anything he liked—in addition to celebrities, of course—he answered quickly: hamburgers, football, baseball, cowboys and Indians. And, oh, yes, we thought you'd like to know his nickname—it's "Champ."
Natalie Wood uncovers a brand new talent in her role as burlesque queen Gypsy Rose Lee. When it was first announced that Natalie had won the title role in the Warner film, "Gypsy," there were those who felt that Natalie, the perennial Screen-teen, was not right for the role. As usual, she fooled everyone. As the youngster pushed by her mother into a life in vaudeville—and later burlesque—Natalie is perfect. But the real test came when she had to film this scene—the sensational strip tease. As you can see, she proved she can peel with the best. In fact, she did it with such finesse that even the real-life Gypsy would applaud Natalie's strip down to the Wood.
THE TERRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT LIZ AS A MOTHER
Is Eddie going to sue for Liza Todd? Is Mike Wilding trying to get custody of his boys? In the answer to these questions—in the questions themselves—lies the real tragedy behind all the headlines from Rome.

The case against Elizabeth Taylor as a mother is devastating. A mere scanning of Italian and American newspapers reveals a pattern of carelessness towards her children—a carelessness bordering on unconcern. It's not so much that her children might actually see such disturbing photographs as the ones snapped of their mother kissing Richard Burton off-stage at the “Cleopatra” set, it’s rather that the parents of some of their schoolmates are bound to notice such pictures, and some of them will talk about it and their own children will hear them. What happens next is almost inevitable—children do gossip and tease. And Michael and Christopher Wilding and Liza Todd Fisher become innocent victims of their mother’s indiscretions.

What Miss Taylor’s children actually did see, of course, must have confused and disturbed them. One day Eddie Fisher was there, the next day he wasn’t. They hardly had time to miss him because things were so exciting. Somebody whom their mother worked with, a man named Richard Burton, came driving up to their house. When the door of the villa was opened to him, some men with cameras tried to follow him in. Mr. Burton’s chauffeur grabbed a broom and chased the men away. Then Mr. Burton ran out of the house, and Mama, looking very pretty in a new spring suit, pulled Chris and Mike and Liza out of the villa after her. (Maria had to stay home because she was too little.) They all climbed into the back seat of the car next to Mr. Burton and away it went. The men with the cameras—some on motor scooters and some in cars—sped after them. It was like a game of cops and robbers—only scarier because it was happening to them. The chauffeur zoomed very fast up and down back roads, and soon they lost the guys who were after them. When they got to Tornado they ate at a place called Corsetti’s. What a meal! Seafood cocktail, lobster, salad, potatoes and a fancy dessert made of ice cream with fruit on top and poured over it was something very delicious called “chartreuse liqueur.”

But all of a sudden some of the men with cameras showed up again, and Mr. Burton drove away with another man in a little car, which the children escaped with Mama in the big car. Again it was exciting, except they hadn't quite finished their dessert.

Actually, they didn’t get to see much of (Please turn the page)
Mama for many days. She was off working all day, and at night, they’d just get a quick glimpse of her as she left quickly to go some place. One day she did stay home with them all day, and she played with them, too—except she seemed kind of jumpy and kept rushing back into the house every time the telephone rang. (Please turn the page)

Her children—Liza (above), Chris (left), Mike, Maria—saw little of Liz; she worked days, dated Burton nights. Ironically, one of Liza’s chums was Kate Burton (below) till Mrs. Burton took her children back home to England.
LIZ continued

She was happy, very happy the day they went to visit her on the set, and they all ate lunch with Mr. Burton. But after lunch Mama and Mr. Burton climbed into a big car and drove away. Michael, Chris and Liza went home with their governess. No, this time they didn’t get to go with Mama and “Uncle Dick” (that’s what Mama had said to call him). Oh, they liked Uncle Dick—one time Liza had even kissed him on both cheeks. That was the day Liz was before the cameras and they watched on the sidelines. Yes, they liked him all right, except for one thing: They seldom saw him. (Continued on page 44)
When Sybil Burton (at left) went back to London with her two daughters, it looked as if Liz had won the battle for Burton. He went on picnics with Liz and her kids. Occasionally, Liza, Mike and Chris visited the set and sat wide-eyed as they watched scenes like the one below. Though they liked “Uncle Dick,” they all missed Eddie.
It's pretty certain that Liz' children did not see the statement their mother gave to the press. Said she: “I have decided not to marry Richard Burton. . . . My children need a father . . . I need a husband.” And it's very doubtful that they heard the comment of Dr. Vincenze Bilotta, a physician at Rome's Salvator Mundi Hospital. Dr. Bilotta, after treating Liz for a slight injury to her nose said, “A normal person . . . wouldn't even have worried about the injury.”

It's even (Continued on page 84)

Liz' Easter rendezvous with Burton (1) brought his wife flying back to Rome where cameramen had to be beaten off (2) with loyal secretary's shoes. While Burton was temporarily reunited with Sybil, Liz didn't stay home—she found another escort and didn't seem to mind unflattering pictures (3) taken of her late at night. All she cared about was her performance—which director Mankiewicz (4) says is great—and Burton. At times, Dick seemed embarrassed by it all and tried to hide (5)—but not Elizabeth. Where the Taylor-Burton (6) scandal will end is uncertain. What is certain: the kids will lose.
"Why would anyone want to go back to hell?"
That was Eddie Fisher's reply to the question:
Will he go back to Liz? That Liz wants him back,
that she is making overtures to her estranged hus-
band, is no idle rumor. Telephone calls, cables and
floral bouquets are all tangible testimony to some
strange behavior from the Tigress of the Tiber.
Now, having completed her historic sail down the
Nile (the waters considerably roughened by scan-
dal, melodramatic trips to the hospital and blister-
ing censure from the church), Liz has landed on a
lonely shore. Now, she must face the terrifying
realization: No one really (Continued on page 79)
When I thought I was coming down with the flu, I yelled—
"Call Dr. Kildare!"
When I found out I had hepatitis, I hollered—
"Get Ben Casey!"
Then when I heard Marty Milner was taking over “Route 66,” I screamed—

"get my pants and a taxi"

An exclusive interview with George Maharis

The patient in Room 400 of St. John’s Hospital, Santa Monica, California, had made a mess of the place. Neither Dr. Kildare nor Dr. Casey would have tolerated the conditions for an instant. But George Maharis didn’t care—to him Room 400 was home. The news of his stay there had been smothered with a cloak of uncertainty during the past weeks. All people knew was that the co-star of “Route 66” had been rushed to the hospital with what was reported to be hepatitis. But those close to George knew more, and they had good reason to be worried. They knew that he really had hepatitis—the infectious variety—and that recovery was long, dangerous and very unpredictable. His friends tried to ease their own fears by saying, “Oh, George is strong. Nothing can stop him. He can fight it. (Continued on page 91)
Why waste words? I am Stanley Emanuel, the world's greatest gate-crasher, with some 2,000 parties and 1,000 free meals to my credit. And it was me you saw on your TV screen at the Academy Awards function a couple of months ago, bringing some life to this year's drab affair. (I am not bragging here; many newspaper columnists said the same thing about my appearance that night.) Now I may mention here in passing that gate-crashing is a hobby with me, that my real vocation is driving a cab. After all, you have to live—and I earn approximately $100 a week at my job, which helps pay in large part for the pursuit of my hobby. For anybody who wants to know, my employer is the Len Taxi Company of Manhattan—and very understanding people they are. I tell them I want so much time off to crash something. And they say sure, just don't be too long about it. So with their blessings I left Brooklyn, where I live with my folks and my grandparents, that Monday morning of the Awards. In L.A., I changed quickly from my travel clothes to my tuxedo (of which I have three or (Continued on page 70)

That is me you see (at left) in the cab with my dog. This particular night I was not crashing any function. Opposite (top, l to r) are some of my greatest crashes. The Toto Awards, with winners Phyllis Newman and MC Tom Poston. Next with Vince Edwards and Shel Winter is when I presented my Oscar at the Academy Awards. Favorite wedding crash: Lucy Ball-Gary Morton. (Below) The crash of crashes: Inaugural Ball with the President and...
62 ACADEMY AWARDS—weddings and soirees of distinction
"I don't believe in a man wearing the pants. Any guy who won't accept this is missing out!"

For Troy's unusual story, please turn to page 68.
Troy with Suzanne Pleshette: Does she fill the bill? Is she the girl he talks about?
how to start a red hot summer romance... without getting burned
She's the coolest, our brownette beauty, Joan Freeman. And she has the prettiest tricks in her magic bag of cosmetics for staying that way all summer long... under the sun and under the moon (where every gal knows staying cool really counts the most!). Here's a man's eye-view of Joan, ready and waiting for an evening out on Hollywood-town. She's poised and fresh—a perfect beauty from the top of her high-tossed curls to the tips of her pedicured toes. Joan's dress (left) is dazzling white Ciella jersey of Arnel and nylon, bared on top and whirly-skirted below. This, by Sacony, costs about $15.00 everywhere. Her tan is beigy-golden and carefully guarded from that leathery, lobster look by sun-screens. (See next page for more about this.)

Joan's fresh outlook on life is partly due to plenty of eye-protection (see photograph above). She wears sunglasses—always—when she is out in the sun, and rests her eyes occasionally from the bright glare by covering them with cotton pads soaked in cool eye lotion. Her pride and joy is her wash-and-wear hair, especially styled to fall into place with a minimum of setting. She shampoos it often (you know how salt, sand and chlorine can dull the natural sheen), and because sun and wind are apt to be drying, too, she uses a shampoo that conditions as it cleanses. This, plus an occasional oil treatment and a dab of cream hair-dressing, helps keep her locks lustrous.

For makeup with a matte finish that stays put through an evening of dancing and romancing, Joan satins her skin with a moisture cream applies foundation and fluffs on powder. Then (below) she strokes her face with a sponge (Please turn the page)
moistened in icy water. Every woman's beauty bonus is a luxurious bubble bath. Joan loves to soak in piles of lemony foam, especially when she comes in all golden and glowy from an afternoon in the sun. Because the tub is her favorite lounging spot, she added a foam rubber pillow to her must-for-beauty bath equipment.

Another hot weather tip: Take a tepid bath. Warm water will keep you cooler longer than cold water. After her soak and a good scrub, Joan dries off briskly with a terry towel and pats on a generous amount of after-bath freshner (in the same scent as her bubble bath). A pedicure is a must for summer when feet are in view. Wedge cotton between toes before applying polish. Summer clothes reveal the real you, so be cunning and cool when it comes to calories. Joan snacks on celery, carrots and icy fruit juices and keeps cool with tall glasses of ice tea. For lunch (above) a pineapple piled high with delicious, chilled fresh fruit.

Joan takes special care with a manicure. She files nails to a pretty oval, then applies a base coat. Two coats of polish are best (peachy-corals or pinks are grand with a tan). The final touch—a top sealer to prevent chipping. For extra chip insurance, Joan...
adds a coat of sealer each night. For extra protection in hot weather, Joan frequently dusts fragrant clouds of powder over her body. For happy feet, her beauty secret is a mentholated spray-on foot powder. This makes feet feel cool and refreshed in or out of sandals, sneakers or elegant high heels.

No doubt about it — Joan has a cool head on her shoulders. Her hairdo—soft, feminine curls tossed high over a ribbon band. She brushes her hair to silken it, then fluffs it high with a teasing comb. The final magic touch: Spray to hold it in place.

A girl’s best friend in the summer is cologne. Joan uses lots, even adds it to water when she rinses her lingerie. Other Joan-tested ways to beat the heat: Keep cosmetics in a refrigerator; use an antiperspirant to check perspiration. In front of the sun (below) with her favorite suntan lotion, or in front of a camera (she’s in A-I’s “Panic in Year Zero”), Joan is a girl who knows how to start a red hot summer romance — without getting burned. You can do it, too—you can make his temperature rise while yours stays cool and calm— if you put Joan’s magic in your very own bag of beauty tricks. Good Luck!
Fred: You and May have gone through an awful lot, Sammy, because of your marriage—brickbats, publicity, the spotlight. How do you feel about it? Sammy: Well, it’s taught me, Fred, what I always believed in—that basically humanity is a pretty decent thing and that people are wonderful. For instance, there were people two years ago when my wife and I announced our engagement, who said, “How can he do this? The indignity of it all. That’s the end of his career.” Like what right did I have? Well, I have found that the press has been kind and honest and fair. That’s all we ever asked for, my wife and I. We’re not trying to be banner-carriers. We don’t want to cause any revolution. We are two people who were and are very much in love, and God has blessed us with a child, which we will try to raise with all of the intelligence and love—and the added love that we have. And this has focused, to me, a sort of decency (Continued on page 66)
For most couples, honeymoons are hell. For Deborah Walley and John Ashley, it was a time of unforgettable happiness. You'll see what we mean when you read Debbie's...

HONEYMOON

LOVE LETTER

John Darling:

If you did not exist, I would not exist... You are the only meaning in my life. Everything I think, everything I do, is a gift to you... I comb my hair so that it will be soft for you to touch. I buy food so that you can eat. And when our honeymoon ends, and we set up housekeeping in our own apartment, I will scrub the kitchen floor for you to walk on.

I love you. I love you! How many times a day do I tell you so? Fifty? A hundred? I giggle it into your ear. I write it across the back of your neck with my finger. I shout it after you when you must leave me for a few hours. I whisper it when I wake in the night to the astonishing joy of finding you beside me... When that sexy mouth of yours curls at the corners, I (Continued on page 87)
Some little girls have all the luck! They get to do what big girls are dying to! Child actress Pam Ogles is only three, but she knows what she wants—Elvis—and she knows how to get him. She thinks nothing of saying, "I love you, Elvis," and cuddling him and falling asleep in his arms. In Florida for the shooting of "Follow That Dream," Pam also followed that Elvis. And how did he take it? Just look at them! Oh Elvis—if you were only a father, what a terrific father you would be!
He’s a hopped-up hoaxster who cheats at Monopoly, has a passion for onion sandwiches, runs two miles before breakfast, loves having bodies around... Here’s an unforgettable glimpse into...
Running barefoot along the beach every afternoon at 1 P.M., accompanied by his two children, a rabbit and a mongrel German shepherd with a mangled ear, Jim Hutton is cocky and contented. . . On the screen this tall, lanky, twenty-eight-year-old actor (“Where the Boys Are,” “The Honeymoon Machine,” “Bachelor in Paradise” and now “The Horizontal Lieutenant,” in all of which he played opposite Paula Prentiss, has a loose-jointed air of relaxation which makes it a breathtaking gamble whether he can walk down a flight of (Continued on page 32)
Soft-spoken, merry Hayley Mills was flubbing her lines and doing everything wrong. It wasn't at all like the fifteen-year-old charmer, whose flawless performance before the cameras in her first smashing, starring role in "Tiger Bay" had earned her the accolades of the movie world. Perhaps Hayley had good reason to be nervous.

This was the blond-haired, rubber-faced pixie's first day before the Hollywood cameras. She was in a strange land, 6,000 miles from her native England. Strange people—cameramen, lighting technicians, electricians, grips, even the actors and director—surrounded her. . . . Hayley's fright was visible to all, but most especially to the man on the sidelines watching her performance—her father, noted British actor John Mills. With great concern he watched Hayley's uncomfortable, awkward moves, her faltering steps, her uncertainty as she went through her paces.

. . . Then came the lunch break. The director approached Mills and said, "John, Hayley's very nervous. Why don't you try to comfort her? Talk to her and assure her she has nothing to worry about?" . . . Mills took his daughter to lunch, and they sat at the table without saying a word to each other. Then Hayley finally broke the silence. "I'm not doing very well, am I, Dad?" Mills glanced pensively at Hayley for a moment. Then he spoke. "Hayley, I've been watching you all morning and I can never remember being so thoroughly bored in my life. You certainly were a crashing bore." Hayley's eyes grew misty as she gazed stunned, wordless, at her dad. (Continued on page 76)

Opposite: The Mills family (left to right, Hayley, Mary, Jonathan, Juliet) have a unique family plan for success as actors and as people.
that I think, under normal circumstances, I would have never known.

I am grateful. Every time a Nazi picketed me or I got a bigoted letter, it made me appreciate the ten people who didn't write, who were non-committal, who, maybe as you walk down the street, smile at you, or kind of nod and say, "Hello" or maybe when your wife walks down the street now, they say, "Hi, May, how's Sammy?"

The people who stop and say, "How's the baby?" to me, in an elevator. These are the things you appreciate. Not that you want to prove anything. But let's not deny the truth and let's be honest—it is the unusual: it's not the norm—our relationship, my wife and I getting married. The fact that our marriage will last is based on the love that we have for each other, rather than the controversy that it will cause, because it wasn't entered into under those circumstances.

But these are my theories and my wife's theories, and because of that, we now live in a world that is not a little cubicle that's fit for only two people. We have our friends. Our marriage certainly separated the men from the boys. You know, we found out who our friends were quick enough. And—as the saying goes: "We grappled them with hoops of steel."

So, we have a good life. But I'm not about to write an article in Reader's Digest that says, "Everybody—I Believe in Mixed Marriages." I believe in people being happy. If that's the happiness they want and they don't hurt anyone, then that's what they're entitled to.

FRED: You know, Sammy, knowing you as I have for fifteen years, it seems to me that in your blessed marriage with May and in this little baby, you've become the personification of what the world should be.

SAMMY: Well, the whole world could do with more love, Fred—you'd be surprised how many problems it can solve. We're fortunate to have a lot of love in our lives. May and I. We love children—

FRED: Hey, Sammy, I understand you and May are going to adopt a Negro baby, is that true?

SAMMY: Yes it is, Fred. We love children. We believe in spreading as much love as possible, and children need love, and that is the whole purpose of life, isn't it?

FRED: Yep—that sure is what it's all about. When did you decide this?

SAMMY: We decided on it a long time ago—in fact, before we were married. And now that Tracey is here—we figure it would be nice if she'd have a little brother to play with, so that's what we're gonna do. He'll be a two-year-old boy, so she will have a playmate.

FRED: You know they say when people adopt a child, they usually have a natural one afterwards—sometimes soon.

SAMMY: Well, nothing would make us happier, the more the merrier.

FRED: Are you going to adopt him in England or the United States?

SAMMY: Right here in Los Angeles.

FRED: I guess there are quite a few problems in this procedure.

SAMMY: Well, we're going through the preliminary procedure right now, and there are no more problems than beseet any other person who wants to adopt a child. Investigation of all kinds before permission is given. They really put you through the wringer. It's a lot easier the regular way. In Los Angeles there are no orphan homes—kids have foster parents. When you are set to adopt here, they take the kids to play in a park and the prospective parents—"view them."

FRED: How about your parents and May's parents? Are they for it?

SAMMY: I couldn't care less how they feel, you know, one side or the other, frankly, because they don't have to live with us. We live with ourselves—and we're happy that way. But as far as I know—I haven't made an inquiry about it—but I don't see how they could have anything against it. I've always been strong about love and affection to an otherwise unwanted child. They would have to be pretty cold and pretty callous.

FRED: I guess you'll be raising the baby in the Jewish faith.

SAMMY: Of course, just like the rest of us. We've thought about it for a long time, discussed it thoroughly. We both felt very keen about it long before we were married and we both decided on it.

FRED: I don't know whether you've ever thought of it that way or not, but actually it's like an avant-garde marriage, so to speak.

SAMMY: Well, I have thought of it that way, Fred, because we have had no child, but I believe that long before our engagement, my wife—who is a tremendously intelligent woman—and I sat down, and we discussed every facet of what would be. But you can't run away from what you feel, and I would not run away, because I love my wife too much. I wasn't going to be an expatriate and run to Paris and live, because in running away I would die. I couldn't live; I couldn't exist. I'm not saying that everybody says, "Hooray for Sammy and May," which is not what I want them to say anyway—but they leave us alone. The wall that May and I have around us is not a wall where those who are friends and those who would like to be friends cannot come in. But it is a wall against the narrow-minded.

FRED: You know, actually, in your own way, you have fought the good fight just as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have fought their own fight against bigotry and narrow-mindedness.

SAMMY: That's it. Love conquers all. You know, I am a religious man, and my wife's a religious woman—she's not fanaticing. But I believe in my religion and our religion—that somebody watches and helps. You just don't get kicked.

And the great thing about America that no other country has—and I say this without trying to wave a flag of any kind—is that if you kick a man long enough, one of the guys that might have indulged in the early part of the kicking is going to say, "Hey, wait a minute. Hey, he doesn't deserve that much of a kicking. Hey, let's investigate," when the decency flows through. This is the way it is. And I hope it continues this way, and I hope that maybe a hundred years from now, it'll be a little easier for the next guy because of what we went through.

FRED: I have heard rumors May hasn't been able to work because of this. Is that so?

SAMMY: No. First of all, let me explain: My wife only made three pictures in America. Naturally, there was pressure applied here and there from various commercial aspects. But she has refused two motion pictures, which she didn't want to do. She is now getting ready to go back into her chosen profession, that of acting. TV is now really one of the most exciting mediums to be in dramatically. And the networks are very pleased to get a star who is a good actress and is as beautiful as she is.

I am very pleased. I only want my wife to be happy. If she's happy making films, and it doesn't interfere with our life that we lead, I think that's a great bargain. If she doesn't want to make them—crazy Whatever she wants is paramount with me.

FRED: Sammy, you know we have a lot in common, in that we're both married to European girls. What is there about them that puts them above American girls?

SAMMY: Well, I don't believe in that. I don't believe it's anything racial. I don't believe it's anything to do with nationalities or things. I really don't. I don't believe that all French women are sexy, and I don't believe that all Swedish girls go running in the woods, like in Ingmar Bergman's pictures.

FRED: I didn't mean that. I mean they know how to handle their guys better.

SAMMY: No, I don't believe that either. No, you don't. I believe that the individual has—something innately and I don't think it has anything to do with the country. I don't think a European girl is any smarter than an American girl. I'm lucky to have found May but I'd like to think that she would still have the sensibilities, the intelligence, everything else she has. If she had been born in Hartford, Connecticut—because that's the kind of a person she is.

FRED: You're not going to find girls like May Britt in Hartford.

SAMMY: Well, you know what I mean.

FRED: Okay, so let me ask a very important question. Tell me about the baby: Who changes its diapers? Do you change the diapers?

SAMMY: No, I have never changed the baby's diapers as yet.

FRED: Don't you know the difference between the triangular and rectangular diaper, man?

SAMMY: I know all about it, but I don't do it.

FRED: Why not?

SAMMY: Because my wife does and the nurse does—and I don't.

FRED: You're a real father, you are.

SAMMY: Yeah, that's it.

FRED: What's Tracey like?

SAMMY: Well, at six months, she hasn't really formed much of a personality, you know. But she is an adorable child, a good
child. She cries very little, happy most of the time, which I think reflects the house that she lives in.

FRED: Sammy, on your career at this point; how do you analyze it right now, your position in the world of show business?

SAMMY: I'm very happy about the position I hold now. It keeps getting better all the time. I dig it. I like the fact that I'm getting opportunities, and the opportunities are still coming. I've been in the business for a long time, Fred, and the fact that some things are still happening for me makes it very exciting.

FRED: Does it ever get—is there ever a sameness to it, Sammy?

SAMMY: Well, there's no sameness to it. It's always exciting. It's the only thing I know: it's the only thing I ever want to be connected with, one way or another. I'd like to be certainly a director or a producer of a movie, but that's the way in the future when I'm a man of sixty years old. That long.

FRED: What are the main problems career-wise now?

SAMMY: Thank God, there are none.

FRED: What does money mean to you?

SAMMY: Proportionately, the right things. Only the fact that I can be able to support myself and my family and that's all.

FRED: Why do you like being a fast draw on the gun?

SAMMY: Well, it's a hobby, that's all; it's a hobby with me, and every man has a hobby, I collect Colt single-actions.

FRED: There aren't many guys who have as a hobby drawing a gun fast. Where did it come from? Why is it such a kick for you?

SAMMY: I just started collecting guns, that's all. Mel Torme was really responsible for it in the beginning, because Mel had and still has the best collection of single-action Colts of anyone in show business. He gave me the first gun. Then I started getting involved in fast draw, you know, and then—like, one thing led to another, and now I'm doing Westerns, you know.

FRED: Now, these TV heroes that you see on television—Hugh O'Brian and Jim Arness and all these other guys—can they really outdraw you?

SAMMY: Well, I don't know if they can or not. Let me say this: The gentleman that I've been up against, those who appear in television series, I have not been able to meet one who could beat me. And the guys who teach. Rod Redwing and Arno Jala... Arno I beat—I beat the teacher on the Jack Paar Show. But this doesn't go for these kids who practice twenty-four hours a day.

Let me put it this way, in the final analysis: I feel I can hold my own in the fast-draw world, as it stands today, because I practice a lot and I like it and it's fun and it's relaxing for me.

FRED: Inwardly though, it's an expression of manliness, isn't it, Sam? I mean, like, you know, as kids we loved the Westerns and the cowboys and who could draw the gun the fastest. Isn't that behind the whole thing?

SAMMY: Well, I don't say that. Everybody loves doing Westerns, because it's like playing cowboys and Indians and getting paid for it. You know, I did a "Rifleman" with Chuck Connors, and I had to say, "All right, go for your gun, Marshal," and I couldn't believe it. I said, "They're paying me for this." Actually, they didn't. I did the show for nothing. But that's something else again.

FRED: Sammy, you said something that was very touching to me before. You haven't permitted pictures of your child, except one. Why is that?

SAMMY: Well, I just don't want to get into the realm of: Well, let's show off the baby of the year. Our baby is no different than hundreds of thousands of other babies that are born into the world, and they don't take pictures of the Jones baby. Now, I admit that because of the personalities involved there is a certain amount of curiosity.

Well, we—I told the press when they asked, "Can we come to the house?" I said, "Listen, I've got to take my wife out of the hospital, I'm not going to stop. We're going to ride out—she'll be in a wheelchair: I'm going to put her in the car. If you fellows want to be there, it'll be my pleasure. But there'll be no pictures of the house. There'll be no layouts for magazines either. And I feel that it should be handled with the dignity that everybody is entitled to. It is an obligation of a personality to let people see the baby. But then you carry that to a point and that's it. You know?

FRED: What kind of philosophy governs your life at this time? How do you live with this, this constant pressure for praying?

SAMMY: Well, I live with the thought that it won't always be this way. I live with the thought that perhaps one day they'll let me alone and discuss me only as an entertainer, not as a man who has done something out of the norm.

I will think that one day they will get tired of knowing about why did this Negro marry a white girl and what does their baby look like and what color is the baby and what shade is it. It's getting less and less all the time. My undying thanks to the members of the press. They have handled everything so beautifully. Also to the people of America.

FRED: What's going to make great talent acceptable again on records and musically and on radio? The thing that has made inferior and mediocre talent acceptable, what's going to change that?

SAMMY: I haven't the faintest idea. I really haven't. I only know that on packaged goods and on LP's, the pros sell, and they don't sell on singles. Unless you made a five-year study of the music business as it stands today, it would be a difficult thing to say, and analyze; and I don't think that I'm prepared or qualified to analyze it. I really don't.

Classical music sells more today than it ever did before, along with the Twist and the Slop and everything else. And I must say that out of this has come some pretty exciting talents. Maybe if it hadn't been for rock'n'roll and rhythm and blues, whatever you want to call it, Ray Charles wouldn't have come to the front. And for him alone, it was worth it, you know. And our business cannot sustain and be exciting with people still remaining as it is, you know.

Good things happen, you know, and bad things will happen, too. I am not here to say that I am angry because I haven't had a hit record in five years, because I'm not. I'm swinging and it's awful tough to get into the Copa, you know.

FRED: One last question, Sammy—about your family. Do you plan to have any more children?

SAMMY: Well, you know, it's not what I plan—it's what God plans.

FRED: You know, Sammy, so much has been heard about adopted children of all kinds, and I think you crystallized it beautifully in those words you said earlier about "giving love and affection to unwanted children." That's a beautiful reason for adopting a baby.

The End

Sammy Davis stars in "Reprive" for Allied Artists. Fred Robbins can be heard daily on radio's "Assignment Hollywood."
tation pictures—he wakes at 5:00 A.M. And the day stretches interminably in front of him, so much time.

When he is working, he speaks of himself as "at loose ends, drifting." He means that the pressure of events and people, of interviews and changing his clothes six times a day for personal appearances pushes him in the direction he must go, without any decision on his part.

Now, forced to make his own plans, thrown upon his own inner resources, he seems bewildered, as though straining to control muscles long unused.

He came into the movies as a boy—chosen for his beauty and his youth much as a yearling is picked for its conformation. In the last five years he has learned what a gobb is and how to hit a mark. He has learned how to offer hors d'oeuvres of himself to legions of interviewers without ever giving away the real secrets that hide behind his engaging smile. He has been hurt and he has hurt others, and of himself today he can say, "I'm spoiled and I'm selfish. But I'm also a nice guy."

He is no longer Merle Johnson, whose name he wore for twenty years. Even his eighty-year-old grandmother called him Troy a week after he took the name.

"Merle"—shouted across a room by a half-remembered acquaintance—brings with it wisps of homework and chores and the smell of the wind on Long Island Sound. But it no longer belongs to him.

Perhaps it never did. He seems to have been running away from it from the time he invented his first nickname "Boy."

"I am Troy Donahue," he says of himself today. "I am Troy Donahue. I am human. Terribly human. I am the product of my mother and my father and my entire life. I am a movie star."

To be "a movie star" means something special to him. "I give happiness to people," he says with a complete lack of coyness and no trace of priggishness. "People must have an image. A father is an image to his son and a mother to her daughter. Everyone must be given hope and enthusiasm and the feeling they can do something. I provide that. I give them the feeling that the impossible is possible, that the one-in-a-million chance can happen sometimes."

When he is asked for autographs, his attitude contains more than patience or even gratefulness. A ten-year-old girl approaches his table. He wipes cracked crab from his fingers and takes her autograph book from her shaking hand.

"What's your name?"

"Patricia."

But he asks again, before he writes.

"What do your friends call you?"

"Pat."

"Do you live here?"

She shakes her head.

"Where do you live?"

A whisper. "Levittown, Long Island."

"Do you know Bayshore?"

She nods shyly.

"I grew up in Bayshore. I've been in Levittown a hundred times." And he writes some memory of this coincidence across the top of her book. I am the product.

The special—unexpected—quality is gentleness, the recognition that he is dealing with something very fragile, the easily breakable feelings of a child. The gentleness is unexpected because the name Troy

Troy Donahue

Continued from page 50

The classic blond beauty that reminded an agent of the petted, petulant Trojan Prince Paris, and won Troy Donahue his name five years ago, has faded.

There is a beauty that belongs only to legend or to the very young. Careless, perfect, animal in its cruelty and fragile as a dream, it is a beauty composed of sun and innocence. Troy Donahue, at twenty-five, is no longer quite young enough to possess this classic, fleeting beauty.

What remains is a sensual, sexy, well-mastered body, a more than adequately handsome face. What has been added is that suggestion of toughness which is to be found only in the man and not the boy. And a lessening of vulnerability.

As Troy Donahue passes beside his rented Palm Springs swimming pool on his first vacation in four years, the experiences of the last years cling to him like a coat. He is restless, moody at the enforced idleness. The blue tile burns his feet and reminds him of things he has not had time to think about.

Now there is too much time. Well conditioned to his world—the world of mo
BILLY GRAHAM—
SPARKS OUT ON LOVE... ABORTION... ILLEGITIMACY

Vehement in his denunciation of our crumbling moral values and forthright in his solution to our frantic way of life, which many people fear may ultimately lead to the destruction of our civilization, the Rev. Billy Graham pulls no punches in this adult feature.

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MY HUSBAND WAS JEALOUS OF OUR BABY

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TRUE STORY

ON SALE NOW
He is, as he himself says, grounded in a past that contains an extremely wide range of love. Like most people, he has run away from some things in that past. "When I left home I knew what it was to have everything. So when I got hungry or bitter, I wouldn't have been fit for a glass of milk, does he question his feelings? "I don't believe in a man wearing the pants. I think a man needs a woman who is strong and whom he can listen to. He needs a woman he can ask help from. Any guy who won't accept this is missing out."

He was plucked and ripened and sold as a purveyor of love. When he wakes at three in the morning, as he usually does, and gropes his way into the kitchen for a glass of milk, does he question his feelings? "I don't believe in a man wearing the pants. I think a man needs a woman who is strong and whom he can..."

**Stan Berman**

Continued from page 48

I give Oscars too

My appearance on the show, as you will recall, came towards the end. I could have gone on earlier, but I did not want to disrupt the proceedings altogether. Also, when I did go on, I could have made a longer speech than I did. But, I figured, "After all—this is the actors' evening and not Stanley Berman's evening alone." So I think I was very good about it and did it right.

What I did was this: When Shelley Winters and Vince (Ben Casey) Edwards came on stage to announce an award to someone or other, I got up and joined them. They both looked so startled that they stopped talking, which gave me my perfect chance to say my few words.

I reached into my pocket for a little statue I had bought in Brooklyn for two dollars and I said, "This is a special award for Bob Hope, the world's greatest comedian, from Stan Berman, the world's greatest gate-crasher!"

I might have said another word or two after that. But that Ben Casey gave me a look like he wanted to swing at me. So I turned around and went back to my seat. After the show in the newspaper interview room in the back of the theater, I was highly complimented for what I had done.

Bob Hope asked me to join him and the others at a party at one of the swanky hotels. But I said no thanks. I even made the great Bob Hope laugh when I told him why. "First of all," I said, "I'm tired and have to get some sleep. And second of all, I don't need an invitation to any party. In fact," I said, "if I can't crash a party—then all the excitement is taken away and I get to feeling sick to my stomach."

After all—this is my reputation. I've been crashing important events since I was fourteen years old—weddings, conventions, dinners, dances, dinner-dances, premieres, funerals—and now I feel is not the time for me to go jeopardizing my reputation.

**My proudest crash**

But I guess you could say that my greatest and proudest royal crash was a banquet for Queen Elizabeth of England, again at the Waldorf—again with me posing as a waiter. By means known only to me, I got into the kitchen just about as the banquet started, picked up an empty tray and headed for the main ballroom. The Secretary of State very nicely opened the door for me. And without wasting any time—except to reach into my pocket for a piece of paper and pencil, which I put onto the tray—I walked directly over to where the Queen was sitting.

I said to her, "Your Majesty, may I have your royal signature?"

She seemed shocked by this. In fact, she said "Ugh!"

Not to be disheartened by her response, however, I made my request again and this time the Queen lifted the piece of paper from the tray—holding it in those white gloves of hers like she'd never heard the word autograph—and she handed it to Governor Harriman, who was sitting on the other side of her.

Governor Harriman started to say something to me. But I never did get to hear all of it. Because somebody—another man dressed as a waiter—suddenly dropped his tray, ran over to me, grabbed me by the collar and said, "I'm Scotland Yard. Don't look around. Just keep walking. You're a drunk!"

Well, for four hours after that they grilled me at the East 51st Street police station. Then they brought me over to Bellevue. I am proud to say that I had one of the shortest interviews on record at that hospital. When the psychiatrist came into the room where I was being held, he talked to me a few minutes and said, "You've heard of the girl he heard about? The famous gate-crasher?"

"Yes," I said.

The psychiatrist then began to ask me many questions about my hobby, first and foremost being "How do you get away with it?" Everyone always asks me that!
Science Cracks The Smoking Barrier
NEW “JET STREAM” PERMANENT CIGARETTE FILTER TRAPS LUNG IRRITATING TARS

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they had a reception aboard. I drove over to the pier and started to make my way to the gangplank.

"Who are you?" I was asked by someone who stopped me.

"Press," I said.

"No press are invited to this party tonight," I was told.

So I went back to my car, put on a French beret which I had bought just in case, as well as a pipe and a pair of glasses, walked back onto the pier behind a French rear-admiral—and the same man who had stopped me earlier saluted the two of us as we walked up the gangplank now, me and the admiral.

One of my favorite crashed concerns Colonel Glenn, our wonderful astronaut, and the reception given him by the City of New York last February.

I started out first thing by getting onto the dignitaries' stand just in front of City Hall with Mayor Wagner, Colonel Glenn, the other astronauts, their wives and families.

We all shook hands for a while—I remember Colonel Glenn's handshake being especially warm; he was a very happy man that day—and then we continued standing during the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Of course, after that, everyone sat and I happened to pick the chair reserved for Astronaut Commander William Schirra. I sat first, as I did not want to be made comfortable by being allowed to stand by itself standing. And when I saw the Commander himself still standing, I motioned to him that I would move over and that he should come sit with me. Which he did, with a very nice thank you.

For a few minutes after that Mayor Wagner got up and introduced the astronauts one by one. Since I wanted to be observed by the ladies I had told I would be there and who were watching on their TV sets, I got up and shared a bow with Captain Grissom—thus becoming what I guess you might refer to as the Uninvited Astronaut.

It was at this point that Colonel Glenn started to get a little super-pious. He turned around and gave me a very funny look. His look grew worse as a few minutes later I reached into my pocket for a trophy I had prepared for him and said, "Colonel Glenn, this is for you—the world's greatest Astronaut—from Stanley Berman, the world's greatest gate-crasher."

Tough luck—no takers

The colonel took the trophy for a second, looked at it, and handed it right back to me. Undaunted, I gave it to him once more. Colonel Glenn did what he had done before and handed it back to me again.

Finally, I figured to myself, "This is silly." So I reached way down the row and I tapped Mayor Wagner on the shoulder and I said, "Your Excellency, would you please give this trophy to the Colonel?"

Which the Mayor did.

And which Colonel Glenn finally accepted, I guess figuring to himself: "What the hell."

That, then, was the proudest moment No. 1. Sharing the No. 1 spot, and ending for now the account of my adventures, is the story of how Stanley Berman crashed

President Kennedy's box at the Inauguration Ball in Washington, D.C., on that famous night in January, 1961. I left Brooklyn in the worst snowstorm in history, after guaranteeing friends that I would get myself photographed with the new President of the United States.

In Washington I went to the Mayflower Hotel and pretended I wanted a room. I was told that it was impossible, but that if I wished to I could freshen up in the men's room and deposit my valise with the bell captain for the remainder of my stay.

I watched the Inauguration Parade a couple of hours.

My farewell to Ike

And then—since I had nothing else to do between that time and the ball—I went to say goodbye to Ike. That is, I went to the F Street Club where a few of his friends were giving him a party, waited for his car to pull up, opened the door of the car for him, and as he got out I said, "Goodbye, Ike." To which he said to me, "Yes . . . goodbye."

Well, a few more hours passed. I went back to the Mayflower, changed to my tuxedo in the men's room and headed for the first of the five big Inaugural Balls that night. To show you how good my luck was at this point—I looked down at the floor and there, lying waiting for me, was an invitation which somebody had dropped. Like it was out of the blue!

Normally, as I said before, I don't like to use invitations. I don't have to. But this night was an exception. I figured. So I picked up the invitation and got in, just like that.

A little while later I left for the Armory, for the biggest ball of the evening, where the President himself would be. It was still snowing bad out, but I managed to hitch a taxi ride with some other people.

How did Stanley Berman get into that place?

Very easy. I said to the man at the door, "Sir, I fell in the snow and lost my invitation. You think this other invitation, from the Mayflower Hotel, would get me in here?"

The guard must have figured (1) that I was honest, (2) that with 12,000 people inside, one more wasn't going to make any difference.

He let me pass.

At the Armory, the party, for a while. I smiled around with the others; better I should say I stood there getting crushed with the others. All these people were looking up at the box where the President was sitting with his family. I, meanwhile, was wondering how I was going to make it up to that box.

Luck continued to be with me that night. Following, of course, a little ingenuity on my part.

Seeing a staircase about ten yards away, but knowing that I could not make my way through this mob, I pretended to suddenly have a heart attack. "Help . . . a little air . . . my heart," I said. And people around me began to make room, whereupon I proceeded to wobble my way over towards the staircase.

Once there, I recovered nicely from my heart attack. But now came the job of figuring out I was going to get past those four or five guards.

A drunken lady helped me out. She was obviously an important lady, too, because the guards made way for her right away. They were just starting to make way, in fact, when she saw me and said to one of her two companions: "Look, there's one of the Kennedy brothers."

She waved at me. "Hello, Bobby," she said.

"Hello there," I waved back.

"Aren't you coming upstairs?" she asked.

"Naturally," I said.

She took my arm, this drunken lady, and she personally escorted me past the guards.

Once we were upstairs I knew that my night was just about made. First thing I did was to ditch the lady and her two friends. And then I headed for the President's box.

Of course I had to pass a lot of guards up there, but for some reason they too must have thought I was a Kennedy. Because they all let me pass. In fact, when I got to the box I noticed two empty seats in the front row and one of the Secret Service men said to me, "This is your chair, sir," and he led me to it.

I looked to the man sitting next to me and I saw it was the President's father. I looked a little past him and I saw the President himself and then Jackie.

"Wow," I thought to myself, "I have made the crash of crashes."

Wrong seat, right family!

I was sitting there for about three minutes, I guess, when all of a sudden the President's father turned and looked at me and said, "I beg your pardon, but you're in my son Robert's seat."

I responded: "Oh, I'm only going to stay a few minutes. Is that all right?"

"Well," the man said, "I guess so. But get up when I come in."

"Yes, sir," I said. Then I asked, "By the way, may I have the President's father's autograph?"

The President's father sighed a little, but he obliged me. As did President Kennedy, who signed a program for me and then, looking at me, said to his father: "Say, pop, who's that fellow in Bobby's seat?"

At that moment I have the feeling that I was really going to be asked to leave. But fortunately, a very pleasant and pretty young lady suddenly occupied the seat next to me and we started to talk. She was very excited with the evening's proceedings. I could chat away about this and that, until at one point I asked, "What's your name?"

And she said, "Mrs. Robert Kennedy."

And then she said, "Oh, here comes Bob now." And sure enough, here came Bob,
Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating the delicate zone.

They don’t ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in the delicate zone are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relaxes and promotes confidence.

This is modern woman’s way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for “the delicate zone.” It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite.

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Why doctors say “do!”
Why ministers say “don’t!”

Learn all the straightforward facts and opinions about this subject that’s so important.

THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS
An unforgettable story of a summer romance

THE CHILD WE WERE AFRAID TO LOVE
A moving story of the tragedy and hope that touched the life of a beautiful little girl

His monent, I thought that while I was here I might as well go over and say hello to the President’s wife.

Jackie, at that moment, was just about to get up from her seat. I said to her, “May I help you with your coat?”

She looked at me and she said, “No”—very cold.

I guess I should have taken the hint. But I found myself so charmed by her beauty that I asked her something else. And while I was talking a man came over to me and said, “You’re bothering the First Lady. I’m Secret Service. I’ll give you thirty seconds to get out of here. You’d better leave, Mister.”

Well, when Stanley Berman is asked to leave—he leaves.

And so I left. And proceeded to crash two more of the balls that night—figuring that four out of five in one evening was pretty good going.

Besides, there was an ice cream manufacturer’s dinner-convocation at the Hotel Astor in New York the next night, which I wanted to attend. And so I didn’t want to get myself too tired out....

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS
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Continued from page 13

and more picture space than was given to the discovery of a polio cure. . . . They spent almost as much time with reporters and press agents as they have devoted to each other. No wonder Liz Taylor once said: “There must be some moments when you can enjoy love and express passion without having an audience.”

The difficulty of reconciling the pressures of a career with the pleasures of romance is a cliché-worn problem. Nevertheless it is true. . . . On her original studio questionnaire Kim Novak wrote: “I love love more than anything.” The happy notion eventually clashed with the demands of stardom. One of Kim’s early Romes explained: “I used to see her — seven nights a week until she made her first movie. Then we saw each other four times a week. Later, when she was working on a picture, we met once a week.

Some romances end with a whimper—others with a bang. After the George Sanders-Zsa Zsa Gabor marriage exploded he wrote in his memoirs that the separation was the consequence of her insistence on spending so much time under hair-dryers. There was a more valid reason. Zsa Zsa and George were in Paris when she met Porfirio Rubirosa. George returned to the United States and Zsa Zsa remained in Paris with Porfirio.

The romantic wars never had a tougher or more willing—warrior than Zsa Zsa. She once proclaimed: “A man who beats up a woman surely loves her more than a man who just walks out on her when he is violently angry. It must take real love to bring out such a tremendous burst of passion in a man that makes him do something he has been brought up not to do—unless, of course, he is a beast.”

The explosive marriage of Marlon Brando and Anna Kashfi continues to have loud echoes in courtrooms. Marlon is rather unique. . . . During his marriage his terms were: “If I go out that's fine — but when I come back I want you to be there.” As many men before him, Brando lost the battle of the sexes. The divorce settlement amounted to a half-million dollars.

Mickey Rooney is as optimistic as he is romantic. The wreckage of five marriages hasn’t dimmed his silver-lining spotting. “Five wives,” he says, “are not really very expensive. All those settlements are tax deductible.”

Miquel’s search for the Happy Marriage is motivated by the proper logic. He explains: “If I’m alone I get lonely.”

The romantic maneuvers of Brigitte Bardot have personified the offbeat aspects of the oldest emotion. Her initial marriage to movie director Roger Vadim was unconventional, to put it mildly. While moviemaking, Bardot would casually inform her director-husband that she planned spending an evening with one of the actors in the cast. He would generally reply: “All right. Do as you wish. Have fun.” She later divorced him for “not being jealous enough.”

His comment was equally bizarre: “She loved my toy animals more than she loved me.”

In recalling past romantic entanglements Lana Turner once detailed her marital experience with Artie Shaw. They decided to get married after a single date justlikethat. As Miss Turner noted: “When Artie took my hand and asked me to marry him I must have been numb in the head. I said yes. All he did was rush to the phone and arrange for a plane to take us to Las Vegas for the wedding.” While awaiting the plane—Shaw kissed his bride-to-be for the first time. Recapturing the incident Lana declared: “He might have been my brother. It was one of those quick and embarrassed kind of kisses. It wasn’t really a kiss.”

Surprisingly the marriage lasted as long as four months.

The thunder of Ava Gardner’s marriages erupted with countless headlines. Miss Gardner brooded about her romantic upsets for years. Eventually she startled readers with one of the most candid interviews in screen record. She gave an intimate kinsey-size-up of her ex-husbands. Every detailed was described. Miss Gardner didn’t spare herself. She confessed: “I’ve always been terribly possessive about the people I love and possibly I smother them with love. I’m jealous of every minute they spend apart from me. I want to be with them—to see them—to be able to touch them.”

De-pite the storms and the candor—Miss Gardner and all of her ex-husbands are now good friends.

Rex Harrison is known as a charmer. Over the years he has been one of the more stalwart Don Juans. Lilli Palmer (his ex-wife) has a dissenting opinion: “Englishmen don’t like women—at least not in the way that Italians or Frenchmen like them. Englishmen don’t ever really look at a woman. The greatest compliment Rex paid me was to say that being with me was as good as being with a pal. He’s a man’s man, an Englishman.”

Some of the more notable headline wars in the film colony have been the consequence of marital strife. One of the highest-profile was that headline barrage that involved Shelley Winters some years ago. The ruble of the smashed romance was full of fire and fury. Miss Winters fired the final shot by explaining the cause of her romantic defeat with former actor-husband: “I was in love with him and he was in love with him.”

That the marriage lasted well in talented Jean Kerr’s smash comedy click, “Mary, Mary,” still running on Broadway.

Movie bewitchers who are adored by millions often have trouble winning the love of one man. Girls are girls. Nothing is as democratic as a kiss—or a heartache. Shattered marriages landed Ava Gardner on a psychiatrist’s couch and afflicted Rita Hayworth with daily weeping jags. It made Ingrid Bergman the victim of heartbreak and caused her to cry out: “Why do people think I’m so pure and noble? Everyone has shades of good and bad in them and I’m human. I’m very human.”

The strangest romantic tangle involved the Cary Grants. No writer of fiction would dare conjure up such a story. Some time ago the star informed reporters that he and his estranged wife adore each other so much while dwelling apart—they are considering a divorce. Why? Mr. Grant was considering a divorce on the theory that it would inspire a remarriage. “Then,” explained the star, “we could try living together happily.”

Cary Parks has been one of the combatants in the Battle of the Sexes—and reaped the customary headlines. She has given better performances for newspapermen than she has ever given on the screen. Her most oft-quoted zinger: “I have met married women, I have never met a married man.” . . . She also gets her name in the papers by saying things like: “A woman’s gift is to serve as an inspiration. Picasso’s mistresses must have led wonderful lives.”

The essay’s theme is probably best capped by a line in one of Miss Parker’s flickers. She raised her glass and toasted: “Here’s to men! Bless their clean-cut faces and their dirty little minds!”

WALTER WINCHELL

IS DICK CHAMBERLAIN MARRIED?

Is there really a Mrs. Chamberlain?

Read about Dick and Clara . . . the girl he’s been trying—unsuccessfully—to hide.

Why Carol Burnett And Garry Moore Had To Part

The real reason why Carol left Garry’s show.

PLUS stories on Kathy Nolan, Vince Edwards, the Lenmons, Perry Como, George Maharis, Arthur Godfrey and many more in

TV RADIO MIRROR—on sale July 5
Princess Grace has decided to regain her position as a movie queen. She has always been sorta different. She secured her first film role because the director believed she was pretty. She renounced her career after reaching the pinnacle. Shortly after she came to Hollywood one of her friends remarked: "Here is one girl that Hollywood can't get to. Can't touch her with money and can't touch her with big names. Only thing they can offer here is a good part on a superior story." Being an heiress to an umpteen-million fortune inspired a certain independence. While she was an unknown she spurned two Hollywood contracts—and finally signed one that gave her special privileges.

Gene McHugh—who passed on recently—was a newspaperman in the grand tradition. An up-and-at-em reporter who calved the '20s with his firecracker journalism. He once attempted to obtain information by calling the house where a murder had been committed and announcing boldly: "This is Chuck Reynolds of the coroner's office."

The response he received caused the red-faced McHugh to hang up pronto: "That's funny—so is this!"

Prince Philip is behaving like a commoner. He is feuding with several British dailies. Seems he objects to gossip they published about the Royal Family. Several years ago he sought to stop such gossip by inserting a clause in the employment contract of the royal staff which barred them from publishing royal secrets. He took the action following the publication of a book by a former valet who wrote that he owned only one business suit (horrors!) while he dated Elizabeth. A philosopher once commented: "You shouldn't repeat gossip—but what else can you do with it?"

The Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh marriage is shattered and the fragments become big black headlines. The Liz-Eddie problem is page-one fodder. But it isn't news when movie stars are happily wed over a quarter-century. Just to mention several in this blissful category: The James-Audrey-Pat O'Briens, the George Murphys, the Joel McCrea's and the Robert Youngs.

Roger Maris' Hatfield-McCoying with sports historians is a rather mild skirmish when compared with the war that raged between a St. Louis paper and umpire Bill Klem. Convinced that the umpire had given the home team a raw deal, the paper launched an anti-Klem campaign. Several weeks later a fan died of acute indigestion while witnessing a game umpired by Klem. The paper promptly blamed the fan's demise on the ump's decisions. Its headline: "Klem Kills Innocent Man."

One of the brighter TV moments was provided by Bob Hope and Ethel Merman reprise a duet from their long-ago Broadway hit, "Red, Hot and Blue." During the run of the show Bob decided to do something different. While dueting with Ethel he decided to sing lying down. So he stretched out on the stage while Ethel remained standing—and glaring. Following the performance Miss Merman warned the producer: "If that comedian
ever does that again I'm going to plant my foot on his nose and leave marks of a curve in it that nature gave it.

From that time—Roberto Hope was a good boy.

Some bush-league performers can learn something from Fred Astaire. In his auto-

biography he records his appreciation to many people who helped him—agents, directors, songsmiths and movie technicians. And he also expresses his gratitude to newspaper-

men. Mr. Astaire has won the respect and affection he has always given. In this case a nice guy finished first.

When a reporter asked Anita Ekberg: “Do you think Europeans, especially the men, are more bosom-conscious than Americans?” Miss Sexberg refused to reply and merely intoned: “Don’t be crude.” Miss Tempress wasn’t always so shy. She has said: “The men in Rome pinched and patted me until I was black and blue.” In the past she also confessed to reporters: “I’ve gone nude bathing. I must admit. But only at a party with very close friends. It’s dark. So what?”

Geraldene Page gives a brilliant per-

formance in the “Sweet Bird of Youth” film. She is one of the Golden Girls—

collecting artistic trophies and mone-
tyreasures. And despite the glitter and applause Miss Page remains unfulfilled. She has confessed: “Like every other female ever born I want a family. It’s difficult. It’s difficult under ordinary circumstances, but I’m determined. I may be 60 before I get there but I’ll achieve it.” An actress can never stop being a woman.

Diahann Carroll had a minor role in

a Broadway show some years ago. Rich-
auditorys were impressed with her talent. He promised that she would one day appear in one of his shows. The tale has a happy ending, of course. Miss Carroll rocketed to the stars in Richard Rodgers’ hit, “No Strings.” But the flight to the heights wasn’t easy or swift. The climb from a minor role to stardom required seven long years.

The Benny Paret tragedy made me

wonder why pugilists indulge in legalized murder. What motivates them? Money? Certainly. Fame? Of course. . . But there are other factors. Many of them are driven by a foolish pride impressed with the middleweight king several years ago. Dur-
ing one fight a haymaker caused Basilio’s knees to buckle. Later he was asked why he didn’t take a count. Basilio explained: “Why let my opponent see he got me down? I have pride. I’m as tough as any-
one in the ring.”

The Academy Award jamboree was a merry event. For the winners it represented the pinnacle of glory and joy. Neverthe-

less the Oscar festival is haunted by a melancholy fact: At least two-thirds of all Oscar winners are jinxed. After win-
ing the award their careers deteriorate — and many have slipped into oblivion.

The roller coaster aspect of show business was never more evident than in the career of Robert Preston. Before he chucked big in Broadway’s “The Music Man” Preston appeared in a quick flop. Following the run of “The Music Man” he starred in the screen version and then starred in a new musical—that closed out-a-town.

It has been said that some people are older at forty than others are at seventy. Paar—the young fogy—is a good ex-

ample. This juvenile dulllquent (who un-
do Wedded hopes to live long) expressed his contempt for senior citizens among them. . . . Recently eighty-eight-

year-old poet Robert Frost was honored with a special Congressional medal from President Kennedy. . . . Superior poets have the gift of expressing profound ideas with brevity and eloquence. The 20th Century’s major problem has been cap-
suled by Mr. Frost with a single mem-
orable sentence: “We have plunged into the smallness of particles and we are plunging into the hugeness of space—but not without fears that the spirit shall be lost.”

Another who carries his age like a banner is Sir Winston Churchill. When photogs were taking his picture on his eighty-second birthday—one of them called out: “Sir Winston, I hope to take your picture on your one-hundredth birthday.” Sir Winston glared for a moment and then replied: “I can’t imagine any young man—you look hale and hearty enough.”

Then there’s that other young oldster—Uncle Sam. He is 186.

The End

Walter Winchell narrates “The Untouch-
ables.” ABCTV, Thursday, 10 P.M. EDT.

HAYLEY MILLS

Continued from page 64

“I want you to do me a favor.” Mills went on. “When you go back on the set this after-

dnoon, do please try not to bore me.”

Tears trickled down Hayley’s pretty cheeks. Her father had never spoken to her that way. But coming from him, the admonition meant a lot, for he was eminently qualified to be her critic. Later, she went back before the cameras and was tremendously—positively wonderful.

This episode was recounted to me by

John Mills, in his suite at New York’s Algonquin Hotel. I’d gone there to get the facts about the sophisticated, multi-
talented Mills family—a family that is perhaps the most unique in show business. They are piling up achievement upon achievement and seem bent on taking over the show-business world. No, there’s no doubt about it—the whole brimming bun-

ch of them has been bitten by the acting bug. And they couldn’t be happier about it.

The day I visited John, he was rest-
ing up between the matinee and evening performances of the smash Broadway play, “Broadway.” Mrs. Mills, Mary Hayley Bell, was right alongside her hus-

band. She seemed perfectly relaxed and

unhurried—but it was a pose that could fool people who didn’t know her. She had just finished writing a new play for her husband (the fourth one she’s written for him), and only months before she’d written the film “Whistle Down the Wind” for daughter Hayley.

When Mrs. Mills came to New York she brought along her older daughter, twenty-year-old Juliet. Juliet had since returned to London to open in a play, “A Sad and Sorry Season,” and to be with her bridetom; Russell Alquist.

Johnathan Mills, ten, the youngest of the tribe—and the last to be bitten by the bloody bug—had come along too, for his dad’s opening. After a week in New York, he returned to prep school.

And Hayley?

“She’s now in finishing school outside Geneva,” Mills explained. “Although she’s a star in films, her education cannot be neglected. I want her to learn at least one language other than English. She has five years of French behind her, but she is only beginning to do well in it. She studied it in England, but never picked it up the way she should. The school she attends now teaches everything in French—writing, reading, speaking—ev-

erything. Hayley loves it absolutely. I’m sorry I never learned another language, and I’m seeing to it that my children do.”

“A normal childhood . . .”

I wanted to find out how Mills felt about the career his two daughters had chosen. Since many Hollywood stars refuse to let their children follow in their footsteps. From all indications, Mills’ out-

look was refreshingly different from most. “Mary and I,” Mills began, “have al-

ways been determined to give our young-

sters a normal childhood—as normal as possible under the circumstances, since their father and mother are involved in the theater and movie-making. We have not tried to push the children into the business. But neither have we sought to discourage them.”

Mrs. Mills, a petite woman with care-

John Mills is the lovable head of a five-star family to whom acting comes as naturally as breathing.
full, groomed red hair, interrupted to put the family policies on record.

"We have made it a strong point," she said, "to ease the way for our children if they wanted to go into show business. So we gave the children names that would look good on a marquee."

It was obvious that John and Mary Mills were privately hopeful that all their children would follow careers in the theater or films, even if they couldn't come right out and say so.

Much had been written about the Mills' "togetherness" and the emphasis seen in keeping them close-knit.

"It's the way we are," Mills said. "If I'm in Australia making a movie, the family follows me there. If Hayley is doing a picture in Hollywood, the rest of the family follows her there. We spend a small fortune on plane fares and travel expenses every year, but there's no dividend so rich a family can ever have together."

Mills also said that the family farm in Sussex is probably the strongest factor in keeping everyone together.

"We have a herd of Guernsey cows, which we keep for dairy products, and a herd of Aberdeen Black Angus which we sell for beef. The house is a Thirteenth Century, eleventh bathroom structure made of clay and wattle. The fireplace in the living room is large enough to seat a half-dozen people—but we haven't put anyone in it—yet!

"It's such an adorable farm that when we leave it for any length of time, we all yearn to get back to it. Although we may be away for a good part of the year, we always return there for Christmas—it's the most wonderful place to be during the Yule season."

The farm, Mills explained, is managed by a "dear old friend of the family—the son of the past owner, a man born on that very farm.

They also grow wheat, barley and oats and sell them too.

Besides the farm, they have a cottage in the heart of London's West Side, the theater district.

"We are in love with this place, too," chimed in Mrs. Mills, "it is in a delightful mews, but it has the added advantage of being near Juliette's cottage. Although she is married, we can still see her as often as we wish—when we are home."

That last part was indicative of the emphasis that the family places on its strong theme of "togetherness." Yet as much as they want—and try—to be together, they don't always succeed. The time I was with them in New York probably pointed out best of all how the family does get split up. Of course, the children had to be there where they were—especially Jonathan, who had been having some difficulties with his studies.

"A bit of trouble..."

"We want him to go to Eton," Mills said, "but there's been a bit of trouble. Jonathan is a fantastic athlete, very good at cricket and riding, and a marvelous swimmer. But he has been neglecting his studies. I am afraid he shall need special tutoring this summer to make the grade."

"How about Hayley?" I asked. "Is she having trouble? After all she is a child and she is stretching herself thin between an active movie career..."
and an education. Can she do so much?"

John Mills smiled. "Hayley is now making
one film a year by strict schedule. We will not allow her to exceed that budget
until she is well out of school and grown into adulthood. Otherwise, she'll be involved in long, tedious arguments about contracts, percentages, agents' fees and the other headaches that are synonymous with the film industry."

I wanted to know what word of advice Mills had given his daughters when they decided they wanted an acting career.

"There was very little advice I could give Juliet," he chuckled. "You see, she was just eleven weeks old when she made her first stage appearance in one of my plays. Appropriately, I played her father in that one. Then all throughout her childhood, Juliet had small bit parts in my movies and plays."

"But, of course, when she was old enough to understand, I gave her the fatherly advice that I felt was owed to her. In fact, I made the same speech to both Juliet and Hayley, at the appropriate time in both their careers. What I did was to put all the arguments against acting as a life's work that I could think of—and that Mary could think of—before them.

"I remember saying, 'The sort of world you'll have to cope with in this business is a jungle. But if you want to go into the jungle and get your face cut up, your heart torn out—that's up to you.'" They both said that was what they wanted."

Despite her universal acclaim Hayley still has her feet on the ground.

**Quite a Girl!**

"She is absolutely unspoiled," said her mother. "She has a wonderful character and personality, and she is very friendly."

"Hayley," Mills added, "has none of the standard adolescent problems. In fact, I am afraid she is still a bit naive. When we were in Hollywood, someone asked Hayley if she had a 'steady.' The meaning of the word was strange to Hayley in the framework of the question, so her reply was, 'No, I only do one film a year.' To our knowledge, she has not dated boys, although she is friendly with boys her age whom she knows in the theatrical world."

The profound parental praise John and Mary Mills have for Hayley is heaped in equal measure upon their daughter Juliet.

"Juliet more than Hayley," says Mills, "is a dedicated actress. But given time, Hayley should achieve that plateau."


**Papa was scared**

"It had been seven years since I'd been on the stage," he said, "and I was terribly scared—not of the critics or the audience, but of myself. I didn't know if I could project. After all, seven years is a long time to be away from the stage."

But Mills projected like the master that he is and New York's dramatic critics hailed his performance.

He would have beaten daughter Juliet to the New York stage by twenty-three years if it had not been for World War II. Just before the war, he was playing in the London production of "Of Mice and Men." He performed so superbly, he was invited to play the lead in Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo" on Broadway. Because of the war, Mills couldn't accept and Paul Muni got the role.

Two years later, on January 16, 1941, John Mills and Mary Hayley Bell were married.

"We had met in China," Mills explained, "when I was on tour with the company of 'Journey's End' back in the early 1930's. It was at a tennis party. I never forgot her. Ten years later I met her again in London and we fell in love."

After they were married, Mary wrote two hits for her husband, "Men in Shadow" and "Duet for Two Hands." Both had long runs on the London stage. In 1954, she wrote another play for John, "The Uninvited Guest," which was his last legitimate bit until "Ross." Mrs. Mills' latest play, which she has not yet given a title, may be produced some time this summer.

"I always like to appear in Mary's plays," Mills said with sincerity. "They're very good."

Although Mrs. Mills has written plays and films now for both her husband and Hayley, she has yet to provide a script for Juliet. But that will come.

It was Hayley's movie debut in "Tiger Bay," when she was only ten, that led directly to the offer. Mills was in 'Pollyanna,' and asked her father, who also was starred in "Tiger Bay," what he thought of Hayley's first efforts. He shook his head in pretended dismay.

"She stole the show," he said in a voice that proved he was delighted about it. "It was the best thing she's ever been in. After the second day of shooting, I knew Hayley was going to steal it—and she did.

Since then, she's been a regular trouble. When she was offered 'Pollyanna,' Mills was concerned about whether it wasn't too soon to introduce Hayley to the frenetic world of Hollywood.

**Hayley should decide**

"Mary and I paced the floor nights wondering whether we should let her do it," Mills said. "Finally, we decided the person who should really decide was Hayley herself. At breakfast one morning, I asked her if she wanted to go to Hollywood."

"Her reply was, 'Natch, Daddy.'"

I asked Jonathan, "Has she been bitten by the bloody bug? Would he make the Millises a five-star family?"

"I suspect he has," Mills said. "When he was on his vacation recently, he came to the States and saw me in 'Ross' every night. At the end of the week, he knew every part of the play by heart. He would storm around the stage, quoting great portions of the play. I think his day in show business isn't far off."

Although Hayley's and Juliet's lives have been filled with much of the excitement and frenzy of show business, their private lives always have remained private and out of the range of intruding newsmen and photographers.

"We never give out the names or addresses of our children's schools," Mills told me. "We know the moment we did, their lives would cease to be their own—their privacy would evaporate."

"We even try to keep our home life as private as possible. We don't make it known to everyone where our cottage is in London, or where the farm is located in Sussex. If we did, we might be followed with curiosity seekers who would descend on the place to rip down nameplates, fenceposts and even pieces of the buildings as souvenirs. It could be very annoying, you know."

I wondered how Hayley spent her time when she's at home.

"Hayley writes, plays records and watches television," Mrs. Mills related. "She is madly in love with Elvis Presley and probably isn't aware that any other singer exists."

The down-to-earth naturalness of all the Mills children is indeed a tribute to their parents. In the world today, it is no easy feat to raise children, but John and Mary Mills have managed to do it beautifully—even in the spotlight of fame. It would be hard to find another family anywhere so well suited to the title: "First Family of Show Business!" —Chrys Haranis

Hayley is in "Whistle Down the Wind" for Pathé-American. She'll next be seen starring in "The Castaways" for Buena Vista.
EDDIE FISHER  
Continued from page 65

wants her. Now, suddenly this summer, she is a queen without a court. She no longer has a husband who faithfully fulfills her every wish. Now that "Cleopatra" is finished, she no longer has movies moguls fawning over her. In their place she has a life centered about a love—a one-sided love. A love that burns so fiercely that it has lost her everything. A love that's destined to burn Liz as she's never before been burned.

So aware is Liz of her present predicament, that she has summoned her agent, Kurt Frings, to Rome to find out first hand why movie scripts and offers for pictures are not pouring in as they used to. She is in a genuine panic over the seeming neglect and disinterest in her professional life, now that her private life has hit an uncommon depth.

During the grueling schedule of "Cleopatra," she had sustained herself with the inspiration of passion for and from Burton and with the added exhilaration of little pills. The sleeping pills, the stomach quenchers, and pepper-uppers and the tinct of Taylor tavolo—all are harbingers of still more disquiet in the tempestuous life of the legendary beauty.

A big surprise!

And now, Liz is begging Eddie to come back. And what may come as a surprise is this: Liz never wanted Eddie to leave her. Newspaper reports all had Liz giving Eddie the royal heave-ho. Nothing could be further from the truth. Eddie, who had endured as much as any man could endure from a wife, decided that life with Liz was too much to bear—so he walked out. Out of the villa, out of Liz's life. That she tried to stop him was known only to a few close friends. But Eddie, determined to save himself, left a note to be delivered to Liz—on the set—twenty-five minutes after he had left. Liz was shocked that Eddie had kept his word and left. That she thought him too weak, too much in love to break away, was obvious.

Now, Liz wants Eddie back. Why?

Does she now realize—alone in her villa—how shabbily she has treated the man who virtually abdicated his show-business throne to dance attendance on her every whim and pleasure?

Does she now, having been publicly humiliated by Burton, see Eddie in a more proper perspective?

Is she finding Burton too strong-willed for her whims and wishes? For even Burton's former girl-Friday, Countess Bianca Luisa Valier, said in revealing Liz' love secrets, that when she told Burton she could not live without him, his answer was: "Then go ahead and die." No one has ever treated Liz like this before, and though she may find Burton's whims and wishes as strong as her own and, therefore, most intriguing, Liz is a gal who gets what
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MY FAVORITES ARE:

ACTOR: 1. 

2. 3.

ACTRESS: 1. 

2. 3.

FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE: 1. 

2. 3.

THE NEWCOMER I'D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:

THE FAMOUS PERSON, NOT IN SHOW BUSINESS, I'D LIKE TO READ ABOUT:

Name

Address

Age

842

He treats her with respect

Miss Cash would make no comment whatsoever about her friendship with Eddie. And Eddie would say nothing about Annette. Nothing, that is. But he treated her with great respect and deference. There were no showy affectionate kisses or embraces.

Where this friendship will lead is anyone's guess. Eddie says adamantly, "I'm not interested in romance at the moment, but friendships are fine and very much needed to his split with Liz. He has enjoyed the company of Sharon Hugueny, Joan Collins, Judy Garland and Edie Adams.

Edie, who adores his sense of humor and warmth, sent him a costly spray of flowers—ten feet tall. Pinned to it was a huge sign reading: ARRIVEDERCI ROMA
WE LOVE HOMA, EDDA/LA HOMA. And she and her escort, Cy Howard, joined the star-studded group who joined in a standing ovation at the end of his electrically exciting performance.

The raves from great critics, like Walter Winchell and Eddie's lifelong friend, Eddie Cantor, thrilled him greatly. He had proved to everyone—but mostly to himself—that his talent was still there, his friends were still there and—most important—his hope was still there.

Eddie is happy, adjusting, growing. He will work, he will play, he will study. He will be all the things he couldn't be when he was with Liz. The most important of these he will be a father to his children.

And what will Liz be? She will always be Liz Taylor. But will she ever again be Mrs. Eddie Fisher? Some of Eddie's friends say no. But this reporter is not so sure. Liz still loves him. On bended knee she begged him not to go. That Eddie has been able to forget her—or will ever be able to forget her—is impossible. That is why today, though Eddie may say no to Liz' plea, tomorrow, his answer could very well be "maybe" or even "yes."
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They know what they want

Hutton and his wife Maryline share a 1959 Ford, a taste for spaghetti and a rented three-bedroom house on the beach, fifteen miles west of Beverly Hills. Their objects d'art are an upright piano from some forgotten saloon, 500 intellectual books and a stuffed lion stolen by Jim from M-G-M. Their background music is the bullying roar of the surf that not even $2,000 worth of stereophonic recording equipment can drown out.

It is not that Hutton is pensive or even thirly. What close friend Arthur Losenin calls his "wonderful spontaneity and generosity" makes him almost too free with money. His friends are showered with gifts. He pays a notoriously high rent for his beach shack. Yet his dog was bought for five dollars at the pound.

"I want to live the way I want to," he says. "I will never buy things for use as status symbols—because we don't need prides nor will I be embarrassed because I have something expensive that I enjoy."

Until noon the beach house seems deserted. Even two-year-old Timothy and shy three-year-old Heidi sleep half the morning. When Jim finally stagers out of bed. "It's growl time; it's bear time. We have coffee and glare at each other for an hour. Only after his two-mile run and then a pound of sausage for breakfast, does his body seem to become attuned to the day.

"The Huttons are night people," he says mockingly, his unmanageable soft brown hair falling into his eyes. And from 2 P.M. until 2 A.M. the house is jumping with volleyball players, football players and good conversation. The closest the Huttons come to formal entertaining is a kieg of beer, a plate of cold cuts on the table at midnight and a game of charades with George Peppard, Jack Weston and half a dozen other friends.

At charades, Jim is unbeatable. His unselfconsciously command of his body extends to the gesture of a fingerpit. If the game is Monopoly, he always loses. He is a shrewd, arrogant player—and his arrogance makes the others unite to defeat him.

When it is obvious that he is going to lose, his hot temper boils over and he often angrily refuses to finish the game. His delicately balanced temper explodes a dozen times a day, scouring everything in the room. But the children seem strangely untouched by it. Blonde and barefoot, their fair skins sunburned even in winter, they crawl unconcernedly into his lap.

"I love my kids . . ."

The mockery fades from his eyes, the wryness from his voice as he strokes their hair. "I love my beach. I love my great big hunting lodge of a house. I love playing volleyball in the sun. I love my kids, love having bodies around. Animals and children growing. This sounds hopelessly square I know, but this is how I get my kicks."

And Maryline adds swiftly, "He wants his family. He needs his family. He's never had a family, you know."

His parents separated soon after he was born. He has seen his father—a profes-

"Why don't you kids watch TV or something?"
A one-play actor

He would like to produce plays, he told his Commanding Officer, a Major. For his first play, he said, he had chosen "Harvey." He neglected to mention the fact that this was almost the only play in which he had ever acted.

Looked at askance "because the Army equates rank and ability," he was reluctantly given authorization. He renovated an old theater and put on "Harvey" for three nights. It was not exactly professionally rendered, but it was more enjoyable of theater than they had ever had before, and he received a Letter of Commendation from a General. When he flashed the letter at his Major, he was given permission to continue.

For the first time in his life, he actually began to study acting. He spent the next two years working with the best private teachers he could find. During those two years he produced, directed and acted in five plays. His last part, "Career," won an American Drama Critics Circle award. He also fell in love and became a movie actor.

Her name was Maryline Poole and she came to Berlin to get a job as a lighting technician and to "break the bonds of landed, middle-class gentry in Connecticut." She was in Berlin only one month, but fell in love, "That's all there is to it. I just fell in love." Articulate about every other subject, he will not or cannot say more about this one. And Maryline—quiet, gentle—will only add, "I knew I wanted to marry him after one week. I fell in love." When she left, he told her she'd see her in two years and marry her. Then he set about becoming a movie actor.

Douglas Sirk is directing "A Time to Love" in Germany, and he was casting his part. He saw Hutton in a play and offered him a role if Jim could manage to get to Nuremberg. Jim used charm, perseverance and two years' leave, but he reached the location in time.

It took twenty days to shoot his five minutes as a neurotic Nazi who commits suicide. When Universal-International saw the rushes, he was offered a contract. "Just come to Hollywood when you're discharged!"

He was released from the Army on December 13, 1958. On December 15 he was married. Two weeks later they flew to California.

But Universal-International was no longer interested in contract players. MGM was, but they didn't quite know what to do with this one. . . . He lay on the floor of a "filthy Americanos" room, hiding behind a beard. He became the father of a daughter. He was loaned out for a few television shows. He played volleyball on his beach. He was almost sorry he hadn't followed his original plans to go into business as a Professional Hoaxster.

A buckster of hoaxes

"We were going to get the alumni lists from all the Ivy League schools," he admits. "These guys have a million dollars, a wife, nine mistresses, a weighted pool table, three or four houses, and they're bored. We were going to send them letters saying we would invent any legal or not too illegal hoax for a price. And," he still adds wistfully, "it would have been worth

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the time even to have failed at it." But then Joe Pasternak assigned him to "Where the Boys Are," and the rest is current Hollywood history.

He has been untouched so far by his success "except that I can now indulge my passion for long-distance telephone calls. And, unfortunately, I still have several friends in Berlin."

But he is aware of what can happen to people who are touched too quickly and too heavily by success—and of how to avoid it. While Timothy paints grape jelly designs against the afternoon sun and says, "Jim Hutton is a different person from Jim Hutton the husband and father. To me, acting is a job. The notoriety, the adulation, the expensive free dinners are merely part of the job. And when I come home, I want an onion sandwich."

He wants something else, too. And, significantly, his largest gratitude to Hollywood is for giving him the opportunity to afford the luxury he wants.

"I want six children. And if I get to be a big big star, I'll probably lose my head completely and want half a dozen more!"

He rubs the grape jelly off his elbow and seems magnificently calm as he contemplates the future. —ALJEAN MELTHIS

Jim Hutton can be seen in "The Horizotal Lieutenant" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

LIZ TAYLOR

Continued from page 44

questionable whether they heard the bar- rage of stones on the villa rooftop at 3 A.M. she morning the strange men with cameras tried to wake them up so they could take some more pictures.

But it is a sad and undeniable fact that the children definitely did not see their mother at Easter. Mamma and Uncle Dick had gone off to Porto Santo Stefano for three days. One newspaper reported, "Since last Friday, Miss Taylor's children have been waiting in Rome under the care of their hired nurse to wish their mother a happy Easter." The children—even fifteen-month-old Maria, rolled Easter eggs on the lawn—but Mamma wasn't there. Eddie wasn't there. Where was he, they wondered?

Mamma returned from her Easter re- dundant. But even when she was with the children, they never knew when she'd take off again. As the New York Journal-American reported shortly after she returned from her Easter weekend, "Liz had gone sedately to Anzio with her three kids. But she quickly abandoned them to a nurse and she and Mr. Burton went on a tour of the multi-million-dollar set representing Cleopatra's palace in Alexandria. Then they cuddled in an intimate trattoria for lunch."

This was the pattern of Miss Taylor's actions during this entire period—a care- lessness bordering on unconcern. But the reactions of the world to what she was doing to her children—and to the moral standards that society respects—are reflected by what appeared in the world-wide press.

Il Tempo, one of Rome's two large con- servative newspapers, suggested Italy should consider Miss Taylor "persona non grata," and as-sailed her as an "imtemperate vamp who destroys families and devours husbands."

Ed Sullivan, whose daughter had been a bridesmaid at Liz' marriage to Nicky Hilton, stated in his column in The New York Daily News: "You can only trust that youngsters will not be persuaded that the sanctity of marriage has been in- validated by the appalling example of Mrs. Taylor-Fisher and married-man Burton.

New York Journal-American columnist George E. Sokolsky warned: "... all around there are eight or nine children involved in this exhibitionism... sooner or later they'll press the press items and see the pictures and they will, if they are properly reared, be ashamed or maybe they will become juvenile delinquents out of hatred and spite, or maybe they will go and do likewise when they grow up, on the principle that it happened to them, why not to me?" (Mr. Sokolsky was including Edith's children and Burton's two children.)

Society columnist Suzy, in the New York (Sunday) Mirror chimed in: "There must be some kind of self-destructive devil driving this beautiful woman who, with the whole world in her hands, flouts convention, jeopardizes her career, wrecks other people's lives and flings herself head- long into folly."

Italian representatives of both Church and State joined in the chorus of con- demnation. Egidio Aristo, formerly super- visor of Italy's film industry, chastised Miss Taylor for both her "amorous and nonamorous conduct." Pope John stated, "We like to call Rome a Holy City, God forbid it becomes a city of perversion." The Vatican radio station, obviously referring to the break-up of Miss Taylor's marriage, struck out at people who con- sider marriage "a game which they start and interrupt with the capricious make- believe of children." Pope John stated, "Nobody can forget the most damning blow of all, the Roman Catholic publication Osservatore della Domesta warned Miss Taylor that if she continued to flaunt accepted morality, she might end up in a state of "erotic vagrancy."

Rome's afternoon paper Giornale D'Italia summed up public opinion when it stated: "Nobody can forget the athe- futility of her heart, which left behind four husbands in the short span of a thirty-year life, and is perhaps about to destroy, to her exclusive personal benefit, the marriage of the Burtons."

The terrible jokes

Perhaps even more devastating, and cer- tainly indicative of the general disgust everyone felt towards the principal players in these Roman Scandals, were the terrible jokes that began making the rounds.

Bill Slocum in the Mirror: "I can under
stand Liz' fondness for him (Burton). He is rich, famous, handsome, married and has two kids—everything Liz wants in a man.


And the following, all recorded by Mirror and Photoplay columnist Walter Wincheil: "Hollywood wife's curse—The worst thing I can hope will happen to you is that you get a role in picture opposite Elizabeth Taylor..."

The headlines saying that Liz and Dickie doo are not getting married...fine time to tell us after the honeymoon..."Do you think Burton will marry Liz?...What? And then have to worry about guys like himself.

In addition to the devastating gags, editorial, official and religious condemnation, Liz was greeted by boos and hisses in Boston, when she was on-screen briefly in a trailer for this year's Academy Awards. The catcalls drowned out the sound-track. Outraged letters from people all over the United States are pouring into newspaper offices and Liz's studio, most of them asking the question, "Why does she do this to her children?"

Even her close friends, those who have stood by her in the past when public opinion turned against her, are dismayed. They can't understand why she insists upon flaunting herself in public. Someone recalled the story of how the first J. P. Morgan and his associates for the latter's "erotic vagrancy." Morgan's associate snapped back that Morgan was only angry because the offender was doing out in the open what others did behind closed doors. Morgan replied, "That's what doors are for!"

All this constitutes prima-facie evidence that Elizabeth Taylor is a mother. As Sury of the Mirror puts it: "It's the six children (four of Liz' and two of Burton's) who will eventually suffer from this messy business. And I don't want to hear any more stories about how good a mother Liz really is, either. If you're really a good mother, you're a good mother away from home, too."

And what about that oft-used phrase—that "despite it all, Liz is really a good mother"? To find out, just take a look at the past record.

"She's being a poor mother..."

Does a good mother say what Elizabeth Taylor said after she gave birth to Liza (Mike Todd's daughter)? You remember the circumstances: The delivery had been very difficult.

For fourteen minutes air was forced from a resuscitator into the premature lifeless child's lungs. When Liza finally gasped her first breath, she weighed less than five pounds and was rushed to an incubator.

What did Miss Taylor say? Well, here's what Mike Todd told the reporters, "You want to know what my wife's reaction was? She came out of the anesthetic and the first thing she said to the doctor was, 'Where's my diamond ring?'"

More significant, perhaps, is something Mike told writer Robert J. Levin the noon of the day he died, "I've been around longer than Liz and I've learned a few things," Mike declared. "Like when she makes mistakes that are not important, I can tell her right off. But if they matter a lot, a guy has to have real patience.

"Being a mother is a woman's most important job, and you can't tell her she's being a poor mother because then she gets hurt, real hurt...I can't say; 'Don't compete with the nurse—you're the mother. Let the children know you're the mother.' I've got to keep quiet because Liz has to be the one to discover these things."

"And I can keep quiet because I know she's smart, and I see her learning all the time."

But did she ever learn?

The very circumstances by which she was thrown together with Eddie Fisher— that fateful weekend when the two of them just happened to be in New York at the same time—was that not just another example of her failure to be a good mother? For as reporter Florabel Muir of the Sunday News wrote on March 8, 1959: "...Liz has never let her children tie her down. She can fly on a trip to London, Moscow, anywhere— and not worrying about her children. She was heading off on just such an impulsive jaunt when she and Eddie, they insist, met in New York by chance."

And so Elizabeth and Eddie were married. But how did her sons, Mike and Chris, react to being shunted from Daddy Wilding to Daddy Todd to Daddy Fisher? The British papers wrote, "The Fashers while they were in England making 'Suddenly Last Summer,' provides a revealing glimpse as to how the boys acted and felt. It all happened when Mike Wilding and his wife Susan came to the Fishers for a visit so Mike could see his sons again."

"The boys came in, already in their pajamas for the night," he said. "They didn't run to their father to be hugged and kissed; they walked over to him and shook hands like little gentlemen. He asked them how they were, they said they were fine, and then nobody seemed to have anything more to talk about. The boys stood around stiff and helpless; they didn't seem to know what was expected of them and what to react. I never saw two more uncomfortable children. It was like a meeting of strangers, not of father and sons."

Two other men who worked in the Fishers' household more recently—Emanuel Feo and Fred Oates, both of whom served separate stints as butlers at Liz' villa in Rome—provide important information about Elizabeth Taylor as a mother. Feo, in the course of a six-page, by-lined article in Cosmopolitan, lists in great detail the menus the lady of the villa made out for her cats and dogs, but he doesn't mention her children at all.

He does, however, go on and on about her drinking habits. Each day she went to the studio she always took a case of vodka, plus tonic water and tomato juice, in the trunk of her Cadillac. She would carry a glass of vino rosé to the car. At dinner, even when she ate in the bedroom, there were always four glasses at the right of her plate; one for white and one for red wine, one for champagne and one for water. (It is understandable, then, that when she made her announcement "I'm finished"—at a time when Richard Burton was temporarily back with his own wife—Liz was holding a glass of vodka in her hand.)

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**IS DICK CHAMBERLAIN MARRIED?**

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**ON SALE NOW**
Fred Oates, in his article in July's Photoplay, makes a point of referring to Miss Taylor's children, or rather of explaining why he hadn't mentioned them until almost the end of his revelations. "Anyone who read my memoirs may ask why I never spoke about the three children (Chris, Michael, Liza) of Elizabeth Taylor. The fact is that during my three months' stay, I saw them so seldom together with their mother, that if I had to express an opinion about her motherly love, based on what I saw, I would have to say that it is a bit lacking."

Oates went on to say that, in contrast, Eddie spent hours each day playing with the children.

It is a known fact that Eddie tried to give them a father's love. Eddie was, for the three and a half years of his marriage to Liz, a tremendously stabilizing influence on the children. He adored them profusely, and I believe Liz and gave him his name. He was, in effect, the only father Liza ever knew. To the Wilding boys, he was someone to romp with, someone to love, someone to tell their troubles to. He was someone who was there when they needed him. But for some reason he wasn't there any more. They had no one to turn to now.

The story of father has been read into the Congressional Record in a statement by Rep. Iris Blicht, a congresswoman and grandmother, who questioned Liz eligibility for "re-entry into this country on the grounds of undesirability." The public had a right, she contended, to "ostracize those who show no concern for . . . flag or innocent children . . . ."

This brings us to the question of Maria, the little crippled orphan girl whom Liz and Eddie adopted. In the same blistering attack by the Vatican newspaper Osservatore della Domenica in which it prophesied that Miss Taylor would end up in "erotic vagrancy," it asked the questions: "Don't these institutions think before handing children to somebody? Don't they request moral references?"

Yet, at this writing Elizabeth still has the child. Maria's blood mother is willing that Maria remain with her new mother even though Eddie is now out of the picture.

Nevertheless, the legal situation regarding Maria—and regarding Miss Taylor's other children as well—isn't quite as favorable for the actress as it at first might seem. It is a little-known fact that under German law, German judicial authorities could legally prevent Miss Taylor from surrendering Maria if she and Eddie Fisher are divorced. The usual safeguards required for an adopted child are: The adopting family must have a good home life for the youngster; the prospective parents must be living happily together; the child must be desired for the purpose of completing a family group in which it will be given emotional security, education and loving care. At the present time, Miss Taylor can provide few of these safeguards.

The situation becomes even more complicated in the case of Liza. Although Eddie Fisher has stated that he does not seek custody of any of his wife's children, he is Liza's legal father (he legally adopted her). Yet he may change his mind and fight for her custody.

Usually, if there's a custody fight—and depending upon the state or country in which the action is brought—a mother is given custody of a young child unless it can be proved that she had neglected the child, or that she is morally or mentally unfit to care for her.

The definition of "unfit" varies from court to court and from judge to judge. It's one thing to accuse someone of something like "erotic vagrancy"; it's another thing to prove a woman an unfit mother. That the issue of Maria's future has been involved in another divorce action himself and seems in no position to guarantee that he could provide his son a good home.

The future . . .

Whether or not these custody actions come up in court, the future of Elizabeth Taylor's children looks black. Dean Kenneth D. Johnson of the New York School of Social Work graphically outlines what children of divorce have to face: "Imagine three hundred thousand children stricken in one year by infantile paralysis. Yet the chances that these children in divorce being crippled emotionally are far greater than the chance for physical crippling by polio."

Emotional crippling is far more severe than the physical crippling little Maria has undergone—and far more difficult to treat and cure.

There was once a little boy (not one of Elizabeth Taylor's children) whose mother had been married four times and who had known three fathers. One day his mother took him on the subway. A man looked up at him and smiled, and he said to the man, "Are you my Daddy?" The man laughed and said no. The boy moved to the next man and then the next, stopping each time to ask, "Are you my Daddy? When his mother put out her hand to him, she had tears in her eyes. But her tears and her arms around him didn't help. It was too late. Nothing helped."

Nothing helped the boy. Nothing helped his mother. Perhaps nothing can help Elizabeth Taylor. There is a type of woman who is divorce-prone, a classification into which different neuroses or personality faults fit. An expert on family problems, George Simpson, in his book People in Families: Sociology, Psychoanalysis and the American Family, writes about these women: "They are in permanent alliance with divorce; they get married, are divorced, remarry, are divorced, and so on. . . . Among these women there is the perpetual claimer who collects (hencewards), as a hunter collects trophies, until her own passionate energy is worn down in the process of growing old, and there is the hardened renouncer who cannot give herself at all but tries through changing husbands.

Does either of these descriptions fit Elizabeth Taylor? If so, she, too, sheds tears for her children, for herself, and for what the future must bring.

—Jim Hoffeman
The price of love

Many people love you, but this unnameable thing is a gift beyond love. And its price is nothing that is valuable to me without you. Nothing matters except you. I used to have my career, the excitement of being alive. But once you become part of another person it doesn’t mean anything to see a sunset, or do a new thing, or go to a circus —unless you can share it with him. It’s as though there is no longer a person named Deborah Walley. There is only a new human being we have created that is the two of us together.

“John...” It has always been my favorite name. A strong name—like you are strong. A quiet name—like your strength is subdued by quietness. A strong and gentle name. Through the centuries, strong men have borne it. And it will belong next to our first son (the first of nine boys) if we’re to use all the names we’ve decided on. John Anthony, Nico, Gunnar, Calem, Vincent, Carroll, Raff, Ethan and Gino.

Nine sons. Each time I say their names I get a sudden stab of understanding that my life is now irrevocably connected to yours. That you are my wife, that your children will be my children and where you go I will go.

Yet the first time I told you I loved you—so few months ago—I didn’t mean it. We were laughing. From the beginning we were always laughing. And you laughed “Good night” and ran down my apartment steps to your car. I ran after you. “I love you,” I shouted. You turned and stood for a moment, silent, and then you said, “I love you too.”

It was too quick, too soon. You turned the corner on two wheels, racing away from your own reckless statement of love. “I don’t love her,” you thought. “I shouldn’t have said anything, I don’t know. I’m not sure.”

“I don’t love him,” I said to the empty night. “I must have been crazy to say so.”

When did I begin to love you? Not on that first blind date last October. We had a relatively pleasant time, yet when we said good night we had no future. I forgot about you during the two weeks before you called again, and you forgot about me. Would you ever have called again if you hadn’t been asked to take an actress to the Cocoanut Grove? You could think of no one else and so you telephoned me. Something happened that night. I only know—suddenly there was more between us than there should have been. I knew that you felt it too when you didn’t kiss me good night. A kiss would have meant too much, would have involved us too deeply.

And yet I didn’t love you then. Not yet. Two weeks—or month... or days, and then suddenly—shyly— it lets you see its face. It must have been happening all those next seven days before you left for New York on a public appearance tour. But when you took me to the airport, I didn’t love you.

After you left my life changed. Only I didn’t even realize it. Not for a while. I stayed up until midnight hanging wallpaper and sanding furniture, driving myself to finish decorating my apartment before you returned. It was to be a surprise for you. On my way to buy paint or linoleum I would stop “for a minute” at Jay Allen’s Sunset Strip store just to talk about you with someone who was your friend. I would come to the store at Hours 3—watch and sheepishly summon some excuse to myself for having stayed so long. Each night I would write you. I hate the burden of writing letters—even to you. I wrote because someone on tour gets lonely and I didn’t want you to be lonely.

When did I realize that everything I did was invaded by the thought of you? I’ve been in the entertainment business eighteen years—since my parents first laced skates on my unsteady feet and pulled me across the ice to bow to the crowds with them. It is, perhaps, more selfish than any other business. Maybe it has to be, because it is the only business where you are the product which you must sell. To think more about someone than yourself—of course it would be publicity you’re getting... and your fan mail... and how you look is unbelievable. That was the beginning of realization. I was beginning to know that I loved you.

The full knowledge came when I was stirring paste for the wallpaper. Suddenly I was so full of love there was no room in my life for anything else.

That night you telephoned. “I love you, Debbie. I mean it, I’m sure.”

The things you gave me...

How can you love me when you have given me so much and I have been able to give so little in return? You wouldn’t take, you didn’t need as much from me as I needed from you. I gave you, love, of course. And the ability to express the love and tenderness that you had hidden before. But these things are pitifully few compared to the riches you have given me.

You have given me your strength and your stability and your tenderness. You have given me your protection and your understanding. You have given me your laughter. You have given me your family. Most valuable of all your gifts: You have enabled me to feel love and to feel loved.

Continued from page 58
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I want to tell you something. Once, years ago,

I pretended I was in love. When you

are seventeen years old and alone in a

new city, you feel a need for something
to hold on to, and you label it "love."

But it wasn't. All my life I have belonged
to no one. My mother was a beautiful

woman who came to visit, her suitcases
bulging with presents. My father was a

pajama salesman. My ice-cream man

for me to touch. My parents loved me

and I loved them. But it was a love chilled

by the ice and the distances between us.

Even when I was with them I was alone.

Christmas was a hotel room in Boston.

In the afternoon there was a matinee of the

Ice Capades. In the evening there was

another performance. I would sit in the

sundown, my face numb from raindrops
of snow and ice, and watch the show I

had seen so many times before. I don't

think I ever played with the hundreds

of presents given me by my parents and the

cast of the show. I cannot now remember

what any of them were.

You have given me—promised me—

Christmas. How many times have I buried

my forehead against your shoulder and

asked you next Christmas in Dallas with your family?

Quietly, seriously, you describe each piece

of furniture in your father's house. On the

floor, your sister's baby tugs at the ears of the
dog. Leaning against the big chair, your

mother rests for a moment. Your father dips

the silver ladle into the bowl of eggnog. On the

long table, platters of food, not under the

carved, cold turkey. A plate of homemade

cookies surrounds sandwiches delicate

as a finger.

I love you for your quiet patience as it tells

me the story once more, as though

you were soothing a troubled child. I love

you for your strength. I love you for the

honesty that makes you hurt me before

you'd lie. I love you for your confidence

that anything I can do is bad enough you

can do; that any problem you want

to overcome can be overcome.

I love you for the way you can tell me

you love me with your eyes. Most people

have to use all of their face. You can talk

with those expressive, penetrating eyes

that are more beautiful to me than any-

thing else in the whole beautiful world.

"You run with me!"

I love you for the way you join me in

childhood. When I want to run because it is

too tame to walk, you run beside me.

When I laugh at nothing but happiness,

you begin to laugh at the way I laugh; and

then I laugh at you the way you laugh;

and suddenly we laugh in each other's

arms until we end by crying.

Do all people in love share childhood

with each other as you share it with me?

Now that you have been forced to get a

permanent bridge, you expect me to keep

your removable tooth, and I will. I'll carry

that tooth wherever I go—in my purse,

next to the cork from the champagne

bottle that celebrated our engagement.

This way I can never forget the night

you handled me your tooth and said, "Debbie,

I'm giving this to you. Without this tooth

I can eat without eating I can't live

—so now my life is in your hands."

I love you for protecting me as no one

has even been able to before. I am not a

strong person, and yet I've felt superior to

everyother boy I've dated. I always

seemed to be answering their questions and

solving their problems. In you I have found

someone who is better than I am in almost

every way.

And yet all that lies between us is

not love.

I must struggle not to be disturbed

by your goodness and the sanctity of your

ways in dealing with people. How John-

like was the way you asked me to marry

you! Afraid that you would be called back

into the Army, you set your everyday pat-

tern of living to the fact that you would

have to go.

"What do you think, Debbie?" you

asked, looking at the road ahead of you.

"Do you think you'll get engaged before I go

into the Army?" And I was almost angry

that you had not properly asked me—that

I had to answer as calmly as you had

asked, "Yes, I think so."

I am afraid of your temper. Only slowly,

only since I have been your wife, have I

come to realize that you won't use your

temper against anyone you're not fond of.

If you leave me alone between the tornadoes

of your anger boils up and covers me. But I am

still deeply wounded. Especially when your

anger strikes because I cannot make up

my mind about something.

How angry indecision makes you! And

yet you do not realize something; that if

I discover you want to do something that

I've done, I don't have to do it, no longer

matters to me! I cannot bring myself to
decide against you.

When you are angry at me, I move away

from you. Not to show my displeasure at

you. But because it hurts me too much to

be near you when you are angry. I wait in

pain for the door to open, and for your

hand to say to my fingers that you are

sorry. (I know I never bring your mouth to

say the words.)

When anybody else touches my hand, it's

just a hand touching a hand, skin touching

skin—no more important than brushing

my hand against a piece of wood. When

you touch my hand, the world stops. Do

you remember when you were very young

and had your first crush, when you wanted

to touch her against a wall and ache? And

you knew that touching her would be

a fulfillment almost stronger than you

could bear? And then you did touch her

and it was. And then you touched her again

and all the magic had left and never

returned.

But each time you touch me there is

the same magic, as though you have

never touched her before.

Next time you kiss me it's as though you

have never kissed me before.

Each time you say "I love you" it's as

though you have never said it before.

No, even this soon in our lives together,
even on our honeymoon, everything that

differs from love is not love. But so much is,

that even a whole life won't be enough
times to understand. I hate the short-

ness of life, the shortness of hours in

which to hold you and to kiss you and to

be your wife.

Let's make the hours count, Johnnie.

Let's make every one of them count.

Debbie.
right up to me. Then he leaned over and kissed me. Without comment, he walked back to his own desk and made a casual gesture to the director. It said, plain as words, "Okay—you can begin now." Just like that!

Right here, I feel I ought to tell everybody that Warren and I weren't really a romance, but we did become very good friends.

And Warren, I understand about that kiss! I know it was my reward for being your friend at a time when the rest of the cast sort of held back. It's out of that whole usually friendly bunch, I was about the only one who'd tried to help the aloof newcomer. The others took Warren's self-confident manner for conceit.

Well, you can't hate a boy for kissing you. I liked Warren a lot. Now, when I hear him getting raked across the coals by the ones who say, "Oh, Warren Beatty is out for Warren Beatty, he's on the make for big success and he'll make it anywhere he can," I get hot on the defensive.

But I will admit one thing: Even then—you had to know Warren to like him.

The studio—Fox—had brought Warren from New York to Hollywood to play the role of Milton Armitage, Debbie's rich and handsome rival for the affections of those pretty co-eds. At the time, Warren had no acting experience to speak of, but he was perfect for the part. He really was Milton—you know, tops in everything. Handsome, big wheel back in school, beautiful baritone voice, terrific at the piano. All Milton had that Warren didn't have—then—was money.

"I'm going to be a star!"

Warren knew the role inside out—and said so. I didn't think that was such evidence of conceit. He was just absolutely sure of himself. Like when he told me straight out, "Debbie, I'm going to be a star." But I guess the others did take it as conceit.

And as I said, he was fairly aloof. Not shy—I really can't say there was any shyness in Warren. It was just that when they all sat around gabbing—Dwaynne and Bob Denver and the others—Warren talked mostly to me. And not so much in the crowd as in his dressing room. The only other person he talked to much was Rod Amateau, who was a clown, like Warren could be when he wanted, and they got along fine.

One thing nobody could claim, though—that Warren did any name-dropping about his famous sister. Shirley MacLaine. He never took any free rides to fame on her back. Any time her name came up, he'd play—to the hilt—the part of newcomer to Hollywood, and ask a lot of questions about this MacLaine dame, sometimes he got pretty negative opinions from the unsuspecting victim.

Then I read somewhere that Shirley MacLaine and the considerably less famous Warren Beatty were sister and brother. I asked him about it, straight out. And he answered me straight out. He said, "Yes." Nothing more, then or ever.

After a while Warren could only play the guy on someone who hadn't as yet heard of the family tie. Like William Schaeffer, a schoolteacher in "Dobie," who got trapped into the "But what's wrong with this Shirley MacLaine?" act. I don't remember exactly which brickbats Schaeffer tossed—at one time or another innocent victims had been lured into calling Shirley "funny looking," "loud in public," etc.—at Dino's she plays cards at the table right under the noses of the entertainers trying to do their acts," "noisy and brassy," "cold and calculating"—etc., etc., etc. Usually no one gave Warren away, but this day it got to the point where a stand-in felt he had to break it up. He whispered a certain fact into Schaeffer's ear—who was so embarrassed that he walked off the set and never came again if it meant working with Warren. Even Rod Amateau said, "Warren, you're bad. You went too far." And Warren, he was right—you really were a meanie to that poor man!

Fox had lent Warren a red convertible, and he'd often take me for rides in it or give me lift home to the Studio Club where I lived—along with a lot of other ambitious but unmoneyed girls. Warren was staying at a very nice place, Chateau Marmont on Sunset Boulevard. (I think since the studio brought him to the coast for the series, they put him up at the Marmont, just as they lent him the car.) But often he'd eat dinner with me at the Studio Club—paying his own way. The place was full of pretty girls and Warren liked girls—he was crazy about girls. But these girls, while they thought him cute, wouldn't date him because he was a nobody. Hah!

Myself, I didn't actually date Warren, but we did a lot of talking together, either in person or on the phone. If either of us was lonely we'd get on the phone for long, long stretches—usually late at night when we were both relaxed and could talk freely and honestly. And he did invite me, all that summer, to swim at the Marmont's pool. Only I didn't go.

I knew his faults

Nah, I liked him—but even then I had a feeling that if I let myself like Warren too much, I'd end up with a broken heart. And fortunately for me, I was going with someone else at the time. So Warren and I kept it at the friendship level, and I feel that I got to know him very well, that spring and early summer of 1959. Even his faults. I knew he was aggressive in chasing girls, he'd call and call a girl even after turn downs. (Hah, again!) And even to me he'd say, "Your boy friend would never know." . . . And yes, he'd talk for hours about his own and he'd phone.

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pose it just never occurred to you to ask.

But I had them.

Oh well, that was Warren, and if you
liked him you liked him as he was. He
knew he was good-looking, he knew he
had the makings of which one
minute that he was going places. Not
even when he came back to "Dobie" after
leaving it for a Broadway play that flopped
fast—but in which he personally got
excellent notices.

There's a funny and typically Warren
story about that play, "A Loss of Roses."
At the same time as he was up for the
part, he was auditioned for a Broadway
musical, "Pink Jungle," which was to be
his first musical with Ginger Rogers as
star. My girl friend Janet Day was in
the cast and she was the one who told me
the results of Warren's tryout. He
didn't get the part, she said, because he
couldn't sing.

"That's funny," I said, puzzled. "War-
ren sings beautifully." I asked him about
it. He laughed and said, "It's true, I didn't
sing—I croaked like a frog."

"But why, Warren," she finally
admitted, "it was my way out of a tight spot." It seemed he
gotten involved with both plays, but he
didn't want to do the musical, he wanted
very much to do the play. Only he
wouldn't dream of turning down a part
—so he goofed the tryout. "I did my best
to sound terrible," he said, and "I made
it."

I guess it would have been a
funnier story if "Loss of Roses' hadn't
closed so fast. Warren came back to "Dobie" and for
over a year, and with Dobie and Didi, and
not for long. He was lighthearted and
optimistic by nature, which is why I liked
him so much better than the Schwab sitters.
Warren wasn't a moaner. And
short-lived as this play had been, at least he
wasn't. His acting had been praised, and
people began to take an interest in
him. Including Joan Collins.

Joan—a big step up

Now that I look back, I see that Joan
was a big step up the Hollywood
ladder. Before her, Warren had come
to know a few other establish-
ed players. I saw Tuesday Weld in his car once.
And that August he came to the set of "Fall
Story" a lot to see Jane Fonda. I had
some work in that picture too, and though
Warren was visiting Jane, who was the
ingenue lead opposite Tony Perkins, he
was friendly to me as ever.

And I was friendly enough to introduce
to Greta Clark, the pretty Eurasian
girl who dates Gardner McKay now. But back
then, she dated Warren a while, and I'd
say his night-clubbing began with Greta.

Then came mine!

Warren met Joan on a blind date ar-
ranged by mutual friends, the
Mort Viners. Joan was considerably older than
Warren, but he fell for her like a ton
of bricks. He used to tell me, "Debbie, she's
so beautiful." And she was, she looked
like Elizabeth Taylor. But when Warren
noted nothing else but what she looked
like, I couldn't help thinking it wasn't
a very good sign. A relationship needs
more to it than beauty alone.

Joan was so sophisticated, and War-
ren had to be very suave and man-about-
town for her. I can't help thinking that
later, Natalie Wood must have been a
relief to him because she was extremely
vivacious and fun-loving, like Warren. But
I can only think that Joan was the
girl best for him—probably neither
was, because he just wasn't ready for
marriage. I doubt if he is even now. He's
still young, he adores beautiful girls, and
now he's in a position to get any beau-
tiful girl he wants. I also think, knowing
Warren, that he'd want to see all the fish
in the sea before trying to catch one.

He and Natalie do have things in com-
mon—they're both extremely uninhibited
—both funny and would call their "loving like
Natalie, She will show up in the nearest
places wearing slacks and a scarf on her
head, and laugh loud. But Warren has the
taste to curb the clowning in places
where he shouldn't clown. He'd never make
himself conspicuous in a restaurant.

A hot-headed pair!

He and Natalie are both hot-headed,
too, so they ought to get along together
—while it lasts!

But to get back to Joan. I was at the
Luau with a date that night he came in
with her and the Mort Viners. He had
just broken up with his "loss of roses" clos-
ing and was back on "Dobie." We were
still fellow workers and friends, and when
he saw me in the restaurant he started
for my table. (Yes, Warren, I know why
you didn't get to it! I saw Joan pulling
you away from your own table before you
could so much as say "Hello.")

But the real beginning of the end was
at Hallowe'en, at Sy Devore's party. Sy,
who is clother to Jerry Lewis and other of
Hollywood's "hot-headed" types, gives a
great party every Hallowe'en. This one was
a real blockbuster, with everybody
in costume and having a crazy time.
That night Warren and Joan were the only
people who didn't come in costume.

But to me that wasn't nearly as signi-
ficant as the fact that the minute Warren
saw me he said, very quickly, "Debbie,
I'd like you to meet my fiancée, Joan
Collins." Even so, Joan was barely polite
to me. And I had the funniest feeling that
if Warren got a whiff of anyone other
than Joan, he was afraid of anyone
he was afraid of Joan.

Anyway, Natalie moved into his life
and Joan moved out of it. By then I'd
only been seeing Warren when we ran
into each other at parties or restaurants.
You can't know a person at parties or
restaurants the way you knew him when
you were good friends working on the
same set. You know—breaking spontane-
ously into a soft shoe routine together
when waiting around got boring. Or mov-
ing to the piano between takes while he'd
play my favorite songs in that easy style
of his. "Sloppy," he always called his
playing, but I called it great. If you ever
meet Warren near a piano, ask him to
play "Wait 'Til You See Her." It's the
end! All things considered, wouldn't you
think he'd have come closer than he did
to the "Dobie Gillis" people? Considering
that they were always ready for fun, and
he was always looking for fun.
and un-cooperative . . . and completely absorbed in his new star status, I find it hard to believe they’re talking about the same fun-loving, carefree boy I knew three years ago. He always gave his best to the camera, but he didn’t work too hard at it, acting came naturally to Warren. He didn’t get so intense, so emotionally wrapped up in a part that he had to live it, and live it twenty-four hours a day like Brando and the rest of the Method actors. When a scene was over he was himself again—ready to cast a bright moment on the duller side of movie-making.

And still do as good a job of acting as the Method boys and the Schwab sitters.

So as I said, when I read or hear all that criticism of Warren nowadays—that he’s only out for Warren, that he plays the big star even though he’s only got three movies, one play and some “Dobie” segments to his credit—I do object. I’m sure Warren is sublimely happy with his star status—why not? But I don’t believe he’s absorbed in it to the exclusion of all else. I still think that some day he’ll do what he started out to do before the Hollywood glitter got to him—something good in the theater. I saw him in “Splendor in the Grass” and “Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone”—I haven’t seen “All Fall Down.” And while I thought he was very good in “Splendor” especially, I was also a little disappointed. Because I think he can do even better. (I really do, Warren.)

So yes, I am on the defensive when I read all the slaps he’s getting. Maybe he does deserve some of them—but I’m sure that behind it all he’s still the nice boy I knew, and I don’t like to see him dragged over the coals.

Only—I will admit one thing. And this isn’t because Warren started to drift away from me after stardom beckoned, and I moved to New York and time and distance erased our bond of friendship. It isn’t that.

But—I saw him again not too long ago, at the opening of a Broadway play, “Gideon.” I was with a date, and Warren was with Natalie Wood. They arrived in a Rolls-Royce—and even for the kind of sophisticated audience that attends theater openings, their arrival made quite a stir. Outside the theater, the autograph hounds immediately spotted Warren and Natalie. As Warren was busily signing autograph books, he certainly did look very happy with his star status—and you can’t blame him for enjoying the fact that he’s famous and rich and sought-after.

What I’m trying to say, Warren, is that you didn’t see me—and I didn’t go up to you to say hello. I honestly don’t know why I held back.

Maybe I was afraid of being let down. Suppose you’d stared at me blankly and couldn’t remember who I was? . . . Maybe it was the same sort of thing that kept me from dating you when we were both Holly wood beginners . . . and I was afraid to be self-possessed for fear of being left with a broken heart.

But as I said—I don’t know. The End. See Warren in “All Fall Down,” M-G-M.

GEORGE MAHARIS

Continued from page 47

it, he’s indestructible—he’s a real tiger! . . .

But it was only the prestige of PHOTO-play ... and a solemn promise to keep our visit short and to put on a mask and a hospital gown ... that got us in at all.

A radio and record player were piled precariously on one side of the bed. A bed table suspended over his body was stacked with letter-writing folders, magazines, books and scripts.

On the table beside him was a small stockyard of pill vials, three jars full of mysterious liquids and a half-gallon jug of what I later learned was carpot juice.

As I came into the room, the record player was blaring a hot trumpet.

“A memory to my friends . . .”

I said, “What happened?”

He said, “Who knows? Sit down. The tranquilizer’s wearing off and I’m so bored I’m ready to climb the wall of this sound-proof cell.” He added sadly, “Can you imagine having to kill three weeks in a hospital just because I have a hot liver?”

“Yep, hepatitis. The doc said three weeks in here. I said, "But I’ve got a lot of things to do, I can’t spend all that time on my back.” I was told, quietly but firmly, that unless I did my time and took the cure now, in a year I might be just a memory to my friends.

“You know what I am in this place? I’m an organism in trouble . . . a biological malfunction . . . a crazy mixed-up chemical that has to be straightened out. The real me is lying on that clipboard down at the foot of the bed, all graphed out in thermal geography—the mountains are my crises and the valleys and plateaus are my normalcy.”

Maharis chuckled. “Funny,” he said with a smile, “for some thirty years I’ve been threatening life. I’m going to get this and the next nothing can stop me. Well, I guess life took just so much of that nonsense and it threatened me back.

“So I’m here.” (He took a swig of carrot juice.) “Three weeks here have changed me in a lot of ways,” he said.

“They’d tell me everything was going to be all right. I guess I’m like everyone else. They’re trying to spare me. I think. It’s a lot more serious than they’ll admit, but they don’t want to work out how that kind of jazz tears through you! I was afraid, really afraid, for the first time in my life.”

He thought about that. Then added, “It takes time, but my preoccupation with death finally wore off. I started to do some reading and I ran across a story about me written from an interview I’d had months ago. I was quite a bit saying that despite everything that had happened to me in the past couple of years, I still felt rejected—that I was be-
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I'M TIED TO A BED FOR AT LEAST A YEAR.

Maharis stared at the sheets and took another gulp of carrot juice. Then he laughed.

"Pity the weak? No!"

"Don't worry," he grinned. "I won't have a relapse. I know a lot more now than I did three weeks ago. Or ever. When I was a kid I was small physically. But God was kind then, too, so I was strong. Strength was important to me, physical strength. It made up for a lot of things. So because I was small, I took care of my body and I stayed strong.

"I used to feel sorry for people who were weak. But not really. My feeling was the pity of superiority. I was strong, someone else was weak. That's tough. I was always generous with my sympathy — my superiority."

"It took twenty days in this bed to know how it feels to be weak. Really weak — helpless. To need strength so badly that your life depends on it.

"I learned something else.

"In a way, the weak have a peculiar strength that in some respects is greater than muscle. They have the courage to bear weakness, to live with it, to rise above it. I see now, "I'll be sick the strong are rarely put, and from where I'm lying, I'm not so sure that the strong could pass the exam.

"I'll get my strength back. But I'll know, I'll always know, that once I was weak. I'll never forget it.

It was time for me to go.

I wished George well and told him I'd let people know he was on the way back.

The nurse came in, looked at me sternly and then at her watch. I got the clue and left.

I stopped outside the door for a minute to check the which-way to the elevator. Suddenly George's voice came through the paneling.

"I didn't hear all the words. But what I did hear . . . ."

"Nurse," he was saying, "you're a wonderful, beautiful woman and I respect you deeply — but I'll be damned if I'm going to use that bedpan!"

George Maharis was on the way back — for sure.

—TOWNY WALL
forms a close-packed ring, horns lowered, like a herd of bison beset by wolves.”

Said one of the Kennedy girls, Eunice supposedly: “It seemed for a while as if none of us would ever get interested enough in anybody outside of the family—even to get married.”

Wrote family friend James MacGregor Burns in his recently-published book John Kennedy: A Political Profile: “Although (at the time he was courting Jacqueline) Jack and the elder of his sisters were now in their thirties, they still behaved like children out of school when they congregated together at Hyannisport. All the in-laws and in-laws-to-be. Jacqueline included, had to conform to the hard physical and mental pace.”

Said Jackie herself after a weekend date with Jack at Hyannisport: “Instead of playing tennis one day and going sailing the next, like other people, they start right out early in the morning and go through tennis, swimming, golf, touch football and everything else they can think of. Then at night they play parlor games. . . . It wears me out just to watch them. Sometimes, during Monopoly, I get so deep into the weekend I nearly make a mistake to end the game. Does Jack mind? Not if I’m on the other side.”

Rules for visiting . . .

A story goes that one Friday night, a few minutes after she’d arrived at Hyannisport, Jackie handed her travel-weary daughter-in-law-to-be a letter which a family friend named Dave Hackett had sent them. The letter was captioned: Rules for Visiting the Kennedys. The elder Kennedy thought it was vastly amusing, and he read it aloud to Jackie: “Prepare yourself by reading the Congressional Record, US News & World Report, Time, Newsweek, Fortune, The Nation, How to Play Sneaky Tennis and The Democratic Digest. Memorize at least three good jokes. Anticipate that each Kennedy will ask you what you think of another Kennedy’s a) dress, b) hairdo, c) backhand, d) latest public achievement. Be sure to answer ‘Terriﬁc.’ This should get you through dinner. Now for the football. It’s ‘touch,’ but it’s murder. If you don’t want to play, don’t come. If you do come, play, or you’ll be fed in the kitchen and nobody will speak to you. Don’t let the girls fool you. Even pregnant, they can make you look silly. If Harvard played touch, they’d be on the varsity. Above all, don’t suggest any plays, even if you play them. The Kennedys have the signal-calling department sewed up, and all of them have A-plus in leadership. If one of them makes a mistake, keep still. But don’t stand still. Run madly on every play, and make a lot of noise. Don’t appear to be having too much fun though. They’ll accuse you of not taking the game seriously enough. Don’t criticize the other team, either. It’s bound to be full of Kennedys, too, and the Kennedy’s don’t like that sort of thing. To become really popular you must show raw guts. To play raw guts, fall on your face now and then. Smash into the house once in a while, going after a pass. Laugh off a big hole torn in your best suit—or a twisted ankle. They like this. It shows you take the game as seriously as they do.”

Did Jackie take the letter amusingly? “Sort of, at least,” says her Washington friend. “But only sort of. She still had a hard time getting used to this family and its ways. And she had a harder time getting used to the touch football routine. Once it even cost her a broken limb, poor thing. The family was outside the house playing the game one morning. They persuaded Jackie to join them. She did—and two minutes later she broke her ankle.”

That night, it’s said, Jackie decided that the time had come to assert her independence. At dinner—when someone asked her how her leg was getting on—she ignored all The Rules and softly answered that her ankle pained her “terribly” and that she was “through with football for good.”

Later that evening during a rare lull in family conversation she turned to the unusually quiet Jackie and, smiling, asked: “A penny for your thoughts?”

Whereupon Jackie smiled back at Jack and—again softly, but loud enough for everyone in the room to hear—she said, “But they’re my thoughts, Jack, and they wouldn’t be my thoughts any more if I told them. Now would they?”

And then her laugh—when what had been conversation became dead silence now. The Kennedys all looked at one another, amazed. Then Joe, Sr. laughed suddenly and said something about liking “a girl with a mind of her own—a girl just like us.”

And the others laughed, too. Upbroil-

ously. A good loud Kennedy laugh.

And for the week—to come—In a word—Bouvier, soon-to-be Kennedy, would never quite become “just like us” and would prove herself, as the years passed, an independent spirit in her own right—the rapport between herself and “that mob of in-laws” was established.

“The rapport between them today,” says someone who should know, “is a lovely thing to watch.” Jackie has come to adore the Kennedys, and they to adore her. I don’t know who her favorite of the group is. Jackie isn’t the kind of girl who would say. She knows some better than she knows others. But . . . well . . . if I had to guess, I would say that she loves Rose Kennedy, her mother-in-law, just a little bit more than the others. This is only natural, if you know Rose . . .

Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy

The daughter of a Boston politician, she went against her family’s wishes—they wanted her to marry a prominent middle-aged contractor—and she married instead in 1914 a young up-and-coming lawyer named Joseph P. Kennedy. In time she would bear Joe Kennedy nine children. In time, she would glory in the success of several of them—but, too, she would suffer through the death of two of them (Joe, Jr., the oldest, who fell in World War II, and Kathleen, who was killed in a plane crash in 1948).
Jackie first heard mention of Rose Kennedy during one of her early dates with Jack, at a small dinner party, in Washington. The subject of mothers came up at one point, and after a few of the other guests had made with the Freudian cracks and analyses—someone noted to Jack that his mother was an amazingly uncompli
cated woman.

Jack nodded and said, “Yes. She’s that. Uncomplicated. And amazing. But most of all she’s a terribly religious woman. Her faith in God, I think, is the most amazing thing about her.” He went on to say, “I remember... while she was always very close to us, she was, at the same time, a little removed when we were kids, and still is—which I think is the only way to sur

vive when you have nine children. I thought she was a very model mother for a big family.”

A friend of the family told Jackie not long after, “I never saw a mother with such devotion to her children. When they had the house in Bronxville decorated by Elsie DeWolfe, Rose’s room was furnished with pieces that had a very beautiful but very delicate and fragile silk upholstery. Rose took one look at it and had it covered up immediately with rough, hard spon
covers. She didn’t want her kids to see her unless the smaller children could play in it with her. This great closeness that the Kennedys have as a family I think is entirely due to Rose... But you’ll see what I mean, as time goes on, Jacqueline.”

Time did pass. Jackie got to know more and more about her mother-in-law. Part

of what she must have learned about the character of the woman is perhaps best summed up by Jack’s former press secretary, Mark O’Toole, who has written, “What Rose Kennedy lacked in intellectual brilliance she made up in her intense love for her family. Love and a sense of duty were needed in the Kennedy home. The children were so numerous that she had to keep records of their vaccinations, illnesses, food problems and the like. It is said that she was even able to give each child some individual attention. Somehow she survived and even thrived, keeping her face unlined and her figure as modish as ever. Years later, on meeting this mother of nine still looking so young, a gallant gentleman took her hand and exclaimed, ‘At last—I believe in the stork!’

She led the table talk

‘In her husband’s absence, she would even work up current-events topics and guide the discussion of them by the chil

dren at the table—her husband would have expected that. With him away so often and for so long, the daily routine, despite household help, was not simple—certainly not so easy as it later seemed to some.”

The story is told that Rose Kennedy’s greatest service to the many children of whom she has borne; that one of the most tragic days in her life was the day in 1954 when Jackie suffered a miscarriage and lost her first child.

Jack, recuperating from a grinding political tour, was with his father and brother Bob at the family’s Riviera villa. Jackie’s mother, stepfather and sister Lee were also in Europe at the time.

On hearing the news about Jacqueline and the baby, says a friend, “Rose—who was in Boston, visiting some relatives—left for a little while. Then prayed for a little while. And then, suddenly, she said, ‘Good heavens, what am I doing here being so sad? My husband is lying there all alone!’ And she got into her car, drove to Newport, Rhode Island and the hospital there; and for the next two days she barely left her daughter-in-law; she sat with her, comforted her.”

**Joseph Kennedy**

If Jackie was somewhat awed—and even frightened—by Jack’s father when she first met him, no one could possibly have blamed her. Despite his relatively humble beginnings (son of a Boston saloon-keeper turned politician) Joe Kennedy was—by the time he first shook Jackie’s hand and said hello to her that day in 1951—former Ambassador to England, former confidante of FDR, former movie producer, former bank president, former chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission and a man whose personal fortune was conserv.

ately estimated at $250 million.

Though she’d heard from others that he was a man of great wit (He freighted the English once when, after making a hole-in-one in golf, he said to reporters: “I am much happier being the father of nine children and making a hole-in-one than I would be as the father of one child making a hole-in-one”); although she’d heard that he was a man of unusual, if somewhat aggressive, charm (He once told the wife of George VI that she was a “cute little trick” and the Queen replied that she was “pleased beyond words”); though she’d heard that he was a warm and won

derful husband to Rose Kennedy (“Without

my wife,” he’d once said, “none of us would have gotten this far, and I’ve been with her”—still, Jackie reportedly found it hard, at first, to warm up to the man.

But Jackie didn’t stay frightened for long. Because, the story goes, one day shortly after her marriage to Jack, while tidying up her husband’s study—Jackie came across an old folder, marked Letters from My Father. And in sudden curiosity she found letters she’d never read. One message which Jackie read was a cable, dated June 1940, and sent from the Ambassador’s office in London on the occasion of Jack’s graduation from Har

vard. It read: “DEAR SON, MOTHER NOTIFIES ME THAT YOU ARE GRADUATING CUM LAUDE IN POLITICAL SCIENCE AND RECEIVED FIRST PRIZES IN TWO OF YOUR THESIS. I AM SO EXCITED THAT THE WAR HERE IN EUROPE PREVENTS ME FROM ATTENDING TODAY BUT I WILL SEND MY PRIDE AND BLESSINGS TO YOU ANYWAY. TWO THINGS I ALWAYS KNEW ABOUT YOU, ONE THAT YOU ARE SMART AND TWO THAT YOU ARE A SWELL GUY. LOVE, DAD.”
Committee at Harvard, one of the questions is: "What books have you written?" And there is no doubt that you will have done that yourself, am sending copies of the book to Professor Laski, to Churchill and to the Queen. I am sure they will all find it as excellent and interesting as did... Your Dad.

Jackie read next a short note to Jack from his father—this one mailed from Paris, and dated 1937. It read: "You will learn soon enough that it's better if Pat, as the wife of a TV and movie star, didn't spend most of her time in Hollywood. "And," as someone has said, "their lives are miles apart... To the glamorous-enough Jackie, Pat seems to be an ultra-glamorous figure—a vividly romantic girl who turned down Lawford's proposal of marriage with an I-don't-know-yet, took one—President's kid sister!"—changed her mind midway in Tokyo, cabled her family about her intentions concerning Lawford, laughed cheerfully at her father's typically Irish-American re-action ("The only thing worse than marrying an actor, is to have you marry an English actor") and then took off for the States and for Lawford's arm's.

Those Kennedy Girls

Jean Kennedy (Mrs. Stephen Smith) — the youngest of the Kennedy girls—has been described as the "cheeriest of the bunch" and is reportedly a constant feather to Jackie's funnybone. With remarks like: This is a Kennedy girl that people always mix us up. Women are continually asking me how it feels to be married to Peter Lawford—or what do I really think about the Peace Corps!" Remarks like: "It was a hoot. Steve and I and the kids decided to go to Puerto Rico after the Inauguration. For a three-hour jet flight we figured, who needs to go there anyway. We arrived in San Juan, and what happened? There was a reception committee standing at the head of the First Class ramp—flowers, ribbons, everything. As we got off the plane, Steve and I stood on the Tourist ramp for a minute and wondered who the big celebrity on board the plane had been. Later we found out it had been Peter Young and President's kid sister!" —stories like: the time she and Jack spent part of their Christmas vacation alone at the family's Palm Springs house. She must have been seven and Jack sixteen.

"And," Jean said, "he was just a horror to be with. I remember one night my father phoned from New York and asked me how everything was going. I told him that I'd seen Jack kiss a girl named Pat Young under the mistletoe down in the front hall the night before, and how I thought that was just awful. I also snitched that Jack had had a temperature of 102 one night and that Miss Cahill, our housekeeper, couldn't make him mind; that he ran out of the house to go driving with one of his friends. My father," said Jean, "asked me very seriously, what I thought about all this mischief on Jack's part. And I thought for a moment, and then I said, 'I suggest, Daddy, that you get right down here and give him one whale of a spanking!'" —said a friend who witnessed Jackie's reaction to that story: "I have seen Jackie Kennedy laugh before. Always little more than a smile, however, a twin.
tle of the eyes. But this night I saw her really laugh—break up. Pretty darn good form, I thought. I say, when one sister-in-law can have that effect on another . . . don’t you think?"

Of all her sisters-in-law, however, the one to whom Jackie seems to be closest is Eunice Kennedy (Mrs. Sargent Shriver). Eunice is, first of all, a basically sober girl, as is Jackie. Writes Joe McCarthy in his book The Remarkable Kennedy: "Eunice is the second sister of the Kennedy girls. A friend of the family recalls that in her college days she would whip out a notebook and pencil and jot down notes when a guest at the dinner table said something that interested her. She is at the same time, in contrast with this seriousness, the most casual of the girls; says a friend, ‘Every time I’ve seen Eunice at Hyannisport she’s been wearing her brothers’ sneakers.’

The two women got to know each other—really well—in Washington, back in the early ’50s, at the time of Jackie’s engagement to Jack. Jackie was working then as an inquiring photographer for the Washington Post and Times Herald. Eunice, a former social service worker in Chicago for the House of the Good Shepherd, was now working as executive secretary of the Justice Department’s juvenile delinquency section. Unmarried at the time, she lived with her bachelor Senator brother, Jack. She was the perfect person to fill Jackie in on the so-called ‘inside things’ about their brother-to-be.

‘About dinner, really make Jack happy, start with a good homemade soup. Then a roast—never overdone—and fresh vegetables in season. Perhaps, too, a potato or noodle casserole—Jack loves these.’

A thinking man forgets

‘About his absent-mindedness—don’t fret. It’s just a part of Jack. I’ve seen him leave once for the Senate in his old khaki pants. Sometimes his tie was spotted and his shirt-tail hung out. . . . He’s not being affected when he does things like this. It’s just that he has a great mind for big things, and when he’s thinking big those little things just have to be forgotten completely about the lesser things.

‘And Jackie, after you’re married, don’t be surprised if you come home from shopping some afternoon to find a delegation from Massachusetts waiting in your living room for your husband. He’s always inviting people over. Sometimes—don’t be shocked—he’ll even ask them to dinner.

‘One evening when I found him home late of an afternoon and George, his valet, tells you that Jack is down the street playing football with some of the neighborhood kids—don’t be surprised. He does that once or twice a week.’

And so it went—the sister talking to and advising the sister-in-law-to-be. And so the friendship between them grew, culminating in the following during the Presidential election campaign.

As Deane and David Heller tell it in their book, Jacqueline Kennedy: “At one particular rally in Wisconsin, it was bitter cold. There was snow all over the place. The Senator himself was late arriving. Jackie Kennedy and Jack’s sister, Eunice, had to fill in for him. There was a big crowd around but the cold made them impatient. Something had to be done in a hurry if a large part of the crowd wasn’t to melt away before Jack Kennedy arrived. So the girls and the others. They made impromptu speeches and Jackie Kennedy told the crowd: ‘I hope all of you will vote for my husband.’ It wasn’t long before she had them all in a good mood. During one lull in the long wait, Jackie called out over the microphone: ‘Doesn’t anybody want to sing or do a tap dance?’ They got a laugh. Somehow, Jackie and Eunice were nothing but a team—and kept them from leaving. When Senator Kennedy arrived, mushing through the snow, it was a very successful rally. It sure wouldn’t have been if it hadn’t been for the girls.’ The two friends.

The Kennedy Boys

Jackie reportedly was not too sure about her feelings concerning Jack’s brother Bob when she first met him. While there was no question about his being a brilliant young man, his what-seemed-to-be abnormal ebullience—“He was the one who was always instigating those touch football games Jack and has been known to say he’d made Jackie squirm on more than one occasion. Added to his own ebullience was an equally ebullient wife, the very pretty Ethel Skakel Kennedy—a champion swimmer and horsewoman before her marriage and a gal who ‘just loved that touch football’; a seemingly indefatigable gal who had borne four children at the time of this writing, and who at the age of thirty (with three more to come over the next few years); a gal whose happy household included, aside from husband and kids, assorted horses, cats, dogs, geese and even a pet seal which the family kept in a big swimming pool next to their house—and, well, let’s say that Jackie just wasn’t sure of the beginning.

But—again time has gone and with Ethel, the rapport was soon established. ‘She’s an absolutely charming girl,’ a friend of both has said, ‘and more than that, she’s a magnificent mother. Jacqueline realized these things. And the friendship has grown over the years. . . . It’s not at all uncommon today to see the two of them with the White House Bobby (now Attorney General of the United States) and Jack in the room next door talking politics, politics, politics—and their two wives, just a door away, talking children, recipes and clothes.’

With Bobby, the rapport took only slightly longer to get started; coming about, it seems, in late 1952—at the time Jack and Ethel were living in Washington. White House. Jackie, it’s said, was extremely impressed —and touched—by the devotion on the part of a kid brother who worked so hard, sweated so much, gave his all for an older brother’s success.

One night during the Senate campaign, with every available Kennedy off somewhere busy doing something or other, Bob waited for Jackie in the White House. Then, in a short notice to deliver a speech for Jack.

The speech—according to political historians the shortest on record—went: ‘My brother Jack couldn’t be here, my mother couldn’t be here, my sister Eunice couldn’t be here, my sister Pat couldn’t be here, my sister Jean couldn’t be here, but if my brother Jack was there, he’d tell you I had a very bad voting record. Now I’ve got to get back to our office. Thank you.’ Period. End of speech. ‘Jacqueline,’ says a friend, ‘tells that story often. She tells it with relish. She tells it, as far as I’m concerned, with appreciation. Yes, I think you could say she likes her brother-in-law Bob. Likes him very, very much.’

That Jackie has always liked Teddy very much, there’s little doubt. Described by James MacGregor Burns as ‘the youngest, and considered by many the brightest, and friendliest of the three boys,’ it was Ted who—in those dark days of winter, 1954-1955, when Jack lay near death following the serious spinal operations—sat with his sister-in-law in that little fourth-floor room adjoining Jack’s at the Manhattan Hospital for Special Surgery and made the long hours go by too much less desperately...

As so-called ‘family sentimentalist,’ Ted has a warehouse of family stories at his fingertips, and he went through all of them for Jackie—stories about ‘Honey Fitz’ Fitzgerald, his maternal grandfather; Patrick Kennedy, his paternal grandfather; stories about his mom and dad and when they courted; stories about old-time sports—and as Jackie once called later, ‘He even got me to laugh a little with those funny stories of his.’

The day, however, for which Jackie will never forget Teddy had nothing to do with a funny story.

The day was February 7, 1955. Doctors had just performed the second operation in Jack’s spine, and one of the doctors had suggested that a priest be called to administer last rites.

Word of this got around New York fast. And soon, reporters from every newspaper in town were at the hospital. Most of them waited in the downstairs lobby for further developments. Except for one reporter, who got into an elevator, rode up to the nurses’ floor, spotted Jackie and Teddy, dashed past, and, rushing out to Jackie, asked, ‘Mrs. Kennedy, is it true your husband’s dying?’

Jackie tried to say something. But she couldn’t talk.

‘My brother’s darn sick’

Teddy talked, though. He looked the newspaperman square in the eye and he said, ‘Look . . . my brother’s darn sick! That’s all. But he’s going to pull through. You wait and see. His name’s Jack Kennedy—Kennedy—and he’s going to pull through! You understand that? Do you understand?’

His father, a doctor who was present at the time: ‘When he was finished talking, Ted too had tears in his eyes. But he didn’t break down and bawl. Not young Kennedy. Instead he took the Senator’s wife’s hand and he began to lead her away. And as he did, she looked up at him—at this young, then very young, man. And the expression in her eyes was one of pure love. For what he had said. For what he had done. For how he had helped her, in this, her most trying hour.’

Said a friend of Jackie’s recently, recalling the same incident: ‘When she told me about it, years later, I said to Jacqueline, ‘Ted certainly sounds like a pretty wonderful boy.’ She said to me, ‘Why shouldn’t he be? He comes from a pretty wonderful family.’ . . .’

—Ed DeBlasio
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POST GRADUATE SCHOOL OF NURSING
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Poor Liz—she can't even trust her butler to be discreet! He sounds like more of a character than Liz and Eddie put together. This is another case where the butler did it—and shouldn't have.

A.R.
Buffalo, N.Y.

What a lovely family shot of Grace Kelly and her children. Why did she ever consider returning to movies? She has everything right at home in Monaco.

B.K.
Chicago, Ill.

What's Natalie Wood trying to do—become another Liz Taylor? As for Warren Beatty—I think he's seen too many Jimmy Dean films.

C.I.
Des Moines, la.

OPEN LETTER TO KILDARE/CASEY FANS

Our secretary has finally been found prostrate beneath the tons of ballots for our Doctor poll. When we revived her, she told us BEN CASEY was the winner. We wanted to call a doctor—but she said no; screaming that if she has to do one more thing to do with doctors, she'll pledge allegiance to Richard Burton!

PLEASE TELL US

How old is Marlene Dietrich? I can't believe she is over 50.

Ruth Wall
Los Angeles, Calif.

Marlene was born in Berlin, Germany on December 27, 1904.—Ed.

Is Anna Maria Alberghetti going to make any more movies? Please tell me a little about her.

G.L.
Huntington, N.Y.

Anna Maria just ended her successful run in “Carnival,” and plans to do a movie soon. She was born in Pesaro, Italy on May 15, 1936 and made her film debut in 1951.—Ed.

What's happened to Lauren Bacall?

Gloria Winters
New York City

Lauren is too busy these days caring for her new son to think about returning to films. She is happily wed to Jason Robards, Jr. who is taking care of the family career.—Ed. (Continued on page 6)
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FRED ROBBINS interviews MAX SCHELL

Fred: Tell me, Max, how come the Schell family is so talented?
Max: You have to ask the Lord.
Fred: Is there much competition between you and your sister, Maria?
Max: Well, there is enough ego in every actor to have a competitive feeling, but we overcame it quickly. When I got the Oscar, Maria called me from Europe to express her joy; and when I'm in Europe, I see her almost every day. She's really my best friend. I know some people try to start a kind of competition between us—but it is really not true at all. I also have another sister who is a fine actress. And my brother Carl has the most talent of all but hasn't had the chance yet to show it.
Fred: Are your folks actors?
Max: My mother is an actress, my father is a playwright. My grandfathers were musicians. But otherwise my mother's family was an officer family; my father's family were Swiss farmers.
Fred: Did you ever want to be anything but an actor?
Max: Oh, yes. I wanted to become a pianist, once. Then I wanted to study the history of art. I wanted to paint.
Fred: How do you feel about your award?
Max: I think it is a wonderful tribute and I'm glad I got it, but I don't believe in "best performances." You should see maybe all the actors doing the same part and then you could say one is best—but even then it would be a matter of judgment. So I'm glad this award says I did a good job.
Fred: What about your private life?
Max: I keep my private life strictly for myself. I don't think it's anyone's business to see what I do in my four walls. An actor's work should be exposed to the public—but he must keep his private life private. This is very important because from his private life he takes his work, so if people are smart, they can see from his work what he's like in private.


Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work, heat, or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement. It's the kind that comes at moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. Doctors say that this "sex perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and this is the kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "sex perspiration"?
A. Science says you need a deodorant specifically formulated to overcome offensive "sex perspiration" odor. And now it's here ... ARRID CREAM with exclusive Perstop*. Perstop* makes ARRID so effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?
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GO OUT TO A MOVIE
by JANET GRAVES

HATARI!
Paramount; Technicolor; Producer-Director, Howard Hawks (Family)

who’s IN IT? John Wayne, Red Buttons, Elsa Martinelli, Michele Girardon.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Men (and two girls) of various nations work together to capture African wild animals for zoos.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? A take-the-whole-family film that’s sure to keep every member happy. Romantic love and rivalry, action and hatari (Swahili for “danger”) are neatly woven together throughout. But it’s all done with rollicking amusement, as much fun as the treeful of monkeys that Red captures with rocketry!

THE INTERNS
Columbia; Director, David Swift; Producer, Robert Cohn (Adult)

who’s IN IT? Cliff Robertson, James MacArthur, Suzy Parker, Michael Callan.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Problems of love, sex and ethics confront future Caseys and Kildares as they finish training.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Here at last is a movie that moves fast, wasting not a second between one sure-fire crisis and the next. The overload of drama may not be realistic, but it’s absorbing. While the cast includes too many able young players to list here, a lot of the scenes are a bit too frank for the younger moviegoer.

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Director, Martin Ritt; Producer, Jerry Wald (Adult)

who’s IN IT? Richard Beymer, Arthur Kennedy, Jessica Tandy, Susan Strasberg.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Eager to see life, a Michigan boy roams from hobo jungles to New York to Italy of World War I.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Maybe it seemed a good idea to patch together from Ernest Hemingway stories a fictitious narrative that suggests his own youth. But this shapeless, overlong picture is certainly not in the late writer’s style. It’s well acted, with top players in brief roles, like Paul Newman’s punch-drunk ex-champ.

MY GEISHA
Paramount; Technicolor, Technascope; Director, Jack Cardiff; Producer, Steve Parker (Family)

who’s IN IT? Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand, Robert Cummings.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Masquerading as a Japanese to win a role, a Hollywood star fools her director-husband.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Shirley’s a doll in her geisha get-up, and her mad scheme provides a few gentle chuckles, with Yves and Robert as her foils. But the movie loses its way, wandering from a farcical premise into a serious and slow finale. At least it’s lovely to look at; Shirley’s own producer-husband knows Japan.

BIRD MAN OF ALCATRAZ
U.A.; Director, John Frankenheimer; Producers, Stuart Millar, Guy Trosper (Family)

who’s IN IT? Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden, Thelma Ritter, Neville Brand.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? True story of a lifer who becomes an expert scientist and a changed man through raising canaries.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Presented with the deepest compassion, with ironic humor and often with notable skill, this prison film tries to cover too much ground. It goes into detail on a special case, then questions the whole penal system. We came out feeling as if we’d been doing a long stretch, too. (Continued on page 10)
Don't choose this suit—until you see the 164 other wonderful ways you can look this fall!

You may still like this suit best. But it has a lot of lovely competition inside the new Simplicity Magazine: exciting colors and fabrics, holiday party clothes, back-to-school clothes, ALL THE NEW FASHION LOOKS FOR FALL AND WINTER. Find out what's happening with the waistline, with ruffles, with newly invented stretch fabrics and laminates, plus much, much more. Simplicity's almost 200 pages are packed with dramatic full-color photographs of distinctive, wearable, up-to-the-minute clothes. What's more, you can put your own price tag on every page, be as economical or extravagant as you please. Everything in Simplicity Magazine is yours for the making!

Simplicity the fashion magazine for women who sew

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THE PIGEON THAT TOOK ROME
Paramount; Producer-Director, Melville Shavelson (Adult)

who's in it? Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinielli, Harry Guardino, Baccaloni.
what's it about? Two confused American spies get together with a warm-hearted Italian family in Nazi Rome.
what's the verdict? Satisfying, good-natured comedy that finds an amazing lot of laughs in unfunny territory. It's refreshing to see Heston lose his dignity, especially with such a pert team-mate as Elsa. The film's best line goes to his GI partner, Guardino, as broad-minded fiancé of the youthful Gabriella Pallotta.

MERRILL'S MARAUDERS
Warner, Technicolor; Director, Samuel Fuller; Producer, Milton Sperling (Family)

who's in it? Jeff Chandler, Ty Hardin, Peter Brown, Will Hutchins.
what's it about? World War II battles in Burma push small American forces beyond supposed limits of endurance.
what's the verdict? Straightforward account of a bitter campaign, combining more effective action with touching personal moments. Made some time ago, the picture gives the late Jeff Chandler a suitably impressive farewell role. Small parts played by Peter, Will and others occasionally rise above movie stereotypes.

TALES OF TERROR
American International; Panavision, Eastman Color; Producer-Director, Roger Corman (Adult)

who's in it? Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Debra Paget, Basil Rathbone.
what's the verdict? Three shapes of evil from Edgar Allan Poe stories: a ghost, a drunkard, a hypnotist.
what's the verdict? Price, whose luxurious acting style matches Poe's lush prose, has a high old time with his assorted roles in this trio of horror yarns. His caper with Lorre is the stand-out, though its grisly humor is strictly the movie-makers' doing. The other tales are true to the old master: enjoyably gloomy.

PANIC IN YEAR ZERO!
American International; Director, Ray Milland; Producers, Lou Rusof, Arnold Houghland (Adult)

who's in it? Ray Milland, Frankie Avalon, Jean Hagen, Mary Mitchel.
what's it about? Hiding in Southern California hills after a nuclear attack, a typical family fights for survival.
what's the verdict? By playing up human reactions instead of mere spectacle, this unpretentious film achieves a manner of frightening realism. It isn't just melodrama; even nice-kid Frankie is alarmingly eager to shuck off civilization. Violent as the story is, it may be optimistic in its guess at super-bomb damage.

THE SPIRAL ROAD
U-I, Eastman Color; Director, Robert Mulligan; Producer, Robert Arthur (Family)

who's in it? Rock Hudson, Gena Rowlands, Burl Ives, Geoffrey Keen.
what's it about? Terror in an East Indies jungle tests a dedicated but too self-sufficient young doctor.
what's the verdict? Mixing the color and suspense of adventure with the uplift of a religious theme, it provides more spectacular entertainment than TV's medico cycle can afford. While Gena and Burl do justice to sympathetic characters, Rock stays on top with the most emotional assignment he's tackled so far.

LOLITA
M-G-M; Director, Stanley Kubrick; Producer, James B. Harris (Adult)

who's in it? James Mason, Sue Lyon, Shelley Winters, Peter Sellers.
what's the verdict? A middle-aged professor is overcome by his infatuation with a shallow teenaged girl.
what's the verdict? Strangely fascinating sex drama, with the strong performances you'd expect of the adult stars—and an equally fine job by enticing young Sue. In adapting his own novel, Vladimir Nabokov has cut out its repellent aspects, but kept its haunting tragicomic spirit. Kubrick's direction is sharply original.
Exciting hair color discovery showers your hair with sparkling lights!

If your hair is untouched by gray, you're in luck. Clairol has developed a new kind of hair color dazzle that does things for you it can't do for other women! Remember how your hair looks in sunshine—or twinkling with sparkling lights? That's the look! This utterly new, long-lasting hair color lotion is called Sparkling Color, and there is nothing like it in this world. No dye, no bleach, no "all-purpose" rinse that pretends to work both on gray and non-gray hair, can do for you what Sparkling Color can do. It gives you what you really want: new life, new glamour, new sparkle—plus a glow of fresh color only subtly richer than your own.

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I barged down the Nile in my *maidenform* bra

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The Clan that Frank Sinatra of Hoboken indignantly denies "ever existed" is threatened by a brazen new clan of Easterners. Its leaders are Eddie Fisher of Philly; Bo Belinsky of Trenton and this fugitive from Broadway. The trio not only invaded the Frankee-Deano-Sammy, Jr.-Joey-Peter Hollywood Fort—but also abducted their jilted (Continued on page 83)
The shrill brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
SOPHIA FACES FIVE YEARS IN JAIL

continued

all right. Wilson asks her reactions to the bigamy charges. "I hadn't heard about it," she says. "... of course, it's not a nice thing... but I am guilty with him if he is guilty. Whatever happens, it makes no difference."

Carlo takes the phone and he and Sophia discuss many things, including the possibility of "changing" notoriety to escape jail if convicted of the bigamy charges.

Carlo turns to Wilson but still speaks into the mouthpiece so that Sophia can also hear him. "I'd even be willing to become a Russian to stay with Sophia."

Sophia's own words come back clear and quick. "Even if I become a Japanese, I'd still feel I was a Neapolitan."

The scene is the ceremony half of the booth to allow the Pontis the privacy of husband-wife talk. Through the glass, the pudgy, bald-headed man can be seen listening to what Sophia is saying. When he hangs up the receiver he is smiling.

But in the Million hotel room, Sophia is not smiling as she slips the telephone back into its cradle. Tears creep down her cheeks. She thrusts her long fingers into her reddish-brown hair as if to yank out it by the roots. She stores with hatred at the ugly phone.

Once, long ago, before she and Carlo were married, when she knew nothing about art and literature and music—and yearned to know everything—they had gone to an exhibition of Dali paintings. In many of the pictures the main object was a telephone. When she asked Carlo why the artist had put phones in so many canvases, he said something about "obsessive symbol" and that Dali probably had nightmares in which telephone cords were strangling him.

Sophia hadn't quite understood what an "obsessive symbol" was, but she'd laughed out loud at the thought of anyone being afraid of a telephone. But now she knew! Ever since a month before last Christmas, she knew deep in her body where all true knowledge lies.

Brrrrrrrring. It is October, and she is on the floor of a room in Rome, surrounded by one hundred red roses. It is her twenty-seventh birthday. The roses are o present from Carlo, the sapphire-and-diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand is a present from Carlo, too, the same—what's probably Carlo at the end of the line.

She rises gracefully to her feet and moves across the room, her figure molded into the simple red dress that coresses it. The corners of her vivid, red-pointed lips curl upward in a smile, exposing her white, spade-shaped teeth, as she listens.

A second goes by, two seconds. The corners of her lips droop slowly, closing a curtain over her smile. Later, when she walks back across the room, her body fights with her dress as if it were about to explode. Suddenly, her feet ore too big, her nose is too long, her mouth is too large, her forehead is too low, her hands ore too huge, her figure is too cumbersome. And when she speaks at last, her voice shad the tears she keeps from her eyes.

"Today, Carlo and I ore no longer married," she says, and twists the sapphire-and-diamond ring until her ring-finger drains white. "We live together, of course, but we are not married. We bad to—we had to annul our marriage, because Italian law does not recognize Carlo's Mexican divorce from his first wife—and therefore, in Italian eyes, we were bigamously married."

She twists the ring around from the inside of her finger to the outside so that it is right in place where a wedding ring—if it were a wedding ring—should be. "It is a nuisance," she continues, "but it does not worry me too much. I feel—married—that is the important thing. Only in one respect is it frustrating. I want to have a child. Not being legally married makes it complicated. Carlo would have to get his first wife's permission to pass on his name to our child. I do not want to start a child with paper-work."

No one questions Sophia as to whether the annulment has really gone through or not. No one asks her why the news hasn't been released to the newspapers. It is her birthday, and soon it will be Christmas; it just isn't the time to ask a woman who is trying to adjust to not being married whether she might actually still be married after all—and therefore still vulnerable to prosecution for consorting with a bigamist. Or, worse, to point out that if, in fact, the annulment has gone through and she continues to live with Carlo (as she insists she will!), that she will be branded, if not prosecuted, as an adulteress. . . .

Brrrrrrring. Just before New Year's. The phone shrills. A lawyer's voice on the other end. Cool, precise. There's been a legal set-back. The annulment has been held up. Yes, she's still married to Ponti. No, there's no guarantee the problem can be settled... .

Brrrrring. It's long. Sophia is in the United States to receive the New York Film Critics Award for her performance as the anguish-mother in "Two Women." A happy occasion. A triumphal moment. But after the ceremony she is called to the telephone and told that Italian authorities have formally requested that she and her husband be brought to trial for bigamy. Because Italy does not recognize the Mexican divorce granted to Ponti, in 1957, from her first wife, Giuliana Fiastrri.

When she was presented the Film Critics Award, Sophia had said to me, "I still can't believe it is being given to me." Now, after the phone call, she broke down and called the action of the Roman prosecutor the "most terrible thing that ever happened to me." "I love Carlo," she told me. "We would like to have a normal married life, I would like to have children. But this can not happen yet with this action. Whatever happens, I will remain married to my husband."

Later she added, "I feel at home with Carlo. It's not important to marry a handsome man. . . . If you could see Carlo in my eyes, you would find him the Prince Charming... ."

Brrrrring. It's March. Almost time for the wedding. The marriage of Sophia's sister Maria Scicolone to Ramo Mussolini, son of former Italian dictator Benito Mussolini. Sophia is bubbling with excitement. Her only sister is getting married. And when she and Carlo watch Maria and Ramo at the altar of the coronation-decked Church of St. Anthony, it will be almost as if the two of
them, rather than the youngsters, are wed.

And it won't be cold and remote like her actual marriage to Carlo had been, back in September, 1957—when lawyers stood in for them at a proxy ceremony in Mexico. She had been in Hollywood and Carlo in Italy, while two men in Mexico mumbled the words that made Carlo Ponti and Sophia Loren man and wife. And the man and wife then had to be notified by phone that the marriage had taken place.

But now, in the Church of Predappio, it would be different. As the priest said the sacred words for Romano and Maria, in Sophia's heart, and Carlo's, he'd be saying the words for them, too.

Brrrrrrrr-ing. She lifts the receiver. No need to be afraid. Everything that could go wrong had already gone wrong. Donna Rachele Mussolini, Benito's widow, had originally opposed the marriage by saying her son would never marry a "nothing girl" who is "only the sister of her sister, and we all know what her sister is." But Romano's mother finally had been won over. Then, there had been the danger that the authorizes might come to the wedding in order to serve a warrant on Maria. But Romano had said, "I have only one sister and I intend to be there for the wedding." Also, she'd balked at the original plan of holding the ceremony on February 11th, the 33rd anniversary of the signing of the Lateran Treaty by Mussolini with the Vatican. She was afraid the dead dictator's fanatical followers might attempt to turn the occasion into a Fascist celebration and spoil her sister's wedding day. So she had insisted on changing to another date, and at last Donna Rachele had agreed.

Now, into the telephone, Sophia says, "Yes, sir, I understand." Then hangs up and backs away as if from a poisonous snake. That call—it was to say there'd been a church ruling. Carlo will not be able to give the bride in marriage as her court will not be permitted even to be present in the church. Because his previous marriage had ended in a foreign divorce. So now she must be at her sister's wedding without Carlo. And the lovely words will not be for them, after all.

Even at the ceremony, everything goes wrong. Msgr. Giuseppe Banacelii, the presiding bishop, can't get into the church for twenty minutes because a crowd of 6,000 persons is milling outside. When he finally squeezes through, he refuses to start until the photographers leave the altar and the front of the church.

As Romans waits for Maria to come down the aisle, he suddenly turns pale, sways back and forth and begins to fall. His two witnesses grab him and drag him into the adjoining parish hall, where a doctor gives him an injection. Then he returns to his place at the altar.

After the hour-long nuptial Mass, the entire crowd of 6,000 friends, photographers, neo-Fascists, film fans, Communist villagers and old-time Black Shirts in the church surge forward to congratulate Maria. Now it is the bride's turn to faint. Romano sweeps her up in his arms, trying not to crush her white satin gown, and carries her to the parish hall, where she lies down in white veil streaming out behind her. There she is revived.

The crowd follows. Mobs of screaming people crash through 400 police guards and into the parish hall where the reception is being held. Sophia, along with the bridal couple and Donna Rachele, manage to escape through the kitchen door.

Romano and Maria speed off to their honeymoon, while Sophia's chauffeur-driven, silver Rolls-Royce heads towards the Rome airport where she will board a plane for Paris. About nine miles from Predappio, the Rolls-Royce tries to pass a Fiat going in the same direction. The Fiats sideswiping one another, the Fiat swerves and crashes into a motor scooter. Both cars grind to a stop—but it is too late. The driver of the scooter, a school teacher, lies dead in the road.

Brrrrrrrr-ing. It's April, 6:30 in the morning. Sophia, in green pajamas, has been awake the long night. With her left hand she grinds her cigarette into an overflowing ashtray; with her right hand she holds the phone so that Carlo can listen in, too.

In perfect synchronization, operators on both sides of the Atlantic—in Hollywood and in Rome—chime, "Congratulations, Sophia—Auguri, Sophia." She's won an Oscar! An Academy award for her great role in "Two Women."

"Mamma mia, mamma mia, mamma mia bello! Ho vinto!" (Dear me, dear me, oh beautiful! I've won!) She screams her joy! Then kicks off her slippers and pirouettes madly around the living room. "If I don't die of heart failure now, I never will," she cries. "I feel just like a merry-go-round, I can't tell you how happy I am."

Now she kisses Carlo and murmurs in his ear, "Melanzano Parmigiano" (my little eggplant), her favorite pet-name for him.

For hours the phone rings—calls from Hollywood, New York, Naples, Paris. And Sophia says "Grazie, grazie." (Thank you, thank you) over and over again.

The telephone—it's not ugly, it's bello—beautiful! She's been silly, it's nothing to be frightened of.

Another call—this time a suggestion: her Oscar victory should be suitably celebrated with an appropriate black-tie ceremony. Nothing for her to do but to show up at the affair; the committee would take care of all details—invitations, press coverage—everything. With tears of gratitude, Sophia whispers into the phone, "Grazie..."

Brrrrrrrr-ing. Miss Loren, this is Pietro Nenni's secretary. Signor Nenni regrets that because of a previous engagement he is unable to come to the reception. (Nenni, a Left Wing Socialist leader, is reportedly unhappy Sophia's sister wed Mussolini's son.)

Brrrrrrrr-ing. Miss Loren, this is the secretary of Entertainment Minister Alberto Falchini. His Excellency regrets that a bad cold will keep him from attending.

Brrrrrrrr-ing. Miss Loren, this is the secretary of... Brrrrrrrr-ing. Miss Loren, this is the secretary of... Brrrrrrrr-ing. Miss Loren, this is the secretary of... Brrrrrrrr-ing. Miss Loren, this is the secretary of... Brrrrrrrr-ing. Miss Loren, this is the secretary of... Brrrrrrrr-ing. Miss Loren, this is the secretary of...

The official reception is cancelled. Instead, a small party is held at Sophia's apartment. There, she says pensively, "It's not that I expected a state reception type of ceremony. After all, I am a simple girl. But still, I had hoped to be honored—not so much as an actress—as an Italian receiving such a high international prize."

Brrrrrrrr-ing. In June comes Carlo's upsetting call from New York.

All summer long Sophia waits in dread for that one phone call which will definitely set the date when she and her husband must stand trial. (Continued on page 36)
Chris Bergen (above) seven-month-old son of Frances and Edgar, stole the show from Papa and Jack Benny at his christening in Hollywood. The picture's so adorable I thought you'd like to get a look at it.

And guess who's got a crush on Candy Bergen? Doris Day's twenty-year-old son Terry, who's now doing recordings.

Desi Arnaz bought his nine-year-old son a racer that goes fifty miles an hour. Lucy is worried, and I don't blame her.

Sammy Davis finally explained all those stories that insist he and Frank Sinatra are no longer friendly. Said Sammy: "Everything's fine. It's just that I'm married and can no longer hang out all night—or meet people at three in the morning. Frank understands."

Lucille Ball not only stole Bob Hope's writers but all his jokes at the surprise birthday party Jack Warner gave him. Among other things she said: "I've been a fan of Bob's ever since my mother took me to see his first picture. He comes from a close family, five brothers, one sister and four press agents. He's the only man who used idiot cards on his honeymoon." It left Hope speechless. But not for long. He was the main speaker at Georgetown University's commencement exercises. His son Tony graduated—and the University gave Bob an honorary degree. Quipped Bob: "I feel as out of place as President Kennedy at a meeting of the American Medical Association." When students saw him they all yelled, "Hi, Ski Nose!" It was one of the most rollicking graduation ceremonies in memory. His advice to young people going into the world: "Don't go!"

The story behind Marilyn Monroe's ouster from "Something's Got To Give" isn't pretty, and those in the know believe it could be the end of her career. The studio gave in to her every demand, but she continued delaying tactics until there was no tomorrow. Something is radically wrong with a girl who makes personal appearances everywhere except on the set.

The mourners have been converging to console Marilyn. Mexican adorer José Bolanos arrived from south of the border. Her psychiatrist came from New York. Joe DiMaggio came to town, too. Paula Strasberg took off for New York. She needed consoling herself—she lost her $2,500-a-week-job as La Monroe's drama coach.

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Tony, who got engaged about a week after graduation, will go to Harvard Law School in Boston this September. He, like all Hope's children, is a delight. Bob and Dolores Hope are fine and successful parents.

Debbie Reynolds says, “I don't know about anybody else—but I'm tired.” It was April, 1961 when she started “How The West Was Won,” and she finally finished that film (plus two others plus running the Thalian Circus benefit) by the middle of June, 1962. Now she'll have her baby in September, and won't do a thing till March, 1963.

That six-year friendship between Gardner McKay and Dolores Hawkins got out of hand when it was printed that he was following her all over the country. From what I hear, it was the other way around. Dolores, who came here for the summer, said she was waiting around to have a tooth straightened. She took all of Gardner's appointments at his dentist. When McKay heard that, he joined the crew of the Jubilee and took off post haste for the Bermuda yacht races.

Well, Maximilian Schell couldn't make up his mind, so Nancy Kwan married handsome Peter Poch, a ski instructor, in London. Title of Max's latest picture is “The Reluctant Saint”—well, it's half right anyway.

Cheryl Crane, Lana Turner's daughter, now lives with her grandmother, but she may be moving back in with Mama. The rumors say Lana and Fred May have called it a day. I also heard she has a new interest.

Everybody's predicting that Richard Burton will return to his wife, as though he was doing her a big favor. Well, who'd want him? I remember the time when he was being interviewed while one of the chorus girls from the Copa held his hand, and he had the nerve to say how much he loved his wife and nothing would separate him from his children. The Copa cutie laughed right out loud.

Liz Taylor's antics have shocked the world. But from the time she was a child she's had everything she wanted. In fact, it was given her before she asked for it. She's been used by one man after another for publicity. Being seen with the world's greatest beauty and number one star did the fellows no harm. Burton's never had so many offers before—nor has Eddie.

That's Joan Crawford (above) eating her fan! She was attending a bullfight, but it got so gory she couldn't stand to watch! Joan will be a familiar face around our town again—she's co-starring with Bette Davis in a new moving picture.

When Frank Sinatra (above) finished up his round-the-world tour for children's charities, he found a new dinner companion with a long, inquisitive nose!

Well, Natalie and Warren (above) are back in town. Now we start playing the will-they-or-won't-they guessing game again. (Please turn the page)
UNDER HEDDA'S HAT

continued

For the past two years Tuesday Weld and Gary Lockwood have been on-again-off-again so many times, it's hard to keep score. I wish they'd make a final decision, don't you?

Dean Martin, playing a noble knight of olde, is a little out of character. There are those who say walking out on the picture after Marilyn got the boot was not exactly his idea. He sure drew fire from the unions. They didn't like the idea of his closing down a picture and throwing 104 assistants out of jobs. Martin had plenty to lose ($350,000 plus seven-and-a-half percent of the gross)—so don't be surprised if there are more fireworks before the film is forgotten.

When Glenn Ford left Hollywood for a picture abroad with Hope Lange, he was mad for Connie Stevens and vice-versa, but absence didn't make his heart grow fonder. The reason Connie didn't hear from him was that he was busy taking Hope out after working hours.

They showed up at the gala supper party Prince Rainier and Grace put on for Frank Sinatra, after he performed in Monaco. Grace and Frank have been close friends ever since they appeared together in "High Society."

In London, Princess Margaret and her Tony attended the party Frank gave after his concert. Margaret begged to be excused at 2:30 A.M. Her sister was celebrating her birthday next day and Margaret had to look her sparkling best.

Prince Philip and Judy Garland were born on the same day. Judy's forty; he's forty-one. She cut her birthday cake on the set of "Lonely Stage" with the producer, cast and crew and her three children. Sid Luft wasn't invited. While Judy is making the picture in London, Sid lives at a luxury hotel and sends a daily message to Judy: "Just to remind you that I'll be at the Carlton Towers when you collapse."

Since Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy are happily married, it can now be told that the late Aly Khan's brother Sadri was once madly in love with her. But it came too late. She was already in love with Cassidy.

Dolores Hart is a girl of great independence and says: "Romance is wonderful when it's genuine, but the phony kind dreamed up by some press agent leaves me ill. When I marry it will be because I chose the man—and nobody else." She inherited that independence from her grandfather Caspar Bowen who, because of a dare, jumped over a fence on his 85th birthday. He won the bet but died two days later.

Even though Janet Leigh has filed for divorce, some feel she and Tony Curtis will reconcile. I don't think so. 'Tis said that Jorge Guinle, Brazilian millionaire, was dating Janet—also Arthur Loew, Jr. Heck, those are old standbys; more like brothers than husbands-to-be.

Whatever happened to that marriage between Rod Taylor and Anita Ekberg? He's been seeing a lot of Rhonda Fleming. (Continued on page 22)
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just be a blonde and see—a Lady Clairol blonde with silky, shining hair. Suddenly, you'll know why music swings for blondes. Trumpets sing for blondes. Men adore you, do more for you, weddings ring for blondes. So switch to bewitch. With Ultra-Blue* Lady Clairol it's a breeze. So quick and easy. Why it takes only minutes! Ultra-Blue is the gentler, quicker, creamier hair lightener that feels deliciously cool going on... leaves hair in wonderful condition, softer-toned, dreamy. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? You could be enjoying every beautiful blonde advantage right now! Try Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol. You’ll love it. The original Whipped Creme and Instant Whip® Lady Clairol also available.
children. But her romance with Andreas Voutsinos seems to be going great guns. If she's in the mood, he would be her choice. He's also her drama coach, but couldn't accompany her to Greece for her picture. If he had, he'd have been drafted into the Greek Army. But she visited his parents in Athens while he waited for her in London.

Perhaps he can convince Jane that marriage isn't for the birds. He feels she's ring shy because of all the divorces right in her own family.

Mrs. Rex Harrison has this to say about her husband: "He's a misunderstood man." And I should think he's an unhappy one, too. You wouldn't know he's in "Cleopatra."

Burt Lancaster's shack in Palermo, Italy, is better than Liz' pad in Rome. He has only eight drawing rooms, five kitchens and a score of bedrooms. His friends wouldn't recognize this new setup. He always lived modestly here in Hollywood.

How come Marlon Brando's pictures have never been shown in Russia? His reason for wanting to take his vacation there is because "nobody would know me." If he keeps fooling around with that axe (he almost sliced off a toe) nobody here will know him either. And he'd hate that.

It's dangerous for Vince Edwards to make personal appearances. His car had to be removed from a parade in Indianapolis before the finish. Little girls and stylish women were throwing themselves at the convertible. Finally, when a little girl was hit by a motorcycle, parade officials steered Vince's auto out of the parade lineup.

Ava Gardner must be serious about her comeback. She spent time getting her figure streamlined and her beautiful face in shape for "55 Days At Peking." Being a gypsy must get boring after a while. Besides, the picture will be shot in Spain.

Who's designing those breakaway evening gowns for Jayne Mansfield? One fell apart in the right places while she was dancing in a Rome cafe with Mickey Hargitay, and the carabinieri practically had to club the rioters into submission.

Edward G. Robinson (above) really frightened his friends when he had his heart attack in far-off Africa. His famous quote: "I'll be back on the set tomorrow." (Continued on page 24)
Now—from Scott Paper Company

A NEW ACHIEVEMENT IN SANITARY PROTECTION!

Confidets
the only sanitary napkin with true anatomical shape and accident-proof inner shield...for the greatest comfort and protection you’ve ever known!

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

1. Only true anatomical shape. Confidets® are the only sanitary napkin fully tapered and shaped to fit body contours. Wide in front for more protection—narrow in back for greater comfort—don’t bunch or bulge. Confidets can be worn with any standard belt... fasten easily, fit securely.

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

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

4. Only multi-layer filler with this unique arrangement. It holds 8 times its weight in moisture as proved by laboratory tests. The pure, fine quality materials absorb at maximum speed. You’re blissfully secure with Confidets!

5. Exclusive ultra soft-strength cover. Only Confidets has a cover so comfortably soft against the skin yet has so much flexible strength in use. Try Confidets—developed and patented by Scott Paper Company.
Go from nearly blonde to clearly blonde...without artificial coloring!

Light and Bright uncovers a blondeness that's all your own—the brightness of your hair before time darkened its beauty. That's why it can't wash out or fade—like a made-up shade. Why its radiance has a natural, individual look that no artificial coloring can match. And you control the color—lighten your hair to just the shade of blondeness most flattering to you. Gentle-acting Light and Bright contains an exclusive cream conditioner. And it is one-step easy. You just apply and comb through... $1.50 plus tax.

UNDER HEDDA'S HAT

continued

George Maharis fans have a treat in store when they hear him sing. He has a charming voice, but he needs Roger Edens to coach him in song styling.

Joan Blondell, who went to the Golden Door to streamline her figure, said her two pug dogs lost as much as she did. They sure missed mother's cooking. Joan's working for her ex-husband Dick Powell in one of his TV shows. They're still pals!

Eddie Fisher’s closing night at Cocoanut Grove was a lulu. Bo Belinsky and that nice Dean Chance, a couple of big-time baseball players, helped Fisher celebrate. Later Belinsky, who had to pitch next day, got himself in a little slugging match with a woman. The Angels' manager fined each of the boys $250. When Fisher heard about it he said: “I'm shocked. Somebody should take Bo aside and give him some advice.” But that wasn't his only joke—he's got a million of 'em. He introduced Juliet Prowse, whom he was romancing, but claimed he was just baby-sitting her for Frank Sinatra. Mike Wilding was there also, and Eddie introduced him as “related to me by marriage.” Has good taste gone entirely out of our lives? I'm not one who has jumped on the bandwagon for Fisher. I think he got just what he deserved. And all this hoopla over him is not going to change my opinion, and what's more—I told him so.

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month.
HEARTBREAK OVER TODD!

For this Photoplay Exclusive, please turn the page
DEBBIE & EDDIE FIGHT OVER SON’S RELIGION!

The lowest point in Eddie Fisher’s life? The one awful moment, among all those hundreds of thousands of miserable moments, when his feet scraped bottom and his heart cried out, “Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me!”? Some people would say that this moment occurred as he boarded the plane which was to take him away from Rome, away from Elizabeth, away from love. Other people would say that this moment took place when, in the midst of a press conference at which he was reassuring the newsmen (and himself!) that everything was all right back in Italy, that he and Elizabeth were still very much in love, that he was only in the United States on business—right then, almost in the middle of an “everything is all right, honest” kind of sentence, he’d been called to the phone. A long-distance call. From Rome. It was a few minutes later, some people claim, that he touched bottom—the very bottom, as he returned ashen-faced to the conference and his lips mouthing assurances which his eyes denied.

Two moments of misery, two choices, and yet neither, probably, represents Eddie Fisher’s dark night of the soul, his minute of complete and helpless despair. That moment, surprisingly enough, didn’t involve Liz Taylor at all. No, it concerned his children, six-year-old Carrie and four-year-old Todd—especially Todd. And it involved their mother, Debbie Reynolds, Eddie’s ex-wife. Again, the incident featured a phone call; and again, after the call was completed, Eddie was ashen-faced: an expression compounded of grief, frustration and fear. The kind of look a man gets on his face only once or twice in his whole life—times when he hears disturbing news about his only son, for example.

His son—it had been towards Todd, his son, and Carrie, his daughter, that his thoughts had turned immediately after he received his message of rejection from Liz. He’d blurted out to the newsmen in New York, “I gotta see my kids—they gotta see me,” and then he’d flown out to the Coast to be with them. The reunion with his kids—it just had to be perfect. Nothing must go wrong. The kids, Todd and Carrie, what else did a guy have to live for?

So he made his plans carefully, as carefully as a director sets up an important scene in a picture. The setting had to be just right, so he rented a secluded estate in Beverly Hills—where he and the kids could be alone, with no strangers poking around. A place just for Carrie and Todd and himself, where they could romp around and play and get to know each other all over again. Privacy for love to flourish, for Eddie had learned the hard, hard way that only fishes can preserve love in a goldfish bowl when the whole world is standing by and peeking in.

The reunion was private and it was perfect. A little girl’s face peering up at his and saying softly, “I love you, Dad—dy,” and a little boy slipping a tiny hand in his father’s big one and clutching it ever-so-tightly. Then they hugged and kissed and climbed all over him.

That’s the beginning. The ice is broken and now warmth and love envelop the three of them. They play hide-and-seek on the lawn outside the big house. They splash in the pool (so like the pool next to the Villa back in Rome). They lie in the sun: Eddie reads to Carrie, and then Carrie reads to Eddie. Suddenly, Carrie is up on her feet and away like the wind, exploring every nook and cranny of her daddy’s new house. Soon, however, she is back, bringing with her a present for her father—a picture of a flag she drew in school for Flag Day. Now she chatters about school and boy friends and girl friends. Eddie listens and smiles. Todd watches his father watching his sister, and he smiles, too, and his face—at that moment—is the exact image of Eddie’s.

It’s snack time. Lots of bing cherries for Carrie. Lots of fresh pineapple slices for Todd. Milk for all. And lots and lots and lots of love.

Too soon, it’s time to say goodbye. Four chubby arms wrap around Eddie’s neck, and he squeezes Todd and Carrie hard as if he’ll never let them go. But he has to release them; and until the next time they meet he must be content with only a large photograph of Carrie and Todd, on which they carefully printed their names in large letters—a present
Has Debbie broken her most sacred promise to Eddie?

y they had wrapped themselves and given to him on Father's Day.

Until the next time... and miraculously, so it seems to Eddie for whom the past is a bad memory and the future an unfathomable blank, there is a next time, and a next time, and a next time. And it is during one of these “next times,” when he and his children are caught in a sudden light rainstorm, that he talks to both about nature—and about God. It’s not easy for a father to discuss these things with young children, and for Eddie, who had been separated from his son and daughter so long, it was certainly doubly difficult at first. But not for long: Carrie’s responses to what he was saying were amazingly perceptive. Not that he shouldn’t have expected this from his daughter, whom he calls the “Why?” girl because of her curiosity and responsiveness. But Todd, the quiet one, the observer—his reactions to what his father was saying were nothing short of astounding.

At that moment Eddie definitely made a mental note to discuss with Debbie their religious training as soon as possible. And as he watched his young son gazing up at him in awe and wonderment, he must have done something else, too. He must have pictured himself taking Todd to his temple in Hollywood, where the youngster could learn through pictures and stories the ageless lessons of the Old Testament. He must have pictured himself (Continued on page 77)

TOWN WITH PITY

Here's an intimate look at the world of Eddie Fisher by some people who knew him when he was a boy in Philadelphia.

The assignment: Go to South Philadelphia — Eddie Fisher’s home town—and find out what old friends there think about his current plight. He’s being ridiculed from all sides now. The whole world seems to be laughing at him. Examples from today’s newspapers alone: Hedda Hopper wrote, “Eddie Fisher has a whole new career as a comedian. When asked (Continued on page 94)
Troy Donahue stood alone in the corner. All around him in the crowded room people were laughing, joking, nibbling on hors d'oeuvres. But Troy stood alone, quietly. The only clue that he was even a part of the gathering was the glass, half-filled with melted ice cubes, held absently in one hand. He was staring at the man who stood in the center of a group of admirers, drawn to him by his charm, wit and good looks. But Troy's reasons for watching so intently were different. He wasn't amused, or charmed or entertained. He was studying the man; watching every gesture, every move, straining to hear every word. There was no doubt about it, Rock Hudson was the "star" of the party that night. He eclipsed everyone else standing in the room.

"What a man," Troy heard a woman whisper to her escort, "I'd wash dishes for him day or night." And her date, a good-looking man himself, just shrugged his shoulders in a positive gesture of agreement. "When that Hudson is around," sighed a well-known television actor, "I feel like last prize at a Boy Scout convention." Troy Donahue was determined to find out (Continued on page 84)
KIM IN THE KREMLIN
Don’t miss this exclusive report on Diplomat Novak—and how she carried on with the commissars on her recent trip to Russia. You’ll blush when you read what happened when a lavender curtain got tangled with an iron one

(Continued on page 74)
Am I guilty of bigamy? I'm beginning to wonder. All I know is that when I kiss Paula, I know I'm married to a woman. It's those other times that I feel sure

I MARRIED A TEN-YEAR-OLD

(Continued on page 69)

by Dick Benjamin
His enemies call him the little brother that Jack built. His friends call him the little brother who built Jack. We suggest you read this story and decide for yourself!

You've probably seen those ads. On one side there's a "before" drawing: a thin, scrawny fellow is lying on the beach. His girl, sitting next to him, is glancing admiringly as a big, strong brute kicks sand in her date's face. On the other side of the page is the "after" picture—"after," that is, the skinny fellow has taken a six-week course in body building. Now his girl has eyes only for him and his brand new muscles.

The "before" and "after" story of Bobby Kennedy, the President's kid brother, isn't mainly a case of brawn and muscle. But the transformation from a shy "boy most likely to recede" to the "second most important man in the United States" is equally miraculous and unbelievable. His tremendous change wasn't accomplished in six weeks or six years—but it did happen. And there was a woman beside him, too.

An early color portrait of the Kennedy family reveals the "before" character of Bobby as vividly as the "before" drawing in the physical culture advertisement exposes the dilemma of the scrawny weakling. In the faded photo, you can hardly see Bobby. His slight figure (today, he is still only five-feet-ten-inches and weighs one-hundred-fifty-five pounds), his bland blue eyes (almost covered by his tousled hair) and his round face are all very unimpressive. His expression (what you can see of it) is shy. But more significant, he is lost among his glamorous sisters and brothers—particularly his two older brothers: Joseph Kennedy, Jr. and John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Bobby must have seen the photo and come to the same conclusion, for (Continued on page 90)
The President, below with the Attorney General (that's Senator McClellan on the left), has his Jackie—and Bobby has his Ethel. Papa Joseph Kennedy has said Bobby is more like him than any other member of the family. One obvious similarity is their love of a large family. Bobby and Ethel have seven children. Pictured at right they are: the boys (left to right): Robert, Jr., David, Michael and Joseph, III. The girls (left to right): Kathleen, Kerry (on her mother's lap) and Mary Courtney (sitting on her famous dad's lap).
My mommy is Carol Lynley, my daddy is a very busy publicist named Mike Selsman. And me? I'm Jill Victoria Selsman, born March 2, 1962. That makes me five months old—and what a time I've had. I haven't one single complaint to make. My mommy is so pretty and so patient with me. She's always there to take care of me, to change my diapers, to pick me up, to cuddle me, to love me. Daddy's there, too, of course, but he's not so good about diapering. Oh, I don't mean he sticks me with a pin or anything like that—he just doesn't have the knack. Mommy laughs at him and he pretends to be angry—but I can see him laughing to himself. Oh, Daddy's read books on how to take care of me, but I think he has a mental block about it. I have checked with my friends and they say their fathers are the same. So you see, I really have absolutely no complaints. From morning till night I'm the queen of the house. I could take advantage of it like some of my friends do, but I don't. If I must say so myself, I'm as good as gold. I was especially good the day the PHOTOPLAY photographer came to take my picture. I didn't cry once. But I got a little tired while he was shooting Mommy and me, I yawned a big yawn. Everybody laughed and said, "Oh, how cute!" I loved it. I got pats and squeezes from so many people. It was wonderful. And now I have some news for you. My mommy hasn't made a movie since I came into her life. The people at 20th didn't like that very much because Mommy has a contract. Mommy kept saying that when she found the right script she'd go back to work. Well, she found the right script—a movie called "A Woman In July"—so she's a working mother now. I have a very nice "nanny" who takes care of me during the day. She's very good to me. And Mommy calls all the time to see if everything is okay. I'd tell her myself, but Daddy has this thing about germs—and they won't let me near the phone. So I have to wait till she comes home at night to tell her. I tell her everything then, and she tells me everything. Because we love each other so very much!
"It happened on location," Tony Curtis said. "We were up at Tahoe shooting '40 Pounds of Trouble.' A gorgeous Saturday... Danny Kaye and I were lounging around Harrah's Lodge. Danny was appearing there but he didn't go on until midnight and I had the afternoon off. Danny, who can never sit still, suddenly jumped to his feet and said, 'Okay, let's go. We'll fly around, catch a glimpse of Virginia City... zip down to San Francisco...'. I said, 'Who, me? Are you kidding?' I thought everybody knew I didn't fly. Not for ten years. Not for any cause whatsoever, not even if it means a slow boat to Brazil, France or Norway. But it was Danny who thought I was kidding. He takes planes like a New Yorker takes taxis. Flies his own silver Beechcraft all over the country. To him it's part of a modern vocabulary, today's living. Pretending planes don't exist—it's like pretending cars don't exist, he said, and why don't I ride a horse to
the studio? Then, when he realized I was really scared, he started talking like a Dutch uncle. Had I ever tried to do anything to get rid of the fear? Well, of course I had. Psychiatry. Plenty of it. Danny kept walking back and forth and then he snapped his fingers as if he had found the answer and said he knew just the thing. Hypnosis. Had I ever bumped into Arthur Ellen? No? Well, Ellen was only the greatest, a night club sensation who'd hypnotized all kinds of people. He was the one who'd saved Jackie Jensen's career with the Boston Red Sox when Jackie'd quit the team because he was terrified of flying and couldn't keep up with their schedule by train. Last year Arthur Ellen hypnotized Jackie, and after that he flew from Boston to L.A. for the game with the Angels. He'd get Harrah to get in touch with Arthur Ellen, Danny said, if I was willing to give it a try.” That evening, a dark-eyed (Continued on page 78)
What Liz is doing to keep Burton
The photos they never knew were being taken!

please turn the page
Sybil & roving Richard

HOW LONG WILL SHE SHARE HIM WITH CLINGING CLEOPATRA?
FOR A PSYCHIATRIST’S REPORT ON WHY LIZ GOES FROM MAN TO MAN, PLEASE TURN THE PAGE
Why Liz goes from man to man

Thirty years ago, Hollywood’s top-money-making star was the magnificent Swedish actress, Greta Garbo. Mysterious, aloof, her private life a closed book, she captivated millions of movie fans who speculated endlessly on what it was that made her tick as a woman.

In that same year—1932—in London, a little girl was born on February 7th and christened Elizabeth. Today Liz Taylor has surpassed the popularity of even the great Garbo and become Hollywood’s most shining star. Unlike Garbo, her life has been an open book.

But for all the miles of newsprint about her, Liz is still as much of an enigma as Garbo.

Miss Taylor, who has lived in the public gaze almost all of her life, is probably the only actress who still arouses the kind of eager curiosity that used to surround all Hollywood stars. For she has involved her fans emotionally.

Most of all they want to know what it is that drives her out of one man’s arms and into the arms of another with such rapidity and regularity. Is she simply flirtatious? Does she have so much love to give that no one man can absorb it all? Or does she require more love than any one man can possibly give to her?

To get the answers to these and other questions, we’ll have to consider everything we know about her and speculate on these facts in terms of modern psychology. What we hope to come up with is what every man who gets involved with Liz should know for his own well-being.

Psychologically speaking, one learns how to love by being loved. Emotional growth stems from healthy relationships with one’s parents.

Growing pains: Liz wasn’t the first actress in her family; her mother was an actress before her. Her dad, an art dealer, was reported to be affectionate but aloof. Her mom was the more dominant of the two and endeavored to get both Liz and her older brother, Howard, interested in acting— but Howard would have none of it.

Not so Liz. She was given dancing lessons at the age of two, riding lessons at four, made her first movie at eight and signed a contract with M-G-M when she was all of nine years old.

She is said to have loved behaving as a tomboy. She decorated her bedroom with spurs, saddles and riding crops. When her mother redecorated the room in a more feminine fashion (during Liz’ early teens), the girl wasn’t very happy about the change-over.

As a little girl she received an allowance of twenty-five cents a week, which was upped to fifty-cents a week after starring in “National Velvet.” She was highly disciplined during her childhood and teen years.

She has admitted to having felt uneasy with other youngsters because they treated her as a movie star. Besides, the needs of her career forced her to spend most of her time in the company of grown-ups.

An interesting point is that as a child in Hollywood, she would take little things—ashtrays, bric-a-brac—when her mother wasn’t watching and sell them around the neighborhood like a door-to-door salesgirl.

Her favorite companions were dogs, kittens, chipmunks, horses. And to this day she’s passionately fond of her animal friends.

DIAGNOSIS: Liz’ (Continued on page 81)

by Arthur Henley

with

Dr. Robert L. Wolk
Marilyn Poses Nude—Again!

Why did she do it?
Is publicity — bold and blatant publicity — all that’s left of Marilyn’s career?
"I did it for the sake of art," insists Marilyn. But to many, the pictures on these pages show far more than a star who has the daring to pose in the nude. Whether this marks the turning point of Marilyn's career, a turn for the worse, only time can tell. Before you decide for yourself, before you fill in the ballot on page 87, you must read Marilyn's many reasons for this bold, blatant publicity. Her revealing story begins on the following page.
DESPERATE?
At 36 — without a husband, a job or faith in herself — what will happen to Marilyn next?

The men stood around gaping quietly as Marilyn Monroe began to slip out of the flesh-colored net panty-bra. As the thin, silky material slid down around her soft, white shoulders she paused for a moment. She closed her eyes as though she were reluctant to do what she was about to do—strip to the stark naked. She knew some of the men would look at her the wrong way. But she also knew she couldn’t help it. They were men and she, better than most women, knew there were all kinds. Men who would, in a few seconds, look on her body in lust. Men who would look on her body with professional disinterest. But there were a few, she hoped, who would look on her nudity with eyes that were concerned only for the true beauty of a woman’s body. She opened her eyes and shivered slightly in the chill and silence of the great sound stage. Then, in movements that seemed a mixture of defiance and resolution, she moved her shoulders back and forth until the top of the suit dropped down further, within an inch of baring her bosom. She stopped, raised her head and stared back at the transfixed gazes of the men of the crew. She smiled through half-closed eyes, and then she waggled a forefinger at them.

“Gentlemen,” she said, “I think it’s time you turned the other way—except the cameramen, of course. There really wouldn’t be much sense to all this if you didn’t get the picture.”

Most of the crew turned their backs. There were a few who didn’t. There always are.

Then, with perfect composure, Marilyn Monroe, the conceded sex symbol for millions of men, shimmied out of the netting and stood in complete nakedness. She walked toward the swimming pool around which the scene was to be shot. She poised on its edge for a moment, turned to the cameramen and smiled, “All right, I’m ready.”

The scene, for the now scrapped “Something’s Got To Give,” took the rest of the day to shoot. When it was over, Marilyn, wet and shivering, though the pool water had been warmed, slipped into a robe and returned to her dressing room.

Before the day had died the whole world knew that Marilyn Monroe had, for the second time in her tumultuous career, (Please turn the page)
Marilyn

continued

undressed to the skin and exposed her body to a camera.

The furor was instantaneous. Clergymen denounced her daring. "Brazen, wicked and wanton" were the words most used. "It isn't photography" sizzled one woman to her friends. "It's pornography."

"Lewd and lascivious behavior," said another actress. "A fine inspiring message for young girls," she added bitterly. "I've been in many movies that alluded to my being nude, and I assure you the scenes were just as real without my having to take off all my clothes. Besides, her body isn't that perfect, you know."

At thirty-six, however, those of us who saw Marilyn naked can't help but point out that she has a body which would be called beautiful at any age.

Of course, it is not at all a question of whether Marilyn has a beautiful figure. Almost anyone, except a certain actress quoted above, will concede that she does have a remarkably voluptuous shape. It is the Monroe willingness to undress, to stand before the world in nudity, that has caused the tremendous commotion.

It's no secret that, more than a decade ago, Marilyn posed nude for a now-famous calendar picture. Her reasons at the time, though not necessarily uplifting, were at least sound. She was hungry. She needed the money to buy food. These are motives even the self-righteous can understand.

But Marilyn's nakedness of a few weeks ago is an entirely different matter. She was not hungry. As a matter of fact she had to take off a full fifteen pounds to "get in shape for the new movie."

She could have done the scene with a flesh-colored net panty-bra as hundreds of actresses have done before her. I failed to discover one actress who didn't agree on that.

But to get Marilyn's own answer I went to the star herself.

"Why did you do it this time, Marilyn?" I asked her bluntly.

Marilyn didn't reply to the question immediately. Contrary to what others imagine, the blond goddess does consider answers to important questions very carefully.

"I honestly don't understand why so much is being made of it," she said finally. "Yes, they're right, it could have been done in the net suit. But I've seen such scenes before and I knew it would just look wrong on the screen. You can smile if you want to, but I don't believe it would have been artistic if I hadn't taken off everything for that scene."

"You shouldn't forget that I've had plenty of chances to do nude scenes in other pictures. I turned them down because in those instances I didn't think they were really necessary to the picture. In this case I believed nudity was necessary. There was no other reason. And it was my decision."

The motive for Marilyn's naked gambol is not shared by others, however. And, unfortunately, much of the criticism directed at Marilyn's latest escapade in nudity is supported by fact.

The first and most widely given cause for the beauty's new twist on the old skin game is "publicity."

"Let's face it," said one Monroe co-worker. "No one can ever accuse Marilyn of getting ahead on her acting ability. She's what we call a (Continued on page 36)
How to cure a broken heart

Vince Edwards learned about women in a way he’ll never forget. His story is one you’ll always remember!
This is the story of three women in a man’s life. They are not all the women in his life. There have been others—there may be more. From the first of these three women, he learned how to get a broken heart. From the second, he learned to keep a heart from getting hurt. The third woman—the woman who may become his wife—taught him the most important lesson of all. She taught him how to cure a broken heart. The man who learned is Vince Edwards.

Vincent sat sipping his coffee, staring at the noisy and artificially jubilant swarm of hopeful young actors and actresses as they milled about in the warm confusion of Schwab’s Drug Store in Hollywood. Snatches of conversations followed the coffee-and-pie-carrying waitresses and gathered around Edwards’ bowed head like small, hovering clouds of words.

“So I said to the producer, whaddya mean raise my skirt higher? I thought this was an aspirin commercial.” “Never let ’em know you don’t dig Shakespeare—just say Hamlet or Macbeth—they’re impressed.” “Can you imagine her auditioning as stand-in for Liz Taylor?” “Naturally, they want to groom me for at least a year before they star me in the picture.” “I told him I’d do anything to get the part. That was my first mistake. Married, schmarried, they all think they’re attractive bachelors.” “So Brando says, ‘No dame is ever gonna take me!’ ”

Edwards fingered the handle of the half-filled coffee cup.

“Maybe it just doesn’t make sense,” he said to himself. “Why be an actor anyhow?” There were a thousand other things he could do. Why give everything you had, your heart and soul and mind and energy and hopes to a business that had no need for you. He tightened his full, sensuous mouth and inhaled deeply and wished to hell he had the money for a piece of that cherry pie.

He was about to leave when the girl, young, wide-eyed and beautiful, pushed open the heavy plate glass door and stood at the entrance, peering through the smoke and heavy odors. She saw Vincent almost instantly and smiled. Their glances clicked like a key and a lock.

She moved easily through the chattering crowd toward the rear of the restaurant where Edwards (Continued on page 66)
"If they're in love, why aren't they thinking of marriage?"

One moment his nights are all Tuesday, the next, his nights are all hell. They should be running to the altar, but instead, they're running each other ragged. This is the story of Gary Lockwood and Tuesday Weld—Hollywood's tortured lovers!
Four-and-a-half years ago on a November day—November 11, 1957, to be exact—comedian Jerry Lewis became Fairy Godfather to a Brooklyn Cinderella by the stroke of a ballpoint pen. Lewis, in pressing need of a leading lady for his Paramount picture, "Rock-a-bye Baby," chose a dark-blond, chubby, somewhat frightened ex-usherette whose pumpkin coach was a seat-sprung, consumptive heap, and whose entire acting career, up to that moment, consisted of a twenty-second Langendorf bread TV commercial and a few one-or-two-line bits in some grade B run-of-the-mill quickies.

The blond, chubby, somewhat frightened nineteen-year-old over whom Lewis waved his wand (he had planned to use Debbie Reynolds, but Debbie was pregnant) was, if not exactly of Academy Award caliber, at least unique enough in other respects, as herewith noted:

Hers was a pleasant, if thin and reedy, singing voice coupled with an almost total inability to read music. She weighed close to 130 pounds, but her features were tiny and chiseled and her eyes were the pertest powder-blue. Her baptismal name was Concetta Ann Ingolia, but the name she signed on the Jerry Lewis contract was shorter. It was Connie Stevens.

Italian, Irish, English and part Mohican Indian, Jerry Lewis' new rock-a-bye-baby was destined to become, inside of three short years, the All-American Girl—and a teenage idol.

Today, Connie Stevens' '61 powder-blue Cadillac convertible, a $7,000 pumpkin coach with white-wall tires, sits in the driveway of her big, new Beverly Glen house, or is parked just outside the Warner Brothers Green Room, where Connie lunches every day. This is the supreme status symbol, since only the biggest stars' vehicles are (Continued on page 58)

Today, Connie Stevens may give her heart to one man...tomorrow, someone else may hold it. It's a fragile heart...here's how it got that way...
allowed on the studio lot, and Connie is a big star. She has a personal manager, a business manager, a male secretary and one of the choicest dressing rooms at Warners. Her fan mail edges close to four thousand letters a week. She is not only the perky Cricket of ABC-TV's, "Hawaiian Eye," but she was handpicked to star—against some of the most green-eyed competition—in Warners' "Parish" and "Susan Slade."

Yet Connie, in her secret heart, still feels herself the searcher for love, the rock-a-bye baby on the tree top afraid that the bough will break and the cradle will fall. Her frequent loneliness belies the cheerful "Connie Stevens' smile" she shows the world. She is far thinner now (officially she is "110 pounds"), but her lunch is still a lettuce leaf and part of a glass of milk. She sleeps with the light on, for she has had, since childhood, a kind of terror of the dark; and she goes to bed wearing her green eye makeup, perhaps so that she can reassure herself, when she faces her mirror in the morning, that she is still "Connie Stevens, Movie Star."

Her earth, like yours and mine, whirls on its axis at a dizzying 1000 miles per hour, hurtling through space in its orbit around the sun. But for Connie, even this break-neck pace is sometimes barely fast enough.

If it were possible, she would somehow tumble twice twenty-four hours into each of her days, for there are times when, for Connie, nothing is ever fast enough. There are other times, however, when she remembers that even for a Connie Stevens, night must sometimes fall ("I just never want the day to end," she says), and then she takes refuge in an old Walter Mitty dream. In the dream she sees herself clamping a mighty brake around the hastening earth, squeezing the brake lever tighter and tighter, telling herself, almost desperately, that if she can only slow the flight of time, (Continued on page 62)
Connie hasn't lived in Brooklyn for years, but she still thinks of it as her home. Every time she comes east she visits her mother, now Mrs. Ralph Megna, and her family which includes (1) Connie's half-sister Ave and (2) half-brother John, a talented little actor who appeared in the Broadway play, "All The Way Home," and is now a co-star in the film "To Kill a Mockingbird." Last year when Connie came to New York she brought along her goddaughter Carla Ingolia (brother Charles' daughter) so the entire Brooklyn family could meet the newest member. Mrs. Megna (3) met them at the airport. Later that evening she invited friends of Charles' (4) over so they could see his daughter. Candid Connie admits she once resented her mother for leaving her when she was just a child. She was hurt, too, when her mom remarried and had another family. But that is all in the past. Today, Connie's visits (5) are happy events that (6) end too quickly.
Ann-Margret Olson sat in the deep leather chair of the studio offices with her head down and her long shiny hair hanging like a delicate curtain that sought to hide her anguish. When she finally looked up, I knew that down inside she was crying and trying not to show it. But it had happened and she was facing it. For a twenty-year-old girl it was not easy. Because of what had happened, life would never be the same.

“But I’m not sure,” she said at last, “that I want it to be as it was before. I think the change began shortly after Burt (Sugarman) and I announced our engagement. Here I was in the midst of what should have been the most beautiful and exciting phase of my life, and yet . . .” she hesitated, “I kept asking myself, is this what every girl goes through when she becomes engaged? Does every girl feel racked with grief? What kind of a love is this? What is happening to me? Did I love Burt so much it hurt?” She stared at the floor, shook her head slowly. “After a while,” she continued, “I couldn’t stand it.”

Ann-Margret didn’t have to tell me of the hell she had been through. The dark rings under her pretty eyes were enough evidence. I kept thinking how wrong it was to see such an unhappy, haunted expression on that beautiful face. “It got to the (Continued on page 73)
"Del, I'm sorry. I just can't do this scene."
"Of course you can," I said, trying to soothe her. "It's a big scene, sure, but you're up to it. You've done everything I've asked you so far. Why worry; you have it made."
"No,' she said, 'I shouldn't even be here. I can't act. I don't belong. Five minutes ago I couldn't come up with a single word, and here I am weeping bucketfuls in front of you. I'm no good; I tell you; I'm no good!"
"Well, there we were with that plane waiting, and Connie ready to collapse with fright. I put my arm around her quivering shoulders, dismissed the company, and took her with me for a little walk beyond the tobacco barn. I could see she was all tensed up inside, so I talked to her soothingly, like to a baby. I told her that even the biggest, most experienced stars sometimes find themselves in a panic, that I had faith in her. The studio had faith in her, and there was no reason for her to be so afraid.
"After a while she wiped her eyes, looked at me and smiled, 'All right, Del,' she said, 'give me another chance.'"
"Of course, she did the scene finally—did it perfectly, after just one rehearsal. And if you saw the picture, you know there wasn't the slightest sign of what Connie had had to face."
Connie, remembering that day, said, "I knew that if I blew up, I'd ruin the whole thing. I was so responsible for holding up the company. You see, I have this theory about life: If you tell yourself you can't do something, you find yourself unable to do it. And here I was saying that I couldn't face the camera. It really got me scared."
Talking with Connie and her friends, tracing her background, tracking down the luck thatbk, the breakthrough, the star that has helped capture the fancy of teenagers, one finds in Connie a curious refrain, "All this" (meaning her success), she keeps saying over and over, almost compulsively, "happened to me in just three and a half years." It is as if she herself feels unworthy and unbelieving, and yet finds overwhelming success.
This reporter remembers a sunny Saturday afternoon not long ago, when Connie's house, as always, was filled with people: her father, her brother Charlie, her two little nieces Christy and Corey, her housekeeper, her publicity man, a covey of old friends and a photographer.
Watching all this in the foreground were the two cameramen. The photographer's cameras and flash bulbs meant only one thing to them. "Connie," little Corey piped up, "Connie, are you a movie star?"
Connie reached down and kissed her little niece. "No, darling," she murmured softly, and it seemed to me there was a sob in her voice. No, I'm not a movie star. I'm just a girl from Nebraska.
There are some who say that the real Connie Stevens, the one you rarely see, is the girl on the treetop, the searcher: a Connie secretly, and all too frequently, frightened and unsure.
Yet there is still another Connie, equally real, equally admirable: the every-day Connie who has a "specially-built-in" responsibility to make a "movie life."
With it, she can sometimes—for a day or even for an hour—escape her fears.
I'd be biting my nails. And, of course, when I'm really depressed—and nobody can stay up on Cloud Nine forever—I do what every woman does. I shop. Then I come home and say to myself, 'Well, I'm gorgeous again!'

All par for the course, as most any woman knows. But Connie's powder-blue Cadillac convertible is a different story, a strictly Connie Stevens' story.

Some gossip around the studio main- tain that Connie bought the car as a status symbol. Connie's version sounds more like Connie. "It happened last Christmas Eve, when I was finishing 'Susan Slade,'" said Connie. 'I'd been sick with a bad cold, and I was feeling terribly let down and blue. I still had to do the most dramatic scene in the picture, and I was scared to death I'd flop. Everybody was either gone for the holidays, or going, and there I was with my nose running and my eyes all pink, and feeling like a lost soul.'

As Connie remembers, at that particular moment the salesman who had sold Bob Conrad his Cadillac walked on the set.

"Hey," said Connie, out of some sudden and inexplicable urge, "do you have a powder-blue convertible with a white top and white-wall tires?"

"Why, no, Miss Stevens," the salesman said, "but I could get one for you in about six weeks."

For Connie, who wants what she wants when she wants it, this wouldn't do at all. "Why don't you call your office and see what you have?" she wheeled.

There was, it seemed, a powder-blue convertible with a white top and white-wall tires available; a customer had ordered it and hadn't taken delivery.

"Fine," said Connie, "can you deliver it to me right now?"

"Now?" the man begged, "this is Christmas Eve. You know we can't do anything that fast."

"Well," Connie said, "if you can deliver it within an hour, it's no sale."

An hour or so later, Connie was behind the wheel of her new Cadillac. Stimulated and keyed up by her victory like a shot of adrenaline, Connie went through her big scene in "Susan Slade," the one that had frightened her so, in one quick take. "My blues had completely disappeared," Connie remembered, beaming like a cuddly, blue-eyed imp. "I asked my stand-in Claudine to drive my old car home and I drove the Cad. I never felt better."

At nine, her world fell apart...

Of her early life in Brooklyn, Connie says defiantly, "I never felt unloved a minute of my life. Sure, when I was nine years old my world fell apart. I could only sit and wonder what's happened to my mother and my father... but I never felt unloved—not for one minute."

The ill-starred marriage of Connie's parents lasted less than ten years. Both parents were young, perhaps even much too young to marry and start a family. Connie's father Peter Ingolia (he later took the stage name of Teddy Stevens), was a musician and nightclub entertainer, and he was just nineteen when he became a bridegroom. Connie's mother Eleanor McGlinley, Irish and part Indian and a singer, was barely seventeen.

"They were in love, or thought they were," Connie says now, "but maybe they just weren't mature enough for marriage. But it was a disaster for them both, especially trying to earn a buck. There were times when he couldn't get home for months."

After the divorce, the court awarded custody of Connie and her older brother Charlie to Teddy Stevens' Sicilian parents. The elder Ingolia was a shoemaker; his wife worked as a part-time seamstress. There was Uncle Sonny, who had a fish peddler's shop, and Aunt Frankie and scores of cousins. They were decent, simple people—small property owners, who owed no man a dollar.

Both Connie and Chuck insist that "no kids were ever closer than we two, nor had as much warm family love as we had. We had a good home life; we never lacked anything; we had uncles and aunts and cousins all around."

In the close-knit, tribal Italian way, the grandparents were "Mama and Papa," but it was "Mama" who held the family together. Their big, cluttered, old-fashioned house was one of a row of four they owned on Gates Avenue, in the noisy Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. Out in the back yard were peach trees and grape arbors and tomato vines; artichokes and rabbit hutches; rosebushes and crimson holly-
hocks. “It was like a little farm, right in the heart of Brooklyn,” Charlie said. “Mama” tilled the earth and braced up the vines, heavy with clusters of purple Concord grapes. She held the too-greedy Connie’s swimming head when she’d eat the grapes before they were ripe and make herself sick.

Oftentimes it was long past midnight before Connie could be coaxed to bed. There were no hours; she went to sleep when her grandmother went to sleep, and even then Connie had to be bribed with a huge bunch of grapes. “Maybe I didn’t know any better,” Connie said, “but I thought that the baby was supposed to be. Dad was way up in the mountains—married—she lived way up in Queens—and Charlie and I saw her only rarely. So our grandparents were really ‘Mama’ and ‘Papa’ to us.”

### How to become a good pool player

And Connie and Chuck were always together; without him, she admits, she felt lost. Connie shined her brother’s shoes for quarters, saved the money in an olive jar until she had two or three dollars, and then would find herself “loaning” the money again, when Chuck would be short of cash for a date or for an evening with the gang. “That con artist,” she laughed, “he never paid back. By the time I was ten he must have had $7,000!”

Often, too, when Chuck began dating—he was about fifteen then—Connie would have to be brought along. If the gang went to the movies, Connie was with the crowd. If it was a day at the beach, Connie had her swimsuit ready also. “Poor Charlie couldn’t get rid of me,” Connie grinned. “I remember he’d go up to Daddy and say, ‘Tedd, I’ve got this date; can I have my loot?’ Then Dad would say, ‘Yes, but you’ll have to take your sister along.’” Charlie might grumble, but he’d take her.

“But sometimes, if the girl was a little prettier than the rest, Chuck would pretend to take me with him, and then drop me off at the corner pool hall. There I’d have to sit there with my sister while Charlie went off with his date. Since I had nothing else to do, I’d pick up a pool cue and get in the game. That’s how I became such a good pool player.”

Yet, by some curious magic, little Connie seemed to carry a shield of innocence around her. “Our section,” as Charlie tells it, “was a pretty bad block. barracks, and we were growing up. There were gang fights all the time. Where we lived was the Williamsburg area, but to give ourselves a little class, we said we lived in Ridgewood. Just the same, Connie could go any place in Brooklyn where I was known, and she was safe, because she was ‘Inky’s’ sister. That’s the nickname, Dad, since our family name was Ingolia.”

She could go, too, this Connie, all alone on the bus to visit her mother who lived miles away in Queens. The bus fare was three cents, plus a couple of pennies for a transfer, and Connie would sometimes pick herself up and go to see her mom for an hour or two. It wasn’t too often, Connie admits; she could have seen her mother more frequently. She and Charlie had the money; there was “always money,” as she says now, for Teddy Stevens, when he was home, was forever passing out five dollar bills to his kids, urging them to go see their mother. Even their grandparents kept their pockets filled.

But we were too young to understand, to realize that we ought to see Mom more often,” Charlie explained. “Connie and I would talk it over, and we’d say, ‘Well, should we go visit Mom, or take this money and see a movie, maybe take in Coney Island?’ I’m sorry to confess that all too often we voted for Coney Island or a movie. We were just doopy kids. Today we’re closer to our mom than we ever have been.”

Connie and her brother were constantly going to the movies. Charlie maintains that, already at the ripe age of seven, Connie was forever telling the family, “I’m going to be a big movie star! I’m going to be a big singing star!” “Yes, I said it,” she giggles, “but I don’t know if I believed it or not!”

In fact, Connie’s first two boyfriends were fellow Connorkids. Connie was the living image of her idol, June Allyson. June was Connie’s very favorite movie star, and her adoration drove the family crazy. She begged her father to buy her a dress with a little Peter Pan collar just like June’s; she combed her hair like June’s, and saved every picture, every line she read, every magazine that carried a picture of Miss Allyson. “I don’t really know why I admired June so much,” Connie says reflectively. “Maybe I was attracted to her because she seemed so soft and spoke so coyly. She was the All-American girl to me.”

Like a demure little June Allyson she looked, this Connie—a girl who belonged to the Catholic Youth Organization, appeared in minstrel shows with her schoolmates at P.S. 75, and sang regularly on Sundays in the choir of St. Barbara’s Catholic Church. “Our grandmother had to drag me to church on Sunday,” Charlie said, “but Connie never had to be forced.”

She was in both the big church choir and the little choir for early Sunday Masses, and she remembers how thrilled she was to sing in Latin. “That was something,” she says. “The Latin was terribly difficult, but we sang it. I loved the color and the pageantry of it; I was so moved, I could almost feel my halo.”

“I’m going to beat you up!”

Just the same, Connie, when she had to, could throw a solid right. In their neighborhood, a quick pair of fists was a must, and Connie had been coached by an expert, her brother. It wasn’t that Connie was a fighter, or looking for trouble. But when trouble came, she was ready.

A tough little thirteen-year-old bully discovered how ready she was. One day, when the little tough was crowding the other kids, he got mad at his own kid sister and kicked her in the leg. “I saw red,” said Connie. “’Get off that bike,’ I yelled at him, ‘because I’m going to beat you up.’”

The boy was older than Connie and far heavier. But Connie didn’t care. She yanked him off his bike, and began pummeling him with his fists. “It was a real fight,” Connie said. “He was punching me as though I were a boy; was getting bruised and hurt, and I thought to myself. ‘This guy is going to kill me.’”

“So I threw him on the ground and I was whacking away at his head, and a big crowd of kids came around, yelling, ‘Smack him, Connie; smack him.’ Suddenly my aunt was there in front of us. She had been shopping, and when she saw the commotion she slapped the boy and said, ‘Now you get your home!”

“He went home bawling to his old man, and his father came over to our house, and complained to Dad that ‘your daughter beat up my son.’ Dad almost pushed the fellow down the stairs. ‘If that big bruiser kid of yours can’t handle himself with a little nine-year-old girl,’ Dad said, ‘then I’ll teach him what shape. Nobody gets hurt with my dad.”

That same year, tragedy struck. Connie came home from school one day to find her Uncle Sonny there, white-faced and shaken. “Connie,” he said, “it’s Mama. She’s gone, Connie; she’s gone.”

With her beloved grandmother’s death, Connie’s world fell apart. Her grandmother had lived to California. Some of her uncles were going into the Army, some were getting married. Teenaged Chuck, much as he loved his sister, was inevitably drawn to his own crowd of older boys and girls. Connie’s father was always away, or so it seemed, playing in some distant night spot. “Overnight,” Connie said, “I seemed to find myself in a crowd that was being closed up, and I didn’t seem to have anybody. I used to sit alone in a kind of haze, asking myself, ‘What’s happened to my life?’”

Adding to Connie’s anguish and misery was the knowledge that with her mother’s re-marriage, children were being born—a family apart from her own. It added to Connie’s feeling of rejection, of jealousy of her Uncle Sonny. “I would go over and see my mother now and then,” Connie remembers, “but I just wound up feeling miserable. It never occurred to me that my mother had a right to happiness, too.”

After a family council, Connie and Chuck were installed in an apartment on the second floor of a horrid little Italian house, with some family friends above them, and her Aunt Francie and her husband below.

“Aunt Francie could never give me as much attention as she really wanted to,” Connie said. “Her place was with her husband, as it had to be. There were times when he became annoyed with my aunt for doing our wash, looking after our bowls, or figuring sure we were behaving as we should.”

“Charlie, help me . . .”

About this time, Connie began to develop sudden and mysterious toothaches and earaches. All at once the pain, for no apparent reason, would demolish her.

“Charlie, Charlie, help me,” she’d cry. “Sure, sure, honey,” Charlie would say. “We’ll get in the car and go for a ride.”

“I couldn’t bear to have a doctor or dentist examine me,” Connie remembers. “so we’d get in Charlie’s car and drive all the way out to Nathan’s on Coney Island, maybe fifteen miles or so, get some hamburgers or frankfurters, and feast on them at two or three in the morning. Then
my pains would disappear immediately."

"I think," Charlie said today. "Connie got those pains because she was afraid to be alone in the house. Of course, we had lots of relatives living on the floors above and below—so Connie wasn't ever abandoned or anything like that. But if I had a date with the gang or a girl, I'd make sure Connie was sound asleep before I went out."

To the fearful, lonely Connie of that time, the word "psychosomatic" was an unknown term. She had no way of knowing that grave and mysterious pains are often the symptoms of disturbed emotions. Now, with maturity, she understands herself a little better. "I guess those pains might have been my way of begging for attention. I couldn't bear to be left alone."

"The problem was, Connie's father. He knew something had to be done."

"Connie, honey," Teddy Stevens said one day, "I think you'll be better off in a boarding school. I've picked a place—Mary, Help of Christians Academy, in Paterson, New Jersey. It's a fine Catholic school. You'll like the Sisters, and you'll make a lot of new friends there."

"But I don't want to make any new friends," Connie wailed. "I like the friends I have now."

"Well," said Teddy, "it will only be for a couple of years, and then we'll see."

"A couple of years!" Connie cried. "Daddy, how am I going to stand it?"

But with the resiliency of a child, Connie somehow adapted. She was a rebel, a non-conformist, and more than a little spoiled. If her father said she had to stay in boarding school for two years, she would stay, but she didn't have to take it. Connie knew now, probably the lowest point in her life. She did "a lot of praying," but her pride was strong, and she says, "I had a problem. I decided I'd either lick it, or be licked by it. What helped was that a lot of the kids at Mary, Help of Christians were from broken homes, too, and I didn't feel such an outcast among them... I wasn't so specially happy about my life, but the rough times I had gave me more understanding."

Rebellious Connie had never really been disciplined by her father, and she had never learned to discipline herself. "I was used to going to bed when I pleased, or when my family did, and now I had to be in bed by a certain hour," Connie said. "I told them what I wasn't going to get the Sisters force me to go to sleep when I didn't feel like it. Our dormitory was next to the chapel, and it was always light outside at curfew, even as late as nine o'clock. I couldn't bear to see the day end; I still can't. By the time the bell rang for lights out, we were supposed to be in bed. We just had time to take a quick shower, shine our shoes for the next day, and brush our teeth. When the bell rang, all the other kids were already in bed, but I was still moaning and staring out the window."

The discipline was rugged, but Connie survived it. More and more she discovered that the other girls and the Sisters wanted to be her friends, rather than her enemies. "I'll confess that I hated everything those first few months or so, Connie said. "I wasn't going to let myself be like anybody, no matter how nice they were. But when the other girls showed me that even though they weren't rebels they could still play

baseball as well as I could, or handle themselves in a fist fight, I thought maybe they weren't such squares after all, and perhaps we might begin to be friends. And when I was ready to leave Mary, Help of Christians at the end of the two-year period Daddy had decreed, I discovered something. I found out that scholastically, I had learned a lot. This helped me later, when I went back to St. Barbara's in Brooklyn. And though it hadn't made me exactly docile—I'll always be a rebel—I was given wonderful training, taught manners, and made a bit more of a lady. Now I know that that boarding school was one of the good things in my life."

A summer to remember...

Connie was now close to twelve, and ready to take up life again in Brooklyn. But first, she was given a summer holiday with some friends in Booneville, Missouri—a wonderful summer that she will always remember. Connie found a couple of girls her age who lived on a farm nearby. She
climbed windmills, played barefooted in the creek, drank apple cider, ate corn bread and tangy apple butter—things, she said, that never even knew existed. That summer I gained thirty pounds.

She was a chubby little girl when she arrived back home, to live again with her eighteen-year-old brother on the second floor of the old three-story house. At St. Barbara's Parochial School she was pushed ahead of her age group, because of extra credits she had earned at boarding school. Classmates urged her to enter singing contests; they led her personal cheering section, but somehow Connie never came in first; she always won second prize. Now boys began to occupy her thoughts, and she got violent crushes on football players, track stars, basketball champions, none of whom looked at her. St. Barbara’s, in the higher grades, was an all-girls school, and since Connie met new boys only rarely, she expended her bounding energy on class activities. Her musical heritage gave her the right to produce and act in all the shows. She starred in and directed virtually all the plays. The freshman class made her their president—but she was “impeached.”

It seems that the World Series was taking place, and Connie was in a frenzy with baseball fever. (“I had a big crush on Yogi Berra of the Yankees for years,” Connie once said, “I thought he was the handsomest man I’d ever seen.”) During the fifth game, the teacher was ill, and as class president, Connie had to keep the class occupied. She borrowed a portable radio, and she and the other girls got out for potato chips and pop. The noise was too much for the Sisters, and suddenly there was a delegation demanding to know the reason for the “riot.” The next day, Connie was an ex-class president.

Though Connie, as she declared, “would have scrubbed floors to be in show business,” her father felt differently. Now and then, when he was home, he would let her sing a song or two with his band, but he still wanted her to remain just a “normal little girl.”

“It’s not for you, baby,” he would say, “Sing for fun. If you like, but don’t try to make a career out of it. You don’t want a lonely life like mine. It’s not for you.”

And yet Connie’s life was often lonely enough. By now Chuck had married and gone away, and some of her classmates and uncles, and even of her childhood were busy raising their own families. Her Dad managed to get back to Brooklyn only a few weeks out of the year. On the surface, Connie seemed gay and light-hearted, but inside she was scared. There were nights when she felt so lonely and deserted she could only take refuge in food—more and more food. It was the only comfort she knew; but the food did not erase her loneliness; it only added to her pounds.

Teddy Stevens somehow sensed his daughter’s unhappiness and despair, for he decided to quit the road and take a more-or-less permanent job playing at the Roof Garden of the Chase Hotel in St. Louis. He phoned Connie and asked her to join him.

St. Louis, Connie remembers, was not a bad place for a teenager growing up; she enrolled at Soldan-Blewett Junior High, and in time became the school’s leading entertainer. She sang at dances, rallies, fraternity and sorority parties. Evenings she would join her father in the new dining room for dinner and if she saw a family group with a daughter her age, she longed to make the girl her friend.

Once, encouraged by her father, she went over to a girl whose appearance she liked and said shyly, “Hello, my name is Connie Stevens. Do you live in this hotel?” The girl did not, but explained that she was just having dinner with her family, who had a large house nearby. “And do you know something?” Connie recalled, “we became real good friends. Through her, I eventually met a lot of nice kids, and I was asked to join a Jewish sorority. I was the only Catholic in it.”

Something new was added—boys!

Soldan-Blewett was co-ed, and this was something new to Connie. In Brooklyn, at St. Barbara’s, her classmates had been just girls—a kind of one-sex school,” as Connie called it. With boys, handsome, well-dressed, socially prominent boys around her, Connie had some adjusting to do. Her Brooklyn accent, in that Middle Western climate, struck some of the kids as funny. But that was wrong, her clothes were wrong, and she was much too chubby for her peace of mind.

It took Connie a while to adjust herself to this alien world, and once or twice she skipped classes because she was so unhappy. Then she was elected cheerleader, and life changed. She went on a diet so that she, too, could wear Capris and petal-pushers and attract the football heroes. Her grades, which had been good, started slipping. “I got ‘A’ in boys,” Connie grinnned, “but in other subjects I wasn’t too good.” A friendly teacher ultimately helped her bring her grades back up to her old standards.

But before this, while Connie was still a newcomer, she had to face, alone, one of the bewildering facts of her life. This was the night when she suddenly entered womanhood. Always a kind of hoyden, a tomboy, Connie, strangely enough, had never been taken aside and told of the perfectly normal, physiological changes which take place at puberty in a girl’s body. “Daddy was with the band,” Connie said, “and for my hotel apartment I got terribly scared because I didn’t know what was happening to me. I couldn’t ask Dad because he was busy working, and besides, I would have been embarrassed. Finally, feeling perfectly awful, I stammered out my predicament to the woman manager of the hotel. ‘You poor kid,’ she said, and then she added, ‘but it will pass!’

“But it was a terrible time, one of the worst I ever remember. I could only cry and ask myself why I had no one around to comfort me and tell me the facts of life.”

Connie was not yet fifteen when she had an even greater crisis in her life, in that glittering dream world for which her hungry heart had yearned. She went to Hollywood, but even there, the dream became almost a nightmare (To be continued next month)—FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

See Connie on “Hawaiian Eye,” ABC-TV, every Wednesday from 9-10 P.M. EDT.

"We’re kidding ourselves," he said, "You know that, don’t you? I’m not going to make it. I’ve been around too long. Why get hooked up with a has-been who never was?” He shook his head. "We’re crazy to even think about it."

Desperate determination came to the girl’s lips when she asked, "Damn it, Vin, I don’t care. Don’t you understand? None of this had anything to do with our loving each other. You make it or I make it. One of us is enough."

"Not for me it isn’t." Edwards said. "I’ve earned three hundred dollars as an actor in the last four months after six years in this town. I’ve been sitting here trying to make a living, I have, lost my brain, but I’ve found it again."

He rubbed her hand fondly. "Honey," he said, "go home. Go back to your apartment and get some sleep. You’ve got an audition with a good director tomorrow. You should look fresh and lovely. He looked into her eyes. "You are fresh and lovely—so please stay the way you are."

"I won’t go, Vince," she said, "I just won’t unless you come with me."

"You don’t want that," he said quickly, "and you know I don’t want that."

The honorable intention

She stared at his words. Some of the warmth and want that had been in her face a few seconds before was gone now. The impact of rejection had struck one of her delicate feminine nerves and anguish and anger slipped into her voice.

Her words, though whispered, went straight at Edwards. "I knew it," she said almost indignantly. "I knew you didn’t want me, you don’t love me. You know I would do anything for you and you don’t want any of it. I gave you my time. Have you any idea how many men I’ve ignored in the last months. What a fool I’ve been! I’ll show you, Vince. I’ll show you how easy it is for me to get what I want."

She stood up quickly. She let the look from her eyes run from his waist to the
top of his head. “You know,” she said hautly, “I don’t think I ever really wanted you at all.”

She turned and walked half-way out of the restaurant. Without warning she stopped and sat down with a young man who had just smiled at her. She sat with her back towards Edwards. Slowly he finished his cup of coffee. He had discovered something in those few minutes.

He had loved the girl. Openly and with every honest intention a man can have. But it was clear now, from her outburst that her intentions were not honorable. She had no kind of love he wanted. Her kind of love meant possession. She must own him, he must obey.

There had never been love on her side. In her eyes Edwards was simply an acre of masculinity. She had surveyed him carefully and was curious when she was not allowed to stake out her claim.

So at twenty-six years of age Vincent Edwards discovered a side of women he had never known before, a truth about them he would remember. A woman could break his heart! She was a woman who loved the man, not for himself, but for herself. She hadn’t ever wanted him at all.

He sighed, got up and left enough on the table for the coffee and a tip for the waitress. Then with a last quick glance at the cherry pie he walked out and did not even glance at the girl.

_Time passes. Men hurt women. Women hurt men. But the tissues of the mind recover. Time heals. Time reassures. A hurt man cannot tolerate a hard heart in his chest. He cannot stay hurt long. He softens. And for all that he finds in them, for all he cannot find in them, they are female and he is male and life brings them together whether they like it or not._

**The blonde**

She was very blonde and very depressed. Vincent Edwards regarded her with masculine interest and then, touched by the sadness of her eyes, he smiled at her. She sat across from him as primly as her spectacular beauty would permit. They were two in a group of young actors and actresses who waited for interviews in an outer room of the casting office at 20th. Fed by the presence of them all patiently sweating out the call from the inner office, the atmosphere in the little room seemed charged with hope and anxiety.

The door to the inner office opened. A secretary appeared and said briskly, “That’s all for today.” With the weary expressions of those who have heard the line a hundred times before, the hopefuls arose with shrugs in their faces. The beautiful blonde dropped her head for a moment. Then she rose and with Edwards filed out behind the others. They walked down the corridor to the building entrance.

Rough day?” Edwards asked the blonde. He had seen her in casting offices at other times, knew her name. She probably knew his. It was the way you meet people on your own level, of your own status, when you first start out in Hollywood.

She nodded at him and tried to smile. “I don’t know, Vince. They all think I’m dumb. It must be a rule with them—if she looks good she’s stupid.”

“Tell you what, I’ve got an interview with Hal Wallis at Paramount. Good part. And they’re looking for a beautiful girl for another role. C’mon over with me and see what happens.”

The blonde brightened. Hope jumped back into her eyes.

“Okay,” she smiled and took his arm.

Neither of them made it at Paramount. The picture was _Come Back, Little Sheba_. Other actors were chosen. But Vincent and the blonde got along fine together. No romance, not even the hint. They both liked it that way. He wasn’t going to let her break his heart. It kept them friends.

One afternoon a friend called.

“To Vincent, I got a buddy in town. He’s very unhappy, just been divorced. We got to cheer him up. Can you get him a date?”

Vincent considered it for a moment. He thought of the blonde. “I think I can.”

Vincent brought two dates to the dinner that night, his own and the spectacular blonde. The just-divorced buddy and the beauty hit it off from the start and before the evening was over they’d been friends all their lives.

Towards midnight the blonde leaned over and whispered to Vince, “He wants me to take a ride with him. I think he wants to be alone with me. But I like him, He’s nice.”

Vincent laughed, “Sure,” he said. “Go ahead. Have a good time.”

The buddy and the blonde left. Vincent Edwards never heard from them again. The “buddy” was Joe DiMaggio. The blonde was Marilyn Monroe.

The years stepped on each other as they...
hurried by. A famous baseball player married, and was divorced by a spectacular blonde. The critics raved about “cameo” performances of a young, unknown actor in four movies. His name, they recalled, was Vincent Edwards. Even in Hollywood he was regarded as an especially good performer, but the town was, as always, choked with especially good performers. He worked steadier than he had before. He lived moderately.

He met women and liked some more than others. But nothing lasted. Nothing until one afternoon.

The third woman

Sherry Nelson didn’t pay much attention to him as he walked up—but her mother did! Sherry was more concerned with her job at the moment. As one of the six models in the fashion show at the Southern California Club she felt she had an obligation to look nice. And he wasn’t the first good-looking man who had asked for her phone number. But there was something different about him.

Her friend, Marty Dickson, had brought him to the table. He was introduced as Vincent Edwards. Sherry nodded in acknowledgment. They small-talked for a few minutes, then Sherry was called to show the dress again.

She moved gracefully from table to table. She was tall, blonde and quietly beautiful. She turned easily to give the guests a full look at the dress and then returned to the table where Marty and her mother waited.

Edwards was gone.

Her mother smiled. “I think you’ll be hearing from that young man.” Her mother said. “I gave him our phone number.”

“Well?” asked Sherry. But Sherry knew why. Three years had passed since her first husband had been killed in an auto accident, and Sherry had shown little interest in a second marriage. But her mother had. In her good-natured way she loved to play match-maker for Sherry.

“He’s nice, he’s a gentleman and there’s an interesting air of excitement hidden behind that calm exterior of his.” Sherry smiled. But Mom was right, he called the next day. Sherry accepted a dinner date. If her mother approved, well …

The next night Edwards arrived and came smiling through the door. In a more receptive mood Sherry realized her mother was right again. He was nice. You could tell from his eyes. He was a gentleman. There was something in his manner, an honest gentleness that was as much a part of him as his quiet strength.

Before the evening was over Sherry was convinced that she had finally met a man with whom she could be friends.

In the months that followed Sherry dated Vincent often. They laughed a lot, something she sensed he hadn’t done too much in his life. She liked the effect she had on him. And there was no doubt he liked it too.

It was an ideal arrangement for both. One night as they dined Vincent said, “Something came up today. It might be interesting. A producer I know wants me to do a TV series for him. It’s a new idea. I’ve read the scripts, I think I’ll try it.”

“What’s it about?” Sherry asked, her eyes alive with excitement.

“About a doctor who works in a hospital,” Edwards replied. He smiled. “They got a strange name for him. They’re going to call him Dr. Ben Casey.”

And with Vincent she watched the first showing of the new program that night last October. “She thought Vincent was fine. Sherry had never known anyone who had been an overnight success on television. It wasn’t until the next morning that she understood she had not only watched an hour-show, but she had viewed an explosion. Vincent Edwards had suddenly become an idol to millions of tube watchers.

At first she was excited with happiness for Edwards. Her girl friends swapped her with calls for introductions, personal details and gossip about “this absolutely marvelous actor, how did you ever get to meet him, Sherry?”

Her dates with Vincent were not nearly as frequent as they had been. He worked hard, twelve to sixteen hours a day, trying desperately with the cast and crew, to get ahead of the schedule.

Little by little Sherry began to feel that Vincent would soon be gone. Their wonderful dates, the intimate laughter, the warm welcome she loved to see in his eyes. They were even more treasured to her now. It was amazing, she thought, how tenderly you hold in your mind the things you think you may lose. But she understood. She was not engaged to Vincent. There had been no implied permanency in their relationship. No plans for the future or marriage or any of the dreams that go with love. Just a nice happy friendship, Vincent had made no promises. He was free.

And then one night not long ago: Vincent sat across the table from her.

“I know what you’ve been thinking these last months,” he said, “but it isn’t so.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Sherry responded politely.

“Maybe,” said Vincent with a smile. “But I think you deserve to know what’s going to happen to us.”

“The show isn’t going to change us,” he said. “We’ll have to save our times to be together. I want it to keep on. As we have been. You’re terribly important to me and I don’t want you to think that because I’ve been lucky with the show that what is between us will taper off to nothing.”

“In some ways I don’t have the right to ask, but—” Edwards hesitated, not sure of what he wanted to say next.

But by now it wasn’t necessary. “I understand perfectly, Vince,” she said. “There’s no need for you to explain anything. You’ve said all I wanted to hear. I’m in no hurry for—well, for anything.”

“Those are the best words I’ve heard in weeks,” Vincent said. “I just wanted to be sure. Sure that it’s all right with you.”

“It’s all right with me, Vince,” Sherry said. “Everything is all right with us, too.”

And that’s the way it is with Vincent Edwards and Sherry Nelson today. It’s the way they want it.

But wouldn’t it be funny and sad and sweet and ironic and surprising and happy if they were in love and didn’t know it? Wouldn’t it be crazy? —ALAN SOMERS

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We’ll put your name on one of 400 prizes—and all you have to do is fill out and mail this ballot. This month the prize for the first 400 ballots we receive is “Men of Space” by Shirley Thomas, an exciting and highly authentic book about the men behind Comdr. Alan Shepard’s flight into history. Be sure to mail your ballot today to win this book.

Past this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader’s Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

MY FAVORITES ARE:

MALE STAR: 1.  
2.  
3.  

FEMALE STAR: 1.  
2.  
3.  

FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE: 1.  
2.  
3.  

THE NEWCOMER I’D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:  
THE FAMOUS PERSON, NOT IN SHOW BUSINESS, I’D LIKE TO READ ABOUT:  

Name ................................................................. Age ..............
Address ................................................................. 9-42
I was the fellow who was never going to get married. I had a lot of living to do yet. So who wanted to be tied down? Who wanted responsibilities? At Northwestern, Paula and I knew couples who married in their senior year, and we thought they were crazy. Especially this one case—the girl was a marvelous actress and we felt she simply had no right to get married, have children and deprive the theater of her talent! We were pretty intolerant in those days!

So now I’m married and loving it—and not just one woman, but two! It’s great, it’s real, it’s a full life. We meet everything head-on together, solve our problems together. We reinforce each other and we’re gradually growing up. Me and my two wives: Tall Paula Pretiss (who gets confused about everything except the basic values), and little Paula Ragusa (who can and sometimes does act like a ten year old).

And I’m glad. I was worried, believe me, that Hollywood would get to Paula. But nothing has changed, not one thing. I’ve changed. I’m not as idealistic, I’m not going off in the woods to start the perfect theater. I’ve become more realistic, and because I have, Paula has—but she hasn’t become as smooth as most pros. She still gets rattled and confused. The other night she had to phone someone to find out what time we were expected at a dinner party. She chatted pleasantly with our prospective hostess, then a moment after she hung up, she started crying!

“I forgot what time she said!” Paula sobbed. “I don’t know why, don’t ask me why, I just forgot.”

“Well, just call her up again,” I suggested, “and this time write it down.”

“I’m not going to talk to that woman ever again in my life,” she cried. But very shortly after, grown-up Paula picked up the phone and politely inquired, “Can you tell me again, please, what time we’re expected?”

I love both of her.

She’s a lovely wife, both of her. No needle, no nag, and she keeps house like you’d never believe. Of course, she also picked out a house you would never believe. We’d been in Europe for our honeymoon, we’d gone back to New York, then come out here to California. We drove around Beverly Hills, Westwood and Brentwood house-hunting. Little compact car stuffed to the gills with wedding presents: pictures, clothing, china, books and bric-a-brac. We couldn’t even see out the car’s back window, and on the freeway my bride would stick her head out and open the door to tell me what was coming. To top it all off, we couldn’t find a furnished apartment without a lease, and we couldn’t take a lease in case I had to go back to New York on a minute’s notice.

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don’t realize what is involved in treating “the delicate zone.”

They don’t ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

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Finally, Paula dragged me inside her dream house—a crazy Tenth-Century number done in some weird dream by a shipbuilder from Denmark. She kept telling me how authentic it was, all redwood, not a nail in the place. But she wasn’t selling mee—she’d driven past once and it was strictly out of a fairy tale. But I went to look at it just to please the child. It was wilder than I’d dreamed, reminiscent of the old pubs we’d seen in England. We had a big scene, and then we took it—in a temporary basis.

"Only don’t unpack," I said.

Yes, we’d had seen her face. "Oh, I have to, Dick," she said, "I have to unpack. I can’t feel temporary."

The second day, while I was out, she unpacked. And I must confess that when I walked in, it looked as if we’d lived there a long, long time. It was ours! There were plants around everywhere and little artificial birds that she had put up but she didn’t throw them out. I just got her some new ones to take the place of some little ratty violets she was carefully preserving!

Paula the homely

The woman Paula has a quality I’d never expected. She’s a housekeeper. I could eat off paper, but we eat off the most beautiful china. Her mother gave her that and silver, lovely silver that’s polished so it shimmers. She cooks and cooks well—Denver omelets when we have guests for Sunday brunch, and imaginative desserts like blueberry shimmers. And she cleans! It takes her all day, but she seems to like it! If she’s upset she works it out by cleaning and then everything is spic and span.

Days when she’s not shooting, she’s up at 6 a.m. doing housework on tiptoe while I sleep. After a while she can’t stand the quiet: it makes me wake. Today, she woke me up because she was scheduled for an interview at one and she was worrying about it. Big Paula does a great interview, she’s great on quiz shows and TV, but little Paula worries. She wants to run away, she’s scared of the "uglies" are going to get her. Sometimes she has nightmares about the "uglies.

You want to know what else is different about being married to a movie star? Well, movie stardom is really beyond both of our comprehensions—and so is the money that goes with it. In fact, we still save pennies. Paula’s very high right now on savings stamps. She shops at stores where she can get them, brings them home and pastes them in her book. So far she’s translated those books into a thousandth scale, a toaster and assorted pillows.

You won’t believe it, but Paula has a dress, a very attractive dark beige dress with high neck and long sleeves. I think it’s just great. Well, she had that dress in tenth grade, she had it in college and now about every three months she drags it out and washes it and辅修 it. Only just who he was, she had no idea. Well, she was that way when I first knew her and she’ll always be that way. Her approach is so guileless it’s enchanting. She’s not always profound, but she is always spontaneous—that’s the child in her.

Here’s another example. When Paula needed some new evening slippers recently, she went looking all over and ended up at the five-and-ten where she bought a pair of plastic shoes for one dollar and nineteen cents. Of course they fell apart the second time she wore them, but she still wears them around the house. And she lugs all our laundry down to the laundromat. She even makes a special trip just to wash jeans and tennis shoes when we’ve been to the beach. I think she likes to use those blue American Tablets. We saw the ad on television and she couldn’t wait to get to the laundromat.

Maybe if the checks came made out to Paula Ragusa they’d mean more, but they come made out to Paula Prentiss, a strictly made-up name. You know, half the time I think Paula believes it’s made-up money. And I certainly thought her making it was much more fun than working in the car factory. Her plan is for the man of the family to make the money and support his wife. It worried me. We discussed it. Paula just simply said that it couldn’t make any difference, and it doesn’t. She doesn’t think of this money as hers. It’s sort of a gift for doing something she enjoys—and something she does very well. It’s sort of like working together not too long ago at UCLA in "Measure for Measure," and we each received the Equity minimum—$87.50. That has reality. That size check we can both understand. But when we stay at a hotel in New York and check over the bill the studio is paying, we go into a state of shock. We’re not knocking on the house luxury it’s great—but sometimes it can trap you. On our last trip back from New York, we stopped in Chicago—Evaston really—to see some of the kids from school. It was a purely personal trip, but studio representatives met us at the airport and took us out to the Orrington, a hotel about six blocks from our house. We must have both lived when we were on campus. It was all very pleasant. One of the publicity men somehow took over all the hotel arrangements—but he also asked Paula if she’d do some publicity work the next morning. For once I didn’t read her reaction fast enough.

The minute he was out of the room, she cried, "I just want to see people. I don’t want the studio paying our hotel bill. If we let them take care of everything, we’ll find we can’t do anything on our own, personally, without being someone’s property. We have to do things ourselves, Dick!"

And of course she’s absolutely right. We phoned the Coast at once, made our position clear, and from here on out we’ll be more careful. No one can run your life for you, and this is the one danger that I can see in Paula’s success. The studio is so careful of their stars, so considerate, so parental, so helpful—but some decisions have to be your own. As she says, "I want my own life." That’s something my girl understands from the start. She gets confused about everything but basic values.

Child vs woman

Paula’s naive—and it’s charming. When she met Charles Boyer on the set of "The Four Horsemen" she knew only that he was a star and that he was rich. Just who he was, she had no idea. Well, she was that way when I first knew her and she’ll always be that way. Her approach is so guileless it’s enchanting. She’s not always profound, but she is always spontaneous—that’s the child in her.

The woman is the one I saw on stage in "Measure for Measure," pleading for the duke to save his wife’s husband’s life. All of us were on stage for the third act and we’d heard this rehearsed so many times, we’d come to the point where we thought we’d lose our minds hearing it once more. Then, suddenly, there was this dark-eyed vibrant being so emotional, sobbing so genuinely, that all of us began to react—not just the audience—but our own tears. It might have been my own life she was pleading for. Total reality. That’s what I call a golden moment.

I’ve shared several golden moments in the theater with Paula and they are a counterpoint to the golden moments we share as husband and wife. This winter, for example, we were on stage. Paula was doing a dash to UCLA for "Measure for Measure." It was cold, we’d keep the car windows closed. I’d tend a throw rug over Paula’s knees (she’s always cold) and there we’d be together zooming over the San Diego freeway to the campus, but we had the exhilarating sense of taking off in a space capsule. It’s true there were no such things as two human beings at moments like this.

We’re in each other’s minds. Paula has told me many times that with me she is most herself, and with her I am most me.

Of course we fight!

But this doesn’t mean we don’t fight. When we have guests in for breakfast on Sundays, unless Paula wakes me, I sleep until noon and then she goes like a whirlybird trying to cook and straighten the bedroom at the same time. I can’t see that, I say, close the bedroom door. She says, "No, it will make the place look smaller." I say, "Yeah, well.

One day when she was taking off like a jet to wash her tennis shoes at the laundromat, I reminded her that she had a ten o’clock appointment at the studio and she’d better not try the laundromat or she’d be late. I was very definite about it and she stayed at home—but she sulked and kept remembering. Half an hour later I found her in the kitchen in the jam jar with jam all over the knife and leaking along her arm as she wobbled a bread and jelly sandwich. She had to laugh.

But one of the worst fights we’ve had was over the income tax forms. We’d gone to the tax man, but he needed all sorts of information, facts and figures. So we returned home and were beating our brains out trying to get all the material together. I asked Paula a question, she answered me, but I was struggling with a column of figures and asked her again.

"What did you say?"

"You heard me," Paula said.

"I didn’t hear you, dear."

"You did too!" she shrieked.

"Don’t you yell," I yelled.

And with this, one of my wives started screaming, I mean screaming. I suggested she consider the neighbors ... I suggested she remember how difficult, not to say impossible, it is to find a furnished apartment, and so on. Finally I told her she was behaving like a ten year old.

That stopped her.

But she’s not always a ten year old, she’s also an exciting, warm and talented woman, and I love being married to—both of her. —as told to JANE ARDMORE

Paula Prentiss and Dick Benjamin will soon be seen in “Follow the Boys.” M.E.M.
Would you like to meet a flier? or a sailor? or a singer? or a salesman? or a horseman? or a farmer? or a writer? or an actor? or a banjo picker? or a producer? or a director? or a hunter? or a comedian? or a ukulele player? or a cab driver? or a war correspondent? or a radio operator?
Here they are!

They're all Arthur Godfrey—every description on the preceding page fits! Besides being all those men, Arthur Godfrey is now a horse trainer (he trains, rides and exhibits thoroughbred Palominos); an ice skater (he's done whole shows on ice); a crack trap shooter; and a retired Colonel in the U.S. Air Force Reserve.

Because he's done all these things, he knows all kinds of people, and many of them drop in on CBS Radio, weekday mornings at Arthur Godfrey Time. With Arthur drawing them out, they tell inside stories, trade facts, swap gags and personal anecdotes. You never hear an interview—just shop talk between fascinating friends.

Among other visitors, Arthur's talked shop with Andy Williams, a fellow singer; Red Buttons, a fellow comedian; John Crosby, a fellow critic; Major Bob White, a fellow flier (Bob flies the X15); Harry Golden, a fellow kibitzer; Robert Ruark, a fellow African hunter; Trevor Bale, a fellow animal trainer (he trains tigers and lions); Lionel Hampton, a fellow musician; Mr. Nita, a fellow fireworks-maker (Godfrey's are verbal, Mr. Nita makes the Japanese paper kind); and Phil Silvers, Buddy Hackett and Jackie Gleason, fellow experts at the game of gab.

That's just a small sampling. And besides all the good talk there's the best of popular music: blues, ballads, and old and new hit show tunes. All this, plus the regulars you hear every weekday morning on CBS Radio's Arthur Godfrey Time.

A lot of entertainment—a lot of interesting people. But then, so is Arthur Godfrey. All by himself, he's a crowd.

CBS RADIO STATIONS:

point,” she said softly, “where I realized that none of it, not one instant of it, made sense. I imagined it was all my fault—I’d done something wrong. Somewhere, perhaps, in her, the immediate future held trips to New York, Chicago, Texas; back to Hollywood; then Sweden; an LP album and a single to record; a night-club act with George Burns in Seattle, Tahoe and Vegas—and two more movies.

Ann-Margret didn’t bring it up, but there were other complications. The first was that Burt was so wildly in love that soon after they met, he wanted to marry her. But a more serious insistence began to grow. Burt is a businessman. With his father, Al Sugarman, he is half owner of one of the largest chains of used car lots in the country; a string of prosperous restaurants; department stores. You shouldn’t be a girl; girls don’t have a ring. He prefers to keep his private life out of the papers and magazines. With Ann-Margret, he was forced to bear the exposure. He didn’t like it and he told Ann-Margret he didn’t like it.

The second serious complication was Mr. Olson’s health. Late last year he suffered a second heart attack, he was warned by doctors to take it easy. He and Mrs. Olson moved to Hollywood.

“I decided it was about time my parents stopped working,” Ann-Margret said. “I was making enough money now to support them comfortably. I wanted to do it—I thanked God for making it so I could. Dad already had been engaged to a daughter that now was the time to be with my parents. I knew Dad would take it hard if I—”

In itself, the situation was enough for a twenty-year-old girl. Then to learn that her father did not approve of Burt or the marriage proved a threat to her hopes.

“What could I do—obey my father and lose Burt? Or go ahead and marry Burt and maybe lose?” She looked down and absently touched the third finger of her left hand. Where Burt’s ring had been. It does not take much to imagine the ominous three-cornered cloud that had hovered over her head.

There was, however, an even more disconcerting fact that began to grow out of all proportion. Its significance.

Twenty-three-year-old Burt Sugarman is always referred to as wealthy, personable, intelligent and a graduate of USC. What no one’s pointed out till now is that Burt is a divorced man.

There is no evidence to support the speculation, but it would seem that having failed to keep his first marriage intact, Burt Sugarman did not appeal to Mr. Olson as a sure bet for his daughter’s happiness, a concern for which the father had the deepest regard. Those close to the family say that if Burt had not been divorced, Mr. Olson would have offered no resistance.

But even Ann-Margret’s friends and Burt’s friends seemed to have doubts.

“From the beginning,” Ann-Margret recalled, “people would see the ring on my finger and then they’d say, ‘Oh, you really are engaged, aren’t you?’ Then they’d say, ‘Do you love Burt?’ His voice tightened as the knot of expectation stuck in her throat.

‘Did they think I would take the ring from Burt just to get the ring?’ she asked. ‘That I would wear it on my finger, my engagement finger, and not love him?’

She was still trying to keep her tears from showing—and doing it so bravely.

“I loved Burt,” she continued. “He is the strongest man I have ever known. I have never, never been in love before. Perhaps that is what worried my parents. I think they were afraid a first love wasn’t deep enough to last. But Burt is kind, considerate, intelligent, quiet, the most wonderful man I’ve ever met.”

One possible factor, which Ann-Margret denies—is that their religion emphatically could make a difference. Burt is Jewish, Ann-Margret is Lutheran, and an intensely religious girl, a girl who’s face lights up when she says “I love church! A girl alone in a big city ought to go to church—it gives you a feeling. You’re not alone. You’re counted. So strong.” Sometimes, away from home, she attends Presbyterian services, but she needs to feel at home in a church, and friends feel she would not be at home in Burt’s synagogue.

Another factor is her restlessness. She can’t bear to simply sit around for one evening, let alone a week, a month, a year. She loves to travel, to live in hotels, to pack and unpack and move. Marriage could mean giving this up. The world of finance—Burt’s world—usually attracts fairly conservative young men who do not pick up and go simply for the sake of going.

Yet this restless girl also loves the house she has made it possible for her parents to live in—the large apartment in Los Angeles. She enjoys the advantage of being an only, indulged child.

**Little girl at home**

She loves the huge room her mother has fixed up for her, with its little-girl clutter of dolls and stuffed animals. She sleeps in a big double bed, scatters her clothes around for her mother to (cheerfully) pick up. And she is generally her own boss. She spends at least part of her earnings as she likes.

A strange girl, Ann-Margret. In person she is quiet, sedate, reserved, with an air of intelligence. It is she transformed into the shy, twisting performer she has become? “When I hear music,” she once told me, “I lose all my inhibitions.”

And when she Performs? Sometimes when a person has known me for a couple of months,” she told me, “and then goes with me to a club to see me perform, when I come back to the table after my act, he will stare and stare and stare—and until he realizes he’s staring and he stops.” I have a strong notion that Burt Sugarman, whom she also knew only for a couple of months, was one of those who stared, and stared. And Burt would have been expected to join in the dance, though not on stage. For Ann-Margret’s idea of a good time is a quiet dinner followed by hours and hours of dancing. Was Burt prepared for this? One suspects that Ann-Margret was not the only one who had second thoughts about the marriage.

Yes, Ann-Margret is in love with music and food and church and traveling and applause and dancing and acting. And none of these loves make the demands on her that marriage could. But she still loves Burt.

“I was happy with Burt and I know he was happy with me,” she said, “I hoped to become his wife. I wanted that. I think I wanted it desperately.

“Some of my friends said that for an
engaged girl I didn’t sound very happy. I guess I wasn’t, away from Burt. But what others saw as doubt was simply my way of taking love seriously. I wanted to understand myself as a woman in love. I wanted to know how to ensure that love.

“And then, in less than two weeks, the whole world fell on top of me.”

Ann-Margret’s parents had to know: Did she plan to go against their wishes?

Burt had to know: Would the woman he loved become his wife or not?

“And what about the tour, baby?” the studio insisted. “We’ve got to know.”

“It took three days for me to decide,” Ann-Margret said. “Maybe they were three days long, because in the end I realized that in the beginning I knew exactly what I had to do.”

Early one warm California evening, by the quiet of a breeze-swept knoll that overlooked the sparkling city of Hollywood. Ann-Margret slipped a ring from her betrothal finger and told Burt that she could not marry him.

She kissed him gently and said, “Please take me home.”

Burt Sugarman is not yet sure why it happened. All he knows is that he lost the girl he loved.

“I don’t feel like a girl anymore,” Ann-Margret said. “I guess I’m finally a woman. I’ve given up the man I love.”

“I love my work, I love my parents, I loved Burt. Maybe I just loved too much too hard.”

“But at least I know how to fall in love,” she said. “You don’t do it blindly, you don’t play hide and seek. You consider the risk. You take a chance with your heart and your mind. You don’t for a moment imagine that because you’re in love you can’t be hurt. Instead you try to be ready to be a good loser. You’d better be. If you don’t and you’re a woman you can cry your insides out.”

She stood up.

“I haven’t told all this to anyone else,” she said, “I don’t think I could tell it again. I just hope I didn’t sound—well, you know—the girl with the bruised heart. I’m not angry at life. I still love people. I can’t help myself on that. I don’t pity myself and don’t want others feeling sorry for me. I’ll get over it.”

She moved toward the door.

“But I’ll date Burt again. I still love him.”

She turned her face from me quickly and closed the door softly behind her.

—ALAN SOMERS

Ann-Margret’s in “Bye, Bye Birdie,” Col.

**KIM NOVAK**

Continued from page 31

“It was freezing cold when my secretary, Barbara Mellon, and I stepped from the plane in Moscow into a foot of snow that soaked our nylons.” Kim Novak related. “I expected a reception committee, but no one was at the airport to greet me.

“Suddenly I was alone in a strange country. I tried to talk to people at the airport but they didn’t speak English. Worse yet, not one person seemed to recognize me—none of my pictures had ever been shown here. So nobody knew me at all. Nobody! My presence in the Soviet capital wasn’t stirring one little ripple.

**I could stare!**

“In a way, though, it was wonderful. I was starting on a fifteen-day tour of the Soviet Union and hoping to take intimate glimpses of movie-making techniques and methods inside the iron curtain. So because nobody knew me, I could go where I wanted, do what I wanted, stare all I wanted. For the first few days, anyway. Then I did see TV, I was on the radio, there were stories about me in the newspapers—so by the end of my stay I had no freedom at all. Because everyone knew who I was.”

When the film officials finally caught up with her, they were all apologies. There had been some misunderstanding about her arrival. “They were extremely friendly,” said Kim. “I felt a warm stream of contact between us from the very beginning. All at once everything turned out all right.”

Kim had gone to Russia with many reservations about the attitude and motives of the officials who had invited her there. They were from the Russian Film Association, the state-controlled organization which supervises every phase of moviemaking in the Soviet Union. Russia has no independent film producers, no giants like Warners, Columbia, Paramount, United Artists, 20th Century-Fox. There’s only the RFA Period.

Her main concern, Kim said, was to meet her hosts and deal with them on an equal footing. She had seen and heard how many Americans had gone to Moscow and been embarrassed by the superior and sometimes arrogant pose of Red functionaries. Said Kim, “I decided to meet these people without airs, without suspicions, without an iron curtain around me.” And not for one moment did she regret her decision.

Kim’s first stop was in the U.S. Embassy for a visit with Ambassador Lewellan Thompson. Then she was off on her tour. It started at a Film Association luncheon in her honor. Russia’s top film stars, directors, and movie officials were present. A top-drawer gathering!

“I was bursting with excitement,” Kim said. “I was like a kid on her first day of school. And that’s how I made my first boo-boo. I looked at a portrait on the wall and asked, ‘Who’s that?’

“There was a long silence. Everyone stared at me. Then one of my hosts replied politely, ‘That’s Lenin.’ Ordinarily, Kim insists, she can spot a portrait of Lenin as quickly as she can of the late Harry Cohn, her old boss at Columbia. But this one had been painted by a first-year student at Russia’s Film Association School and, Kim swears, it wasn’t a very good likeness. Nevertheless, she recalled, “My face turned red as wine.”

Wine figured in Kim’s next big moment. That night a Soviet film review magazine gave a reception in her honor. Food was piled high on the table and the wine flowed. Glasses were filled to the brim and raised for toasts.

“We were toasting each other to health, happiness—and peace—when Barbara accidentally hit my elbow,” Kim related. And added ruefully, “Have you ever seen a Kelly green dress soaked in red wine?

“Stark silence fell upon the large dining hall. Heads turned, onlookers gasped in horror at the ruined raiment. Kim sat in utter dismay. Suddenly several men seated nearby jumped up and rushed to her with salt shakers.

“They sprinkled salt over my dress from shoulder, stomach to hemline.” Kim could laugh about it later, but she couldn’t then. “One of them explained, as he gallantly sprayed me with the shaker, ‘Salt will keep it from staining.’

**Come as you are!**

Kim would have liked to change before her next engagement—a talk to newsmen—but there was no time. She went, as was, to the auditorium where members of the Fourth Estate were waiting.

“I must have carried it off quite well,” Kim smiles. “The press seemed impressed with the latest fashion from the States—pinkish-green crystal spray a la splash. Next day the newspapers commented on an ‘unusual style dress’ I wore.”

After this large first evening in Moscow, Kim retired to the suite assigned to her in the Hotel Sovietiki, the capital’s finest. There was television, radio, even a grand piano in her rooms! She was deeply impressed—but also wondered if the Russians had included another modern gadget—a hidden microphone.

“Barbara and I had heard so much about Soviet craftsmanship that we didn’t dare speak above a whisper.”

The two women had no intention of saying anything critical of the Russians, but they did want to discuss one little phenomenon that had come to their attention a bit earlier in the evening at
the dinner. It seems one of the women came over to Barbara and asked her to dance. Puzzled as she was by it, Barbara obliged. And now in the hotel room, they wanted to talk about it. But they didn’t dare—the room might be bugged.

“I am ashamed, now, of our thoughts,” Kim admitted. “After that first night we never again even allowed such suspicions to enter our thoughts.”

She found it hard getting to sleep that night. With all its modern appointments, the hotel had no shades! Only lovely white chiffon curtains. Outside, the snow was deep on the ground, the lights on the street glowed brilliantly, and the glare lit up the room like day. She finally went to sleep with a deep sigh in her heart.

Next day Kim was taken to the Dom Kimo, Moscow’s biggest theater, where for the first time a Russian audience was treated to one of her films—“Middle of the Night.”

A dinner party was held in Kim’s honor that night in the Dom Kimo—the theater has huge rooms and facilities on the lower level. Some two hundred guests attended.

“What struck me most was the music,” she told me. “All night long the orchestra played American jazz—and all night long women came up to me and Barbara and took us out to the floor to dance. Of course, by now we were well aware that it’s a fine old Russian custom for women to dance together.”

But customs change fast when a gal like Kim Novak invades Moscow. She rocked the staid gathering by doing over the men, one by one, and asking them to dance with her.

Kim was particularly fascinated by one of the Russian male types who emmanate from the province of Georgia.

“The Latins of Russia,” said Kim. Her violet eyes mirroring the fire she must have seen smoldering in the eyes of the Latins of Russia. They have black, black hair; dark eyes, white skin and brilliant white teeth. And they’re extremely masculine. Barbara and I played a little game. We’d try to guess who the Georgians were. “I rather liked those Georgians...”

No Georgian, but a fascinating person just the same, was hard-boiled Premier Nikita Khrushchev’s hard-boiled son-in-law, Alexei Adjoubei, editor-in-chief of Izvestia. Kim met Adjoubei in his newspaper’s office in Moscow.

“Someone ushered me into an imposing editorial conference room, she related, “and suddenly I found myself face to face with a tired man.”

The formality of a brief greeting was hardly over when Adjoubei scowled. “You know, we can bury your country.”

Kim looked at the brash editor, dumb-founded.

“I couldn’t believe my ears at first, for a moment I thought I was listening to my father-in-law! Then I gathered my wits about me and in a polite manner I asked, ‘What’s the matter with you? Haven’t you enough faith in your Communist system to want to live in peace with other nations? Why must you be so warlike?’”

After three hours of that, Adjoubei knew he had met someone who wouldn’t shrink away from his bullying. By then

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P. 75
Of the many friends Kim Novak made in Russia, two of the best were her interpreter, Bella Epstein (left), and Fanny Gezelevitch, Film Association secretary.

"Money-greedy capitalists ..."

Kim feels that on both sides of the picture there's been distortion by the press, so that we think of the Russians as big white bears and they see us as villainous, money-greedy capitalists.

"And it's a shame," she said, "because I think if people knew people, it could help our relations. I don't mean on the government level—goodness knows we have the most wonderful system of government in the world and I wouldn't ever want to live under any other kind. But I mean on the people level. I believe in people taking the time and trouble to understand other people—and seeing for yourself, not taking anyone else's opinion.

"Neither was Russia exactly what I'd read—that everything was so terrible. It really wasn't that bad. The people were very friendly, very nice. The fashions weren't great—certainly not up to us or Paris—but not bad. And the Russians try very hard to preserve the arts. Poetry is big there, because they are people with a lot of heart. I don't think it's chic here to be a poet—maybe I'm wrong, maybe I'll have to be filled in like I had to be on the twist—but the poet is probably the most respected man in Russia, and the actor and artist would come next. When they found out I paint and write poetry, that's all they asked about—not about my movies or my personal life."

Kim also visited the State Film Institute, which is the state's principal school for the movie industry's trainees. It is the Oxford of Russian film training. All aspiring actors, directors, cameramen, script writers, electricians, grips and the myriad others who seek a career in movies must attend this school. And each pupil must take full training in every facet of moviemaking, no matter in which field he wants to specialize.

"The students live at the school and they live and breathe movies and theater. Only those with the most talent are taken and trained for five arduous years. Every aspect of moviemaking is thoroughly taught, from set decorating to camera work, from script writing to acting. A student may enroll with the idea that he wants to become an actor. By the time he completes the course, he has found that his interest lies in directing, perhaps, or camera work. So he becomes a director or a cameraman. And it's not unusual for woman students to end up as electricians, grips, directors—or actresses."

Kim is convinced that the training is far more extensive than anything in this country, because each student has been taught to know each job.

There is one system in Russia that Kim does view with reservations, but this is not connected with movies. It has to do with railroad travel—and the strange Russian custom that finds a man and woman, strangers to each other, ending up sleeping together in the same compartment.

It happened to Kim, although her bunkmate wasn't exactly a stranger. He was Youri Dobrokhotov, a Soviet Film Association official who had issued Kim's formal invitation to visit Russia. Kim's itinerary called for a visit to Leningrad.

So it came to pass that Kim and Barbara, along with Youri and Bella Epstein, who served as interpreter, got on the overnight train for the seven-hour trip to Leningrad.

"We had two compartments," Kim told me. "Of course I was going to share one with Barbara, and leave Youri and Bella to share the other in the tradition of their native land."

"But when we got on the train, Youri wanted to discuss my Leningrad schedule, so we went into one compartment while Bella and Barbara went into the other. Barbara was going to teach Bella to play gin rummy."

"An hour or so later, I felt drowsy. I yawned, hoping Youri would take the hint and leave. 'Okay,' he said, 'if you're sleepy let's go to bed.'"

A startled Kim

"That was what I wanted him to say. But I didn't expect him to start undressing in my compartment—I had wanted him to go into the next one and send Barbara back."

Youri saw the startled look on Kim's face and proceeded quickly to explain about Russia's co-ed sleeping practice on trains. Although there were two beds, Kim wasn't about to abide by that old maxim.

"When in Russia, do as the Russians do."

She hastily explained to Youri that all of Barbara's things were in this room.

"But when we opened the door," Kim related, "we found Barbara and Bella had gone to bed and were sound asleep. I resigned myself to my fate, but I managed to work it out to a minimum of embarrassment. I went into the powder room and changed. When I came back, Youri still had not left. He saw the distressed look on my face.

"'All right, turn around and face the other way,' he suggested. I turned. Youri took his clothes off and got into bed. Then, and only then, did I turn around and get into my own bed.

"Youri, Kim wants me to assure her millions of American 'perfect gentleman.' However, let's finish the story. There was another problem of a similar nature in the morning. How was that solved?"

"I put a pillow over his face and threw on my clothes in record time," Kim explained. But added, "When I walked out of the compartment that morning with Youri, I was very much relieved."

Needless to say, on the return to Moscow it was Kim and Barbara, Youri and Bella: all the way back.

Before Kim left for home, she achieved the goal she had set herself—to lay the groundwork with the Russian Film Association for the joint American-Russian film production which was a matter of uncertainty. But this much was accomplished: Georgi Zhukov, head of the State Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, told her to prepare a script. If it is approved by our State Department and by Russian officials, the movie may be undertaken soon.

I asked Kim if she had a plot in mind. She answered, "When the Russians asked me what I hoped to accomplish with a joint film venture, I told them that the peoples of our two countries must get to know each other better—not only politically, but as people. I suggested a love story about a Russian man and an American woman, both on their first trip, fall in love, but are kept apart by their political differences. It must be a simple yet real story that could reach the hearts of all people. "They were basically in favor of this idea, and offered to do all they could to help and support the venture."

Kim was more than delighted with the results of her trip. "I had a goal. Not just in making a deal on a film, but to make clear the often distorted picture of Hollywood movie stars. Even in America, we're thought of as wild and bewildered hollow shells, blundering through our mixed-up blond lives, I was sure that in Russia they had the same, if not a worse view, and I felt it my obligation as an American to set the record straight.

"I never lost sight of my goal the whole trip. I didn't come away signing any peace treaties or getting any disarmament bans, but I do feel that I learned much and made many friends—I hope for my country as well as myself."

—GEORGE CARPOZ

Kim can be seen in "Notorious Landlady," Col., and "Boys' Night Out," M-G-M.
helping his son with his Hebrew lessons. He must have pictured himself teaching his boy the ancient Hebrew prayer: "Prayed be Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the Universe, who causest my eyes to close in sleep." He must have pictured himself giving Todd a different present on each of the eight days of Chanukah, the Festival of Lights, when the ceremonial candles always burned brightly. He must have pictured himself presiding at the Passover service—the proudest day of the year—when, in answer to the traditional query, "Whencefore is this night different from all other nights?"—and to the three other questions—Todd, his youngest child, would deliver the age-old replies, recalling the Jews' exodus from Egypt and their deliverance by Moses from slavery. He must have pictured himself at his son's Bar Mitzvah ceremony, where the youngster, having reached the age of thirteen, would stand and recite a speech in Hebrew accepting his responsibilities as a man.

The bond dream of a loving father, suddenly interrupted, and yet at the same time made real, as he feels his son's arms encircle his neck.

The fatal day

So a few days later, when Eddie called Debbie to arrange to have the children visit him, he brought up the matter of religion, with particular reference to Todd. He casually asked Debbie whether she thought Todd was old enough to understand and absorb some of the elementary lessons of Judaism.

Debbie's answer, delivered in a tone as casual as Eddie's own, was that she didn't feel little Todd should be raised in the Jewish faith.

There was a long moment of silence on the phone, a moment in which Eddie touched the very bottom and found out what misery really is. Then, fighting to keep control of his temper yet sounding anything but casual, Eddie reminded Debbie that she'd promised him, promised him three years before, that she would allow Todd to be raised as a Jew—to be raised in his father's faith. Of course, he'd never asked her to put this promise in writing. She'd given her word—and that was good enough for him. Now she'd changed her mind. Did she have a reason?

Now it was Debbie who was trying her best to remain casual. Ever so politely she reminded her ex-husband "that it was a woman's privilege to change her mind—hadn't he learned that by now?"

Eddie, who had controlled his temper when he learned his wife was first secretly—then openly—seeing Burton; Eddie, who had controlled his temper at various press conferences—in spite of the jibes and jokes from reporters about Liz' loving an-
other man; Eddie, who'd controlled his temper when those same reporters printed stories that Liz had kicked him out instead of the truth—that he had left her; Eddie, who'd turned the other cheek so often, had reached the end of the rope. He could control himself no longer. He blew his top—and the words that ensued were as hot and heavy as any Eddie has ever uttered. Debbie remained adamant. She'd changed her mind—and that was all.

When Eddie hung up the phone, his face was the color of a dead ash from which all the fire had long since been burned out. But etched there was grief.

"Yet, there was nothing he could do," Debbie had made her decision and nothing he could say or do would change it. Perhaps he might have been able to do something about it back then, three years ago, when he'd split up with Debbie in order to marry Liz. Perhaps if he'd stopped and thought back then, all this that was happening now wouldn't have had to happen. But he'd been in such a hurry then, so much in love that he'd agreed to anything and everything Debbie had demanded in the divorce agreement. Alimony? Whatever you say! Custody of the children? Whatever you wish. Visiting rights? Whatever you desire. I'll agree to anything as long as I can have my freedom.

But today things were different. He wanted to see the kids more—not just when the divorce agreement permitted him to, but also when he wanted to. But sometimes when he'd phone and ask to see them, it wasn't possible. They were off visiting Grandma and Grandpa Reynolds in Burbank, or they were at a party with some of their friends, or they were somewhere else. And always, when he'd see them on schedule or off-schedule (even that first time after eighteen months of separation), they were accompanied by their nurse (this, too, was part of the divorce agreement), and he could never have them completely to himself.

A bit of security

And, more than anything else, he wanted Todd to be raised as a Jew as he himself had been raised as a Jew. It was just that he himself had been a child of divorce; he himself had known how it felt to suddenly be without your own father. One of the things that had kept him going and given him a bit of security was the knowledge that even though his father was no longer there, he could be close to him through his belief and worship of his father's God. A child separated from his father is bad enough; a child separated from his father's religion is a sad child.

Debbie, shortly after the divorce had gone through, had said, "I've brought Carrie and Todd up to respect and adore Eddie. They will always love him as you love your own father." Eddie believed her then, and he believes her now. The joy and warmth the children shew towards him are living proof that Debbie has not tried to erase or distort the image of him in their minds. And in other ways, too, he knows that she is a good mother. His children's naturalness and happiness are proof enough of that.

Sometimes, he even understands what may have led her to change her mind about raising Todd in the Jewish faith. After all, it's confusing to children if one of them, Carrie, is raised as a Christian, and the other, Todd, is brought up as a Jew. But, and Eddie always comes back to this, a promise is a promise, something basic and sacred in itself.

Besides, you just don't change faith like you change clothes. Eddie is Jewish, his father was Jewish, his grandfather was Jewish, and so on back through time. His son, in the world's eyes, is Jewish, no matter what is said or done to try to make it otherwise. But without Jewish training, without the benefits and knowledge that come from an active realization of his Jewish heritage, Todd will be between worlds, a Jew, but not sure he isn't a Jew, a Christian who is really Jewish.

Right now, it seems that Debbie's plans for Todd's religious upbringing will prevail. Her verbal promise to allow Eddie to take charge of his son's religious training is not legal, and, therefore, not binding.

What can Eddie do?

Eddie can only wait. He can only wait and pray that Debbie will come to understand all his heartfelt reasons for wanting his child to be Todd's faith. Eddie has some things in his favor. There is the fact that Todd is still young. Because of this, time can be his staunch ally. Perhaps in time Debbie will watch his relationship with his son grow. Perhaps she will realize that Eddie's wishes are motivated by one thing and one thing only—love! Love of his son and love of his God. Maybe then, Debbie will use her womanly privilege again—and change her mind.

—FLOYDELLA SPENCER

**TONY CURTIS**

continued from page 39

man wearing a natty fedora of sheared beaver rapped on the door of Tony's suite. Harrah had located him at his home in Northridge (just outside of Los Angeles), and Ellen'd flown right up.

"Hey, dig that crazy hat," Tony said.

The two men shook hands. They're the same height, about the same build. Ellen has a few silver streaks at the temples, they have something in common—a warm, genial ease of manner, a quick communication. The living room of the suite was buzzing with people. They walked into the next room and closed the door. Soft-spoken Arthur Ellen told how he'd met Tony Martin in Las Vegas three years ago, Tony was to open that night, he'd lost his voice with laryngitis, the club hadn't found anyone to replace him. Pandemonium! They'd met in a store where Martin was using sign language to buy a few shirts. Ellen had taken him into the stock room, sat him on a stack of boxes and hypnotized him. That night Tony sang—and well.

"Laryngitis is often a manifestation of anxiety," Arthur explained to Tony. "Even a great pro can be unconsciously nervous when playing Vegas where a great deal of money is at stake. But a good hypnotist could find no reason why. Her mother and father came to the Monte Carlo Club where I was playing and asked me to come to the house. Under hypnosis, I took her back to the moment when, just before anesthesia, she heard two nurses discussing how sad it was she'd never walk again. Within minutes, Tony, I had her on her feet—walking. Of course the subject is the one who determines the speed or failure of the venture. It depends on your own sincere wish."

**On wings of love**

Tony had two very urgent reasons for wishing—sincerely—that he could be cured of his aversion to flying.

One is Christine Kaufmann, the seventeen-year-old German actress with whom Tony is in love. Christine of the sexy face and figure was then in Berlin making "Twist 28"—only a handful of hours from Tony in Hollywood if he'd fly to her on wings of love (and a jet). But by train to New York and then boat to Europe, where you have to book a distant dream. Who can afford time for that kind of leisurely courting—especially now that Tony is no longer just an actor.

Which brings us to Tony's second reason for giving ear to Arthur Ellen: Tony's burgeoning career as producer. I've known him since he first came to Hollywood and I've never known anyone more bent on learning, enlarging his horizons, growing into the man he wants to be, than Tony Curtis. He's a hardy character, street tough—with fists and feet and anything else that was handy. When he determined to learn how to act, he fought hard to learn. He longed for security, he fought toward it. When he found that swallowing twenty years of education and social know-how in two was a confusing, that the complexities of his and Janet's lives were pressure-producing, he was afraid to ask for help and to learn from that help. He regarded analysis as his college education.

But evidently even psychiatry didn't dispel his fear of flying. And successful as Tony is, the one thing hampering his career has been this inability to fly, with its resultant lack of flexibility. Ordinarily he is a man who makes every minute count, but on this one score he wastes actual months of time traveling by train and boat.

This bottleneck must be as frustrating to him as it must be to his production people.
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TONY'S FEAR SHOWN

"We spent most of our time in the air, in Army planes that carried on dauntlessly in all kinds of weather," Tony recalled. "They were dauntless, I wasn't. I never did like flying and I didn't want Janet to know I was scared. Of course she knew. I took sedatives to calm me down.

Then one night we hit a fog so thick, we couldn't see the window sill until the motor caught fire and lit things up for us. I wasn't just scared, I was in a state of shock. Somehow we managed to land and fire engines, ambulances were waiting—the whole bit. When we got to our hotel I walked in and collapsed.

Tony never really expected to fly again after that. But he and Janet were in Europe, they spent their first Christmas in Paris, knowing no one except themselves. They found a scrappy little tree and a few berries and tinsel to trim it, they called up home and talked to Tony's parents and to Janet's. They walked the streets, looking in windows. Then, at last, they were free to go home, they flew.

"On the last leg back into a headwind that even turned the crew green," Tony said. "I've never been through anything..."
like it. When we finally landed (years later) at the Los Angeles airport, I made a vow: 'No more. That's it.' And it has been."

The hypnotist rationalized. Of course Tony'd been over-protective in his desire not to let anything hurt his career, a kid from a basement in Hell's Kitchen with the chance of a lifetime! That was where the fear stemmed from. Certainly he'd had experiences in the air—but just because of an impulsive vow, why make oneself suffer for the rest of one's life? "As soon as you realize that it's infantile to have to cling to this all your life..."

"But there are an awful lot of crashes," said the peacefully sleeping Tony, his brow slightly furrowed.

"And car crack-ups and train wrecks and people falling in their own bathtubs and breaking their necks," Ellen listed. "We live in an era of speed. Why make your own life difficult? Isn't everyone better off getting places quickly, transacting business quickly, seeing the people that matter quickly?"

Tony listened. He said no more. The hypnotist waited a moment. Then, softly: "Your sleep is coming to an end. You are waking."

Tony opened his eyes. He shook his head, grinned and said, "When do we go up?"

The next morning he got Harrah's pilot, Bob Woods, and Harrah's plane and up they went—Bob, Tony and Arthur Ellen. "I had to go. I didn't dare stay behind," laughs Ellen, recalling the hectic day.

The U-I people were screaming protests. you'd have thought Tony was taking off in a balloon. Their concern was the picture. The picture was only half through, suppose something happened? They were still arguing as the plane took off and left them behind.

"I can only tell you it was the most wonderful experience I've ever had," Tony says now, looking back to that day of liberation. "I felt like a kid, free, absolutely free, not a trace of the jitters. We went straight up like some great gull, circled around. Bob Woods let me take over the controls. Do you know what that feels like? You feel as though you are able to do anything. I want a plane of my own. I want to learn to fly. It's like being the captain of the ship, only greater. Such wonder and delight! I'll swing that route!" Now he was an enthusiast!

**Short hop—a starter**

Three days later, Tony flew home to Los Angeles on a commercial plane, playing cards in the lounge with Phil Silvers, Hi Goldberg and Sheldon Bronson. And on his head, Arthur Ellen's smart sheared beaver hat. Before he left Tahoe, they'd become close friends. Tony wanted to know all about hypnosis and Arthur told him—how when he'd begun, there was no place to even learn about hypnosis, no place to study, you didn't dare discuss it. Now there are courses at the New School for Social Research, part of the study of treating neuroses and psychosis, the American Medical Association has recognized hypnosis. Ellen himself has conducted courses for physicians at universities throughout the country.

He told Tony how he'd worked with Jerry Colonna and Johnny Mathis (just before Johnny started his career, when he was so tense, so terrified, that his voice was completely shot) with Buddy Hackett, Dennis Day and Vic Damone; with George Gobel's bursitis and Liberace's block against a specific Paderewski passage.

Tony wanted to know if the effect always lasted. Ellen explained that under certain circumstances the effect is permanent, but sometimes it's only temporary. A lot depends on the kind of desire some one person has—to give up smoking, but only out of mere curiosity, daring the hypnotist to rout their negative thoughts.

When Tony's imagination is captured, there's no one like him, and Tony's imagination was captured. "How'd you like to be in pictures," he kept asking Ellen. "One of these days I'm gonna make a part for you in a picture." One night they wandered over to a night club where Kay Starr and Frank Gorshin were billed. They sat at the back, no one knew they were there, When Frank came on and got his first big round of applause for singing, he made a little speech.

"I have to tell you a story," he said, "I'm probably here under a false pretense. Twenty years ago I took my wife to a night club in Pittsburgh and volunteered to be hypnotized by the fellow who was putting on the show. He told me I looked a little like Tony Bennett and he thought I could probably sing like Tony Bennett and that ten minutes after I came out of hypnosis, I'd sing for the audience. I did. I sang 'Because of You.' My wife almost fainted, because I'd never sung in my life, not even in the bathtub, I was a bank teller. But I've been a singer ever since that night."

"Now the funny thing—this same hypnotist, Ellen, is due to open right next door at Harrah's and I'm dying to catch his act. But I'm afraid to. I'm afraid he might snap his fingers and I'd be a bank teller again!"

How Tony laughed! He told that story to everyone on the U-I lot. He'd had Arthur Ellen come visit on the set, and he tells some of the hypnotist's wonderful cures.

There's no doubt that he did good for Tony. Right after "40 Pounds of Trouble" wound up production, Tony flew to Europe. The week that he saved gave him time to tour five cities, plugging "Taras Bulba," to carry out some public relations jobs for the State Department and to visit his late father's birthplace in Hungary. And to be with Christine before the start of "Monsieur Cognac."

Admitting that aviation is here to stay, Tony says, "Hypnotism has changed my life." He's an imaginative man, an intelligent and honest one, and he knows there's nothing left to fear except fear itself. He's come a long way and he's planning to go a lot further—and faster. But above all, the new Tony can now fly to the arms of the girl he loves—Christine—no matter where she is.

—JANE ARDMORE

Tony and Christine are in UA's "Taras Bulba." His next film is "40 Pounds of Trouble." U-I's hers is UA's "Tunnel 28."
LIZ TAYLOR

Continued from page 44

childhood had much to do with forming the woman she is today. She seems to have been raised by a dominant mother who had great ambitions for her daughter, and a father who may have been less demonstrative in his affection than Liz would have liked. Such a parental combination could easily produce a young woman torn by conflicting emotions, one who would seek always for a warm, powerful father-figure while simultaneously conforming to the wishes of a strong, ambitious mother-figure.

Liz rebelled against her mother's desire for femininity by turning tomboy. She rebelled against restriction by stealing trinkets and selling them. This augmented her meager allowance and, in psychological terms, bought her the affection which she probably yearned for. Her extravagance even today indicates that she still equates money, jewels and high living with love.

She probably preferred pets to people because she felt insecure in the company of other children, and among grown-ups as well—for they fawned over her prettiness and made her feel uncomfortable. In a way, she was forced to behave as a half-child, half-adult, with no outlet for her personal feelings. Such a person might find relief from anxiety in the company of pets where she is "boss," accepted for herself. But it is not healthy to fulfill one's emotional needs through friendships with animals—These should remain pets, not friends.

MAKING GOOD: Liz has made dozens of movies and won an Oscar for one: "Butterfield 8"—a picture which she didn't want to make and which she said "stinks." Now "Cleopatra," for which she'll have been paid more than a million dollars, is in its final stages.

But her good friend Tony Curtis has said, "She never wanted to be an actress." Her mother has been accused of having pushed her into the profession for economic and other reasons. In fact, Liz has announced her "retirement" from pictures at least eight times. And perhaps, in spite of her seeming poise and self-assurance, Liz does feel uncomfortable in the limelight. She once told a reporter, "As a child I was so shy I used to hide behind my nurse."

She has other talents besides acting. She is an excellent artist and a competent writer. She wrote and published a book, "Nibbles and Me," when she was fourteen, narrating her experiences with her favorite chimpunk.

DIAGNOSIS: Here again we see what a great natural talent this young woman possesses. No doubt she could have succeeded also in art or literature. But because she has told friends she never wanted to be an actress doesn't mean that she really doesn't like to act. Such rejection could be a form of rebellion, of getting back at her mother for driving her to this goal. She couldn't reject it as ruthlessly as her brother did, because she probably needed her mother's acceptance more—as well as the attention that goes with stardom. Also, economic necessity may have helped to determine her choice.

Acting seems to serve many of her emotional needs. She won the Academy Award for her role as a beautiful but wanton young woman—a social rebel. She frowned on the part but played it to the hilt. As any great actress must, she drew on her unconscious and identified with the role.

Something of her loneliness shines through in her remark about hiding behind her nurse... for where was her mother at the time? And the same longing revealed itself when she awakened from her coma during her bout with double pneumonia and murmured, "I want my mother."

There is still much of the little girl in Liz, judging from these incidents, and this has a lot to do with her love life as an adult woman.

EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL LIFE: Liz is a compulsive eater, which explains why she's had to go on "crash diets" at various times. She loves chili and pizza. Her favorite drinks are either beer or champagne.

She adores jewelry and treasures the $92,000 ring she received from the late Mike Todd. She likes to receive expensive gifts and buy them for herself as well.

Intimates say that she speaks out frankly and is not a hypocrite. She is impetuous and has said, "I very rarely count to ten." Her ex-husband Michael Wilding sustains this contention. He has remarked, "You must not rub her the wrong way. She upsets very easily."

She's been called a warm, affectionate mother—but a strict disciplinarian who won't tolerate any nonsense from her children. She wants them to grow up as proper ladies and gentlemen. And perhaps this explains her seeming lack of humor: displaying a sense of humor is often considered unladylike.

She is certainly one of the world's most beautiful women, although she's modestly denied this. Perhaps she doesn't truly believe it because while she's not to wear hours making up at some times, at others she'll kick off her shoes and rub off her makeup, as Eddie Fisher once told the press.

Few women have suffered so much from poor health as has Liz. Oddly enough, she spent a comparatively healthy childhood and adolescence, but after leaving her mother's domination faced one crisis after another.

She has had a nervous breakdown, colitis, three Caesarean sections, a tonsillectomy, a crushed spinal disc, bronchitis, meningism, anemia, phlebitis, a broken leg, and many other ailments.

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torn knee ligaments, double pneumonia, food poisoning, viruses, colds, the flu, a splinter in her eye, three vertebrae re-placed in her spine, a tracheotomy ... illnesses and accidents by the score!

DIAGNOSIS: Here is much of the essence of Liz Taylor. On a psychological level, eating helps to satisfy one's desire for love. So, too, does collecting jewelry or other trinkets, for these are simply expensive "toys," such as a child would receive or collect in less expensive form. There is a yearning for childhood in such pursuits. And the swing from beer to champagne further expresses confusion about one's status; beer is for poor folks who have little money to spend (a la children) while champagne is for those who've arrived in the world (a la adult).

Liz may be searching for inner peace and security, but she is mature as can be in her ability to speak frankly and honestly because she feels that she is fully acceptable on other levels: her career accomplishments, her earning power, her prestige.

But she seems uncertain about her intellelct, for she once remarked, "I have the face and body of a woman and the mind of a child." This feeling may explain her impatience with her looks and her desire to be ladylike at all times, even to being strict with her children. She wants in-stead to be treated as a lady. On the other hand, she'll drop her defenses and "kick off her shoes" or play with her kids like a kid herself. This seems to be the essence of her conflict.

It's quite likely that she is accident-prone and subject to psychosomatic illnesses. Such illnesses became a means of escape from problems one fears that one cannot cope with. So, for example, a child will "take sick" prior to a school exam because he's afraid he'll flunk. Psycholog-ical studies on accident-proneness reveal that some people behave recklessly without realizing it in order to hurt themselves: a kind of self-punishment for their feel-ings of worthlessness which may be totally unrealistic.

Such a person might, for example, resent being forced to ride a horse and manage it so badly as to be thrown. This "punishes" the individual for such angry thoughts and at the same time obtains att-en tion and sympathy.

This is immature behavior, to be sure. Of course, in Liz case many of her ailments were far from psychosomatic. However, one's emotions can sometimes break down one's resistance sufficiently to make one's body accessible to physical illness.

HER MANY LOVES: Liz' first date as a teenager was arranged by her mother, who later encouraged her romance with wealthy socialite William Pawley, Jr., and her marriage to Nicky Hilton. On the other hand, she was not fond of Liz' first real love, football player Glenn Davis, or her later love, actor Stanley Donen.

Liz left Nicky Hilton because he drank and gambled too much, and she married Michael Wilding, who was nineteen years her senior and dating Marlene Dietrich at the time he and Liz met.

Next she married Mike Todd, a widower and grandfather. He was coarse, self-assured, extravagant—and she has said, "Mike taught me how to love."

After Mike's sudden death she married Eddie Fisher. Mike's very close friend and almost like his own son. But Liz was aware of the significance of their relation-ship when she remarked, "I wondered if it was because I was seeing him as Mike."

Mike's pictures hung in her home all the while she was Mrs. Eddie Fisher.

And then came Richard Burton, her co-star in "Cleopatra," and Joe Mankiewicz, her director, and . . . well, where will it all end, if indeed it ever will?

DIAGNOSIS: The past always comes home to roost in the present. Everything in Liz Taylor's life served to prepare her for the tumultuous pattern of her marital adventures. A sensitive reader might feel that Liz would have been blissfully happy if she'd married one of the young men to whom her mother objected; but Liz Taylor is far too complicated a woman to dismiss so lightly.

It seems reasonable to suspect that she is searching for a pillar of strength in a husband, someone unconventional enough to accept her own inconsistencies but stable enough to become a loving father-substitute. She seems to be seeking the solution to her private emotional conflicts in others rather than within herself—which is why she is never satisfied.

Nicky Hilton was too weak for her; she couldn't lean on him for emotional support. Mike Taylor was older but perhaps too passive to meet her needs.

Mike Todd came closest; he was old enough, strong enough and magnanimous enough. Her own feminine intuition sug-gested that Eddie Fisher may have been only a substitute for Todd, an extension of him. But Eddie was not her "type"; he drew a salary working beside her. Would Todd have done this?

Richard Burton comes of simple origins, an ex-coal miner turned actor, virile, but in the same "line" as Liz. Joe Mankiewicz, however, is a director; he tells her what to do and how to do it, and so assumes an important paternal function.

Liz seems to be seeking the unattainable. She wants to be a child and she wants to be a woman; she wants to have a husband and she wants to have a father; she wants to have close relationships and she wants to be able to shun such relationships; she wants to be a doting mother and she wants to be the center of attention. In short, she wants both to grow up and to never grow up.

With a snap of her fingers, this remarkable and highly talented woman can have almost any man she desires. She offers beauty, fame, an innocence in love that stirs men's blood. But the happiness that comes of true love must first be sought within oneself. The perfect husband exists only for the woman who recognizes this.

Perhaps this is why Liz Taylor keeps rushing from one man to another without ever finding the one that's just right . . . because she hasn't looked in the right place—in her own heart.

THE END
Continued from page 13

Princess, Juliet Prowse! In a line—La Prowse—who was expected at marry Sinatra—is now (or was at the time this epic was recorded) the adopted of Elizabate Taylor’s unwanted husband.

The new Prowse-Fisher Beaumance started like so: Juliet (who insists her Boxer pup is her Best Fella) shelved several swain, including a lad named Garth and Hermes Pan, the terpsichorder. Fisher googoo’d many of his laments to her ringside pew at the Coconut Grove, where he recently resumed his place among Hollywood Headliners.

Eddie’s dating had been confined to a New York model, Annette Cash, who turned out to be the alleged “property” of one of Jackie Kennedy’s dressmakers, also of Manhattan. The rumor-mongers said Annette’s behind-the-scenes love was Sinatra. But Oleg Cassini, insiders insist, is the name. But when Annette suddenly left Movieville on a junket to Trinidad, Fisher & Prowse became an Evertimeth.

You may have read that fact in various columns, but we confirmed it as an up-front spectator-witness-juror.

They held hands and made no secret of their mutual adoration at Ella Fitzgerald’s Crescendo premiere; later the same afternoon, at popular “PJS”; the next evening at the Hotel Ambassador’s Coconut Grove—where Juliet made her latest crush (and her newest Romeo) public.

One midnight, the song star’s stooges invited this ally to take a chair closer to the sweethearts. “Sit over there alongside Miss Prowse,” they instructed.

“By all means, dooo!” added Mr. Fisher.

“No,” we told the new duet (as we occupied a seat four chairs away from their privacy), “two’s company—three’s a columnist.”

The fan-mag photos and focus-focusers from UPI and AP decided to record the fact for future historians.

Juliet and Lizzie’s Edward tactly confirmed things.

The night Fisher closed his Enchanting Evening of Entertainment at the Grove (talk about Hollywood elite!) he had his delightful one-man miniature music comedy album’d. The title, authored by us: “Love Songs For Lovers & Losers.”

We also made a little speech. It appeared to click with Glynn Johns, Henry Fonda, Jane Wyman, Keely Smith, Miss Prowse, George Stevens, producer of “The Greatest Story Ever Told,” the Milton Berles, the Dean Martins, John Edgar Hoover’s man in Hollywood, actor Bot Patton, Stella Stevens, January Jones (Marilyn Monroe, look-out!) bride and groom (composer Jules Styne and Maggi Brown) and Los Angeles’ No-Hitter Hero, Bo Belinsky (who made his TV film debut that A.M. in “77 Sunset Strip”).

Our brief speech: “Damon Runyon once wrote something I have never forgotten. He said that the word ‘class’ was difficult to define. Class, he said, was something you could not feel. It was something you had to see. But once you saw class, you recognized it. And once you recognized it, you never forgot it.

“Class is something you find in the flip of a champion’s glove. The speed, grace and beauty of a thoroughbred; when Cyd Charisse, Merle Oberon or Irene Dunne comes on the screen; when a Mickey Mantle or Roger Maris makes a baseball like an angel; and in the last high kick of a Broadway chorus girl. I’m sure if Mr. Runyon were here tonight, he’d add, ‘And Eddie Fisher!’”

After Eddie sang his heart out (mainly to Juliet), both invited us to a mansion (in the Beverly Hills) whose landlords are Ketti Frings and husband Kurt. The latter had just flown seventy-two hours from various places in Europe—including from Barcelona to Hollywood. He is Miss Taylor’s agent, guide, mentor and friend. He wanted to be at Eddie’s final show.

As Miss Prowse and Eddie stroked each other’s cheeks, fingers and wrists (on a divan-for-two), Miss Taylor’s manager said (so all could hear): “None of the comments in the papers bothered Elizabeth—except a two-liner you published about what her doctor was supposed to have prescribed. That made her cry.”

I also made her smile, I hope, when I called her Elizabate. And when she recovered her health and returned to Hollywood to win the Oscar, I decorated her: “The Elizabette-of-the-ball.” So you see? You can give actresses orchids for twenty years, but the first time you don’t, you’re still a heel.

Mrs. Frings, a Pulitzer Prize winner (for her Broadway hit play, “Look Homeward, Angel”) dished out delicious clam-sauce-covered spaghetti. La Prowse and Fisher devoured the food with one hand and used their spares to continue stroking each other’s wrists, arms and cheeks. They again made their romance public—if you consider the fact that I am a newspaper reporter first and a booster of their respective talents second.

We made small-talk about the new Clan and I told the girl who almost became Mrs. Sinatra: “I think our Clan will have no dolls. We will kick you out the way they did.”

“Well,” Juliet smiled, “it better be a very high kick.”

When we wondered if the rumors were true—that FS and PL and DM and SD, Jr. (chiefs of The Famed Clan) were no longer palsy-shmalsy, La Prowse interrupted with a tone of finality: “That’s not troo!”

Eddie offered a Toast to this reporter: “Here’s to our companionship!”

We returned the compliment with: “Here’s to your Health, Happiness and Love for each other. You both have gone through the agonies all lovers suffer. You know, first the Laughter—then the Tears!”

We segued’d into Mitchell Parrish’s lovely poetry in Hoagy Carmichael’s “Star Dust” (our 2nd National Anthem): “When our love was new and each kiss an inspiration and every single song a romance...

In an exclusive interview in June with Fisher for the L. A. Herald-Examiner (and other papers), he confessed: “Please lay off those jokes about my wife.”

“Why?” I asked him.

“Because,” he said, “I still love her.”

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83
I said: "If Liz is smart she will take advantage of the opportunity to get back in your heart."

"How can she get back in my heart," he edited, "when she has never been out of it?"

The night after he closed his most successful booking at the Grove, he flew to London for four days. He went there, he said, to see Sinatra about some deals. With Frank's firm, Essex Films; some teevee spectacles (produced by Sinatra), recordings (perhaps) with Sinatra's platter company, Representative Guilds; etc.

"Are you going to see anyone else while you're in Europe?" we asked the traveler-to-be. "Such as an estranged wife?"

TROY DONAHUE

Continued from page 29

why and how Rock weaved such a spell over people.

Finally, the evening drew to a close. The guests had left and cluttered ash trays, half-filled glasses and crushed paper napkins littered the room. The party was over. Yet Rock, his date Marilyn Maxwell and Troy remained. They chatted with their host, agent Henry Willson.

Soon Willson excused himself to supervise the operation clean-up, and Marilyn went to powder her nose. Rock and Troy found themselves talking alone.

They weren't strangers. Rock Hudson and Troy Donahue had several things in common. Besides both being represented by Willson, they are bachelors and they are both motion picture idols. When he first met Rock, Troy was one of an army of striving young actors in town. Rock had hit the big time, and Troy was having a tough time paying his rent. In fact, Troy remembered clearly the day they had met.

He was sitting in Willson's reception office when Rock walked briskly through the door. The pretty receptionist snapped to attention. Rock removed a pair of dark sunglasses and his face beamed with a broad smile.

"Is Mr. Willson in?" Rock asked the receptionist, who was practically swooning. "Why yes, Mr. Hudson," she promptly replied. "Go right in."

This impressed Troy. Someday he would be in such a position, he thought to himself. Someday he would have doors open for him. Someday a pretty secretary would snap to attention for him.

They invited him to the door to Willson's office swung open again. Rock and Henry walked out. They stood chatting about Rock's plans to sail to Catalina.

Then, suddenly, Henry said: "Oh, by the way, Rock, I have someone I'd like you to meet.

Troy arose nervously.

"Meet Troy Donahue, Rock. I know he'll be a big star someday."

Rock extended his hand.

"Glad to meet you, Troy," Rock said in a friendly manner. "Henry has been telling me a lot about you.

"Troy's chest swelled with pride. Imagine, he thought, Rock knows about me."

Certainly Troy had the determination to become a big star, as did Rock in the early days of his career. And, again like Rock, Troy made the Hollywood big league in record time.

Two years ago the only way Troy could get any publicity would be to break an arm. Now it's news if he stubs a toe.

From their first meeting, Troy not only established Rock as his idol, but Hudson took a brotherly interest in the young actor. The two have never been close, however. Perhaps it was because Troy is a product of the younger movie generation, a generation that is dominated by extroverts. Rock has always been more or less a loner. Night clubs don't appeal to him, and he attends few parties.

The Hollywood "thrills"

Yet, at the same time Rock did show a liking for the so-called "thrills" of Hollywood. He buddies around with Rod Taylor and Don Burnett. They went to parties together, they went sailing, they had dozens of dates with young starlets. But, with the passage of time, Rock grew out of this class. He began to spend more and more time alone on his sloop at Newport. He preferred spending an evening at home engrossed in a good novel to going out and living the live life at a party.

And so the difference in ages and the difference in interests have kept Troy and Rock from becoming close friends. But, ironically—and until very recently—Troy was charting the same reckless course that Hudson found himself on at one point in his career.

"Too many times publicity goes to an actor's head," a time-wise Hollywood producer told Phil Breen. "They begin to believe they're great. Great actors, Great lovers. They think they can do no wrong."

Whether Troy's fast rise to stardom went to his head or fate held a stacked hand against him, he was undeniably in the "I can do no wrong" category last year.

Then, just when he had reached the position where he could walk into Henry Willson's office unannounced and have a secretary snap to attention, Troy found himself in an ugly mess.

Much has been made of the night Lili Kardell, her clothes disarranged, her body bruised, staggered into a Hollywood receiving hospital. She claimed Troy beat her. His version was a different one, claiming his blows were in self-defense. The blame for the scandalous episode became second-ary in the following months. What became important was the fact that a not too pleasant side of Troy Donahue was exposed to public ridicule. And the factor became blatantly obvious. He'd been on a "live-it-up" pace, playing Don Juan to the hilt, going out of his way to impress the opposite sex. And more damaging—he was dating other girls during the very time he was giving interviews telling how much he and Lili loved each other. They were to be married last July. Yet when he was on "Surfside 6" in Florida that spring, he was seen every night with a different girl.

The dangerous "big head"

Luckily, the majority of his fans stuck by him during those scandal-headlined days. But some didn't, and his studio fan mail contained some pretty bitter letters. Not only that, his co-workers began to look at him with a distaste. What happened with Lili was not their concern, but they didn't like Troy's attitude. "He has the big head," one disgruntled studio employee said. "He doesn't realize we helped to make him a star. He's just part of the team. Without us carrying the ball he would be nothing."

Rock Hudson, too, came in for his share of criticism early in his career. However, Rock's life has been scandal free. He hit the headlines only twice—when he married Phyllis Gates and later when they divorced.

The break-up of the marriage was predictable almost from the day they wed. Rock and Phyllis had completely different interests. She liked to go to parties. Rock had his share of running around. She liked to get out of the house, he wanted to settle back in an easy chair and enjoy his home. He looked forward to the day he could frolic on the floor with a son. But, unfortunately, there was no child born, and the short-lived marriage ended. But the experience didn't sour Rock.

Anyone who's ever worked with him, whether it be on a soundtrack in Hollywood's mosquito-infested location in South America, has only words of praise about him. Although he's consistently been the top box-office attraction in the country, this success has never gone to his head.

One time on location for a picture out-
side Mexico City, the morale of the cast and crew was at a low ebb. The company was shooting in a remote area, miles away from the nearest town of any size. The small village where the company was staying was comprised only of a few stores and a broken-down hotel. The temperature seldom dropped below 100 degrees, even at night. Everyone was in miserable spirits.

But not Rock. He thrives in any climate. And in this case, he sensed big trouble on the horizon unless something could be done to ease the tension. He came up with an idea. At his own expense he staged a fiesta, the likes of which hasn't been seen in Mexico since.

The party lasted all day and until the wee hours of the next morning. Afterwards, the spirit of the company couldn't have been better. They worked hard—and without a single gripe. And they talked for weeks about what a great party Rock gave.

Another time, Rock decided to vacation, following a picture, at an island resort in the Caribbean. He didn't want to go alone, so he invited several studio associates. He picked up the tab for the entire trip.

Then there are other times when he wants to be alone—even without Marilyn Maxwell. Last May he flew to Germany to pick up a film award and then dropped out of sight for three weeks. Even his studio and agent had no idea that he had secretly flown to Spain and chosen a remote town on the Spanish Riviera to rest prior to his next picture. Even the townspeople didn't recognize him with his heavy growth of black beard and dark glasses. That was the way Rock wanted it.

Certainly Rock's standing in Hollywood is one to be admired. The one who admires it most is Troy Donahue.

That night at Henry Willson's party the two in the late, late hours found themselves chatting alone.

The conversation appeared to have serious overtones. Rock's face was stern. Troy's was fixed in concern, like a younger boy listening to his older brother.

What kind of advice could Rock give Troy, you may wonder? And why should he want to help him?

Well, Rock probably knows as well as anyone the pitfalls of Hollywood. Purposely, he has avoided them, and maintained a public relations policy that could be the envy of any State Department. Not only does he realize the importance of good publicity, but also the need to be liked within the industry.

Rock probably pictures Troy as he was himself in his twenties. Perhaps he feels that he could have been in the same uncomfortable shoes as Troy, during the Lili Kardell incident, if he hadn't guarded his reputation so carefully.

What he told Troy that night is a secret and remains one. However, the advice must have been constructive because the very next day Troy turned over a new leaf in the chapter of his life. Probably it unveiled the real Troy. A young man who has a lot to offer but had seemingly let Hollywood go to his head.

"... just like Rock"

"I want to be just like Rock," Troy announced to a stunned friend following Henry Willson's party.

Troy meant what he said, too. Part of Rock's advice undoubtedly was to repair the damage that already had been done. So the young actor, on Rock's strong recommendation, hired Pat Fitzgerald as his press agent. Pat is a long-time friend of Rock and managed his press relations at the early part of his career.

Still, it takes more than words to change an actor. It takes action. But I have to admit that the new Troy is a changed person these days.

One story has it that Connie Stevens really kicked up her heels because Troy joined the "Hawaiian Eye" TV series. It was even said that she accidentally-on-purpose missed the plane scheduled to fly the two to location in Honolulu.

The old Troy probably would have blown his cork, refusing to do the series. The new Troy didn't. Instead, he arranged to have a long talk with Connie. The two not only emerged friends, but had several dates while on the island.

The other members of Troy's team, his co-workers at Warners, have noticed a change, too. Like Rock Hudson, Troy is winning friends fast. It's not just an act he's putting on, either. It's his true personality coming through, a personality that once was clouded by success. A year ago, if you mentioned Troy to his co-workers at Warners they would walk away. Try it today, and their faces light up.

Another contributing factor to Troy's determination to be like Rock Hudson is his role as a female. Suzanne Pleshette has taught Troy that Hollywood glamour is only skin deep. She has made him feel secure as a man, something all those other stars he dated evidently couldn't do. Nonetheless, whether Troy can become a second Rock Hudson, only he can determine. With his revitalized outlook on life, I think he can.

—Mark Woods

Rock is in "The Spiral Road" and will next be seen in "A Gathering of Eagles," both for U-I Troy co-stars in ABC-TV's "SurfSide 6" every Monday, 9 P.M. EDT.

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SOPHIA LOREN

Continued from page 17

summer long she wrestles with the problem of what they should do: Become citizens of another country? Switzerland is out; the Swiss require twelve years of continuous residence before granting citizenship. The United States? The U.S. might grant them immigrants' visas if they could get around the moral turpitude clause. Rio? Everybody in trouble seems to be skipping to Rio. But that is for criminals. She and Carlo are not criminals. Appeal to the highest church tribunal, the Sacred Rota? Little chance of a favorable decision there.

Shall they go to Rome and face the music? But can she ask Carlo, more than twice her age, to risk five years of his life? Besides, they both want children so desperately, and in five years it might be too late. Maria is pregnant already, but for Carlo and herself time may be running out.

Every time the phone rings during the long hot summer it seems to bring news that makes her problem even more confusing, her future even more threatening. But sometimes, while on the phone, Sophia talks back softly, firmly, as if to ward off scandal and persecution by words of faith and of love. "I have been in love only once," she told me. "Everything that I am I owe to Carlo. For me, he is the only man in the world. We are always on a honeymoon. We are happy everywhere. I don't care where they do it. All I want to do is to be recognized as Mrs. Carlo Ponti. . . . I give up. I'm married. I'm not married. I'm this, I'm that. Basta. I feel married, and lots of married people don't."

Sometimes in early fall a fateful call will tell her when she and Carlo are scheduled to go on trial in Rome.

And whatever she decides to do at that time—go to Rome and fight, or flee temporarily so she can fight another day—this woman, who has survived being called "little stick," "bastard," "bigamist" and "adulterer," will survive this ordeal, too.

—CAL YORK

MARILYN MONROE

Continued from page 50

player. That is slightly different from being pure actress. She's a charming and exciting woman. She's glamorous. She oozes sex. She's almost always in the midst of controversial situations in her private life. Ninety-nine percent of the men in this world find her desirable as a woman. They go to see her on the screen. So do most women—they're seething with curiosity. That is Marilyn's chief worth.

"But that worth dies without publicity. If every moment in her life is not covered, or uncovered, Marilyn no longer attracts. "Marilyn took off her clothes for publicity. And that's that."

It is difficult to deny this criticism after learning that two of Hollywood's top photographers were alerted that Marilyn would do a scene in the nude. (The pictures they took appear on the opening pages of this story.) But deep inside the tight little ring of Monroe associates there is talk of an even more serious reason for Marilyn's "strip.

Marilyn's figure may not have sagged in the wrong places, but her box-office appeal has slumped alarmingly during the last two years. Although it is not chatted about too noisily, it is no secret in Hollywood that the last two Monroe pictures were "bombs," movies that did not attract moviegoers. Regardless of the sentiment studio executives may have for their stars, they cannot afford to support and glamorize players whose appearances do not guarantee a reasonable return in profit. It's a simple economic fact that a movie must do more than just break even.

So profit, say some, was as powerful a motive for Marilyn's disrobing as any sense of artistry. But those intimate with Marilyn are not only concerned over her lugging box-office returns, they are also worried about what public rejection may do to Marilyn the woman.

"I guess we all know what a terrible childhood Marilyn had," says one Monroe intimate. "She nearly went crazy from the ordeal of knowing that she was an illegitimate and unwanted child. That would be enough to ruin anyone's life. And as if that weren't bad enough, she's had to live with the horrible memory of being raped by a sex fiend. That's some accumulation of mental liabilities. Her memories are so steeped in anguish and torment, it's a wonder Marilyn has remained rational, let alone found success in such a competitive field as the motion picture industry.

To be loved . . . to be needed

"So the most important thing in Marilyn's life now, as it always had been, is to be understood, to be loved, to be needed. "And whatever she decides to do at that time—go to Rome and fight, or flee temporarily so she can fight another day—this woman, who has survived being called "little stick," "bastard," "bigamist" and "adulterer," will survive this ordeal, too.

There are many who agree with this. Marilyn's frightening sense of insecurity is generally regarded to be the cause of her chronic tardiness for appointments, dinner engagements and work.

The most shocking symptoms of this insecurity is best illustrated by an incident once revealed in private by a producer.
"You probably won't believe it," he said, "but on the day Marilyn came to read for the part in 'The Asphalt Jungle,' she was wearing falsies!"

Here's another example. Some time ago I had a date for an interview with Marilyn. I arrived on time, 2 P.M.

"I'll be with you as soon as I make up," Marilyn yelled from the bedroom.

Four hours later she came out. She offered no explanation. I asked for none. But people still wait for her.

However, there is a growing belief that they are not going to wait much longer. And, say the insiders, Marilyn herself is beginning to get the message. This, they believe, is what made her decide that she ought to give the public something special to wait for—her nude body in a movie.

Is Marilyn that desperate for publicity, for attention, for love? That desperate for understanding, for acceptance?

Everyone I've talked to, people who know her, and, strangely enough, like her, say she is indeed desperate.

She is desperate because she could never again live in obscurity. She wants people to care for her, for she knows it is a peculiar wildness in human nature that very few people pay attention to a nobody.

When I asked Marilyn herself, she shook her head slowly.

"No. I'm not desperate," she said, "I mean desperation had nothing whatsoever to do with my doing the scene nude. I did it because I felt I should. There was no other reason."

I asked Marilyn if she didn't fear the effect her nudity would have on young and impressionable girls. Wouldn't mothers have to assume automatically that Marilyn Monroe the actress and the woman had been a bad influence on teenage girls and even teen boys?

"I think it's the publicity that made the shooting sound as though it were done for pure sensationalism," she said. "But I saw the rushes. George Cukor is a director of great taste. The scenes were shot in good taste. There was nothing pornographic about them."

"They are realistic, but not so revealing as to be lewd. Honestly, if I had done those scenes in a flesh netting they really would have looked phony, and I am convinced that false nudity is much more obscene than the real thing could ever be."

"I had to feel nude"

"I think I am an actress and, as such, to act nude I had to feel nude. For me there was no other way. I say that young girls and their mothers, if they see the scenes, will agree with me. The scenes are not dirty. They are art, and I defy anyone to view them otherwise."

Did Marilyn feel that someday, as the mother she so much wants to be, she could explain her nude scenes to her own growing daughters?

"Of course," she answered. "I can't imagine any child of mine growing up without admiration and respect for the sight of the human body. We were born that way, you know. I only wish I had children to explain it to. But I'm afraid the questions will have to wait for the real answer—and a husband."

Marilyn was quiet for a moment. Then she said something which may, after all the talk and speculation, be closer to the truth than she dreamed.

"You don't know what it's like to have all that I have and not be loved and know happiness," she said softly. "All I ever wanted out of life is to be nice to people and have them be nice to me. It's a fair exchange. And I'm a woman. I want to be loved by a man, from his heart, as I would love him from mine. I've tried. It hasn't happened.

"You can't bargain with life. You can't say it's all right if people like only some of you. You hope and pray they will like you as a whole person, for what you are entirely. In a way you want to be liked all over. I'm thirty-six years old. I don't mind the age. I like the view from here. The future is clean for me and I have to make the most of it as every woman must. So when you hear all the talk of how tardy I am, of how often it seems that I make people wait, remember, I'm waiting too. I've been waiting all my life."

Despite her warm points of view, the studio lost patience with her a few days later. She had appeared on the set only five times in thirty-seven working days. It was announced that Marilyn's movie, "Something's Got To Give," nude scenes and all, was to stop production.

Marilyn thinks the executives will change their minds.

But even for Monroe there ought to be some sense of philosophical significance in the fact that the movie was a re-do of an old picture with the startling title of—"The Awful Truth."—Tony Wall

Now that you've read this story about Marilyn and the nude photos, what do you think of her? Let us know, won't you, by filling in the ballot on this page and mailing it—today!

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director don't ask him! Marilyn yelled from the bedroom.

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Sensationalism," she said. "If anyone saw that thirty-six years old wouldn't mind the age. I like the view from here. The future is clean for me and I have to make the most of it as every woman must. So when you hear all the talk of how tardy I am, of how often it seems that I make people wait, remember, I'm waiting too. I've been waiting all my life."

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ELECTORAL & INSTRUCTION (P.W.—Sept '62)

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In the time of that Tuesday Weld and Gary Lockwood have been going together, a great many half truths, rosy-colored fictions and downright lies have been told about them—and for that matter, by them, too. It is time to state the hard, unpretty facts. These two kids spend as much of their time tormenting each other as they do being happy together. Because of all the distortions they themselves have invented, and because of all of the speculations which have been accepted as proven fact, the truth about the problem that is breaking their hearts remains hidden. Worst of all, it’s not even apparent to Tuesday and Gary themselves. Perhaps, despite all their experience, they simply don’t know as much about love as they think they do. Or maybe they’ve come to believe their own tall tales by now. In either event, this story is meant as much to show them what’s wrong as to set the record straight.

The obvious questions people ask about Tuesday and Gary are: “Are they really in love?” and “If they are in love, why aren’t they thinking about marriage?”

Since Tuesday and Gary have both declared their love in public, you might wonder why the first is such an obvious question. The reason is that lots of people, in a position to know, say it just isn’t true. Tuesday’s mother, for example. When asked if she thinks this romance is the real thing, she looks up at the ceiling and says, “Sure, it’s always the real thing with Tuesday.”

But other insiders contradict Mrs. Weld. They say that Tuesday is really in love—but that Gary isn’t. One friend said, “Gary started the romance as a simple publicity stunt to get his career moving. When he realized Tuesday was playing it for real, he was horrified. He’s been looking for a graceful way out ever since.”

Tuesday’s enemies (and she has made a lot of them since she arrived in Hollywood) love to add that she has actually proposed marriage to Gary, and been turned down.

Now, these make very good stories. There’s a real touch of poetic justice about them. You know—heartless girl flirt finally gets her come-up-anneal—and all that. Or; Ruthless, ambitious boy deceives girl to further his career and ends up trapped in his own publicity.

But life is rarely that neat. The stories are good, but they are fiction.

Let’s start with Gary. The truth is, he loves Tuesday so wildly that his fits of jealousy leave them both exhausted. Now, Gary knows that Tuesday is true to him. She absolutely will not date anyone else. But Tuesday occasionally gets phone calls from Elvis Presley. And, the mere fact that she likes to talk to Elvis on the telephone galls Gary beyond belief.

Now, what about Tuesday? “I don’t understand how anyone who knows her can fail to see that she’s head over heels in love for the first time in her life,” an intimate friend revealed. “I’ll give you an example of what Gary means to her. A few months ago, Tuesday and Gary broke up for a while. The split lasted seven weeks, and it was for real. They were finally, officially, permanently through. Gary even took home the swimming trunks he kept at Tuesday’s house because he used her pool so often. But Gary night during those seven weeks—Tuesday would start phoning Gary’s place around midnight. If he wasn’t home, she’d keep on phoning until he came in. Sometimes that wouldn’t be till three or four in the morning. When Gary finally answered his phone, Tuesday would let him have it. You know, "Where have you been? ’T?” etc.

Despite the fact that she knew Gary was dating, and that the knowledge drove her wild, Tuesday never once retaliated by going out with another guy. Not one. When she needed an escort, she got Dick Clayton, her agent—he happens to be Gary’s agent, too—to take her. When asked why she was turning dates down to the right, she answered without a trace of pride, “I’m hoping that Gary and I will get back together. I know he wouldn’t like it if I went out with someone else.”

Whatever it is, it’s love

Since Tuesday and Gary reconciled, Tuesday has gone even further. Tuesday once said she always cheated when she went steady, and she meant it. She was the biggest flirt in town. Any fellow who took her to a party could kiss her goodbye when they arrived, because she’d spend the evening talking, or dancing, or laughing with every man in the room. But with Gary, she clings like a burr.

So how come her own mother can’t see it? This is one of the places where the truth hurts. Mrs. Weld is no different from a lot of mothers. She can’t see it because she doesn’t want to. She is torn between wanting to see her daughter married, and being born herself. So she has convinced herself that every boy Tuesday is interested in is the wrong boy. Then she tries to convince Tuesday, too. An ingenious mother can come up with a lot of objections. One boy is immature; another is arrogant. Still another isn’t capable of real love. But after a girl has thwarted her mother go through this performance a dozen times, she begins to catch on. Everybody else does, too. Tuesday’s friends never have to ask her how serious she is about any particular boy. They can always tell by how vehemently Mrs. Weld opposes him. And Aileen Weld has never been so upset by any boy as she has by Gary. Even Gary, who’s gotten pretty good at the “right story,” can’t hide it. When you ask him how he gets along with Tuesday’s mother, the best he can do is pause for about two minutes and then mutter, “We...we usually reach some kind of agreement.”

All of which takes care of the first question: Are Tuesday and Gary in love? The truth is, they’ve been in love since they met. They stayed in love even when they broke up. They are probably in love to stay.

Which brings us to question number two: Why aren’t they thinking of marriage?

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TUESDAY & GARY

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Here is where Tuesday and Gary have created a real smoke screen. They have a different answer for every day of the week. Some of the answers are downright lies; some of them have a germ of truth.

Of course, Tuesday and Gary don't believe every story they invent. For example, they keep saying that they have never discussed marriage. Now, that's just not true and they know it and their friends know it. "They're unwise, that marriage. It's wrong," says a friend of Gary's. "Every couple of weeks they show up at the house and announce they've decided to get married. For a few days they're as happy and excited as kids. Then they have one of their fights, and it's all off—they wouldn't dream of marrying one another. A few days later they're both back talking about whether they should get married, but when."

But some of their other statements are harder to dispute. Like the one about how much they both need their privacy and can't stand having anyone, even someone they love, around all the time. That's why Gary talks about giving up his apartment and going to live on his boat. That's why Tuesday's been out and about in her own. Since both of them have a reputation for being freedom-loving types, this is easy to believe. And it even has some truth in it.

But it's a back-dated truth, from pre-Tuesday days for Gary, and pre-Gary days for Tuesday. Today the very opposite is true. They literally can't stand to be apart.

Gary is unable to be there with her most of the time. But shortly after she moved, that seven-week split began. Did she take comfort in all that privacy she had? Not at all. When Gary stopped coming around, Tuesday found that the house gave her the willies. There were simply too many rooms.

In a panic, she phoned friends and convinced them to move in and turn it into her new house. She turned that house into her own. Finally, in desperation, she found a roommate, a dental assistant named Kay Biebel.

So you can rule out the privacy theory. They'd rather be together any day.

And now we come to a really good answer. Gary says, "We can't get married because we both have to be free to follow any whim that strikes us."

"... you never can tell ..."

Gary dwells on the unpredictability of his life. He never knows from one minute to the next what he's going to do. Didn't he become an actor by sheer accident? Tomorrow he might be up the whole deal and head his boat for the South Pacific. Marriage is the tie that binds you to one place, one job, one person. Obviously, he can't get married.

Tuesday tells you the same thing about herself. "It's not that I'm afraid of responsibility. I've had that since I was three. But if I get married, my whole life will change."

Tuesday loves to go driving with Gary at three in the morning. Gary would happily say bye-bye to his career to follow Tuesday to Afghanistan. Tuesday would adore island-hopping in the South Pacific.

The simple truth is that these two ultra-individualistic, super-special, completely unlike people are as alike as peas in a pod. And if they lose each other, it would take years and years for them to find anyone else to suit them half as much.

Both Tuesday and Gary have a point when they say they're not fit for marriage. They're not—except to each other.

That's why there's real tragedy ahead if they continue to play with their romance. Instead of getting along better and better, they are fighting more these days. Tuesday has become almost as jealous of Gary as he is of her. She phones him half a dozen times a day at the studio, partly to find out how he is, partly because she can't bear not speaking to him every few hours—but mainly to remind him that he belongs to her and not to any pretty actress he happens to be working with. If they were officially engaged, everyone would know they belonged to each other and life would be easier for them both.

So, discarding the lies and the distortions, why don't they get married—or at least engaged?

The reason is simple, even though they refuse to admit it to themselves and to each other: They're afraid that they might be making a mistake.

It's so ironic. Of course they have real doubts and problems. Who can deny it? Tuesday grew up in a broken home and has good reason to be scared of divorce. Gary, who has watched his young friends struggle with first-year problems, and naturally he worries about how he'd handle them. Both of them live and work in Hollywood where they see marriages tear apart like paper. And they have their own special problems: two careers (with Tuesday's better established); short tempers; bad luck; and so on.

And they've even got the half-real, halfphony problems like the privacy and impulsive bits, they talk about so much.

But by brooding about these things and getting tense over them and putting the brakes on their romance, they make them worse, not better. If they keep it up, their relationship will surely fall apart. And then they'll say, "See, we were right to wait—it didn't work!"

But love is an affair of the heart, not of the mind.

It's sad that Tuesday and Gary don't see that. God knows their hearts know what they want—they've already proved they can't live without each other. Whether they split, whether they fight, whether they give vent to jealous frenzies, they always come back to each other. What's holding things up is the tremendous effort both of them are making to be careful instead of impulsive, to be selfless rather than selfish.

Now here is something that is so close to the truth, it almost is true. Tuesday and Gary are not creatures of impulse. They've been fighting conventions and restrictions all their lives. They like to follow their whims, and they want what they want when they want it. But is that a reason for them to shun marriage? No. A million times no. It's the reason they have got to get married—to each other.

Because by some incredible miracle, Tuesday loves to go driving with Gary at three in the morning. Gary would happily say bye-bye to his career to follow Tuesday to Afghanistan. Tuesday would adore island-hopping in the South Pacific.
sellish. It's noble, but for them it's all wrong. It's against their natures. No decision made on that basis could possibly work for them, because they aren't careful or precise. That's why they fell in love. That's why they're right for each other. That's why they ought to grab each other while they've got the God-given chance.

If they do, it will be the sanest, most sensible thing they ever did in their lives.

—CHARLOTTE DINTER

Gary Lockwood appears in “Follow The Sun.” ABC-TV, Sun. 7:30-8:30 P.M. EDT.

But the picture was wrong. As a friend tells it: “Bobby broke his leg trying to block a play around his end (this happened in practice), but he didn't tell anybody. The coaches kept screaming at him and running the plays over. Bobby was crying but he kept limping around and missing the block and trying again for fifteen minutes before he collapsed.”

He did get into the Yale game—for one play, hobbling onto the field and limping off again. The crowd in the stands applauded him perfunctorily, but the loud cheers, as usual, were reserved for others.

Enter Ethel

But it was soon after this that Bobby Kennedy discovered that being in the center of the picture—or being the only one in the picture, the conquering hero—wasn't the most important thing in life. It was a lonely, lonely young girl, Ethel Skakel, a former roommate of his sister Jean at Manhattanville College, who changed him.

Bobby met Ethel at a Canadian ski resort one weekend away from the University of Virginia, where he was a law student at the time. Maybe it was the way a silly little bow bobbed up and down in her hair as she raced him down the ski slope. Maybe it was the way she kept Creatures twisted when she was excited and the words came tumbling out all wrong (out somehow just right for him). Maybe it was the way she matched him shot for shot in golf, served for serve in tennis and stroke for stroke in the pool (and miracle of miracles, she was good at touch football). Maybe it was the way she kept Creatures as he did. (She once said: “I like competition, but I like to win better.”) Maybe it was the way she looked at him and smiled, so that he felt bigger than Go-liath, stronger than Samson and smarter than Solomon. Whatever it was, he had fallen head over skis in love.

And so they were married. Now, with Ethel at his side, Bobby began moving towards the center of the Washington political picture—first as junior attorney in the Justice Department, Criminal Division. Then in 1952, when Jack ran for U.S. Senate, Bobby took over as campaign manager. He got it organized in three weeks flat—in his way—no velvet gloves. JFK remembers wryly, “Bobby works at a high tempo, he can be a little abrupt. Some politicians came into our headquarters and stood around gabbing. Finally Bobby told them, ‘Here are some envelopes. You want to address them, fine. Otherwise wait outside.’ They addressed the envelopes.”

After Jack won, Bobby worked for the Hoover Commission; on the legal staff of Joseph McCarthy's Senate investigation subcommittee; walked out in protest against tactics and later returned as counsel for the Democratic minority.

But the real opportunity, the real challenge, came unexpectedly in 1954 when

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Bobby Kennedy

somewhere along the line he decided to fight his way to the center of the family picture. And to do that, he had to test himself, to discover the depth of his own courage. His initial test came in prep school, at Massachusetts' snooty Milton Academy. It didn't cut any ice with his classmates that he was an ambassador's son; what mattered to them was that he was a Catholic, and there hadn't been many Catholics before at Milton. So they hazed him mercilessly and topped it off by breaking in and messing up his room.

Bobby struck back immediately. He went into the room of the ring leaders, threw open the windows, and hurled everything he could find—books, clothes, furniture, pictures—out on the grass. That did it: he was accepted and went on, as quarter-back, to lead his school's team to a gridiron championship.

Later at Harvard, however, he was restless. The United States was at war and the history he was reading in books seemed pallid and meaningless compared to the history being written each day in newspaper headlines. His brother John was somewhere out in the Pacific commanding a PT-boat. His brother Joe had given his life to his country in an attempt to knock out a Nazi V-2 missile base. Yet here he was going to classes—not to war!

So he reversed the stereotyped notion of what a rich boy does in time of national emergency. He pulled strings to get into the conflict. Ironically, and even though he protested, he was ordered aboard the newly commissioned destroyer U.S.S. Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., named after his heroic older brother. There, as a seaman second-class, he spent twenty-seven miserable months. The only action he saw was the dirt disappearing as he swabbed the decks.

Frustrated in his attempts to be a war hero like his brother Jack—who had accomplished feats of valor in the Pacific—Bobby returned to Harvard and set his sights on being a football star. But when the team photograph was taken in his junior year there was Bobby, a third-string end, once more almost out of the picture.

As a senior, Bobby actually started a game against Western Maryland, and he probably had visions of catching the winning pass against Yale in the final seconds of play. And of finding his photo, blown up to hero's size, in the paper the next day captioned, “Final score: Bobby K.—7. Yale—6.” A dreamy, hero-style picture!
meant father they have. I've been in a position where I have to say no to people, and at times I have stept on some toes. I guess a lot of this came out of the Los Angeles convention. But we won, and we won fairly, then and later on. We weren't just playing games.

Once again, a comment of his father may be applicable. "He's a great kid. He hates the same way I do."

They won. Jack and Bobby won. Jack was President of the United States, and Bobby was "Father of the Year in 1960," and he didn't want just the honor, he wanted to play with his kids.

But again Bobby reckoned without his brother's wishes. His brother had plans for him, big plans. He wanted him to be Judge General of the United States.

Bobby protested. Such an appointment would expose Jack to a barrage of hostile criticism. They'd accuse him of establishing a Kennedy family monopoly in the Federal Government.

The President countered, "We'll announce it in a whisper at midnight so no one will notice it."

Bobby persisted. He anticipated the opposition's contention that he'd never actually tried a case in court.

(The President countered that one by saying, "I can't see that it's wrong to give him a little legal experience before he goes out to practice law."

Bobby told him he didn't think the statement was very funny. Jack replied that he'd have to learn to kid himself, because people warmed up to that. Yes, but you weren't kidding yourself," Bobby retorted. "You were kidding me.")

Bobby turned a deaf ear to all his brother's formal arguments, but he couldn't shut out the tone of the requests. Jack needed him; that was the main thing. This was the factor that swayed Bobby.

As Bobby commented to a friend, "I began to realize what a lonely job the Presidency is. And I realized then what an advantage it would be to him to have someone (the Governor) to talk to."

So Bobby accepted the job. On the telephone, when he said yes, he paraphrased Dwight Eisenhower's defense of Sherman Adams by quipping, "Why don't you say I may be your brother, but you need me."

A storm of criticism did break over the Kennedys' heads. Opponents attacked Bobby's inexperience, his youth (favorable Republican gag: "Why can't I have a drink? I'm the Attorney General!") and the fact that he was the President's brother.

They also praised him with faint damages. One bit of gossip went: "Bobby, thank God, wins the President up every morning and heads him in the right direction."

Some "friends" wrote to JFK and suggested that Bobby would make a better President. He replied, "I have consulted Bobby about it, and, to my dismay, the idea appeals to me."

But Bobby ignored the tumult and the shouting. He was too busy. As boss of the Department of Justice, he was in command of 31,000 employees, including J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. For the first few days he bounded around the department, usually in shirt sleeves. He would pop into an office unannounced and say, "I'm Robert Kennedy. What do you want at 9 a.m.?"

After the shakedown period was over, Bobby settled down to the routine he knew...
When the President once chided him about his taste in clothes by saying, "Why, he's still wearing button-down collars. They went out three years ago. Only Chester Bowles and Adlai Stevenson wear them anymore," Bobby countered with a grin that he might change to "more mature" shirts when he reaches Jack's age.

Sometimes Bobby's casual attitude toward clothes and grooming belies his serious attention. As Life writer John L. Steele revealed: "During last spring's Freedom Riders crisis he was suddenly called in from home one Sunday and came just as he was, fresh from playing with his children. He was photographed that day hard at work in denims, a sports shirt, and a shapeless blue sweater.

A few days later, he was changing in his office into evening dinner wear. But a new crisis arose and he spent the rest of the evening in his office, wearing a blue batrobe over a pair of shorts, looking more like an office boy playing at being boss than the Attorney General.

But he is the Attorney General of the United States, even more important, he is the one to freely about the problems of government.

The one area where Bobby bows out and leaves the President on his own is the matter of social activities. The Attorney General is the President's gadfly in government, but he is not a social gadabout. Rather than attend a big party or visit a night club or go to the theater, he prefers to go to the White House or to Ethel's and the kids. Instead of fancy deserts he goes for chocolate ice cream topped with chocolate sauce; instead of vintage wine Bobby loves milk—a bottle at a time, deep frozen for fifteen minutes. Instead of swank restaurants, he gets more of a kick out of taking his wife and kids to a neighborhood Howard Johnson.

Even when he and Ethel do go to one of the famous cultural evenings at the White House, they break away early. Likely as not it will be Ethel's turn to drive her own and the children's car to school next morning at 7:15.

At last count, Ethel and Bobby have seven children: Kerry, 2; Michael, 3; Mary Courtney, 5; David, 6; Robert, Jr., 8; Joe, 9 and Kathleen, 10. This number is subject to change without notice. (Not long ago, New York Daily Mirror columnist Mel Heimer announced, "The Bobby Kennedy expecting," which has neither been confirmed nor denied—just ignored.)

Bobby and Ethel's formula for raising their kids is to forget formulas and treat them, as a child psychologist once said in another context, with "intelligent neglect." Ethel says, "I guess lots of mothers would say I'm too permissive and accompanying with the children, but I just don't believe a child's world should be entirely full of don'ts. We think it's possible to have discipline and still give the children independence without spoiling them.

She goes on to defend the Kennedy's cooking. "Compare," she says, "I guess some of the problems. I think that children should learn things when they're young. Sure, there are risks—Ethel broke her leg riding, Courtney her arm when she fell out of a tree, Joe his leg skiing. But gosh, if they're going to develop independence they have to do it somehow. They're going to accomplish." (Ethel's statement was made before another of the kids, true to the family tradition, bust two fingers falling out of the hayloft.)

**Kind and loving parents**

This recipe of independence, adventurousness and competitiveness is softened by large doses of parental love, liberally administered. Although Bobby's superhuman schedule prevents him from seeing the kids very often, he makes up for the little time he has with them by making every second count. He's gentle, thoughtful and infinitely patient with them.

The kids were left behind but were still very much in their thoughts when Bobby and Ethel, at JFK's request, made a hurried trip to West Africa as a gesture of friendship by the United States towards the emerging African nations. Ethel won the affection of the kids when she went to the Ivory Coast village, she said, on hearing that a subprefect had ten children. "I'm jealous!"

Bobby was resplendent but slightly uncomfortable in a cutaway and new topper bought especially for the occasion—because Ethel thought that the topcoat he'd worn to the Inauguration down a long way over his ears. And he routed the Soviet diplomat, Daniel Solod, when he showed up at the outdoor reception given the Kennedys by Ivory Coast President Houphouet-Boigny. Solod had been briefed ahead of time that the Attorney General knew no French (the language of diplomacy at the Ivory Coast) and would return the President's greetings with a few words of English. The communist representative left the reception hurriedly, however, when Bobby rose to his feet and read a thank-you speech in perfect French, a feat which also amazed his audience who murmured, "Vive! Bob-by speaks French!"

(While Solod nor the others realized was that Bobby had practiced the speech over and over again on the plane, laboriously printing out the phonetic sound of each word.)

Early this year, again at his brother's request, Bobby and his wife were on the move again, bringing their unorthodox brand of off-the-shelf diplomacy to fourteen countries in twenty-six days.

In Tokyo, although warned in advance that left-wing students might incite a riot, Bobby insisted on addressing a student rally at Waseda University. When heckled.
he countered: "It's very possible that some of you will disagree with what I have to say, but under a democracy it's the right of some to disagree." When one student shouted at him from the floor, he invited the boy, Yuzu Tachiya, to the platform and let him sound off for eight minutes. Later, when Communists at the meeting sabotaged the PA system, the unperturbed Attorney General instituted a battery-powered megaphone and gave a lecture on democracy, filled with such Bobbyisms as "Pick up your marbles," "The hell with you," and "You're crazy." The students loved it, and at the end another younger jumped on the stage and led the audience in the Waseda fight-song and in "Bobbyisms." You would have thought that the visitor had single-handedly led Waseda U. to a victory over Nagasaki U. in the big game.

At a farming village outside Tokyo, Bobby unhooked his tie pin and presented it to Kohei Hanami, the local mayor. (Bobby seemed to have an unending source of these Kennedy PT-boat tie pins: on his West Africa trip he had unclipped one for a chef in the village of Orfah. The chef was so delighted he forgot his disappointment that the distinguished visitors from the United States didn't have time to eat the huge meal he had prepared for them.) But this time the presentation of the pin had even greater significance. For Madame Hanami, the mother of the commander of the destroyer Amagiri that rammed and sank Navy PT-boat 109, a craft commanded by John F. Kennedy, on August 1, 1943, and now memorialized in a book, a movie and a tie-pin.

A world of new friends

At Jakarta, Indonesia, Bobby braved hostile students again. Out from the audience came a girl friend, directed the Attorney General. At the last second, as if he were ducking away from a high inside pitch in a softball game back home at Hickory Hill, Bobby moved his head and the egg plopped down harmlessly behind him. He spoke on as if nothing had happened, and at the close of his address the students cheered him to the rafters.

Towards the end of the trip, he completed a tour of the Red-constructed Berlin wall shortly after fifteen shots had been fired from the East zone. Thousands of Berliners chanted "Bobby! Bobby! Bobby!" before and after he laid a wreath on a wooden cross commemorating an old woman who had died in an attempt to escape to the West. What was Ethel doing all this time? Well, she was the hit of a fashion show in Saigon; she almost fell into a canal in Thailand; she showed up for luncheon at Huis Ten Bosch, Queen Juliana's Holland palace, without hat, gloves or bag, which caused a woman guest to purr, "They are a very, 'new style' couple." But, in a softer afterthought, she admitted that Ethel was "my natural; she shopped in fourteen different countries for presents for her seven kids; she received rosaries for herself and each of her children directly from Pope John at the Vatican; and in a little talk at a German-American community school in Berlin, she let the cat out of the bag by revealing that her husband had flunked the third grade in his own schooldays.

Ethel's most unusual adventure occurred at the Tuscan restaurant on the Piazza Fontanella de Borgheze. The luncheon there started out just like any other meal until, without warning, six admiring newspapermen who'd accompanied the Kennedys on their world tour presented the Attorney General's wife with a Vespa motor scooter. Someone started the engine by mistake, and the rest of the diners glared until another newsmen found the shut-off button.

Ethel insisted on trying out the scooter immediately. So they wheeled it outside, she climbed on in her high heels, a newsman turned on the ignition, and away went Ethel and the Vespa. Around the piazza she sped as the Italian onlookers shouted, "Brava! Brava!" The Vespa grazed a slow-moving Fiat and the crowd yelled, "No! No!" Ethel scraped her leg against a parked car and the spectators screamed, "Oh! No!

Twice she sped around the piazza, three times around the town, and from the helpless expression on her face and the words she shouted as she whizzed past, it became obvious she didn't know how to stop the darned thing. An intrepid reporter went to the rescue. He stood in front of the charging machine as a matador puts himself in the path of a raging bull. At the last minute he grabbed the horn, and the handhלווre wrestled the scooter to a stop. Ethel slipped off and smiled wanyly. The audience exploded, "Bravissimo! Bravissimo!"

The German newspaper Morgonpost summed up the unanimous reaction to the Kennedy's good-will mission in an editorial: "Never before in the history of our city was a young man and his pretty wife received such diplomacy.

When Bobby and Ethel returned home, seven children were waiting for them at Washington's airport. Seven six-shooters were popped in their direction. Seven voices squealed in joy. Seven wads of well-chewed bubble gum were politely put aside for a minute while seven pairs of lips showered their parents with sticky kisses.

And there was a party.

The next day Bobby was back at work — his brother's eyes and ears and right arm strong.

Today, Bobby is only one step from the center of the family picture and, as Lisa's father has said, "If anything happened to me, Bobby would be the one who would hold everybody together."

Ahead lies 1968. If brother Jack is re-elected in 1964, Bobby may be the very center of the political picture, with JKF as a not-so-old elder statesman standing on the sidelines for him. For as one close friend has said, "It can hardly be conceived that Bobby won't go into politics when he leaves the Justice Department. Yes, he might even run for President."

Competitive Bobby is a politician enough to play it cagey. He says, "Some day, people will wish they'd never talked to Bobby, either." He also says, "If young people ever lose their drive to succeed, then the country will be in trouble."

Whatever Bobby decides and whatever Bobby does, it will be all right with Ethel. For she says simply, "Bobby and my children are really the only things that count." — Jim Hoffman

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Continued from page 27

if he had a new romance, he said, "There are lots of romances in my life—my children." Jack Gould: "On WNEW yesterday, Eddie Fisher heaped fuel on his own ridiculous image by trying to make jokes about his own scandal; the drab little Jake should simply shut up and keep listeners from suspecting he enjoys this fanciful trash."

Robert Sylvester: "Merv Griffin saw a film so old, Eddie Fisher got the girl!"

But what do the home-town folks think of the boy they knew "when?"

Are they laughing, too?

Or do they feel sorry for Eddie?

Or what?

The trip down

On the train from New York to Philadelphia, I read through some old notes I'd forgotten in my trunk—looking over an interview I had with Eddie's mother, Kate, back in April of 1954; when Eddie was twenty-five years old, the most promising of the new crop of singers; when his recording of "Oh My Papa" was tops on everybody's hit parade.

The interview with Kate had taken place in the living room of a nice new house Eddie had just bought for his family, on the outskirts of South Philly. I remember Kate as very happy and proud that day. Eddie had just completed an engagement at the Copacabana in New York and was up at Grossinger's relaxing. In a few days he'd be leaving for Hollywood—his first big trip. She left a little sorry that he had to go, she said, because Hollywood was so far away and she'd miss her son. But business was business, she said, and maybe—knock wood—he'd have good luck in that place called Hollywood. . . .

I got into a cab at Philadelphia's Penn Station and asked the driver to take me to 2512 Fifth Street. It was the house where Eddie lived from the time he was born. The house where he grew up.

The driver—Morris Solomon, forty-one, of Pennington Street—smiled and said, "That's my old neighborhood. You know people there?"

I explained about the story I was doing. Solomon started up the cab and then he shook his head and said, "Eddie Fisher. That poor guy. You know, I feel sorry for him, really. I think he's ruined his life. He was foolish. He had a good girl there in Debbie, his first wife. She would have stuck by him through that other mess. But what does he do but leave her. . . . He's ruined. Sure, he's still got a good voice. He sings nice. He sings good. I'm not saying he should kill himself. Far from that. But just think what a nice life he'd have had if he kept things the way they should have been kept. With such lovely children. . . . Well, Debbie's all right now, at least.

I have a brother-in-law, Charlie. Four-
teen years ago Charlie went to California to work. He got a job in a shoe store out there. And one day he was fixing a window display and the boss of the whole chain of stores came by and complimented him on what he was doing. Charlie thought that was a nice thing for a boss to do. The boss' name happened to be Harry Karl, the fellow Debbie's married to. So at least she's got herself a nice husband there. . . . But Eddie, I don't know. He just seems ruined to me. What kind of girl can he marry now? Where does he have to go to?"

Solomon let me off at 2512 Fifth. A tiny house, fresh-painted, two stories high, fronted by a small stone stoop, connected on one side with another similar house—a whole row of houses down the block.

I walked up the steps of 2512 and rang the front doorbell.

A pleasant woman answered and said no, she didn't know Eddie Fisher, nor any of the Fishers; that her family had bought the house after the Fishers had moved. "But," she said, "the tailor across the street knew them. He's been here about thirty-five years, on the same street. Maybe he can help you."

The tailor

"Don't use my name. I don't want anybody to know you're looking for me. I'm trying anything for publicity. But did I know Eddie Fisher? Did I know him? I fixed for him his first pair of long pants. His mother bought him the pants for the holiday, same holiday as today, the Passover. And they came from one of those stores where you just buy the pants with no alterations—you know? Cheap, in other words. So his mother—she bought them at the pants store, and said to me, 'They're his first long ones, they're important, so would you fix them well for him?'

'I got to know Eddie since then. He was always coming in my store, sometimes to bring stuff in for cleaning and pressing, a lot of times just to come and keep an old man like me company. And I can't say anything but nice about him. Try to get me to say something bad about him and see how far you'll get. How can anybody help liking somebody who's good to his friends and his parents? To me, that's the mark of a good man. Ever since he was a kid, Eddie was a polite boy, a nice dresser, courteous and always courteous. He had a kid, a kid if he'd be in the store here with a suit to be pressed and if somebody else came in a few seconds after, he'd always ask the other person if he was in a hurry to go first.

'He was full of favors, always doing favors for people. Even when he got to be a big star. Once he played the Latin Quarter and came over and specifically the whole neighborhood over. He picked up the tabs for everybody. Me he even gave employment that week. He called me up and he said, 'I need a tailor to come over and fix some things before I go on stage every night, so I was wondering if you could come over.' But who was he kidding? What tailor do you need fixed? The tailor suit and tuxedos from all the finest stores in Hollywood and New York and London. The fits were perfect. So what did I do but stand there a few minutes before every performance and take a whiskbroom and dust a little lint from
his jacket. But you know what he gave me for this? Ten dollars a night, plus cab fare. Every night for a week. Just because he's a boy who's always doing favors for people.

"About his present situation I'm not going to tell you a word, I don't know from nothing. People don't know what it's all about, anyway. What they read, they believe. A lot of people are idiots. They believe everything. Well, not me. I only believe Eddie Fisher is a great boy."

Mrs. Bendroff and Sylvia

A few doors away—at 2516 Fifth Street—I rang another doorbell.

A very old woman, Mrs. Fanny Bendroff, answered.

"Ja?" she asked softly.

When I told her about the story I was doing, she broke into a glancing smile and she said: "I don't speak the English good. But I will tell you, Yes, Eddie Fisher—I just wish my grandchildren would grow to be like him. Nice, Nice. So nice boy he was. He used to sing in the synagogue sometimes. Over by Eighth Street. Near Porter Street. He would sing in the backyard. He would sing in the street. His father—he had no bushead sometimes—with fruit, vegetable. And Eddie would walk along with the father—only six, seven years old he was—and sing so the people would look out the window and see what the father was trying to sell... . Nice, Nice.

"When I heard he was going to sing again for the microphone—the gramophone?—ja, ja, the phonograph, that's right. I hear he sing better than ever. It make me happy. But, too, it make me not happy now. I see a picture of him in newspaper, and he look like—skeleton. Too bad. I want to see him happy again. Eddie used to be happy boy. His mother, father—they do. Sometimes the other children on street—they all have nickel for ice cream in summertime. And Eddie, maybe he only have penny, for a little piece of candy. But it never make a difference—not to Eddie. He was always happy—then. Always, Nice."

A phone call interrupted Mrs. Bendroff.

When she hung up she said, "My daughter Sylvia. She calls to wish us the Happy Passover. And I tell her about you. And she would like, to say something about Eddie."

Said Sylvia: "I just wanted to tell you—I liked Eddie when we were kids. And I still do. As a kid he was the finest type—not a snob, fresh, like some other kids in the neighborhood. And even after he grew up and had his success, he was still the same good person. I remember once—not too long ago, in fact—I was visiting my mother and we were walking down Fifth Street. And this big black chauffeur-driven limousine pulls up alongside us and stops, and Eddie Fisher looks out smiling and asks how we both were. He happened to be in Philadelphia on business, I know. He happened at that minute to be on his way somewhere. But he took time out to stop and talk to us. And I thought this was very kind of him... . It's too bad he's all mixed up in this divorce business with Liz Taylor today, that her name is all over the paper, and that people are making the remarks about him they're making. He's a sweet kid.

"By the way," Sylvia went on to say, "you might want to talk to my brother Al about Eddie. Al's just a few years older than Eddie and I guess you could say he knew him better than just about anybody in the old neighborhood. I'll give you his phone number. I know he's not home now. But why don't you give him a ring later this afternoon?"

I thanked Sylvia for the information.

I left the Bendroff house and, canvassing the neighborhood, I talked to several other people who had known Eddie Fisher back in the old days:

Ada Shifrin, who with her husband Martin runs a general merchandise and check-cashing store on the corner of Fifth and Shunk Streets.

A woman druggist (who prefers to remain anonymous).

Seymour Wald, seventeen, who works in a shoe repair store on the corner of Fifth and Porter.

An elderly woman and old neighbor of the Fisher's, Mrs. Anna Specor.

And a gentle and kind-faced man, a rabbi, named Pupka...

Ada Shifrin

"I think Eddie—poor kid—got in the situation he's in because he's too good, too chicken-hearted. He's the most faithful guy you want to know. I hear that was part of the trouble about his marriage to Debbie Reynolds—that nice as she's supposed to be, she didn't like his old friends hanging around so much, and Eddie wasn't the kind of guy to kick old friends out. Oh, he had to kick them out.

"And such an easy touch. Like the reason he married Liz. She's a good actress, after all. She played on his sympathy after Mike Todd was killed. She's gorgeous. No wonder she got him... . But right or wrong in that, don't let anybody ever tell you Eddie's anything but good. He's helped people all along the way, ever since he made his first cent. He still sends his father $125 a month. He loves his family and he helps them all—and that includes six brothers and sisters. All the actors and singers you read about should be so good to their families. I know Eddie from the time his kid brother Bunny used to walk down Fifth Street and I had our luncheonette. I remember Eddie's manners, even when he played something like a pin-ball machine. Other kids get all excited and start shouting all kinds of things—but he never lost his manners.

"Now he's still polite. He doesn't want to hurt other people, so he never gives his side of the story in the papers. I know Eddie from the time he was a kid. I'm trying to be nice, you see."

"Yes, I'll marry you... . Yes, I'll go away... . Yes, yes, yes."

"Well, it's too bad he's got bad luck in his love life. But he's got enough else on the ball to make him overcome any bad luck he might be having now... . Why, do you know that when he was just getting started and was making a date at the Vie En Rose nightclub in New York, he sent an invitation to me and Martin to come up for an evening and be his guests? The entire evening—free—on him. How's that for faithfulness to old friends? Any wonder that the people down here remember him? And are crazy about him?"

The woman druggist:

"I have nothing but the highest and finest to say of the entire Fisher family—especially Eddie. He was a good-living..."
Others speak

Seymour Wald: “I first met Eddie through his sister Arleen. Arleen and I were just babies then. And one day we were playing with a ball. And the ball was rolling out into the street. I ran after it, and the more I ran and hit me. And when my brother was out of the house to take care of me while we waited for the ambulance to take me to the hospital.

“The last time I saw him was a couple of years ago. He was married to Debbie Reynolds then, and he brought her here to Philly to show her his old neighborhood. They spent the whole day talking to people. And one day they sneaked off to a little cafetera a few blocks away. To have a cup of coffee. Well, a few of the kids followed them to the cafetera. I happened to be walking by to see what was happening. I looked in the window and saw Eddie sitting there. He looked very tired. But when he saw me he smiled and called me inside. And introduced me to his wife. And bought me a cup of coffee.

“And when you ask me what I do I think about Eddie Fisher today—I just think that he's a guy who was very nice to me. Twice. And that's enough for me.

Mrs. Anna Spector: "He was not really a success yet. But we were hearing his records on the radio. He was beginning to get places, so to speak. And that was the day I was standing in the Hopkin Candy Store, down the street. Eddie walked in. I began to joke with him. I said, ‘Well, now that you're getting so famous I guess we'll never hear a song from you again without having to pay—no?’ And do you know what he did? Right there in the candy store he sang three songs. For me. And I thought, ‘This boy will come out up top—because he's a good boy.’"

Rabbi Pupka: “I am sorry that I cannot give you much too much. But today is our Passover and I am very busy. But yes, I will tell you what I know—or knew—of Eddie Fisher. He came to our synagogue—not often, but once in a while. He sang for us after services. And I think he was a good singer. His favorite song, I recall, was ‘The Donkey Serenade,’ very popular at the time. He sang it well, very well indeed.

“His present situation today? I don't know much about it, except that he was sick for a while, and I am sorry about that. The other matters? I know only that with faith, Eddie Fisher will overcome all obstacles. With faith. . . ."

The final interview

Late that afternoon, as I'd told his sister Sylvia I would, I phoned Al Bendoff, an old friend of Eddie's, who said: "I knew Eddie when we were kids. And I knew a lot about music, too. I used to feel sorry for him when I'd hear him singing—he had a swell voice, but no vibrato. So one day I called him into my house. I said, 'Eddie, I'm going to teach you how to use your vibrato.' Then I placed my fingers at the base of his throat, told him to sing, shook my fingers around till he got the idea finally—the vibrato.

“Well, I went into the Army in the early '40s. And when I came home in '46 my mother told me that Eddie was singing in New York. I felt good for him. I always knew he could sing. But I knew that he was beginning the big climb. At the Navy Yard, in fact, where I work, I began telling people, 'Listen to Fisher.' They didn't know who I was talking about at first. But they soon found out.

“Anyway, more important, I began writing songs at about this time, a field of work I am still in love with. Well, one day back then, I found out that Eddie's mother was going to New York to visit him and I sent along two of my tunes, for him to look at. A few weeks later I went to New York myself, to see Eddie. I asked him about my tunes. I wanted no favors. And Eddie was doing no favors. In answer to my question he said, 'I can't do just anything. They want me to do tunes from movies, shows. You know how it is.' Naturally, I was disappointed. But I had a new tune with me, which I call 'The Girl from Rio.' So I asked Eddie to at least look it over, and he said he'd be very glad.

“A couple of months later I went to hear Eddie at a place called Chubby's, over in the Village. And I walked into the club and Eddie saw me, he shouted over the p.a., 'Al, I love that tune!' Needless to say I was pleased, delighted. After the show, I asked Eddie if he knew anyone who might be interested in the tune. He said, 'I am.' He told me to call him a few days later. And Eddie said, 'I love your music, Al. And I'm going to team up with Jerry Ross. He's in ASCAP, so you know what this means. You'll be made.' Eddie added that I should send anything else I wrote to his suite at the Essex House in New York.

“Well, probably someone threw a monkey wrench into the works. I waited. Nothing happened. And not too long afterward I said to you to bring me along when going into the service. And I knew, as far as I was concerned, that he had other things on his mind now, and that this was the end of our relationship. . . . I talked to Eddie a few times those last weeks. I could see that the pressures of his work were changing him.

“I remember his father came home from New York. Eddie was sitting outside and when I asked him how Eddie was, Mr. Fisher said, 'I'm very upset about him. He forgets a lot of things now. They're load-

The trip back

My day in Philadelphia was over. It was evening now. I was back on the train again, heading for New York. I read a newspaper, I smoked a cigarette. For a while, I looked over the notes I had taken that day.

And then, once more, I found myself looking back at those April, 1954 notes—this interview with Eddie's mother, Kate, eight years ago.

I read a little here: "He once told me, 'Mama, if I can't be a singer when I grow up, I'm going to be a street cleaner. I don't want to be anything in the middle. . . ."

A little there: 'Eddie's favorite dish is lima beans in chicken soup with noodles."

A little more here.

A little more there.

And then I read this quote from Eddie's mother, the final page of my notes:

"Not too long ago I had a talk with Eddie. It was a sort of mother-to-son talk. I guess you might say. What I asked him was, 'Eddie, when are you going to get married?' I told him that he was twenty-five now, that he had made his name, that in a way he had everything he wanted. 'You have everything you want,' I told him, 'except a wife. And a wife, Eddie, that's something I think you should start looking for now.' And you know what else I told him? I said, 'You know, Eddie, it's none of my business, and I don't really know anything about the kind of girl you'll go out with, the kind of girl you might end up marrying. But the kind of girl I'd like to see you marry. Eddie, is a nice little poor girl, a girl who's never had anything before, a girl you can give things to, show things to, things that will be new to her, that will make her the happiest girl in the world. Not a rich girl. Not a girl who'll never leave you. And when you go to Florida, she'll tell you about the hotel she stayed in the last time she was there. Not a rich girl like that. But better a poor girl who's never been to Florida before, who'll get a big thrill when you take her when you show her something new and beautiful like Florida.'

"And do you know what my Sonny Boy said to me after I told him this? He said, 'Mama, that's just the kind of girl I'd like to find someday. I just hope I do. . . .'

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Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

“If so, then you’re a victim of crippled English,” says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. “Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school.”

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, “Yes!” With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationists right in their own homes.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, “You don’t have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method.” In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person’s ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life,

You can’t express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a “command of English”?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn’t it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the “secrets” of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 56101J, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

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GETTING PERSONAL

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I never laughed so much. I can't believe it is possible anyone could get away with the things he's done, but those pictures of Stanley Berman don't lie! I'm sure we'll see him pop up as a Roman gladiator in "Cleopatra," or better yet, maybe he'll pop up on one of those Italian islands with Liz and Burton. If he does, that would be his greatest crash ever!

ALYCE J.
New York City

. . . I want to express my gratitude for your story on the Mills family. It was most informative and well written. I admire Mr. Mills for his expert way of handling his children and their careers . . . Thank you again for a fine article.

P. STEADINGS
Mobile, Ala.

. . . Miss Taylor is gorgeous, talented and very spoiled. This, I believe, is the main reason behind her atrocious behavior in Rome with Richard Burton. I believe that she is so spoiled that she thinks that she can have anything she wants, and after she tires of it, get rid of it without any questions being asked. . . . I also believe she feels that she can have Burton with no questions asked also. There is where she is wrong. If she thinks that she can get by with this one, she is wrong. I don't believe Sybil Burton will give up her husband as meekly as did Debbie Reynolds.

M. CAVELLI
New Providence, N. J.

I agree! It is the pinup to end ALL pinups. It is the MOST! One picture can say a thousand words. Well, I think that picture only said three. ELVIS IS GREAT. I want to thank you for printing such a heart-warming photo of Elvis. Elvis fans from all over the world salute you! I am and ELways will be.

LYNN HUGGINS
Stanton, Tenn.

. . . Would you please publish in your magazine whether or not Mrs. Kennedy is paid for having her photos on the front cover and for articles written about her?

MJJ
Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Kennedy receives not a penny for such pictures or stories—Em.

Your beauty story was wonderful. It really gave me great ideas, so please have more of the same.

A FAN
Daytona Beach, Fla.

What a lovely honeymoon letter Debbie wrote to John Ashley. After the Taylor/Burton/Fisher mess, it is a welcome relief to read about wholesome, happy stars. I just hope they stay that way. And maybe Liz Taylor could take a lesson from Deborah Walley.

G. SMYTHE
Little Rock, Ark.

RESULTS OF "CAN YOU FORGIVE LIZ?" POLL

26,113 readers cast their ballots in our "CAN YOU FORGIVE LIZ?" poll. Four out of every five readers voted NOT to forgive Liz.

I am a new reader of your great magazine, and from what I have read, I am very pleased. I have just finished the article asking is Liz a good mother and I have never read an article that has affected me as this one has. I was once a faithful fan of Liz', but now all I can say for her is that she might be one of the world's most beautiful women, but I would not want to be in her place. How can she be so unconcerned toward her children? I have had a stepfather since I was a small child, and I know what it is like to have your father taken away only to find another waiting on the doorstep. Maybe Liz tries to make it up to her children in gifts, but there is nothing that can compare to the love of a mother and father. . . . I think that if her children don't grow up to hate her and their stepfathers, it will be one of the greatest miracles of all times. I am no one to judge others, but how anyone can be as blind and stupid as she is, is beyond me.

A Reader
Golden, Colorado

(Continued on page 6)
In you go with delightful ease. Kleinert's Slimderella® Waist-in does it with Solite, an exclusive rubberized fabric that breathes with you. Lining's of soft, absorbent knit cotton. Front hooks, detachable adjustable garters. Even sizes, 22 to 36, white $5.00. See Kleinert's Feathernap Waist-In, too. Feather-soft rubber throughout. In white, 22 to 36, $3.50; without garters, $2.50. Now at better notions departments.
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Patty Delong, 15
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1932 Virginia Street
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DEBBIE LOSES BABY!

how and why it happened!

(please turn to page 11)
would you believe...

...she's almost due for her next shampoo?

Seven days of shine... it can happen to your hair, too — because now Richard Hudnut discovers a two-step treatment with continuous conditioning action! You just wash your hair with Enriched Creme Shampoo with Egg — a shower of gold with added proteins. Then follow with Hudnut Creme Rinse — the magic conditioner that stays with you from shampoo to shampoo — every time you comb your hair you can see how it acts to correct that dry, fly-away look. Make these two steps a ritual. Have beautifully behaved hair all week long!

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DEBBIE LOSES BABY!

continued

Happiest sound in Hollywood—until today, as this is written—was Debbie Reynolds' lihting voice singing folk songs. A new album is in process for Dot Records, and late summer afternoons when Carrie and Todd were up from their naps, they'd all get together at the piano, Rudy Rinder, Debbie's secretary-accompanist, would play and Debbie would try out first one song then another, easily, without strain, singing softly, having fun. It was the children sang, too. Often when Harry came home from the office they'd still be singing. Happiest girl in America was Debbie—you could hear it, see it, her radiance was contagious!

There are some girls who glow in pregnancy, there are some who don't. I remember Rosemary Clooney, before her first baby, hated her bulkiness, she felt herself the ugliest woman in America and hated Joe's seeing her like that. I remember Jean Simmons when she was pregnant, lazy and luxuriant...Janet Leigh, nervous and high strung...Sandra Dee, hysterically funny...but I've never known a pregnant woman more serene than Debbie Reynolds. She's always wanted a houseful of kids. She certainly wanted Harry's child. She had everyone in stitches planning how next year they'd have another baby...and maybe the year after...until Harry cracked, "I'll be the first father in history to pace the waiting room in a wheel chair."

But he and Debbie often clown. This girl simply delights this man, he finds her sense of humor irresistible. And nothing has delighted him more than watching her swell and grow with his child.

Her great expectations!

Nothing daunted her. She had to announce her expectations at two months because there were still scenes to be shot for "How the West Was Won" at M-G-M and then "My Six Loves" to shoot in its entirety at Paramount. Toward the end of that one Debbie had to be laced up pretty tight to look like a romantic heroine. On one final scene they had to do twelve retakes and she prayed, "Please hurry. Please, please, please, hurry!"

But nothing daunted her. Soon it would be over and she'd be off to Palm Springs with Harry and the children to rest. She wasn't even daunted when Carrie and Todd came down with chicken pox they'd caught from Marge and Gower Champion's small son. Nurse Dottie was off on vacation, Debbie nursed the youngsters herself and enjoyed it. There were lazy story hours and dolls to cut out with Carrie and blocks to build with Todd and long leisurely evenings in the air-cooled house with Harry after the children went to sleep and long sweet nights of sleep for herself.

They came back from Palm Springs the first of July, Debbie looking brown and fit and, as her mother says, "healthy as a horse." But she felt tired somehow, she couldn't summon up her usual pep and she went in for a check-up with Dr. Charles Levy, the Reynolds family doctor who has looked after Debbie since she was eight, delivered both her babies and knows her, physically, better than anyone in the world. He examined her carefully, found her sound as a dollar and reminded her that as the fetus comes into its seventh month the rate of growth accelerates, the weight increases and a prospective mother could feel a lack of pep.

In the next couple of weeks, Debbie began to feel wonderful. She decided it had probably been the heat at the Springs that fatigued her. She started singing her folk songs...ate picnic lunches with the children in the garden...talked with carpenters about the new nursery they would add to the house...talked with Carrie and Todd about the new baby and how they would help her bathe it and put it to sleep and give it its bottle...they toyed with names.

A time of love and life

This was probably the happiest time of Debbie's life, these weeks, totally surrounded by love, Harry, the children, her mother and father dropping by. And moving inside her, kicking out first here, then there, an active unseen force insistent about its life.

For Debbie Reynolds, children are a must. "Children I've wanted as far back as I can remember," she has said. "They're a great gift and I've found I am just as fulfilled playing with Carrie and Todd as I am in acting. Children don't ask to be born and they deserve all the love and the understanding and time my parents gave to Bill and me—and that Harry and I give to Carrie and Todd. My parents were always with Bill and me, they gave us a faith and a sense of security that is the backbone of my life and has seen me through a lot."

She has never really believed in working mothers—remembering one of her friends in high school whose mother was an actress and who never had time to come to any of the school activities—not even graduation. That was never going to happen to children of hers! As a matter of fact, if it had been necessary last fall, Debbie would have flown back from New York just to take Carrie to kindergarten the first day. Nor was she ever going to let work interfere with her pregnancy. She was carrying Carrie when she made "Bundle of Joy" and she was frantic because the shooting schedule barely gave her time to be free for her delivery date. She was carrying Todd when she made "Tammy," but that time she managed to stop a little earlier. And this time, much as she would have liked to keep her pregnancy a private matter for a few months, she had to tell in order to get her two films finished and give herself a breather. Well, she breathed and she enjoyed it with a full heart.

You love a baby long before its birth—every woman who has ever borne a child knows this. You love it from the first message—at first just a flutter, a brush, a wink like the opening and closing of an eyelid or the motion of a wasp's wing, hardly a motion at all, so quick you hold your breath to be sure. But there it is, the stretching of arms and legs; and from that moment on there's a communication, the child saying, "I'm here, I'm here," the mother listening. The only alarm is during those moments when for some reason (the baby probably sleeping), the mother fails to sense this hidden motion. And she thinks about it, maybe worries.

"Kick out, little baby!"

But from the sixth month on, the movements of the child become real thumps, it kicks out clamoring for recognition and Debbie, like every other mother would think, "Kick out, little baby, grow strong, kick out." Often, as they sat on the grass, she'd let Carrie and Todd put their little hands on her tummy, feel the baby kick.

"Did I do that too, Mommy?"

"Did I kick my feet?"

Harry was very proud of her. For people in love, the whole of childbearing is a love song, every motion of the child, and the slowly swelling body of the mother are tied up with what two (Continued on page 21)
ABC! Three magic letters. To the little boy or girl in the first grade, they are the open sesame to knowledge. To the broadcasting world, they are the call letters of a giant TV and radio network. To an editor, ABC spells out the fact that YOU are buying his magazine. How? Because ABC stands for the Audit Bureau of Circulation, a non-profit association that keeps count of how many copies of a magazine are sold each and every month of the year.

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PHOTOPLAY has had a long and happy relationship with the Audit Bureau of Circulation. We are particularly happy that, in the near future, it will publish figures showing that, for the first six months of 1962, PHOTOPLAY has been selling better than ever. We are proud to be the largest entertainment magazine in the United States. We are grateful to YOU for making this possible.
Look at the two puzzles on this page for a few moments. Can you solve them? You should be able to, because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a straightforward, honest challenge to your skill and common sense! Yes, skill and common sense are all you need to solve the puzzles in this wonderful "Famous Name" Game... offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure... and a chance at one of 100 great cash awards totaling $40,000.00! There's no red tape when you enter... no long wait for payment of prizes—this is a quick action contest!

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NATIONAL BOOK CLUB, INC.
BOX 110, GLEN COVE, N. Y.
Glenn and Hope's romance is up in the air, but Connie sure doesn't care.

Mitzi Gaynor and her husband-manager Jack Bean, I hear, aren't even talking business these days. Hope they patch things up!

Early one A.M. the city room of a metropolitan newspaper buzzed with a top-secret report about Mr. Lindsay Crosby when he was "isolated" behind closed doors in a Santa Monica hospital. His brothers claimed the reason they had to fly him back from a nitty engagement in Mexico was that he was stricken with "nervous exhaustion."

I hope it was merely jitters that fell him, but when it comes to admitting anything, the Crosby clan is more close-mouthed than clams. I heard the reason Lindsay is having problems is because he feels his brothers don't like him.

You read it here a long time ago that the Jill St. John-Lance Reventlow marriage was becoming a fantasy instead of a fact. The big blow-up finally occurred. Jill moved out and said she'd sue for separate maintenance. But as the day approached, love of Lance won out over her hatred of sport's car racing and they decided to give marriage another whirl.

Carlyn Chapman is another actress who couldn't stand her (Continued on page 16)
in Photoplay...
hubby running around with "the boys" until the wee hours. She sent Mickey Callan packing and he moved in with his faithful agent, Fred Amsel. Mickey, Jimmy Darren and Tommy Sands sort of established themselves as a Junior Clan. Carlyn is the first wife to put her foot down. This is the second time the Callans have split.

Tragic was the passing of Jerry Wald who was one of the few dynamic producers in Hollywood. But the loving hands of the Man upstairs saved him from months of misery. Jerry died of a heart attack, but would have had only a short time more to live. He had an incurable disease.

Like I tipped you, everything isn't bread and honey between Lana Turner and Cheryl Crane. Cheryl not only doesn't want her mother to be a part of her life, but defied her by taking a job as one of three models in a Hollywood night club. The trio, know as "Summit Swingers" model everything from bikini swim suits to formal gowns as the patrons imbibe. I also heard Cheryl was living with a girl friend in a not too desirable district in Los Angeles.

Ralph Taeger's engagement to Stephanie Zimbalist was short and sweet. Now she's dating Richard Beymer and Tcb Hunter.

Thank goodness Eddie Fisher took my advice. No longer is he dating a different girl every night. The female publicity seekers are no more, and only Ann-Margret remains on his date list. I doubt that they'll fall in love—they won't get the chance. Her parents watch over her more closely than Mickey Hargitay watched Jayne Mansfield.

By the way, Juliet Prose appears to be out in the cold. I hear she can't even get Frank Sinatra on the phone any more.

Tony Young is supposed to be marrying Madlyn Rhue in December—but he's still having first wife troubles. His first wife, whom Tony divorced two years ago, claims the actor not only hasn't been looking after her welfare—but hasn't wanted anything to do with their young daughter. I recall the former "Gunlinger" didn't want to talk about his past. Now I know why.

Scooping Around: Get this: Red Buttons' soon-to-be-ex-wife Heliane has changed her name to Xavoir Thalia Blith. And Buttons was such a simple name, too. ... Remember George C. Scott, the actor nominated for an Oscar who claimed he wouldn't pick it up if he won? He also denounced Hollywood. Well, George had to eat a little of his pride. He sneaked into town to do a TV show. ... Some say Sal Mineo and Jill Haworth plan to marry around the Yule season. She's only seventeen but Tony Curtis didn't let age stand in his way with Christine Kaufmann. ... The Horst Buchholzes are expecting again. Their second is due in December. ... Looks like the reason Cary Grant and Betsy Drake are divorcing after four years of separation is that one of them has found "another" to marry. An insider claims that they had an agreement to remain separate until one wanted to remarry. Cary has dated many, many girls since his split, but until now none of them appeared to be in the running for his next bride. That is, until a certain Dyann Cannon came into the picture. Of course, with Cary who can tell? It may be the secretive Betsy who's hearing bells again. ... Wow! That Tuesday Weld! I hear she accidentally hit Gary Lockwood on the head with a telephone, knocking him unconscious for several minutes. Some love tap! ... Felicia Farr and best beau Jack Lemmon finally set the wedding date. ... There were no tears when Liz Taylor bid her Dickie Burton goodbye. Maybe because she knew he would fly back to her after he did two weeks of location scenes for "Cleopatra" in Egypt. Bye the bye—didn't he gift her with a diamond stick pin said to be worth six thousand smackers?

Susan Kohner finally got the message. George Hamilton's dates with all those pretty pretties while she was away film-making (like I reported months ago) came back to haunt him. Susan decided George wasn't ready for the vine-covered-cottage bit and gave him back the ring. His friends claim George was heartbroken. He didn't appear to a few nights later holding hands with a certain miss in a Sunset Strip pub. And Susan? Well, she has Peter Mann.

I believe Kay Gable took Robert Prescott's marriage to a health expert harder than she let on. Prescott (he runs Flying Tiger Airlines) had been giving Mrs. Gable the rush until he checked into a fifty-dollar-a-day weight-reducing clinic run by Anna Maria Hennstrom. Three days later and twenty pounds lighter he proposed to Anna. They were married in Las Vegas. Prescott called Kay thirty minutes before the ceremony to break the news.

So now Efrem Zimbalist has been elevated to the top spot on Kay's date list.

To ease the pain, Jose Ferrer is dating singer Peggy Nelson. But I still think Rose Clooney will take him back.

Connie Stevens is back on the dating merry-go-round. Her latest—her old flames, Earl Holliman and—get this—Gary Clarke.
New York's poshest new hotel, The Summit, is an old hand at gala parties. Above right, Connie Stevens chats with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Klein. Mr. Klein is MacJaden-Bartell's Executive Vice-President. That's Barbara Loden at the far left. Photo right, Paula Prentiss leaves the scene to let Connie have a private chat with Troy Donahue. The Summit's the summit!

One girl who wasn't impressed by Elvis Presley while making "Girls! Girls! Girls!" was his co-star Laurel Goodwin. She not only didn't date him, but announced her engagement to another guy.

Did you know that Jackie Gleason and his spouse have been living apart for years but have never divorced?

What goes? Luciana Paluzzi left for Rome and Brett Halsey wasn't far behind. But don't count on a reconciliation. He went to obtain film work now that he's no longer under contract to 20th. She returned to see their baby who's in Italy with her mama. Besides, Debbie Loew is Brett's love now.

Now I've heard everything: Frankie Avalon is serenading Ava Gardner in Madrid.

Short Takes: Gracie Allen felt well enough to attend George Burns' opening with Carol Channing in Los Vegas. However, she still looks pale and a nurse made the trip with her. Aren't Lauren Bacall and Jason Robards, Jr. expecting again? Now it's Dolores Hawkins who's furious at Gardner McKay for giving out all those quotes that she's carrying the torch. Bath would catch fire if they ever came face to face again. Edd Byrne's trying every trick in the book in an attempt to get out of his Warners contract.

When Tony Curtis and Phil Silvers were at Lake Tahoe filming "Forty Pounds of Trouble," they took time out for some good, clean gambling!...Harry Karl isn't around the house when Eddie Fisher visits the children once a week. Come to think of it, neither is Debbie Reynolds. Bing Crosby's wife really has competition. She's competing with fish. He seldom emerges from his Mexico fishing retreat and Kathy seldom joins him. The way Joan Fontaine and cartoonist Charles Addams are carrying on, she won't end up in the funny papers but at the altar.

Is Anna Kashfi trying to get Marton Brando back? She publicly defended him against a magazine's charge that his antics while filming "Mutiny on the Bounty" cast his studio a small fortune. I have news for you, Anna. It was Movita who joined him in Tahiti.

Janet Leigh's divorce suit against Tony Curtis nearly backfired. When Janet faced a Santa Monica judge at the hearing she couldn't come up with enough evidence to warrant a decree. She accused Tony of being "over critical." The judge shook his head—as if to say that if every wife wanted a divorce because her husband criticized, he would have to work twenty-four hours a day. Finally, Janet's witness offered enough evidence against Tony to justify a decree. The witness charged the actor often was rude to Janet and her friends. This same witness later whispered to Janet, "If we only could have told him everything."

I imagine Tony could tell an interesting story, too. There's been much gossip about Janet and Frank Sinatra. They say it's a big romance, yet not once have they been seen together on a date. Maybe they're writing notes. (Please turn the page)
Marilyn Monroe is dead. The biggest sex symbol since the days of Jean Harlow and Clara Bow is gone. I'm shocked, I'm saddened—but I can't really say I'm surprised. Her last two pictures were, to put it kindly, not too big at the box office, and all the furor over "Something's Got To Give" couldn't have done the insecure star's morale any good either. She had what a million women dreamed of, what Marilyn herself had dreamed of when she was plain Norma Jean Baker. But that dream turned into a big fat nightmare for Marilyn. A nightmare that plagued her on the set, at parties and at night when she couldn't sleep, when two or three pills at a time couldn't turn off the bad dreams and give her a little peace. I knew this. And I'm sorry. The world will miss her.

Marilyn's body lay unclaimed until Joe DiMaggio, faithful to her in death as in life, flew to the scene to claim her and take charge of funeral arrangements.

Clara Ray pulled a fast one on her Dick Chamberlain. Without any inside help she tested and was cast as his romantic interest in a "Dr. Kildare" segment. When Dick found out, he was flabbergasted. "I had no idea she was Dick's gal," the casting director remarked. "I just thought she and Dick would make a romantic pair for the show. She seemed his type."

Now that she isn't in a series, I wonder how Kathy Nolan is going to keep her $100,000 home?

Vic Damone is fighting mad. He claims his ex, Pier Angeli, won't let him visit their son, Perry, when he wants to. Pier, her new husband and the boy are living in Rome. Vic has consulted an attorney about the situation; he wants to bring the boy to this country each summer.

Apparently Lana Turner and Fred May decided to give marriage another go. The sparks were flying for a while, but they both returned to their Malibu Colony home.

This really happened! Mike Landon tried to give his former wife, Dodie, and the three children a ten-foot python snake. He brought the reptile over to the house and even animal-lover Dodie was terrified. She made Mike take it back. He had to keep it in the bathtub of his apartment until he could find another home for it.

Cliff Robertson and his mysterious blond girl friend have cooled the hot romance.

Nancy Kwan's surprise marriage to Peter Pock left Max Schell out in the cold. Is he over it? See below.

Max beams as his sister Maria Schell greets James Mason. When asked about Nancy Kwan's marriage, Max makes like a clam. But when asked about a feud with his sister, he says without hesitation, "Ridiculous, she's my best friend."

I had to laugh at the reason Rock Hudson couldn't let Marilyn Maxwell join him on location for "Gathering of Eagles." The company was shooting at Beale Air Force Base outside of Sacramento, and Rock felt the fly boys would mutiny if the curvaceous blonde strolled around the base. Funny thing, he's probably right!

The FBI was called in to investigate a report by Lady Lowfard (Peetah's mom) that she had been receiving threatening telephone calls. Mrs. Lawford lives alone in a small, small home on the outskirts of Beverly Hills—alone with her cat, that is. At one time the Lady from England worked part time in a jewelry store, but now she receives an "allowance" from Peetah.

Too many memories? Janet Leigh moved out of the $200,000 home she shared with Tony to spend the summer at the beach. On the date side, she's spending a lot of time with Bob Brandt, a young businessman.

Dean Martin tossed a "Welcome Home" party for Frank Sinatra on Frank's return from his world-wide charity tour. Juliet Prowse came alone—but Frank took the leggy beauty home.

The ring Ricky Nelson gave Chriss Harmon doesn't look like a friendship memento to me. It looks like an altar invite. What about it, Ricky?
Lost of the Year: Don Rickles. His one-time best girl, Kay Starr, announced her engagement to another the week after his second best girl, Barbara Crane, married another.

Elvis Presley dropped another big bundle in Las Vegas. This didn’t make Colonel Tom Parker any too happy.

It was inevitable! Lee Remick and Dean Martin are at odds over his refusal to work with her in “Something’s Got To Give.” They accidentally met at a party and Lee was colder than a polar bear when Dean tried to laugh off the entire affair.

I asked Joan Tyler to comment on George Jessel winning “A Man of the Year Award.” . . . The reply of the actress, who claims George fathered her child, “I know what he did to win the award.” So maybe, Joan, you should get “A Woman of the Year” medal for that comment.

Frank Sinatra doesn’t always pick a winner. Chuck Moses, Frankie’s press agent and the candidate for whom Frank helped raise money to campaign for congress in a California District, didn’t even come close to winning the election. In fact, he ran a poor fourth in an eight-candidate field.

The Hope Lange-Don Murray divorce became final in July. Don’s already picked Mrs. Murray No. 2. But has Glenn Ford asked Hopie to be Mrs. F? The End

Married women are sharing this secret

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P
THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF

Walter Winchell

The scene: Slate's popular joynt on La Cienega Blvd. (Dollywood) . . . The cast: Well, name the star kodaktors and TVenus' . . . Even No-Hitter flinger "Beau" Belinsky, the Los Angeles Angels' eyebrow-flutterer (at any female in sight), was at Ringside (Table No. 1) with this fugitive from Broadway. Bing's boy, Gary, was delighting us all with a (Continued on page 78)
DEBBIE continued

people mean to each other, the life they’re building together. They were living very quietly now.

Harry was watching over her protectively, as men do.

At the July Thalian meeting, Debbie looked adorable. She was wearing a two-piece maternity dress, light powder blue with an eyelet overblouse, her hair neatly coiled on top of her head, her eyes exactly the powder blue of the frock. Big project of the Thalians at this moment is their “Mutiny on the Bounty” premiere to raise money for their Clinic. Debbie, presiding, grew short of breath and Harry suggested she turn the meeting over to Elmer Bernstein, vice president. Debbie laughed. “I’m just fine, I chug along like a locomotive,” she kidded. “But I’d better agree or my husband will give me a bad time when I get home!”

Meeting canceled

Next meeting was to have taken place at the Karls’ on Monday, July 16. It had to be canceled. Debbie was feeling suddenly very ill and Harry had rushed home from the office. There followed a tedious and frightening week. There were no more picnics, no practicing, no dinners in the garden. Debbie stayed upstairs, Harry ate with her up there, on trays. The children had lunch with her—on trays. She made it very gay and she kept absolutely calm. Mommy simply wasn’t feeling very well and would have to be quiet for a few days. She continued to eat all the proper foods, meat, vegetables, milk, fruit; she read and listened to music; she never expressed the slightest perturbation or concern.

But she wouldn’t have been human if she hadn’t worried a little, alone in her secret heart. Every prospective mother who has ever read a book on prenatal care knows that the danger zones are the third and the seventh months. Thousands and thousands of girls have miscarriages every year in their third month. Hundreds and hundreds of others have premature births in the seventh month. A few babies born before their twenty-eighth week of development have lived, but this is rare. In most cases the baby’s internal organs have not developed enough to be able to live in the outside world. A full seven months baby does have a chance of surviving premature birth, but chances are better with each week, each month. Debbie must have known. But she’s a healthy girl with a healthy mind and she thinks positively and has faith. In moments of crisis, she puts herself in God’s hands.

His will be done.

Premature labor

The long week wore to an end, she began to take renewed hope. And then suddenly there was no mistaking it. Premature labor. That night Harry and her dad took her to St. Joseph’s Hospital in Burbank. She did her best to keep up their spirits en route. Before morning, Debbie had lost her baby. It had to be taken (Continued on page 77)

Which is the curl most likely to succeed?

The one that’s set with Bobbi, of course.

A pin curl set with water or setting lotion will never amount to anything (here today, gone tomorrow). But the Bobbi curl will last for 8 weeks. Both pin curls look the same—soft and shy. Both feel the same—silky. The difference is: the Bobbi curl holds like a permanent—yet refuses to look like one. Easy to do. Just pin up as usual—but use Bobbi instead of water or setting lotion. Bobbi is perfect for the body your hair needs between permanents. It’s a wave come true for girls who love the softness of curls made with water, but want that look to last. Have a Bobbi.

If you can make a simple pin curl—you can give yourself a Bobbi—the 8-week wave!
Marilyn Monroe's tragic death saddened Hollywood, and I suppose the sob sisters will go to work on why the beautiful star ended her life. In a way, we are all guilty. We loved her and left her lonely and afraid when she needed us the most. Goodbye, dear Marilyn. May you rest in peace.

It looks as though both Dr. Kildare and Ben Casey have their wives picked out. Dick Chamberlain's light of love is Clara Ray. Pals of Vince Edwards think he's already married to Sherry Nelson, but Vince isn't talking, and neither is Sherry. Clara did a Kildare segment with Dick, but Sherry has yet to appear on TV with the handsome Dr. Casey.

Soon after Clark Gable's death, Jill Winkler Rath brought a suit of $100,000 against the Gable estate. Later the case was dismissed. She's now brought another, claiming he agreed to leave her $100,000 in his will when he asked her not to file a suit against an airline after a crash in which her husband, Danny, lost his life.

Natalie Wood, on her return from Europe, lived at the home of her press agent and his wife.

I'm sure Rock Hudson's fans will swoon if he marries Marilyn Maxwell. After my last interview with him I decided he was mad about her and her four-year-old son. I know, too, Rock longs for a family. He's sure got the house for it—a beautiful hilltop home formerly owned by agent Sam Jaffe. But the walls of the home look pretty bare without Mildred and Sam's wonderful art collection.

Sandra Dee, since the birth of her baby, is so thin her producer, Ross Hunter, calls her Minnesota Flats. Her everlovin' Bobby Darin gifted her with a red convertible for her birthday.

Bob Wagner (above with fiancée Marion Donen) has settled into a Roman villa, and it looks as though he'll stay over there a long time. He isn't moaning low over Natalie Wood or Sherry Nelson, but neither is Sherry. Clara did a Kildare segment with Dick, but Sherry has yet to appear on TV with the handsome Dr. Casey.
I never thought Susan Kohner and George Hamilton were made for each other—and she came to the same conclusion. He's an attractive playboy—but his career comes first, and I think it always will. George Peppard told me a story about working on a picture with George Hamilton. "They called him Clean George and me Dirty George. He was just nineteen, hadn't had much experience at the time and felt insecure. He was always combing his hair. One day the entire crew pulled out combs and started combing along with him. That was the first week. By the second week they all liked him."

Richard Beymer, twenty-three, is happy he didn't marry. He'll have five top movies this year, including one with Ingrid Bergman. It's ironic that he and Dany Saval fell in love when she didn't speak English and he spoke no French. They were separated seven months during which he learned French as a surprise for her. So they started talking and everything went pfft! Now he's been dating Sharon Tate, Shirley Adams (an airline hostess) and TV's Quin O'Hara. Lovely assortment!

Janet Leigh sued Tony Curtis for divorce and asked only a dollar-a-year alimony, but she got their Beverly Hills home, custody of their two daughters, a Rolls-Royce, a Cadillac, half of their cash, stocks, bonds, cattle and oil properties—plus all her jewelry and furs. Their children have been provided for until they're twenty-three.

Stephanie Zimbalist (above with Tab Hunter) doesn't seem too broken up over her short-lived engagement to Ralph Tae ger. She and Tab have their great love of horses in common.

Vicki Trickett and Richard Herre gave their baby girl a most unusual name—Symea. They'd thought it up for a dog, but decided it was too pretty for the pooch. When I asked what it meant, he said, "Vick invented it—a sort of combination of symphony and Medea."

Paul Newman (below with his ever-loving Joanne Woodward) didn't approve of her brief costumes for her "stripper" role in "Woman in July." But he approves of Joanne—no doubt of that! (Please turn the page)
Hayley Mills is here doing another picture with Walt Disney. She used to adore going to school but now she's fed up with it and says it's a bore. But if she remains here, she'll have to stick with it until she's eighteen—or the State truant officer will be after her.

Starmaker Joe Pasternak spotted a lovely young girl in the M-G-M commissary and introduced himself. Turned out she was Mario Lanza's thirteen-year-old daughter Colleen. Joe arranged for a test and is trying to get her a contract. He says she sings beautifully. He may have another Deanna Durbin on his hands.

Doris Day wisely withdrew from "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," when she realized it's a very physical comedy. You have to be an acrobat to get through it. But then, she never has to work again after the loot she got from "Touch of Mink."

Jack Warner had a packed luncheon room at the studio when he welcomed Bette Davis and Joan Crawford back to the studio. The two girls fought it out for first place in "Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?" in which they co-star. It was quite a gathering because two more gutsy dames never lived. It's interesting, too, that these two talented actresses had their biographies published recently.

I took my granddaughter Joan (above) to the Mason City, Iowa, premiere of "The Music Man," a family picture that shows the best—not the worst—of America. It was the nicest trip I've ever made in behalf of a picture. While we were there 125,000 people crowded into the small town (population: 30,000). Every citizen pitched in to help house and feed and make their guests welcome. We had a ball.

Pat Boone's fans will be worried when they learn that he and a minister pal of his, Bob Harp, have started building their own airplane. They expect it'll be two years or more before it's finished. They'll have regular inspections on their work, and when it's completed, they'll learn to fly. In the meantime, Pat's also improved his screen technique. When he first came here he wouldn't kiss leading ladies, but he took care of that in his last picture and confided to me that he enjoyed it. What guy wouldn't kiss Nancy Kwan and Mai Zetterling?

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., CHICAGO
It's amazing how closely Liz' (above) real life parallels Cleopatra's. Nobody knows whether the original vamp of the Nile was blonde or brunette, but it's generally agreed she was on the shortish, plump side and had four children. (Liz had three children when the picture started, but adopted a fourth to bring up the quota.) Caesar took Cleo to Rome and installed her in a villa on the Tiber. (Liz' villa was on the Appian Way.)

When Cleo and her lover Marc Antony wintered in Alexandria, they dressed up—he as a slave and she as a servant—and went forth after midnight beating on doors. (Liz liked to don a blond wig and mingle with the populace in the taverns of Ischia with Dickie boy.) Marc Antony took off for Rome at the end of a year, leaving Cleo with fond memories and twins—a boy and a girl—born four months after his departure. Back home Marc reformed and Cleo was left with egg on her face. Time will tell.

Eddie Fisher's press agents are working overtime to make him the saint of our town, the misunderstood husband and a greater singer than Al Jolson. Eddie appears night after night with bright and shining lights such as Ann-Margret, Juliet Prowse, Annette Cash, Edie Adams, Sharon Hugueny. Who does he think he is—Richard Burton? He was so stuck on Ann-Margret he took her family out to dinner. Maybe that was the only way he could get another date with her.

Bo Belinsky, pitcher for the Angels, is acting like a movie star when he isn't even a baseball star—yet. Looks as though he's trying to keep up with Eddie Fisher's record of taking out a starlet every night. It wouldn't surprise me if General Manager Fred Haney sent him back to the minor leagues where he might learn to become a good ball player before trying to get into pictures—via the publicity route. (Please turn the page)
At Arthur Cameron’s dinner dance, Diane McBain and producer Hal Bartlett never stopped dancing. His lovely Latin wife sat at our table and hoped no one would notice. But later, she told off Miss McBain in no uncertain terms, grabbed her husband by the arm and took him home. When I phoned her, she said there would be no divorce: “It was just a storm in a water glass. I’m not going to divorce him—I’m giving him another chance.”

When M-G-M asked Paula Prentiss to go to London to publicize a picture with Bob Hope, she’d just married Dick Benjamin. I advised her not to go unless they gave her a fur coat. “But they’re giving me our honeymoon,” she said. “The fur coat will keep you warm while you’re taking it,” I said. She got both.

Frank Sinatra’s so quiet since his return from Europe, you’d think he was still there. Something must be brewing!

There’s rarely been a greater turnout for anyone than for Jerry Wald’s funeral service. Dorothy McGuire, who was va-
SAMMY DAVIS:

"Well Have a Dozen Babies Before We're Through!"

(Please turn the page)
“Well
Have a
Dozen Babies
Before We’re Through!”

continued

It was a wild party. The liquor was being poured in every direction. The men were looking at the wrong women and the women were looking at the wrong men. The host hadn’t been near his wife in four hours. He was too busy wooing one of the guests. The hi-fi was screaming a song. The only people who heard it were the neighbors down the street. It was a room of lost legs, limp arms, hung heads, rolled eyes and fogged brains. An odor of spilled drinks struggled desperately to vanquish the thick haze of cigarette smoke. “Honeys” and “darlings” mixed with the tinkle of ice cubes and the swell of cold laughter. In a corner of the room one couple sat alone, close together. They watched the wild party with slight smiles of long tolerance and seemed amused that no one paid any attention to them. But some note should have been given them. They were different from the other couples—for three reasons: They were the only sober guests in the room. She was white and he was Negro. And they were the only married couple seated together.

May Britt and Sammy Davis had arrived late. It was obvious they’d leave early.

May turned and looked at her husband. “Let’s go, Sam. This one’s not for us—or is it?” She seemed a little doubtful.

Sammy looked at his beautiful wife and squeezed her fingers gently. “No, honey. It’s for them. We don’t need it anymore.”

They picked up their coats and slipped out of the house. As they drove home May said, “Do you think they’ll misunderstand? I mean our coming late and leaving so early?”

Sammy shook his head and smiled. “Honey, how’re they gonna miss two people they won’t even remember being there?”

May, who’d sat quietly as the night scenery of trees and shrubs and houses sped by, broke the silence. “Do you miss it, Sam? Do you really miss it?” She looked at him anxiously.

He frowned. “Miss what? You mean parties like that? The swing times?”

She nodded.

Sammy laughed. “May,” he said, “there’s nothin’ going on back there that I haven’t done—and I think I did it better.”

Sammy told me about this incident recently during a long talk we had. As a matter of fact, he revealed so many startling facts about himself and May that I decided to let Sammy do all the talking. You’ll be amazed at some of the things he said. In truth, Sammy was a little amazed himself.

“It’s very simple,” he began. “I’m just no longer Sammy, the Singin’ Swinger.

“I hope I’m not misunderstood on this point. I wouldn’t want anyone to get the idea that I approve of or condone youngsters indulging in questionable behavior. But let’s face it, every man is going to swing some time in his life. It’s human nature to want to taste and savor the forbidden fruits. My point is that if it’s going to be done, do it early.

“I can tell you that if one of my kids was too much the model teenager, I’d just have to sit by and wait for the explosion. The longer you keep it pent up inside you, the harder and bigger the boom when it finally comes.

“I think it’s the same way with a husband. I can’t help it, but I get a funny feeling of doubt about every man who is described by a wife or a friend as never having been anything but a model husband. I’d much rather hear that he had had a difficult time settling down, that there had been times when he was not quite so perfect. Perfection scares the hell out of me. In girls, too. I’ve known few so-called perfect girls in my time.”

He continued. “I don’t regret a thing I’ve ever done. I’ve made lots of mistakes—more, perhaps, than most (Continued on page 79)
MRS. TONY CURTIS II

To meet her please turn the page
Her name is CHRISTINE KAUFMANN

She is seventeen. She is beautiful. She is the girl Tony Curtis loves. She is the girl Hollywood is betting will become

(Continued on page 73)
STORY #1: CAROLYN JONES

I suppose most women regard their mothers-in-law as special, but my mother-in-law would be unique if she were only a stranger I met on a train or a character I read about in a book. She still lives in Dallas in the same old house my husband Aaron was raised in, so I don't see her often. (She wouldn't dream of moving to a modern apartment on a "good" street just because we want her to. What would she do, she asks, in a strange neighborhood where no one would understand her Old World accent or her old-fashioned ways?) But even if Mama lived half way around the world, I would still feel her presence in my home, in my thoughts, in my heart. Whenever I get a letter or a phone call from her, I learn something. Just thinking about her, I become a better person. I remember a day, several months ago, when she called from Texas. There was a long silence after she finished asking how were we, how was I feeling, was Aaron putting on any weight? I could tell that something was bothering her. And finally she did come out with it.

"Carolyn darling—how much money does Aaron make a week?"

I was dumbfounded. It wasn't like Mama to ask a question like that. But I could not think of any reason not to tell her—actually I am proud of how well Aaron does. His weekly income is very impressive (at least it impresses me) and I often have to suppress the wifely urge to brag about it. But after all, this was family, and Mama had asked me. So I told her what her son brings home every week from his TV studio where he writes scripts and produces them. But Mama reacted not at all. There was another silence before she said, "Thank you, Darling. Good health to you," and hung up. I told Aaron about it that evening over dinner. He raised his eyebrows quizzically. (Aaron has the most expressive eyebrows in the world.) "I wonder why she wanted to know," he grunted. We didn't have long to find out. The telephone rang and it was Aaron's sister in Texas. I heard Aaron say, "But Mama asked! Why did she want to know, anyhow?" Then Aaron listened for a while, and finally began to laugh. "Okay, Sis. I'll tell her. Carolyn'll take care of it." He was still laughing when he came back to the dinner table.

"Now you've done it," he said. "Mama's been crying all day. She says either you lied to her to punish her for snooping, or else we're broke and you were trying to cover up. Either way, she's heart-broken."
But only that morning Sidney's mother had stopped by to say that Sidney had gotten another raise from the shoe store where he worked. Now he was earning almost $200 a week! Could Aaron, with his fancy brain and his lazy ways, match that? Mama rose valiantly to her son's defense: she said that she had been to California to visit us, we lived in a big house with a butler and a maid to take care of us and the house.

"Hah!" sneered Sidney's mother, "lots of people put on a big show, and when the guests go home, back everything goes to the place where it was rented from in the first place! What I'm asking—what does your genius make—cold cash—every week?" Mama struggled with herself, but flesh and blood could bear no more. She had to know. That's why she had telephoned me.

"Well, good," I said, smiling. "She certainly should be able to put Sidney's mother in her place now." Aaron shook his head. "Honey," he said patiently, "Mama wouldn't dream of repeating the figure you gave her to Sidney's mother. She simply doesn't understand that kind of money. If you told her I made a billion dollars a week it would mean just as little. She's all upset now because it never occurs to her that it's the truth. No, Honey, you have to phone Mama and tell her the real truth. Sidney makes two hundred dollars? Just tell Mama I make two hundred and ten. That'll make her happy—you'll see." And Aaron wasn't kidding!

So I picked up the phone and called Mama. I explained: I never dreamed she would not realize I was joking—after all, only a millionaire made that much money. Aaron, I told her, made a nice comfortable two hundred and ten a week, and let Sidney put that in his pipe and smoke it. Mama breathed a sigh of pure relief. "Oh thank God," she said. "I've been worrying maybe you didn't have enough. You know, Carolyn darling, if you ever do run a little short, come to Papa and me, and we'll help out. We'll be happy to."

"I know, Mama," I said. "I know that."

There was a long pause. Then my moth-

"But Aaron, I only told her the truth!"

"I know, Honey, but—well, let me tell you the whole story." It seems that Mama has a friend, and that the friend has a son named Sidney. When Aaron was a boy, all he and Mama heard was Sidney, Sidney, Sidney. When the two boys were in high school, Sidney had a part-time job on a garbage truck. Sidney's mother would come over to Aaron's mother and tell how her Sidney was bringing home two, three dollars a week. And what did Aaron do with his spare time? Scribbled stories in his room! Later, while Aaron was frittering away his time in college, Sidney—good old Sidney—was making money as he learned a useful trade. All her life Mama had stood Sidney's mother's taunting, always replying softly that Aaron was special, a genius, whose higher education would some day earn him a good living, too. It was only a question of time.
It ran through George Chakiris like blood runs through the veins. It could have poisoned him. Instead, it gave him the dance of life!
The neighbors watched—approval glinting in their eyes—as the slender boy with unruly shoe-polish-black hair danced up to his house. His school books dangled from a buckled strap held casually over his shoulder. "That's quite a boy you've got," one of the group said to Steven Chakiris, the youngster's father. "Always dancing home from school! Never seen anything like it, I can tell you that." "Yes, Georgie's a good boy," his father agreed in his resonant voice. "He never gives us trouble." Actually, George Chakiris was not dancing all the way home from school. He hated school. He hated it with a secret passion. He hated the snobbery. He hated the way the rich kids taunted the poor ones. He hated the way the well-dressed kids lorded it over the shabbier ones. He hated the cliques... the fraternities... the cruel laughter at the expense of the (Continued on page 70)
There's more to Peter Falk's grammar, grunts, groans than you think.

"A Cary Grant I ain't!"
Peter Falk let out a tuneful yawn which sounded exactly like the yell Tarzan used to give before he swung to the next tree. But Peter, who had arrived on the dot of one for our 12:30 luncheon date, didn't swing. Instead, he rubbed his eyes and slid one elbow clear across the table so he could cradle his weary head on it. The head and the elbow rested barely one inch from my rare roast beef. The actor, who is unlike any other actor, lost no time disputing the fact that he's supposed to be the "new" John Garfield. "Listen," he said, rousing himself only slightly, "this comparison to Garfield don't make me float with flattery. It don't make me mad, either. I just don't care one way or the other. Anybody who plays a guy from the wrong side of the tracks, yet is basically honest—and is liked by men and attractive to women—fits the Garfield pattern. So what? Personally, I'd rather be me than him. (Continued on page 81)
LIZ & BURTON
SHAMELESS LOVERS

continued

The following is an Open Letter published in the Vatican City weekly, Osservatore Della Domenica, which was unmistakably intended for Liz Taylor:

"Dear Madam: When, some time ago, you said that your marriage (your fourth) would last for your whole life, there were some who shook their heads in a rather skeptical way. We, always willing to believe the best, kept our heads steadily on our shoulders and did not say a word. Then, when you reached the point of adopting a baby girl, as if to make more stable this marriage which had no natural children, for a moment we really believed that things had changed. But children—whether they are natural or adopted—count (Please turn the page)"
little for illustrious ladies like you when there is nothing for them to hold together. It appears that you had the bad taste to state: "My marriage is dead and extra-dead!" And what of the 'whole life' you had declared it would last three years ago? Does your whole life mean only three years? And if your marriage is dead, then we must say, according to the Roman usage, it was killed dead. The trouble is, my dear lady, you are killing too many. (Please turn the page)
"Even considering the marriage that ended by a natural solution, there are still three husbands thus buried with no other motive than a love greater than that which killed the previous love. But if we start taking such measurings or this sort of competition between the first, the second and the hundredth love, where will we end? Where will you finish? In erotic vagrancy? We don’t even want to say the word sentimental because we would look too (Continued on page 90)
WE did it!
Should we let our daughters?
It's old news that Bob Conrad is not a run-of-the-mill husband, but even his best friends are surprised at the kind of a father he's turned out to be—especially when it comes to the subject of teenage marriage.

Ten years ago my father-in-law opened a telegram which read: 'Conrad has your daughter. Please advise.' It was from the Mother Superior of the girls' school my wife attended. And it broke the news to my in-laws that their daughter had run away with a sixteen-year-old boy. Namely, me. That was ten years ago, and now Joan and I have daughters of our own. Our oldest will be sixteen in only seven more years. If I were to get a telegram, then, like the one Mother Superior sent Joan's father, I wonder what I'd do. I think I know, but I can't be altogether sure.

'I have some definite ideas about teenage marriages, but there are exceptions to every rule. I thought my case was different, and I still think so—even though adults generally think of sixteen-year-old boys as 'punk kids.' My daughter might think her case was exceptional, too. And if she did, what should I say?

'Under the most exceptional conditions, a marriage of sixteen-year-olds can succeed. Mine has been a tremendous success. If I could start my own teen years over, I wouldn't want to change a thing. But, in general, I don't approve of marriage in mid-teens. I would tell my daughter so. On the other hand, if a boy and girl are old beyond their years; if they need each other more than they need their parents, brothers and sisters; if a boy can support a bride and if they have both finished high school, at least—then I think what they do is their own business. If they wanted to marry—I'd say sure!

'But those are big, big ifs!

'Joanie, our older daughter, will be ten on December 31st, and Nancy'll be nine next March 1, which is also my birthday. Joanie will finish high school when she is seventeen. She's bright and she's mature. Her mother and I have always made it a point to include the girls in our activities, and so they're accustomed to being with adults. When they're in high school, I rather imagine they will appeal to—and prefer—boys of college age and older. I just don't believe that Joanie will be romantically interested in a boy her own age. But I'm not worrying about it.

'Sixteen is pretty young—and so is seventeen—but if any girl (including one of my daughters) who is mature and intelligent, has finished high school, (Continued on page 83)
CONNIE STEVENS:

THE GIRL WITH THE GLASS HEART

In school, Connie wasn’t much of a student, but she got “A” in boys. Today, they’re still her best subject!

PART II Teddy Stevens said of his daughter, “Connie would never be in the movies today if it weren’t for an impulse. She does things spontaneously, quick. And if it hadn’t been for one of her unplanned impulses, neither her brother Chuck nor I would be living in California either.”

It seems Connie’s dad was still playing with the band at the Chase Hotel in St. Louis when Connie decided to “go back home” to Brooklyn to stay with Aunt Francie. The pull of “family” was strong, and Connie wanted to be in the warm center of her childhood once again. Besides, Chuck was on furlough from the Army and he was back home in Brooklyn with the folks.

One day back in Brooklyn, Chuck turned to Connie and said, “My leave is going to be over soon and then I’m heading for Korea. I want to see Dad before I ship out. I think I’ll stop off in St. Louis on my way out to the West Coast. I bet he’d like that.”

“Gee, that will be great,” Connie said, “you’ll really surprise him. Pick me up at seven tonight, I’ll be ready.”

“Ready?” the surprised Chuck echoed. “Ready for what?”

“Sure,” said (Continued on page 48)
1. PETER BALDWIN
2. GARY CLARKE
3. TOM TRYON
4. GRANT WITHERS
5. MARK DAMON
6. JOHN ASHLEY
7. DWAYNE HICKMAN
8. ANDRÉ PHILLIPPE
9. GARY VINSON
10. TROY DONAHUE
11. MARIO COSTELLO
12. EARL HOLLIMAN
13. GLENN FORD
14. PETER BROWN
Connie. "I'm going back to St. Louis with you."

Their departure was so sudden that the two didn't even take time to reveal their plans to their Aunt Francie. They phoned her from Ohio. There was a purpose in this, according to Teddy; Connie did not want her aunt to stop her.

Chuck made his farewells with his father while Connie stayed on in St. Louis for another couple of weeks until Teddy said, "Well, Kitten, I guess we ought to be heading back East."

"No," said Connie. "Let's go to California."

"That would be very nice," Teddy said, "but I've got to be in New York; I've signed to play at La Vie en Rose." There was, however, just no arguing with Miss Connie. "When Connie decides something," her father explained a little wryly, "everyone does what she wants. She kept saying, 'Let's not go to New York; let's go to California and visit Grandpa.' So we came out to Los Angeles, supposedly for only a short stay. My father had bought himself a little house in Eagle Rock, and we were living there. Finally I suggested that it was time for me to be getting back to New York. Connie still liked California and wanted to remain. There was nothing for me to do but enroll her in Sacred Heart Academy and find a job for myself.

"But everything turned out wonderfully for all of us—for me as well as Connie. She stayed at Sacred Heart for a year, I went to work with the John St. John Trio and we settled down for what I hoped would be a permanent stay."

But more and more, Connie longed to do something about her singing. Her yearning to be in the limelight, to be in show business, was almost overpowering. "If nothing else," Connie told herself, "I can always be a janitor in a movie theater."

Now she went down and got herself a job working at the candy counter at Los Angeles' Orpheum Theater. She thought, in her inexperienced way, that here she should meet important show business people: agents, talent scouts, even stars—people who would say, "Look, little girl, you shouldn't be selling candy; you ought to have your name in lights." No agents ever approached her, just tired shoppers asking when the main feature went on.

Most of all, Connie wanted money for a car; the job made it possible. The car she bought was a broken-down green $245 disaster; it moved, but only with the greatest coaxing. Even so, life might have been wonderful—except for her stepmother.

Teddy Stevens had remarried when Connie was fifteen, and Connie and the new Mrs. Stevens were antagonistic from the start. Connie's resentment was to be expected. Earlier, as a child, she had felt rejected when her own mother went away; now she imagined—foolishly, of course—that her idolized dad had rejected her, too. It was just another burden added to the problems of adolescence. She saw her stepmother as a formidable adversary—and this threw Connie into an emotional tailspin.

Her stepmother was a young woman of about twenty-six who knew nothing about show business. "We fought," Connie says. "She meant well, I can see that now. But she didn't know how to handle me. I was told when to eat and when to go to bed, when to study and when to take my vitamins. I wasn't used to that. I thought I was being treated like a ten-year-old and I was furious. My poor dad was sick about the quarrels, but he didn't know how to make things easier. I guess I gave my stepmother a pretty rugged time."

Connie's father decided he wanted Connie to give up her Orpheum Theater job and finish her education. She enrolled at the Hollywood Professional School, a private school for youngsters in show business. Here, Connie could use some of her excess energy and be happier.

Howard Fox, now Connie's secretary and personal aide, remembers what she was like. He was enrolled at Hollywood Professional also, but he was a year ahead of Connie and student body president, as well as organizer of the assemblies.

"We hated each other," Howard recalls. "We fought over everything, because Connie had to have her way. She wanted to take over the student body activities and run the entertainments, and I wouldn't let her. At student meetings she kept raising her hand, demanding attention, but I passed her by."

As organizer of the assemblies, Howard had to arrange and collect talent for student shows. Usually they were minor affairs, not too well attended, because money for major entertainments was not available. Strong-minded Connie—"the big promoter," as another former schoolmate described her—was determined that for once the assembly would be a big time affair. "So she came up with this grandiose idea," Howard laughed. "A Valentine Ball at one of the big hotels; top-flight professional music; five princesses and a queen, all wearing rhinestone crowns and necklaces; heart-shaped boxes of candy—and what's more, she didn't want the assembly to be free; she wanted tickets to be sold. It was the most ambitious project Hollywood Professional ever had. I was against it and so was the faculty. But Connie got together a group of rebels and they voted me down." Again Connie got her way. And because the whole thing was her idea, she knocked herself out running (Continued on page 64)
BE A BEAUTY
instantly and permanently

On the next four pages
learn with Diane McBain

• What to wear this fall
• How to get a new figure today
• How to keep it forever
THE LOOK
casual & trim

HOW TO KEEP IT PERMANENTLY

The big news this fall is not just one look—but many. And Diane McBain shows you how easy it is to have them. On this page: The casual and trim look. The outfit: Slim pants (with that all-important "leather look") made of russet-toned cotton suede cloth by Wamsutta. The top is a color-mated stripe of Wamsutta's double knit cotton. The Simplicity Pattern #4596 (sizes 9-13, 12-18, 65¢) also includes a jacket and two skirt styles. Get yourself in shape for this look instantly with Lovable's sweater bra (the cups are covered with seam-free stretch Helanca, thinly lined with foam), $1.50. The longleg girdle, by Lovable (lightweight Lycra net and stretch satin) firms thighs, tummy, derriere, $5.95. To keep the look: Bicycle! An exercise to slim thighs, calves. To do it, prop hips on hands, extending legs vertically. Starting slowly, bend and extend legs alternately. Increase speed until you are doing a fast pedal.
For twirling about Hollywood, Diane wears a new-look dress (Simplicity Pattern #4644, sizes 9-13, 12-18, 65¢) that has a curvy fit and lots of flare. We've made it of a Carletex wool blend in a bold plaid of camel, gray and black. To cinch her whittled waist, a wide, wide patent belt (by Elegant). The result: The new tiny-waisted look. To get it today, a timely twosome by Maidenform. The "Counterpoint" longline bra of nylon lace over cotton broadcloth (with Vyrene spandex insert for separation), gives a smooth midriff and neatly nips the waist. $6.95. The Lycra spandex "Overlastic" girdle offers light but firm hip control. The waist is comfortably V-dipped. $10.95. To keep your waist whittled forever, this exercise: Sit on the floor with feet together, legs and back perfectly straight, arms stretched up high. Fall forward and touch toes with fingers, knees with your head. Do a few at first, work up to ten a day.

THE LOOK
tiny waisted

HOW TO KEEP IT PERMANENTLY

HOW TO GET IT INSTANTLY
On the way to the studio (she's in "The Care-takers" for UA), Diane shows off the slim spare look with a shift dress (Simplicity Pattern #4546, sizes 9-13, 12-18, 60¢). She wears it belted, but it can be worn as a straight shift. For this chic outfit, a fabulous fabric: Fluffy wool and mohair soufflé in red, by Carletex. A huge gold pin by Coro. The right foundations: "Fabricadabra," a lightweight bra of "giveable" stretch cotton by Exquisite Form, $2.95. "Long-leg" panty girdle of nylon power net with split-hip design for tapered hips, thighs. By Silf Skin, $7.95. Two exercises to keep the look. For flat tummy: Lie flat on back, hands clasped behind head. Bend legs together, then straighten and point toward ceiling. Lower legs slowly, keeping them straight. For firm hips and legs: Count (1) legs together, head resting on bent arm, other arm forward for balance. (2) Leg raised straight up and sideways as high as you can.

THE LOOK
slim & spare

HOW TO KEEP IT PERMANENTLY

HOW TO GET IT INSTANTLY
The Look for evening, this fall (and spring, summer and winter, too!) is completely enchanting. The dress: A sparkly confection of gold and white brocaded matelassé by Gottschalk. The bare-armed bodice dips to a low, bow-trimmed back. Simplicity Pattern # 4595, sizes 9-13, 12-18, 65¢. Midas touches: A gold belt by Elegant; drop earrings by Coro. The all-in-one foundation for that all-enchanting look: “Gossar-deb”—nylon power net and satin stretch panels mold smooth flowing lines; the circle-stitched cups fashioned of embroidered nylon marquisette. By Gossard, $10.95. A marvelous exercise to tone up the body and keep you enchanting forever: Stand with arms stretched up high, posture perfect. Then fold forward, keeping your legs absolutely straight, and touch toes with fingertips. (For back views of patterns, fabric information, see page 77. All foundations shown are available at fine stores everywhere.)
Vince Edwards Stands Accused

Innocent or Guilty?

Here is one side of the story—
as given to us by his former friend, Frank Russell

(Continued on page 56)
FRANK RUSSELL, multi-millioned entrepreneur and former friend of Vince Edwards, leaned forward and said, “Without a doubt, Vince is the most charming, affable guy I’ve met—except for two things. One is his aggressive, no-holds-barred attitude toward his acting and singing—you know, nobody can tell him anything. The other is money. He’s casual about it. He must think it’s a privilege for someone to loan their money to him.”

Today, Vince is finding out that as far as Frank Russell is concerned, it isn’t a privilege. Frank is suing him for $400,000. Two hundred thousand for restraint of trade and two hundred thousand for punitive damages. And oddly enough, the suit is not to collect the money Vince owed him. The suit is because Vince tried to stop Frank from issuing the two records Vince made for his company, Russ-Fi Records, three years ago—three years ago when Frank was spending his money trying to help an unknown get his career off the ground. The records: “Why Did You Leave Me?” and flipside, “The Squealin’ Parrot.” The other: “Hole in the Head” and “Oh Babe.”

This year the records should have been best sellers—what with Vince Edwards being TV’s smash success Ben Casey. But they weren’t. Telegrams slowed the running start to a crawl. Telegrams threatening suit for “using performance of Vincent Edwards illegally,” were sent to the pressers, distributors—even to Billboard and Cash Box if they reviewed.

Oddly enough, Vince had only recently signed a long-term contract with Decca Records and planned an album to be released June 24th. They released it June 5th. In the critical two weeks before that release, the telegrams of don’t press, don’t play, don’t buy (the Russ-Fi recordings of Vince’s) went out.

“You can suppress anything by one of two methods,” Frank Russell said grimly. “You can do it legally by injunction. Or you can do it by fear. When I got the whole picture, I was sick. You see, I liked Vince, believed in him. But when he calls in a hard-boiled manager and a tough attorney to represent him against his friends, that’s wrong. And when they jump, rave and rant—then nothing will stop the suit. If Russ-Fi had been just another little shoestring operation, the threats and stoppages would have wrecked me.” Frank’s blue eyes blazed, “But I’ve got money. Enough to fight. This is one time the Mister Bigs aren’t going to bankrupt the Mister Littles!”

This final burst of indignation has brought to a close a four-year friendship. A friendship, admittedly based on Frank’s patience, open wallet and the free facilities of his mother’s home.

The story of their friendship will explain the bitter end of it. Vince and Frank first met in 1954 when Vince was singing for his (Continued on page 90)
On Thursday night, Susan Kohner was engaged to George Hamilton. Four sleepless nights later, she gave back his ring.

To find out what triggered the explosion, turn the page and read:

THE NIGHT GEORGE HAMILTON DANCED WITH LOLITA!
continued

The “Lolita” premiere in Hollywood was a glittering success, and so was the celebration which followed it. It was a high class party with low-cut gowns. Nearly a hundred top stars in satins and jewels sat down at tables banked high with food in the posh Trianon Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The guest of honor was the nymphet herself, Sue Lyon. Seated with her at the table was Vince Edwards (with his best girl Sherry Nelson) and Sue’s producer, James Harris. Seated at a distant table were George Hamilton and Susan Kohner. . . . The party started shortly after 11 P.M. There was a small orchestra and, of course, there was dancing. George Hamilton watched with particular attention as the photographers crammed in a hard, tight circle around the Sue Lyon table. The shutters clicked away a small fortune in film and flashbulbs. The cameramen represented publicity and news to the four corners of the earth. It was the real (Continued on page 85)

Was Lolita (sixteen-year-old Sue Lyon, right) responsible for the break-up of Susan Kohner and George Hamilton? Read our on-the-spot story of the night which triggered off the big explosion.
The truth about Bill Holden's health is as complicated as the truth about Bill Holden himself. Recently, headlines told that he was carried out from his Mount Kenya Safari Club on a stretcher. Bill was suffering from an attack of hepatitis. Mount Kenya is, of course, in a most inaccessible part of Africa, and Bill's condition was fraught with danger. Hepatitis, a liver ailment, is very painful and sometimes fatal. Yet, once away from the deluxe African wilderness, under the care of a fine doctor, Holden recovered quickly—more quickly than some men recover from a hangover.

Not long after the hepatitis attack, the news leaked out that Bill was at Montecatini, the famed Italian health spa. Though this news shocked some, Bill's pals weren't worried. They knew he often went there to drink the waters, take the baths and stick to a rigid diet. In fact, he goes in and out of Montecatini the way a swimmer goes in and out of the water. The reason is simple: Montecatini is a rich man's mecca for dropping weight and getting a rest. And as much as Holden dislikes to admit it, he is a rich (Continued on page 87)
"Be Our Personal Guest at a Gala

ENTER THIS BABY RUTH AND BUTTERFINGER CONTEST!
WIN ONE OF 10 ALL EXPENSE PAID TRIPS FOR TWO!

It's easy to enter...a dream to win! Just complete the jingle on the entry blank, follow the simple rules and you might be one of the lucky trip-for-two winners!

You'll be the guest of Curtiss Candy and Warner Bros...and be with glamorous stars like Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood and Karl Malden of "GYPSY". You'll live like the stars, too! Fly first class jet to Hollywood and home. Live in star-like luxury at the famous Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. Make a behind-the-scenes visit to Warner Bros. Studios. Discover the wonders of Disneyland. Be entertained by the stars at world renowned restaurants and nightclubs. Have the time of your life for three fun-filled days!

1,025 OTHER PRIZES! 25 lucky 2nd-place winners will receive beautiful high fidelity stereo console instruments by Zenith, America's finest. And 1,000 3rd-prize winners will get the Warner Bros. hi-fi sound track album of all the great hits from GYPSY—autographed by the stars!

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES
1. Complete last line of jingle shown on entry form. Mail entry to "GYPSY", Box 1080, Chicago 77, Illinois.
2. Enter as often as you like. Use entry blanks available wherever you buy candy, or a plain sheet of paper. Each entry must include one wrapper from any of these products—Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Baby Ruth Nuggets, Butterfinger Chips.
3. Entries will be judged by R. L. Poll & Co., on the basis of originality, freshness, clarity and aptness of thought. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.
4. Entries must be postmarked no later than December 1, 1962 and received by December 6, 1962. All entries become the
property of Curtiss Candy Company and none will be acknowledged or returned. Winners will be notified by approximately January 14th, 1963. The 3-day weekend for first place winners will be February 1, 2 and 3, 1963. Winners will fly to Hollywood Thursday evening, January 31 and return Sunday evening, February 3, 1963.


6. All entries must be the original work of the contestant and entered in his or her name. Contest is subject to federal, state and local regulations and is void where regulated, prohibited or taxed.

7. Winners will be responsible for any and all taxes resulting from their receipt of prizes.

8. Winners must take trip within specified period. No cash equivalent. Minor children must be accompanied by one parent or guardian.
it her own way. Her boy friends—and she had a lot of them—were conned into helping. Connie lived near Van De Camp’s day-old bakery, and each morning she would buy up all the leftover doughnuts and sweet rolls at three cents each, then sell them to the students at fifty cents each. Connie thought this was reasonable, since they were all professional kids with acting jobs and usually had a lot of foot.

“She coaxed, browbeat and wheeled the kids and made them like it,” Howard said. “She was probably raised over a thousand dollars—when Connie wants something, you’d just better get out of her way—and the dance was the greatest success Hollywood Professional ever had. We had a five-piece combo we got through Connie’s father; and never before was there such a turnout.

Of course, I was won over because Connie asked me to be the emcee.

That girl sings her boyfriends’ songs.

And Connie? Connie in a tight sheath dress (she was still a bit overweight, but it didn’t bother her much) got up and sang a couple of songs, and everybody said she was sure to be a star. In her secret heart she probably agreed.

Outwardly, as her friend Dessa De Crais remembers, Connie was pure extrovert: gay, bubbling, laughing and cheerful. She talked show business constantly; it was her whole life. She had that cute face, and if she was plumpish, it didn’t bother the boys; she was always dating. “Her weight didn’t seem to matter,” Mrs. De Crais recalls. “If she had a singing audition, she’d starve herself for a week, thinking she’d pull her weight down. Usually it didn’t, but that never stopped Connie.

“Her big fault, if she had one, Mrs. De Crais went on, was that she lacked tact; she could be, on occasion, almost brutally frank. She didn’t mean anything personal by it; it was just her way. One time, I remember, when a group of us from Hollywood Professional were going out on a USO tour to entertain at some nearby air bases, she made me so mad, I began to cry. She thought my makeup was careless, and it probably was. Connie figured that if we were going to entertain professionally, we shouldn’t look like amateurs, and I guess she was right. But you could never stay mad at Connie. There’s still a strong bond between us, and I think of her as one of my closest friends. She’s even godmother to my son.

Yet, as friends like Dessa De Crais were always aware, underneath Connie’s surface gaiety, her seemingly ready smile, there was an ever-present sadness, a real unhappiness. For a time, when her father was working in Japan, Connie lived alone in a tiny rented house; and there were days when her allowance failed to arrive and she barely had bus fare to get to school. Connie was never the thrifty type who put money aside for a rainy day.

It was when her new stepmother entered the picture that Connie faced one of the major crises of her all-too-young life. It might be said that because of her troubles with her stepmother, Connie became a star.

This, however, she could not foresee when the inevitable explosion came.

There were days of hair pulling, a violent quarrel, and Connie, the always-pampered youngster, had her face slapped. A few days later, she ran away from home.

“It was a childish thing to do,” Connie says, “and it didn’t solve anything. But I had to rebel.”

There was, as Connie makes clear now, no real brutality. Her stepmother had simply lost her temper, and the slap followed. “When I was my won life, I was only slapped that one time,” Connie, and I guess I had it coming. My stepmother was a decent person—too rigid in her thinking, maybe—but between us, there was no understanding. So I ran away, and stayed at a friend’s house for a couple of nights. I just thought Daddy’s marriage would have a better chance if I wasn’t there to interfere. I was wrong; they were divorced a few years later, so my running away didn’t help.

Though Connie and her stepmother eventually patched up their quarrel, the tensions still existed. Restless and discontented, her youthful frustrations locked inside her, Connie was ripe for change and adventure when she was asked to join a singing trio called The Debs. One of the girls had gotten married, and the other two, Donna and Peggy, offered Connie the job.

“They had heard me singing at a night club where my Dad worked,” Connie explained. “The Debs worked there occasionally, too. Anyway, they asked me if I could read music, and I said, ‘Why, sure.’ I couldn’t, of course, but I’ve got a pretty good ear, and by the time the pianist played the song over once or twice, I had it memorized. I’d been with Peggy and Donna for about three months before they discovered I couldn’t read a note.

With the same blithe disregard of consequence, Connie assured her dad that he didn’t have to worry about her touring with The Debs. Not for a moment!

Liberace knew!

It didn’t occur to inexperienced Connie that a sixteen-year-old might not fit into the world of girls like Donna and Peggy, who were already in their twenties. (She had to lie about her age and say she was twenty-one.) All she saw was escape from hum-drum, a chance to try her fledgling wings. The Debs sang at Reno and Las Vegas, toured the Western states and in time settled down in Honolulu at Waikiki Lau Yee Chai’s. “The group was far from sensational,” said a newspaperman who was there at the time, “but Connie’s bubbling personality stood out like ham in a kosher delicatessen.” Another observer was famed pianist Liberace.

“Little girl,” he told Connie, “you’ve got something special; some day you’re going to be a star.”

For eighteen months, Connie stayed with The Debs. She sang at night, and during the day worked on a correspondence course with Hollywood Professional School so she could get her high school diploma.

“There were,” Connie says of that period “a few wolves in my life.” This was probably the underestimation of the year, seemingly unattached, unprotected, she looked like fair game to every man on the prowl. She was pawed and handled and often took refuge in tears.

Worse yet was the growing friction with Connie’s two godmothers. Their constant presence—they were getting twenty-four hours a day—beg to fray their nerves. Most of all, Con was still only sixteen; the others were twenty-one or twenty-two—more sophisticated, more worldly, more experienced.

When the trio dated, they went out with men who were twenty-six or older.

“It was for me, a teenager, to keep up the fiction that she was so much older,” Connie said. “My interests were still blue jeans and baseball games. Peggy and Donna, and the men we dated, thought only of night clubs and late dinners—more sophisticated activities. I could cope with all those problems, and I came unscathed—morose and tired.

Unhappy, that the $300 a week Connie was earning was so much confetti in her hands. She’d buy a new set of lugga when she already had a set purchased a week before, just to cure a momentary depression. Sometimes she’d get so melancholy, she’d go on an emotional eating spree and put on pounds. Once she was actually up to one hundred and fifty-two pounds.

In the end, Connie, worn out by problems, came back to Los Angeles to take stock of herself. Singing night after night in smoky, ill-lit clubs had seemingly lost its glamour. There were no entertainment jobs to be had, anyway. For a while she shared a little apartment on Sunset Strip with a girl friend. But this, she knew, wasn’t to last.

One day she called her old school chum Howard Fox. “Howard,” she said, “I need a job—any kind of job.”

“Well,” Howard said, “my mother the alteration head at Nancy’s Dress Shop on Hollywood Boulevard. I’ll ask her there’s anything there.”

Connie became a junior salesgirl at dollar an hour and commission, perhaps something of a comedown from her earlier dreams.

Six months later, she tried hard to sell, but she was always late and her head was in the clouds. People bought from her, not because she was a good salesgirl, but because she was so cute. She wore her little June Allyson-type collar all the time, and she told her boss, Mrs. Gordon, that she wanted to become buyer. “No,” Mrs. Gordon would laugh. “I’d rather entertain us. So she was, Connie, sing.”

“She was so star-struck,” Mrs. Gord recalled. “Once Mrs. Sidney Skolsky, the columnist’s wife, came in and Connie was terribly impressed. When people like Moll Bee, Mitzie Gaynor, Jim Garner’s wife Keesly Smith shopped in the store, Connie’s eyes would just pop. She dreamed, and slept, and said, ‘I want to be in it,’ and you never could get her to give it up. She was always begging to be let off early, or hanging on to the telephone, talking to someone about a singing job. She’d go, come back the next day disappointed—and then she wanted to leave early again. But you just couldn’t get angry with Connie. When you
When Ruth Gordon went to a bigger nancy’s personel director soon called amie aside. “Look, kid,” he said kindly, can’t run my store to suit my audition es. So I’m firing you for your own good mine. I want you to go out and make mething of yourself. And don’t make ool of me, you hear?”

“happened so fast”!

Those auditions to which Connie was ways running from her job at nancy’s re with a new singing group, the fourlest. Originally, there were three boys, Connie was to round out the quartet. the fourmost, however, never really got the ground; one of the boys quit to get married, another refused to college, and connie says, “in the end we just had to give it up.” But an agent, byron griffith, heard the group. he was lukewarm on the boys, but connie struck him as fresh new face and voice. “sign with,” he told connie, “and you’ll go on.”

Serious, connie, at first, did not want to try it on her own; she always felt more confortable and secure singing with a group. “no need to be scarred,” her new ent told her. “we’ll start you small, and you’ll take it from there.”

The “small beginning” was a tv bakery commercial connie did for langendorf lead. even today she can’t get over the fact that her introduction to fame showed off instead of a profit; her fee for the commercial was seventy dollars, but initiation and dues in the screen tors guild cost her $250. “the dialogue the commercial was real kookie,” connie remembers. “the whole thing ran out twenty seconds. and you know who it was with me? gary vinson. he’s now a warners contract player.”

That bread-sellinng bit, as connie says, was her “real entree into show busi-ness.” to make up for the cost of her id card, connie pleaded with her agent to get her more work. she even hired a rss agent—on credit.

her manager brought connie to me and asked me to take her on,” this publ ic it said. “she had no money; i was to handle her on a percentage of her salary, not normally take newcomers on speculation, but connie was so cute and appaling, she had such a wonderful look out her, i couldn’t bear to tell her ‘no.’” perhaps the publicity helped (connie still this press agent’s client), but a few weeks later, she had a fairly good e in a quickie called “eighteen and bxious,” then a featured part in “young and dangerous.” these were low-budget cashers made for teenaged audiences; de spite this, a check of the trade paper ments shows that the unknown connie stevens was not only noticed, she got surprisingly good reviews.

next came a co-starring role, opposite handsome, sandy-haired boy named gary barke, in another teenage film which rely struggling through to completion he money failed in the middle of the ture), but it came out as “drag-strip ot.” connie also sang one song. jerry wines spotted connie in this, and within a few months she was in “rock-a-bye baby.” with her first salary check from paramount, she put down a deposit on a $21,000 house. “it was crazzy,” connie re calls, “but i later sold the house for a $6,000 profit.”

Busy as a little beaver now, connie made some major tv appearances, where she had to be taught how to work with the tv cameras. then warner brothers records signed her as their first recording artist—and in weeks, it seemed, she was hitting the top ten charts with “kookie, kookie, lend me your comb,” made with edd byrnes. “boy, was i wrong about that?” connie admits. “i didn’t want to do the song, not because of edd, but because i thought the thing was just silly. and you know how many platters it sold!”

she was just as wrong about gary clarke. she did not foresee, when she first met gary and said, aloud—“my god, who is that square?”—the part that gary was to play in her life. she could not envision, at that moment, the “engagement” that was not an engagement, the relationship with gary that was to bring her so much joy and pain. she was, just then, the lady in a hurry, and that unstoppable motor in connie was already racing at 6,000 r.p.m.

men—her best subject

But love—where does love fit in? connie still doesn’t know. Crushes, sure, she’s had a zillion of ‘em. when she was a school girl, she got “A” in boys. and in hollywood they were and still are her best subject. a catalog of some of the men she’s been linked with since she’s achieved some prominence includes: bob neal, lind say crosby, tommy sands, edd byrnes, kenney miller... and gary clarke.

dale robertson, nicky hilton, dick bey mer, tony travis, gustavo rojo, john ashley, dwayne hickman, andre phil lippe, grant withers, tom tryon... and gary clarke.

Peter baldwin, mark damon, michael dante, gary vinson, troy donahue, marco costello, earl holliman, elvis presley, glenn ford, bo belinsky... and gary clarke.

Gary clarke, always gary clarke, says connie, “i’m torn between gary and the other boys.”

She has known gary for five years, was once actually engaged to him—but “not for publication”—and she still talks of him with affection in her voice and perhaps even longing in her heart. even so she says with great finality: “anything seri ous between gary and me is now over.”

Gary agrees. gary, the young, still-aspiring actor-singer, hasn’t got it made—yet. he was more important than the virtually unknown connie stevens when they made “drag-strip riot” together—but as things go in hollywood—gary is still trying. connie is a star.

Someone once called gary “the boy who didn’t marry connie stevens after all.” gary is aware of this: gary, who still lives in a tiny furnished bachelor apartment in a modest section of hollywood, while connie lives in a sumptuous home and drives a cad.

“When connie and i first starting dat ing,” gary said, “we used to make the rounds of the studios together. we went to warner brothers once and they flipped over me, if you’ll excuse my sounding immodest. they wanted to send me to acting school, but when i found out there was no pay, i had to turn it down. they weren’t interested in connie at all; they didn’t think she had it. so who turns out to be the big warner brothers star? connie stevens.”

Gary himself is aware that connie can’t stand being mediocre, that she must be—
Yes, she had gone to see Elvis on location—but my sister-in-law was along,” said Connie, “and besides, I was visiting actor Michael Dante, an old friend, as much as I was visiting Elvis.

As for Glenn Ford, and the out-of-left-field marriage, in Paris, the lifted eyebrows all over Hollywood, the buzz of gossip . . . well, there was nothing, really nothing, to worry about. Or so Connie protested. Warner Brothers, Connie’s studio, had given her their paternal blessing; they told her she was free to go. And, anyway, Glenn was—and is—a perfect, perfect soul. These may be my words, but you can’t hardly find that kind any more.”

Was Connie’s sudden trip to Paris with Glenn “a romantic interlude?” Not according to Connie. The two had met at a house party Delmer Daves had given some months before. An old friend of both Connie and Glenn (he had directed her in some pictures) had introduced them, saying, “I think you two ought to know each other.” Glenn was delighted to find a new playmate, but Connie, always impressed by Big Names, was literally overwhelmed.

A girl with “a heart that cannot help but love, Connie dropped all other business. Or so Glenn might have thought, with his charming little twinkled grin, “Look, Connie, how about a quiet dinner, and a good movie afterwards?”

“Sounds wonderful,” said Connie.

“Just one thing, though,” Glenn went on. “The dinner has to be in Paris, at Maxim’s, and the movie, well, the movie has to be the premiere there of my new M-G-M picture, “The Horsemens of the Apocalypse.” Okay?”

“What a mad, wonderful idea!” Connie trilled. “Okay, and okay.”

And so they left for Paris—with the approval of Connie’s studio. She had worked hard, doubly hard, pre-recording some of her “Hawaiian Eyes” songs, filming three or four of the TV series in advance. In Paris she shopped, went sight-seeing, traveled about in a limousine provided by mighty M-G-M, Glenn’s studio. What if Hollywood gossiped, “misinterpreted” the trip? Connie never had had so much fun, never basked so ecstatically in the limelight in all her young life. She lived only for the days for Glenn.

But only for a while, after two dolorously happy weeks abroad, Connie denied having gone skiing with Glenn in Switzerland, protested that the whole jaunt had been only a “friendly” trip to help Glenn with his new picture. No romance, no heartaches; just gaiety and fun. Only the fun ended abruptly when Connie quarreled with Glenn. She was feeling, she said, that all the TV show they wouldn’t let her do (“That money would have meant a lot to me!”), and found herself temporarily suspended, or at least off salary. “The quarrel was not,” studio officials said piously, “because of the talk-creating rendezvous with Glenn.”

The emotional shock was just too much for the easily-hurt Connie. She went into Glendale Sanitarium for a week to calm her shattered nerves, to “fight off a virus,” to get away, as her doctor ordered, “from that incessantly ringing phone.” No, Connie wouldn’t talk about Glenn; there was just nothing, absolutely nothing, to say. Was she in love? No comment. Marriage? Ridiculous. Glenn was “just a good, good friend,” no more. And that was that.

In a way, you could say that Glenn saved Connie from further pressure from the press about their May-December romance. Glenn saved her by shipping off to Europe for a film—with Hope Lange. And, of course, in Europe, their romance blazed again. If Connie was hurt, she didn’t show it. She kept herself busy, dating Gary Clarke—again. Then seeing Elvis—again. Then seeing the baseball player who dates more actresses than an actor—Bo Belinsky. She kept herself busy on her TV show “Hawaiian Eye,” which this time had a private eye—Connie’s old pal, Troy Dobbs. Scuttlebutt had it that Connie was madder than a wet hen when Troy was added to the show. (He replaced Tony Eisley on the show.

The word was: Connie was so put out by the switch, she accidentally-on-purpose missed the plane that was to take her to Hawaii for background filming. To “fetch my own horse,” she said—but the truth is Connie and Troy are pals—and has been for a long time.

Once, in a possibly too critical mood, she described herself as “just the nice-girl type, the one who every guy’s sister and everybody’s girl friend.” This, Connie confessed later, was only partly true. She did say, however, that the press, even later, was taken seriously by her fans. The fans began writing to all the young-men about Hollywood, scolding them for falling in love with a nice girl like Connie. “I pretended,” Connie admitted ruefully “that I was just Miss Pollyanna, but really I’ve never had any trouble meeting men.”

“My husband will have to . . .”

Marriage may be on her mind, but she feels that it is something than can wait for a while. She still has a lot of livin’ to do—a lot of years to bold back. She don’t think I’d make a particularly good wife,” says Connie. “Not right now, any way.” I’m swarthy, and a little hard-to-tempered, and I have to have my way about certain things. I keep asking myself what I want most—marriage or career—and the answer is both. My husband will have to understand that I will go on working after marriage.

In this she is honest—as always. When she doesn’t say, and what some of her friends believe is that Connie, i she hadn’t become a star, would have married some ordinary Joe by now and had a flock of kids. The fact that she has bought herself three different homes in stead of living in a hotel spells out her very real love for the domestic life. “A woman that is constantly seeking love,” a close friend of Connie’s once asked her, “you have to marry to find?”, “I believe she’s both attractive and repelled by the idea of marriage,” Shrewd and down-to-earth as she is Connie sometimes achieves a kind of dream-like quality when she fashions her world of men. “Look, Connie,” a question once asked her, “if you had your choice of men and they were unattached, who would you pick?”


An older man

The new “phase” in Connie’s life made blazing headlines. The new phase was a fling with the much older, far more sophisticated Glenn Ford. All at once, it seemed, Glenn had forgotten his “great love,” Hope Lange, for Connie. Forgotten, too, was Connie’s quickly-flaming, quick-to-burn-out romance with Elvis Presley.
if he never asks you to dance


Mattress on the floor

To Connie her house, literally, is her castle. There she can be surrounded by her family, the friends she loves. She can kick off her shoes, relax, cook lasagna, go off her diet and hear only words of Italian encouragement: "Eat, Connie; eat; you're just skin and bones." This house is her safe haven from the world; it has tremendous significance for her, and she would not live in a cold, austere apartment again for anything in the world. Once, when she bought her first little cottage in North Hollywood, she was unbearably restless until she could move in. With the help of some of her friends, she bought paint and scraped the walls. She painted the kitchen and lived for weeks while waiting for her furniture, with just one chair in the living room, and a mattress on the bedroom floor. But it was her house; she wanted to live in it and she couldn't wait to move in—not even for furniture.

Three dogs make up Connie's entourage: Nui, a tiny terrier; Shane, a Spitz; and her newest acquisition, Lancelot, a Shetland shepherd, the gift of a Portland fan. Lancelot was only an eight-weeks-old puppy when he was handed to Connie by an enthusiastic dog fancier, just as she was boarding a plane. Connie had to hide the puppy under her coat until she managed to get home. "The dogs get quite a few letters, too," Connie's secretary said. "The fans are so enthusiastic, they even beg for Nui's pawprints."

(Continued on page 70)
"You show up in Studio One..."

"He has tea..."

"Richard Hayes warms his vocal chords..."

"He warms your cold hand..."

"The maestro begins doing the twist..."

"Engineer ready?"

"...offers coffee or tea..."

"...the bandsmen twitch in rhythm..."

"'Okay, let's do a show!'"
Assignment: America

Zest Makes Godfrey Tick
By PHYLLIS BATTELLE

APPEARING as a guest on the Arthur Godfrey show (CBS Radio) is an adventure in lusty lunacy. Arthur is lusty. And you are loony. I don't know what makes Godfrey tick (actually he doesn't just tick—he resounds), but whatever it is, it's catching.

You show up in Studio One, a little nervous, and suddenly you realize you are spotted and greeted—not by a technician or an assistant director—but by the titian-topped king himself.

He booms out a greeting, lopes grinning across the room, warms your cold hand with two warm ones of his, and the whole quick performance is headed by two fast jolts of bourbon. You wonder how doctors ever had the gall to tell this man he had two chances in 100 to live.

Arthur pulls you back through the big, air-chilled room toward a circle of folding chairs, flanked by an orchestra tuning up, and offers coffee or tea. He has tea, which he pours from a darling porcelain pot about half the size of his smile. He's almost apologetic about it. Never particularly liked tea, he explains, but he had a tea sponsor for a hundred years (doesn't have them any more) and the darn fools got him hooked.

Madness begins to permeate Studio One as show time approaches.

The maestro of the band begins doing the twist, and the bandmen switch in rhythm.

A pair of handsome Texans named Sandy and Tommy start softly crooning a West Indies melody, while balladeer Richard Hayes warms his vocal chords with a rhythm bubble...

"Engineer ready? Okay, let's do a show!"

And, just like that, there is complete silence. Just like that, with the cast and the guest in a state of dizzy mayhem, the Arthur Godfrey show (now in its 26th straight year at CBS) is on the air.

* * *

GODFREY explained it cheerfully. "In your line of work, you like quiet to do your best job. When you've got a daily show, you've got to work yourself up to a gee-a-a-a-l big pitch. You gotta get half crazy, all keyed-up. And then, whammo, in a high fever of good humor you put on a show that leaves the audience and you in an uproar."

Afterwards the audience goes on, chuckling, to their other chores. What the members of the Godfrey cast do, I can't imagine (I went home and took a nap). But for that one period of 50 minutes out of the most remarkably relaxed, yet buoyant, evening in the history of entertainment, everyone has a lovely time.

Hear Arthur Godfrey Time every weekday morning on the CBS Radio Network. Check this listing for your local station:

THE CBS RADIO NETWORK
of those nights when it seems always three o’clock in the morning, she wonders, “Have I hurt Gary”? “Would we be married, if I had only tried harder...”? is, Connie knows, that Egyptian proverb that says the worst things are:

To be in bed and sleep not.

To want for one who comes not.

To try to please and please not.

Those three fears that sometimes leave her shaken and despairing. And it is because of these fears, and the memories—those memories that keep creeping back unbidden—that Connie is today a girl who is almost happy. “Almost...” the word echoes endlessly: like a tormented cry, in the empty chambers of Connie’s heart.

Search though she may for security, for a way to educe her past. Connie still finds herself in a kind of fearsome jungle where the path is all too overgrown. What she is searching desperately, hungrily for, of course, is a way of life, an answer—and there are blessed moments when she feels she is almost “home free.” Glittering shiny moments when she looks about her and sees, how far she has come.

For she is Connie, she tells herself—the girl who seems to have everything. Connie, the All-American Dream. Nobody has to cry for Connie; she’s been too lucky a girl.

Luck and the captured dream: That should add up to something. That should even add up to happiness.—FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

Connie appears each week on “Hawaiian Eye,” ABC-TV, Wednesday 9-10 P.M. EDT.

One day, during a crippling bus strike in the city, his father was driving George to choir practice, and gave a lift to an elderly couple who had no other means of conveyance. George sat up front, next to his father, who was smoking a cigar. Blowing tobacco clouds floated back to where their distinguished-looking hitch hikers were sitting, and George actually suffered, watching the smoke drift into their faces. He knew that his father, but his father’s eyes were on the road. George tugged at his father’s sleeve, but the elder Chakiris, misreading the gesture, patted his boy affectionately on the hand and drove on.

When the couple got out, they thanked George’s father for the lift. He beamed with a sense of well-being for his own kindly deed. But George was almost in tears.

“Gee, Pop,” he said, “didn’t you have to do it? Couldn’t you show more respect for those old people?”

“How to do what?” his father sputtered.

“What are you talking about, George?”

“You know what, Pop—you were smoking that cigar while they were in the car.

How do you think that looks? Do you want others to think we don’t know how to act right in front of people?”

Steven Chakiris never forgot the incident. It was one of the rare times his second oldest son came right out and said what was bothering him.

Heritage—a problem

Much of what bothered George had to do with being Greek. It made him different from those around him. His immigrant father and mother had always moved in the mainstream of American life, but that did not alter—just as they never denied—their Greek heritage.

Even in conception, George Chakiris was linked inextricably to his Greek forebears. One night while she was carrying him, his mother had a vivid dream about St. George, a national saint whom Greeks honor once a year in the celebration of St. George’s Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Chakiris talked excitedly about the dream.

“It’s settled!” her husband said. “If it’s a boy we’ll name him George.”

Mrs. Chakiris nodded emotionally. “Yes,” she said. “Yes. He will be named George.”

To this day George Chakiris never goes anywhere without the icon of St. George given to him by his mother. He keeps it in his suitcase and puts it up on a bedstead or bureau wherever he goes. But there was pain before pride.

Steven and Zoe Chakiris were immigrant sweethearts who married in the United States. All their eight children were native Americans, but it was not unusual

were

George's older brother Harry was christened Aristotle. His kid brother Steve was named Socrates, his pretty fourteen-year-old sister is called Athena.

At first George knew the pain only vicariously. He used to listen in quiet dismay as his father, in his rich bass voice, told stories of hideous terror in the old country. Even now—a jovial, white-haired man who looks like a Greek Charles Winninger—Steven Chakiris recalls the horror he reaped with his Greek birthright in an alien land.

"The wife and I were born in Turkey of Greek descent," George's father explains as he used to explain to his young son. "In 1913 and 1914 the Turks went wild and began to slaughter Greeks for their land and property. They massacred every Greek they could lay a hand on. We left with just our skins, and ran away to Greece. Then in 1916 we came here."

George Chakiris was to discover that it wasn't easy to be a Greek, even in the land of sanctuary where he was born. In Florida, in Arizona and in California, the Chakiris were the only Greeks in their neighborhoods. George was taunted and harassed by other children. He learned early what it was to be punished for one's ancestry.

"Some of them made a lot of remarks those days, come to think of it," George's father nods as if it were something he would rather leave forgotten. "Because we are Greek, they picked on George. He had to cope with that. All my kids, for that matter.

George could not be sure those days which he hated more—the others for their cruelty or himself for his strange heritage.

"Whenever George did complain about that," his father says, "I always reminded him of my ancestry. I told him that the Greeks had the greatest history in the world, the greatest philosophers. In fact, all the nations of the whole world were still taking from the Greeks. There must be a reason for that."

George would listen, fascinated, as his father told what it meant to be Greek.

"Another thing I would explain to him," his father says, "is that naturally almost every foreigner that comes to this country, no matter what nationality, they come here without a dime. And sometimes you read about them getting into trouble. Very seldom you run across a Greek who has committed any kind of a crime. Most of them are in business, regardless of whether they make money or not."

George used to be torn between hope and disbelief.

"You're not just saying that, are you, Pop?" he would demand. "Is it really the truth?"

"Of course it's the truth," his father would reply. "It's history. Ask your teacher. Read it in your school books."

A boy withdrawn

But the lines of communication were not always open between the easily-hurt first generation American and his fiercely proud immigrant father. George had a need to work out his problems in his own way and in his own time—to allay his pain in withdrawal and to soar beyond feel of his hurts in daydreams.

"While other kids were out playing,

his father shakes his head, perplexed. "He was always drawing, studying—or off to the movies. He went to a lot of movies. He might have been sad about not playing ball with other boys, but he never let us know about it. I was working all the time. He never complained to me."

No, George Chakiris never complained to his father. Not even when he and his bigger brother, Harry, and the older girls had to help out in the fruit store in Long Beach after school. George was all thumbs around the store, but his father never dreamed that his clumsiness was his own way of expressing resentment. "I always had to tell him what to do because he didn't know about the business," he remembers. But George remembers, too—how his hatred of the store burned like a hot coal in his insides.

"I'd stack fruit on the stands, wait on customers," he says, emotionless, "It was so uninteresting. I wanted to be out with the rest of the kids. I hated that store."

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That wasn't all George Chakiris hated. He hated his hairy arms.

“I remember in the fourth grade,” George says with a sad smile as he rolls up his sleeves to illustrate, “I had as much hair on my arms then as I do now. The other kids used to laugh at me, call me 'hairy arms,' things like that. That's how kids are to each other.”

Time and distance lend healing detachment. But there was no detachment at the time. Only agony, disallowed tears—and the terror of renewed torment.

“They made me so self-conscious,” he admits, “that I wouldn't wear short-sleeved shirts to school.”

Not thin—too skinny!

There were other private nightmares among the poignant memories of a loving but baffled father. Georgie was too skinny.

“He'd go with some of the boys to the beach,” Steven Chakiris recalls, “but always without a bathing suit. He would never put on a bathing suit—I never saw Georgie with a bathing suit. He used to put up to where he is now, by taking these ballet classes, these dances. He has a grip on him, now, but he was very thin, then.”

Then the word was skinny, not thin. Thin was not accusing enough! Young George Chakiris was skinny—and he hated being skinny. Hated it because in the fantasies of his sensitive young mind it discredited him in the society of his peers, just as he thought the dark mat of hair on his forearms set him aside like a leper from his fairer, smoother-skinned classmates.

“George showed his artistic side all the time,” his father remarks, “He was never athletic. When he went to high school he was still very skinny. My oldest son, Harry, was a little huskier. He always went to parties here and there, but George would never go with him. He was too shy because of being skinny.”

George did not hate his brother for being better endowed. It was himself he hated—secretly, but ardently—for his own fancied shortcomings. As far as he and Harry were concerned, theirs was no room for hatred or jealousy. George had more than enough inner conflict to handle without adding anything so frightening as resenting his brother's attributes. It was an emotion which, if he permitted it, would have scorched him with guilt.

“Sometimes if I had to hawl one or the other of them around, they would stick with the other. Harry went out quite a bit. If he needed a shirt or anything, George was right there to fix it for him. George does his own ironing, his own washing, his own mending—always since he left the house in 1950.

“George was supposed to the laundry, then he says they don't do it good. He does it real good. You can fix his bed, but he's going to fix it over again himself. Even if his mother fixes it, it is not right. It has to be perfect. He has to straighten out everything. There won't be a wrinkle in it before he goes to bed.”

One reason George always was so secretive about his hates was that he hated the thought of hurting his mother and father. When his father moved the family from Long Beach to Fresno, where he opened a drive-in restaurant, George made a difficult decision. He was determined to stay behind and seek a career as a dancer. It meant leaving the nest—living by himself for the first time in his life. His mother and father bravely kept their doubts to themselves and wished him well. On the day they left, his mother handed George a blanket.

“She said, ‘I don't want to worry you if you're warm enough.'”

Nine years later his father sold the Fresno restaurant and moved back to Long Beach. The Chakiris family visited George at his apartment in Hollywood. They found him as fastidious as ever—and his father was astonished to discover that he still had the blanket his mother had given him so long ago.

“The blanket was in shreds,” his father exclaims. “Just washed right away! But he won't throw it away. His mother gave it to him, so he keeps it.”

Too much pride

George hated to hurt his parents even when to do so would have eased his own hurts. His struggles before he got his break in “West Side Story” were monumental.

“He had tough times, Georgie, and he didn't ask for help at all,” his father marvels at his stoic son. “I sent Georgie some money. He needed a lot more than I actually sent him, but he never asked for help, he had too much pride. At times he seemed really up against it and I didn't know.”

If it was up to George, they never would have found out. In manhood as in youth, he hated to strip naked his emotions. But once in a while, unwittingly, his secret hurts would out.

Once his acclaim for “West Side Story” gave him a sense of security, he decided to reassemble his family. He gathered up his mother and father, who were staying with a married sister in San Diego; his kid brother Steve and his kid sister Athena, and shared his commodious Hollywood apartment with them.

While getting settled in the apartment, George's mother was unpacking some of his things. She came on a stamped letter addressed to the family in Fresno, and thought it odd that he had never mailed it. She opened it up and read it. Soon tears were cascading down her cheeks and she was crying uncontrollably.

“I cried for hours,” his mother nods. “He needed help so badly. He was asking for help and he never mailed it. I was so sad. It made me feel so bad. If only he told us.”

But George Chakiris never was one to tell. What other secret hurts and hatreds he hides from his world only he knows. And he would prefer to forget.

“I'm not afraid for him anymore,” says George Chakiris’ father. “I think he's really established and rooted now. Sometimes in a way I laugh about it. Here I came from a village in Turkey. I was a hillbilly. I don't know if you ever saw any pictures of villages in Turkey. Something like the pictures you see of India, you know. "I came from a little village like that, I say to myself, and I have a movie star for a son in the United States!"”

—William Tusher

George is in “Diamond Head” for Col. and is making “Flight to Ashiya,” UA.
Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone."

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in "the delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relieves and promotes confidence.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite.
uncomplicated in a way, he's very thirsty for knowledge and for all kinds of things that a man basically needs and that he did not get until now, because he has been working and becoming a good actor.

But though she talked freely of love—of love and life and engagements—she did not say, "I am in love with Tony Curtis." Although people who have worked with her say she is crazy about him. Yet it is no surprise to her that Tony has been telling his friends he is in love with her.

"Someone telephoned my father and told him Tony Curtis is in love with your daughter," she laughed, "and my father said, 'Well, why not? My daughter is a very pretty girl. Many people are in love with her.'"

But has she ever been in love? She answered this readily, too. "I’ve been in love all my life," she laughed. "Yes. Some people say. ‘Oh, you’ve not really been in love,’ because I am not jealous. I never was jealous, and I don’t imagine I could be. So they say, ‘You can’t possibly have been in love.’ But—I don’t know if that’s right or wrong."

**Always—that question!**

Right or wrong, wherever she goes, wherever she is interviewed, she is asked one thing over and over—whether she had any part in the break-up between Tony and Janet Leigh. How does she answer them? She told me: "I say, I’m very sorry that this came up, and it’s not true that I destroyed the marriage of Tony Curtis."

His troubles with his wife happened before we met and I am not to blame, you understand. I think a divorce is going through. (Ed. note: It has.) I don’t know what stage it has reached. I don’t discuss such things with Tony.

With the optimism of youth, she is firmly convinced that no one, not even a movie star, need lose her privacy unwillingly, nor be involved in scandal. "If you don’t want to have a scandal," she said firmly, "you don’t make a scandal." And by the same token, "If you don’t want to be private, you won’t be. But if you want to be—I find that I can be very private."

And though she feels that people do have a right to know the truth about their favorite stars, what she does consider unfortunate is that "... they always know it better." Discussing the Tony-Janet-Christine speculations she said. "I read about it in the newspapers when I left Argentina, and every friend came and said, 'Have you seen this?' And everybody was laughing about it on the set. There was so much stupidity—but it cannot bother me, because it’s too low. It’s nothing that touches me—nothing that I would have a bad conscience about. This is logic, that unless it’s true, it cannot bother me. It just can’t."

This is Christine Kaufmann. The seventeen-year-old who says, "To me, of course, a boy of seventeen is impossible, because girls are always—or they should be—older. I have met a few men of more than thirty-five, and they’re very interesting to talk to and very interesting to listen to."

And who says of that strictly American phenomenon, the double-date, "In Europe we go with many people or we go alone. I’ve never known it to exist, that double-date. I think it’s something so corny, somehow." And who says of sex, "I think it’s not very easy to explain. There’s no way of saying how far you should go or how far not. To calculate beforehand, to say, ‘I will stop here and try to make him marry me’—that’s immoral. But I would live with someone—I am not shocked by something like that."

As for Tony and marriage: "We haven’t talked about it. Marriage is not something you talk about. If you want to, you do it. I have only told Tony that I do not think it good to marry too young."

This is the beautiful, mature-minded girl of whom everyone in Hollywood is asking: How would—or will—she fit into Tony’s way of life?

Christine is a big-town girl, she tells you herself—emphatically. And though she enjoyed working in Hollywood the five months she was there, she is equally emphatic about not wanting to live here.

"Hollywood is for me one of the best places to work," she said, "because you really work—they all give their very best to work. But it’s hard for me. I missed the things that I can do almost anywhere. I’m sure they have in Hollywood a museum and a university and everything. But you have to drive. And I don’t like to drive. I like to walk."

New York she loves because "it gives you all the advantages of being a woman. All. Everybody tries to protect you and you’re at the same time independent. I walked at 2 o’clock in the morning and nobody bothered me. Nothing. I could do anything I wanted. And yet, when I asked somebody, ‘Please help me,’ nobody was unfriendly. It’s just marvelous."

**As Tony’s wife**

Nevertheless, as Tony Curtis’ wife, Christine would have to live in Hollywood. Not New York, nor any city of the world, would be her home base. And in Hollywood she would have quite a position to maintain. For the one-time Bernie Schwartz of the Bronx is one of the most successful actors in Hollywood, with all that success entails.

Any seventeen-year-old girl-next-door, American style, would be delirious at the idea of having one of the glamorous clothes, furs and jewels. At the idea of a swimming pool or two of her very own—of gay week-ends in Palm Springs and Las Vegas... of being a part of the Clan, perhaps... of the plush life where nothing is too expensive or impossible to get.

But Christine Kaufmann is a child of post-war Europe, where scrambling for the bare necessities of life is not long past. She began studying dancing at five, when a Russian woman assured her grandmother she had talent. She made her professional debut as a dancer in the opera at eight, and was not much older when, though she scarcely knew one end of a horse from the other, she wangled a job as a rider in a circus. In the years since, she has worked in movies all over Europe, seldom going to school. She didn’t like school. But she picked up bits and pieces of knowledge wherever she went. So that, along with her own German, she speaks, French, Italian, Spanish and English. And reads—"Well, I read now the letters of Voltaire," she said. "And I read Balzac. I always have a time when I start to read one writer and never stop. I read everything by him. But I’m very interested in French and in Russian writers."

Why does she read so much? "Because I want to know things. I want to know things."

She is avid for knowledge and experience. She wants to work all over the world, and eventually to give up moviemaking. For what?

"For studying archeology," she admitted. "I don’t like to say this, because everybody has a cynical smile about it, but it’s been in my mind a long time. I don’t want to get hooked on acting because it’s such a small world. I do get satisfaction out of it, a certain amount, but I’d rather study archeology and interest myself in an expedition. Even if I do a great job as an actress, I feel that I’m overpaid and when
people say ‘You’re a good actress,' I know I’m only as good as the director makes me be.”

Her first glimpse of the treatment Hollywood accords its stars came when she played opposite Kirk Douglas in “Town Without Pity,” into Tony’s arms. After “Tunnel 28,” in which she stars opposite Don Murray, she is scheduled for “The Victors” in England and then, “Mr. Cognac,” to be filmed in Paris with Tony again. By that time, who knows?

But as yet she is not accustomed to the big star treatment. She wanders casually about the set. Heads pop into her trailer without so much as a “by your leave.” No retinue of hairdressers, wardrobe women, secretaries and press agents is in evidence. She has never had two flirts, as she has been engaged for the last ten years. To her, Tony must spell many things she has never had in her young life.

Will she tell Tony yes?

Unlike most American girls, who begin dreaming of marriage and home and babies by the time they are old enough to play with dolls, Christine says she has no plans. “How can one plan?” she shrugs. “How can you say you will be married in one year, or two? Or ever? What happens, happens. I don’t want to have an engagement. I think it’s too much for me, at least. It’s like waiting and—well, if I wanted to get married, I would get married right away. Engagement—it’s too long—or too complicated...” And then, “I don’t know. I haven’t thought enough about it.”

But would she marry Tony if he asked her?

“I don’t know,” she says hesitatingly, her eyes looking straight into yours. Perhaps she doesn’t know. She can’t lie, she volunteers a few minutes later. “I blush.” And it’s all too much trouble, besides, “One lie leads to another... and you have to have a good memory. I prefer to tell the truth. Most people won’t believe it anyway.”

But the feeling around the “Tunnel 28” set is that, if Tony pops the question, it won’t take Christine long to say “Yes.”

“She’s got everything to gain,” said one of the few Americans working on the picture. “She’s an ambitious kid, and look what Tony could do for her, career-wise. Europeans think more practically about things like marriage—where you do, she’ll know. And she’s crazy about the guy.”

Yet it might not be that simple. Just as Janet subordinated her career to Tony’s during their married life, Christine might discover that she was expected to concentrate on the wife-and-mother bit, working only when it didn’t interfere with her major role. But there is her own mother, a personable blonde who keeps a not-too-obvious eye on her teenage daughter. (“She’s a nice woman,” says Christine. “She’s very active. She was a doctor. And she worked for a while in a studio as a makeup woman, because we had to make some money somehow.”)

There is her brother Gunther, two years older than Christine, an ambitious and talented photographer who still has to make it in the big time. (To Christine he
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Read about the woman in their lives—and the conflict she creates...Find out whose side you’re on—Dr. Kildare’s or Dr. Casey’s? Make your choice this month in TV RADIO MIRROR.

And in the same issue

EDDIE FISHER TELLS...“What Debbie and Liz taught me about women, I’ll teach my son.”

October TV RADIO MIRROR now on sale!
Continued from page 21

from her by Caesarean section.

No one knows why these things happen. No one knows how. It’s part of the infinite mystery of birth. I had a miscarriage myself. I lost my first child and millions of other women have lost theirs. Try to get an explanation. A miscarriage in the first few months usually indicates a malformation, and this is nature’s way of handling the situation.

A good many of the miscarriages in later months used to be blamed on a fall, a blow to the abdomen, mental shock or overwork. But today doctors know that such things seldom are the cause. Pier Angeli’s pelvic bones were broken when she was carrying her baby, and other women have sustained severe bruises to the abdomen in auto accidents, yet still carried their babies to full term delivery. You read of women falling, of women being shot—and still their babies arrive at the nine-month term and are born naturally.

This is all part of the mystery of life, of the miracle of birth.

Debbie was in perfect health and she wanted this baby more than anything in the world. You wonder why these things have to happen. But Debbie learned long ago that you don’t waste time on self-pity and there’s no answer to the question. “Why has God let this happen to me?” You learn and grow from each disappointment, just as from each new joy. The secret of living is growing. You don’t just let life carry you. You stop, evaluate, decide what you want out of living and go out to get it.

Debbie knows this—she knows it better than most women.

In a few days Debbie went home from the hospital. Harry called for her and drove her home and she held Carrie and Todd in her arms and somehow managed to tell them... tell them that the baby they planned for and waited for—for seven months... would not come and live with them.

She wasn’t crying. Carrie and Todd have never seen her cry. Whatever crying she had to do she did in the privacy of that hospital room where she sorted out her thoughts, found the strength and was ready for life again, laughter again, work again. Even song again. Because this is a courageous girl, this Debbie Reynolds. And our hearts, like those of her fans, go out to her.

But it’s a cruel disappointment to love an unseen child and end up with your arms empty. —JANE ARMORE

Debbie’s in “How the West Was Won” for M-G-M. “My Six Loves” for Paramount and will be seen in “Try, Try Again,” Col.

What Mothers Can Tell Their Daughters About Internal Sanitary Protection

In the welter of publicity about juvenile delinquency and “wildness,” one significant fact is often overlooked: more than 90% of today’s teen-agers are responsible, reliable young people.

One reason sociologists give is a close relationship in the home. Actually, the relationship between mother and daughter is usually closer, cruder, than ever before in history. She asks; you answer—and when she asks about Tampax® internal sanitary protection (as she is almost bound to do) you treat the whole subject in the same relaxed, informative way you treat all personal problems.

How did Tampax come to be? More than twenty-five years ago, Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single, active or not. He based it on the well-known medical principle of internal absorption.

Why do so many millions of girls start with Tampax, and stay with Tampax? Tampax Incorporated has built up an extremely reassuring relationship with women during the past three decades. Many mothers have been using Tampax for years. They understand it; they recommend it; they often encourage their daughters to learn to use it.

What does the user gain from Tampax? Countless letters from Tampax users tell time and again of the comfort, security, the poise and confidence that Tampax brings. Others often say they are apt to forget there’s a difference in days of the month.

Within the three Tampax absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) there’s a right protection for everyone’s needs. In use now all over the world, Tampax is making an accepted contribution to modern living.

Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

A trial sample of Tampax (in plain wrapper) will be mailed to you on request, together with our free booklet on menstruation facts and advice. Just send 10¢ to Department KC, Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
facsimile of his father's song-writing. A very happy midnight assemblage.

It was another opportunity for this Runyon Cancer Fund Treasurer to say a few words into the microphones.

"To all of you wonderful, beautiful people of Hollywood," we prefaced, "thanks very much for the many years you in the allied professions have helped enrich cancer-fighters in the fifty States and twenty-five foreign countries. Thanks also to Mr. and Mrs. United States and All The Ships At Sea for making me the trustee of their 18 1/4 million dollars. Never a penny ever deducted for expenses of any kind from the donor's dollar. In the Sport of Kings (and that goes for Show-Business), the horses aren't the only Thoroughbreds!"

During our annual summer visit (35 years) to Movietown (where there is always more attractive and romantic copy) than real, the Beverly Hills Photo Playbill presented 58,100 Thousand S chex to hospitals (and medics) from San Diego to San Francisco (Santa Monica, La Jolla and Loyola near L.A.) bringing the total Runyon Fund allocations in California to over $1,000,000.

The Beverly Hills Music Hall management which introduced Hayley Mills' latest delight "Whistle Down the Wind," phoned this Photoplaymate to say: "We thought it was about time that somebody out here returned the compliment. We want to turn over the entire proceeds from the matinee premiere in Hollywood. We are inviting teenagers, boys and girls in Beverly Hills and environs, to make up the audience. The top fee is only $2 down front and $1 in the other rows. Would you invite some of your charming friends? Starlets and some Stars? We will have full newspaper, radio-TV coverage. And if you ename things it should be a good show out in the lobby, too."

Everybody, it seemed, came. Errol Flynn's eye child, Patrice Wymore; Nick Adams, who has a new TV series, "Saints and Sinners" (about a New York columnist who fights all the Isms, including Gangsterism); Nicky Blair (his sidekick in the episodes); his steady-date, newcomer to Girlville Julie Parrish, born in Middleboro, Ky., and discovered in Toledo, O., by a Jerry Lewis scout. You profly sighed at her beauty and talent in Jerry's "It's Only Money," Miss Parrish (a model in Toledo) dubbed actress at a Toledo Little Theater and romped away with that burg's Dramatic Award.

Diane Ladd was there, too. She recently appeared in Warners' "77 Sunset Strip" and in Tony Curtis' "Forty Pounds of Trouble" and at the Sherman Oaks Playhouse in John Hersey's Broadway opus "The Wall." So versatile is this young lady from the deep Southland back East, they cast her as the Jewish girl trapped in Poland between the Nazi and Russian hordes. The aisle assassins in L.A. confirmed the N.Y. Times drama critic, who called her a superb actress who makes your heart weep.

Diane, you must have read in the papyrus, is the young mother this reporter introduced to several directors and producers ("Waltah, I haven't had a job in a year out here") on that miserable day when her daughter, eighteen months, drowned in the backyard pool. Diane had just said (in the car en route to meet Mervyn LeRoy at Warners, the fifth movie exec she met in one day). "I am the happiest girl in Hollywood! Imagine meeting five movie and television executives in one day!"

I deposited Diane in Mr. and Mrs. Walter O'Malley's Dodgers Stadium box.

"Now be a good girl and don't get on anybody's nerves," we cautioned. "We are guests, remember. I must go to the press box where females are not permitted. See you in about an hour."

As I turned in my N.Y. Mirror column (as Western Union's expert staff) I felt a tap on my best shoulder. It was a Stadium cop.

"Mr. LeRoy wants to see you outside," he said.

"Okay, be there in a moment," we replied, turning to Jim Murray, sports page star of the L.A. Times, Brad Pye, Jr. of the L.A. Sentinel and Mel Durslag of the Herald Examiner to regale them with an anecdote.

The same policeman returned in about three seconds and intoned: "Mr. LeRoy says it's an emergency."

The popular Mervyn (he is also Mr. Big at Hollywood Park Racetrack) was trembling as he tried to illuminate his cigar.

"What kind of emergency?" We paled (because my wife of thirty-nine years was very ill) and LeRoy mumbled: "Her baby just drowned in the pool." We looked over his shoulder and saw Diane standing as in a trance.

"Oh, Waltah," she choked, "it isn't true, is it? It isn't true?"

This supremely happy young woman (only a few minutes ago!) was suffering heartbreak. We took her by the arm to First Aid for a sedative. It was like escorting a living-dead woman.

She saw a phone booth. "Please give me a dime," she said, still unbelieving that tragedy had struck, "I want to phone my husband."

He is Bruce Dern (star of a new TV series, "Stony Burke"), nephew of Archibald MacLeish, the poet laureate who helped speak speeches for FDR and was chief of the Library of Congress, among other government posts.

As Diane entered the booth, we strolled away—to escape the agonized shriek I knew was coming. And it came. Her piercing cry still rings in my ears. I didn't sleep well for about two weeks. I felt that if I hadn't taken her around to the studios and the ball-game that evening, she would have been home and the child saved.

The Angels' chief physician, Dr. Robert Wood, and his nurses (all angels, too) calmed her down with two shots of Sodium Amytal (she didn't have only one shot to alleviate pain to women giving birth)."
MAY & SAMMY

Continued from page 28

men. But the biggest mistake of all, I think, would be to try to forget them, to pretend they never happened. I’ve learned more from my mistakes, from my failures, than I’ve ever learned from successes. That much I know.

“Pennsylvania”, by Sammy, the model husband. We laugh at that.

“And then May says, with a funny smile in her eyes, ‘If you’re going to be that much of a model, I think you’d better go out.’

Then Sammy leaned back in his chair and reflected on those nights when he had to leave his family to perform. “You know, with: “Must a hot temper and murder be punished and society unprotected?”

To which he should have punch-lined: “And how about glorifying a (deleted-by-the-Editor).”

An overnight star strolled into Patsy D’Amore’s Villa Capri (the co-landlord is F. Sinatra) surrounded by Hays-Beens, Ingrates and Also-Rans.

“Isn’t it odd,” someone said, “how fast the Hollywood phonies catch on to a success?”

“You mean,” edited this Broadway News-Detective, “how slow a success catches onto the Hollywood phonies.”

Peter Lawford’s lovely mother (“Call me May!”) has been in the U.S. (from London) since 1942. She told us her son remembers her on her birthday, Christmas, New Years, Etc., and so on. After a similar incident, “but I haven’t had a letter for almost four years. I am unwanted by the Kennedys.”

It’s all right with her ladyship, she added, and she appreciates her son’s midget checks for the rent and so forth. “But it gets very lonely when you are told you must not go out at nights so I won’t attract attention, and I can’t buy anything.”

One of her friends told us Lady Lawford fears deportation reprisal if she takes another job (as she did in a Beverly Hills shop) or goes out on the town.

I assured her she needn’t worry. I took her dancing to the Coconut Grove one night where she sighed: “Oh, Walter, this is the first time I’ve danced since my husband passed on so many years ago. Thank you.”

“And stop worrying about being deported,” we told this dignified and lovely lady. “I’ll be your son, okay?”

She wept.

The End

Walter Winchell narrates “The Untouchables,” ABC-TV, Thursday, 10 P.M. EDT

What’s mine is yours!

“But that success and all of what belongs to Sammy has got to mean something to the ones I love. If you’ve got no other happiness for your happiness with you’ve got nothing. Nothing!”

Sammy laughed.

“It’s funny, the craziest part of all this is what happens when you discover the happiness you get when you do someone to share it with. You go a little crazy. I say, ‘May, where have they been hiding all this joy?’

“Like love. The only way to keep it, ma, is to give it away! May and I are so happy, we have so much to share, to give. Our home, we didn’t want just one baby. We wanted eight all at once. Biologically impossible? But there was another way, you know.
"We adopted a baby boy so Tracy could have a big brother—and we're not stopping. You know we aren't. We may have a dozen before we're through. And it ought to convince the world that May and I plan on celebrating our golden anniversary.

Was it difficult for Sammy and May to adopt a baby?

Sammy shook his head sadly, "I hate to say it," he said, "but it was easy. And you know why it was easy? Because we adopted a Negro baby. The agencies are full of them. All those beautiful kids, so running over with love and no one to love them, mostly because they're Negroes."

"Well, that's the way the world is right now. Maybe it'll change, and some day a man will be judged by the worth of his heart and mind rather than the color of his skin."

"A great thing happened to me recently, though, in Las Vegas. It might be a sign that a lot of people want to shake off racial prejudice but don't know how.

"I had just finished a show one night at the Sands. There was a big group in my dressing room. It was the usual crowd, mostly patrons who come back because they like to be around show people. All of a sudden there was a knock on the door. I opened it—and there were two chorus girls standing there. White girls.

Two gorgeous girls

"They were still in their sequined tights and hair and really beautiful. You know, tall, slim, gorgeous figures—everything. Well, my all visitors just stopped cold at the sight of them. A little like it was an embarrassing moment. I knew what some of them were thinking.

"'Oh, ho, Davis is doing a little swinging with the girls away from home. May ought to get a load of this,' The same stuff I've heard over and over again.

"'Anyhow, both of the girls had a package. One of them said, 'We hope we're not disturbing you, Sammy, but we heard you were leaving early and we wanted you to have these because . . . well . . . just open them later and you'll understand.'

"They dropped the packages in my arms and ran back to their dressing rooms. In one package was a sweater for Tracy. In the other, a pair of booties for the little boy we'd just adopted. And a note: 'We're not the best, but we knitted these ourselves. Happy lives to both your children, Sammy.'"

Sammy swallowed hard at the memory. "What do you say," he said very quietly, "when something like that goes off?"

"I've got to tell my kids about that some day. Some day when maybe it's not going so well for the world."

"They've got more than a couple of difficult days ahead. What are they going to say when another kid asks, 'How come your mother's white and your father's a Negro?' You can't stop kids. They wanna know, and you've got to tell them.

What will I give for an answer? The truth. That I loved May and May loved me and we wanted to be together forever. Anything isn't how simple the truth and how complicated deceit?

"People believe I'm going to have a tough time explaining things to my kids. Man, I'll tell you that's not my worry at all. My real problem, the one that really bugs me, is how am I going to explain things to my children. As many kids as we have will know why May and I are husband and wife. They'll see it in our love, they'll feel it at night when we tuck them in, they'll know love before they learn to walk. I think Tracy and her brother know it right now.

That crazy stop sign!

"And they'll know more. I hope. They'll know trust and honesty. I'll contribute as much as I can on these things, but trust and honesty they're going to learn from May.

"May is so honest it's frightening. Man, with May it just doesn't matter. I've seen my wife hold her hand up and stop somebody dead in his tracks at a party or a night club, somebody she just doesn't want to talk to.

"I keep telling her, 'May, sometimes you have to be nice to phonies. It's easier than creating a scene.'"

"The answer from May is a classic. 'I'm sorry, Sam, I just won't ever be nice to frauds. There's not enough time in our lives for rude people. And don't worry about a scene. Only the phonies know my raised hand means for them to stop and go back. Our friends, our real friends, think I'm waving hello.'

"May's uncompromising directness is sometimes hard to understand, but it works—and it saves time."

Sammy rubbed the side of his face. "I guess I can tell you one incident," he said slowly, "that will probably shock some people. But it's true and I think you ought to hear it.

"You see, I have a wonderful family now. May and the kids. But I have one sad side to my life. The one way I can feed them is to be away from them much of the time. I'm a night club performer and the clubs are where I have to be to make my livelihood. Sometimes, when I'm performing not too far from Hollywood, I'll get May and the kids to come and stay with me.

"But on the real road, the Chicago, the Buffalos, the Colombuses and the others, we have to live by myself in hotel rooms. A few weeks back I was staying an extra night in a large city. I had finished the last show and I was just getting ready for bed. It was about 2 A.M.

"Suddenly I hear a knock at the door. I open up and two white girls are standing there. One of them is crying. Of course I have all kinds of thoughts going through my head. Two A.M., a hotel, two white girls—one nearly hysterical—standing at the door of a Negro entertainer. Man, what a couple of enemies could do with that set of circumstances.

"Well, I can't do anything but invite them in.

"The girl who isn't crying explains. 'She's the hat-check girl downstairs in the club. The other is her girl friend who's just walked out on her husband. She has no place to go and she's afraid to go back. The hat-checker tells me that the husband would make his first stop at her apartment looking for his runaway wife.'

"So the only thing she can think of, since the hotel is jammed with a convention, is my room. Well, I order coffee and sandwiches. And after a long talk, the hat-checker and I convince the unhappy wife to go back to her husband in the morning.

"The two girls spent the rest of the night sleeping on my bed. I slept on the couch. You can imagine the rolling eyehalls if the news of this little happening got around. The gossip would never shut up. Anyhow, it didn't out, and the moment I got home I told May about it. I couldn't tell her on the phone and I had to keep the details in my mind for ten days.

"When I finished explaining to May I wasn't really sure what her reaction would be. But you know what she said?

"'Why didn't you tell me on the phone?' she asked. 'You've been worrying about what I'd think for nearly two weeks. You have enough problems on your mind. I don't give a damn about the girls sleeping in your room, but I do care that you worried about it.'

A little lie . . . now and then

"I'm glad I tell May everything. I've been told that husbands are entitled to a few lies to their wives now and then. The wives expect it, they say. But May doesn't expect it.

"Besides, I'm so much in love with her I can't see anyone else.

"Hey, did you know May is going to make me rich? Before I married May I'd pick up the check every time—nine people or ninety, I was the last of the big-time spenders.

"May think of the money I save now!" Sammy stood up. He had to be at the recording studio to cut a new album.

"So long, Al," he said. "Take it easy and don't worry about little Sam. He'll be all right. I'm going down to the studio now and sing for my supper—and May and my kids. And there's not one sad song in the group."

—ALAN SOMERS

Sammy Davis stars in "Reprive" for A.A.
Besides, I haven't had breakfast yet and it's too early to get all sweated up over it.

Garfield's successor or not, Falk was born in New York City on September 16, 1927. His childhood was spent in Ossining, New York. When he was three, he lost his right eye because of an illness. When he was nineteen, he added a gash over his right eyebrow because of a fist fight. The combination of a glass eye and the scar gives him the menacing look of a heavy. As a result, he's played everything from an insensitive killer (in "Murder, Inc.") to that of a roughneck hood ("Pocketful of Miracles"). On TV he plays toughies, too. And he plays them with a Falk flourish. In fact, in the thirteen-year history of The Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, only one actor has ever been nominated for a TV Emmy and a Hollywood Oscar in the same year. That actor is Peter Falk. And he accomplished the tremendous feat two years in a row. This season, he won his Emmy. It was for his portrayal of a rough, tough truckdriver in "The Price of Tomatoes." The title à la Falki: "Pricia Tamaytas."

Ivy League background

Peter not only looks like the tough guys he plays so successfully—he talks like them, too. What's wrong with that? Well, there's something very wrong with it. It's all a wonderful, fabulous, crazy hoax. You see, while Pete acts strictly from Damon Runyon, his background is strictly Ivy League. At Ossining (in the heart of New York's classy Westchester County) High School, Pete was an "A" student and a member of the crack debate team which placed second in the All-State finals. He was for three years in succession the president of his class. The guy who talks like a Dead End Kid went on to college—getting a B.A. degree in Political Science from The New School For Social Research, and a Masters Degree in Public Administration from The Maxwell School at Syracuse University. In 1952, he settled in Hartford, Connecticut, as an efficiency expert for the State, serving first as aide-de-camp to Governor Lodge, then later serving under Governor Ribicoff.

Peter, of course, denies it. When I tell him that it had been claimed that his pear-shaped grunts are an affectation, that he is not by nature a demi-demon-doser. Peter also denied that he was using reverse psychology—that he's sort of thrusting his nose at the sudden finesse and quick polish acquired by other stars when they begin to hit the Time.

"That's a lot of bunk," he drawled in his rasping voice. "This manner of speakin' is parta me." He grinned and revealed capped teeth—his only concession to frigpbery. "Hell, I mean, when I talked to the Governor I remembered not to call him a bum. But, still, this is me. When I was a kid I use to hang around street corners. I used to pal out with the guys in the poolroom. I don't know where it came from, but there it is. I certainly ain't stupid enough to develop it if I don't already have it. Of course, it is a facade to a great degree. I know if you want to say something and you don't want to appear too serious, this way of talking can get away with it. It puts everybody at ease right away, y'know? Two years as a cook in the Merchant Marine helped a little too.

"After my discharge I did a stretch at Hamilton College in Utica. It was started by Alexander Hamilton. That school's got real age to it. Someday when I have kids, I'll send 'em there. That's a college with lotsa class." His scholastic training suddenly jumped to the fore as he added. "What I mean is, it is a superior academic institution."

With that over, he lapsed back into his particular Falkian lingo. "I usea sleep to the very last minute. I'd always just barely make class in time. Almost every morning I'd throw my pants on over my pajamas and run to class. Then if it was a little warm outside and there was a little too much hot air goin' on inside, I'd doze."

Falk, who earned his Oscar nominations the hard way—as an actor rather than as a box-office or publicity office whiz—still hates to get up early. When he has a 7 A.M. studio call he finds the entire proceedings—"very grim." Since he doesn't start really waking up until midnight, he never starts moving until noon if he can possibly help it.

Since easy, mild-mannered Peter is still on the way up, and is not yet at the height of such fame that he is above bowtowing to ordinary conventions, it was obvious he had selected his outfit for our luncheon with great care. He wore a blue shirt that hung half out of his trousers. It was unbuttoned at the neck, too. His tie was askew. He wasn't shaved. A forelock of his dark hair flopped over one eye. He was dressed in that state of semi-decline which befits either a star who is soalted he no longer needs to make an impression, or one who travels in such a high ego orbit that he just couldn't care about the social amenities. Falk is neither.

Careful sloppiness

"I'm just a very bad sloth," he says about his wardrobe, which ranges from what might be called Comfortably Casual to Downright Seedy. "I have a total absence of discipline. I'm invariably late. I lose everything. I don't know what I haven't lost. Name it, I've lost it. I forget appointments. I forget where I'm supposed to go. I was nominated for an Oscar for 'Pocketful of Miracles' and I still don't know what studio made it."

"Some guys like Brando are attractive in their sloppiness. Makes them more rugged and masculine-looking. But with me it can be kind of unpleasant. I occasionally try to improve, but I don't always succeed. All I can say is I used to be worse. Now at least I make an effort sometimes to be neater and cleaner. You see, I hate to shop, I can't be bothered. Trouble is, even if I have the clothes, I beat them to death. I never hang them up. I forget to replace them. I'll wear the same thing day in and day out if nobody reminds me to change for sump'n else."

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Although he is not a method actor, he is a method "answerer." Before each reply, he scratched his head like a chetah, rubbed his jaw and thought. Asked how he finally segued from the real-life role of an efficiency expert to playing movie toughies, Falk, who was eating a shrimp cocktail for breakfast, executed the scratching-rubbing-thinking routine before saying, "I finally dug I had no business being in that world. It was just one I couldn’t fit into anymore than I could be a hat designer. I had a certain aptitude for that kind of thing, but I knew if I kept at it I’d end up smack in the gutter. So, while I was in Connecticut, I took acting lessons from Eva Le Gallienne.

Webster-Ho! is "falloty" as a "division into two parts." That’s our hero. He has the mind of an egghead in the trappings of a juvenile delinquent. He enjoys the following description of himself: "Falk is the type whose English instincts but his grammar is perfect." There are two worlds always battling inside him. He talks rough, he dresses rough, but he’s extremely mannered and polite. His pronunciation is early Brooklyn, but his vocabulary is Oxonian. As Pete put it, "Man, like there’s definitely an ambivalence in me."

Five years after Peter moved Westward Ho! (from Connecticut to New York), determined to act, he took unto himself a wife. On April 17, 1960 he married Alyce Mayo, an interior designer, whom he describes as "short, well-rounded, big blue eyes, a Leslie-Caron type." They met at Syracuse University where she was an art major. One night the dramatic club’s production of "The Tempest" needed an elf because one had gotten sick. To help out, Alyce became an Instant Elf. Their courtship continued over so many years that Alyce’s family eventually threw him out. They said "Either marry her or forget it." So he married her.

"I’m the boss!"

"Yeah, sure I’m a very good husband! Naah, I don’t remember her birthday or our anniversary. But all that’s important is who’s the boss. In my house, me, I’m the boss. It’s seventy-thirty. I’m the seventy. She understood that years ago. It’s impossible to have a fifty-fifty marriage. It’s too much of a strain. It’s more natural for a man to be in charge. And further and more, that’s the way I like it."

Peter’s avocations range from the physical to the cerebral, from one end of his personality to the other. He was a high school athlete who won letters in track, baseball and basketball and is still crazy about sports. In addition, he likes to shoot pool and gamble on the horses. ("Some day, when I really have dough, horses could possibly be a problem.") His main source of relaxation, however, is a good book and a red hot game of chess.

Falk is not overly social. He doesn’t make or care to make an awful lot of Hollywood friends. Outside of his agent and a couple of New York actors that he "knows very good," others with few people. He doesn’t go to night clubs nor is he the sort who cottons to the right people to get somewhere. "I’m not the type for that stuff," he yawns. "First of all, you can introduce me to the most important person in the world and I’ll forget his name right off." (While talking with me, he wanted his California phone number and couldn’t remember it. He had to call his wife at their hotel to ask, "Hey, Babe, what’s our number at home?")

Although Mr. & Mrs. Falk live conservatively, and are a two-Volkswagen family, says Pete sadly, "I can’t understand it. I used to have a fair-sized bank account, but I’m up to $1,000 in debt!" But, though Pete’s home is in California, his heart is in New York. He knows from nothing about gardens in the backyard or gardens in the front yard. The proof is a story about the time Pete and Alyce spent an evening with a famed lady who is very proud of her magnificent flower garden. "I cut every type of stuff at all," he says. "Alyce, who’s a gardening nut, and this lady were talking about bugs and branches one night and they were so happy I didn’t even have to make believe I was listening." As this very nice lady got up to leave, she said to Pete, "You must come over one day and see my sweet peas.

So what does Pete say? Very politely he accepts her invite and adds, "Do you grow any other vegetables?"

I asked Pete, as he drank his "tamaya" juice with the pinky finger extended, what he thinks he has that makes for stardom. He cursed quietly at the question then answered, "What the hell am I supposed to do?

"But, I don’t believe in being over-modest. I’ll tell you one thing. I’m a damn good actor. I don’t exactly lack in a healthy confidence, if that’s what you mean. I don’t want to sound hammy, but to tell you the truth it would be hard for me to be more egotistical than I was even when I was a total failure."

All this—and nice, too.

After a couple of hours, it becomes very obvious that he is brash, blunt, opinionated, amusing, that he takes a refreshingly casual attitude towards things and that he’s altogether delightful.

He admits to getting a big kick out of being recognized and tells of the cab driver who picked him up recently and kept staring through the rear view mirror. Finally the cabbie said, "Listen, I don’t know if you are who I think you are, but if you are who I think you are—you’re the greatest! When you’re on TV, my bowling league stops. So twice now already your TV shows fell in the middle of our bowling league and twice already we had to stop playing to watch you. None of us would miss you. You’re our favorite." The meter had clicked off a dollar by the time he reached his destination. "Ordinarily, cranks Pete, "I’d tip him 20¢. But I figured his devotion was worth another thirty cents so I handed him half a buck."

With that, the country’s newest rising star stood up and tucked in his shirt. With his usual neatness he succeeded in pulling out the half that was already in. As he walked out looking like an unmade bed, I asked if he didn’t think his manner of speech and manner of dress mightn’t hinder his career.

"Hell, no," he snapped. "Only thing it’ll ever keep me from is being a drawing-room type. So a Gary Grant I ain’t! So what!"

—CINDY ADAMS

Peter’s next film is: "It’s a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," for United Artists.

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82
is in love with a boy who can support her, and is ready to take responsibility for the results of her decision. I think the decision to marry should be her own.

"I wouldn't try to tell her whom she should marry or even the qualities she should seek in a husband beyond his ability to provide. Because after all, she would have to live with him. I wouldn't.

"And if my daughter married a man who disagreed with me about various things, I'd respect him all the more for it. It would show that he had independence and character.

"My father-in-law and I disagreed right away about a major point—whether or not he was going to subsidize my marriage. But I'll explain that later. First, I'd better back up a little and give the history of my marriage to show why I think it worked while others in the same age bracket would fail.

"When Joan and I met, we were lost, lonely young people. We were both uninterested in our classes, I know—all sixteen-year-olds are unhappy and dramatize their parent problems and their teacher problems. But we were different. We'd been brought up differently. My mother (who had married when she was fifteen) encouraged me to be totally self-reliant. I made my own decisions, always, and took the consequences. 'Do you want to do?' she'd say. ‘Go to college? Go to work?’ It's up to you to decide.'

"This was fine in some ways, it matured me and made me independent. But I didn't want to be so alone. I wanted—needed—somebody to share decisions with me. I wanted Joan, and I felt sure I could take care of her.

"Joan, for her part, had never felt truly secure. Her parents loved her (she knew that, and she certainly had financial security, but she was never allowed to put down roots. As a little girl she was jerked to Florida, to Europe, from one school to another, until she felt that she belonged nowhere. She wanted to belong somewhere forever—with me.

"After comparing their background with mine, I don't believe either of our daughters will want to be married when they are as young as their mother and I were. We are a very close-knit family, and I humbly believe that our girls found so much happiness in our own circle, they won't look outside for more happiness soon.

I snatched my bride.

"When Joan and I had been dating for ten months, I snatched her from school and we married. The telegram Mother Superior sent Joan’s parents didn’t say we were married, and my father-in-law may have wondered about that. I have never asked him which possibility seemed worse—that I had run away with her and married her or that I’d run away with her and had not married her.

"Joan’s father called my mother immediately and asked, ‘What is your son doing with your daughter? Are they married?’ My step-father crime to the phone with reassurance. ‘He’s not doing anything with your daughter,’ my step-father said. ‘He can’t be. I just sent him out to get my dry-cleaning from the dry cleaners.’ I’m afraid he had a long wait.

"After the elopement, I was more afraid to see my father-in-law than my mother-in-law because I’d almost part rank making her see things my way. But surprisingly, she was the one who wanted an annulment. Joan and I played it smart, though. We hid out until we had been married for four months and Joan was a month with child. After that, nobody mentioned an annulment.

"My father-in-law was a strong, brilliant, successful man who was able to retire when he was forty-five. The sixteen-year-old son-in-law of a man like that is naturally nervous at first meeting after the marriage. If some sixteen-year-old punk were to come to me and say, ‘Sir, I want to marry your daughter,’ I'd say, ‘Fine, and escort him to an analyst. The average boy that age isn’t remotely capable—from any point of view, including the emotional—of supporting a family.

"My father-in-law apparently had these misgivings about my potential as a provider. Because he told me, ‘I’m going to send you to law school.’ I told him, ‘I’ll join the Art, Tennis, and Golf clubs. While you’re still comparatively young, you’ll make $50,000 a year. And when you’re fifty, you can retire.

"That’s when we had our disagreement. ‘Making $50,000 a year sounded fine, but I wanted to make it my own way, not by being a lawyer. I have nothing against lawyers, but I’ve never wanted to be one. Joan’s family and I were trying to give her the same thing—the very best—but I wanted to get it for her without her father’s assistance.

No subsidy from Pa.

"If, when one of my daughters is sixteen, a young fellow tells me, ‘Sir, I have gone and married your daughter,’ I’ll say, ‘Good luck. I hope you can support her.’ Because I’m dead sure about one thing at least: I’ll never subsidize a marriage.

"Joan and I want the girls to know, beyond question, that whatever they do we’ll love them all their lives. Nevertheless, when they marry they will have to depend upon their husbands financially. I say this not to be hard-hearted, but because I know from experience that partners in a youthful marriage must keep their self-respect and self-confidence to make the marriage endure.

"After it was settled that I wasn’t going to law school, my father-in-law told me, ‘If you and Joan stay married two years, I’ll know you are serious about this and I’ll do anything I can to help you.

"We’re proud of the fact, though, that he didn’t have to help us, that nobody did. When we’d been married only a few months, we were grossing $15,000 a week. We had to hold down jobs to do it. That wasn’t nearly so easy as going to dances, going to school, playing football.

"A teen-ager planning to marry has to be aware of rough spots ahead. To this
very day, Joan does all her own housework, so my daughters have no illusion that the wife's role in marriage is all fun—like playing dolls or having a teaparty.

Should the girls plan to marry while they are quite young, I believe they would be aware from watching their mother that they would be assuming obligations.

"You can see, I'm sold on our daughters. They are smart, sweet and unusually adult, so I have great confidence that they will make better choices as they grow older. And I hope I can respect their right to choose their paths.

"However, respecting their right to be individuals doesn't mean I'll surrender prerogatives as a father. If one of the girls came to me before she had finished high school and insisted with the increasing desire to marry a boy with no job and little education, I'd forbid it—just like a stern father in a melodrama.

"Then, if she reminded me—as she probably would—that her mother had married under similar circumstances and that I had been a sixteen-year-old bride group and a good security risk financially speaking, I'd tell her, 'Do as I say—not as I did.'

"I am only seventeen years older than my oldest daughter, and, while I treat her as a contemporary, I don't treat her as an equal. I don't think her judgment is as good as mine, and, as head of the family, I have the responsibility and the right to make the important decisions. Maybe some of them are wrong, but when I became a husband and father I became liable to society for my family's welfare.

"I'm only twenty-seven now, and many men my age still face for their hardest decisions which girl to call for a date or whether to trade cars this year or next. Any sixteen-year-old thinking of marriage should realize the decision-making duty is a hard one that goes inescapably with the wedding ring and the diapers. My daughters, I hope, will understand all of this before they marry.

The good and the bad

"Should one of my daughters want to marry quite young—even if the boy were mature and could support her, and she had finished high school at least—I'd remind her of things she'd give up that can be had only the responsibility and the right to make the important decisions.

"For instance, I've always heard that going to college is fun. My wife is going to college now, at night. She obviously must enjoy it, because she doesn't have to go—but she's not having the fun an eighteen-year-old prom queen would have.

"In addition, the young bride misses her chance to explore the world—both geographically and career-wise. Maybe she will have to work, but she can't accept a good job in another city, and she can't accept a promotion that means working the hours when a baby-sitter may not be available.

"But the greatest handicap to the teen-age marriage is the unavoidable one of youth transforming to age. Young people, whether they like it or not, grow older; and as they do, they change. Change may bring them closer or it may separate them.

"My daughters, as I've mentioned more than once, are surprisingly adult in their thinking. I think their maturity is exceptional, but maybe it's not. As I travel around the country on personal appearance tours, I'm constantly amazed by the wisdom of young people. I was a teen-ageer only seven years ago, but, even so, I can't get used to the current crop.

"They are sophisticated. They know what's going on. Nevertheless, I wonder if they know about a couple of other things. I haven't mentioned yet—things essential to happy marriage.

"First, despite all the talk about opposites attracting, marrying a complete opposite is generally bad business. Day-after-day differences in temperament, tastes and ambitions can erode love until it may be entirely worn away.

"Second, physical attraction is a part of love, but it isn't the biggest part. The sixteen-year-old who feels wobbily in the knees and light in the head because another sixteen-year-old is within arm's length, should try moving off another arm's length and staying there for a couple of dates before he (or she) says, 'This time it's real.'

"I'd recommend this test to my young daughter if she were thinking of marriage: Sit across the room from the boy for an evening. Don't touch him. Spend the time talking about ideas: religion, politics, money—not politics—and see whether you enjoy his conversation as much as his kisses. If you don't want him for a friend as well as a lover, you don't want him as a husband.

"Maybe my thoughts on teen-age marriage aren't too well organized. And may be, in discussing it, I've contradicted myself. But it's a subject where all fixed rules have exceptions. What's right in one case might be completely wrong in another. I married at sixteen and would do it again. For a sixteen-year-old boy who has never so much as carried a paper route, marriage could be a disaster.

"Marrying young has disadvantages, some of which I have enumerated. They are the things I'll warn my daughters about should the necessity arise.

"On the other hand, marrying young, for some especially qualified couples, offers joys that older couples miss.

Proud of the old folks

"For example, our daughters are pleased that I can still run faster than they can. It will be years before they can beat me at tennis, and that's the way.

"At PA functions, the girls are proud of the fact that their mother looks as..."

"Frankly, Mr. Jones—I don't give a damn how Ben Casey does it!"
young and pretty as a high school senior, and they get a kick out of the fact that she goes to school. While her daughters are in grammar school, Joan is a sophomore in college.

"But I've the one, I am sure, who has derived the greatest joy from having married young. Because Joan and I had to work hard, had to learn together, grow together, dream together, our marriage is solid. It has withstood the test of time and distance. We were, and still are, the best of friends.

"Only recently I had one of the greatest thrills of my life—our wedding. When I saw her, I knew I was going to be the happiest man in the world. And I was right. I was absolutely certain of it.

"It was a beautiful wedding, held in the beautiful old church. The ceremony was simple, but touching. Joan and I exchanged vows, and then we were married. It was a day we will never forget.

"And now, I want to tell you about our honeymoon. We went to the east coast, and we had a wonderful time. We saw the sites, we visited some of the old places, and we had a lot of fun.

"But the best part of the trip was when we went to see my old friend, George. He had just gotten married, and we went to his wedding. It was a wonderful occasion, and we had a great time.

"And that's why I want to tell you about Joan. She is the best thing that ever happened to me. She is my best friend, and I couldn't imagine life without her. She is my everything. And I love her more and more every day.

"Thank you for listening. I hope you enjoyed the story."

—Nancy Anderson

See Bob on "Hawaiian Eye," ABC-TV, every Wednesday from 9-10 P.M. EDT.

GEORGE & SUSAN

Continued from page 58

reason for the party. It was the reason most of the guests were there.

At about 1 A.M. those near them say that George turned and said something to Susan. Susan stared at his face and, through what looked like her eyes, replied, "Darling, it's only a dance," and she didn't care if she said anything. She doesn't care if she said anything. She doesn't care if she said anything.

A smouldering dark fire, inherited perhaps from her Mexican mother, came to Susan's eyes. But she contained herself. Smiling sweetly she said, "Darling, if you want to dance with her, by all means, dance with her. After all she is the guest of honor."

George again looked back to Sue. He may be that George Hamilton saw in Sue Lyon what nearly all Hollywood is talking about—the remarkable young woman. In one of the most controversial movies ever made, has established herself not only as a fine young actress but an all-around charmer as well. One can not help notice how different Sue Lyon is from Susan Kohner. Both are remarkably poised. Both conduct themselves with grace and dignity. And both were raised in Hollywood. But it's what lies beneath their youthful reserves that begins to show if you look hard and try to understand. Deep down in her heart, those who know her well say; "Susan Kohner is a passionate and turbulent woman even at twenty-five. She's learned how to keep the fires that burn in her at low heat. But keep your eye on her. Someday she's going to let herself go—and watch out!"

With Sue Lyon, Lolita, the emotional undercurrents are as active as they're different. "She exudes a maturity far beyond her teenage years," said one observer. But the Lyon maturity is not the vital part of her that it is of Susan. It doesn't take much looking at Sue Lyon to see that in her depths there bubbles another personality, like an unopened soda bottle whose effervescence has not yet been released.

She's articulate on many subjects, but volunteers little. She appears to be serious, but every once in a while the pert-up girlishness of her teens leaks to the surface in a hardly suppressed smile.

But undoubtedly the most delightful of all Sue's attributes is her radiance, the quick bright light that shines from her eyes and the pony-tail swing of her hair as she turns her head. People who have seen Lolita on the screen and off are never disappointed. She's lovely and young and magnetic. And these days she's the toast of Hollywood.

All this may have occurred to George Hamilton that night he looked at Sue, that night he looked away from Susan Kohner.

And account for what he did next.

How it all began

He got up from his seat beside Susan, walked over to Sue Lyon's table and wriggled his way to her, between two photographers.

"I'm George Hamilton, Sue," he said smoothly. He took her hand and kissed it gently, warmly. Then he asked, "Would you care to dance with me?"

"I'd be delighted," Sue said, understandingly excited at the approach of one of Hollywood's handsomest young bachelors.

They danced. Everybody watched them.
One party-goer said later that George and Sue seemed so taken with each other that George wasn't even aware the photographers were shooting pictures of them.

When the dance ended, George returned Sue to her table, and she went to his. There was no visible resentment on Susan Kohner's part, but she is one of the few women who knows how to keep cool in a fury. Shortly thereafter, Susan and George left the party.

Said Lolita, unknowingly, "end the Kohner-Hamilton romance."

George and Susan deny it vigorously. Neither of them want to talk about the real reasons for the breakup.

But a close friend of Susan says, "That dance George had with Sue Lyon was the dance that broke Susan's heart. It was the last straw. Especially after all the shenanigans she put up with while George was in such close quarters with other girls—for publicity he said, and you know how Princess Soraya needs publicity! Besides, a broken romance is nothing new to Hamilton. He dated and broken-up with heiress Wendy Vanderbilt by the time he was seventeen!"

"It's not George's fault," say the Hamilton buddies, "Susan dated while he was away, too. As a matter of fact she went out with an Army officer pretty steadily. And don't forget it was after that George gave her the ring."

To be completely fair, it must be admitted that both George and Susan had more than once during their romance, "danced out" with others. This seemed a bit peculiar. After all, they were supposed to be in love—weren't they?

However, those close to the couple scoffed at breakup rumors. "Just publicity. You know how it is in our business," one actor friend of George's insisted.

But a friend of Susan's told me something a long time ago which may have been closer to the truth. "It's so hard, this dating and dating and dating with marriage not even in sight. After all, you know, they're only human. And Susan's a very emotional girl. I don't blame her for getting fed up and going out with someone else once in a while. And I certainly don't blame her when she picks up her morning newspaper and sees a picture of George out with someone else. Maybe I'm prejudiced, I don't know. But I'll tell you one thing—Susan sure isn't the kind of girl to give herself completely to one man before she's sure he's the one she'll marry. That's probably why she dated out occasionally."

"But don't get me wrong. George had his problems, too. Maybe I shouldn't tell you this, but I think it will help you understand his predicament.

"One afternoon George, a business associate of his, a few mutual friends and I were sitting in the commissary having coffee. The buddy suggested that George attend a premiere that evening with a young, well-known actress.

"But I've got a date with Susan," George moaned.

"Break it," the agent snapped. "You can see her any time. You've been going with her a long time. haven't you? Your romance has been covered by all the papers and magazines?"

George nodded pathetically. "Well, don't you see? Go out with this actress tonight and all three of you will get a lot of publicity. You know, the what's-wrong-with-the-Hamilton-Kohner-romance routine. Come on, Georgie. Susan won't mind. She'll understand."

"George nodded his head again. 'Susan will understand all right, and that's exactly why she'll still want me,' he sighed."

" 'Let me tell you something, Georgie,' the man went on. 'You need the publicity. You owe it to the people who helped put you where you are. You're twenty-three. How far do you think you've gone? I don't care how well you can act, you'll get no place unless people talk about you."

" 'Now make your choice.'

What price publicity?

"Well, he called her. Of course Susan understood about the publicity. After all, her father's an actor's agent and she grew up in the business. But do you think she felt? Believe me, it hurt her plenty. And don't think it didn't hurt George, too. Those two kids went through plenty."

This incident, this loss of George to the demands of his career, was not the first nor the last of its kind in the Kohner-Hamilton romance.

Susan tried desperately to ignore its obvious implications. Once during an interview, when discussing Susan, George had said, "Susan understands me."

"It was a nice, though unoriginal, thing to say about the girl you profess to love. But what George didn't know then was that Susan understood and more than he realized. Because in a later interview he said something else. And in the remark, uttered in unwitting honesty, Susan saw the heart-breaking truth about the man she loved.

"Passion," George said bluntly, "is too often confused with love." He went on to explain that "real love is so much, much more. It is the 'seeing of life' with the person you cherish above all others, above all things."

A thousand times Susan tried to see the situation from George's side. Few young girls could have done this, but because of her background, her intelligence and long time association with other actors, Susan gave the man she loved complete understanding.

She knew that every man is confronted, at times, with a difficult choice.

What shall it be? Time with the woman he loves? Or time with his career? No man yet has been able to be in two places at once. The best a woman can do, Susan must have told herself, is to determine the frequency with which a man decides in her favor. After all, you can't come up number one all the time.

Some "walk!"

But near the end of a three-year romance Susan was losing more and more often. Shortly after their return from Europe, Susan made it clear that since George had told the world he was going to marry her "someday," she at least had the right to win out over a publicity date once in a while.

George expressed surprise. "I didn't know. I didn't know," he protested. "I thought you understood. You know what we both want. You know . . .

"'C'mon," he said suddenly, "let's walk."
It was more than just a walk. George took Susan to one of the finest jewelers in New York City. They picked out an engagement ring and announced they’d be married by the end of the summer. Then, on their return to Hollywood, George put a down payment on a fabulous twenty-seven-room mansion. His brother was to decorate the house for them.

Susan was so happy she couldn’t stand it. “It’s as though I could go back and find beautiful music every day I have lived,” she told friends.

Susan and George were now seen everywhere together. No more “publicity” dates for George, no more dating anyone else—ever—for Susan.

In the flush of their rejuvenated romance, they excitedly made a second announcement: They would be married on August 19, 1962. Plans were made.

Shortly after the “Lolita” party, however, the Hollywood columns noted that the Kohner-Hamilton wedding would be “delayed.” Four sleepless nights—and five days after the “Lolita” party—Susan gave the ring back.

Photoplay decided there might be a connection between what happened on the night of the party and the news of the postponement. We went right to George and Susan to find out.

George wasn’t specific, but he wasn’t exactly evasive, either.

“It’s put it this way,” he said. “There was nothing wrong in my asking Sue to dance. There was nothing wrong in my kissing her hand. Women enjoy that, it’s one European custom that more American men should adopt and more American women should understand.”

“And there was nothing wrong in my dancing with her, either.”

“As far as marriage is concerned, Susan and I made a simple decision based on the fact that we just had too much doubt in our minds. Maybe we’re too young. Maybe I’m not old enough to be so serious.”

“Besides,” he added with commendable candor, “I like my own life. I’ve been having a lot of fun living it.”

And Susan’s remark proved that, although it had taken her nearly three years, she had at last understood their situation completely. “George is ready for love,” she said, “but he is not ready for marriage.”

At that moment, her hard-earned ability as an actress failed her. She had a difficult time looking George in the eye. “Maybe,” she added, in a quivering attempt to make light of it, “I should have learned how to boil an egg.”

As the situation exists now, the Kohner-Hamilton romance is over. George’s friends blame Susan. Susan’s friends blame George.

But the Hollywood observer may have correctly summed up their tragic situation when he said, “There are some people in this world who would never have been in love if they had never heard the word love.”

—TOM WALL

Susan is in “Freud,” U-I, and George is in “Two Weeks in Another Town,” M-G-M.

BILL HOLDEN

Continued from page 60

man—and he does get tired now and then. And there is a good reason for his tiredness—he does too much. And, at times, he drinks too much.

It’s a rare year, indeed, when Holden doesn’t make at least two movies (which net him close to one million dollars). And surprisingly enough, every time he signs for a film, he declares it is his last. He’s been saying this for a while now.

In addition to his film work, he has investments all over the globe. He owns a diamond mine in South Africa, the Mount Kenya Safari Club in Africa, a restaurant in Kyoto, Japan, a race track in Puerto Rico, a radio station and an apartment house in Hong Kong. Exactly which of these enterprises pay off and which eat up Holden’s money, nobody knows for sure—except his tax accountant. Which brings up another very complex and controversial point about Bill.

William Holden (real name Bill Beedle) is as American as apple pie. He was born in the small Illinois town of O’Fallen, raised in the small city of Pasadena, California. He sang in the church choir and his college choir. He defended his country in World War II, entering the Air Corps as a private and emerging a first lieutenant. Now what could be more American? Only now he is Swiss—by his own choice. He lives with his wife and two sons in a palace of a home on the shores of Switzerland’s Lake Geneva. He comes back to America for visits—but he refuses to live here permanently or make a movie here because of the tax burden. He insists, too, that his sons Peter Westfield Holden (called Wes) and Scott Porter Holden could get a better high school education in Europe than they could here. Well, maybe they could. Right now, Bill is having a little argument with Wes over education. Wes is hell-bent on being an actor; his father wants him to be a lawyer. The row has gone on for months with no end in sight. This fall, Wes, now eighteen, enters Yale—where there happens to be a fine law school and a fine drama school. The younger Holden, Scotty, is sixteen; his destiny unsettled.

As an actor, businessman, father or husband, Holden is a perfectionist. And his trying to be a perfectionist in so many fields worries his friends—because they know what it can do to Bill’s nerves.

One thing about his acting career that really unnerves Bill is that he cannot contain his play. People credit his American Oscar notwithstanding. And so, as a result, he must always play an American in a foreign locale. And making movies in foreign lands is no picnic. The work-week is much longer; often the living conditions are much worse, and the locales are sometimes almost inaccessible. When he recently filmed “The Lion” (which was filmed at his Mount Kenya Safari Club and thereby earned Holden extra money), he

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figured out that he had worked forty Saturdays and thirty-four Sundays in 1961.

The boss answers the bell

And even with the heavy film schedule, Holden was seen at his Mount Kenya Safari Club answering "room service" calls at all hours of the night. He'd fulfill the guest's order and spend more precious sleeping time trying to hunt down the clerk and bawl him out.

Once the most easy-going guy in the world, Bill is losing his temper with increasing quickness these days. He finds it again, almost as quickly—and is very generous with his apologies when he is in the wrong. But the fact that his anger shows at all is proof to worried pals that he is working too hard and doing too much.

Holden once said, "I'm a better business man than actor." Unfortunately, however, he isn't as clever in his business as he is in finding scripts.

The Mount Kenya Safari Club is a case in point. Kenya is hard to get to. It has no mineral or agricultural assets. But there is a lot of nationalist feeling around which means Holden's entire layout might be nationalized at any moment. Yet he and his two associates, oilman Ray Ryan and Swiss industrialist Carl Hirshmann, have poured money into the club. Architecturally, it is an impressive structure of the type of building entirely new to Africa. The club grounds contain the largest swimming pool in East Africa, with a bar built beneath so patrons can watch the swimmers in the water above them.

Originally built as a stumping ground for rich white hunters, hard-driving Bill had to have the Club represent more than that. He told his partners about his idea to establish a public school on the grounds for the employees' children. His partners quickly agreed. There had never been a public school for African children in Kenya before. Immediately, it was packed with the youngsters of the Club's two hundred employees, plus every other child who could possibly get there.

The kids soon found it wasn't easy. They had to master much more than reading and writing. They had to live up to standards of personal cleanliness that are even stricter than those in America. Like their employee-parents, they had to learn to wear shoes. The employees had to give up their native dress for uniforms, so many of the kids learned to wear their parents' old uniforms. But such disciplines cost management money, and so far the Mount Kenya Club hasn't netted much cash—and nationalism could make them lose everything.

One would imagine that Holden's love of hunting led to the Safari Club. But the crazy part is that he doesn't do like playing the great white hunter. While he has gone out on safari many times, he has never shot for trophies. There are no mounted animals in any of his homes, except the horns from an animal Wes shot. Bill says, "I'm not critical of people who shoot for trophies, but I'd rather leave the animals alone." Actually he regards himself as a conservationist. It frets him that if the various African colonies achieve freedom, the various herds may lose protection. This bothers him because it would be so inefficient and he has a passion for efficiency in everything. On the set he always knows his lines, and anyone in the cast who doesn't merit a bowing out from him, in the Safari Club, one day, he saw that the bar curtains were crooked. He just about bit off the head of the man responsible.

His loyalties run deep

But on the other hand, Bill can be very kind, even indulgent. Take the hiring of France Nuyen for "Satan Never Sleeps." As you may recall, after several weeks of shooting, France Nuyen was dismissed from "The World of Suzy Wong" in which she was co-starring with Bill. The real reason for her dismissal has never been given out, but certainly her career has been in the doldrums since. She is still under contract to 20th, but they have only used her a couple of times in the last two years in small TV roles. Then, suddenly, this
year, she turned up as Bill's leading woman in "Satun Never Sleeps," and was delightful in the demanding role.

You can't get Bill to admit that he asked for France any more than you can get him to admit today, twenty-four years after the starting date of "Golden Boy," he still sends roses to Barbara Stanwyck. In France's case, Bill has final say-so as to his co-star. In Barbara's case, he knows it was because of her say-so that he, a complete unknown, got the "Golden Boy" lead. It was the film that launched her; the very fact of where he may be, yellow roses from him reach Barbara, to say he remembers.

His devotion to his wife has the same unpublicized and deep foundation. They were married in 1941 and Ardis Anker (known then on screen as Brenda Marshall), had a three-year-old daughter by her previous marriage. Today, that daughter, Virginia, is a major professional model, living very much on her own in New York. Bill loves Virginia like a father. He always indulged her, but now he admires her for her independence.

As for his wife, there has never been any question of any other woman in Bill's life, or any other man in hers. Ardis, as she is known to friends, follows him on his location junkets. She rarely goes to any of them when the pictures are just starting, and seldom stays till the tedious end of shooting. But apparently, she has accepted the fact that this is her husband's way of life, and if she is to share his life, she must accept this restless roving.

Sometimes, you may argue, is no more than a wife's duty, but don't get any idea it is any bed of roses. For example, when Bill was making "The Bridge on the River Kwai," he was quartered, as were the other stars, the director, and producer, in one small house in Kitzelga, Ceylon. The temperature was never below ninety—and the humidity was horrible.

The house had five bedrooms and one bath. The food they served—kept them alive—but that was all. Ardis, who is naturally elegant and sophisticated, moved gracefully even in these surroundings. During the days there was absolutely nothing to do and no place to go. Like the other "location wives" of Hollywood, she knew her husband was totally absorbed in his acting during the day and by night too tired to talk.

So, many location jaunts are no barrel of laughs for a worldly lady like Ardis.

He'll try anything!

His wife's case is further complicated by the fact that between location jaunts, Bill goes traveling. He simply can not stay "put." He has to try everything once and go everywhere once.

In Europe, Bill drives his Rolls Royce too fast. In Kenya, he runs his jeep at an incredible speed. In Hollywood, he has developed a mania and drives too fast. He has finally given up his plane—which he used to fly too fast. Right now he will not content himself until he has mastered parachute jumping and visited the Vale of Kashmir, which is just about the only place on earth he has never been.

"We only pass this way once," Bill says, defending his punctual starriness of his, "and I want to see and hear and feel and smell as much of life as I possibly can." His unquenchable thirst for adventure has made him try lion taming, riding bucking broncos and steers. He always does his own stunts in pictures, and years ago when director Josh Logan was afraid to let him jump aboard a moving train, Bill terrified him by jumping out of the window of Logan's eighth-floor hotel room, deftly managing to catch the sill in flight. Why? He had to prove to Logan he could do his own stunts.

And eat anything!

Food-wise, he stops at nothing and has—eaten for the sheer sensation of it—everything from red ants to monkey's brains. This writer watched him one day in Ceylon during the shooting of "Kwa'i." He was watching the natives chewing betel nut. Suddenly there was Bill, getting some "beetie" as the natives call it, and chewing away on it. From the look on his face, it was very plain that he found it horrible, but he kept on with it for at least a half hour before he spat it out.

Bill is, by anyone's standards—including his own—a good drinker. Sometimes too good! In spite of his hepatitis attack (after which patients are warned by doctors not to drink), alcohol remains one of Bill's favorite sources of relaxation. And he uses it accordingly but never drinks when he is working.

Those who know Holden are worried about one thing; the fact that whatever he does—whether it be work or play—he does too hard. When a man passes forty—and Bill has—this kind of steady piling on boys is heating him up.

There was a time before the war when Holden was very much a social being. He was a prime mover in the Screen Actors Guild. He became a member of the Veterans' Affairs Committee and worked hard placing actors at various studios after their Army stints. He served on the Permanent Charters Committee of the Motion Picture Industry Council. He was a delegate from the Screen Actors Guild to the AFL convention fighting for actors' rights. He went on special lecture tours with his pal, George Murphy, on behalf of the movie business. He also kept up a regular schedule of appearances at Veterans' hospitals.

Now, however, he seems to have completely moved away from these social attitudes. In Europe, he seldom goes to any parties and he and Ardis seldom give any. Their glorious yacht lies idle, at anchor, near their home. They seldom use it. Bill is either in Hong Kong (where he maintains an apartment) or in Tokyo, or on location somewhere in school, his daughter is in New York and Ardis—well, Ardis tries to be with all of them as often as she can.

Maybe all this makes Bill Holden ideally happy. In the worldly sense, it should. He's had everything. He's having everything. And he earned it all for himself.

As for Bill's health—the answer is a big IF. If he can learn to get used to being a man in action, if he doesn't touch alcohol (not even a drop!), if he smartens up and discovers the golden mean—he'll remain a star for years. If not, there's no telling what will happen.

—RUTH WATERBURY

optimistic. Without a stop or without a safe port in which three years mean the whole life, it may well be that on the next occasion the whole life will increasingly shorten to not more than one year or maybe a year and a half—if everything is all right.

The new whole life appears to have almost officially started. There remain here and there small coquetries of a substantially absurd decency.

And your poor children: those who are your true children and the one who was taken away from an honest institution. At least, if nature does not allow you to have any more, you should avoid asking around to transform them into half orphans, orphans of live fathers and of mothers who marry a second, a third and a fourth time.

"But don't these institutions (adoption agencies) think before handing children to somebody? Don't they request moral references?"

"In Italy such institutions are very demanding and they do very well. They do not let themselves be seduced by money or fame, but go to the bone and control the entire family of the people."

"They are capable of refusing a child to a whimsical princess and to hand the child instead to a countryside housewife who has a clean conscience in line with the rules."

"Because these children need an honored name more than a famous name, a serious mother more than a beautiful mother, a stable father more than a newcomer who risks being dismissed."

"Was it not better to enthrall this girl to an honest bricklayer and to a modest housewife rather than to you, my dear lady, and to your fourth ex-husband? The housewife and the bricklayer would have worked harder and would have seriously made sacrifices for their child. You, instead, have other things to do."

(signed) XY"
Frank took a long look at the waiting musicians. "All right," he said warily, "The 'Squealin' Parrot'—long may it squawk." Though tone deaf, Frank was sure the kids didn't like the "Squealin' Parrot."

It took another session (at $600 for Vince) to get "Oh Babe" and "Why Did You Leave Me" on wax. In the meantime, Vince had borrowed over $2,000 from Frank—mostly at the race track. And after gathering in his publishing rights and getting the records pressed, Frank found the four sides had cost him over $12,000. He wasn't sure he liked the odds in this business. He knew he couldn't afford a whole album with the unknown Edwards. He quit at four sides—two records.

You must know Frank Russell to understand how he could continue to help Vince after that experience. He is a dynamic, normally shrewd young man of forty. He had made—and lost—a million three times over and he devotes himself to the idea that it is to be used, not saved. He also devotes himself in people and ponies. He has a stable of twelve ponies. And although you wouldn't call people a stable, exactly, he is considered a man of exceptional talent and pouring money into perfecting both the talent and the person. Frank Russell is one part Horatio Alger, one part Andrew Mellon, and one part young Mike Todd. Now, maybe, you can understand his continuing friendship with Vince.

"I could see that to Vince there had to be a great talent," he said. "And under those conditions, Vince was a pleasant, likable boy. He needed help so I helped him. And he worked. Believe me. He took those records out and practically pushed them from record shop to record shop. We both went on the Larry Finley show and I was embarrassed when he turned me into his musical godfather in front of the camera. A disc jockey could sneeze in his direction and the titles of those two records popped out of his mouth. But then," Frank hesitated, "he did it again. That ego.

"On the Larry Finley show everybody—the toppers—mouth the lyrics while the record makes the noise. The show couldn't stand the budget of bands and clearances. Nor do the singers want to chance a mistake. But that meant nothing to my boy."

"Where's the orchestra?" demanded Finley. "I sing live," answered Finley, "I sing live," persisted Finley, the unknown.

"You think you're better than Sammy Davis, Jr.?” muttered Larry. "He mouthed."

"I won't do it," pronounced the unperturbed Vince.

It was too late to switch singers, so Mr. Finley's budget was upped by four musicians who accompanied Vince on "As Time Goes By." For his own recordings, he finally agreed to mouth the lyrics.

The records didn’t click. Frank put them on the shelf and went about his many businesses. Vince’s artistic temperament had soured him on helping Vince professionally. But as a friend and mentor, Frank continued to help him personally and financially. In fact, he took him home to dinner one night.

"The Man Who Came to Dinner" was a piker, Frank laughed, remembering, "I took Vince to my mother's home for two weeks at Christmas. He was lonely, broke, and he needed people. I must say he was a pleasant surprise. All three of mother's boys had grown up and left home. So Vince became No. 4 son. Oh, not for the two weeks—but for two-and-a-half years! And I don't think just because it was free. I think he honestly likes mother and enjoyed living there. But it was free.

**Vince—her #4 son!**

"Mother adored him and he got the same son treatment we three had. Vince is extremely likable and very much the gentleman. He's also clean living, not a drinker and not a loud-mouth. It was also nice for my mother to have someone in the house at night, and Vince was almost always in by 10:30 or 11. And his being there kept Mother from getting any ideas that the rest of us neglected her. He took her to dinner occasionally. And after he started steady-dating Sherry Nelson, she not only had a new son but she was fond of him. He really looked to be part of Vince's life and to mother him. She's still as thrilled about his success as if he were her #4 son."

But there was still a time to go before Vince became Dr. Ben Casey, within three-month period in 1959. Frank loaned Vince a total of $4,900. "He needed a lot of help—and a friend. And he needed desperately to get out of debt. And," Frank added, "what are you going to do when you're standing with a thousand fresh from a winner in your hand and a guy walks up and says, 'C'mon, Frank, let me win, too. Just $200.' What are you going to do?"

"Sometimes it takes a couple of times around for me to get the point." Frank admitted sadly. "When we were doing the sessions I gave Vince the $700 cash to pay the musicians. I never should have done it. To Vince, folding money is for the track. He lost. So I had to pay them twice."

"Another time. I got an unexpected bill from a photographer for some new pictures of Vince. What are these for?" I asked him.

"We need publicity stills for the records," Vince explained.

"Like a dunce," Frank sighed. "I gave him the money to pay the bill. The next month I got the bill again. Vince never paid it."

So Frank Russell certainly thought he knew Vince Edwards. He had seen and accepted the dark sides of his nature—his aggressive arrogance about his talents—his unorthodox blind attitude toward money. But he firmly believes that when the chips were down, Vince would play fair. Because, with the exception of those two faults, Frank still thinks Vince is one of the nicest, most charming fellas alive. Frank thought of re-releasing the records.
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Odd Balls

Continued from page 33

“After all, has she got so much I should take away her pleasure? Has her Sidney got a wife with talent and good looks and such a way of managing money besides? Sidnie Mann, at least, cannot afford to let his... he is a rich fellow, and does he have a butler, a maid? One day a week a cleaning girl, that’s all. The money—it must pour out through his wife’s fingers like water, they’ve got nothing to show for it. His mama must be miserable in her heart. So—if it gives her happiness—let her think what she wants.”

“Of course, Mama,” I said. Then I gave the phone to Aaron, because I was crying.

That’s all of the story, except for one postscript. Recently Mama paid us another visit. This time Aaron took her down to the TV studios to watch him filming, and while he was working, Dick Powell came over to say hello to Mama. Mama pulled herself to her full height, gave him a cold look and said nary a word. Dick was astonished, and when Aaron heard about it he was flabbergasted. “Mama,” he said, “I’ve heard of people going Hollywood, but to snub a nice guy like Dick Powell!”

“You should have seen the way he came over and started talking to me,” Mama said indignantly. “While you were working—Didn’t you tell me a dozen times not to talk on the set, it costs thousands of dollars to shoot a scene over if it gets spoiled? After all, Aaron—you think I have no understanding of money?”

Story #2: Deborah Walley

During my second year at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, I shared a tiny apartment with another girl. When summer came and the term ended, she
took off for a few months with a stock company. I was left all alone.

It was a very hot summer. All over the streets and subways big signs said, "New York is a Summer Festival." To me, New York was a Summer Wasteland. It seemed as if almost everyone I knew had gone away. The few who were left were too wilted by the heat to get together. I decided that if I could sublet the apartment I would go away too.

I put an ad in the paper. No one came. Most New Yorkers realized, I suppose, that apartment was no fun in the summer heat; the wide open windows let in dust and soot and the fumes and rumbles of passing trucks—everything but air.

Then one day, when I had given up hope of renting the place, the phone rang. A man with the most beautiful speaking voice I had ever heard was on the other end, asking about the apartment. I described it. When I had finished, he said, "Are you an actress?"

"How did you know?" I demanded.

"I can tell by your voice," he said. "I can tell by your voice." He described my face, my coloring, even my size. The things he said were so accurate I was stunned.

"What do you do?" I asked when I got my breath back.

"I'm a writer," he said. "I'm working on a play. That's why I'm interested in a nice place to live where I can work. Your apartment is quiet, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," I lied. "At least, the living room is." I knew that five minutes in the apartment would prove it was anything but quiet, but I didn't care. I wanted to meet him. We made an appointment for him to look at the apartment, and hung up.

He came the next day. I should tell you what he looked like, but I can't. Not completely, although I saw him many times. I do not, for example, know how tall he was, what color his eyes were, whether he was thin or heavy. All I was conscious of, the first time and every time thereafter, was the most stunning head of white, black hair imaginable. And that wonderful voice, so resonant and clear despite the fact that he must have been well into his seventies.

The moment he walked into the apartment he must have known I'd brought him over for nothing. But he didn't reproach me. He looked around, compli-
FRED ROBBINS

interviews PAM TIFFIN

Fred: You know, Pam, a lot has happened since I saw you on the set of “One, Two, Three” in Munich.

Pam: Mmmm, quite a bit. And so far I'm very pleased. The pictures I've been in have been successful ones, and good ones, I guess. I'm very lucky to begin this way. Who knows what horrible pictures I may be doing some day?

Fred: I remember in Munich you told me you weren't sure you wanted to continue your career as an actress.

Pam: Well, I still feel tentative about it, because each picture is a completely different experience. I've learned a lot and I've had many wonderful times, but I do know that there can be a lot of heartbreak and problems, too.

Fred: Speaking of heartbreak and problems, what do you, as a new young actress, think about the explosion of publicity on Liz and Eddie and Burton?

Pam: Well, of course, I don't know any of the people involved, but I do know that there are many pressures on an actress. You're constantly prodded to show your emotions and your thoughts, and if you do it under very trying circumstances it can really wear you out. I can understand that Elizabeth Taylor may have behaved the way she did because she has so many pressures on her. She's obviously an exceptional person in so many ways, so she must have certain distinct needs as a woman. And she must find a man to meet those needs. But there's another thing I must say, that I don't trust all the publicity, either. I was accused of breaking up the marriage of Jose Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney. Nothing could have been more untrue. So you just can't believe everything you read about people in the public eye. Of course, it is sad to see a marriage break up. But I'm sure Liz knows what she's doing.

Pam's in “Champagne Flight” for M-G-M, and Fred Robbins can be heard daily on radio's “Assignment Hollywood.”

all. I had no way to reach him, no way to find out what had happened.

Summer finally came to an end. My roommate and my friends came home; life resumed its normal course. Katinka, grown big and beautiful and happy, you can imagine how it was, to some extent; perhaps his wonderful stories were lies; perhaps Lois' playing was not as lovely as it had seemed; perhaps the plays were not as exciting and real as I had thought.

But I can't quite believe that. I keep hoping that the phone will ring and I'll hear that strong, warm voice again. I keep expecting that one afternoon I'll open my door and Katinka will dash past me to rub against his legs. And that a huge bag of groceries will tumble into my arms once more.

So far, it has not happened. But—maybe next summer.

STORY #3: GEORGE MAHARIS

I can't tell you his right name. Let's call him Burt Stevens, which is close enough. But I can tell you I'll never forget him. He changed my whole outlook on life.

I met Burt about seven years ago, at a party. At first I hardly noticed him at all, but he noticed me. He noticed I seemed arrogant and pushy, which I was. But someone told him I was having a rough time, struggling to become an actor. When he heard that, right away he was my friend and benefactor. Out of nowhere he showed up at my side and asked me if I needed money. I said sure I did, I always needed money.

"I'll lend you some," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

He shook his head and said, "I just will.

I thought he was nuts, I went off and asked people about him. They told me he was rich, that he came from a well-to-do family in the Midwest, and that he liked to help kids who needed it. They told me he had sent one of Alger Hiss's kids through medical school—and stuff like that.

I took a closer look at him, and I could see a lot of things. Class stuck out all over him. Dress this guy in dirty blue jeans and a torn sweater, and you'd still know right away that he came from a "good" home. Drop him in the middle of a crummy neighborhood (and it so happened the apartment he lived in was only six blocks from my walk-up) and the first store he went into, the clerk would automatically call him "Sir." Talk to him about anything—the weather—baseball scores—and still the vocabulary and the pronunciation he used would tell you, the man was educated. Put him in a beat-up jalopy and you'd sense he had toured Europe in limousines. The guy had everything.

I looked at him and I thought, Maharis, you can work your ears off all your life and maybe you'll get somewhere, but you'll never have what this guy has—

because you weren't born to it. I thought, even if I bought a two-hundred-dollar suit and drove around in a Cadillac, anyone with half an eye would know I came to imitation, to thought, to really make it, to be really special and happy, you have to have what Burt Stevens has—the background of the blood, the advantages. I didn't have them and I never could have them. And so it seemed to me that nothing was ever going to be worth while.

I was really bitter. Naturally, I turned down Burt's dough, and when he tried to be friendly to me in other ways, I wouldn't have any.

He must have understood what was going on inside me even better than I did. Because then he did what was probably the kindest thing anyone ever did for me in my whole life.

He told me he was an alcoholic.

He surprised me. This great gentleman was a secret, steady drinker. He lived alone in New York because his family had thrown him out. The reason he tried to help kids without money was that he had no one of his own to give affection to. His wife had divorced him and he had no children. He was all alone in the world, sick and lonely. I didn't know how to talk to people. He believed he had no real friends.

Maybe you think that's a funny kind of gift to give someone who's pretty down and out himself—to tell him your troubles. But it was the best kind of help Burt could give me. He took all the self-pity out of me. I looked at Burt and saw that he was worse off than I was—he didn't have his youth and his health and the world ahead of him the way I did. He had all the advantages I thought you had to have if you were going to be happy, and yet I was better off than he was. He showed me that security and success and happiness depend only on what you are yourself.

After that, things changed for both of us. We were really able to help one another. I stopped being too proud to take a loan from him. I relaxed and let him teach me some of the philosophy and history he'd learned in school and in his travels. In return, I was able to help him find a new direction for his life. He respected me because I was young and strong and seemed to know what I wanted. He listened when I told him I thought his real vocational talent was teaching. I got him to a job in a school for underprivileged children, where he could share his education—instead of just his money—with people who needed it. He could help himself while helping them.

Naturally, our paths separated after a while, but we still keep in touch, we still are friends. I'm proud of him for the way he's learned to communicate with people, and he's proud of me for fulfilling my ambition and becoming a working actor. I suppose I'm not alone in finding Burt unforgettable. I guess you could find a lot of people who remember him for putting them through school. Or lending them money. Or teaching them in the settlement house.

But I bet I'm the only guy in the world who remembers him because he confessed to me that he was a drunk. And I bet I'm the one who's most grateful, too.
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Marilyn Monroe

## HOLLYWOOD THIS MONTH

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... I will always remember Marilyn as a beautiful, exciting star who believed in entertaining moviegoers the best way she knew... by being a woman.

R. Ross
St. Louis, Missouri

... Recently I read an article written by a Hollywood columnist who said the trouble with Hollywood is that the stars throw their lives open to the public and unglamorize themselves. It's too bad Marilyn was so human as to have problems. All she meant to most people was money in the bank. Hollywood has no heart—just a big fat dollar sign. As for me, I liked Marilyn Monroe. I understood her as well as anyone could who didn't actually know her, and I feel a great personal loss... I'm only sorry that I didn't get "fired-up" enough sooner to let Marilyn know I was her friend.

G. Frazer
The Dalles, Oregon

... I'm grateful to real men like Joe DiMaggio who knew Marilyn as few—if any—of her detractors really knew her and who remained by her side until the very end. Joe DiMaggio has always been a particular idol of mine, but I do not believe he has ever stood higher in the hearts of all Americans than he does now. Joe's compassion, his undoubted loyalty and true love for Marilyn demonstrates as no words could the virtues of loyalty, unfailing devotion and humility. I extend to Joe DiMaggio the grateful thanks and appreciation of one of his fans who admired the manner in which he conducted himself during the tragic hours of Marilyn's funeral.

Bill Harrington
Lexington, Kentucky

LITTLE BOY LOST

What's been happening to Bob Wagner's career? He's such a grand actor. He has great appeal, a sensitive face which gathers your sympathy and emotions...

Mrs. G. Melhaf
Portland, Oregon

Bob is living abroad these days, but will soon be seen in Columbia's "The War Lover" and 20th's "The Condemned of Altona."—Ed.

OLD TIME GRATITUDE TO HEDDA HOPPER:

... We oldtime movie fans are grateful for Hedda Hopper's news of our long-ago favorites. I think, in all seriousness, the movie bosses are kidding themselves. They forget that, in the long run, the public picks its own stars. We are shown a movie starring some ham, whose charm eludes us. This, they tell us, is a STAR. But Clark Gable had the quality, so did Gary Cooper. And we fans knew it. We know that those days are gone, but it's nice to remember the times when movies had some glamour. One final word. I know Miss Hopper was a friend of Marion Davies. Back in 1926, a close friend of mine was doing extra work at M-G-M. She was a young girl at the time. As it happened, she fell in with the wrong sort of people, and found herself in trouble. Somehow or other, Marion Davies heard about the situation. She saw to it that the girl's hospital bills were paid and that she had enough money to go back home. This girl later married a fine man. All this happened long ago, but the great kindness of Marion Davies was never forgotten in our family.

J. F. Travers
St. Louis, Missouri

LOWER THE BOONE

Some people are downing Pat Boone because his roles are changing. If you'll think back a little, these same people complained because he refused to kiss his leading lady on the screen and called him a "Goody-Goody." This just goes to show that you can't please some people. Anyone who can't distinguish Pat Boone the Guy from Pat Boone the Actor should just stay away from his movies—and quit their griping.

P. Trainer
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania

(Continued on page 6)

The editors and staff of Photoplay join Marilyn Monroe's fans in mourning the loss of a never-to-be-forgotten Hollywood star. She left a legacy of beauty. —Ed.
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LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT
Embassy; Director, Sidney Lumet, Producer, Ely Landau (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Katharine Hepburn, Dean Stockwell, Ralph Richardson.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? One day in 1912 sums up an actor's family: angry, loving, desperately sick, greatly gifted.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The stage portrait that the late Eugene O'Neill drew of his own family (under other names) becomes a strange, totally absorbing movie. All four principals (Jason Robards, Jr. is the fourth) give full meaning and strength to endless words probing painfully deep.

IF A MAN ANSWERS
U.I. Eastman Color; Director, Henry Levin; Producer, Ross Hunter (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Sandra Dee, Bobby Darin, Micheline Presle, Stefanie Powers.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Mama's very French hints on husband-management get an eager American girl into a domestic tangle.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It's the younger generation's turn to try one of those respectable sexy comedies, set in a dream world full of romance (and money). You may call Bobby a junior Cary Grant now. He outdresses his wife; but Sandra, of course, is more decorative. And Stefanie obviously enjoys playing wolf.

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT
Columbia; Director, Ralph Nelson; Producer, David Susskind (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Anthony Quinn, Jackie Gleason, Mickey Rooney, Julie Harris.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? At his career's end, a punch-drunk fighter is pulled two ways by his manager and by a social worker.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A prize-winner on TV, this heavy drama has not been translated into movie terms with much skill—except in the powerful performances of film veterans Quinn and Rooney. Julie is stuck with an implausible role, and Gleason's presence recalls how well a similar story was done in "The Hustler."

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM
M-G-M; Cinerama, Technicolor; Director, Henry Levin, George Pal; Producer, George Pal (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom, Karl Boehm, Yvette Mimieux.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? In Germany of 150 years ago, a writer neglects his family work to collect immortal fairy tales.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Skipping the more sinister and scary of the Grimm fables, this huge-screen spectacle spins a small, gentle tale of family devotion and childlike imagination. Laurence's voice is pleasing; settings are lovely, though the process still isn't technically perfect.

THE CHAPMAN REPORT
Warner; Technicolor; Director, George Cukor; Producer, Richard D. Zanuck (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Janet Fonda, Shelley Winters, Claire Bloom.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A survey of feminine sexual behavior reveals hidden crises or emotion in an apparently placid suburb.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The appealing case tackles the filmed best-seller with all the intensity due an important subject. Apart from welcome comedy by Ty Hardin and Glynis Johns, sex is made to look so grim that you wonder why it's popular. Oddly, the movie ends actually apologizing for itself. (Continued on page 10)
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**KID GALAHAD**
UA; De-Luxe Color; Director, Phil Karlson; Producer, David Weisbart (Family)

**WHO'S IN IT?** Elvis Presley, Lola Albright, Gig Young, Joan Blackman.

**WHAT'S IT ABOUT?** A new recruit to the fight game finds that his conniving manager is mixed up with racketeers.

**WHAT'S THE VERDICT?** Easy-going musical melodrama that plays down the fisticuffs and plays up the songs and the love stuff instead. It's pretty mild compared to the old movie of the same title, but at least Elvis' hero has a refreshing attitude, unimpressed by prize-ring glamour. Joan and Lola are quite likable co-heroinés.

---

**A KIND OF LOVING**
Governor: Director, John Schlesinger; Producer, Joseph Janni (Adult)

**WHO'S IN IT?** Alan Bates, June Ritchie, Thora Hird.

**WHAT'S IT ABOUT?** Marrying in haste, a restless young man and his immature wife have to grope for real adulthood.

**WHAT'S THE VERDICT?** An English-factory-town, shown in harshly candid style, is the setting; but the warmly created people will seem so familiar, wherever you live, that you'll long to give advice to June and Alan (the fugitive in "Whistle Down the Wind"). As in actual life, in-laws on both sides play a vital part.

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**PRESSURE POINT**
UA; Director, Hubert Cornfield; Producer, Stanley Kramer (Adult)

**WHO'S IN IT?** Sidney Poitier, Bobby Darin, Peter Falk, Carl Benton Reid.

**WHAT'S IT ABOUT?** As prison psychiatrist, a Negro struggles for professional detachment in treating an American Nazi.

**WHAT'S THE VERDICT?** This earnest, talkative drama seems to have fine intentions, but it isn't clear exactly what they are. While Bobby manages to achieve a chilling portrait of a dangerous madman (at times even pathetic), Sidney is handicapped by the script, which tells us nothing about his character's past history.

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**YOJIMBO**
Seneca International; Director, Akira Kurosawa; Japanese Dialogue, English Titles (Family)

**WHO'S IN IT?** Toshiro Mifune, Isuzu Yamada, Takashi Shimura, Tatsuya Nakadai.

**WHAT'S IT ABOUT?** Rival gambler gangs have a 19th Century Japanese town terrorized—till a swordsman shows up.

**WHAT'S THE VERDICT?** A gorgeous, lusty yarn that's both satisfying adventure and hilarious satire on standard melodramas. As a wandering samurai, the magnificent Mifune has sword—will travel. No private eye or Untouchable ever bounced back from gorier beatings than he takes. The acting is true; camera work beautiful.

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**ALMOST ANGELS**
Buena Vista; Technicolor; Director, Steve Previn; Producer, Walt Disney (Family)

**WHO'S IN IT?** Vincent Winter, Denis Gilmore, Sean Scully, Peter Week.

**WHAT'S IT ABOUT?** Music, fun, heartaches shared by the kids in the famous Vienna Boys' Choir.

**WHAT'S THE VERDICT?** Against picturesque European scenery, a thoroughly engaging bunch of youngsters puts life into a quiet and at times awkward movie. Chunky Vincent (once the smaller tyke in "The Little Kidnappers"), handsome Sean and freckled Denis hold our sympathy, and the choir charms our ears.

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**PHAEDRA**
UA; Producer-Director, Jules Dassin (Adult)

**WHO'S IN IT?** Melina Mercouri, Anthony Perkins, Raf Vallone, Elizabeth Erck.

**WHAT'S IT ABOUT?** Hopeless passion entraps the wife of a Greek multimillionaire and her young stepson.

**WHAT'S THE VERDICT?** Vaguely inspired by the Greek play of the classical age, this modern love tragedy at least plunges into its emotional whirlpool with old-fashioned abandon (as Tony's character ironically remarks). But Melina's "Never on Sunday" gusto is missing, and Raf's too attractive to have a straying wife.
FIND THE GIRL WITH THE PROBLEM SKIN. HINT: SHE’S WEARING MAX FACTOR’S NEW ONE-STEP MEDICATED FASHION MAKE-UP

PURE MAGIC

Clothes designed by Toni Owen

FOUNDATION, MATTE FINISH AND MEDICATION IN ONE

New Pure Magic fools the eye with the sleekest, smartest kind of coverage. It slips on like a smooth new complexion, clearing blemishes from sight instantly.

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Sex and Your Perspiration

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work, heat, or exercise; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement. It's the kind that comes at moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. Doctors say that this "sex perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It comes from bigger, more powerful glands — and this is the kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "sex perspiration"?
A. Science says you need a deodorant specifically formulated to overcome offensive "sex perspiration" odor. And now it's here ... ARRID CREAM with exclusive Perstop®. Perstop® makes ARRID so effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of Perstop®. Gentle ARRID gives you the extra protection you need. ARRID CREAM stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Protect your pretty dresses with ARRID CREAM Deodorant.

Proved the most effective deodorant you can buy.

New ARRID fortified with Perstop® used daily, stops underarm dress stains, stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM today!

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Use ARRID To Be Sure!

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TAPE to TYPE

FRED ROBBINS
interviews Don Murray

Fred: Your marriage to Hope Lange broke up, Don. What do you think there is about Hollywood marriages that so many break up?
Don: First I'll tell you what I think makes someone become an actor. Anyone who becomes involved in an art form and takes it as an art form, not just as a business, becomes dedicated. He doesn't just do his work—he is his work. Also, if anyone goes into the art form it usually means that in some way he is dissatisfied with life as he sees it and wants to rearrange it. So you get people in Hollywood who are a little bit different because they want to change. And then you take two of these people who are moving against the currents of life and you join them in marriage. Then you've got two restless souls constantly in turbulence. Not only that, but when you and your wife come home from the studio at night, you're both exhausted from the emotion you've expended all day and you're bound to have friction. I don't mean career friction, jealousy, where you vie for being the most important star. When people are dedicated that doesn't matter. Being a star is like the dessert. But the meat is the work itself. I think it's very difficult for two artists to live together. I know what I want now. When I come home I want my wife to greet me with a big smile, and I want to discuss my problems, if I choose to and not discuss them if I choose not to. I don't want to deal with anyone else's artistic problems. I know this may sound selfish, but that's the way it is.

Fred: Don, do you mean that a working actor shouldn't marry a working actress?
Don: Well, I'm not saying shouldn't. Some make a go of it. And they deserve all the happiness they get.

Fred: Don, you're going to marry Betty Johnson soon. Is she a working actress?
Don: No! She's going to be a working housewife!
A. This fall, red fashions are in a blue mood, and Pond's creamy new lipsticks keep right in tone. Delicate Blue Pink and bright Blue Plum. 39¢ and 79¢*

B. For the life of your hairset, use Breckset. This fragrant pink setting lotion keeps curls springy for days. Eight oz. plastic squeeze bottle, $1.00*

C. Don't suffer with aching, tired feet. Soothe them instead with Pretty Feet—the velvety, white lotion that erases pump bumps and callouses. 4 oz., $1.50*

D. A wardrobe of powder puffs for every beauty need come hygienically packaged by Victoria Vogue. Both foam and velvets puffs in several sizes cost 10¢ to 39¢.

E. What is so rare as a perfect makeup? Noxzema has it—Cover Girl Matte foundation and powder is antiseptic, medicated and fashion right. 4 shades, $1.50*
This reporter was among the more-than-a-hundred newsmen and photoggers assigned to cover Marilyn Monroe's finale in Westwood, California. The editors at the N. Y. Mirror, the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, the San Diego Union and the Arizona Journal (Phoenix), among the papers in which my daily col'm appears, told me to wire (Continued on page 16)
“It’s Raining Roses”

Rich, radiant “Mad About Rose”          Pale, provocative “Oh So Pink”

“Mad About Rose” is a vibrant rose that makes you an American beauty. “Oh So Pink” is a romantic rose that’s pale but oh, so provocative!

Cutex brings you both in moisture-drenched lipsticks that stay on so beautifully...and in sparkling, anti-chip polishes that dry in a twinkling to a long-lasting “salon finish.”

By Oleg Cassini, these new rose tones are the sheerest, clearest flattery ever! Because they were created just for Cutex by the man who designs such flattering fashions for America’s most glamorous women. Pick one of these fresh roses for yourself and see!
"sidelights." The reporters for the wire services, of course, would handle "the story.

The first "sidelight" I picked up came from Bill Alexander, proprietor of "The Mart," a shop in Beverly Hills.

"I have," he announced, "Marilyn's very last autograph!"

He displayed a crowded-with-movie-signatures album and pointed out MM's.

"How do you know," we challenged, "that the one she gave you was her last?"

"Because," he said, "George Cukor, who directed her last film (the one she never finished because she was fired for being so tardy) told me Marilyn hadn't been anywhere—or out of her house—since a week ago today.

"Meaning, the day of her funeral."

Mr. Alexander then asked for mine. I told him I wouldn't do that at a funeral. That all of us on the papers had complained about autographers doing that. He got the message and put away his album.

Then he disclosed another sidelight I rated good copy:

"She spent $200 in my store," said Alexander, "most of it for a large table. When she asked me the price of a tapestry I told her $68. Marilyn started bargaining.

"Can't you make it $50?" he says she said. "You know I am out of a job now."

I told Mr. Alexander that Marilyn must've been clowning. Despite the fables in the gazettes about her "being broke," she reportedly wound up with $1,500,000 from her big smash "Some Like It Hot."

That was her "take-home" via wages and a hefty percentage. Because of good counsel from a new Brains Dept. I can recall the time (not too many years ago) when her weekly wage at 20th Century-Fox was $700. Many of her films then were ticket-sellers. I told her and DiMaggio (her groom at the time) that I couldn't understand the studio not tearing up the contract and doubling her fee.

At 20th's Executive Commissary (where I often enjoyed a free lunch), I mentioned it. To my amazement—and to Marilyn's—20th gave her a new deal with prettier pelf.

My Hollywood outlet gummed up the final paragraph in the sidelights.

So here it is again—for the record.

"James Bacon, AP's Star in Movietown, was the only newsman to see Marilyn in the casket. His ruse: He picked up a large basket of flowers someone sent—and delivered' it to the chapel.

"She looked," Bacon told me, 'ten years younger'."

The proofreaders credited that quote to Mr. Alexander, the storekeeper. When I saw it in the paper, I groaned. At any rate, let's get onto the next paragraph about Marilyn.

She once did something I cannot im-
agric any other female doing. My office in Girltown is Clark Gable's former undressing room. It is opposite the spacious suite Marilyn had. I was semi-dozing in the car outside the "Stars Bldg." (with the convertible top down), prettifying myself in the 3 P.M. sun.

A soft-as-a-baby's-neck voice cooed: "Hello, You," and I was kissed on the forehead. It was Marilyn Monroe—wearing tattered Levis (with a huge rip in the thigh) her white, button-down shirt fully tucked in, a bushaksha around. That Beautiful Blond Head, her mascara streaked, no lip rouge, and certainly not dressed to meet a guy-with-syndication.

I jumped out of the car—hugged her tight—and exclaimed: "Oh, you beautiful sonnavigirl!"

She wriggled free—basted to her jazzy—waved tata—and stepped on the gas.

Now what movie star, starlet or any other doll would do that?

Then there was the time the Los Angeles Press Club gave me a party at their club—then located in the Hotel Ambassador. Bill Kennedy, President of the club, suggested that I bring Marilyn to receive their "8 Ball Girl" Award.

Yes, she'd be happy to be there.

She arrived wearing a skin-tight black satin frock, long white gloves (up to her vaccination)—and all of us went limp relishing that fabulous face and frame.

"Walter," she whispered (alongside me on the dais), "I can't make any speech. I never have. What'll I say if they introduce me?"

If they introduced her! ! ! !

"When they give you the award," I counselled, "just give them that great big ohmigiomdness of a smile, say two words—like Thank You—blow a kiss at them and sit down."

"Oh, Walter," she said (and then with a worried look) whispered: "Tell me again. I know I won't do it right.

I told her again and again and again. Because she said she "wouldn't remember it" or do it "just right."

Marilyn Monroe, it seemed to me then (and insiders have since confirmed it), was never sure of herself when it came to remembering the script. She really never knew what a "Draw" was. She didn't think she was a movie star at all.

She was always The Very Little Girl—hopeful of Making It Big.

Did you know Marilyn proposed to Joe DiMaggio? Intimates told me that item after the wedding. I didn't publish it until she died. In a col'tm titled "Marilyn & Joe."

Marilyn and Giuesspi (her baby-talk name for Joe) met (as you prob'y know) on a blind date at The Villanova, a popular Italo restaurant on the Strip in Gilroy. An agent named David March and his pal Vince Edwards (Ben Casey) saw Joe come in alone one sundown. They joined him and asked if he'd like to meet "a very nice kid" named Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn at the time was getting Nowhere. Despite That Wonderful Wiggle no imitator could ape. Oh, I know she appeared in one or two "bits," but she was no "name" yet.

Would she like to meet Joe DiMaggio? "Joe who?" she Marilyn'd over the phone.

"Joe DiMaggio!" said Edwards. "He's the home-run king with The New York Yanks!"

Marilyn didn't know from any Yanks or home-run kings, but she thought it might be fun meeting a friend of theirs.

The next night the blind-date was arranged by the Cupids. Joe and Marilyn's motors started racing the moment their eyes ignited. Marilyn loved being with Joe for dinner. Then for a long ride along the Pacific out to Laguna Beach or some place, where the moon did the rest.

They "stepped out" from that "date" on. Marilyn told Joe she was no cook, but she could make very good spaghetti. The public rarely saw them dining out after that.

The romance blazed for two years. Happiest duel in Hollywood! When Joe went on tour with the team his phone bills to Marilyn were hefty. Marilyn was afflicted with telephonitis, too.

Two weeks after they met—one night at her Doheny Street modestly appointed apartment, she suddenly said: "Joe, I want you should marry me."

And so they were wed.

The honeymoon was in the Orient, where DiMaggio is still a Hero to Japanese baseball fanatics. You must remember the news pie showing the Japanese going wild about Marilyn. Joe, for the first time, realized how popular she was, too. He enjoyed the first Nippon's moviemakers made over his wife.

Nine months after the merger, the splitation made headlines in "War Declared:"—on front pages all over the world.

Nobody ever knew what "really" happened. One night, Joe told me "some of it."

He wept.

It was in the Cub Room of the Stork Club. My Fort in Manhattan. I never published what he said, I never will.

It was one of those "things." A quarrel about nothing, really. To Joe's amazement, Marilyn went to the late Jerry Geisler for the divorce. Harry (Continued on page 90)

Winchell and a heartbroken Joe DiMaggio leave after last goodbyes to Marilyn.
The doctors have informed Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl that the loss of the baby won't prohibit them from trying again. So Mr. Stork will probably get the word from the Karl household again in the not too distant future. And you may be assured that the next time Debbie becomes pregnant she'll hibernate for the nine months, not lifting so much as her little finger. It was just too much of a strain on Debbie to keep up the pace she did prior to the loss of the Karl heir.

And I don't think it helped matters either when Eddie Fisher came back to Hollywood to live. I can recall that one of the reasons Debbie allowed Eddie to obtain a quickie divorce in Las Vegas was that he promised not to come any closer to California than the Grand Canyon. My, how times and Elizabeth Taylor’s loves change everything.

The way it looks now, Janet Leigh may beat Tony Curtis to the altar. Janet appears deeply in love with Robert Brandt, the stock investor. And Tony's romance with Christine Kaufmann appears to be cooling somewhat. As I've known for a long time, Janet is selling the $250,000 home she shared with Tony. She may even move into an apartment.
Sary Clarke is up to bat again in Connie evens' life, and this time it looks like he's determined to hit a home run and sweep her away to the church. The main reason Gary isn't marry Connie a year ago was because he couldn't afford to buy even a package of cigarettes. However, now he's in a TV series ('The Virginians'), and he's stocking the shelves well as his bank account. He gave Connie jade ring and bracelet for her birthday.

Felicia Farr must have taken my advice. Jack Lemmon was getting tired of asking her to become Mrs. Lemmon and his eyes were pondering—mainly to model Susan Woods. So Felicia finally said yes, and they were married in a ten-minute ceremony to max one of Hollywood's longest courtships.

Big buzz about Sophia Loren and Cary ant. Talk was that she refused to even answer his calls when she was in Hollywood. An insider tells me Cary's crush on the Italian actress is tantamount to Liz and Dickie Boy. However, Sophia is happily married and won't re Cary a second wink.

The latest on Jill St. John and Lance ventlow: Lance wants to prove he can make his way in the world without his mother's help. Jack Lemmon finally tied the knot—in Paris. The city of love did it again! Be sure to see next month's Photoplay for the complete story of the wedding in on-the-spot exclusive pictures.
Martin for bowing out... Don’t ever invite Paul Newman and Robert Webber to the same party, Paul objected strongly about Joanne Woodward’s love scenes with Bob in “A Woman in July.” Paul felt Bob was overacting in the clinics. I’d do the same thing, Paul... Big mystery as to why Connie Stevens became ill and entered a seedy hospital. Many, many, but few facts... Haven’t Barbara Luna and Doug McClure dated the stork?... Look for Bo Belinsky to give up baseball next season and concentrate on becoming a movie star. He may make it, too. This boy can throw a lot of curves—just ask Tina Louise... You read it here first about Liza Minnelli and Bobbie Robertson splitting. Now you can read it here first that the high-flying pilot is about to marry a sexy foreign actress... Barry Sullivan and Desiree Sumara did as predicted. They tied the knot... Looks as if Ricky Nelson and Chris Harmon are really mad about each other. She’s the daughter of former football star Tom Harmon. The pair has the blessing of both sets of parents... Isn’t Annette Funicello taking the ponies too seriously? She was spotted at Del Mar race-track looking like a veteran bettor... Sue Lyon finally got to see herself in “Lolita” in Italy. She’s too young to see it here... Yvette Mimieux secretly took a trip to Europe with a man. Don’t get excited. The man is the husband she won’t admit exists. Isn’t this a little embarrassing, Yvette? How do you explain to the hotel management? Maybe she says he’s her brother... Disturbing rumors about Ingrid Bergman and her Lors. He wants to help her career like another love she once had.

You have to hand it to Eddie Fisher. He respects Ann-Margret’s parents so much that he’s not trying to pull the wool over their eyes. When he invited Ann to fly up to Lake Tahoe to see him, he also invited her parents. He wants to prove to them that his intentions are very, very honorable... Good going, Eddie Boy!

Poor Juliet Prowse. Apparently she’s on the blacklist of both Frank Sinatra and Fisher. I think she did too much exploiting of her dates with both. One thing you don’t do if you’re dating either is to talk about them to the press. Well, she can always go back to Eddie Goldstone.

That crazy pad Troy Donahue leased has everything from a swimming pool to an intercom system. It’s located in the hills—for removed from any neighbors who could complain. Incidentally, Troy’s old love, Lili Kardell, is back in town following a non-productive trip to Italy to make films. She just couldn’t make a deal, so she came back to Hollywood.

Glenn Ford and Hope Lange are still on item. However, I hear he’s furious because Hope still persists in seeing young Robert Logan.

Another spat between Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell. This time, I hear, he made the move to kiss and make up.

The location—around Jayne Mansfield’s heart-shaped swimming pool. The scene—Jayne telling Mickey Hargitay she’s in love with another. The “other” is an Italian producer, Enrico Bomba, whom she met while filming “Paunch Button.” I certainly extend my condolences to Mickey. He did everything for Jayne with the exception of installing a heart-shaped water closet in the house. Come to think of it, he may have done that, too. Look for her to obtain a quickie divorce and marry her Don Juan. That’s if he can get free. The only problem is that Italy doesn’t recognize a divorce, so he’ll have to get one Yankee-style.

I’m still puzzled as to why Hollywood was allowed to film “PT 109.” The story is weak, and they’re so many problems in filming the saga of President Kennedy helming a PT Boat. The original director, Lewis Milestone, has already been replaced. The only resemblance between the pic’s star, Cliff Robertson, and our President is that both have a striking head of hair.

Short Takes: Strange, not a word of regret out of the White House on the death of Marilyn Monroe. And part of the hot water she got into with the studio was over politics. She claimed she was too ill to work on “Something’s Got To Give,” but this didn’t prevent her from flying to New York to sing Happy Birthday to the President... Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin are so very friendly on the Paramount lot these days... Mike Landon and his gal are postponing the marriage for a bit. Dodie Landon was slated to obtain the divorces Sept. 11th... The Mickey Callans hope that the marriage counselor can patch things up. I doubt it... The going is rough for Peter Brown. He’s planning to go abroad to get some work following the collapse of his “Lawman” TV series... It’s Peter Mann all the way with Susan Kohner. Oddly enough, he acts and looks very much like George Hamilton... Advice to Elsa Martinelli. Put on weight. You looked too skinny in “The Pigeon that Took Rome.”

The latest chapter in the Liz Taylor-Richard Burton fiasco. I hear from insiders that Liz has attorneys working on a deal to make it so tempting to Dickie Boy’s wife that she’ll let him go. It’s sort of ironic. I recall that Eddie Fisher did everything but pack his underwear to get free of Debbie Reynolds so he could marry Liz. Now it’s Liz trying to negotiate a similar deal. Meanwhile, Liz and Dickie continue to carry on like it was the normal thing for a married man to do. I understand that he’s even convinced her to change religions again. She became a member of the Jewish faith when she married Eddie.

What’s this? One of Vince Edwards’ pals tells me he has a crush on Brigitte Bardot. Come to think of it, her anatomy would be interesting, especially to a doctor like Ben Casey.

A hint of trouble again between Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield. I wonder how much longer it can last? THE END

Jackie and Caroline Vacation in Italy

Who said our First Lady can’t be all that’s chic and tasteful and proper and have fun, too? Jackie proved that she certainly could have a fun-filled vacation away from the formal affairs of State back in Washington. On her trip to visit her sister Lee Radziwill in Ravello, Italy, she swamped, went water-skiing and boating with Caroline and, all in all, had a marvelous trip. She even managed to sneak away from the Secret Service men who guarded her every move, and paid a visit to a local cafe for some espresso and wine one fine evening! And, as always, wherever she is, Jackie attended the local church (above). There she prayed, was blessed by a Cardinal.
Not since Will Rogers lost his life in an icy plane crash had the entire world been so affected by the death of a show business figure as they were when the news flashed across the front pages that Marilyn Monroe had ended her life with sleeping pills. Somehow the most sensational blonde in the world, whose childhood made Charles Dickens' stories look pale, touched her fellow man deeply.

Marilyn always wanted to play the life of Jean Harlow on screen. It's ironic that her own life was so much more exciting, and, as it turned out, more tragic. We'll never know the agony of Marilyn's mind—nor who it was who made the third telephone call to her the night of the suicide. There was mystery surrounding the death of Carole Landis, too. The truth of that has never come out. I believe she had the telephone in her hand, too. There was no mystery about Lupe Velez' suicide. But the death of Thelma Todd was never satisfactorily cleared up. Jean Harlow's husband Paul Bern died mysteriously, too. I never believed it was suicide and still don't.

Kay Gable and Efrem Zimbalist have been more than just neighbors since Denise Minnelli asked Efrem to escort Kay to one of her parties.

You can look for a big change in Jayne Mansfield. Kurt Frings, agent for Audrey Hepburn and Liz Taylor, has taken Jayne on with the understanding she'll stop all the unfavorable publicity. She's always managed to tear her dress or lose a shoulder strap whenever photographers were around.

Laurence Harvey knows how to give a girl a present. Joan Cohn's birthday offering was a complete wardrobe by Balmain.
being erected on land she sold for $300,000. She still owns the three adjacent blocks. This in addition to an apartment, a fabulous beach house and a ranch.

A lucky boy is young Tony Bill. He was signed to play Frank Sinatra's brother in "Come Blow Your Horn." Tony had no experience outside of college drama classes, and looks a great deal like Frankie, Jr. Young Frank would like to be in show business, but he listened to his parents and went back to Arizona University to finish his schooling. There should be more kids like him in Hollywood.

Anita Ekberg put on so much weight she had to enter a clinic in Rome. I heard she was being treated by the same doctor who treated Mario Lanza. When I discovered that Bob Hope had signed Anita for his leading lady, I asked if he'd seen her lately. "You'd better take a look, Bob, she's put on so much weight that if she takes you in her arms, you'd disappear from view."

"Ah," sighed Hope, "what a beautiful way to go."

Grace Kelly hasn't changed her mind about coming back to the screen, but she will take a television tour of Monaco in early '63. In the hour TV show, which will be aired all over the world, Grace will show us the wonders of her tiny kingdom—from the palace itself to the annual Fall Festival. And you can be sure there'll be some shots of the Prince and her children—a bigger attraction than Monte Carlo itself. It's one TV show I'll watch!

Minnelli, Jill St. John and Rhonda Fleming. He looks like the cat that swallowed the canary. Gleason left our town in great style—on his own private train with seven cars, if you please. It cost $80,000 (paid by CBS) for the ten-day trip back to New York. He made eight stops across country and had a schedule that would have killed an elephant for sure.

Vince Edwards has a time keeping his love life straight. Now that he's big news, a lot of columns have linked him with many girls, including Diane McBain. Trouble is, Vince's real girl, Sherry Nelson, gets upset. Vince told me he'll do no more comedy guest appearances. From now on he'll stick to the dedicated doctor image.

Despite all the stories picturing Elizabeth Taylor as independently wealthy, she has not received any money to date from the estate of Mike Todd.
She was so
BOSTON in PUBLIC...
and so
FRENCH in PRIVATE......But what happened when she got them mixed up?

All Hollywood predicted an eruption when Joan Crawford and Bette Davis got together for “What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?” But it turned out to be love in bloom. They’re both pros, and neither has ever worked so hard. Bette plays the evil sister, and she really ripped into the part. Joan plays the sweet, placid girl. Bette said Joan was so good, she’ll probably get the Oscar. And, Bette added, she’ll deserve it.

An image has been shattered during the feud between Loretta Young and Pamela Mason. Pamela would have you know that Loretta treated her daughter, Portland, in a shabby manner when she was fired from Loretta’s TV show. The producer says it was mother trouble. But Pamela said it was because she wouldn’t buy Portie’s clothes for the show from Loretta’s sister Georgianna, who runs a dress shop. So lawsuits have been flying thick and fast. Loretta, however, had the last word when she wrote: “Dear Portland, I shall miss you.”

Bobby Darin’s friends are delighted but slightly amazed. He’s settled down and is the most loving husband and father in town. At times he forgets that he’s a big star. And this is the guy who predicted he’d be a legend before he was twenty-five! And now he can add to that: Husband, lover, and baby sitter. (Continued on page 26)
two heavenly new Angel Face Lipstick colors—
for the prettiest, brightest smile you ever smiled

You know the brightening and
whitening magic of blue. Now
Angel Face brings you two new
blue-and-beautiful lipsticks—
Blue Pink and Blue Plum.
Both colors are guaranteed to
give you the sparklingest eyes,
the clearest-looking comple-
exion and the prettiest, brightest
smile you ever smiled!

These new Angel Face Lipsticks
are not just beauty-makers for
you. They're musts for fall's fa-
vorite fashion hues. And as for
texture, no lipstick surpasses
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angelic wearing an Angel Face
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Go from nearly blonde to clearly blonde ... without artificial coloring!

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*Light and Bright* by

**RICHARD HUDNUT**

NEW YORK • PARIS

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**UNDER HEDDA'S HAT continued from page 24**

I'm glad Liberace and brother George will be together again. We've missed them. Liberace's new home is more fantastic than his old one, and he's making as much money as he ever did.

Twenty years ago Zsa Zsa Gabor was thrown out of El Morocco by owner John Perona for being flip. Now his son has taken her back, and she said, "But twenty years ago I hadn't yet learned how to behave."

Shirley MacLaine finally lowered the boom on her brother Warren Beatty. She doesn't know why he's feuding with her. As far as she's concerned it's all a lot of publicity which she doesn't need.

When Sophia Loren and husband Carlo Ponti came to town for the opening of "Boccaccio 70," Joe Levine threw quite a shindig for them. I went with Dana Wynter, Greg Bautzer, Merle Oberon, George (Redskins) Marshall and George Hamilton. Marshall was the only man there who wore a black tie and I thought he'd be lynched. Some of the girls' dresses were really weird. One woman wore a skirt that could have passed for a ballet costume. Sophia wore black, which made her look tired. I told her she was working too hard, and she said, "But, Hedda, I love to work." The host's wife, Mrs. Levine, was in solid gold from head to toe. It was quite a creation, too. Joe was so proud of her. (Continued on page 94)
Keepsake

The Engagement Ring with the PERFECT Center Diamond

The gift that carries the message of your everlasting love is a diamond. Silently and beautifully, a perfect Keepsake engagement center diamond tells the story. Its inner fire is your enduring love...its dancing lights—your happiness.

The center diamond of every Keepsake engagement ring is a perfect gem of flawless clarity, fine color and meticulous modern cut, reflecting full brilliance and beauty...forever. And Keepsake rings are famous for lovely design and brilliant fashion styling. Authorized Keepsake Jewelers may be listed in the yellow pages. Visit one in your area and choose from many beautiful styles, each with the name "Keepsake" in the ring and on the tag.

Rings from left to right: DENTON Ring $570. Wedding Ring 250.00. — TIMPANE Ring $470. Also $350 to 975. Wedding Ring 25.00. — JUDD Ring $250. Wedding Ring 100.00. — SAN CARLO Ring $125.00. Wedding Ring $7.50. All rings available in yellow or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show beauty of details.

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Happy Anniversary

Beginning on these pages, a diary of the Kennedys' nine years of love and marriage—plus a prediction of what the tenth year will bring.

At exactly 4:30 P.M. on Wednesday, September 12th, the President of the United States and his Jacqueline began the tenth year of their marriage. The tenth year—according to Tiffany's—is the year of tin and aluminum and/or diamond jewelry. Well, it just so happens we didn't have any pots or pans or diamond bracelets or stick-pins on hand to offer the First Couple of the Land. But we would like to offer instead to them—and to you—this yearly account of their first credibly beautiful and heartwarming nine years together.

September 1953-1954 The first year was gay. It stayed gayly, at least. They honeymooned in Acapulco, in a dream cottage, pink—pure pink, nestled in the hills, overlooking the blue-green Pacific. They swam. They played...
They went for dinner in small out-of-the-way restaurants, waiters who recognized them saying, "Mucho gusto, dor y señora." And serving them chicken-stuffed endavas and crisp tacos and paella and red wine, all by soft light. Then they went dancing in one crowded night-club or other. And then back to the cottage. And to the long drives together. And finally to breakfast together, just the two of them, on the terrace of their little pink place in the Hollywood Hills. They drove, leisurely, through Southern California after the midnight show, and then, they returned to Washington.

Jack went off to the Senate. This was a hard and tense year of the much-publicized Congressional investigations of McCarthy. Jackie tended the small house they temporarily rented. Like a little girl—like most new girls—she played house at first, really. She learned to cook food—"potato and noodle casseroles, Jack loves these."

She saw to it that his socks matched when he left the house in the morning (they hadn't always, before this).

She stood by the phone around lunchtime waiting to hear how many constituents from Massachusetts her husband had invited home for lunch today. Eight? Fourteen? Forty? She learned to cope, in time, with any given number.

Afternoons she drove over to the Georgetown School of Foreign Service where she took courses in American history. Before this she had always said, "European history—so full of intrigue—is for women; American history—so stark—for men." But Jack was her man now and Jefferson and 1812 and Lincoln and Wilson and FDR were his loves and, good bride that she was, she was bound and determined to please her man by learning to share these loves.

Evenings they went out quite a bit. Just the two of them, mostly. Just to movies or concerts (Continued on page 72)

Like most married couples, the Kennedys' years together have been filled with joys and sorrows. 1953: John F. Kennedy, then Senator from Massachusetts, wed Jacqueline Lee Bouvier, in Newport, Rhode Island. 1954: Tragedy struck when the Senator had to undergo a dangerous operation for an old spine injury. 1955: Fully recovered, Kennedy and his bride returned to their home in Washington, where he resumed his Senatorial duties. 1956: The Democratic National Convention boosted the Senator's political star when he was mentioned as possible running mate for Stevenson. But Senator Kefauver was finally chosen. 1957: On November 27th, they welcomed their first child—Caroline. 1958: Kennedy again ran for Senate, and with Jackie at his side won a landslide victory. 1959: At memorial dinner he was pictured with presidential hopeful Governor Rockefeller. 1960: An exceptional year! Kennedy (shown here moments after his victory) was elected President. That same month, his wife gave birth to their second child, John, Jr., on November 25th. 1961: As First Lady, Jackie charmed all—including Premier Khrushchev when they met in Vienna. 1962: Year's highlight was Jackie's TV tour of White House.
One night about five years ago, Vince Edwards was singing in a Hollywood night spot called Plymouth House, when a burly type stalked up to the mike, snarled, "You sing sarcastic"—and punched Vince square in the mouth. In a flash the man, a big-time West Coast racketeer, was flat on the floor with a broken nose. For days afterwards, two hoods were out looking for Vince Edwards. Luckily, they never caught him. Some months later, while knocking around the Orient, Vince strolled into a night club on the (Continued on page 64)
What do they dream? What do their dreams mean? To find out, we take you into the secret world of:

Carolyn Jones
Doug McClure
Frankie Avalon
Bobby Rydell
Dodie Stevens
Bob Conrad
Roger Smith
Diane McBain
Sal Mineo
and Fabian!

There's a song which says, "dream is a wish your heart makes." And, according to psychologists, that song is very close to the truth. A dream, experts say, is a picture of what the mind is thinking. The noted psychologist Calvin S. Hall tells us that the dreamer writes, directs, (Continued on page 35)
produces and of course stars in his own dreams. With the assistance of textbooks by Dr. Hall, Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung we have had fun interpreting the recurring dreams of ten Hollywood stars. We do not profess to be experts, but perhaps you'll find some interpretive clues to your very own dreams when you compare them with the dreams of these stars. Now, to find out what happens when a star sleeps, we'll take you into their very secret world!

Carolyn Jones' dream: 'I am walking amongst a crowd of people. Everyone except me has a paper sack over his head. I try my best to attract their attention. I want them to notice me—but they don't, they continue walking with the sacks over their heads. The more I call and yell for recognition, the more I realize I'm completely alone—even if (Continued on page 83)
Everyone dies alone. Everyone thrashes alone in the darkness until even the thrashing stops and all there is is darkness. For each his own separate darkness. But she died alone as only crippled men in charity wards die, whose wives and friends and children are long scattered underground like sand in the wind. She was an ex-wife with three ex-husbands and three ex-stepchildren and an ex-studio that was suing her for half-a-million dollars. For a brief time she had belonged to each of them, but when she died she didn’t belong to anyone. There was no one to kiss her goodbye. There were no arms trying to push away the darkness for another five minutes, no tears as a last hot memory of love to carry with her into the frigid darkness.

"Does it hurt to die?" she had asked once. She was six years old and she had stopped to stare at a dog almost casually killed by a passing car. "Don’t ask stupid questions, Norma Jean," said the woman who was taking care of her for the State of California that week or that month. "Leave the dirty thing alone, we don’t have all day."

She died of a massive overdose of sleeping pills at 9 P.M. on August 4th, 1962. A Saturday night — the friendliest night of the week. She died behind a locked bedroom door while millions of teenage girls sat in their living rooms (Continued on page 78)

by ALJEAN MELTSIR
Pat Boone's critics think he's prim.

His enemies call him dull!

His wife worries herself to a frazzle when their children see him with a strange woman.

His church accuses him of wildness.

To understand these conflicting viewpoints, we suggest you turn to page 67 - immediately!
Did you know that many of Hollywood's most glamorous stars have two heads? The extra head, of course, is an extra head of hair! A wig! Today, fashion-conscious females all over the world have discovered what film beauties have known for a long time—a wig is a woman's best friend. The stars' concern is not purely a fashion one, it goes a bit deeper than that. They don their wigs to be chic—and unrecognizable! By putting on a coal-black wig, Kim can wander into the corner store and casually buy a soda or a magazine. When Shirley shops,
a high-piled brown wig covers her blond locks. Carolyn, as a blonde, is just another housewife at the supermarket. As an instant blonde, Liz even managed to fool her then husband, Eddie Fisher. Blondes Connie and Jayne can play hide-and-seek with fans by becoming brunettes. And when Debbie covered her usual casual hairdo with a short, sophisticated "tipped" top, she almost fooled us. So next time you see a blonde at the market who looks like your favorite brunette star—or vice versa—take another look. It's probably she!
MADAME GABOR'S OWN STORY:

To love is
WEAKNESS

To be loved is
STRENGTH

Budapest was a wonderful place for a beautiful girl to grow up, and I couldn't wait until I stopped being ugly—which was when I was seven months old. I was thinking ahead, of course. I had the right instinct when I was fifteen, but I was confused, I couldn't tell a handsome cavalry officer from a plain one, once he was on his horse. A lot of the girls I heard about were marrying cavalry officers. (They all complained about them later; but that was later.) It's remarkable what sitting on a horse does for a man. I knew girls who would be mad at their boy friends and then fall in love with them all over again when the boys got back on their horses. This must be the secret attraction of TV Westerns. Once I thought I was in love with a boy who had a string of polo ponies. My father didn't waste any time talking to him—he just inspected the boy's horses. Then he turned him down. "If he can't take care of his horses," my father told me, "how is he going to take care of you?"

In Hungary we had a saying: "In true love neither can cry without the other tasting the salt in the tears." This is the main trouble with love—you must both be happy or neither can be. Everything is double or nothing. And you have to be a close double... there is no half-way. Are not the deadliest words you can hear from someone you love, "Let's just be good friends?" I'd rather have him leave without a word than say a thing like that.

Oh, I admit that I am very proud that I'm good friends now with each of my three ex-husbands. Time is a wonderful doctor. But what do you do until the doctor comes? As a matter of fact, if you look at the problem of love honestly, the real trouble with love is easy to put your finger on. The trouble with love is men. Nobody makes worse husbands. Men make things difficult. They look at love the wrong way. For instance, a man likes to think that by marrying he has enlarged his life. Then, sooner or later, he starts acting as if his wife has narrowed it. She has, of course. Narrowed it down to her. What did he expect?

Some one once said that a man falls in love with his eyes and a woman with her ears. He marries what he sees, she what she hears (the promises). Sometimes, if they mix in a little bit of thinking, everything goes better.

One thing I have learned—if I haven't learned any other—is that it is impossible to be happily in love with any man who thinks he is important. A really big man is always a simple man. The other kind? Well, they for-
get that it is impossible to be really important except to someone. And there isn't anyone a
man can be as important to as a woman . . . if he'd just stop being important to himself!

A man should never ask his wife, or the
girl he loves, if she is really happy. ("Important" men make that mistake all the time.)
If my husband ever asked me a question like
that I would kill him. He knows how much
money he has, he knows all the details of his business and exactly where he stands in the
world professionally and how he stands with
his friends and associates. All this he has
room for in his head. But he hasn't yet
learned that when a wife is happy she has a
million ways of showing it—and if he isn't
paying any attention to her they are all going
to waste! Such a question is an insult. If she's
happy he'll know it! If he has to ask . . . it's
already later than he thinks!

This business of waiting for love—I mean
waiting for the one you love to fall in love with
you—is generally a bad thing, I think. I don't
know why I am against it, but I am. Maybe it's
because it never turns out well.

I know a girl who waited eleven years for
the man she loved, dressing only in simple
clothes because that is what he said he liked,
the hausfrau type. So at the end of the eleven
years he married her best girl friend who was
a real flashy girl-around-town and had denied
herself nothing all these years.

"Oh, how could he do this to me?" she
cried, throwing herself into my arms after she
heard about the marriage.

"But, Darling, he didn't do this to you," I
told her. "You did this to you!"

You should never bargain for love. And too
many people bargain for it in too many ways.
Take the girl who doesn't notice the boy who
likes her until years pass and she finds she
isn't doing very well otherwise. Then she
thinks about him and he starts to grow on her.
Hoopla! They rush off to the minister, each
thinking the other is a kind of prize. What
they really are to each other, of course, is
some kind of compromise.

Will these two be able to get along? I don't
think so. Neither got proper value from the
marriage. She had to give up what she really
wanted for what she could get. He had to
trade in his self-respect for her.

Back home my parents used to talk about
a girl who married a boy after five years of
trying to marry anyone else. Since he waited
so long he must have had great expectations
about her. This is the only reason my folks
could give for the look of terrible disappoint-
ment on his face after he finally got her. And
as for her, it seemed she had spent such a
long time not wanting him that she couldn't
stop not wanting him!

There are all kinds of truths about a happy
life. For one thing, a girl should look for in-
telligence in the man she marries. Intelligence
doesn't necessarily mean possession of a col-
lege degree; it means someone who uses his
brains and tries to know about people and the
world. If your husband thinks, there is a much
better chance that, in the long run, he will
think his way into a better life for the both of
you. It's all right, or at least natural, perhaps,
for teenagers to fall for the physical figure,
the crooner, the dancer, the guitar twanger.
But the real woman knows it is just as easy
and far better if he has brains. All my hus-
bands were more intelligent than I, and my
life is enriched because of it.

Now, finally, there are too many women
who think that if they don't find a great love
their life amounts to nothing. Now really! Let's
get to that truth! How many women ever find
a great and lasting love? Think a minute. You
don't have to admit anything and I don't have
to admit anything. But really!

There is more to a woman's life than this
one big risk. There'd better be. To discover
that you can become someone in your own
right and live as an independent person may
not seem to be a (Continued on page 85)
If they don’t walk down the aisle—
they’re finished.

If they do walk down the aisle—
they’re really finished.

Here’s why

WEDDING BELLS TOLL
LIZ & BURTON’S DOOM

An amiable drunk brushed against our table, grinned foolishly and asked, “You know what it sez on Liz Taylor’s towels?” Nobody answered him. Maybe then he’d go away. We had things to talk about. “It sez, ‘His’, ‘Hers’ and ‘Next’!” he said triumphantly. Nobody laughed, either. Deflated, he wavered his way back to the bar.

I said to the two men who were my luncheon guests—a lawyer and a psychologist—“You see now what I mean? About Liz and Burton getting married?”

But my friends, though professionally quick on the draw, didn’t yet see what I was driving at. They knew I had invited them to lunch because I was writing a magazine piece on Liz Taylor and wanted to pick their brains a little.

“But I still don’t get the connection,” said Bert, the lawyer, “between an unfunny joke and your topic.” (Continued on page 47)
Like children who saw candy and wanted it, Liz and Burton saw a wedding and invited themselves. The bride and groom didn’t mind—but to the world it was more proof that the two stars are convinced there isn’t anything they can’t do for kicks.
My topic was “Why Wedding Bells Toll Liz and Burton’s Doom.” I answered with another question. “How many Liz-Burton-Eddie jokes have you heard lately?”

Bert laughed. “Oh I get around,” he said. “I heard the one about Liz waking up in Rome one morning and saying, ‘I feel like a new man.’ But frankly, I can’t listen to those jokes any more—maybe I’m the last of the Puritans.” He added, “Let Phil listen—a psychologist listens to worse.”

Phil quipped back, “Who listens?” Then, “But seriously, there is nothing worse than those Liz jokes. I read the newspapers and I get the impression that inventing cracks about her has become a big major industry. I agree with Bert, the whole thing has become pretty distasteful—even ridiculous! Jokes, gossip, blasts in the Italian papers and American papers and now the Swiss papers . . . news stories, editorials, letters to the editor . . . attacks from churchmen, from government officials . . . women’s clubs threatening to boycott her pictures . . . boos and hisses when Burton’s face is flashed on a screen—or Liz’ name mentioned—it’s too much!”

“Hold on,” I said. “Are you trying to say that those two don’t deserve the attacks? That they’re innocent victims of a conspiracy? Or the whole thing is only a publicity hoax?”

“Don’t put words in my mouth, you writer,” said my psychologist friend. “Let’s just discuss what all this hoop-la

In Egypt without Liz, roving Richard struck up a
nd shouting means to the leading characters themselves.

"Fine," I agreed. "What do you think it means?"

"I think that every time a new joke about themselves gets to their ears," he said, "and every time someone high up last at them, Liz and Burton are that much more closely nited—in joint self-defense."

"Yes, and I'll tell you something else about Liz and self-defense," the lawyer broke in. "When that Italian newspaper *Servatore Della Domenica* accused her of 'erotic vagrancy,' what did she do? She snapped back, 'Can I sue the Vatican?'"

"Well now, that's the response you'd expect from a petulant child," said the psychologist. "I'd say that the more these two feel rejected and condemned by society, the closer they'll cling to each other and rebel together."

I nodded. "I think you're right. If the world ignored them, they might not keep working themselves up to the Grand Passion of the Ages."

"But how can you ignore something like those pictures on the yacht at Ischia?" demanded the lawyer. "Maybe I sound like a Puritan again, but those pictures would make a strip-teaser blush! Is that rebellion—or is that flagrant, flamboyant disregard for decency?—not only to have an affair but to insist on exhibiting it to the world?"

"What Sheilah Graham said in a (Continued on page 96)"
It's easy to believe that Janet Leigh is in love with Frank Sinatra. It's just as easy to believe that Frank loves Janet. But believing does not make it true. You have to look at the record to find out what goes with Janet and Frank. You have to remember that earlier this year Janet (Continued on page 92)
the case of

PAUL NEWMAN

&

that blond stripper

(or, we dare you to turn the page)
Yes, the shapely stripper in Paul’s life is his wife, Joanne Woodward. When she had to do a strip tease in “A Woman in July,” Paul agreed to let the mother of his children do it, if he could censor her dance. So Joanne dutifully went through the routine at home. At first Paul was skeptical, but he soon got so carried away, he added a few steps all his own. On screen (see our preview picture at the far right), Joanne stays on her two feet. At home, with her husband’s unique coaching, four feet ended up in the air!
Surprise! That blond stripper is Paul's wife, Joanne!
A unique and unforgettable interview with Elvis Presley

WHAT'S WORSE THAN A CHEATIN' WOMAN!

Please turn to page 70
ANN-MARGRET'S OWN STORY:

why I prefer divorced men

As Ann-Margret and Eddie Fisher dated in Las Vegas, whispers followed them—even as they bicycled along the Strip. Those whispers said, "Liz Taylor, Liz Taylor, Liz Taylor!" All (Continued on page 95)
Don't let our pinup fool you. George is not three-faced or even two-faced. As an actor and as a man, he runs the gamut from egotist to pensive little boy to bon vivant. Add all his in-between moods and talents and you've a star with as many faces as there are women!
Before you say fairy tales don't come true, read this story of

PAUL ANKA AND THE
The day he stepped off the jet at San Juan's International Airport in Puerto Rico, it all came back to him. The flower-scented air, the clear hot afternoons, the breeze from the ocean, the tall skinny palm trees. The signs in Spanish and English. The crowds. The heavy police cordon surrounding him. How much the same as this time last year—with the one terrible exception.

The man from the hotel who'd come to meet him told him, "Last week it was the President of the United States, this week it's Paul Anka. I don't know which of you we had to protect more closely. Do you realize there are at least a thousand teenagers—behind the fences, behind the lines. They've been here all afternoon, trying to find a way to the ramp. We've got to get you out of here or you'll be stuck for six hours."

He'd always tried to give his fans a chance to see him, and ruefully said, "I hope they don't mind." Suddenly about twenty of them broke through and rushed toward him. The cordon tightened. "No autógrafos ahora" ("No autographs now"), the police shouted. One very young girl with big brown eyes both scared and shining, wearing a faded red dress that looked (Continued on page 88)
It is with sadness that we publish this story of Lindsay Crosby’s breakdown.

Yet, we also publish it with a sense of hope— for today, such illness can be cured.

No longer is it something to be whispered about!

The handsome, dark-eyed young man of twenty-four sat on the edge of a hotel room bed, his hands clutched to the roots of his dark hair. He stared steadily at the floor, oblivious to the traffic outside and the old friend who had just entered the room.

“Come on, Linny, only five minutes till show time. Let’s get with it.” Stocky, forty-five-year-old Pete Pepitto put his broad hands on Lindsay Crosby’s back and shook him gently.

Only then did the youngest of Bing’s sons raise his head. His brown eyes stared up without a sign of recognition. Pepitto, a former Signal Corps officer in World War II, had seen that troubled, agonized gaze in the eyes of men in many hospitals he had visited with Lindsay’s famous father. Quietly, Pete turned toward the door. Minutes later he faced Phillip and Dennis Crosby in their backstage dressing room and announced that Lindsay would not be going on with them that night—or perhaps for many, many nights to come.

Pete Pepitto’s friendship with the Crosby family spans more than twenty years since he first met Bing while working for the Armed Forces Radio. A man of action and rare understanding, he had seen the entire Crosby clan through good times and bad. During the past three years as road manager for the Crosby brothers’ act he has been in considerable measure responsible for their success. When at first they plunged with carefree abandon into the wacky world of night-club life, Pete somehow managed to put the boys back on the right track.

On this significant night, however, Pete was licked, and he knew it. Ten hours after his collapse in a mid-South city, Lindsay Crosby walked into the side entrance of St. John’s Hospital in Santa Monica, California, and was immediately whisked to a private room.

In a sense, Lindsay had come home, for it was at St. John’s that his beloved mother, Dixie Lee Crosby, had waged her year-long battle against the accelerating ravages of cancer. It was here that Bing had endlessly paced the corridors after sharing the bitter secret of the final diagnosis brought to him by his long-time friend, eminent cancer specialist Dr. Arnold Stevens. It was here, too, that Bing himself had been a frequent patient, operated on only months before for a second removal of gallstones, and here that several of the Crosby children and their children, too, had been born.
Lindsay was well aware that at St. John's, the scene of his mother's last struggle before she was brought home to die on November 1, 1952, he had found a refuge of hope, and the will to be cured.

No one who was present at the Requiem Mass for Dixie Crosby at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills on that brilliant, sunshiny day a decade before could ever forget the sight of Bing emerging, grief-stricken, from the church, his right arm around the straight shoulders of his manifold fourteen-year-old Lindsay. The father seemed to be gaining strength from the boy whose tense face and tearless, troubled brown eyes reflected iron-willed courage and deep faith. Why now, then, a crack-up for Lindsay?

Years ago, crack-ups were widely misunderstood. People sought to hide such illness from friends and enemies alike. Today, happily, such is no longer the case. Today, it is an illness which is understood, an illness which can be cured—completely—as it will be in Lindsay's case.

"We used to call Lindsay 'The Little King,'" Gary Crosby once told reporter Joe Hyams. "I can still remember him as a kid, sitting silently in the far corner of our big yard and playing all by himself for most of the long day."

A schoolmate of Lindsay's at Loyola High School remembers, "He was a 'loner.' He got along with other kids okay, but there was something almost untouchable about him. Once, in a rare moment of confidence, he told me that his greatest ambition in life was to become a priest.

"If you are Catholic, you don't make jokes about a boy's intentions toward the priesthood, like you would if he wanted to be President. Becoming a priest is a vocation of the highest honor, and I told Lindsay it couldn't happen to a better guy."

Of all the Crosbys of both generations, Lindsay is the one who has never been subject to criticism either by the press or those close to him. There is something "special" about this lad.

In the first hours after his illness had reached the acute symptomatic stage, Phillip and Dennis Crosby reacted as the mature, straight-thinking men they have fast become. A few short years ago they probably would have been petulant over the fact that Lindsay's present incapacities would cost them at least a half-million dollars in show bookings, and that their collective plans for a TV series this fall were dead.

The immediate question for Phil and Denny was: "Shall we tell Bing?" Their decision was no. Bing, still recovering from his recent operation, was in Honolulu with his wife, Kathy, on his first genuine vacation in years. Besides being upset and flying home to the emergency, what could Bing do? Nothing. And, too, there was a remote possibility that seeing Bing would upset Lindsay more.

As Dennis said, "Only God and the doctors can take care of him."

So they boarded a plane with their brother who, by finally giving in to mental pressures which had beset him for so long, had given himself a chance to be cured.

Back home, the family doctor told Lindsay's wife, Barbara, of her husband's condition. This was a difficult task because Barbara had only recently recovered from the death of their premature baby.

In California, Dennis and Phillip called Gary Crosby, the brother who had broken away from their act. Gary, newly reconciled with Bing, practically blew his top when he heard Bing hadn't been told, but he finally agreed that the news should come from a doctor. It did. Bing followed the recommendation that he continue his vacation, but the shock was great, for the closeness of (Continued on page 98)
VINCE
EDWARDS

Continued from page 31

outskirts of Manila. "Who owns this place?" he inquired.

"I do," rasped a voice. Vince turned to see his old Hollywood assailant rushing toward him.

"I thought he was going to kill me," recalls Vince today, still puzzled. "Instead, he threw his arms around me and greeted me like a long lost pal. I sang at his club and was a guest in his home for two months."

The anecdote illustrates a perverse but potent fact about the black-browed, brood-
ing, six-foot-two, 213-pound bundle of contradictions called Vince Edwards: At first exposure, he often irritates, sometimes infuriates people. But in the end he has them hooked.

Some thought like this flashed through Vince Edwards' mind last spring at Holly-
wood's annual Academy Awards. Striding unannounced into Santa Monica's Civic Auditorium, Vince drew the loudest cheers of any Hollywood star. Standing by his side that night was Shelley Winter, the only friend Vince had when he first hit Hollywood. "It gave me quite a turn," Vince later admitted. "Up there hanging out in the stands with Shelley—after twelve long years of obscurity. Ironic, don't you think?"

Nothing but "dogmeat"

What Vince Edwards meant was that not one of the Hollywood elite who hon-
ered him would have looked up—much less given him a break—before "Ben Casey." In those twelve barren years they relegated him to dogmeat acting jobs—mostly hoods, thugs and gangsters—occasionally dangling a prize bone before his nose, only to snatch it away when he snapped hungrily.

In that time, to keep his stubborn hopes and big body alive, Vince was often re-
duced to living like a beach bum, operat-
ing out of Schwab's drug store, bunking with any buddy who would take him in—and even fast-talking meals from random girl friends.

To keep going he peddled real estate, labored on an oil exploration gang, sang for peanuts in small cafes and was cage boy for a lion tamer's act. He was once down to a lone two-bit which he spent for a sickening dinner of fudge.

"Until two years ago," sums up Vince, "I was deep in despair with no idea where my life was heading. I'm lucky," he adds with massive understatement. "Usually Hollywood uses up guys like me and throws them away. About that time, in fact, one friend thought he was doing Vince a favor by telling him, "Look, Vince, you're over thirty. You'll never make it now. Why don't you quit and try some-

thing else?"

"Ben Casey," of course, changed all this.

For almost a year Vince has amazingly scowled his way to record Nielsen ratings and Emmy nominations. He's made 10 to 11 P.M. Mondays a prime sweep-agony hour for 35,000,000 Edwards addicts. Mostly they're women reluctantly fasci-
nated, like the one who wrote him: "I hated you at first," she confessed. "But after a few minutes—golly!"

Now, postmen get lumber lugging mail for Vince Edwards with marriage proposals and romantic raves of all kinds. When Dr. Ben Casey first ventured out in public in Houston, Texas, he was mobbed by 40,000 squealing females. They swelled to 75,000 in Phoenix, Arizona. Last June his p.a. tour swept away records in a tidal wave of skirts. For girls and grandmas from Seattle to South Key, Vince has changed--and if these few more people knew the New Look in American medicine. At thirty-four, he suddenly finds himself a national hero, sultry sex-symbol—the greatest Hollywood powerhouse since Clark Gable.

All this has "undoubtedly lifted Vince from deep in the discard pile to what his stand-in, Ray Joyer, recently described as "a very pinhole of success." It's raised him from poverty—an income of $100,000 a year, set Hollywood and Broadway producers chasing him with fabulous offers, brought him—among other things—his own recording company, stocks and bonds, a black Lincoln Continental and $25 dinners. Also a brain-fagging grind five days a week on what he calls, "The Black Hole of Calcutta"—stage 8 at Desilu Studios.

It has also brought Vince Edwards to another stage in his life where again he finds himself odd man, out of place and uncomfortable. By a miracle of casting, he fits the sullen image of Dr. Ben Casey like a surgeon's glove. But in the romantic role of a Hollywood star, he's decidedly a misfit.

Physically, Vince lacks almost nothing. "After all," says his colleague, veteran actor Sam Jaffe, of Vince's hypnotic effect on women, "he's quite a hunk of man, isn't he?" Vince certainly is. He could model for a Roman gladiator, which isn't too far-fetched, because his ancestors were Romans. Beneath a helmet of coarse black hair sits a classic brow and a bold Roman nose, flattened slightly at the bridge by a broad chin, which was the kid's jaw. His eye-

over which is a five o'clock shadow creeps at noon, is rock-firm, with a left chin bracing a strong, sensual mouth. But his eyes are Vincent's most commanding feature; they're dark and deep enough to get lost in.

Vince's physique is even more impressive and shows the respect he gives it. "I think my regard for anybody is what kept me straight all these years," he says. It's a swimmer's body thickened now by years of heavy exercise and maturity. When he peels off his shirt, the muscles stand out on his hairy arms like tree roots. His shoulders slope, punch-powered like a prizefighter's—which is what Max Baer once tried to talk him into being, and what he once did for a while. But in his C.F., a heavy-weight boy friend in "Serenade."

"Vince could have been the greatest heavyweight of them all," believes Bennie Goldberg, himself an ex-bantam weight title contender who officiates today as the star's valet and secretary. "Vince can go pretty good in the ring right now." Vince goes, in the ring or with weights, regularly at the Beverly Hills Health Club, Vic Tanny's or Goodiche's gym—where recently, in his zeal for condition, he almost killed himself. He was lowering a 220-

pound weight from above his head when his foot slipped. Vince fell on his face, the bar crashing down on top of him.

"Only the discs hitting the floor first saved him from a busted neck," reports Ray Joyer. "He still gets a backache from it now and then."

Another way Vince risks destruction is swimming straight out to sea until he's invisible. He water-skis recklessly, skis deep and occasionally tests his re-

flexes skittering his car around hairpin curves, racing 60 miles an hour with no hand in his wheels, and he fuels himself with health foods—car-

rot juice, yogurt, wheat-germ, pineapple snacked with honey and such. His favorite dining spot is the Aware Inn, Hollywood's temple of organically grown fare.

Back up Vince's animal majesty and magnetism is a considerable helping of brains. His IQ is 135. He has three years of high school and a year at the American Academy of Dramatic Art. He likes to delve into the modern philosophical writings of Ouspensky, Kazantzakis and Nicol. He has written several play scripts, including a symbolic fantasy. He uses almost perfect English and has nearly licked a heavy Brooklyn accent. As for act-
ing, he has some twenty-three movie parts and one major TV behind him, plus work with Tony Quinn's experimental group. "What people forget about Vince," says Sam Jaffe, "is that he's no green pea. He has what any star role like Ben Casey takes—experience. It gives him a great deal of ease. Also, he's sincere and dedicated."

Least likely to lure

Yet with all this, Vince Edwards is unquestionably the most unlikely figure ever to come up Hollywood's king of hearts. Too often he exudes the charm of a Las Vegas gaming room cop. He seems incapable of lifting a finger to be gracious or win new friends. He's never "on" offscreen to project a pleasing personality, which both Gable and Vince's idol, Humphrey Bogart, never had to. Vince has no poses, pretenses, artifices or—some people believe—manners. It would be so nice," sighs a girl who works on "Ben Casey," "if just once Vince opened a door for me." His attitude toward strangers seems hostile, rude and even menacing. It's a negative trait Vince recog-

izes but believes himself powerless to change.

"I can't be gladhand," he admits. "I'm no greeter or Charlie boy. I think my own personality had a lot to do with the long time—it took me to score. I could never butter up important people, not even pro-
ducers who might give me a job. I still can't."

Right now Vince Edwards doesn't need the jobs. But he might up his star rating if he does need to project an attractive personal image. Unfortunately, his image is being battered in the very places where it could be made to flourish. One of these is the press.

Vince's secretive and suspicious nature.
makes him a natural antagonist to report-
ers. The questions they fire at him, trying to open him and reveal the interesting man they suspect is in there, only strike Vince as prying. He retaliates by being cavalier, curt and diffuse, cancels inter-
terviews if he decides he wants to be left alone, and, when cornered, tries to confine his answers to bare facts. Usually he omits the story of his beginnings in Brooklyn. "My formative years," he insists unrealistically, "started when I got out of there and went to college." For a time he avoided giving his right name, Zoine, and only when undis-
covers he is being pursued for it, he reveals his true age, thirty-four. He still angrily resents reporters "researching" around his boyhood neighborhood. "Impressions—just impressions—what do they mean?" he growls. "I didn't know half these people. What do they really know about me, anyway?" He's flown into rages when re-
porters have interviewed his mother and other family members.

"I think," sighed one thwarted inquisi-
tor, "Vince Edwards wants to forget every-
thing up to now. I think he wants to start
life all over with Ben Casey."

As a result, Vince has been unfairly
taken apart in print, bombarded by some
writers, abandoned by others in disgust,
and by still others made the subject of
repetitious treatments based on the fic-
titious Dr. Ben Casey. By now "dour," "sole-
"sullen" are Vince's widespread tags and
a snarl too often his trademark. Unfair or
not, this is mostly Vince's fault. Nonethe-
less it bugs him. Because, beneath
his hard-cooked manner, he is as thin-
nosed as an onion, as volatile as Vesu-
vius and as unpredictable as a March sky.
Since Vince is Ben Casey, he sets the mood
that swells with his own. "And," says a
crow member, "if Vince has just read
something nice about himself, everything
is rosier. But if he's read something
bad—watch out! It's going to be a long,
tough day."

Matt Rapf, producer of "Ben Casey,"
backs this up. "Ordinaril," he reveals,
Vince gives us no trouble at all. He's not
temperamental, not a noisy fellow. But
there are but two things he will upset: One, if he reads something about himself he thinks is unfair. And two, when as Dr. Ben he has to say or do something Vince doesn't believe in.

"For instance," Rapf recalls, "we did
a story about a prizefighter with a brain
injury—before the Benny Faret death band—six months ago. Vince took a stand
against boxing. Vince balked. I explained
why a neurosurgeon particularly would be
against legal destruction but it didn't make
any difference. His attitude was that he'd
offend millions of boxing fans. He's one
himself. It was a very small hassle really.
A few changed lines fixed it in minutes.
B. Vince was pretty workin' up.

A host of Vince Edwards' pals are fight-
ers. "I like fighters," he says simply. "I
like their company." One of his best
friends is Rocky Marciano. Three who've
been in the ring now work for him—
Bennie Goldberg, Ray Joyer and Mickey
Golden, who plays an orderly. There was
a time when Vince himself was fast with
his fists.

"Sure, Vince had lots of fights," remem-
bers Mickey. "But he was never a brawler.
Usually it was defending some underdog
—or a lady. Once I saw him wade into
five guys outside Schwab's who insulted a pas-
sing girl. He made them apologize.
Those days are gone, but not Vince's
temper, although it's more controlled.
"I keep clear of Police, camaradism.
"I'm afraid of bad publicity or trouble. I am afraid I'll hurt someone. I'm big
and pretty strong."

The last time Vince saw red and acted
on it was some months ago. Driving along
Sunset Boulevard he saw a man whipping
a boxer dog with a chain leash. Vince
curbed his car, leaped out, grabbed the
leash. The man started to give him a piece of
his own medicine. The boxer, rather un-
gratefully, sank his teeth in Vince's ankle!

He hides his charms

Unfortunately, Vince could never tell
a story like that on himself. He is as
lock-lipped about his appealing qualities as he is about his private life and back-
ground. One is a protective fondness for
all animals. Time and again he has been
invited to join his pals on deer hunts. "I
don't like to kill anything," he begs off.
Cruelty to any animal anywhere makes
him boil. A few weeks ago, in company
with an animal trainer pal named George
Fraser, Vince attended a circus near Holly-
wood, where a tatter-dragon was spotted
blood streaming from one elephant's
place where the trainer's hook bit in. "After
the show," says Fraser, "Vince was raring
to go back and chew out that trainer. I
finally talked him out of butting in."

Even when Vince was hungry himself,
his fed and sheltered a parade of assorted
pets, including a peacock who strayed into
the yard of a small house he rented once
in Los Angeles. When he named it, spent
tree pampers months before Vince took "her"
back home over the hills to Griffith Park Zoo. At the same
place he was host to two lions.

George Fraser tells about that, too. "I
had two lions I used on tour in a comedy
routine," he says, "but bookings petered
out, I was broke and the lions were hungry.
I met Vince on the parking lot at Schwab's
drugstore. I had the cats in a truck and
no place to keep them. Vince said, 'Take
them up to my place, and gave me the
address. I'd just met him, understand. I
didn't know then he was about as busted
as I was.'"

Vince feels it was a kind of joke on himself.
The lions (George, too) stayed as
Vince's guest for two months, rendering
the night with roars, and drawing squawks
from below. "It took one elephant's
SPCA man to see if they had good treat-
ment and meat. He found them in top
condition, because Vince was spending
far more to feed the lions than for himself.
When the cops finally laid down the
law, "Get them out of here," they were
in shape again and Vince went with
the SPCA and the LAPD to help with the act. Today George Fraser has a steady bit player's job in "Ben Casey."

George Fraser is only one of scores of
obscure buddies Vince collected in his
knockabout years in Hollywood. They
make up what one calls, "Vince's mafia."
The term is apt: Vince remains fiercely
bazaar, in Sicilian fashion, to anyone
who has befriended him, or vice versa.
Curiously, he calls himself "a loner," which

he is anything but. "Vince has more real
friends in this town than any man I know," states Mickey Golden. "Only they're not
the people you read about. He's never
lost that common touch and he never will."

"Yeah," chimed in Ray Joyer, who has
known Vince since 1951, "I've been in
this business thirty years and he's the
only one I've seen hit who hasn't
changed one bit. The other day, Ray
relates, "we had an extra working here,
what the hell about a bladder and
mighty sick. He didn't have a dime. Vince
found out. He called me over and pressed
$500 into my hand. 'Give this to him,'
he said, 'and if you tell him who it's from
I'll fire you.' Look,' Ray warns up, "see
that guy up on the catwalks? They were
going to let him go, but Vince heard about
it. He's still up there. And me, I'd
swear to it to be stand-in. 'If Ray
doesn't work I don't either,' said Vince.
I've got big lifts I wear in my shoes,
Vince's idea."

Mickey and Ray are natural cheer-
leaders for Vince Edwards, but there's no
reason to doubt them in this respect.
A sign on the door of Stage 8 at Desilu:
"No Visitors." And, in a pinch, the
dark joke in Hollywood. Inside, the set-
phone light flashes as regularly as an
Let him in. Frank? Yeah, I thought he'd
be by." A steady stream of paws from away
back filters in and waits until Vince
shuffles out of a take like a big, weary
bear. They might be anyone from a puffy
little dog he used to play with as a kid,
Brian on, with a missile, to Rodolfo Acosta,
Mickey's giant paw over the visitor's shoulder
and leads him to a dressing room with a black
door labelled "Vincent Edwards," which
serves as office, sanctum, confessional and
nerv center of his Hollywood life. They
ter, the door closes until the assistant
director starts a call rolling, "V-i-i-i-n-c-e
Ready!" In the interim Vince Edwards has
listened, weighed, judged and assured
on a docket of mutually personal
problems. This goes on all day and
every day, often while reporters and people
with business important to Vince cool
their heels waiting for a precious word with
him. "Vince," sighs one affiliated observer,
"operates like ward boss, or maybe a
Chicago beer baron, circa Al Capone. He
wants to be Papa."

"If his friends don't come by, Vince
calls them," says George Fraser. "He
wants to know, is everything all right.
For several months after 'Ben Casey's"
initial success, his anxiety about his days
were anxious. All of his mafia had reported
except one, a Negro singer named Buddy
Lucas. Vince is fond of Buddy and it hurt
him that not a congratulatory chrip about
his big strike had come in. Unable to bear
the silence, he sent out tracers and located
Buddy singing in a Miami night spot.
Vince called to give the man a de-
"What did you call me?" he demanded.
"Why the hell didn't you let me know
where you were?" Buddy said he'd just
been busy. Only when he had put that
over-sight to rights was Vince satisfied.

"That old gang . . ."

"Vince likes to have all these people
BE A CELEBRITY

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swarming around him," believes an associate, "because it makes him feel important. It's a more personal and satisfying flattery than—say—a mob of fans or abstract fame."

But Mickey Golden, who has known Vince twenty years, shakes his head. "Vince simply has great compassion because of his own background," he believes. "He had a rough struggle himself and he knows what it means. There's a bond. He's like Mario Lanza, who was a real buddy to Vince. Mario was from a tough South Philadelphia neighborhood, like Vince was from Brooklyn. He coddled to Vince the minute he met him, when Vince was fighting to pull himself up—and he gave Vince his first good movie job. Until the day Lanza died, Vince could do no wrong with Mario."

Whatever the reason— compassion, a need for flattery, insecurity or what—Vince Edwards clings to the pals of his hard luck days, in striking contrast to almost any other big star you can name. They are his set, his social circle, from which he has expanded almost not at all since "Ben Casey" made him famous. Today, gates to more distinguished, influential and prestigious Hollywood social groups swing wide open to Vince Edwards. He has invitations to parties and musters of all kinds crowded with Hollywood's top brass. Except for professional events—Screen Writers and Directors Guild dinners, the Academy Awards and such—he turns them down. One or several of his old gang are with him almost every waking hour at work and play. They share his most intimate confidences and he theirs.

"Should I get married?" Vince asked George Fraser recently.

"No," George, a married man and father, replied. "It wouldn't be fair to your wife. Right now you're married to Ben Casey." That's almost true. At this point, nothing in Vince Edwards' life can seriously compete with his labors on Stage 8 at Desilu. Vince may call it "The Black Hole," but it's the center of his world whose walls close out almost everything usually associated with a Hollywood star's existence. He works there from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M., often rehearsing through the noon hour and munching an apple for lunch. Barbers trim his hair on the set; he shaves and showers between takes. Anyone who has any business with him grabs him there for catch-as-catch-can meetings—his press agent, business manager, his agent, even Bing Crosby, who produces "Ben Casey." Throughout the long acting day Vince is in virtually every scene. "And," protests Sam Jaffe, who plays Dr. Zorba, "we do three-fifths of a full play script every week. That means sixty pages of dialogue loaded with tongue twisting medical terms. Vince has to learn these at night."

Vince himself says, "This job takes more guts than talent." By the time he rolls out the Desilu lot in his black Lincoln, it's usually dark. Then, unless he has a recording session booked until midnight, he goes to his big treat of the day—a gargantuan meal at Martoni's, Trader Vic's, Villa Capri or a health food feast at Aware Inn. At his side, almost invariably, is the girl who prompts those cautious marriage thoughts with Vince—his steady, Sherry Nelson. And that's another thing. (Continued on page 86)
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New discovery! MINIPOO removes sticky hair-spray build-up—without shampooing
PAT BOONE

Continued from page 39

The things they’re saying about Pat Boone!

“A fallen idol . . . we weep for him . . . Hollywood has seduced him . . .”

These are not the words of an enemy. Those wounding judgments are printed in a religious magazine, “Christianity Today,” a publication of Pat’s own—and very deep faith—continues:

“A fallen idol . . . we weep for him . . .”

A Hollywood magazine writer who refused to be named gave Pat an even harder time—though in conversation, not print. “Don’t hand me that religious Pat Boone stuff any more,” she snapped. “He’s a hypocrite, or he wouldn’t be in Las Vegas.” She went on, “Vegas is all right for somebody like Sinatra, who’s never pretended to be a saint. But Pat! That model!”

In her accusations, this writer used the ugly word “shill” for Pat Boone—a word that means a “come-on”—in this connection “sucker-bait” to lure Boone admirers into a gambling casino. Something which Bing Crosby had refused to do, saying he wouldn’t sing in Vegas because he “wouldn’t be a shill for gamblers.”

Nor did it help, on top of all this, that Pat frankly admitted he stayed up one entire night with Eddie Fisher at the Desert Inn—a gambling joint—though he insists that he himself did not gamble; that Shirley was with him and they only watched while Eddie lost a wad and then won it all back. By which time, as Shirley and Pat let themselves into their own luxurious suite in the Sahara Hotel towers, it was 8:30 A.M. and the four little Boone girls were awake and chirping.

Even back home in Tennessee, where everyone in Nashville remembers how those lovesick teenagers, Pat and Shirley, ran away to get married nine years ago, they’re worrying now. Wondering why Pat has gone back on his “no kissing” edict in making movies. Fretting because “State Fair” he took off his shirt and kissed—passionately—that hot little Ann-Margret. And played a drunk scene. And, in his new picture, “The Main Attraction,” plays an even drunker scene and love scenes with Nancy Kwan and Mai Zetterling!

No kissing? Why?

Anyone who wonders why it’s taboo for Pat to make love before the cameras when this is stock-in-trade for every other Hollywood actor is forgetting the widely-respected and largely self-imposed Pat Boone image. Pat began his career as a fresh-faced, cleancut, deeply religious teenager who became a singing idol for millions of other teenagers. He began for $44 a week on which he and Shirley and the earlier of the little Boone girls lived happily. When he went onward and upward—to a spot with Arthur Godfrey, then to his own TV show, and top hit recordings, and a million dollars worth of autographed Pat Boone sweaters, bathing trunks and pre-cut white duck shoes, his way of life remained unchanged.

True, there was now much more money, and a pretty home in Leonia, New Jersey, and a sleep-in baby sitter to help Shirley look after four frisky little girls. But nothing else changed. Pat and his Shirley were still very young (Pat is only twenty-eight now as he sits on top of the world); he’s very much in love, devoted parents, and wanting nothing more from life except, of course, a son. The religious life that was ingrained in both of them from childhood never lost its grip. Every Sunday the whole family went to services of the Church of Christ. And Pat not only attended evening services several nights a week but also led some of the church’s home missionary campaigns.

When skeptics implied that his religious fervor was seasoned by self-interest, Pat answered, “I’d be living the same way even if I weren’t a public image.” And when Hollywood summoned him he said, “I’d never agree to make any picture that I thought would be a bad influence on my fans or anyone.” If anything, his critics considered him too prim and his enemies called him a shill.

Yet now this scathing commentary on his picture, “State Fair,” appears in his church paper: “Here is a sordid Hollywood product and Boone is the leading participant!” It speaks of viewing the picture “with indignation and then with profound sorrow.” And it continues: “Some of the picture is meant to be funny, but it’s hard to laugh. Instead it just makes one think, because Hollywood has seduced him.”

A preacher of Pat’s own faith told me that the editorial, entitled “Hollywood Seduces a Teenage Idol,” has been widely read, quoted and copied. And a few days before I left to visit Pat in Las Vegas, another clergyman of his denomination sent him a message by me.

“When you see Pat Boone,” he said, “I wish you’d ask him what in the world he’s doing. He’s using his enormous talent to make the money. Why is he in a place like that?”

This preacher is by no means a stodgy blue-nose or a religious fanatic. He is chairman of a recreation commission in his city because he believes in fun and wants to help people get some enjoyment out of life. But he doesn’t approve of the Las Vegas variety of fun. And he was seriously concerned that Pat should contribute to it. He knows all about Pat—how as a high-school boy he was too busy even to sit down and eat meals with the family because he lead the singing at church services, worked with youth groups, was a four-letter athlete, member of the school paper staff, a class officer, part-time radio performer—and milked the family cow. When his friend, teacher and minister, Dr. Maloney, summoned Pat by the Boone house to give his most promising student a lift to evening services, Pat would rush out with his supper plate and fork in hand, and his toothbrush in his pocket. Rather than be late to church he’d finish eating in the car while Dr. Craig drove. Then they’d discuss Pat’s future. Sometimes they thought he should be a teacher. Sometimes a lawyer. But never a movie star. But never in their wildest imaginations did they see him as a future movie star. Or singing in Las Vegas. Or sitting up all night watching Eddie Fisher gamble. Or kissing Ann-Margret. And now here was another preacher sending Pat rueful messages. And telling me, “I know he’s still a devout member. But the people are awfully disappointed by the things he’s done lately.”

There are friends of the Boones who also wonder if Shirley isn’t—well, not disappointed, but perhaps a trifle perturbed—by some of Pat’s new mates. Like kissing Ann-Margret . . . or Nancy Kwan . . . or Mai Zetterling. They point out that Shirley is not only a very loving wife, she is also a jealous one who never did like the idea of her Pat’s lips touching the lips of any other woman, even in front of a camera.

“This is no news to Pat,” says another friend, who also knows that Shirley took this kind of thing hard. In the months that she had plenty of misgivings about coming to Hollywood at all. She knew enough about what happened to marriages in Hollywood—how so many of them started out fine and ended on the rocks, and she was afraid of what it might do to her happy marriage. But Pat must have convinced her that nothing could happen to them, that they were going to be the same couple that had married with nine years ago. I wouldn’t be surprised if he even promised her he’d never do more than just sing about love in a picture without consulting her.”

Shirley’s possessive brand of love was also commented upon by an eye witness who’d seen Pat Boone rehearsing for a TV show. “All the while he was waiting for his turn to go up on the stage and rehearse,” this woman said, “Shirley was sitting on his lap. When it was his call, she got off his lap so he could get up. But as soon as he was finished on the stage and came back, she was in his lap again.”

To anyone who knows Shirley Foley Boone, this behavior isn’t surprising. Pat and the children come before anything else in the world. Shirley is a girl who lost her own mother very early in life and had to share her father not only with three other sisters, but with show business, too. Red Foley, the country-style singer of “Grand Ol’ Opry” and “Ozark Jubilee,” couldn’t always be the combination mother-father to his girls that he’d have liked to be. When Shirley first came to David Lipscomb High, her mother was already so ill that Shirl had to stay as a board ing student. Then there were two girls. But before she was alone, she was her—her high school sweetheart, her teenage bridegroom, the youthful father of her children, “her strength” as she always called him. And last spring, when she lost a baby prematurely—perhaps the very son for whom they had been praying—Pat was her rock in their sorrow. Pat and God!

And yet Shirley herself has changed considerably since they hit Hollywood.

The new Shirley look!

“Shirley has practically restyled herself,” friends pointed out. “When they first came here, she and Pat thought nothing of bouncing straight from a picnic to a posh movie with everybody else in mink. They had fun and did a lot of things. Now she looks a lot more like kids about it.” But now Shirl has learned how to do her hair and look very glamorous.
I guess she figures she'd better do this.

But whether Shirley Boone is a jealous wife or only a cautiously loving one . . . and for all the shocked disapproval of Pat's church colleagues . . . and the pained sorrow of his mother and father, his old friend Dr. Craig and the other Nashville folks . . . the fact remains that the one who has changed most drastically is Pat. He accepted the Las Vegas singing date with his eyes wide open, fully aware that other "public images" had refused to sing in Vegas. Above all, it is true that Pat's screen roles have been evolving from his cheerful, harmless stereotypes—the nice kid with dirty sneakers and a pure heart—to deeper and sultrier characterizations like the beatnik drifter involved with two women of "The Main Attraction."

People are asking "Why?" Why does he do it? Why does Shirley let him do it? I sought the answer from the most logical answerer: Pat himself. I went to Las Vegas and saw the whole family. And I heard the story of how it was that influenced Shirley to let Pat kiss his leading ladies. Guess! But first—my visit with Pat. I found him sitting on the sofa of their hotel suite with four-year-old Laurie, the baby, on his knee. (If it isn't Shirley, it's Laurie, or Cherry, nearly eight, or seven-year-old Lindy or six-year-old Debbie.) When I told Pat the charges of his critics he said, "I know some of the things I'm doing are controversial, but I wouldn't be here if I thought it was wrong."

Laurie squirmed on his lap and chipped, "Daddy.

'Ssshhh," Pat said, "don't interrupt now, we're talking." He straightened her T-shirt where it had become all twisted.

"In spite of the reports you've probably heard," Pat went on, "I've never said that I would never sing in Vegas. First time I ever did come here, Shirley wouldn't even come with me. So I just came for the day, I got here and took my first look around at this place—and you know what it reminded me of?"

"Hello?" I offered at a guess.

Pat laughed. "No," he said. "It reminded me of a midway or a carnival back home. You know—where you can have whatever kind of fun you're after. You can gamble and see burlesque shows, if that's what you want. You can get in trouble anywhere—unless you make the right choices."

When I asked, "What about this writer who calls you a "shill'?" Pat answered, "Look around, and you'll see two kinds of people here. The ones who come to gamble and the ones who don't. The gambler will come to Vegas no matter who's performing—so I don't feel like a shill. The others come to enjoy the sun and see a show—and they should have a chance to see a clean show. That's the kind I'm doing. . . . I even see couples bring their children—that way the whole family can stay up late together and all sleep late the next day. But someone has to offer them the kind of show that the children can see. I do."

He knew about the editorial in "Christianity Today." It didn't make him happy, but it didn't push him into an apologetic frame of mind, either. His answer to their attack on "State Fair" was, "I think it's a clean picture."

And then he said, "People should be able to accept me in more than one dimension. They should be able to understand that the person I am on the screen is fictional. I'm acting! The things I do in the picture have nothing to do with what I'm doing in real life."

I suddenly thought to myself, 'He's right, of course. If he were to play Macbeth, nobody would go around saying, 'That Pat Boone—he's a real murderer.' Now would they?"

As for the celebrated love scene he plays with Ann-Margret but without his shirt—he did talk it over with Shirley first to be absolutely sure she didn't object.

Which brings me to the story of who convinced Shirley that she shouldn't mind when her handsome young husband kisses a glamorous movie star. It wasn't Pat—though he has known for some time now that his "no kisses" edict was getting in the way of his career. The whole thing was getting all out of proportion, he realized that. "A couple of years ago," he told us, "when Shirley and I were in Italy, photographers and reporters swarmed on us asking, 'Is it true that you won't kiss your leading lady? No? If Sophia Loren were here this very minute, wouldn't you kiss her?' They wouldn't believe it! Everywhere we went—the Philippines, Cairo, New Delhi—everywhere—it was the same. In France, of course, the idea of a man who wouldn't kiss his leading lady was merely too preposterous."

**Audiences grow up, too**

The trouble was, Pat knew that moving pictures were changing, audiences were changing. The themes of films were becoming more adult, more daring—concerned with sex and more outspoken about it. And he was standing still! He was still and always the happy-go-lucky young fellow with the dirty sneakers and clean heart. Pat Boone couldn't be unaware of his dilemma or he wouldn't be the same level-headed young husband and father who had stuck with his college studies even while carving out a career as an entertainer—so that he could teach if he turned out a flop in show business!

No, Pat now was plenty hip to what was going on in the entertainment world. And that there was danger of the whole parade passing him by if he kept standing still at the same old spot. He knew, all right—but he wasn't so sure that Shiril did. And he didn't know how to tell her. So he didn't. But about two years ago he began with serious dramatic lessons while he pondered the restrictions of the "no love scenes" situation.

Finally he had a thought. He arranged for a screening of a fairly old hit of his, "All Hands on Deck," and took the whole family. This oldie did have some love stuff.

Pat grinned when he told me how it went. "Cherry was sitting next to Shirley. When I went into a love scene with Barbara Eden, Cherry suddenly sat up and looked at her mother. Shirley caught the glance and quickly looked at the screen—to show Cherry it wasn't bothering her at all, not one bit! Cherry then slumped back in her seat. And Shirley worried, oh this is bad, this is having some kind of effect on our child."

"A little later I had another love scene. Cherry tightened her hand.

"At the scene she leaned over, put her hand on Shirley's arm and in the warmest little voice whispered, 'Don't you worry, Mommy. Daddy's only acting.'"
Pat laughed again, telling me this. "There was Cherry," he said, "worrying about how her mother was taking it, and there was her mother worrying about how our daughter was taking it. . . . And there was I, finally seeing the whole thing in its proper proportion. Shirley saw it too, after that evening—that as long as our children saw real love at home, saw their mother and father with their arms around each other, we never had to worry over what they saw on the screen."

So it turns out to be little Cherry Boone whom Pat's fans can thank or boo—depending on where you stand on the big kissing issue—for cutting through the troubled tangle on this phase of operations. But remember, it is only one side of the problem. Pat's modern-day departure from his self-imposed purity image may be all squared away with Shirley and the kids; his friends may now consider him less prim and his enemies find him less dull. But it still doesn't take care of churchmen who accuse him of being wild, wild, wild!

And Pat cares very much what the public thinks of him—he has to! Much as he wanted to do "The Main Attraction," he wouldn't sign for it until the script was so written that it became the story of a man's regeneration through love.

"I want to be successful," Pat said to me, frankly and openly, "I want to be a good actor. I even want to win an Academy Award some day. I'd like to keep on having such songs hits that I'd win gold records, and I want to go on making successful personal appearances."

"I am, I realize, the kind of guy who can't stand to go halfway. I want to do the best and get as far and as high as I can. It's Shirley who says, 'Remember the things you believe in and the things that are important to you. You can't sacrifice them merely to get to the top. If you can achieve what you want—and still make it harmonize with the things you believe in and the way you live—all right. But just remember that the end never justifies the means.' And she's right, my Shirley. She's a real anchor!"

But of course, there are all those "ifs" to contend with, "If you can make it harmonize . . ." Pat knows he's on the horns of a dilemma: to go with the tide and hear the church cry "Wild! Wild!" or buck the tide and hear the others whisper "Too prim and proper!" "Too dull!"

**Smokes, drinks, kisses . . .**

And what happens when you try to play it down the middle? Well, the Pat Boone who once turned down a big radio show back in the days when they needed money badly—he wouldn't work for a cigarette sponsor—now is called a shill for gamblers. And has learned to smoke a pipe for a picture—and like it. He was the one who talked Shirley out of smoking cigarettes—for health reasons, he argued—when she was carrying Cherry. But now, working up his approach to his new role in "Attraction," Pat finds he can't help liking it. Shirley fights back at him with all his own arguments, but he insists it isn't anything like smoking cigarettes—he'd never touch those.

And the Pat who never had a drink in his life has learned how to act very drunk for the same picture. Not a little drunk as in "State Fair." Very drunk!

Whether "Christianity Today" will recognize the difficult art of acting that went into these scenes, or whether they will again cry out that Pat Boone is betraying his principles, remains to be seen. If they attack him again, there isn't much he can do about it—not if he still wants to push his career to the full.

When Pat first went to Hollywood his mother said, "Pat accepted the divine inspiration of the Bible completely when he was a child. . . . he won't go too far wrong." Pat continues with his church work, he and Shirley continue to rear their children with profound reverence for God's power—they are still praying, all six, for that baby boy they want so much. But all this, of course, is his personal life.

**Career-wise, Pat can't forget that as far back as 1957, when his TV show premiered, reviewers wrote condescendingly of cornball cuteness, of white shoes, shy grins and hymn singing on a "pretty mild show." And this is 1962, with audiences veering further and further from cuteness toward the harsher realities of life.**

**There is no one answer to Pat's dilemma. He is a decent man who knows he must compromise if he is to survive in a commercial world. These are the facts of life that he, his church, his wife and children, will have to live with. Because this is the nature of a dilemma. A dilemma has two horns, and the best that anyone can hope for is to land somewhere safely between them.**

—**NORMA GIDEON**

Pat's in M-G-M's "The Main Attraction."
Continued from page 54

“She was a liar and a cheat,” he said. “She was absolutely, totally, one-hundred percent unfaithful. She hurt every fellow who was fool enough to date her, and . . .”

Suddenly, Elvis Presley bit off his words, as if he wasn’t sure he wanted to make the confession. Then he plunged in anyway.

“I knew she was false, but I’d have given anything—everything—to get one date with her!”

Elvis, America’s most sought-after bachelor, shook his head wonderingly. You could see he was puzzled over his own honest admission.

“It’s funny,” he said. “You can’t explain why a fellow will want a girl like that. He knows she’s a cheatin’ woman—but still, he keeps askin’ for trouble. He goes beggin’ for it! It happens all the time. Every man’s known a girl like that.”

We’d been sitting and staring at an ocean that was as phony as the kind of girl Elvis was talking about. The ocean looked real enough, but it was only a painted backdrop for “Girls, Girls, Girls.”

And while Elvis was having a break between takes, our talk drifted from girls in general to specific types—the “rare” girl who’s so gentle she wouldn’t hurt a fly; the flirt who’ll hurt any man who has anything to do with her. And being a woman, I wondered out loud why men persist in pursuing a cheatin’ woman—knowing all the while they’ll be hurt.

When Elvis answered, “I don’t think sense has anything to do with it.” I caught a quick glint of humor in his steady blue-gray eyes. This boy was growing up—he was man enough now to look with understanding on the foibles and frailties of his fellow man. But the smile died away as his memories took him back to the girl who made a sucker out of every boy who panted after her.

“I guess,” he mused, “you could say there’s nothin’ in this world worse than a cheatin’ woman.” He thought about that a bit. “But still, it does seem to me that there is one thing worse. . . .” He broke off again. Almost deliberately he turned his back on something he decided not to talk about. Instead, he went back to talking about the girl.

Maybe she wasn’t as beautiful as he remembered her—but when he was in high school she could make his throat go tight and the blood pound in his head, just by sauntering past. She had affected every boy in the school the same way. But her favorites suffered the most.

“Only I couldn’t believe that at the time,” Elvis said. “I couldn’t see how there could be anything worse than hankering after her—and never getting a tumble.”

**Keeps away from her!”**

He remembers how the boys would turn their heads as she swished by—their eyes following her every move. And how they talked behind her back.

“Look at her switchin’ along,” El’s pal burst out bitterly. “Thinks she’s queen of the campus—when she’s nothin’ but a lyp’n little cheat!” Elvis’ buddy had been one of the elect—till she rode him to the heights of heaven, then dropped him with a thud.

“The two-timin’ little cheat!” The boy sounded as if he might cry. Elvis didn’t know how to answer. He’d never been one of the elect. He just didn’t know what it was she did to boys to make them moan like his pal here. El only knew that for some crazy reason it hurt him to hear her called the things she was being called.

“El, keep away from her!” his friend warned. “Take it from me—she’s not worth being made a fool of.”

“Yeah,” El said slowly.

But looking at the young witch working her magic by simply saying by, he felt as if he were going down—down—non-stop—in a very fast elevator.

“Maybe,” he began hesitantly, “maybe she isn’t . . .” But he didn’t finish it.

“You see what?” his boy friend demanded, staring into El’s face.

“Oh nuthin’,” Elvis said. “Drop it.” He was sort of stunned to realize that he’d been about to defend the girl. What was there to say for her? He’d been brought up to know right from wrong—nobody had to tell him there wasn’t anything worse than a girl who cheats on the boy who’s mad for her. So El said what he was expected to say. “She sure gave you a hard time, all right.” But an embarrassing knowledge of his own self plagued him. He wished—with all his heart and being—that just once the cheating enchantress would give him a hard time! He wished it even though he knew that whatever they accused her of, was true. He knew he hated her for being what she was. But right this minute he hated his friend even worse—for saying so! For knowing so.

As for himself—El knew that this little snippet with the provoking walk and the knowing eyes had only to wangle a finger at him and he’d come running. He’d be her slave. For one date—just one!—she could even have his most cherished possession: his second-class ring!

In that moment El knew something else of the pain and confusion of boyhood: He knew he could get dates aplenty with girls who were just as pretty as she—and a whole lot nicer. Trustworthy girls who’d never lie or cheat or make a fellow wish he was dead.

But they’d never make him think he’d died and gone to heaven other. And that was what he wanted?

“Why?” Elvis repeated my question as we talked about girls. “Why was she what I wanted, and no other?” The glib of humor was in his eyes again. He could laugh a little at his own past foolishness. This self-amusement was a greater mark of new maturity in Elvis than the small cigar he was smoking.

“I see that same thing—time or other, every man has been crazy about a woman he couldn’t trust,” Elvis said. And added, “if he’d only admit it.”

He puffed thoughtfully on the cigar.

“Why? Well, I imagine every man has a secret feeling that he’ll be the one to succeed where all the others before him failed. He’ll be able to keep her true to him—he hopes—because he’ll be the one she truly loves.”

“Do you mean by that,” I asked, “that Richard Burton would expect that he’d be the one to live happily ever after with Elizabeth Taylor, if they were to marry?”

**Judge not . . .**

“I don’t know about that,” Elvis parried. “I don’t know Miss Taylor—so I can’t say how it is with them.”

“What I think,” he went on, “is that a man doesn’t really let himself accept the verdict that the woman he wants is no good. And maybe he’s right—who’s to be the judge of another person? Maybe she’s not so bad.”

He stopped short.

Now I’ve known Elvis a good while, and though some writers think he’s close-mouthed and hard to interview, I’ve never found him uncommunicative. Slow to answer perhaps, when it’s something that

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hurt as deeply as his mother's death. But Elvis was never glib and full of slick, pat phrases. He was honest as a boy and now, maturing, he is still the unaffected, fundamentally good person he's always been. And yet—this was the second time he had clammed up at a promising point in the conversation. So I prodded. "What do you mean, Elvis? That worse than a cheatin' woman?"

But he went along with his own thought. "A girl," he said, "may seem pretty heartless but still not be—and who's to say if she is or she isn't? You've got to know all the circumstances."

This was the Elvis who, as a child in a country Sunday School, used to get many a gold star pasted beside his name for correctly writing verses—like the verse: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Elvis has a long memory. He's known for that. He never forgets a kindness done to him on his road to success. He never forgets a friend (which is why I'd been invited onto a closed set). He doesn't talk freely about his hurts, but he hasn't forgotten them, either. And he has never forgotten the strong moral influence of his childhood, when his mother taught him that poverty was nothing to be ashamed of—provided it wasn't poverty of spirit.

Suddenly, Elvis leaned forward intently and said, "All right, I'll tell you what's been on my mind. I didn't want to discuss it, because I wouldn't want it said that I hold with unfuturist. I certainly do not! I'm no cheater and I sure wouldn't want my woman to be. But I do say there's one thing worse than a cheatin' woman...

"And that's the so-called decent, honorable man who wouldn't dream of cheating on his woman—but who's so stupid and unfailing that he drives her to it!"

He waited a minute for this revelation to sink in.

"Listen," Elvis said earnestly, "don't make me sound like I think I know all the answers. All I know is how I feel about things. And I feel that in courting a girl, a man's got all the advantages. He sees the girl he wants and he can go after her—direct and open—to win her. A girl can't be so obvious. If the man she sets her heart on doesn't notice her, she has to wait patiently for it to happen. And then record a little trickery to wake her up. That's not what I mean by cheating, though—that's just being a female.

"But here's the male with all the advantages. And you take this kind of a man—he marries his girl, he promises to love her forever—and nobody else. She's up on Cloud 9 with him and she doesn't come down for some time—not till she finds out the truth about the husband she's married—that he has a mistress. Oh not another woman—I told you, he's a decent man. But he gives so much of himself to his job that there's not enough of him left for his wife. He's made his job his mistress, and his wife is lonely and disappointed and hurt. Ripe for trouble! So if she wanders off the reservation—who droves her to it?"

"And that's not the only way a man can be stupid enough to drive his woman to cheatin' on him," Elvis continued. "What about the one who takes her so for granted that she might as well be an old shoe as a wife. Sure he's comfortable with her—but if he's too comfortable to perk himself
THE KENNEDYS

Continued from page 29

together. To very few parties. Or else they stayed home. And read—in the living room, in bed, it didn’t matter where.

Once in a while Jackie, whose memory is reportedly fantastic, would surprise Jack by reciting to him long passages of his favorite poem, John Brown’s Body, which she had learned by heart.

Many nights they would go to bed early—would have to, because there was a trip somewhere the following day—to London to confer with Churchill, or to Paris for lunch with Bidault, or to Omaha to attend a convention of the United Carpenter Workers of America.

There was always somewhere to go, someone to see. It was a hectic first year.

But it was gay, too, and young and wondrous.

Until one day in the summer of that first year when Jack suddenly looked very old and tired. He had lost an alarming amount of weight suddenly. Jackie could see. He was beginning to have great trouble walking or sitting or standing or doing anything comfortably. The cause, she knew, was his back—that injury he’d sustained in the Pacific, in World War II.

On the eve of their first anniversary, some friends gave them a party. Jackie had been looking forward to it for weeks. And Jack was not one to disappoint his wife. But in order to make the party that night, he had to use crutches.

“We won’t go,” Jackie said.

“Why not?” Jack asked, covering his pain with that boyish grin of his. “People will probably think it’s a gag. It’ll be good for at least one laugh.”

But there was no laughter when, midway through the party, Jack dropped one crutch, then the other—when Jackie, from the other side of the room, rushed over to keep him from toppling to the floor.

A Jane is not a Joe!

Elvis threw away what was left of his cigar and warmed up to his topic. “Some girls are such good sports,” he said, “that a man sort of forgets she’s a girl and treats her like another Joe. And that’s wrong, too. Because she can be the best skater in the world, but she still wants her man to remember she’s a woman. That’s why he courted her in the first place, isn’t it? And if he misplays that part of their relationship, then he’s not going to keep her happy. That kind of woman is usually too honest and forthright to relish the idea of turning cheat on her man—but if she’s pushed too far and rebels against being treated like a Joe instead of a Jane—her man had better watch out!”

Last but not least, Elvis brought up the selfish man with eyes and ears only for himself.

“All he can talk about is his problems, his successes, his ambitions and his hopes,” El said, “It never occurs to him that maybe once in a while she needs a shoulder to cry on, or someone to tell her, ‘Good girl, you did that job fine!’ or even, ‘That was the best apple pie I ever tasted.’ If his wife ever told him how she feels awake wondering what love is all about, he’d be shocked. But he’ll do his thing, and if she goes off the deep end for the first man who shows her some tender consideration, you’ll hear one outraged husband screaming about a cheatin’ woman!”

A messenger came to tell Elvis he was needed on the set. He stood up and said, “Break’s over. I have to get back to work.”

He was walking toward the cameras when he stopped and called back, just soft enough for me to hear, “But like I said, I don’t hold with cheatin’—not in love or marriage or anything.” And then he added, “That’s why I’m taking my time finding the girl I want to marry. I’m not looking for the most perfect in the world—just the right one for me, and for her. I want to be sure that we’re so right for each other that so long as we live, neither of us will ever look at anybody else.”

—NANCY ANDERSON

See Elvis in UA’s “Follow That Dream” and “Kid Galahad.” His next film is “Girls, Girls, Girls” made for Paramount.

September 1954-1955

It was exactly thirty-eight days after their first anniversary when Jackie accompanied her husband to the New York Hospital for Special Surgery.

An operation was performed on him immediately—a spinal fusion, it was called. And it was, unknown to Jackie, a failure. Unknown, that is, until the girl, forty-eight hours after the surgery, when she got a phone call from the hospital.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Kennedy, but an infection has set in. Your husband is very, very ill. I’d suggest you phone any members of the family who are in New York. And a priest. And come over immediately.”

Jackie looked down at her husband, a little while later, as the priest intoned the last rites.

She barely heard the words: “Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna . . .”

She could only see that her husband’s face was pale and swollen . . . that his breathing was heavy, irregular . . . that his eyes puffed out of their sockets.

She placed her hand on his forehead. The fever of God.

“Help him, Mother. Lord . . . Oh help him,” she whispered. And in time—following what was called a “tentative recovery,” then another operation, then a long period of recuperation—he was helped.

And back on his feet again.

And back in Washington.

Writer James Burns has said of that day: “Something akin to aero’s welcome greeted Kennedy when he returned to Washington on May 23, 1955, after seven months’ leave. Family and friends crowded around him at National Airport, where he had flown in from Palm Beach with his wife and her sister Jean. Jubilantly, (administrative assistants) Reardon and Somerson drove the couple to the Capitol, bringing Kennedy on the way all out at the latest political and legislative goings-on. When the Senator posed for newsreel and television cameramen on the Capitol steps, tourists grabbed his hand, and a delegation of textile workers from the South that was passing by stopped to cheer him roundly. ... In his office were many flowers, one bouquet ‘Dick Nixon,’...”

Another writer, a Washington society reporter, noted that “Jacqueline, his wife, looked pleased as punch. She simply glowed with happiness.”

Very few people, including the society reporter, realized at the time that it was all Jackie could do to make it to Washington that day. That less than ten days earlier she had suffered a miscarriage.

It hadn’t been critical. She’d only been pregnant seven or eight weeks. There’d been little pain or danger—as there would the next time. But still, she had lost the child she’d longed for.

And it hadn’t been easy for her to make this trip this day, to stand at her husband’s side “glowing with happiness.”

September 1955-1956

The beginning of their third year of marriage was marked by the purchase of a $125,000 house near the town of McLean, Virginia, just outside Washington. It was an estate, really. It had everything. A swimming pool. A stable for horses. An orchard and gardens. The house itself was twenty rooms large with—most important—a wonderful old nursery right next to the master bedroom.

When Jackie had conceived for the second time, Jackie would spend hours in the room planning where the crib would go, the bathinum, the playpen, the shelves for toys and books. She’d tell Jack about her plans when he got home at night. And he’d smile and hold her hand a bit and say, “Yes, yes, that’s just the way it will be.”

But the truth seems to be that Jack’s mind wasn’t on his home very much those days—nor on his wife—nor especially on a baby not yet within a whisper of life.

He was, at the time, beginning to emerge as a national politician. His book, “Profiles in Courage,” written in the hospital the year before, was now a best seller and Pulitzer Prize winner. He was engaged in debate after Congressional debate—all of them tough and important. Inevitably, he emerged the winner.

Shortly after the second conception did take place, Jack made up his mind that he would try for the Vice-Presidential nomination at the Democratic convention in Chicago in June.

He was rarely home after that—instead he was off campaigning for political support, criss-crossing the United States.
His wife was a very lovely young woman after that. For the next six months she barely saw her husband. Even in late June, after his failure to get the nomination (Kefauver had won it instead, and would run with Stevenson in the fall), Jack somehow managed to stay away from his wife for a while.

Disappointed at his defeat, tired, he went with his brother Bobby to his father's villa on the French Riviera to rest for a few weeks.

Jackie, meanwhile, in her seventh month now, drove up to her mother's summer place in Newport, Rhode Island.

One gray morning, alone, she went walking along the beach. Suddenly she stumbled and fell. Normally she would have gotten up, brushed off the sand and continued walking.

But she couldn't get up this time—there was something wrong, she knew; something wrong with her baby, something terribly wrong.

She dug her nails deep into the sand. She screamed for help. A teenaged boy, on his way for some fishing, heard her and ran toward her.

A little while later, Jackie lay in the hospital. An emergency Caesarean was performed. Her baby was removed from its mother's womb—dead.

The following night, after a flight from Nice to Paris, then Paris to New York, then a dash by car to Newport, Jack arrived at his desperately sick wife's bedside.

He stood there for a long moment, looking at her. She lay looking up at him.

The tears—it is said—came to their eyes at exactly the same moment. And, then, still without words, Jack bent and embraced his wife.

And they wept softly together.

And as their tears touched and melted into one another that night something, at least, was born of them: A strength and understanding that would never, could never, be taken away from them.

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**September 1956-1957**

The fourth year was one of hope for the Kennedys, one of beginning things afresh.

Politically, Jack began to realize that his defeat at Chicago had not been that at all; that errors of judgment had been made by himself and by advisers; but that actually—thanks to his own good looks and charm, to TV, to the exceptionally good speech he had made introducing Stevenson—the public remembered him. His political stock had actually been enhanced.

So, politically, Jack canned his disappointment and got back to business as usual. Domestically, he and Jackie sold their Virginia place to brother Bobby and his Ethel—who had six children and a seventh on the way could better use the twenty rooms. And Jack and Jackie moved into a rented house on N Street—where they vowed to stay until their own family grew a little larger.

Almost superstitiously, now, they never talked about nursery or babies or what they would call the little thing if it were a boy, or what a girl. They'd had their fill of that kind of heartbreak.

Jackie, as it were, packed away her maternity clothes. Jack put away the cigars. They began to travel again—together again.
"It was," as someone has said, "the period of their greatest closeness—they were barely ever apart. They went to California, the Carolinas, Utah, Maine, Arizona, Texas, New York, New Jersey. Jacqueline would have gone to the moon with him, if he'd asked. It was as if she sensed somehow that one day soon it would not be this way anymore—at least not for a long, long time.

And so they practically clung to one another now, the dashing Senator and his beautiful wife.

And when, one day in early May of 1957, she learned that she was pregnant for the third time—she barely whispered the news to her husband, lest something terrible should happen to the baby inside her.

They spent the summer together very quietly, again at Jackie's mother's place in Newport. Only this time there was a hand holding hers every time she walked down the long stretch of beach.

They returned to Washington in early September and bought a house in Georgetown—not too big, not too small—which would become to them, in Jackie's words, "the sweetest house in the world, with its slanted roof and its staircase that creaks a little." It was a house, incidentally, into which they had no plans of moving until the following December.

Instead—quietly, hopefully—they remained for those last few months of Jackie's pregnancy in the rented place on N Street. And they waited.

**September 1957-1958**

The fifth year—all of it, its happiness and its joy—is contained in this simple little announcement which appeared in a Washington newspaper one morning in November, 1957.

"Mrs. John F. Kennedy, wife of the Senator from Massachusetts, gave birth last night to a daughter. The child will be named Caroline."

The date of the announcement was November 28. It couldn't have been more appropriate—coming, as it did, in the middle of the Thanksgiving season.

**September 1958-1960**

To say that Jack Kennedy's political star began to shine during these sixth and seventh years of his marriage to Jackie, would be like saying you can find a bulb or two on Times Square if you look hard enough.

Actually, his star began to blaze. In November of 1958 he ran for Senate re-election in Massachusetts and defeated his rival, Vincent J. Celeste, by a margin of 874,000 votes—the largest percentage of the vote received in 1958 in any major senatorial contest in the country.

In 1959 he took his chances and guided quite a few controversial bills through a Senate which, as one observer has put it, "was dominated by conservatives and Presidential rivals."

By early 1960 it all seemed clear: Jack was the man the Democrats would put up to run for President that coming fall.

And Jacqueline, by now a political trooper herself, couldn't have been happier. Although, deep down, most of her happiness was reserved for her husband as a husband and, of course now, as a father now; for herself as his wife and, of course, as the mother of his child.

The little word pictures given by friends relating to that time of their lives are all that is needed to show exactly the fulfillment that Jackie felt.

Mayor Victor Rennselaer Thayer, an old friend of Jackie's, has written in her book "Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy": "After Caroline came...her safe arrival seemed so incredible that Jacqueline would try to stay awake at night to banish sleep as long as she could so that she might savor in extra minutes how happy she was and how overwhelmingly she loved her baby girl and Jack."

A friend of Jack's has said: "There'd been a time when Jack threshed working on weekends. Everybody else relaxed then, he figured—so it was time for him to get those extra innings in. But something changed in him after Caroline was born. I remember one Saturday morning he was just about to take off for his Senate office. Jackie was standing at the door with him, holding Caroline, who was about twelve years old and just beginning to really talk. 'Daddy—' the little girl said. 'Yes?' Jack asked. 'Daddy—you have to go 'way again?' the little girl said. Jackie winked at him on that one. Jack winked back. He put down his briefcase. He took his daughter from her mother's arms. And that was just about the end of Saturdays at the office for a while—political star or not!"

**September 1960-1961**

Political indications of the previous two years turned out to be correct. And Jack Kennedy was indeed running for the Presidency of the United States as he and his wife began their eighth year of marriage.

In a few months' time, in fact, Jack would win the election. His wife would be First Lady.

But to go back just a little, to September 12, 1960 (some fifty-five days before the election)—this was the first anniversary which Jack and Jackie had ever spent apart from one another.

Jack was in Salt Lake City that day, beginning the windup of his campaign against Richard M. Nixon. In imitation of those flowers, Dick Nixon. Jackie was 2500 miles away, at their summer home in Hyannis Port.

With her was Caroline, now nearly three. With her, too—within her—was her soon-to-be born son, who would be named John, after his father. With her, that night, were her prayers for her husband's victory, for the ultimate success for which—to her—he had staked so destined.

She sat at a desk that lonely September night of their anniversary. And—Caroline asleep now and a servant in a nearby room watching TV—Jackie wrote a letter.

Actually it was one of the Campaign Newsletter letters she had been writing all along, printed in newspapers across the country as part of an appeal to women voters to vote for her husband. But in a way it was the opposite, too—a sort of open message to the man to whom she was married, whom she loved and whom she missed very much this night.

It began: "I have been back in Hyannis Port for almost a week now. This little summer village, where my husband has lived since 1927, closes down after Labor Day. Nearly all the houses have boarded windows, boats have been taken out of the water and only seagulls cry about the deserted pier where Caroline and I go to throw them bread. The thirteen cousins she played with this summer are all gone. In these lonely Autumn days I follow my husband's campaign with rapt attention.

"Last week was an exciting one for me and for Caroline. Hurricane Donna came close enough to where we are to knock down ten trees and blow part of the roof away. We really weren't terribly frightened, but Caroline did worry about what was going to happen to her father and whether her kitten and puppy were safe. Once she was assured Jack was in Texas where there was no storm, and Kitten and Charley were with us, we spent a cozy evening reading stories by candlelight.

"Jack telephones me late each night. I have been with him in so many of the places he has campaigned this week. That makes me miss him for the days we used to campaign together."

Ending the letter, and referring to a woman who had stopped her on the street earlier that day and remarked how proud she must feel, being the wife of a Presidential candidate, Jackie concluded with these touching words:

"I am not sure I share the supposed dream of American women—to see their sons be President, or one's husband. Being President is one thing; you could not help but be proud of that—but running for the office is another; an ordeal you would wish to spare sons and husbands. You worry and wish you could diminish the strain, but of course you cannot. Perhaps it is fitting that the highest office in the land demands the severest effort..."

**September 1961-1962**

This was the ninth year of their marriage, and the year that is now drawing to a close.

Politically, it has been an up-and-down year for Jack Kennedy (with the accent seemingly on "up").

Domestically, it was probably the happiest year of their lives. Aside from Jack's troubles over the affair of Prime Minister Nehru, and with Jack's blessing—they were rarely ever separated.

"In fact," as someone has written, "with the President working in the same house where he lives—it would be hard for him and his First Lady to be separated for any real length of time."

And this seems to have suited Jack and his Jackie just fine. They have—to the horror of society but the delight of most—been seen holding hands while walking down White House corridors together.

They have entertained lots and seen to it that there was more dancing than ever before in White House history at their receptions—almost, it appeared, so that they could share an extra dance or two.

They are the parents of two beautiful and seemingly unspoiled children... The President and Mrs. Kennedy have a daughter, and Jacqueline Kennedy has her... They are both young and good looking...
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It was a new role for Arthur and a new audience—but the response was just what it's always been.


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What won the night club crowd, the collegians and the critics? Godfrey himself, most of all. Supported by Kong Ling, the pert young singer he discovered in Hong Kong, Johnny Parker's swinging band, and the Buffalo Bills, he presented the same warm, witty mixture of anecdote, gag and song that distinguishes his daily 50-minute radio show. Enjoy the show yourself. Tune in any weekday morning to the CBS Radio Network for Arthur Godfrey Time. Your local station is listed below.

THE CBS RADIO NETWORK

NEW TALENT

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THE CBS RADIO NETWORK
with boy friends, sharing chocolate cake and one of her old movies on television; while men played poker or read magazines; while wives got angry at husbands for the wrong lead against a vulnerable slam; while time was spent or killed or wasted and life trickled like colored glass through a million hands in a million ways.

She was found dead by her housekeeper at 3 A.M. with a telephone in her hand and an empty bottle of sleeping pills on the bedtable. And it was neither friend nor lover, but a doctor who wrapped her nude body in a blue blanket and carried it to the mortuary in the back seat of his station wagon. Next resting place—the morgue.

Does it hurt to die, Marilyn Monroe? Sometimes it hurts more to live.

No one leaps into the dark unless the light is too painful. The dark is light enough only to those for whom sunlight is unbearable. Yet in a nation of sun worshippers, she was the sun, from her gold-dipped hair to her golden thighs kept honey-colored by an artificial lamp.

Sunlight glittered on her money, and she cupped fame in her hands like a golden apple. Boys watched her brassiereless body in a movie theater and panted in embarrassed, inescapable agony. She was sex without responsibility, and a hundred million men bruised her with their thoughts. Her moist lips, her singsong whisper, the incredible walk that was actually due to a lack of coordination, were the stuff that dreams are made of. And they proved—as she had always suspected—as insubstantial as dreams. Two months after Marilyn Monroe’s thirty-sixth birthday, they ceased to exist.

Why?

“I’m sorry,” said her first husband, Los Angeles policeman James Dougherty, sweating in his thick blue uniform on a summer Sunday. Her second husband, Joe DiMaggio, said nothing. He had never talked much, even to her. But he talked to her in death. He bent to kiss the beautiful dead face in her coffin and, weeping, whispered, “I love you. I love you, I love you.”

“It had to happen,” answered Arthur Miller, second most famous living American playwright and her third husband. “I don’t know when or how, but it was inevitable.”

The European newspapers blamed Hollywood.

“She is the victim of the glaring lights, the too severe demands, the cracking whips, the cheers and the juggling in the big circus tent of movies.”

“This woman was a product and a victim of Hollywood... A human being of prefabricated fame made to live and yet frightened by the hullabaloo of publicity in the higher hells of manufactured film notoriety.”

Evangelist Billy Graham had an easy answer. “All that she searched for could have been found in Christ.”

The intellectuals had no answers, only premonitions. English poetess Edith Sit...
well, clutching at a black shawl: "The poor girl, somehow she seemed fated to be sad." Photographers like Cecil Beaton who thought her the most photogenic woman in the world: "I always felt that Marilyn was doomed to a sad end. She was a des- perate creature, pitchforked into a world she knew nothing about."

The inhabitants of that world—the other movie stars—offered only praise and platitudes. Gene Kelly was "deeply shocked." Peter Lawford was "probably one of the most marvelous and warmest human beings I have ever met." Jack Lemmon was "terribly fond of her." The widow of Clark Gable said a prayer for her and Dean Martin was "sure it was an accident."

And Gladys Baker Eley, Marilyn Monroe's mother—her deteriorating mind locked behind the facade of the mental institution in which she has spent the last twenty-eight years—could not even understand that her daughter was dead.

Why?

The simplest of human lives is too complicated to be pressed, like a dead flower, between the pages of a dictionary. And the supercharged soul imprisoned in its gilded 38-23-36-inch container was not simple. Marilyn Monroe was doomed from the beginning. She was born—a wingless bird—to an already mentally ill woman whose own parents had both died in mental institutions.

Illegitimate, and abandoned before she was two weeks old, she taught herself to fly. Born in darkness, she flew towards the sun. Using artificial wings of ambition and courage, she traveled in the orbit of the sun before her wings melted and she drifted—slowly, wingless and alone—into the final darkness.

A few weeks before she died she said, "I wasn't used to being happy, so that wasn't something I ever took for granted. ... You see, I was brought up differently from the average American child, because the average child is brought up expecting to be happy—that's it, successful, happy, and on time."

She was twelve days old when she was bartered to a family of religious fanatics. Before she could walk, her sins were exor- cised weekly by a razor strap. As soon as she could talk, she was forced to promise "never to drink, smoke or swear." The penalty for disobedience was hell.

Happiness—road to hell!

She went to church three times each Sunday. The other days she scrubbed floors and soaped toilet bowls and prayed on demand. Each stain left in the toilet by chubby fingers was a sin eventually to be punished by eternal damnation. So was laughter. The only safety was pain. Pain would be rewarded by the eternal sunlight to come, while happiness was the road to hell. Sex—of course—was hell itself, and she was given her introduction to it at the age of six when she was raped by a "friend of the family."

A year later she was transferred to a family of unemployed actors who rarely dressed further than their underwear. For amusement they taught her to dance.

She had emerged—not into sunlight but into another kind of hell. Uncaged, she...
found herself in a limitless wilderness. A dozen times each day she prayed for the return of film through 1946.

When she was eight her mother had a second, final breakdown and was deposited efficiently in a state hospital like a penny in a coin bank. She would remain there until Norma Jean Baker became Marilyn Monroe and earned enough money to transfer her to a private sanatorium. To Norma Jean, her mother’s departure meant merely the disappearance of “that woman with the red hair.”

Norma Jean moved again—this time to an orphanage. Once more imprisoned, she began to suffer. In three years she grabbed only one hour of happiness. She was marched to a Christmas party for orphans at a movie studio and given a string of artificial pearls. From that moment on, she wanted to become an actress.

She was eleven when a good-hearted friend of her mother’s released her from the orphanage. But her new home was only another temporary one. Whenever her guardian was in a jam over money, Norma Jean was boarded out until the crisis was over.

She packed her only real possession—the hair ribbon—she filled each month at the orphanage with her penny of spending money—and carried them with her to a dozen families in the next five years.

The string of artificial pearls was always around her neck, an artificial promise. “Some of my foster families used to send me to the movies to get me out of the house, and there I’d sit all day and wait in the dark up in front, there with the screen so big, a little kid all alone, and I loved it. I loved anything that moved up there.

“When I was older, I used to go to Grauman’s Chinese Theater and try to fit my foot in the prints in the cement there. And I’d say, ‘Oh, oh, my foot’s too big. I guess that’s out.’”

Happiness was what she devoured on the screen: sleeping in a bed by herself on screen and waking up with fresh orange juice for breakfast; Clark Gable kissing the back of her neck. She lived in a simple world of deprivation and despair. She imagined happiness to be just as simple.

And for a while it was. In one luscious spurt of summer, her body ripened and boys crowded black as flies near the ripening fruit. At first she was bewildered when they offered her candy and rubbed their thighs against her plump buttocks in the corridors at school. Then she drowned in the warmth and amazement of being wanted—actually wanted—by anyone. She grew bold enough to demand from them—a ride on their bicycles, a glass of pop, occasionally even a banana split. But they always wanted more from her in return. Happiness was the road to hell. And sex—of course—was hell, and never in her life was she to be free from guilt.

When she was sixteen, her guardian—eager to untangle herself from responsibility—forced Norma Jean into marriage with James Dougherty, a twenty-one-year-old aircraft worker. Norma Jean agreed because “at least they can’t put married women into orphanages.” A few months later she made a rather pathetically inept attempt at suicide. When Dougherty joined the merchant marine, they both knew that the marriage was over, although they were not divorced until 1946.

She became a paint-sprayer in a war plant, then drifted into modeling. From that moment on, she was to earn her way through life with her body. She really never had any other choice except to survive at all. Emotionally, spiritually, intellectually, she was a child deprived of even the simplest toys. Her body was her only gift. Love was what she watched in the movies. God was the monster of her nightmares. A dozen sets of foster parents had kept her home from school whenever they had work that needed to be done. On her own she had managed one year of high school. But it was a frightening, embarrasing year. When she was forced to answer questions in class, she could only stutter. Her impoverished mind was too terrified to learn. Words were symbols that cut her mouth.

Years later, as a movie star, she was still to find herself unable to communicate with words, as desperately as she always tried. She would find herself unable to communicate in other ways, too. The language of the heart must be learned earlier than the language of words. She had no chance to learn until it was already too many years too late.

No words—only a body

She communicated in the only way she knew—how—with her body.

The years from 1946 to 1954 were almost happy ones. The inner nightmare quieted in her external struggle to fulfill the daydreams of her childhood. In 1950—the unexpected result of a few minutes on celluloid as a cheap lawyer’s girl friend in “The Asphalt Jungle”—she became, herself, a daydream to others. The studio was deluged with letters demanding to know her name.

Almost psychopathically ambitious and touchingly wistful, she crawled—picture by picture—to the top of the world. “Don’t Bother to Knock,” “Monk’s Business,” “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” “How to Marry a Millionaire,” “There’s No Business Like Show Business.”

By 1954 the world was hers. Even the revelation that she had once posed nude for a calendar only enhanced her ability to serve as a daydream. Men felt about her as she felt about herself. She was the physical part of love; the quick, violent sex in the dark. She thought of herself as worthless—except as a body.

But with each of this, she picked for a husband the All-American hero of her adolescence: reticent, controlled baseball player Joe DiMaggio. To be married to DiMaggio proved her value, proved her right to tenderness and children. Perhaps she expected from this marriage the uncomplicated happiness that ended the movies—she had seen as a child—where the poor, beautiful, soulful little girl was forever into the arms of the handsome-and-rich boy.

The marriage lasted only nine months. Two years later she tried marriage once more. As DiMaggio had stood for the world of the body carried to perfection, so was sorrowful Arthur Miller the symbol of the world of the mind carried to perfection. Their marriage lasted five years.

“The Seven Year Itch,” “Bus Stop.” “Some Like It Hot.”

Clean sheets. Fame. And champagne. There was no longer anything to ask for. She had won. And so she began to choke on her own insecurities.

Three miscarriages proved that she was of no value as a woman. She tried desperately to become a great actress. Lee Strasberg felt she had the potential to be one of the great actresses of the stage. But she couldn’t believe him. She could believe only the dark whispers in her own blood. Studying at the Actors Studio, entertaining Miller’s intellectual friends, only confirmed her worthlessness to herself.

She wanted to be free of her body, free of the guilt that it brought her—and she once tried to get rid of it with an overdose of barbiturates. But she loved her body too—the soft, perfectly formed gift that had been the source of her only pleasure. She soothed it with lotions, caressed it with the most expensive of Expenses towels, stared at it for hours in the mirror.

Once—when she was a child—she had been boarded with a family in a drought area. Each of the seven members of the family had bathed only once a week, and then under a bucket of water.

It was always Marilyn who took the last bath. Now she spent hours in the bathtub, a thirty-three-year-old little girl escaping into a world she had never known.

If she had nothing else to hold on to, then her body must be perfect. She became hours late for appointments, spent the hours putting on her makeup six times. She dressed and redressed and then took her clothes off and dressed again. She once even missed a plane because she stopped in a ladies’ room to put on lipstick and stayed for an hour. The outside must be perfect because only then could she hide the darkness inside. The dark nothing.

And then the body failed

In the end, her body, too, failed her. “The Prince and the Showgirl” with Sir Laurence Olivier, “Let’s Make Love” with Yves Montand were financial catastrophes. “The Misfits,” a strange intellectual hybrid written by her husband, was only marginally successful, although her co-star was Clark Gable.

She tried psychiatry. But there are wounds too deep for psychiatrists to cure. She tried alcohol. She escaped into constant sleeping pills. She tried alcohol and sleeping pills together, gulping three or four a day.
four pills with four or five glasses of wine. She tried stuffing her body with food and letting it go to fat.

As guilt and sin burrowed like worms, deeper and deeper into her intestines, she became more and more self-indulgent. She seduced herself with food and wine and sleep in an effort to obtain the unobtainable.

"She used to be called at 8 A.M. and arrive at noon," said a bitter Billy Wilder who directed her in "Some Like It Hot" and swore never to work with her again. "Now she is called in October and arrives in May."

Inextricably entangled in the darkness that had surrounded her since birth, she crept closer to immobility. She was always sick. Strange infections appeared and disappeared, and dozens of pills crowded her night-table. There were days when she couldn't make the effort to leave the house at all. When she did—go to the Foreign Press Association dinner last March where she received an award as "the world's favorite star"—she staggered to the stage in almost a caricature of herself.

The string of artificial pearls was broken now. The artificial wings were melting in the heat of the sun. There was nothing left but darkness. Yet she tried one last time to free herself from the bottomless embrace of darkness and nothingness.

The last desperation

She lost twenty pounds, had her body massaged back into shape, agreed to make a new movie, "Something's Got to Give." If her body was all she had, then she would make the most of it. Once again she posed nude. The last time she did it, she had needed money for food. This time she needed proof that Marilyn Monroe still existed. And there was no proof.

Nothing told her "Yes." She was a nude sixty-year-old woman. Attractive and desirable. But the magic was gone. The breasts were less firm, the buttocks more rounded. The gift was tarnished now, and she had nothing to take its place.

She found it almost impossible to face the cameras. In a month of shooting she was "too sick" to appear at the studio more than twelve times. The studio fired her.

And she was sick—sickly sick. She avoided mirrors now. She rarely took a bath. Her toenails remained uncut, her fingernails ragged. The road ahead was impassable. The road behind no longer existed. She could only wait—motionless, motionless, motionless.

In the end, she found herself able to commit one final act.

It might be kind of a relief to be finished," she had said less than two months before. "It's sort of like I don't know what kind of a yard dash you're running, but then you're at the finish line and you sort of sigh—you've made it! But you never have—you have to start all over again."

But this time it was finished. Guilt and sin and beauty were commingled now. Hope was gone, but so was pain. If there was only darkness, it was a different darkness.

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DREAMS

I'm surrounded by these teeming horrors. Then, just when I think I can't stand it any longer, I wake up.

THEORY: As a youngster in Amarillo, Texas, Carolyn Jones suffered acute asthmatic attacks. When one of these attacks occurred during sleep, she dreamed of suffocating as a warning to wake up.

Now Carolyn dreams of being free, while others walk around with sacks over their heads, indicating a woman who has overcome her fear of suffocation through positive thinking.

In her dream she shouts for the world to notice her, but even though she is free and able to cope with her own personal problems, the others pay no attention.

Therefore, we know that being loved and accepted by others is especially important to Carolyn and it is this need that accelerates her drive.

Carolyn's dream is one of a person who fears failure through self-effort. It indicates a personality who will continue working at her craft and self-development at high speed throughout her life, because she never feels that she has reached her full potential.

BOBBY RYDELL'S DREAM: "Wearing pajamas, I'm standing alone in space. I look up and see a gigantic wheel like a roulette wheel—which constantly changes colors as it spins around and around. As it fades away, I suddenly see hundreds of squares, rectangles and circles floating in the air. They seem to be suspended in space and are way above me as I stand gazing up at them. Then they become larger and larger and start chasing me."

"Two ladders—six-foot-high, multi-story buildings, pin me in a corner of nothingness. Just as these squares start to squeeze me to death, they fade away and I find myself falling down a steep cliff. I wake up before I hit the bottom."

"I've had this dream every time I've been ill. The first time when I was eight, again when I was twelve and more recently at the age of seventeen."

THEORY: Bobby's is an anxiety dream. It is common for dreamers to be concerned with their inner conflicts when ill.

When we fall in childhood, there is usually someone to pick us up. Consequently, as children or adults we often dream of falling because we want freedom—but we never hit bottom, for we know that we can rely on some tangible thing, usually a person, to help us with our problems.

However, anxiety dreams don't always take a tangible form. For instance, Bobby dreams in symbols. He sees figures which he can only identify as squares, rectangles and circles. These shapes merely symbolize conflict. The outstanding factor is that he sees them larger than he is.

This reveals Bobby's biggest conflict within himself—he wants to grow up, be accepted as an adult and take on responsibility. Yet, just when the problem seems so immense that he can't cope with it, he finds someone or something familiar to help him out of the situation. The whole dream indicates a young man's drive for maturity.

The fact that he hasn't had the dream since he was seventeen shows that he may possibly learned to reckon with this conflict which was so evident during his pre-teen and teen years.

DOUG McCLURE'S DREAM: "I don't have a specific recurring dream, but I do have a series of dreams depicting the same general thing. In those dreams, I'm always fighting—a man—one person is always a man—but I can't see his face. Sometimes we are in an arena in boxing trunks. Other times we are fighting in an alley or on a busy street. Often, a crowd gathers to watch us, but I can't make out the faces of these people either. And once, the man I fought and knocked down was me."

"My dreams are always in black and white and no one is ever engaged in furious battle but, except for that one time, I can't knock the other man down nor can he hurt me. Just as I begin to realize that no harm will come to either of us, the dream ends."

THEORY: Doug is always fighting, but he doesn't see the face of his opponents. Therefore, his human foes are probably symbolic of his fight against life. Since his human antagonists symbolize life, humanity is automatically included—and here we find that Doug worries about hurting his fellow man.

He is knocked about but refuses to fall down—except in the one instance when he fought himself. He strikes back but doesn't want to hurt anyone.

The inner picture of Doug McClure, then, is of an ambitious gentleman whose greatest goal is to become a success without hurting people along the way. At the same time, he doesn't want anyone stepping on him. He continually wonders how this balance of ideals can be accomplished.

FRANKIE AVALON'S DREAM: "I never know where I am going, but I'm on my way to some strange destination. I'm always alone and very frightened because no one is around to guide me."

"When I'm on a train I'm only aware of an engineer—even though I can't find him. When I'm on a plane I'm only aware of a copilot. Although I can't see him, I feel so lonely that I want to cry. I look around hopefully for someone who can tell me where or when we're going to stop. I never find such a person. I wake up before I literally go out of my mind."

THEORY: Frankie's dream is one of the easiest to analyze. Here we have an entertainer who is constantly going from one end of the world to the other on personal appearances. His working schedule is so crammed that he doesn't have time to sit down and map out his future. He is worried about his destiny and relies upon his associates (or family) to guide him. Without them, he feels that he's left alone to shoulder the responsibility, but believes that those who surround him can best advise him in this direction.

DODIE STEVENS' DREAM: "For as long as I can remember, I have always dreamed about stuffed animals coming to life—long before I ever owned a real doll or stuffed animal of my own."

"The animals—sometimes there are only one or two and sometimes there are hundreds of them—remain their own size and I adopt them as pets. We play games like hide-and-seek, or go for picnics."

"I recognize some of the animals from my own collection of stuffed toys, particularly my rabbit, two monkeys and two bears—and I seem to have a very close association with them. In the dreams I have the feeling that they are my only true friends."

"Several times I dreamed that a man in a black hood came to my house and took them all away and put them in a zoo. I wept and bellowed in the little truck. I screamed and bellowed for him to stop. He paid no heed to me and slammed the truck door tight and put a massive lock on it."

"The scene then faded to the zoo where I visited all my animal friends with tears streaming down my face. All of the animals were crying, too, because we knew we would never be together again."

THEORY: Sixteen-year-old Dodie Stevens is a teenager who is troubled by maintaining the friendships she has made throughout her life. She is so anxious, in fact, that she dreams of her stuffed animals coming to life to share day-by-day pleasures with her.

The toys symbolize Dodie's love for others. They are so close to her that they take on the characteristics of real people in her dreams. Naturally, the one she loves the most bring her the most happiness.

We can assume, therefore, that Dodie Stevens greatly misses the playmates and friends she grew up with. She wants to cling to those she loves because she feels the relationship may only be temporary. This is because she spends much time traveling. She is seeking "roots."

BOB CONRAD'S DREAM: "I'm riding in a parade, in a flashy white convertible. The festivities are in my honor and I discover I'm riding down the streets of Chicago. The car goes down all the main boulevards and then turns off on Rush Street, which is a short avenue consisting mostly of night clubs."

"The driver of the car tells me that I can select one of these clubs—but only one—to try out my new nightclub act. He tells me that this is my reward for taking the time to appear in the parade."

"Very slowly we go up and down the street. I get out of the car and go inside all the buildings to see what the stages are like. It is mid-afternoon and all of them are very bare and dreary."

"I begin to look exactly alike and I can't decide which one I like best. The driver tells me that I have a time limit and the offer will be revoked if I don't make up my mind."

"Just as I start to state my choice, he announces that my time is up. He pushes me out of the car and I land on the sidewalk in a crumpled position. I look up to see the car sprout wings and fly through the sky in a cloud of smoke. I holler for..."
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SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL

- The hidden desire of Bob Conrad is certainly evident, without much searching, in his recurring dream which takes place in his native Chicago.

Here is an actor who wants to sing, just as he did in the old days, but he also wants to maintain his position of a well-known TV performer.

In his dream, his chance for a singing engagement comes as a reward—showing us a gentleman who believes that patience and good behavior will eventually lead him to his goal. When the opportunity comes, though, he misses out because of a time element. This indicates that Bob is torn between jumping into a musical career right away or waiting until a better situation presents itself in the future.

ROGER SMITH’S DREAM: "The setting is a California patio. The sun is shining brightly and I'm sitting at a table typing on a portable typewriter. I am nearing the finish of a manuscript.

"I'm on the last page and my wife Vic interrupts to bring me a cold drink. She leans over and kisses my forehead, reads the lines I have just completed, puts me on the shoulder in an encouraging manner and then goes back into the house.

"I guess it's a very fast pace. The typewriter falls off the table and lands on my foot. The keys become alive—sort of like insects—and grab my ankle in a death-like grip. I try to shake them off but I can’t! When I feel as though the keys are going to seriously cripple me, I look down and find that the whole machine has turned to dust. A big wind suddenly blows up and sends it, as well as all the papers I've typed, sailing through the air and into an ocean which suddenly appears from nowhere."

THEORY: Roger, who has written several scripts for Warner Brothers, worries about neglecting his wife for his writing.

His wife, who is his closest friend and most serious critic, encourages him in his dream—but when she appears and leaves him alone, the typewriter falls on his foot. He is punishing himself because he doesn't like being separated from her. Physical harm doesn't seem enough, so the typewriter turns to dust and his manuscript flies away. Thus, he is free to spend time with Vic again and forget about his writing for the time being.

DIANE McBAIN’S DREAM: "In my recurring dream the scene before me is taking place in a movie. A girl whose face I can't see is walking along a crowded, cluttered street in downtown Los Angeles. She stops in front of a dingy shop, peers in the window and steps inside. Here she finds an old piece of machinery which seems to be printing newspapers. She steps into a piece of the machinery and turns into a life-sized newspaper. The newspaper starts walking and then turns into torn strips which go sailing out the door, up and down sidewalks and among cars.

"I first had the dream when I was six years old. To this day, all my other dreams take place on a motion picture screen."

THEORY: As soon as Diane was able to walk, she spent her afternoons going to the movies. This left a lifetime impression on her and she always dreams of activity taking place on the silver screen. She sees a girl, but doesn’t recognize the girl as herself because she lives in a world where she always wants to take on the personality of someone else. It is the dream of a girl dedicated to being an actress.

In the dream the girl turns into a newspaper. Diane always wishes to be someone different from herself. As a newspaper no one recognizes her, so she can be on exhibit without worrying about personal implications. Thus, we probably have a shy girl by nature who can truly "blossom forth" only when she is pretending to be another person. Adopting the personalities of others, rather than using her own, enables her to show others her true inner values.

The locale of the dream is downtown Los Angeles—a place that has intrigued Diane since she started attending afternoon movies many years ago.

SAL MINEO’S DREAM: "I am back-stage in a New York theater. I can’t identify the theater by sight, but it seems as if I’ve been there before.

"I turn on a light switch and see that the stage is set for Shakespeare’s ‘King Lear.’ Very quietly I slip into one of the dressing rooms and find makeup, costume and a beard. I then return to the stage and act out various scenes from the play. At first I am alone, but gradually the seats start filling with spectators and soon there are other actors present. As I am performing, I’m aware of a buzzing sound which encircles the audience. They are asking who is portraying King Lear, for his name is not listed on the program.

The play ends and shouts of ‘Bravo!’ thunder throughout the theater—which now seems as large as Yankee Stadium. The actor who is made up as Kent approaches me. He lifts his hand to remove my beard so he can learn who I really am. This infuriates me and I run from the stage and into the streets of Manhattan. Passersby start laughing when they see me in costume, so I hide behind a newspaper stand. As I huddle in the corner it starts getting very cold and I fall asleep."

THEORY: Sal thinks he has been in the theater before, so the setting is probably a flashback from his younger years when he starred in "The Rose Tattoo" or "The King and I" on Broadway.

In this theater he realizes his acting dream—to portray King Lear, an older man. His choice of character has a double meaning. First, he wants to prove himself a sincere, talented actor by appearing in a play by Shakespeare. Second, he wants to cancel out any thoughts that he is a young fly-by-night performer by taking on the role of an old man. The fact that he doesn’t want anyone to know who he really is confirms his need of being recognized as a true talent rather than a name on paper.

The people on the street laugh at Sal. Here again he feels that only the theater world can appreciate and understand his talents. He is definitely a boy dedicated to his craft.

It is interesting that the theater takes on the look of Yankee Stadium, as the Yankees have always been Sal’s favorite
FABIAN'S DREAM: "My recurring dream takes place in high school in Philadelphia. Although I know the building well, I get lost on my way to math class. I always arrive late and then panic when I realize that I can't find my text book. I have to leave the class to track them down. When I return with the books, I know that I am way behind in my work and that I won't be able to complete the mid-term exam which is taking place.

"The room is filled with other students but I don't recognize any of them because I am so intent on catching up with my work. I have a terrible fear of failing, the course and I perspire as I'm hunched over the desk scribbling answers as fast as I can. At first the problems are very simple. Then they get harder and harder. Eventually a single problem takes up nine or ten pages of notebook paper and I know that I can't possibly solve it. As I'm poring over this problem, the bell rings for the end of class. I hand in my paper, wondering if I have completed enough course. But this is not the only reason. To be Zsa Zsa, a person in my own right, is more gratifying in the long run than to be Zsa Zsa who is some man's darling, when he happens to be darling-minded! Writers always ask the same question of me in interviews, "Zsa Zsa, would you give up your career as an actress for the right man?"

And I always give the same answer. "But, Darling, a man who would be right for me would immediately appreciate an actress!"

Like an uncle of mine used to say back in Budapest, "Think your way to happiness. Never fall in love on an empty head!"

—By Zsa Zsa Gabor
Most bachelor actors, when they blast off to such Hollywood heights as Vince has, start swinging right out with stars, or at least starlets, for sweet publicity and to soothe a suddenly swelled ego. Vince Edwards has already swung far and wide in Hollywood—curiously not now, but when he was nobody much and in the depths of despair about ever being anybody.

Yet he propped on Lark's back and a brief drive to drive down to State Beach in Santa Monica, stand on the sea wall and sing out in his resounding tenor, "V-i-e-n-e-n-z-e-n-i-e!" A hairy Hercules would bound up from somewhere on the warm sands and shapely nymphs in brief bathing suits would scatter in all directions like coveys of quail.

"Ah, yes," Mickey Golden, who often observed the phenomenon, recalls fondly, "there were always beautiful women around Vince. A man's man, but a lady-killer, that he was. He was a terrific beach man, at State Beach and Muscle Beach too, but not only there. Vince was involved with plenty of starlets—and you can leave off with the 'lets.' He dated the big ones, too." One on his date roster was Marilyn Monroe.

Vince doesn't deny it. "I got around pretty much in those 'wild days,'" he'll allow. "Sometimes a different actress every night. And dancers, I always liked dancers somehow. I suppose because I admire graceful, healthy bodies." He was engaged twice, both times to dancers.

To Sherry, he's 'shy'

Sherry Nelson is neither an actress, a dancer or any kind of a Hollywood figure. "I'm just a Burbank High girl and I've never really done anything or been anywhere," she laughs in a friendly, ingenuous way. A leggy blonde with a pretty face and ready smile, Sherry lives with her mother and occasionally helps out in the offices of her two brothers-in-law—both, appropriately, doctors. She has been Vince's best girl almost exclusively for three years.

By now Sherry knows Vince about as well as any girl ever has. And to her, his outstanding trait is "a sort of shyness," Vince is devoted to acting," she says, "but he'd like an anonymous life if he could have it. He doesn't like being a celebrity."

Recently Sherry was dining with Vince at the Brown Derby when a tourist approached their booth with an autograph pad. "Aren't you the girl who was on the Groucho Marx show last week?" he asked eagerly. Sherry said, sorry, she wasn't, and the man drifted away, "I had to laugh," says Sherry. "Right beside me was sitting the hottest star on television." Far from being annoyed at the oversight, Vince only sighed in relief.

Vince explains one strong attraction

Sherry Nelson has for him, thus: "Sherry likes me for what I am," he says. "Not what I'm doing."

Vince's tribute to Sherry actually tells more about himself. It explains, at least in part, his clannish clinging to old friends who knew him and liked them when they had nothing to gain from him—as well as the suspicious face he shows to new ones who swarm around him now. Perhaps it is also the key to Vince's incongruous position in Hollywood: He'd like to be Ben Casey without involving Vince Edwards. He'd like to be a star without a star's noble oblige. Almost every weekend Vince Edwards disappears when the "Ben Casey" set closes. "We don't ask him where he goes. We don't care, so long as he's on the set Monday morning," says his director, Where Vince goes—by himself or with Sherry—as far as he can comfortably go to Hollywood, the Orient back to La Jolla, where he swims and dives in the coves or skis on Mission Bay. Often he makes a side trip into Mexico to watch the horses run at Caliente. Sometimes he takes a fling at Las Vegas.

Vince explains these getaways, with some justice, as necessary change and escapes from the rigors of his murder-mystery work schedule. But even when he returns, he keeps as stubbornly away from the social arena of Hollywood which most stars, in his position seek to cinch their success. He doesn't even maintain an adequate living establishment. Until a few weeks ago he roomed in the house of an "aunt" who wasn't his aunt at all, but the maternal kind of friends Russell, who took him in when he was broke. (Since Frank brought a hundred thousand dollar suit against Vince, the old friendship isn't all that close.) And now Vince lives in an obscure Hollywood apartment whose address he tries to keep secret from all but a necessary few of his intimates.

These are all Vince Edwards' attempts to divorce what he is from what he's doing. They put him at odds with his status in Hollywood, but for him that's nothing new. Most of his life Vince has been a stranger somewhere, eternally displaced by his drive to lift himself by what he could do from where he was and what he didn't want to be. At college in Hawaii, on Broadway, if Hollywood, the Orient back to Hollywood again, Vince has never fitted in. Not even in the slums of Brooklyn, where life began for Vince on July 9, 1928 in a bleak flat on a street ironically named Pleasant Place.

Vincent Edward Zoino (or Zoine, as they Americanized the spelling) was the last of seven children born to Vincent and Julia Morante Zoino; or rather he was two of the last, because he was a gemello, or twin, a fact about which, for some curious reason, Vince is touchy. "So we were hatched from the same egg—so what?" he snaps. He could hardly resent having a double of himself, two Ben Caseys at large. His twin, Robert, was not identical; he doesn't even resemble Vince and today he's certainly no Hollywood rival. He drives a bus.

The Zoines were a self-respecting, solid, close-knit Italian family, but painfully poor. Both parents were uneducated. Vince's father, now dead, was a bricklayer who earned $18 a week—when he worked, which was off-and-on after Vince's arrival on the lip of the Big Depression. The children, as they grew up, found jobs to keep their life from being so much never easy; the house they moved to on Marion Street was bigger but not much better than the one on Pleasant Place. It was sweltering in summer, draughty and dark in winter. Pasta was the staple entree on the family table. It's hard to believe now, but Vince suffered from rickets, a disease of malnutrition. Baby Vince obviously recovered early. In reminiscences, "I was always a sturdy kid. In school I weighed ten pounds more than my brother." With such shaky starts, others of the Zoino brood were less lucky. Three of them—Carl, Marie and Helen—died early in life.

Vince—he kept clean!

"I grew up like most kids in a tough city neighborhood, Vince is inclined to dismiss his boyhood. "The Blackboard Jungle, in Hollywood, or any other movie is not true: Vince is where he is today because he grew up very much unlike most kids in poverty-richen, hope-starved Flatbush. Most kids there had no ambition other than to stay off the gray tide of under-privilege that threatened to swallow them. Just to keep out of trouble, grow up, find work and follow the bare survival pattern of the poor. But everyone, it was always a sturdy kid. In school I weighed ten pounds more than my brother." With such rocky starts, others of the Zoino brood were less lucky. Too many of these would end up punchy delinquents or land in places like Dannemora and Sing Sing. "I'll bet half the guys I knew are in jail today," sighs Vince Edwards.

But anyone who knew Vince Zoino was sure to remember the whole. For one thing, all the Zoines stayed clear of trouble. Poor as they were, they held their heads up. Julia Zoino kept her children neat and clean, was in touch with their schoolteachers, yanked them in off the streets to study, encouraged all of them to make something of themselves. "My mother was my greatest guide and inspiration," says Vince, "and after her, my twin Carl, well he'd like to be young." Carl always told Vince, "Get an education, Vince. Learn, learn, learn." Vince didn't have to be prodded much. Behind his agate brown eyes lay an insatiable, impressionable mind.

One Sunday, when Vince was six, the Zoino family took a rare excursion into the Long Island countryside. It was the first time Vince had ever seen an expanse of trees, grass, water and blue skies. "It was a wonderland to me," he recalls. "For a long time that sight symbolized some sort of paradise I wanted to find." Normally his playground was the bare street where, with other neighborhoodurchins, he had to dodge trucks while playing kick-the-can, stick-ball or Johnny-on-the pony.
Vince was a leader. He was bigger than most, agile and strong. He could beat any kid chinning himself on the high bar at school playgrounds, although once he slipped and broke both arms on the paved surface. He led the pick-up teams at touch football. When he was only eleven he was husky enough for a job shovelling snow off the railroad tracks. At fourteen he could handle a man's job excavating for the subway. But when the pack drifted off to raid fruit stands, swarms inside drug stores to hook candy bars and other loot, Vince wasn't along. The only thing he swiped in drug stores were long solitary looks at the magazines, packing his head with facts about far away places.

"I kept away from trouble," says Vince simply. "That's not too easy to do where I grew up." As he grew into his teens, traps lurked all around him. Like Harry Belafonte in Harlem, Bobby Darin in the Bronx—or anywhere in a poor district crowded with school drop-outs, rejects from bad homes and charged with racial tensions—the one chilling fear that never left Vince Zoine was that somehow he'd be caught and branded before he could escape. The West Side story is an East Side story, too. Gangs roamed the streets all around Vince, and a very powerful but crude. "There's no doubt," he says, "that I had a natural swimming talent, but it wasn't developed." After his sophomore year he took a lifeguard test and got a summer job at Cypress and then with Sy at Coney, lying about his age. Between dragging weekend athletes out of the surf. Sy told him, "You've got the makings of a great swimmer. Why don't you join the Boys' Club and try for the team?" Sy was already a member there and top man. He told Vince his plan: He was out to win races and a scholarship to college. Plenty of colleges were scouting the swim clubs for team material—Yale, Northwestern, Ohio State—a free ride to an education.

"For the next two years I barely dried off enough to go to school." is the way Vince puts it, Twice he was New York State Champ in the 100-meter backstroke. Sy Schlanger got his scholarship to Ohio State. Vince applied there too and got a green light. There was only one big hitch: He lacked college entrance requirements.

At Vocational High, Vince's schedule was heavy with shop and tech classes. To make up solid credits he moonlighted at Thomas Jefferson High. "I don't think I ever worked so hard in my life—until now," he muses. "I went to school—two schools—some days from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night. But it was worth it. By the fall of 1943 he left for Columbus, Ohio. He was sixteen and it was the first time he'd ever been West of the Hudson River. (To be continued next month)

KIRTYLE BASKETTE

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as if it were made for someone else—yet clean and starched—and a red ribbon in her black hair, protested to the policeman, “No quiero un autógrafo. Tengo una carta para Paul Anka.” (“I don’t want an autograph. I have a letter for Paul Anka,”)

She ran up to Paul and put an envelope into his hand. “Para Usted,” (“For you”), she said softly, and disappeared. In the next second he was ushered into the waiting car and off to the hotel where he would be performing for the next two weeks. Late that night he went to his room and looked in the mirror at his new and washed red hair. Under the colored lights of the gardens, pink flowers strung among the palm trees, and the ruins of old Fort San Gerónimo still guarded the Island from the sea. Tomorrow he’d open. It would be a rough one. Because the contrast with last year was a rough one.

He started to hang up the jacket of the suit he had worn on the plane—and then he remembered that little girl at the airport, the note he had hastily shoved into his pocket. He took it out.

It was a clipping in Spanish, dated several weeks before. He didn’t know much Spanish, but so many words were like English he could make out that the article was about his coming appearance. It said that this appearance would be a memorial to his mother (memorial ... concerto ... a su Mamá), who had been with him at this very place one year ago, and who had so sadly died shortly after, so young.

He was a little afraid. It seemed never meant to imply that; he could never commercialize on a precious memory. His performance here certainly wasn’t going to be different. But yesterday it was true. He would never let on, never talk about it. His feelings were not for publicity. He had thought he’d like to do something to honor her memory, but what could he do that wouldn’t be undermined by a lot of phony sentimentality that would really hurt?

There was a pencilled note with the clipping: “To Paul Anka, My English is not much. I am sorry about your mother. Welcome to Puerto Rico. We like you here. I will not see you because night clubs are for rich. But I listen your records and glad you are here. Please be happy here.”

That was all. He stared at the note in his hands, remembering. He had, months ago, learned to accept his tragedy with “It is fate.” The pain of his bereavement had eased; it didn’t help to think too much. He had determined to be like his father, who never showed his heartache in front of the children.

He thought about that shy little girl in the old red dress, who hadn’t wanted to bother him for an autograph, who wanted only to tell him that she understood. He tried now to recall how she looked. There was something different about her—but what was it? Suddenly, he knew! She’d been barefoot!

Kids, he thought. Kids—wherever they are, the world over—I love them.

**A long time to want**

“Kids, I love them,” Paul Anka repeated to me over his shoulder as he recalled the story. He had gotten up to answer the door to Numero 1302, his suite in the hotel where he was playing now. A waiter came in with two pale frothy pineapple drinks. He’d be back with the room service.

“When are you going to have kids of your own?” I asked Paul. He had his answer for me.

“In about ten years from now, I’ll just be getting around to getting married.”

“That’s an awfully long time to wait.”

“Getting married too quickly is a form of security for some. I am a secure person. Happy. Contented. Of course I have my off moments like anyone else. But then I go to my room, lock the door and sit down at my piano. I have no entourage like some. Only my road manager, my manager and four musicians. No high school buddies! The ones who travel with an entourage—well, probably they need it. Everyone around saying, ‘Yeah, you’re right!’

“Marriage? Now is not the time for it. I think it’s important to date many people before settling down. In fact,” he went on, “that’s what’s wrong with so many marriages. Girls should know who they want to love, how they want to be loved. They’ll think they’ve fallen in love with Billy Brown next door, then they get to college and suddenly Brown’s not the one.” He added thoughtfully, “I know you’re supposed to love your parents and all, but my own parents—I’d like to have a marriage as good as theirs was. They were really very, very happy. And, he added, leaning toward me earnestly, “my father is really a wonderful, wonderful man.”

“You know he even taught me to cook. When Dad had the restaurant, I worked in it. I cook and I love it. So does Dad. Regular dishes, though. I left the Syrian-Lebanese specialties to my mother. My specialty is—I can make a good breakfast, lunch, dinner! And I’ll teach my kids, too.”

“How many kids would you like?”

“Girls would loads! I love them.” Then, as an afterthought, “I guess I’d better tell the girl I marry!”

The front door opened and in walked a cute teenager, Paul’s nineteen-year-old sister Marion. He had invited her to spend a few days in Puerto Rico before going back to secretarial school. Ever since his mother died, he tried to spend time he could with Marion, and had been sightseeing in Old San Juan that afternoon and began telling us the wonders of Calle del Cristo, that centuries-old street of the shiny blue cobblestones. The flowering trees, the singing fountains, the sudden whitewashed alleyways beckoning to a Spanish colonial garden patio, the cool arches, the dark mahogany carvings, the ancient silver altar at the southern end of the historic street . . . she saw them all.

Last week Marion had been visiting her
cut a new album for RCA. I’ve got to find time to rehearse. And I’m trying to get some sun now.” (He already looked as if he’d been on the beach for months.)

The wailer came with the hirs’ d’oeuvres and we devoured them. “I always gain weight on a tour,” Paul said, reaching for more, “eating like this.”

But one morning at the end of his engagement—his sister had already gone—he got up early and decided to see San Juan. By cab, it was less than ten minutes from the hotel. They approached Muñoz Rivera Park, where a couple of small boys, with bare feet and cheerful faces, waited to board the bus and sing their songs to the señoritas y señores of the guagua (bus), accompanying themselves on instruments they’d made from bits of tin and wood.

The next moment they were roaring along the embankment road along the north shore, past the Police Athletic League, past the boys playing baseball, the men sunbathing, the few hardy ski-diers, some children on the left, the beginnings of the city, on the right, a sheer drop to the turbulent Atlantic. Ocean, wild and beautiful.

At the massive castle of Fort San Cristóbal, Paul thought of getting out of the cab and enjoying the fantastic view when a few yards further, they came upon an unexpected sight. Houses, many houses, huddled together, in a hill to the ocean. Built of rough boards, many unpainted, many up on stilts, the windows shuttered with wood. They were old houses—not centuries old like the strong buildings across the road—but old shacks.

The top of the grossly sloped was marked by patches of the original cane. The few straggly wild flowers bloomed around it. Dozing there in the morning sun was an old woman, a transistor radio blaring in her lap. Near her a group of barefoot children were laughing and dancing the twist. Part of the hill had been leveled for a court and barefoot boys were playing ball with a piece of cork.
land—I mean, there is no landlord. It is public land. Puerto Rico’s land. Many years ago poor people would come here and, finding a space unoccupied, would build themselves a simple place to live. There will one day soon be a slum clearane and these houses will be gone. The people do not want to leave. It has been their home for so long.

"Perhaps you think it does not look like a slum. I have seen slums in New York myself. It is not like that. But it is a slum, nevertheless. Our biggest. The ocean is not for swimming here. These people are very poor, many are sick, many cannot read or write or think, and worse, not much hope, not much chance. Many have not been even as far as the hotel where you are singing. For many, they will never see anything but La Perla, their whole life."

Some have gotten as far as the airport. The thought suddenly just popped into his mind. There was something he could do for his mother—and for a little girl who had made it all the way out to the airport.

The party was crowded that afternoon when Paul Anka walked on stage of the night club which was "for rich." About five hundred children from all over the Island had been invited—kids from orphanages, from homes for the crippled, from welfare institutions—and La Perla slum.

See Paul in 20th's "The Longest Day."
Marilyn wore one of those girlish chiffon or organzine dresses. It was snow-white. She strolled towards the cameras as wind-machines (under subway gratings) blew her skirt derriere-high. Revealing the most eye-felling white pantee Male Animals ever gee-whizzed at.

Her husband flung into my ear—what nobody heard—but me. “What-the-hell’s going on around here, anyway?” Joe grumbled. He was embarrassed.

There was his lovely wife being “de-voored” by over a thousand strangers—jeers—mental cripples. The way Peeping Toms enjoy a lovely woman who has forgotten to pull the shades of her bathroom down all the way.

He hated it. “Let’s get ousta here!” he said, leaving.

We three (Joe, George and I) went into the theater—downstairs to her dressing room.

“Hi, Guiseppi!” she called to him, removing her shoes. She was “limp” in a large chair.

Joe forced a smile. He was unhappy about that scene in the street.

Incidentally, that shot (which landed on front pages everywhere) was never seen in “Itch.” The Church and Women’s Clubs wouldn’t have stood for it, of course. The producers and the director must have known that. But Marilyn had to do it over and over—fifteen times.

For the publicity. What else?

It was that episode, I am sure, that started their tiffs. That same night, for example, I asked Marilyn when she expected to be through. “In about another hour, I hope!” she hoped.

My radio sponsor was Howard Hughes. TWA. I asked Marilyn when she planned returning to Hollywood.

“Tomorrow night,” she supposed, “your agents or the studio have plane reservations. If not, I can arrange them. Two berths or one berth?” I clowned.

“One,” said Joe.

“One?” Marilyn asked, sitting up straight.

“Yes,” he told her, “I’m going to the opening of the Series with Walter Wednesday.”

“You,” she said, raising her voice, “are going to a ball game with Walter???”

“I’ve got to be there,” he explained, “I’m writing the Series for a newspaper syndicate.”

(Oh-oh.)

I could see a quarrel coming. I played “lose me.”

About an hour later, I went to the Stork Club for some chatter with Sherman Billingsley, the landlord of New York’s most famous celeb place. Marilyn and Joe were at the first table as you enter the Cub Room. Joe said, “Sit down.” Marilyn was busy shoveling a Caesar Salad into that sensual mouth—that men the world over wished they could bite.

“I guess,” I said (for want of something better to say), “that’s what comes from marrying an American boy with Italian folks.”

Joe, who was not eating anything, made a sour face and said: “I never eat the dumb stuff—all that garlic! She always eats it—just before going to bed!” Marilyn, still pushing forkfuls of it into That Beautiful Mouth, shrugged. (Oh-oh! There they go again!)

They strolled home along Fifth Avenue to 58th Street opposite Reuben’s wonderful restaurant—to the Hotel Madison. Her arm in his. Laughing and laughing and laughing. I left them at the corner at 58th—relieved that they were Grown-Ups and were being Sweethearts again. Instead of acting like married folks.

A few months later the divorce story broke.

Breaking the hearts of their publics—and Joe’s.

Now she is Gone. Because Joe wasn’t in Hollywood to hurry, hurry, hurry! I’ve taken too many sleeping pills and I feel every sick.

Joe was in San Francisco visiting kin. Please don’t ask me how I know these things, BUT I TELL YOU I DOOOOO.

Marilyn desperately phoned one of her friends—one she could find at home. The papers revealed she was found with her hand on the phone (which was off the hook) and told him what she had done and could be hurry and do something.

The chap panicked.

“I can’t get involved in a thing like this! I’m a married man! I’ll call my agent to send a doctor.” And hung up. But his agent “couldn’t” be reached. (Hmmm.)

Both men must toss all night trying to sleep, knowing they failed her when she needed a rock to cling to.

And her death was an accident— suicide.

The Girl nearly all Girls wanted to be like had no reason to die. She had purchased new furniture that week. She bought new dresses. She had bought the new house in which they found her—only one little while before. Why would she want to kill herself?

And—you ask—why didn’t she summon her own doctor? Perhaps she did—and she was not happy at the time—busy on a call.

Her clums told Reporters that when they spoke with her, she seemed gay “like—Marilyn usually was,” they all said.

She was wealthy. She had many friends—from the crew in the studio to the Czar chief’d by Sinatra. Her friends included the Peter Lawfords. Mrs. Lawford (the President’s sister) flew from Hyannis Port to lead the funeral—and was not invited—along with other celebrated intimates.

Joe, who was in charge of arrangements, did not rebuff them, as some critics complained. He just knew that their appearance at the crypt (or chapel) would draw unmanageable movie and TV fans. He didn’t want any of that stuff I saw at Mike Todd’s Brill Building affair. Where young mothers sat on tombstones and graves—nursing their infants. And shouting children raced up and down playing, etc. Joe did the proper thing. All of us on the papers recorded how dignified Marilyn’s funeral was.

In my report for the papers I included “sidelights” that some editors deleted. One dealt with a lady mortician who asked me: “Walter, when you write your story glomme a plug.”

Another was about a free-lance photographer, one of the large group waiting outside the Chapel—to where Joe went to thank those in charge.

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Continued from page 48

filed for divorce from Tony, her husband of eleven years, the father of her two children and the man who once said, "Janet is my life and my hope. We'll be together and in love forever.

Yet it was Janet who had lost hope for her marriage. It was Janet who gave up the man who was her life. It was Janet who knew in her woman's heart that "forever" in a man's heart is frequently a long time less than an eternity.

So one morning shortly before her thirtieth birthday, her husband gone, Janet sat down at her dressing table and took a long hard look at what she saw in the mirror before her.

What she saw

Try as she might, she could see only the reflection of a neglected, abandoned wife. It didn't matter that she was beautiful, impeccably groomed and warmly sophisticated. It didn't matter that she had fought desperately to keep her husband. It didn't matter that she had taken every conceivable step to preserve her marriage, that she had refused to quit long after another woman would have run sobbing to mother.

At that moment, Janet faced instant reality. She was a woman in her mid-thirties without a man in her life. It was then that Janet did something she had never done in a long, long time. She began to think of herself.

It wasn't easy. You do not step out of eleven years of marriage and motherhood and become a femme fatale. Loneliness is the inevitable hangover of divorce—especially for a woman. You stare, dismayed, at a hundred voids, an aggravating, frustrating swarm of little spheres of emptiness—once occupied by the man you love. He isn't there any more. And if you are a woman, a real woman, the need for someone to take his place is so great it can drive you crazy.

Movie divorcees, however, cannot just turn to the nearest man at hand. Mature men are wary of women on the rebound, and smart women understand their caution. For a woman like Janet it could not be the simple expedient of finding male companionship—the most natural thing to do, but in Janet's case also the most dangerous.

Up to that moment there had not been the slightest hint of another man in Janet Leigh's life. (And let us set the record straight. In all her married life, and for weeks following her separation from Tony, there were no other men for Janet. Tony was not that easy to forget.)

Fortunately, perhaps because she is the right kind of woman in any man's eyes. Janet was saved the difficult task of deciding which man to turn to.

He arrived on the phone one evening. It was Sinatra.

"There's an informal meeting of the A group tonight, Janet," he said. "You're a member and you're welcome. Dinner at 8:30."

"Sometimes," Janet told us, "I think that call from Frank saved me from—I don't know what.

"How can you tell one man how much you hurt from what another man has done to you? Women will know what I mean.

With Frank, explanations, excuses and all that, were completely unnecessary. I went to dinner that night and a few days later Frank put me in the picture he was making, 'The Manchurian Candidate.'"

Janet smiled. "You know, if Tony and
I were still together I would have been angry at Frank for dissolving the contract. It's the most different role I've ever even heard of for a woman. At first I was appalled by the work that was expected of me.

"But a few days later my head cleared and I realized how clever Frank had been. I loved him for it. He realized that there was only one thing that could take my mind from the heartache I was having over Tony. That close thing was work. It came when I needed it most. I steeped myself in that part. Drowned in it!"

"If only people knew . . ."

Janet’s attractive eyes lowered slightly and she absentmindedly examined the backs of her hands.

"I was better than drowning in grief over the failure of my marriage," she said. "If people only knew, if they only knew what Frank does for his friends, they would find it hard to believe. He won't allow those things to be publicized. He doesn't want the world to be that sure that under the surface he's really soft-hearted. You can read and hear a lot of things about Frank, but I know the kind of man he is. And I never knew a person yet who knew Frank and didn't like him."

But Photoplay wanted to know: Did it look as if Janet Leigh and Frank Sinatra were going to be any more serious than “liking” each other?

"I could say it," replied Janet good-naturedly, "but it would sound trite. So let me ask you. Don't you think it's possible for Frank and me to be just good friends?" Possible? Of course. But what about—? Still smiling and not at all annoyed by my very personal questions, Janet interrupted. "What you're trying to say is that people are interested in whether there's a romance in my future. Isn't that it?"

I nodded.

"All right," said Janet. "Let's talk about that."

It was then I discovered the real romantic possibility in Janet's new life.

Her name is Bob Brandt and he is Janet's age, thirty-five. He is a Beverly Hills stockbroker.

"He's six-feet-two," Janet said with a twinkle, "and I guess any woman would call him tall, dark and handsome. We met on the tennis court through mutual friends. "He's very, very nice. He surfs, swims, and he's even taught me how to ride a motorcycle. As a matter of fact I like cycling so much that Bob came over one afternoon and put me and the two children on the seats and all four of us rode together. Isn't that wild?"

Although not completely discounting the possibilities of a romance with Frank, some of Janet's friends say that Brandt might be the man. "If you examine the situation carefully," they warn.

Divorced Hollywood actors and actresses quite frequently resort to clever little schemes to fool reporters and publicists. Much publicity is given to a newly-divorced actress' "romance" with one man, while in private her heart is slipping away to another.

One of Janet's close friends says, "At first we thought Janet's friendship for Bob might be a cover for her more serious feelings for Frank. But it doesn't look that way any more. She really digs Bob. She must, she dates him so often. Every day in the week, when she gets the chance. A woman doesn't go out with a man that much if she's using him only as a cover for someone else—there just isn't any time left for another man. And Brandt is a dynamo. He's charming, wealthy and free."

"Bob's profession is somewhat significant, too. Janet is convinced that marriage to a famous star is an immediate end. She came eleven years of it with Tony and sometimes, from the way she talks about her life with Curtis, I get the impression that she knew it would end in divorce all along. She knows that in such cases there's too much competition in the business itself without the inevitable competition at home."

"I think that is one of the reasons Brandt is so much to Janet. He's a star, but in another business. If she makes a success, he's the guy who will happily invest it for her."

Brandt is so non-show business that after he visited Janet on the "Bye, Bye Birdie" set, she sheepishly confessed it was his first visit to a movie studio.

Janet and Bob have dated so steadily that marriage rumors have started. But Janet is still smarting from an eleven-year wound in the heart that won't heal overnight, and those who expect anything sudden my have a long wait.

"I have no plans," Janet told me, "for going to Las Vegas and getting a quick divorce so I can marry in six weeks. I filed in California and I think the best thing for me, and in a way for Bob, is to wait out the year in California until the divorce becomes final."

Does the romantic relationship with Bob rule out Sinatra?

In truth, I don't believe Janet, Frank or Bob could answer that question.

Don't count Frankie out!

In a romantic situation, Sinatra is an unknown and unpredictable man. He is tough and deliberate one day and sentimental and impulsive the next. He is rich, experienced and frequently shows wisdom that surprises even his closest friends. He certainly can never be counted "out of the running" where romance is concerned.

Janet says that a romance with Frank won't happen. But, Sinatra remains silent. What will happen next is anybody's guess.

One thing is sure, however. Janet Leigh is too much of a woman to live even a little of her life without love. She will make a choice and, we think, sooner than even she predicts.

Because for all of her sophistication, for all of the hurt she suffered from the ordeal of divorce, Janet is, almost impatient, to live the full, rich life that her charm and maturity demand.

"All I can say at the moment," Janet points out, "is this—I am no loner."

Whether her future lies with a man named Sinatra or a man named Brandt, it is evident that a woman named Janet has the wisdom—and the love—to make the right choice.
UNDER HEDDA'S HAT

Marlon Brando has evidently been reading his publicity. He's a changed man. He was so cooperative during last days of shooting on "Mutiny on the Bounty" that his co-actors scarcely recognized him. When people read that he caused a $6,000,000 loss to the picture, he began getting letters. One stockholder wrote and said he had put his last savings into M-G-M stock and didn't think it was fair of Mr. Brando.

Above: Today, Hugh O'Brian prefers model Viviane Chance. Yesterday, she was Soraya. Who will she be tomorrow?

A lady writes from Birmingham, Alabama: "This is the first time I've ever written to a columnist, but I couldn't stifle the urge to put you on the back for your statement that you weren't jumping on the Eddie Fisher bandwagon because he'd gotten just what he deserved. Hooray for you! All of this ballyhoo about how noble and righteous he is turns my stomach. I had to get this off my chest as I've read so much goo about how badly Eddie is being treated by Debbie. Hooey! You call a spade a spade and don't back down. You're not one of the columnists who swing with the tide."

Joan Blondell says Hollywood should give her a "heart of gold" award when she celebrates her fiftieth year in show business. "I've given back more men to leading ladies than anybody else in the world," laughed Joan. "The toughest was handing Clark Gable back to Greer Garson," she told me.

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month.
ANN-MARGRET

Continued from page 57

those tourists who had come to Vegas—as much in hopes of seeing celebrities as of hitting jack-pots—starred at the pedaling couple and whispered:

"She isn't a bit like Liz, is she?" I wonder whether he and Liz bicycled when they were here?"

"I wonder if she's jealous of Liz."

"I wonder if he's missing Liz."

"I wonder why a nice young girl like that dates a man who's had two wives."


If Eddie was conscious of the nagging refrain, he gave no sign. Already, in New York and Los Angeles, it had dogged him. If he showed baby-fresh skin (scarce touched with makeup) and her delicate boning, looked more the type to confess a fondness for Ivy League frat boys. Or maybe young internes.

"You aren't really recommending," the reporter ventured, "that young girls make a point of dating divorced men?"


"No, of course she isn't," a studio man firmly injected. "What she means is that she's come to appreciate mature men for qualities that younger men haven't had the opportunity to develop."

At the peak of the Welcome-Home-Eddie boom, reporters avidly sought details of each of his dates—particularly with girls as newsworthy as Ann-Margret. And she did answer questions about her feeling for Eddie, but indirectly. By making her comments applicable to men at large.

"I wouldn't tell any girl whom she should date," she said, tossing her head slightly so that a glistening copper sweep fell over her hair still. "But a man who has been divorced has suffered. No matter who is to blame, a divorce hurts. And so a man who has been through the experience is gentler and more understanding than a man who's never known a personal tragedy."

Despite her searching song style and provocative dancing, Ann-Margret in real life looks like she is—quiet, shy, carefully-reared. But there's a ton of sex-appeal beneath that rose-petal exterior.

A girl-woman

This girl, just past her teens, considers herself a fairly astute judge of male character. It is true her parents wouldn't let her date until she was a sophomore in high school, but once the lid was off she was allowed to decide for herself which dates she would accept.

According to one newspaper columnist, Ann-Margret introduced her parents to Eddie in Las Vegas and they all had dinner together without any explosive aftermath. Yet when their daughter broke her engagement to Burt Sugarman this year, rumor had it that those same parents had opposed the match because Burt was a divorced man.

The other day, at lunch, Ann-Margret pursued her theories about divorced men. A tea-room atmosphere predominated in the little Beverly Hills restaurant she had chosen. The lunch, her escort tells her, was to be made up almost entirely of housewife-shoppers who nibbled salads and didn't notice a genuine movie actress in the corner booth.

"A man who has been married," the sexy Scandinavian said, "knows what a woman needs—emotionally, I mean. He knows how to treat a woman, and he's not too demanding."

When I pointed out the obvious loophole in this reasoning: that if the divorced man was such an expert on feminine psychology, he probably wouldn't be divorced in the first place—Ann-Margret was wise enough not to answer.

A gag-man might quip that Eddie undoubtedly knew what Liz needed—Richard Burton. But it goes deeper than that. Eddie has realized Liz' deep need to reach out and obtain something that would be completely unobtainable to a lesser beauty. For after all, wasn't there a time when Liz reached out for the equally unobtainable Eddie?

Ann-Margret has no such need, no such never-to-be-fulfilled desire. But there is one part of her personality that does coincide with Eddie's—in fact, it is a trait common to most real women. That is the desire to be subdued as well as pampered.

Ann-Margret admitted this when she said, "I'm still such a little girl, really!" She looked both candid and confiding.

"The man who will keep me permanently interested must be strong," she said. "He must make the decisions, tell me what to do and yet always be considerate of me and my point of view."
This reporter couldn’t help asking, “Do you think this describes Fisher?” Again, Ann-Margaret’s answer was indirect.

“I’m not seriously interested in anyone right now,” she said, “but an older man gives a girl a feeling of security that younger men don’t know how to give. When I was younger, I didn’t think it was wise to date older men. I still don’t think it’s wise for a very young girl to go out with old men. But, remember, I’m twenty-one now. The men I prefer aren’t the kind I would have dated when I was sixteen or seventeen.”

According to Ann-Margaret, she doesn’t date many actors, but some of her escorts are in other branches of show-business—writing, publicity, directing. Many of them, like Eddie, have been married to fascinating women. After all, they had the chance to meet the most glamorous women on earth. And how can Ann-Margaret date these ex-husbands without wondering if they are comparing her with lost loves?

“I don’t try to compete”

“They’ve never been jealous of anybody,” she answered. “I never think about Elizabeth Taylor or any other woman when I’m out with a man. I don’t try to compete with someone he’s known before. But when she and Eddie are together, it’s inevitable that people who see them think, ‘She’s nothing like Liz!’ Which could be taken as a compliment. Maybe she can’t compete with Liz for the title of ‘The World’s Most Beautiful Woman’—but she has her own assets.”

Ann-Margaret is a remarkably pretty girl, but her real stock in trade is talent. When George Burns saw her and gave her her big break in show business, he recognized her as a sparkling performer, not a classic beauty.

When she arrived at 20th Century-Fox to make “State Fair,” a publicist handed her picture to a reporter with the comment: “You won’t appreciate this girl just by looking at her picture, but when you see her work—Wow!”

Finally, Ann-Margaret differs from Liz in family background. While Liz was growing up in studios under the tension-feeding guidance of her ambitious mother, Ann-Margaret was enjoying a wholesome, normal childhood. Her parents were strict but adoring. They sacrificed to give her singing and dancing lessons, but they didn’t force it. Today Ann-Margaret has a sense of security that enables her to forget the former wives of the divorced men she dates.

She doesn’t feel driven to defeat another woman.

These, then, are the differences in temperament, looks, personality between the girl Eddie dates and the woman to whom he is still legally married. And if, when he’s dating Ann-Margaret, she doesn’t remind him of Liz—could it be Debbie whom she calls to mind?

The twenty-one-year-old Viking is about Debbie’s size and build. Their coloring is much the same, although Ann-Margaret’s hair is reddish. Neither wears much makeup, no heavy penciling about the eyes. Each is a singer and dancer.

Honesty is another quality they have in common. Honesty and a childhood of cherishing love and security.

Finally, Ann-Margaret is about the age Debbie was when she and Eddie were in love. Does she subconsciously remind Eddie of a chance for happiness that he muffed?

Whatever the answer to that, it is clear that Ann-Margaret knows what she likes. Men.

“I’ve always liked men,” she said matter-of-factly. And added “...as friends. I like lots of men who haven’t been divorced, too—please don’t think I’m recommending divorce.

‘I’d like a marriage just like my parents’—lasting and happy. And theirs is an argument for dating older men. My father is eighteen years older than my mother, and he’s a perfect husband.”

JULIA CORB

Ann-Margaret’s in “Bye Bye Birdie,” Col.
children. And the world be damned!"

The psychologist leaned across the table to me. "Doesn't all this sound familiar?" he asked. "Didn't the whole thing happen to Liz four years ago? Didn't she and Eddie go off together before they were a great love? Liz liked Eddie, and he wasn't in love with his wife Debbie any more than Burton seems to be in love with his wife Sybil. But Liz and Eddie went to Grossinger's that famous Labor Day in 1958. They went for a weekend—not an eternal romance.

"But all hell broke loose, the world jumped on them. Back home in Hollywood, Liz hid in her house but photographers climbed her walls and reporters trampled her lawns. She hired police guards, but curiosity seekers managed to peer into the villainies of villainesses. She didn't get an Oscar she deserved. The Theater Owners of America cancelled an award they were going to give her. Pickets paraded outside the Las Vegas club where Eddie performed. Old friends didn't phone Liz—but anonymous voices did—to spew hate at her. She received tons of fan mail about which she said, 'Some of the bad ones made you feel like you had to take a bath, the language was so obscene."

He stopped for a breath and a sip of water.

"You are very informed," I said with a smile, and my lawyer friend echoed, "Yes, for a psychologist you certainly know the scripture.

"I read like everybody else," said Phil, "and I remember." He went on, "I'm convinced it was the opposition, the vilification, that forced Liz and Eddie to fall in love—or think they had. It was the two of them against a hostile world.

**Marriage—a mistake?**

"And so they were married. And here's something I read recently: that not long after the wedding, Liz burst into Joe Mankiewicz's office—he was directing her in 'Suddenly Last Summer'—and sobbed hysterically, 'I've made a terrible mistake in marrying Eddie.'

"But even after the honeymoon was over, the blasts came from press, public and pulpit. And to do it. Just as condemnation had pushed them together—into love and into marriage—now it kept them together. If the world had only ignored their earlier escape, they might have gone their separate ways.

There was a little silence, as we all digested this thesis.

Finally the lawyer said, "Then I take it that the pattern will repeat itself and we can predict that Miss Taylor and Mr. Burton will..."

"That's not the proposition on which I am writing my piece," I challenged him. "I am going on the theory that wedding bells will toll doom for Liz and Burton."

"I took more clippings from my briefcase. "Just on the practical side alone, on the comfort level, try to visualize what kind of a life Liz will make her Dickie. Listen to what Shelley Winters said about Liz: 'She doesn't know how to go to the grocery store and, if someone doesn't bring food to her room, she'd starve to death. All her life people have done things for her and she's got nothing to do.'"

"And here's how a reporter described Liz' housekeeping when she was married to Mike Wilding in 1956—and there's no reason to think she's improved: 'Most of the sheets are ripped, and the grass-cloth wallpaper near the seven-foot-six-inch bed she shares with Michael is shredded by cat claws. Their guests, while eating from a glass-and-teakwood table and drinking vintage wines, find themselves using such mismatched utensils as long-handled ice-cream spoons to pry out grapefruit sections.'"

"Well," I went on, "maybe it's not the end of the world, what kind of silver you use—but if Burton hooks up permanently with Liz, he's going to miss the order and comfort Sybil provides for him.

"In more ways than one," the psychologist amended. "And I tell you why—because no two human beings can maintain the ecstatic pleasure-pain state of frenzy that these two have savored together. Look what their life has been like so far! They've followed passion wherever it's led them; they've run away from the rules and laws of reality to a world of their own. They've made themselves an island where the only bewitchment, ecstasy, desire, impulse.

"But for everyone—not just Liz Taylor and Richard Burton, but for everyone—marriage changes many things. There must be growth. Desire must be fused with tenderness, with affectionate companionship. A relationship like theirs—conceived in passion only, fostered by the whirlpools of condemnation and dedication to ecstasy—can't survive the transition to the permanence and patience of married life. Even the marriage vow would have to be amended. Instead of 'till death do us part' it would be more honest for them to say 'Till someone more exciting comes along.'"

I couldn't help laughing, because in that same interview I'd just quoted, Shelley had said of Liz: "With a child like this, it is not surprising that a girl says, 'I love you' and she says, 'Goodbye, Eddie, he loves me.' The only trouble is that the child will wake up someday and realize that the guy has poxmarks and that he talks about himself all the time instead of about her. Then what's the child going to do?" It was a keen analysis.

**No out for Dickie**

I shoved all my clippings into my briefcase and said, "It's been nice seeing you fellows—but I guess all this speculation is a waste of breath—I'm told Sybil Burton will never give Dickie his freedom. So he can't marry Liz. So I can't write my article..."

"I don't know about that," the lawyer spoke up. "Even if Sybil does refuse to grant Burton a divorce, he can still win his freedom from her. Not in England, where the only grounds on which he could initiate divorce action are adultery or, after five years, desertion. But there are many places in the world where he can establish residence and sue for a divorce on something like incompatibility."

"But didn't she contest it?" the psychologist asked.

"The only thing she could contest would be the legality of his residence," the lawyer answered. "And if he gets good legal counsel, that would be no
problem for him. She could demand and get a big chunk of money; she could demand and get custody of their two daughters; but she couldn't stop him from divorcing her.

"But if she changed her mind and wanted out?" I asked. "She could get a divorce from Burton in England on the grounds of adultery?"

"Is that it?" I asked.

"I didn't say that," the lawyer replied. "I said that adultery is one of the grounds for divorce in England. But charging it is one thing, proving it is another. Except, come to think of it, she wouldn't have to prove adultery. All that she'd have to do is allege 'inclination and opportunity' for adultery and then produce witnesses to back her up.

"So I guess you can still write your magazine piece."

"Yes you can," said the psychologist, "but I don't think it will be the same angle as you had in mind. Because I don't think Richard is going to leave Sybil."

"Why not?" my lawyer friend and I demanded in the same breath.

"Didn't he once say that he wouldn't break up his marriage?"

"True," I nodded. "And his precise words were: 'Liz knows that I am not going to break up my family. We always stick together.'

"But that was some time ago..."

"Nevertheless. I seriously doubt that Burton will leave his wife. He's the kind that loves and runs away so he can live to love another day. And when he runs away, who does he run to? To Sybil. Back to the safety and security of his wife who understands all and forgives all. Can you imagine Liz Taylor, if she became Mrs. Burton, allowing him to stay and play? And then welcoming him back? And can you imagine him accepting a situation where he can't play and stray?"

He laughed. "Write your piece," he said. "You can even use your same title—Why Wedding Bells Toll Liz and Burton's Doom. Just make sure you know which wedding bells you're talking about."

I began to laugh too.

"Psychologists are all alike," I said. "'Sly! You mean that the wedding bells which doom Liz and Burton are old ones, right?"

He nodded. "They rang on February 5th, 1949, right?"

"Right."

"They rang for Sybil and Richard, right?"

"Right."

And come to think of it, he must be right—these fellows really do understand people better than people understand themselves.

So this is the piece I wrote.

—Jim Hoffman

LINDSAY CROSBY

Continued from page 63

father and son was known to everyone.

This latest Crosby crisis was not one that Bing could handle with ease. He must now think back once again and wonder, speculating to what extent, if any, he was responsible for the torment in his youngest son. A portion of the blame for the continuing distorted picture of Bing must rest with Bing himself, for he has seldom given the press an open opportunity to present the honest picture of himself as a father and a man. While throwing a screen around his activities and convictions, Bing nevertheless has been known to toss caution to the winds and "pop off" as he did a few years ago when he told a syndicated reporter that he believed he had failed his sons by giving them less time and attention and more money and discipline than they deserved. It was brave of him to admit it.

Bing: He tried

Bing has probably worked harder at the proper upbringing of his children than most fathers, even if he hasn't always been able to understand and cope with their problems.

In his own deep grief over the death of Dixie, Bing did not lose sight of the fact that his passing left his youngest boy stricken. A few months afterward, he took Lindsay on an extended trip to Europe where they played golf and strove for a closer father and son relationship. Kindly as Bing's intentions were, this might not have been what Lindsay's inner wishes were at the time. A bright lad, he was well aware of the tensions between Bing and his other brothers. He may have secretly resented being singled out as the one who needed help and wished that his brothers were with them on this important holiday.

Of the whole family, Lindsay had spent more time than any of them with his mother in the days preceding her illness and the months prior to her death. With his brothers away at school and Bing finishing a picture at Dixie's urging, Lindsay was the one who was constantly at her side during those final days. Who is to say what passed between mother and son? Dixie, it has been said, was never told that she was dying of cancer, but there is considerable doubt that this assumption is true. She could very well have been aware, between the ministrations of priests and the close observation of doctors, that she didn't have long to live.

How normal it would be, then, for her to have talked to her youngest son, knowing that the older boys would soon be away from home for good, and in her intense love for her husband have said to Lindsay, "Stay with your dad, he'll need you." Many a boy has thus assumed a responsibility which he could not in fact fulfill.

In his important work, "The Adolescent Years," William W. Wattenberg, in commenting on 'he effect of the death of a parent, writes: "Often, of course, death is followed by whole-hearted mourning. Then the family pitches in to establish new routines, and in a few months, on the surface at least, has worked out a new adjustment.

"Another common pattern is built around the young person's idealization of the parent. The good qualities of the dead person are amplified in imagination. Actions are judged by how he or she is imagined to view them from heaven. Such idealization may provide young people with a personal goal in life. It can also cause terrific emotional storms if the live parent contemplates remarriage."

If one agrees with this simple premise, there is a clue to Lindsay Crosby's temporary predicament.

Lindsay might be that in his subconscious he feels that he did not live up to his mother's wishes, which if expressed in moments of extreme pain, were not binding, though he could readily believe them to be. Or, what of his earlier desire to become a priest? Speculation might also be that his subconscious feelings he did not live up to God's wishes.

Only once did Lindsay stage a surprise revolt. Early in 1958, a few months after his father had wed Kathy Grant, Lindsay quietly left home and went to live with Gary, assuring his brother "in exile" that Bing knew what he had done. According to Gary, at the time, Bing disowned them both. Even when Lindsay returned at Christmas time with gifts for the family, it was reported that he was turned away by his armful of presents and told that he wasn't wanted. Naturally, it hurt!

An unfortunate predicament

Bing, at the time, had not mellowed in his understanding of his sons. He was harshly disappointed at their seeming rejection of him, probably feeling that they were inflicting punishment because of his marriage to Kathy. Nothing could be more untrue, for today each of the boys admire and respect their father's young wife.

What will the future hold for the most devoted and least selfish of all the Crosbys? Lindsay Crosby will find that out to his lasting satisfaction if he will pursue the recommendations of his doctors, for there is nothing shameful about psychiatric treatment.

A long-time close friend of the family sums up the situation well when he says, "The Crosbys are a kaleidoscope of all American families with highs and lows, bright colored moments of great happiness and dark hues from emotional outbursts taken too seriously. The experience Lindsay Crosby is going through now may weld them all together in permanent love and affection."

And that is how it should be.

—Jim Fleming

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IS LIZ CRAWLING BACK TO EDDIE?

How empty is existence at the end of a love affair. How doubly empty for Liz after being passionately—and publicly—desired by not only one man, but two, one a husband and the other another woman’s husband. Regardless of the morality of the spectacle she’s just indulged in, it doesn’t alter the fact that she must be the loneliest woman in the world. How bitter, how defeated, how utterly alone after all her public declarations, after exposing her version of morality for all the world to know and condemn, to be dropped by her lover for a wife Liz didn’t even consider competition. She’d said it herself of other women—if a woman can’t hold her man when he begins to show interest in another woman—why, that just proved their relationship wasn’t worth anything anyhow. Now, for the first time in her life, she was in that very spot she’d sneered at when she began taking husbands away from wives. It was a wild, public passion, but it was a calm, casual rejection. Burton was now smiling at his wife affectionately, as if he’d never strayed, and giving out statements that practically denied he ever even knew Liz. His marriage was continuing on, happy and secure, as if the little Roman interruption meant nothing to the true love he and Sybil always enjoyed. (Please turn the page)

When they got married, they swore it would be forever. And as the years went by, the people who predicted it would last a few months couldn’t help but be amazed. Who knows how their lives would be today if they had never set foot in Rome! There are many who believe the vow the Fishers made may yet become a reality. And there are a special few, close to them, who believe Liz and Eddie are hoping so.
A woman has a right to change her mind, hasn’t she? The United States was her home, after all. Just as once any place at all, any place in the world, was home, as long as Eddie was there.

She must have thought then, a wild hope, a hope without hope, Eddie was opening at the Winter Garden in New York. She used to be at all his openings. She’d sit ringside, and he’d sing directly to her. Why not again— But maybe he wouldn’t want her . . . Still, she could ask . . . She’d be calling Eddie soon about Liza any way. They had frequent phone conversations about Eddie’s adopted child. She could tell Eddie that if they got together, talked it over, things could be straightened out. It’s always easier in person . . . perhaps she wouldn’t even mention straightening out their own lives, not at first. But she could get a fabulous new gown, and sit ringside, and watch his show, and afterwards they could get together like civilized adults, and discuss the problem of little Lisa. That would do a lot of good.

What could be wrong with that? Oh, it seemed like a perfect idea.

She made the phone call, and she was turned down. Liz turned down? By Eddie? Was it possible? Hard to believe, and even harder to take.

It was the first time Eddie had ever said no to her. Well, it was actually the second time he turned her down—she had not wanted him to leave her, not really.

She wasn’t allowed to come to her husband’s opening. Something about their attorney’s advice, something about protecting, something about the crowd.

There was nothing she could do about it if he wouldn’t have her, but she just had to see him before he went to his Las Vegas booking again.

That would be in a few weeks and she’d already heard rumors about what he planned to do when he got there.

A few days later, she couldn’t stand it any longer. She paced the $280,000 Swiss chalet in Gstaad (Continued on page 77)
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Walter Winchell

The Broadway-Hollywood crowd is Talking About: "The-Man-Who-Failed-Marilyn-Monroe-Most" when she called him for help — the night they found her lifeless hand on the phone which was off the hook.... Most of the movie star population bandies his name about at every dinner-date, party, bar & grill, night spot and movie studio set.... This (Continued on page 91)
would you believe...

...she's almost due for her next shampoo?

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SHAMPOO WITH EGG • CREME RINSE by RICHARD HUDNUT
GO OUT TO A MOVIE

by JANET GRAVES

BILLY BUDD
Allied Artists; Cinemascope; Director-Producer, Peter Ustinov (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Terence Stamp, Robert Ryan, Peter Ustinov, Melvyn Douglas.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Conscience and law battle over the fate of a seaman in the British Navy of 1797.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Splendid, thoughtful film version of Herman Melville’s sea-going parable. Newcomer Terence may be personifying Good—but he’s also playing a young man with genuine heart and humor. And Ryan makes Evil uncomfortably real. Ustinov, off-camera boss of the film, does a fine, quiet acting job.

BARABBAS
Columbia; Technirama, Technicolor; Director, Richard Fleischer; Producer, De Laurentiis (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Anthony Quinn, Vittorio Gassman, Jack Palance.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Wherever life takes the robber, he is followed by the memory of the Man crucified in his place.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Filled with virile adventure and authentic spectacle, this Italy-produced drama still focuses on the believable human being strongly portrayed by Quinn. Since the Bible references are brief, poet-playwright Christopher Fry uses imagination in his script, with many roles for the notable cast.

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE
U.A.; Director, John Frankenheimer; Producers, George Axelrod, John Frankenheimer (Adult)

WHO’S IN IT? Laurence Harvey, Frank Sinatra, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Home from Korea, a brainwashed American veteran unknowingly remains under Red hypnotic control.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Starting out with a fantastic (let’s hope) idea, this wild yarn races through a generally absorbing lot of suspense situations, picking up a few laughs en route. Frank’s matter-of-fact heroics and Laurence’s hysteric balance off nicely; Angela’s a monster of a mom; Janet’s role seems pointless.

GAY PURR-EE
Warner; Technicolor; Director, Abe Levitow; Producers, UPA (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Cartoons; voices of Judy Garland, Robert Goulet, Red Buttons.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? An innocent country cat leaves her loving tom and gets into bad company in 19th Century Paris.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? It’s a honey of a comedy-thriller-romance-musical, harmonizing Judy’s beloved voice, plaintive or cheerful, with the robust tones of Broadway’s Goulet. The cartoon characters are standard-cute, but their world is a wonderful riot of line and color, not a mere copy of live-action moving pictures.

GIGOT
20th; De Luxe Color; Director, Gene Kelly; Producer, Kenneth Hyman (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Jackie Gleason, Diane Gardner, Katherine Kath.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? A mute janitor is a neighborhood clown in Paris, until he takes in a homeless mother and child.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Jackie gets not a line of dialogue and needs none to make a funny, lovable figure of Gigot, the sweet-natured slob, whose story has a considerable amount of charm and quaint atmosphere. Any time it goes overboard on pathos, irony or slapstick comes to the rescue. (Continued on page 12)
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THE RELUCTANT SAINT
Davis-Royal International; Producer-Director, Edward Dmytryk (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Maximilian Schell, Akim Tamiroff, Ricardo Montalban.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? How a simple-minded, good-hearted Italian boy became a priest—and the 17th Century's St. Giuseppe.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? It's thoroughly refreshing to come across a religious film that is not only unspectacular—but full of rollicking comedy. As the bumbling saint-to-be, Max is a lovable figure, yet the story isn't too sentimentalized. For contrast, there are shrewd portrayals like Ricardo's intellectual skeptic.

DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE
Embassy; Director, Pietro Germi; Producer, Franco Cristaldi; Italian Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Marcello Mastroianni, Daniela Rocca, Stefania Sandrelli.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Italy has no divorce, but a bored Sicilian gentleman thinks of a way to shed his too-loving wife.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Here's Marcello's best since "La Dolce Vita," and a complete change of pace for him. Wicked hilarity glitters all the way through his wonderfully devious murder plot, and rich atmosphere ribs the local moral code. Stefania's an enticing teenager, but Daniela takes female acting honors.
THE LONGEST DAY
20th. Directors, Ken Annakin, Andrew Marton, Bernhard Wicki; Producer, Darryl F. Zanuck (Family)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The Allied invasion of Nazi-held Normandy, as seen by individual people involved in D-Day.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Re-creating events of June 6, 1944, in simple news-reporting style, this impressive picture stays on the personal level, for all its scope. Stars of four nations flash past in exciting episodes that bluntly show the generals' neat plans exploding into the confusion and sheer chance of real war.

THE WAR LOVER
Columbia: Director, Philip Leacock; Producer, Arthur Hornblow, Jr. (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Steve McQueen, Robert Wagner, Shirley Anne Field, Gary Cockrell.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A U.S. flyer's enjoyment of War II bombing raids puzzles his co-pilot and the girl both want.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? In adapting John Hersey's popular book, the movie-makers concentrate on familiar war-romance and war-action stuff. Seen mostly as a "hot pilot," the vague character Steve plays gets more sympathy than the title suggests. The film weakly relies on other people's talk to explain his true nature.

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P
Fra Malene Nielsen smiled and said, "Yes, I am Marilyn Monroe’s sister. We led different lives. But we shared the same father . . ." And so our interview began. An interview we’d traveled 4,000 miles to get.

Working on a tip from one of our European sources, we’d left New York by jet, flown overnight to Copenhagen, Denmark, where we caught a train for the small town of Holbaek. And now we sat in the immaculate living room of a little thatch-roofed house on a lovely road called Oldvej, and we talked to the up-till-now anonymous farm woman who was half-sister to the most glamorous and most tragic star of our time.

"It would have been nice, I think now," said Mrs. Nielsen, "if we had met—Marilyn and I. It would be so very nice if she were still alive today and we could be sitting here. just the two (Continued on page 17)
In Holbaek, Denmark, Mrs. Malene Nielsen, above, holds two photographs of her famous half-sister, Marilyn Monroe. At left, is the father they shared: Edward Mortensen, a baker, who was killed in a motorcycle accident in Ohio in 1929. When asked if she was going to contest MM's will, Malene Nielsen said: "No. It was her money to do as she willed. I never did anything for her and so I should expect nothing from her." Asked about the rumor that one of her four sons (three are pictured at right) planned to make a claim on MM's estate, Mrs. Nielsen replied: "I cannot speak for my son—only he can say whether it is so."
Grandmother Nielsen bathes oldest son’s daughter, Britt.

Top baptismal certificate proves that Marilyn’s father was born in Norway, on July 7, 1894. Bottom certificate shows that his daughter, Olava Malene Mortensen (now Mrs. Nielsen) was born on June 30, 1918.

Similar photos show that before the glitter and fame of Hollywood took hold, Marilyn was as at home with farm animals as her half-sister. Said Malene Nielsen, “I feel sad that Marilyn and I never got to know one another.”
of us, with me serving her little cakes and hot coffee, just as I serve you. And if we could have got to know each other. I feel sad that this never happened. I read once that Marilyn said she had no family. She said in the article I read that her mother was in a mental institution. That a little half-brother of hers, born to her mother by the American named Mr. Baker, had died in infancy. That a half-sister of hers, also born to the mother by Mr. Baker, lived in Florida and that she never saw her. That the man who was her real father was dead. And she said that she missed having a family. And yet I was her family, since I, too, was a daughter of the true father who had died. And after I read the article, I wrote and told her about myself, and that I was anxious to see her. I told her that I wanted nothing from her but to assure her that if she ever needed her family, she would always be welcomed here. I told her that there was not only myself who would welcome her. But also my good husband Christian Dybvik. And my four good sons—Bjarne, and Birger Martin, and Reidar Haakon and Glen Ashjorn. But ... Marilyn only answered me one time. And then no more. She never came. I thought to myself, ‘Well, she is really happy and she does not need a family as they said in that article.’ I thought, ‘Some of these articles (Continued on page 81)...

“Just between us curls... are you still using water?”

Silly curl. Where will you be in 8 hours? Straight as a string. I’ll bet. And it won’t help to use a setting lotion, because these days a curl needs lasting body. A pin curl made with Bobbi (like me) holds a wave for 8 weeks. What’s more, a Bobbi gives you the same soft, shy look you get with water. Bobbi holds like a permanent, but refuses to look like one. Easy to do. Just pin up as usual, but use Bobbi instead of water or setting lotion. Bobbi is perfect for adding body between permanents. It’s a wave come true for girls who love the softness of curls made with water, but want that look to last. Have a Bobbi.

If you can make a simple pin curl—you can give yourself a BOBBI—the 8-week wave!
Frank Sinatra checked into a hospital suffering from neuralgic headaches, but after one day he'd had enough, checked out, taking all the equipment home with him. When I asked if the reason he checked out was a pretty girl, he all but beaned me!

Frank doesn't usually let his politics show, but he sure did at a dinner where Richard Nixon was introduced. Everybody at the head table applauded—except Sinatra. I thought he was no longer cozy with the Kennedys.

Frank Sinatra, Jr. saw plenty of Hayley Mills when she was here doing a picture. After promising his parents to finish college instead of going into show business, they compromised. Frankie attends UCLA and does a bit of performing along with his school work. When he sang at Disneyland, the girls gave him that old swoon routine they used for his pop. Frankie was so amused he could hardly sing.

When the story broke that Dinah Shore was romantically involved with a top TV person—

A story I forgot to include in my book "The Whole Truth and Nothing But" concerns two stars who got a divorce. The man was slated to marry the other woman. His ex-wife was surprised when he turned up at noon on the appointed wedding day and asked her to make him one of her famous egg and tomato sandwiches. She did. He enjoyed it thoroughly, then left—reluctantly. An hour later the bride-to-be phoned the ex-wife trying to locate the star. Another hour passed—she phoned again. Three hours later she phoned again. By that time, the ex-wife was beginning to feel sorry for the bride-to-be, and told her where she could probably find him. So the knot was finally tied.

Vic Damone is more than bitter about the treatment he gets when he tries to contact his son Perry in Rome. He was fighting mad—but determined to be a gentleman—when Pier Angeli's new husband hung up on him when he finally got a call through. Wonder why Pier goes to such lengths to keep the boy away from his own father?

Above: Eddie Fisher has been seeing a lot of Ann-Margret—but don't bet on any wedding. Now that Dickie Burton has gone back to Sybil, I bet Eddie takes Lizzy back!
ality, Dinah asked a pal to find out who it was, and added, “I’d sure like to watch the show.”

The whole town was surprised by the marriage of Janet Leigh and stock broker Bob Brandt—even the bride and groom. When Mrs. Dean Martin introduced them about three months before their marriage, neither was looking to get involved. “It never happened like that to me,” said Janet. “You should see me—I’ve put on weight and look better than I have in years.” When Tony heard about the marriage, he called to wish them happiness.

Vince Edwards’ best girl, Sherry Nelson, went to Europe with his agent and wife for three weeks, and visited Vince while he was there making a picture. I wanted to know when wedding bells would ring for him, and reminded him that it didn’t take Janet Leigh long to make up her mind. “Good luck to Janet,” said Dr. Casey firmly. “I’m not ready yet.” But who knows? He might soon change his mind.

Bill Holden’s daughter Virginia has no acting ambitions, but she stayed here when the family moved to Switzerland. All the Holdens (with exception of Bill who was working in a film) came back to see her marry USC professor Dr. Aly Baylor. Bill’s eighteen-year-old son West, I hear, got himself a job photographing Nancy Kwan between scenes of “Tamahine.” I’d call that East Meets West.

Above: Kim Novak and Dick Quine were inseparable in Paris, but the predicted wedding didn’t come off. She insists she’s not afraid of marriage—but I wonder??? She sure keeps dawdling.

If I had to make a bet about Tony Curtis marrying Christine Kaufmann, I’d hardly know how to place my money. They look mighty happy, but there seems to be some kind of hitch to this romance. When I try to pin down their close pals on a prediction, I get only hemming and hawing. She’s a very ambitious girl; so is her mother. Tony was already in love with the character she played in “Taras Bulba” before he ever met Christine.

Above: Joanie Sommers wed Jerry Steiner in Las Vegas. He’s an agent and she’s the girl who turned a soft-drink commercial into hard cash. Joanie’s had some bad times—what with ulcers and manager trouble—but her future looks great. (Please turn the page)

Above: Nancy Kwan and husband Peter Pock share an ice cream cone and the happy news that they will soon be parents.

Susan Kohner put her broken romance with George Hamilton behind her and took a New York apartment, with an eye to tackling Broadway. And in New York Susie has so many beaus, she has spares for all her pals.
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Angel Skin

the young hand lotion by Pond's

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Above: Blond Jayne Mansfield didn't waste time hopping back to Rome to see producer Eric Bomba, but she still gives everybody that "I'm not in love with anybody" speech. Jayne tells me she'll make Europe her home six months a year but will never sell her pink palace here. Jayne says her whole life changed when she made that picture for Bomba in Rome—"It's as though I used to see everything in black and white and now everything's in Technicolor." How lucky can you get, I ask you?

Who'd have thought Hope Lange's ex, Don Murray, would beat her to the altar? But he did with New York model Betty Johnson. Hope's right back where she started with Glenn Ford after cutting Connie Stevens out of his life. When I accused Hope of being unfair to Connie, she giggled: "I don't know anything about that."

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month. •
At seven o‘clock on the morning of October 7, 1959, I heard my son’s voice
singing "Be My Love." The radio was turned up very high and that voice of his filled the house. Then abruptly the record stopped and they announced that Mario Lanza had just had a heart attack in Rome. He was dead! I almost lost my mind. Just then the phone rang—and I remember thinking, "That's Mario now!" The phone rang and rang and soon the house was mobbed with people, and a doctor was trying to quiet me . . . But I couldn't believe it! I had been with Mario and Betty and the children in Rome three months before. I'd talked with him only two weeks before. Every fourteen, fifteen days he phoned. On my visit I found him well, happy and in high spirits. He'd made two pictures, "For the First Time," and "Seven Hills of Rome." He'd recorded new albums for Victor and he'd sung in concerts. He liked it very much in Italy—the people there like music. Even if you meet a little boy out on the street without shoes and stockings, he'll be humming a song. And in Filignano they honored Mario, people from all the villages around, and hung a plaque on the house where his father was born. So Mario loved it and planned to stay on for three years and make three more pictures. As a matter of fact, he'd taken off some weight. He was never a small boy ever—he was a big-boned, husky boy but for pictures they wanted him like a string bean. So now he'd lost a little weight and was feeling fine; and he died at a clinic where he'd gone for a routine insurance checkup before starting the picture, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." He wasn't ill, that's the thing. He was going home the next day with a clean bill of health! I flew to Italy without knowing I flew. My husband Tony couldn't go. He has a bad heart and hasn't been well since he was gassed in World War I. Flying is out of the question. I stayed with Betty and the children only for the funeral and then flew back to Pacific Palisades to the lovely home Mario had given us—now like a house of death. My husband and I had only one child, Mario. We had anchored our lives to his; our world was the world of his music. And now he was gone. I will tell you the truth. We didn't care if we ate (Continued on page 83)
Once they were four frightened children, bereaved, bewildered—and spoiled! But under their grandmother's rule of much-love-no-nonsense, the happy, singing spirit of their father, Mario Lanza, lives on. (Opposite) Brother-sister roughhouse—that's Marc, eight, and Ellisa, eleven, on the left teamed against Colleen, thirteen, and Damon, nine. (Above) Colleen aspires to a musical career herself, so she encourages Damon when he tries trumpet. (Right) Motherly Colleen is a peacemaker. (Below) Damon works out with his daddy's trainer, Terry Robinson. (Below right) Marc's the baby of the family, but he's also Grandma's big boy.
SECOND WIFE—
BUT NOT SECOND BEST

In Christine Kaufmann, Tony is getting more than a second chance at love
(please turn page)
Before ever setting a foot in Hollywood as Tony Curtis’ wife-to-be, Christine Kaufmann is being analyzed. Say loyal friends of Janet Leigh, “Christine broke up Janet’s marriage—but if she tries to take Janet’s place, she won’t last any eleven years. Or eleven months”. The seventeen-year-old with whom Tony is in love insists, “I did not destroy the marriage of the Curtises. I do not have this thing on my conscience.” But in Hollywood some misinformed souls still blame her. And the woe-criers are warning, “If a terrific woman like Janet couldn’t hold Tony, this kid surely can’t. She’s a little girl heading for unhappiness. Just wait and see.”

Is she? Is Christine in danger of coming off second best? Surely she asks herself the same question. It’s true that she is thousands of miles from Hollywood. But she hears and she reads. She knows that everyone is speculating on her romance with Tony, and many are waiting for her to fall on her face. And certainly she herself must wonder, “Will I find it so hard to be Tony’s second wife? Will he always compare me to Janet when they were both young and so in love? Am I really too young for him? Is he too old for me?” But the difference in age is the least of it, say interested bystanders. Her seventeen to his thirty-seven is a large gap, but (Continued on page 62)
She’s moved out of the old house. She’s bought a new one! She’s laughing! She’s dating! She’s flipped over a new guy! Only one question remains: Will she make the same mistake with him that she made with Tony? (Continued on page 68)
continued

JANET LEIGH'S NEW LIFE!

Why she had to beat Tony to the altar

But this was not the day to think of old problems, old mistakes, and not the time, either, to think of reasons. People would talk, and even the newspapers would voice their snide opinions as to why she happened to be the first to remarry, instead of Tony and that girl. But today was her wedding day, and it was going to be a happy day.... Janet and her fiance, Bob Brandt, hurried from their jet through the ninety-five degree heat of Las Vegas. They went directly to the Sands Hotel, where they were greeted by Jean Martin who had introduced them in the first place, and now was busy helping to arrange for the ceremony and the (Continued on page 68)
When Janet and Bob Brandt were getting their marriage license (opposite page) Janet was so nervous everyone noticed it. But after the wedding, the jitters gave way to giggles and gaiety. Now Janet was glad to oblige the press for “just one more,” especially a sentimental shot with Dean and Jean Martin (above) who introduced her to the man who’d be her new life.
George Maharis said it without any intention to shock. "It's true," George said, "my mother steals flowers—and so do I. We've done it ever since I was a kid. We're a couple of bouquet burglars. Sometimes Mom works alone. Sometimes I go out and do the job for her. But the best time of all is when we both work together."

Maharis walked over and looked out the window of the apartment he was renting while in Los Angeles making a "Route 66" episode. He stared at the busy street below for just a moment, then walked back to the big couch and sat down.

"I was about ten," he continued, "when it happened for the first time. It was one night in the early autumn and Mom said, 'I'm going out for a little while, I'll be back soon.' She couldn't have been gone more than a half hour. When she came through the door her arms were filled with chrysanthemums—long stemmed chrysanthemums—obviously in the last stages of fatal droop. She put them on the kitchen table with loving care, touched them tenderly. She removed her coat without taking her eyes from the flowers. Then she sat down and looked at them closely, peering under each leaf and petal. With a pair of scissors she carefully cut the stems at a sharp angle. Then she took a beaten-up old flower vase from under the sink, filled it with water and carefully put in the faded blossoms. As she was setting the vase gently down (Please turn the page)
in the center of the table she said, 'We'll save them for a little while.' Suddenly, she looked as though she would start to cry.

"Since I was only ten and cared nothing for flowers, I had no questions. I went back to my comic books and forgot the whole thing.

"A short time later it happened again. Mom followed the same routine. Except this time she came back with a handful of limp yellow flowers which I learned later were black-eyed Susans. (Mom was still pretty much 'old country.' She and Dad had come to the States from Greece, so the American names for the flowers meant nothing to either my parents or to me.)

"Anyway, the same thing happened about five or six times the next year. Then it slowly began to sink in—I finally realized my mother was going out in the dark and actually stealing flowers. I didn't say anything. My mother had few pleasures. We were poor and there were six of us in the family. My father tried very hard, but he was unskilled. Temporary jobs were scarce; steady employment was only a dream. I was having a tough time just growing up and getting enough to eat. So if my mother wanted to steal flowers—so she stole flowers.

"But as time went by, I noticed a strange thing about the flowers she brought home. As dead and bedraggled as they were when they arrived at night, I'd come down to breakfast the next morning and there on the table it seemed as though the flowers had come back to life.

"It's hard for me to remember exactly when, but one morning I said, 'Hey, Mom, look! The flowers are alive again!' (You know, I yelled it like that TV commercial where the kid comes running home to say, 'Hey, Ma! Look, no cavities!') Well, Mom stared at me with a smile, nodding her head, very pleased like.

"'So,' she said, 'you've finally noticed them. You see what a little love can do—even a little love given to a bouquet of flowers?"

"'Now it was my turn to stare. I thought my mother was a real square. Love? A little too smugly I said, 'Yeah, you'll see how much love the cops will have if they catch you! Them bums would put you in jail for picking up a burnt match. And in particular they don't like mothers who go out stealing flowers at night.'

"'It was the wrong thing to say to my mother. The smile disappeared. Her eyes flashed with anger. She grabbed me by the back of my jacket and pushed me into a chair. 'Why do you say such a terrible thing about the policeman?' (She was furious.) 'A terrible thing. Bums? May-be you are the bum. They work and die for us. Look in the paper. Many times I have seen such stories. Have respect for the policeman. What do you want? A mob in the streets? And do not say I steal the flowers. To your own mother!'

"'I knew enough to keep quiet. But I knew, too, that my own mother or not, it was stealing flowers. Slowly, Mom walked over to the table and sat down across from me. She looked at me for a moment. Then she went on. 'Stealing flowers? From the florist shop—from someone's nice garden, yes—that would be stealing if I took the flowers from there. But I do not. I have taken only those flowers no one wants. I have taken only the lonely flowers.'

"'I sneered in typical teenage contempt. 'Ah, stop it, Mom,' I protested. 'Flowers don't get lonely, they're not alive like people are.'

"'Mom's lips tightened. 'With sadness in every petal, longing in every leaf, the stems without hope? You saw them last night that way. Look at them now! Look at them now on the table in front of you. If they are not alive, what has happened to make them brighter and stronger? Tell me that, my smart son!'"

"'Okay, okay,' I said, not wanting to argue over a couple of crummy flowers. Then I triumphantly added, 'But they'll be dead tonight!'

"'At least,' Mom replied, 'you have admitted to yourself that they were alive—or how could they be dead.' (Mom had a point there!) 'Yes,' she said as she fondly adjusted the pitiful bouquet in the vase, 'they will die, but they will not die in loneliness . . . not in loneliness.

"'I don't know what happened inside me when she said that. All I can guess is that it happens to most kids—and the sooner the better. But Mom's words made me realize she was a human being. She was made of flesh and blood and emotions. She wasn't just a maid and a nurse and a laundress and a cook. Not just a servant who fed me, wiped my nose when I had a cold or brushed my forehead when I was sweating in the city heat. At that moment, that moment when Mom uttered those words, I saw for the first time—through the gray hairs and the touch of age on her face—what this woman who was my mother really meant to me.

"'I suppose it all sounds a little ridiculous. But a person's life takes many a strange twist and turn whether we like it or not. And reality rarely pays much attention to what ought to be, things just happen. Sometimes I think God tries us out in different ways, no two ever the same.

"'Anyhow, I realized that underneath my mother's pride and forcefulness there was a sensitivity that was as fine and as delicate as a tender first kiss. (Continued on page 88)
MINISTER ATTACKS JACKIE!

Has she gone too far—or has he?

Read the story that begins on the next two pages before you cast your vote!
Has Jackie thrown decorum, dignity and decency to the winds—or is she the victim of an uncalled-for attack?

Personal attacks on Jacqueline Kennedy are about as common these days as mosquitoes in a swamp. It's an ironic price she pays for her title—First Lady of the Land. The attacks come hard. And they come heavy. They come from folks on the farm, from would-be sophisticateds in the city . . . from the fifty states . . . from Europe . . . and Asia . . . and Australia. Sure Jackie is popular. Beloved by many. She's young. She's bright. She's beautiful. She's the girl who has everything, as the saying goes—including the President of the United States. But for every dozen people who love her, there's at least one who most decidedly doesn't. They're the people who gossip about her, make sly jokes about her, write her letters at the White House. Or, if they're professional writers, they plant their pans in their magazines and newspapers. For her—and everyone else to see. And while none of this pleases Jackie, she realizes that this is the way it's got to be. (Continued on page 38)
A MINISTER ATTACKS JACKIE!

continued

Yet, there's no doubt that one of the attacks recently hurled at the First Lady came as a complete surprise to her. And it hurt. Really hurt! The source of the attack: a minister. A man of God. His criticism? Let's read it just the way Jackie probably did in her morning paper of Sunday, August 26th:

DENVER, Aug. 25—"From the pictures appearing in our daily press, it appears that all decorum, dignity and decency has been thrown overboard by our President and First Lady."

So said a Colorado church official today, terming public appearances by President and Mrs. Kennedy as "improper."

The Rev. Willis J. Ray, executive secretary of the Colorado Baptist General Convention, said he had written a letter to Senator Wayne Morse, Democrat of Oregon, asking if anything could be done about such appearances.

He also criticized Mrs. Kennedy, who recently vacationed in Italy, for staying out until early morning hours "while away from the United States and her husband."

That's the article Jackie read on Sunday morning. Which, chances are, you read, too. We certainly did. And though we must admit that we took immediate sides on the issue—Jackie's side—as the day mellowed into one of those glorious end-of-summer Sundays, we mellowed, too, in our thinking. We decided it would be only fair and proper to contact Reverend Ray and ask the good man of the church for his complete side of the story.

A few days later, we located Reverend Ray by phone, at his office in Denver. We explained to a secretary who we were and what we wanted to talk to the minister about. There was a slight pause. A moment or to later, a rather soft and very pleasant voice came over the wire and said, "Yes? May I help you?"

We asked the minister why, exactly, he had leveled his attack on Jacqueline Kennedy.

"To start at the beginning," he said, "I was sitting at home one day recently with two newspapers—the Denver Post and the Rocky Mountain News. On the front page of the Post I saw a picture of the President of the United States (Continued on page 85)
Has Jackie gone too far—or has Reverend Ray? Be the Judge!

I HAVE READ REV. WILLIS RAY'S CRITICISM OF JACKIE. HERE IS MY VERDICT: (check one)

☐ The criticism of Jackie is FAIR
☐ The criticism of Jackie is UNFAIR

COMMENT (if you wish) __________________________________________
________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________
________________________________________________________________

Clip and mail to: PHOTOPLAY'S JACKIE KENNEDY POLL,
P.O. Box 3517, Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York
The vicious rumor first appeared in print back on August 23, 1961, as a blind item in *Roll Call*, a publication circulated among capital employees in Washington. It read: "The news-hawks are working overtime trying to confirm a report on an alleged prior marriage of a high Government official. So far they've been drawing blanks." It next popped into print in March, 1962, in a low-circulation magazine called *The Realist*, under the headline, "The Story Behind the Rumor About President Kennedy's First Marriage." That did it! Without checking the accuracy of the rumor, extremist publications peddling racial and religious smears (for a price), spread the story to their readers.

Condé McGinley, head of a hate-spreading outfit, The Christian Educational Association, and publisher of a ranting rag misnamed *Common Sense*, helped distribute hundreds of thousands of photostated copies of a four-page folder, "The Blauvelt Family Genealogy," on which the rumor was based. Joining him in circulating the folder were, among others, Allen Paul Steiger, a leader of an organization known as Rights Brigade, and Hubert W. Kregeloh, in charge of mailing for something called the Valley Paper Company.

McGinley mailed a copy to the headquarters of the National States Rights party in Alabama, and in May of this year *The Thunderbolt*, "the official white racial organ" of that party, published the story under the screaming headline, "Kennedy's Divorce Exposed! Is Present Marriage Valid? Excommunication Possible." It made the charge that the President had been "secretly divorced" before he married Jackie. The Birmingham publication also accused the daily press of the nation of conspiring to suppress the story.

Next the "marriage" report was carried in a sheet entitled *The Gordon Winrod Letter*, published in Little Rock, Ark., in June and July of 1962; and the Valley Paper Company of Holyoke, (Continued on page 64)
If he's as silent as a cigar store Indian when you're around, take this smart fashion tip from Shelley Fabares. Start sewing the exciting holiday clothes on these four pages today . . . and he'll be your devoted brave by Christmas!

HIM COME ALIVE!

Man alive? He will be the minute he gets a glimpse of you in this dazzling brocade dress and jacket! (Simplicity pattern 4173, juniors' sizes 9 to 13, misses' sizes 12 to 18, 65¢.) At left, Shelley wears both on a date. The waist-skimming jacket buttons to a narrow-rimmed collar. Sleeves are three-quarter length (perfect for either long gloves or the shorties shown here). At right, the dress beneath—a sleeveless sliver that hugs the waistline. The neckline is squared-off in front, then swoops to a back V. Coro's bow-knot pin—a pretty accent. The fabric is Couleur's tinsel-touched blend of cream silk and nylon. (Please turn the page)
Here, two looks that are guaranteed to set even the most wooden heart aflame. Shelley Fabares, who can be seen weekly on "The Donna Reed Show," ABC-TV, wears a collection of three mixables from Simplicity pattern 4547, sizes 10 to 20, 65¢. At left, Shelley in a slim skirt of royal blue wool crepe and a matching sleeveless overblouse that ties casually at the waistline. Top-stitching around the neckline and armholes makes a neat finish. Perfect fill-in for a V-neckline, a golden necklace laced with pearl and crystal beads. Below, a quick switch to souffle mohair for an exciting change of texture. This sweater-blouse has three-quarter sleeves and a V-neck. For a fresh touch, Shelley ties a printed scarf by Glentex at her throat. Both the wool crepe and the mohair are by Milliken. New with royal blue—brown and beige accessories. Brown handbag by Ronay, beige shortie gloves by Wear Right.
Shelley's friends help her trim the Christmas tree. (And by the way she looks, you can be sure heaps of gifts will be under it later on!) Both outfits on this page are from Simplicity pattern 4599, misses' sizes 10 to 18, 65¢. At left, Shelley wears a bow-tied blouse of buttery silk broadcloth in a delicious spice color by A.P. Silk. The blouse has a yoke front and long set-in sleeves that button at the wrist. Her whirly skirt is a full circle of camel velveteen by Amity. (Not shown, but also included in the pattern, a cummerbund to make in self-fabric.) Coro's big jeweled pin sparkles at the neckline. Below, the spice silk bow blouse again, this time teamed with the circular skirt in checked wool and nylon by Benley. This skirt could be made in a dozen fabrics for every occasion. The belt by Elegant is a wide strip of suede, buckled in brass. (For other views of patterns and fabric information, see page 72.)
LIZ
LOSES BURTON

How her children are paying for her sins!

The Roman Scandals have dropped from the headlines; Richard Burton has gone back to his wife. The Great Romantic Passion of Liz Taylor and her co-star is ended. Some cynics who know them shrug and say, "Well, they got it out of their system." At the cost of two broken marriages? Not necessarily. Liz may have been the most publicized of Burton's infatuations, but she wasn't the first and she won't be the last. The Burton marriage didn't end in divorce. Neither has Liz' marriage, as of this writing. So no harm done, the cynics also say. What it's done to the Burton family Sybil is not telling. Anyhow, she's managed to protect her children from the worst of it and survive herself. As for Liz, latest report has her already interested in someone new—a young boy in a Swiss bank. No celebrity, he—not yet, anyhow. Then there is also that wealthy perfume manufacturer. No regrets for Liz. In fact, she even chats with Sybil over the phone. The mood is one of "It's done, it's over, no one got hurt." No one? But there are some who did. Her children. (Continued on page 87)
Everything about Connie Stevens seemed the same, and yet, there was a difference. For one thing, there was her birthday: It was only days since she had turned twenty-four. And then there was her butter-yellow hair, piled high atop her head. When I asked, jokingly, what had happened to the ponytail, she smiled, “Oh, I’ve had that! That’s over for a while, I’ve grown up!” She certainly had.

She was thinner, too. Her stay at Glendale Sanitarium (for minor surgery and a rest) was only a couple of weeks behind her, and yet she was already back at work, jaunty as always, her little crinkly smile bestowed equally on co-stars Troy Donahue and Bob Conrad and everyone else. There was, also, a huge new gold and turquoise ring, and a beautiful matching turquoise bracelet. “From Glenn Ford?” I asked. But Connie shook her head. “I haven’t heard a thing from Glenn for months,” she said. “No, this ring and bracelet are birthday presents from Gary. You know, my old beau, Gary Clarke.”

As she turned to face the dressing room mirror, fussing with her new hairdo, I asked her to tell me how it feels to be twenty-four. The sudden flash of pain in Connie’s eyes was a shock. “Don’t, please,” she whispered, “it makes me feel too blue.” For a moment she sat rigid, twisting the ring on her finger. Then, she looked up. “I quit, you know,” she said, “I quit all this—the studio, my career, my friends. I just reached the end. I felt I couldn’t take it any more. I sort of went . . . well, under the ground. For weeks and weeks, all I could see ahead of me was darkness and despair. I couldn’t bring myself to face a single one of my friends. Inside, I felt all dried up and hollow. I thought my life was over. And you know what saved me—what made me feel whole again? It was the sight of all that blood—the horror—a strange girl’s misery.” Connie’s pretty face was twisted in remembrance, her hands tightened into fists convulsively. “Let me explain,” she went on. “My troubles all started, I guess, oh, maybe way back in the spring. You remember how tired I was, sort of mean and grumpy with everybody? I just wasn’t myself. ‘The grouch,’ is what they called me around here. If the director said to me, ‘Connie, would you turn your head a little more to the camera?’ my first impulse was to grit my teeth and scream, ‘I won’t!’ Boy, I was a real livin’ doll! Of course, I wasn’t really well—cold after cold, one virus attack after another, and fever blisters that hung on for days. I had three physical breakdowns, just from overwork, and twice the doctors ordered me into the hospital, mostly to get away from those incessantly ringing phones. They tell me I’m anemic, and I guess I am—a little. I was supposed to take my liver and iron shots, but you know me—I didn’t always get around to it, and so I was really run down. I was out on the road a lot, doing all those personal appearances, and that didn’t help me, either. Why on one tour alone, back in the East, Troy and I appeared at thirty-seven movie houses in two days.

“My personal life was kind of a shambles, too. I drove myself terribly hard, just for kicks—there was no other reason. I’ve always been one of the night people, you know, never starting out anywhere till after midnight. I hated to go to bed at night, but I hated to get up in the morning, too. I kept telling myself, ‘You’re only young once—live it up, my girl, and have a lot of fun!’

“And then, there were all those battles with my bosses. I screamed that they were treating me with no more consideration than a prize pig. Maybe I was wrong—I don’t know. But I just dreaded the thought of coming to the studio in the early morning. I was bored to death with the series and playing the same old childish Cricket on ‘Hawaiian Eye.’ I felt like a case of arrested development. I’d grown up, but Cricket hadn’t. They were afraid to let her change—afraid I’d destroy my image. I was furious, too, because I wasn’t allowed to do some TV specials—I lost a good one to another actress—and the whole thing bugged me. So I got out of a sickbed, stormed into the Warners front office and told them I was through, finished, ready to tear up my contract. Well, they sort of thought they had me—but only for a minute. You see, I owed the studio $7,500—money they’d advanced me, and I figured that at the critical moment they’d get around to reminding me of that debt. But I was ready for ’em. When they mentioned something about that money, I opened my purse, dumped the whole $7,500—in cash—on the desk and said, ‘Okay, now give me my receipt!’ Then I stomped out.

“Somehow, that little battle got straightened out—I guess we all sort of lost our tempers—and after a while, we kinda kissed and made up. Pretty soon I was working in ‘Hawaiian Eye’ again. Do I sound spoiled and unappreciative? I’m really not. But then I was so miserable and sick I really couldn’t think straight. I don’t know how it happened, but suddenly, you see, I reached a point—and I was still only twenty-three—where life wasn’t that Cinderella dream any more. The glamour bit was gone. The Stardust had blown away from my eyes. Stardom—and this hit me like a blow on the head—was work. Hard, grinding, bitter exhausting work. It wasn’t at all what I had been pretending—a kind of (Continued on page 89)
A winning horse brought Vince and Sherry Nelson together—now he loves her more than horses or cars. “Sherry stood by me when I had nothing,” he says. “Now we have everything.”
FROM HOBO TO HERO TO HUSBAND

The day Vince Zoine crossed the Hudson River on his way to college, he did more than leave Manhattan for Ohio. He escaped! Literally, Vince was escaping from a poverty-ridden world into which he’d been born and raised—but where he never really belonged to anything or anybody. And he headed for a new world. What Vince didn’t know, that day, was that in this new world he would find himself even more of a stranger. He entered Ohio State University—a splendid step made possible by (Continued on page 60)
"If they're not married, they're doing an awfully good imitation."

Latest in Photoplay's breathless coverage of the peregrinations of Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty—the poor man's Liz and Burton!

Now please turn the page
The way he'd look at her in their moments alone on the "Gypsy" set—that was no imitation.
When a romance, blazing as hot as the one kindled by Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty in Hollywood and New York, leaps across the Atlantic Ocean to ignite a scorching conflagration on the European continent, it inflames some spontaneous questions: When did Natalie and Warren get married? Or, They’re seen everywhere together—where will it all lead? The smoke of their romance billows up in great puffs wherever they go—Hollywood, New York, Paris, (Continued on page 72)

They’d enter their hotel smiling like honeymooners, and leave their separate suites sulking like a couple on the verge of divorce.
what's more glamorous than being a 
GRANDFATHER

Glamour is nothing new to John Wayne. For fifty-four years his life has been packed with intrigue, adventure and the constant adoration of the world’s most beautiful women. Now he’s playing the most glamorous role of his career: grandfather. Two of his four children by a former marriage are parents now themselves, while “Duke” is again proud father to a young daughter and baby son of his present marriage to Pilar Palette. Standing, left to right, are Patrick, a bachelor at twenty-one; the Duke himself; his unmarried daughter, Melinda, twenty; Michael, twenty-eight, holding one of his four daughters, Teresa, two. In the front row grandson Mark LaCava, two, squirms for attention while his mother, Toni Wayne LaCava, holds his six-month-old sister, Brigid; Duke’s youngest daughter, Aissa, six, watches her mother, Pilar, quiet the baby, John Ethan, three months. Michael’s wife, Gretchen, urges Alicia, three, and Anita, four, to be good girls—unlike their sister—the sixth grandchild—six-month-old Marla who fussled so much she finally had to be put to bed.
I was walking along Eaton Place slowly, peering at the charming little London shops, when I felt I was being followed. I wasn't sure. It was just a feeling. Having been in London several weeks working on the movie "Lisa," I knew the neighborhood quite well. My flat was just around the corner, on Eaton Square, but I'd forgotten my key. Since the maid was due to arrive in half an hour, I thought I'd stroll around and wait for her to let me in with her key. I was looking for a pharmacy when I glanced in a window and saw the reflection of an approaching bobby (policeman). "Well," I said to myself, "I'm certainly glad it's a bobby," and I sighed with relief.

Then the bobby's figure seemed to disappear and I thought I saw another figure lurking at the other corner. The feeling that I was being followed enveloped me, and I became frightened. I saw a pharmacy and hurried toward it. It was closed! Suddenly I felt trapped! As I turned to flee, strong arms grasped me and held me tightly! As I struggled to free myself, I turned and saw, to my complete surprise, that I'd been grabbed by two bobbies.

"Why are you prowling?" one of them asked gruffly.
"I protested, "But I'm not prowling. I'm just walking."
"Don't you know there's a law against loitering?"
Was this some silly game, I wondered to myself. "I didn't think I was loitering," I answered aloud.
"Then who are you waiting for?" he persisted angrily.
"Nobody," I said in a meek voice.
"Well, what were you looking for?"
"Oh, I'm just killing a half hour."
"All right, what is your name?"
"I'm Dolores Hart. I'm an actress."
An American movie actress."
"You don't look like one," he said.

Then I realized that I looked far from glamorous. I had hurried from the studio in my costume, an old trench coat and a beret, with traces of makeup still on me. I looked quite shabby, just as my role of a refugee from a concentration camp called for.

"But I am an actress," I insisted.

"That's what they all say when we arrest them." They exchanged a knowing glance. Now I was really worried.

"But I am! I'm making the movie 'Lisa' at the Elstree Studios. I really am. You can telephone and check on it."
"Where do you live?" the questions quickly continued.
"I have a flat on Eaton Square. Just around the corner."
"All right, Miss, show us your flat if it's that close by."
I hesitated. "Well, I don't have the key. I lost it. I'm waiting for the maid to come and let me in with her key."
They eyed me dubiously and exchanged another glance.

"I'm dressed this way," I went on, "because these are the kind of clothes I wear for my role. I play a refugee, sick and despondent. See? Look at the number tattooed on my arm. It's a number the Nazis tattooed on prisoners at Auschwitz. But I'm not a real refugee. I'm an actress. That's why I can rub out this number. It's not real. It was put on by makeup men at the studio. Honestly it was."

"May we see your passport?" one of them demanded.

I looked through my purse. Thank heavens I had it with me. I showed it to them, holding my breath.

"Dolores Hicks, also known as Dolores Hart," he read out loud. Then he gave the passport back to me and said, "Well, perhaps you are an actress. You may go to your flat now . . . but we'll have to report you at headquarters."

"Report me? Does this mean I'll have a record at the police station? Will this get into the newspapers? Will everyone find out? That would be terrible and unfair!"

"No, this is not officially an arrest, but we are required to report it. Regulations, you know."

"You will report me for what," I demanded to know.

"We will report you as having been interrogated on suspicion of loitering for purposes of prostitution."

They each wrote something on their police pads, then left me. I was too shocked and stunned to even protest.

Slowly, I walked back to the flat and waited for the maid. In my flat, I wept a little, I admit, and the maid comforted me with, "It's no reflection on you, Ma'am. The bobbies were just doing their duty. There've been so many girls soliciting on the streets, they just had to question you."

But I kept thinking that it was all because I'm an actress. I could see how the bobbies reacted when I told them. I could see it in their eyes, in the looks they gave each other. They were thinking, "Oh, another one of those girls who claims she's an actress," and, "Prostitutes are always calling themselves actresses." I felt sorry for myself, sorry for being in an occupation which, to many, was synonymous with a fast life, loose morals and easy virtue.

A few weeks later, my mother arrived in London from the United States and we decided to go to Paris for the weekend. When we returned to London, we had to go through customs. Mother went through quickly, but when they came to me, they were very cautious.

One customs officer studied my passport and said, "Dolores Hart... the actress." I didn't like the way he said "actress." He looked at my (Continued on page 75)
VINCE EDWARDS

Continued from page 51

a swimming scholarship. But he soon saw that the collegiate life and the campus rafts were not for him.

His name drew only blank stares from the social set. Fraternities, football games or sorority dances weren’t on his schedule. Only work. “I was under double pressure,” Vince says. “I had to make a high grade level and make good in the tank, too, to keep my scholarship. On top of that I had to eat. It wasn’t a complete free ride—just the usual athletic aid.” He found a room for $10 a week and two jobs, singing slash at a dental fraternity and another in a girl’s sorority, Delta Gamma. “Dances? Dates? Listen,” says Vince. “I didn’t have one date all year. My best suit was the one I swam in. All I did was work, study and swim. work, study and swim. But I kept the scholarship.”

Vince’s curriculum pointed for Business Administration—about as far removed from dramatics as you can get. When summer rolled around, the best way he could figure to make a stake for fall term was lifeguarding again. This time his job was at the Olympic Hotel in the Catskills on the “Dusky Circuit,” alma mater of such classic comedians as Danny Kaye, Jerry Lewis and Milton Berle among scores of others. Still, Vince drew no head on show business. He was literally dragged into it. Officially he was on the “social staff” and his $100 a week, plus meals, he soon discovered was paid for doing more than lounging around the pool. Each Saturday, early in the week from New York office beesworn into the Catskills, primed for two weeks of hilarity. Every man on the staff was expected to do his duty. “It was like Moss Hart’s ‘Act One,’” says Vince. “I did everything.” Comedians snatched him into their acts as straight man for gags. Vacationing secretaries liked his husky good looks, so he emceed the dances and whirled wallflowers around. He found he could sing—so he took turns at the mike. Hoofers taught him steps and he even tried a few tap dances. “About the only thing I wasn’t a ‘tuner,’” says Vince, lapsing into some Yiddish he’d picked up, “I wasn’t any good as a break-it-up, make-funny man.”

That summer Vince had his first taste of entertaining and, strangely, he liked it. Knocking around the Catskill havens—Flynn’s, the Concord, Grossinger’s and the rest—he met people he found stimulating: Milton Berle, Buddy Hackett, Myron Cohen. It was another world in which he really didn’t belong. Still, he went back to school and all sure somethin’, hadn’t wriggled in under his skin. Then he forgot it—or thought he did—in the press of classes and competition.

That next year Vince Zoine swam on the varsity squad in dual meets at Purdue. Northwestern, Illinois. He placed high in the Big Ten meets and in the National AAU. His Brooklyn buddy, Sy Schlinger, was going great, too, and the Olympics were coming up in 48. “Let’s go all out and make the big team,” suggested Sy.

“I’m with you,” Vince told him.

They had a long way to go. “Nationally, I had rough competition in my event,” recalls Vince. “Stack of Yale, Bob DeGroot, right at Ohio State, among others. I thought I had a chance but it would take plenty. I was a top coach. The best was clear out in Hawaii, Soichi Sakamoto.” He was Sy’s choice too. They wangled transfers to the University of Hawaii and counted their money. There was just enough for bus fare to San Francisco and one-way plane tickets to the Islands.

Vince landed at Honolulu with $20 left on April 6. It was the first time in his life he was mobbed as a celebrity. News of the Big Ten swim stars’ enrollment had Hawaii U’s campus excited. Students decked in aloha shirts, headed by Coach Sakamoto, gave them a royal Hawaiian welcome, but the luau was over pronto. Vince was broke and it was six weeks until the next semester started. He found a boarding job at Pearl Harbor, moved into a dinky room at the Pleasonton Hotel—now the YMCA—and started the train-grind.

Water-logged in Hawaii

The year Vince spent in blue Hawaii wasn’t exactly how it’s painted on travel posters. He didn’t loll on the golden sands of Waikiki sipping okealehu with dusky tahitian beaking him with plump lush bos and rude fingers through his hair. He was a stranger in Paradise. He seldom saw the beach. He worked out in a pool on a squad where, outside of Sy, he was the only Occidental. School was no sweat; Vince switched to a straight BA, majoring in English. But Sakamoto’s Olympic prep course was a killer. Vince swam every idle hour, stuffed himself at a training table. “All I did was swim and eat, swim and eat,” he sums it up. But there was something else.

Honolulu has a Community Theater that’s one of the best. Nights, Vince found himself moseying over there when he should have been in bed restoring his tissues. He met Jimmy Shigeta and Charlie Haid, who was doing a five-week act with Bobbe Kaft. Pretty soon Vince was singing himself, in the Honolulu Glee Club, and hanging around backstage at the theater. He couldn’t tell himself why. It was just something he craved. He tabbed it his form of relaxation from the grind and let it go at that.

“I now know,” says Vince, “I was at a turning point. That theater was pulling at something. It one out of course. In the pool Vince Zoine was somebody who belonged. At the theater he was a nobody who didn’t. He beat the racing lanes savagely to drown out the distracting thought. Then, two weeks before his Olympic trials, it was all over. He woke up one night with a stabbing pain low on the right side of his belly. Vince knew it wasn’t muscle he’d pulled. He was sweating clammily; his face was gray. The doctor probed his rock-hard abdomen, took his blood count and called an ambulance. They cut out Vince’s inflamed appendix that morning, and with it all hopes of making the Olympics. Hawaii was nothing after that, just a waste of time. Two weeks later Vince was on a plane flying back to Brooklyn, where he came from but where now, more than ever, he knew he could never stay. He also knew he was through with competitive swimming even if his weakened belly muscles healed. He had reached for Olympus and missed. There had to be another way up and out. Vince Zoine thought he knew what it was, but he wasn’t sure.

“Then I spent days just walking around Broadway,” Vince recalls. “Lay and down, knocking around. No, not hunting jobs—I knew better than that. Bumping into people I remembered from the Catskills, asking questions, getting the feel, trying to make up my mind what I’d do with my life. I was really bothered. Something I’d do. Quick. I swam at the NYAC to cool myself down.”

That fall he took a different plunge—he enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. It was a big decision, he had to borrow the tuition from his father. It was $500 and put a big dent in the Zoine family savings—in fact, his mother went out to work in school lunchrooms. Vince didn’t know he could pay all this back, if ever. All he knew was that once he got his feet wet they’d stay wet. Although he did plenty of other things afterwards to stay alive, he never again considered being anything in life but an actor.

Vince slugged away in the Academy as he had everywhere else. He bad only one term there, but by the time he got out in October, actor’s, agent’s, in school plays and trained himself as hard as he had for the Olympics. Grace Kelly was there when he was, but Vince scoffed at the idea that he was ever a buddy of Princess Grace. “She was in the class ahead and I doubt if she knew me,” he says. “I saw her in a couple of plays, but that was all. What would a Philadelphia millionaire’s daughter have in common with Vinie Zoine from Flatbush? Half the time the best clothes Vince had were jeans and a T-shirt. He slept where he could, often back home in Flatbush where there was always a place to flop. The most painful problem was, “I don’t know how to get a job.” Dinner at Chock Full-O-Nuts for fifteen cents,” says Vince. “Try that sometime.”

The first job Vince landed when he got out of the Academy was in Matunuck, Rhode Island, on the straw hat circuit. The job: sweeping out the theater after performances. They let him walk in and out of “My Sister Eileen,” which Ed Sullivan praised as better than the Broadway production, of course. Ed wasn’t talking about Vince Edwards. Still, Vince wasn’t discouraged.

“I was never discouraged then,” he recalls. “I was full of anticipation. There was work around and I knew I’d get some. My years of depression came later, in Hollywood.” It was another year before he got there. In that year he ducked in and out of odd jobs as he had to look quick to see him. Usually he was a heavy, often with a gun in his hand. He played some bits in stock, others in off-Broadway shows and one on the Big Street itself. Archie Thompson, the friend who’d steered him to Matunuck, told him about the job in “High Button Shoes.” Vince signed on as a gentleman of the ensemble—a bumbling chorus boy. (Continued on page 77)
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it's only one of many problems. The big one is that Christine and Tony must bridge wide differences in everything. As one said, "You can hardly put your finger on anything where those two are alike. Look at their backgrounds, their families, nationalities and religions—they're from two separate worlds! The only difference in their favor is that he's a man and she's a girl. But," he added, "you can get pretty good mileage out of that."

Christine is a young girl, but she is capable of some hard, clear thinking. Surely she is thinking of her own future. It is no secret to her that Tony—a successful, worldly American movie idol— idolizes little her. And it is no secret to her friends that if he asks her to marry him (if he has not already), she will say yes.

But what girl of her age, finding herself in just such a deliciously overwhelming situation, wouldn't search her heart before saying yes? You can almost see this soft-faceted teenager brushing her long, copper-blond hair in front of her dressing table mirror, dreamily asking her reflection, "But do you think we are right for each other? I make him happy now—but can I keep him happy? Or will Janet forever flash into his thoughts without warning—and spoil everything?"

Around Hollywood they are saying that two people who loved and fought and laughed as hard and as long as Janet and Tony did are bound to leave deep dents in each other's personalities. And that the trick for any new wife of Tony's is not to try and compete with her predecessor—but to be herself.

But if Christine is herself, won't the difference between her and Tony be that much sharper? Even their first crises of life were walled into different worlds. He was born Schwartz, oldest son of Emanuel and Helen Schwartz, Hungarian Jewish immigrants who struggled for a thin living in one New York slum after another. Manny had wanted to be an actor—he ended up as a tailor. And his son, Berry, always wanted to be a friend to other boys—but he always ended up the outsider, the "sheenie." He picked up tensions that ride him to this day. He learned to kick and gouge and clobber his way to acceptance.

Jews weren't wanted, either, where Christine was born in Langdorf, Austria, January 11th, 1945. It was a time when Europe's Jews were rotting in concentration camps and mass graves. Four months later Germany was to surrender unconditionally to the Allied Army. Christine grew up in a defeated, poverty-pinchèd, divided Germany. Until she began making her family's way as a child actress, they knew what it was to scrounge. She has said of her mother, strawberry-blond Dr. Genvieve Kaufmann, "My mother was a doctor, but she worked in a studio as a make-up woman. We had to make some money somehow."

But there any similarity to the Schwartz environment ends. For the Kaufmanns are not Jewish. Christine's father, Johannes Kaufmann, is a major in the German Air Force. Her mother is French, and had practiced medicine in Tours. Christine and her older brother, Gunther, attended school in Munich, where their father was stationed after the war when the German Army became part of NATO Forces.

### His folks adored Janet

Christine has said, "I never felt toward a person, a German, a French, she's English, or anything." And at least one friend of Tony's has pointed out in all fairness to Christine that Janet wasn't Jewish, either.

"But Tony's folks adore Janet," another said, "She was closer than a daughter to them."

Yes, when it comes to the powerful pull of the heart... of family... and family memories—it's Janet. It was Janet who made Manny Schwartz' last day on earth a happy one. On a cheerful impulse, a few weeks before Jamie was born, Janet took little Kelly to see Grandma and Grandpa Schwartz. Manny came home for lunch and was delighted to find such wellcome visitors. He played with Kelly and asked his daughter-in-law for the hundredth time when the new baby was due. He went back to work a happy, beaming man—and in a few hours was dead of a heart attack.

Will Tony be able to remember his beloved father without remembering Janet next to him at the grave, holding tight to his hands?

There were so many times Janet held tight to him. When he was in trouble and when she was in trouble. When she lost their first baby-to-be and they were heartbroken; when the children were sick and they were frantic with worry; when Tony lost his nerve and had to be reassured by years of psychiatry. He was zooming up towards the peak where Janet already had her success secure in her pocket, but halfway up he got scared at all he didn't know about acting—or anything. Once Janet understood how badly Tony needed her in these troubled times of his, she told her agent never to get her work in a picture that would take her away from him. In a recent interview, Christine spoke admiringly of Tony as "very bright, very thirsty for knowledge and all kinds of things that a man needs. He did not get them until now because he has been working and becoming a good actor."

One of Janet's friends read that in print and blew up! "Where does this child think Tony got the thirst? From Janet, that's who! Tony felt bad about not having an education, but he never cracked a serious book until Janet used all her wiles to get him interested in reading. And when he was feeling so low, she got him to take up all those other interests of his—painting, photography, golf—even the flute!

All Janet's friends applaud her for the way she came through for Tony, and above all for putting him first and her career second. "Janet behaved like one hell of a woman," is how one man put it.

Does Christine know about this, and ask herself if she's ready to do the same if need be? Most of the time, since she and Tony met, they have been together. They worked together in the Argentine on "Taras Bulba." While Christine was in Munich making "Tunnel 28," Tony overcame his dread of planes to fly to her. They visited Sydney together. And, next year, they may be in Paris together, making "Monsieur Cognac."

But will they always be able to be together? There are many who feel that Christine is on the way to becoming another Sophia Loren, an international star. And if she does, will she sacrifice for him as Janet did? And if she does not, is the prospect a frightening one from where she stands? One interviewer asked her point-blank: "You read about so many broken marriages in Hollywood, doesn't it scare you that maybe you'll go through the same thing? Do you believe you can be a successful actress with all the pressures that go with it, and still have a happy normal marriage?"

Christine answered, "The normal marriages I see are not all happy, and the unusual marriages aren't all unhappy. I think it just depends on myself, what success I make out of it." She then added, "I don't think it scares me. I think there's nothing that really scares me."

### She says she's not afraid

Was that young courage speaking—or was she whistling in the dark? For if she came to Hollywood as Tony's bride, she will have to walk between rows of eyes, and she knows it. Janet has too many friends, too many fans—including those who admired her political activity on behalf of President Kennedy's administration—for her successor to get by unnoticed. People will want to see for themselves how this young woman carries herself, how she dresses a house for a man of Tony's position, how she entertains his guests, how she dresses up to her spectacular beauty.

And Christine's reaction? She is hardly one to let herself be snowed under by bor-
Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating the "delicate zone."

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Norma Gideon
Mass., admitted mailing the news to a selected list of "patriots."

Others jumped on the smear-wagon. A newspaper in Tennessee printed the story; a radio station in Baton Rouge, La., broadcast the expose; congressmen in Washington and American Gold Star Mothers throughout the United States received anonymously mailed folders from Wilmington, Del., on which was stamped the question: "Why the furor to confiscate all records on President John F. Kennedy's first marriage?", with a typewritten addendum: "We feel this information is too important to be suppressed. Have your own negatives made, and distribute copies to your entire membership."

By early autumn, hundreds of thousands of Americans and millions of Englishmen were convinced 1) that President Kennedy had been secretly wed to a two-time divorcee before he married Jackie; 2) that shortly after that first marriage he either had been secretly divorced or the union had been annulled; 3) that there was irrefutable documentation that such a wedding had taken place; 4) that the White House had arranged to have all evidence of the marriage and divorce (or annulment) wiped off the official records; and 5) that the press of the nation had conspired to censor the story lest the resulting scandal shake the country to its very foundations.

Why did they do it?

What is "The Blauvelt Family Genealogy" on which the "marriage" rumor is based? Who is the woman to whom the President was allegedly once married? Why did the nation's press suppress the story? How did Jack and Jackie react to the smear and what did they do to refute it? Who exposed the slanderous accusation? And, most important of all, who are these terrible men who lied in their publications about Jack Kennedy's first marriage, without checking the facts, and why did they do so?

"The Blauvelt Family Genealogy" was the work of Louis L. Blauvelt of East Orange, N.J., and is purported to be a "comprehensive compilation of the descendents of Gerrt Hendrickson (Blauvelt) (1620-1687) who came to America in 1638." This family history was privately printed in 1957, a year after Louis Blauvelt's death at the age of eighty-two.

One entry on page 125 under the eleventh generation reads: "(12,427) DURIE (Kerr) MALCOM (sic) (Isobel O. Cooper, 11,304). We have no birth date. She was born Kerr, but took the name of her stepfather. She first married Firmin (sic) Desloge, IV. They were divorced. Durie then married F. John Bersbach. They were divorced and she married, third, John F. Kennedy, son of Joseph P. Kennedy, one time Ambassador to England. There were no children of the second or third marriage...."

So far, so bad—for Jack Kennedy's reputation. There is a woman named Durie Malcolm (not "Malcolm" as Blauvelt reported); now Mrs. Thomas Shelvin, Jr.; she was on the family tree for a time, and at one point, lived near a street in Joseph P. Kennedy's Palm Beach mansion; her mother and stepfather were friendly with Jack's mother and father; and Jack, by his own admission, did date the divorcee a few times in 1947, right after World War II. This fact was duly noted in Charles Ventura's society column in the New York World Telegram on Jan. 20, 1947, wherein he speaks of Jack "giving Durie Malcolm Desloge the season's outstanding rush." The item concludes: "Tiny obstacle to orange blossoms is that the Kennedy clan frowns upon divorce."

The immediate question, then, is: upon what evidence did Louis L. Blauvelt base his Durie Malcolm-John F. Kennedy "marriage" entry in the family genealogy? His only "documentation" is an old clipping from the gossip column of a Miami newspaper asserting that Jack Kennedy and Miss Malcolm had been "seen" together in a restaurant. Whatever further confirmation, real or imagined, Blauvelt might have had, died when he died.

One of his survivors is convinced the "marriage" claim was accurate. James N. Blauvelt, president of Blauvelt Descendants, says, "I am sure that Louis Blauvelt could not have put it in his book unless he was sure of his facts. Where he got his information I don't know."

On the contrary, spokesman for the White House insist there are three major mistakes in the "Durie Malcolm" entry: "First, it has the order of her first two marriages reversed," they point out. "Second, despite the fact that the book was written in 1956, it makes no mention of Joseph Malcolm married Thomas Shelvin of Palm Beach, Fla., in 1947 and has been married to him ever since. "Third, Miss Malcolm was never married to John F. Kennedy."

Reporters from a score of reputable newspapers checked out all available information on Miss Malcolm; place and date of birth, marriage, passport application, and two earlier marriages and divorces before, on Jan. 11, 1947, she married Shelvin, to whom she is still wed. On the off chance that Jack Kennedy might just possibly have married Miss Malcolm between Jan. 11, 1947, the date she divorced Mr. Desloge, and July 11, 1947, the date she became Mrs. Thomas Shelvin Jr., they ran-sacked newspaper columns and marriage and divorce records.

They found nothing.

But while responsible newspapers and magazines "killed" the story because there were no facts to back it up—and because they didn't want to embarrass the President by printing the rumor and then refuting it—responsible journals exploded to peddle the smear. The Don Bell Reports spread the story; and Tyler Gatewood Kent, publisher of the Putnam (Fla.) Sun (now defunct), passed the rumor on to his readers as fact.

Yet because nobody bothered to refute it and because it was being circulated in print by hate groups and being passed by word of mouth, thousands of people who should have known better chose to believe the story. That's when photoplay columnist Walter Winchell brought the whole mess out into the open and nailed the "marriage" smear as a lie, climaxing his July 30th New York Mirror column with the admonition: "So mark the rumor as untruthful."

The bigger the lie, the higher it dies. On Sept. 2, Parade, a nationally distributed Sunday supplement in seventy newspapers, ran a letter from one of its readers asking "Once and for all, will someone please tell me the truth" about rumors of JFK's previous marriage, and the publication assured the correspondent that the reports were false. But this didn't stop the British Sunday Express from subsequently headlining and featuring the rumors and glossing over the lack of substantiating evidence.

The rumor exploded

It was only in the week of September 16, 1962, that American journalists— following in Winchell's footsteps—exploded the rumor. The Washington Post and Newsweek proved conclusively that there was not a shred of evidence, outside of the Blauvelt Genealogy entry, that a marriage between young Jack Kennedy and Durie Malcolm ever took place.

Only James N. Blauvelt, as has already
been noted, continued steadfastly to maintain that genealogist Louis L. Blauvelt must have had additional "facts" to back up the "marriage" entry. Other relatives, however, admitted there was no factual basis for the "marriage" claim. One Blauvelt-in-law confided to Newsweek that the entry had been "one colossal mistake" and speculated that its originator had "formed the idea in his head, seeing that clipping, and the family hadn't had anyone famous for a long time."

But if Louis Blauvelt's printing of the entry can be explained away as the workings of an old man's overactive imagination, what excuse can be found for those terrible men who will stop at nothing to smear the name of the President? Those vicious hate-peddlers who circulated the rumor without checking the facts and who continue to spread and embroiler upon the story of "John's Other Wife" even after it's been disproved?

Before examining the motives of the men and organizations that merchandised the lie about Jack Kennedy's "first marriage," let's take a closer look at the individuals and publications involved. Roll Call and The Realist need not concern us overmuch; the former ran a fairly innocent gossip item, while the latter, a Greenwich Village periodical which asserts it's dedicated to "free-thought criticism and satire," published the text of the genealogical record in its entirety but did not indicate that the entry was false.

Common Sense, the publication of Condé McGinely, who spearheaded the distribution of the photographs of the Blauvelt Family Genealogy, is something else again. Although its masthead declares it is devoted to "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," the FBI labels Common Sense "the vitriolic hate sheet." McGinely's four-page paper (circulation varies from 30,000 to 500,000 an issue) has been denounced by the American Legion, and by leading spokesmen of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths, and his so-called Christian Education Association has been cited as a "fascist" organization in a report prepared for the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Another prime propagator of the "first marriage" lie is Allen Paul Steiger, Führer of an outfit called Rights Brigade, which the Cleveland police designate as a "crackpot" outfit. An early organizer of the John Birch Society in Ohio, Steiger now peddles his anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, anti-Negro and anti-Christian tract from P.O. Box 5795, Cleveland 1, Ohio.

The Valley Paper Co., of Holyoke, Mass., from which Hubert W. Kregeloh supervised mailings of the four-page "marriage" folder, is run by George Fowler, a long-time rabid supporter of extremist groups. Kregeloh himself, once a political commentator in Springfield, Mass., is now an associate editor of American Opinion (formerly One Man's Opinion, the organ of Robert Welch, Jr., founder of the John Birch Society).

The Thunderbolt, despite its claim to be "the official white racial organ of the National States Rights party," is in actuality the vehicle for venom and hate of Dr. Edward Fields. All the members of Fields' "party" convening would have difficulty filling a large living room. But what they lack in numbers, they make up in noise.

Having failed to gain a foothold in the
Middle West as leader of a fascist-like, swastika-wearing group called "The Columbians" (they'd had trouble packing a telephone booth for a meeting), Fields moved on to Birmingham, Ala., four or five years ago.

The (Rev.) Gordon Winrod (he is now a self-proclaimed minister, having been previously disavowed and discharged by the official Lutheran Church, who twice published articles about the "marriage" in The Gordon Winrod Letter, is, as someone quipped, a chip off the old blockhead—his father being the late Gerald Winrod, the "Jayhawk Nazi," indicted under the Sedition Act during World War II.

Motive—revenge?

Only one of these men, Tyler Gatewood Kent, might have had a clear, personal motive for disseminating the lie that Jack Kennedy had been married before he was wed to Jacqueline Bouvier. Kent latched onto the story early, and promulgated it in his paper, the Putnam Sun (a now defunct Florida weekly). His possible reason: revenge.

It was back in 1940 that Kent, then a decoding clerk in the American Embassy in London, serving under United States Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy (Jack Kennedy's father), turned over vital State Department secrets—contained in 1,500 cablegrams between Roosevelt and Churchill—to the Nazis in Berlin. Under the British Official Secrets Act, Kent was sentenced to seven years’ imprisonment. After serving five years, he returned to the United States where the hate-peddlers hauled him as a "persecuted hero" and called his act "inspired with patriotism."

Ambassador Kennedy, however, pegged the driving power for Kent's seditious act for what it really was, "a terrific anti-Semitic complex," and stripped off his guise of persecuted martyrdom by asserting, "Nobody 'railroaded' Kent. The British sentence that finally put him in the Isle of Wight for seven years was mild beyond measure. The only thing that saved Kent's life was that he was an American citizen and we were not yet at war."

When the Jack Kennedy "first marriage" rumor reached his ears, therefore, Kent undoubtedly leaped at the chance to strike back at the Kennedy family.

The chief distributors of the "first marriage" slander do have a lot in common. They share a deep hatred for Democracy, and Kennedy, as President of the world's largest Democracy, symbolizes all they despise. They share a burning aversion to Catholicism and Judaism, and Kennedy, as a Catholic who appointed a Jew to his Cabinet and later elevated him to the Supreme Court, is high on their blacklist.

They share a fervent desire to line their own pocketbooks with the profits that can be made from peddling hate—for a price.

**Favorite smear words**

Let's examine each of the notions these men share.

**Hated for Democracy.** Robert Welch, Jr., head of the John Birch Society, from whom Steiger and Kregeloh learned so much and by whom McGinley, Winrod and Kent have been greatly influenced, lays down the line. "Democracy is merely a deceptive phrase," he says, "a weapon of demagoguery and a perennial fraud...."

Given this characterization, it follows logically that all the high leaders of our Democracy are "traitors" to our country or, even worse, "Communists" (Welch's favorite smear word for those he disagrees with and for those who disagree with him).

Therefore, to quote Welch's own words, former President Dwight D. Eisenhower is a "dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy;" General of the Army George Catlett Marshall was a "concious, deliberate, dedicated agent of the Soviet conspiracy;" former Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was a "Communist agent;" President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was guilty of "plain unadulterated treason;" Nelson Rockefeller, Governor of New York State, is planning "to make the U.S. a part of one-world Socialist government;" and Chief Justice Earl Warren of the U.S. Supreme Court should be impeached because "he has taken the lead... converting the Republic into a Democracy."

Welch and the Welchites quickly added JFK to this select group when it became clear that he was a political figure to be reckoned with. "Of the four Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates," wrote the leader of the Birchers (Kennedy and Lodge) have openly served Communist purposes in the Senate and the 'United Nations' respectively."

**Out of a hat**

**Aversion to Catholicism.** Following in the footsteps of Gordon Winrod's father Gerald, who dropped out of his periodic The Defender, that Catholicism was a "harlot woman" and the "Scarlet-Colored Beast" of the Bible, Robert Welch, Jr., once issued a broadside declaring that "one-half of one percent of all Catholic priests are Commys" (Welch's shorthand for Communist sympathizers). Later, when challenged on this statement, he blandly admitted, "The figure is simply pulled out of a hat, as a complete guess, without any substantiation being claimed."

"Simply pulled out of a hat" as the Jack Kennedy "first marriage" story was pulled out of a faulty genealogy, "without any substantiation." A perfect lie with which to damn the first Catholic President of the United States by charging that he broke a sacred sacrament of his Church by marrying a divorcee and then marrying again.

**Desire for Profits.** There's big money to be made from peddling hate and slander. Money enough, according to Scripps-Howard columnist Peter Edson, to permit fifty such organizations to maintain "national headquarters or active lobbying and publishing operations." Ten million dollars contributed to such outfits last year alone, says Prof. Alan F. Westin, of Columbia University, based upon "a cautious estimate."

State Attorney General Stanley Mosk put his finger directly on one of the prime motivating factors for the existence of such groups as the John Birch Society—and Mosk's phrase certainly applies to the various extremists who circulated the "first marriage" lie about President Kennedy—as being "Patriotism for Profit." (Mosk's phrase echoes an old quatrain: "Oh, my country, oh, my country, how I love each bloomin' spot. Ain't it funny, how for money, one can be a patri-ot")
One of the confusing aspects of the “first marriage” rumor is, to quote Walter Winchell, “Why hasn’t the White House debunked it?”

The answer is that the White House was quietly debunking it privately all along (to people who wrote to the President asking about the charge, the simple reply was issued: “The President has been married only once—to his wife, Jacqueline Kennedy”), but didn’t want to issue a public denial for fear of fanning the fires of rumor. (Other such scurrilous smears, like the one to the effect that the President’s father had given Jackie a million-dollar bribe to stay married to his son, had burned themselves out without merit ing JFK’s denial.)

What did finally kill the story was Durie’s denial of it as “absolutely false and ridiculous.” She added that she had never discussed it with the Kennedys because “it’s too embarrassing.”

Yet, on a much higher level, President Kennedy did lash out at those who cloak themselves in Americanism to preach un-American hate and intolerance. In a speech at Los Angeles he said, “There have always been those on the fringes of our society who have sought to escape their responsibility by finding a simple solution, an appealing slogan, or a convenient scapegoat... the discordant voices of extremism are once again heard in the land.”

The President’s brother, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, says with wry humor, “The only Communist the John Birchers have uncovered is President Eisenhower.”

Former President Eisenhower himself accuses the lunatic-fringers of “worshipping the concept of super-patriotism” and finds them guilty of “insufferable arrogance.”

But these terrible men who will stop at nothing will continue to spread the lie about Jack Kennedy’s “first marriage” and at this very moment they are busy manufacturing other canards about the President and his family. And there always will be those who, because of self-contempt and self-hatred, will want to believe the worst about others.

Yet, as Thomas Jefferson wrote back in 1798, “A little patience and we shall see the reign of witches pass over, their spells dissolved, and the people recovering their true sight.” —JIM HOFFMAN

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basic, belted, with a high cowl collar. She wore a hair-band of the same material as the dress with a pearl cluster in the center.

Mrs. Jerry Gershwin, the matron of honor, wore a light blue dress and carried a bouquet of blue and white roses. Janet's orchids were white.

After the ceremony Janet and Bob posed with Dean and Jean Martin. Janet referred to Jean as "our little Carol Cupid."

Dean said, "Well, I guess we've lost you, Baby," to Janet.

Why is it that on a happy occasion like a wedding there still have to be catty remarks floating around? Not said to Janet, who was relaxed and happy now after the pre-ceremony tensions. But some of the bridal hoot from Photoplay caught went like this:

"Our little Bobby doesn't know what he's in for and he shouldn't talk to the press."

"But he has to say something."

"Then he should just smile and say something like, I'm the luckiest man in the world to have Janet."

I wonder what Bernie is doing right now. I wonder who covered him by sending that wire. You can bet he didn't write it.

The wire referred to a "congratulatory" message presumably sent by Curtis (whose original name was Bernie Schwartz) to Janet a few days ago after the announcement of her intended marriage. He said he wished her all the best.

"Well, at least Janet beat him to the altar. I guess she felt she had to."

"What do you mean by that?"

I don't mean anything, just that, well, he jilted her, didn't he, for that young German starlet. I guess this is a kind of revenge.

"Don't say that. Bob and Janet have a lot going for them. I think their marriage has a good chance. If you ask me, Janet picked a helluva nice guy."

Tall, dark and wealthy

Robert Brandt, a tall, dark-haired, very handsome man somewhere in his middle thirties, runs his own investment business in the City National Bank Building on the Sunset Strip. Janet is still secretive about when they met, but they were introduced not long after she and Tony announced their surprising separation. The first thing Janet discovered is that Brandt's day begins at six in the morning, so that he can be in his office at seven, when trading begins on the "Big Board"—the Stock Exchange. He explained that three hours difference in time between California and the East, Brandt explained.

But a broker's business day is over in Beverly Hills very early, too. So, for Janet, that meant long afternoons of her beloved tennis, drives along Highway 101 to Laguna or to Santa Barbara, cozy dinners just for two in quiet restaurants, or happy hours on the beach at her rented house in Santa Monica, with Brandt, her two children, or in a group with some of Bob's "non-pro" friends.

For Janet this meant doors had been opened and a world she scarcely ever knew. To erase the shadowing of memory, Janet quickly put up for sale the fantastic, quarter-million dollar New Orleans-style edifice she and Tony once shared: a house "over-decorated, over-eager and over-everything. It was like a money-reckless film tycoon's version of a film star's home," an awed visitor said.

And the dining room alone was eighteen feet wide and ten feet high; the scatter rugs so thick that an ash tray falling off a marble coffee table vanished out of sight, lost in the ankle-deep piles.

This was affluence and status—the kind of status that even the Rolls-Royce owning Tony may have felt he had to have to be the unique joys of Frank Sinatra's Clan. Thirfty Janet hated the place, but all this is behind her now. Tony is gone and far away, hoping to find, in seventeen-year-old Christine Kaufmann, a love perhaps less smothering. And Janet, with her daughters Kelly and Jamie, and her new husband, is blue-printing a new life which she hopes will be simpler and more serene.

Bob will never wonder whether she will make the same mistake with Bob that she made with Tony? That mistake is her compulsive need to be the "perfect wife." Will she find her too-long-established perfectionism self-defeating? Or has she discovered that a woman can love a man too much?

Some of Janet's friends still remember the night, not too long ago, when she and Bob Brandt appeared, surprisingly enough, at a private studio preview of "The Interns." Janet and her conservatively-suited escort sat in the last row of the tiny theater snuggling and holding hands all through the preview.

They really cooled up a storm," one observer said. "But the thing that struck me most was the way Bob and Janet had such a strong resemblance to Tony. Maybe not as well, 'pretty-boyish,' but Brandt and Janet made a striking couple, just the same. And Janet was once again beaming with that million-dollar smile. Perhaps Brandt's seeming resemblance to Tony had no real significance, but some of us are suggested. 'Well, this is where we come in.'"

If the comment, or even the observation, is unfair, there is still the fact that Janet, at thirty-five, is the very same girl who once contended, blithely, "There are no gimmicks about making a marriage work. All you need is love. The rest comes easy."

Yet the overwhelming love she offered Tony encouraged his idiosyncrasies, that sent him in an embittered search for someone "less perfect."

"I never late," Janet told a woman visitor a few years ago. "Mother tells me I arrived exactly on time, just as the doctor predicted, so you see I started right. Dinner, at our house, is always on the table at the same hour. I'm an early riser, too, and I can't bear the waste of time dawdling over a second cup of coffee when there's so much for me to do. People tell
Always appear to be in action, that  
I have energy in large doses.  

"Anyway, I think I'm methodical, metic-  
ulous and a very well-organized person.  
Years ago, when I first started in pictures  
at M-G-M, I got a nice welcome note from  
Greer Garson, I know how terribly busy  
she was. So I told myself, if a great star  
like Miss Garson can organize her time  
and energy, so can I, too. And I decided  
to model myself after Greer. I made  
up my mind to use every spare moment  
of the day, even when I was working,  
to send little thank-you notes to every  
writer who did a story about me."

She is! He isn't!  

On another occasion, when Janet  
was describing how she handled the many  
demands on her time, she remarked, "You  
know, Tony isn't organized at all." Her  
mouth grew suddenly tense. "I've been  
trying to change him, but it's like talking  
to a statue. I keep three separate appoint-  
ment books: one for Tony, one for me,  
and one for the whole family. I'm sched-  
uled for the day like a train. That's the  
only way I can keep a full-time career  
going, along with everything else."

Later, when Janet and Tony moved into  
one of their several new homes (not the  
Summit Drive place), she gloated to a  
friend, "You know, this house has just  
zillion of closets, so that there's a place  
for everything and everything is in its  
place. Oh, I just love a spice-and-pan  
house. I adore everything about home-  
making except cooking . . ." Suddenly  
Janet's voice became oddly vehement. "I  
really hate cooking," she exploded. "It  
makes such a mess in the kitchen. I just  
can't stand it. But that doesn't mean Tony  
suffers. He gets perfectly balanced meals.  
"Why, just today he brought home two  
plates of little snacks for him so that he  
can nosh—that's one of Tony's East  
Side expressions for nibbling at things—  
when he's through in his darkroom, or  
his oil painting, or whatever new hobby  
he has at the moment. I think no husband  
should have to live in a messy house just  
because of his wife's cooking!"

But then why did Tony once grumble  
to a reporter, "You know, that wife of  
ine has a kinda compulsive passion for  
tidiness, She can't bear to see a book out  
of line on the shelf or a bedspread with  
a wrinkle in it. She even rolls off my  
lap to empty an ash tray. One day, soon  
after we were married, I was lying on  
the couch, and I watched Janet setting  
up our dinner. She took a crumpled  
jug of water and poured it out into a  
glass. 'Janet, where's my water?' I asked.  
'Oh, I thought you were finished,' she  
said. Then she got me another glass and  
the same damn thing happened! I felt like  
screeching. 'Is this a funny quirk, or  
a chapel, or a place where people  
really live?'"

Yet along with her perfectionism in  
housekeeping, there was still another quirk  
of Janet's that, friends say, really bugged  
Tony. Janet has always been an inveterate  
diary keeper. "The secret," she once  
explained, "is never to let a day go by  
without making some kind of entry, no  
matter what. When you're sick, tired or  
bothered." To heedless Tony, this meant  
answering phone calls or letters or other  
social obligations, this attitude of Janet's  
was an implied affront to his male ego.

Did Janet ever really listen when Tony,  
in a belligerent mood, would complain  
to friends, "Any normal guy wants to be  
the center of his universe. But how can  
he be if his wife doesn't have to ask  
him for money? A husband feels cheated  
when her emotional interests aren't  
focused on him. If a wife's thoughts are  
all the time on the weather—the things  
to be—she's not a real wife in my book.  
No wonder husbands tend to turn to less  
driving, softer women who know how  
to make a man feel male."

Apprently, if it wasn't easy being a  
perfectionist (and Janet did have her own  
securities and fears), it wasn't easy  
being a 'perfect man' either. Janet  
seemingly, had done all the right things  
all wrong. Friends and co-workers,  
though they adored the always-kind, always-con-  
siderate Janet, sometimes admitted that  
they found her wholesomeness, her super-  
human energy and efficiency, her unfailing  
air of cheerfulness all too annoying.  

One actress, commenting on Janet's  
well-earned enthusiasm for practically  
everything, simmered, "The trouble with  
this girl is she just never seems to feel bad."

A bundle of nerves!  

Another, more sympathetic friend, how-  
ever, will tell you that Janet is not always  
what she seems. "Look," this man says,  
"she can spend an evening with Janet  
and go away telling yourself that here is  
a really well-adjusted woman. But when  
you begin to probe a little deeper, Janet  
turns out to be a bundle of tensions and  
anxieties, filled with apprehensions  
about her life. She won't admit it, but  
she is."

Only after her father tragically killed  
himself was it hinted that Janet's own  
parents were not really a happy couple  
merely tolerable. In his last, sad note,  
Janet's dad berated his wife. "Now (he  
rote) maybe you'll be happy, because  
you have to have a man dead before you're  
really happy. So I hate you." How agonizing  
a blow this was a tragedy-bewildered  
Janet became all too apparent; she lost  
weight, suffered from constant insomnia,  
found a crutch in sleeping pills.

Outwardly, she was gay enough—as  
she had always been. She laught a lot,  
shutting her hazel eyes and wrinkling  
her nose and talking up a storm. And  
she adored The Twist, dancing wildly to  
the pounding beat, her blond, beauti-  
fully-coiffed head thrown back, her voice  
a kind of chirp, her huge eyes sometimes  
unexpectedly missing with sudden tears.  
She tried so very, very hard to play the  
role of the gay divorcée.

Now, married to Bob, being a big star  
needn't be such an achingly lonely busi-  
ness. When she was Mrs. Curtis, she once  
said in a moment of that quiet despera-  
tion which could come even to her: "Movie  
people are so far out of work and instead  
of being too tired to move a muscle are  
too tired to move an emotion."

With a man like Bob, a man so far  
removed from that problem-laden Hollywood  
where "marriage is so terribly, terribly  
hard," she may find the life and the right  
kind of love she's looking for. We hope so,  
she deserves it.  

—Jeff Cronin

See Janet in UA's "Manchurian Candidate"  
and "Bye Bye Birdie" for Columbia.
Robert Trout, 

Richard C. Hottelet, 

Daniel Schorr, 

Allan Jackson,
Etc.? Any news enterprise would be happy to have such “etc.’s.” Not only the men pictured here, but all the other correspondents like Charles Collingwood, Dallas Townsend, Ned Calmer, Eric Severied, Walter Cronkite, Larry LeSueur—and on and on. In fact, over 750 “etc.’s” make CBS News one of the biggest news-gathering organizations in the world.

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The CBS Radio Network
NATALIE & WARREN

Continued from page 55

Cannes, London, Rome. It's plainly visible in the restaurants they eat in, the hotels they stay at, the things they do together. "They are like husband and wife," an observer of the scene reported from the Cannes Film Festival.

"If they're not married," a correspondent in Rome said, "they are doing an awfully good imitation. I'm not up on all the activities in Hollywood, so I didn't know they weren't husband and wife. I was certainly taken in."

Even the Liz Taylor—Richard Burton affair, spectacular as it has been, fails to match Natalie's and Warren's earnest, relentless campaign to be recognized for what they are—inseparable, inseparable.

This, then, if you had any doubt, is a confidential and exclusive report—culled from informants at every stop—on Natalie's and Warren's European sojourn of not days, not weeks—but months!

The aim of this story is to answer, among other things, the two questions raised at the outset. The first, we can dispose of immediately.

"When did Natalie and Warren get married?"

Unless they took the vows secretly, unbeknownst to their closest friends, we must assume Natalie and Warren are not married.

They're merely friends.

Good friends.

Very good friends!

Which brings us smack dab into the next question.

"Where will it all lead?"


And what does it all mean?

It means simply that Natalie and Warren are continuing to write the story of their lives in vivid, colorful, flaming prose by their unorthodox treatment of the age-old subject of love and romance.

This is a sort of Chapter II on the life of Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty. Chapter I was the story of their romance before Natalie gave husband Robert Wagner the gate and Warren granted fiancee Joan Collins quick, unconditional release.

You may recall that Bob and Joan then took up like a couple of happy lovebirds with nary a hint that either had suffered the pangs of a broken heart. And Natalie and Warren did likewise, in spades.

Chapter I was their invasion of New York late last fall—when they churned through one night club after another, night after night, as a constant hand-holding twosome, dancing in each other's arms until the wee small hours. They came back every morning at two o'clock or three to their separate suites in the Hotel Plaza, driving from their rounds in Warren's "fuzzy red Thunderbird."

They went to the New York premiere of "Splendor in the Grass" and it was obvious that the Deanie Loomis and Bud Stamper of the film story were not inhibited in their peppy off-camera flirtations. Long after the Bud and the inhibited Deanie called it a night and the last hot reel faded out on the screen, Natalie and Warren were still at it.

No rush

Eventually they returned to Hollywood together and were a constant item in the columns. Reams were written in the speculative vein of a forthcoming marriage after Natalie divorced Bob. But there was no rush for the marriage license bureau.

Natalie and Warren simply accelerated the pace of their courtship and let the momentum take them back to New York in late Spring.

"Ah, what a lovely couple," sighed their fans as Nat and Warren came off the trans-continental jetliner at Idlewild Airport to change planes for Paris and the Cannes Film Festival.

"When's the wedding date?" shouted an enterprising reporter.

The lovebirds responded with polite smiles—and deafening silence.

"Where ya going?" asked another curious newsman coaxingly.

"To the Film Festival, of course," Beatty replied politely with a touch of shyness in his deep, masculine voice.

"Are you going to get married over there?" the first newsman persevered.

"Why don't you simply say we're good friends," Natalie retorted cuttingly, her tone chilling as a polar iceberg.

"But don't you want to get married?" the reporter insisted.

Natalie let her mouth droop wordlessly. Her large brown eyes fired off a burst of silent indignation. Beatty masked his reaction behind a dead pan.

Suddenly there was no more time for questions. Nat and Warren had to catch their trans-Atlantic jet. They bounded jauntily through the terminal to their Paris-bound airliner, boarded the ramp arm in arm and disappeared inside.

Natalie and Warren hit Cannes like a Texas twister. The sunny Riviera colony was never warmer than when the torrid young lovers descended upon the plush, glittering Hotel Carlton, picked up their reservations, and ambled off to their separate suites.

Everyone buzzed breathlessly about them from that moment on.

Natalie and Warren clearly stirred up more attention than any other of the multitudes of stars from America and abroad who invaded Cannes even though the Fes-

MAKE HIM COME ALIVE

Here are the back views of the Simplicity Patterns shown on pages 42-45, plus yardage requirements and approximate fabric prices:

Pattern #4173: (65c) Brocade dress and jacket, size 12, 2 ½ yards of 44"-45" fabric (with or without nap). Couleur's gold-touched blend of silk and nylon is about $12.00 a yard. The jacket lining could be white silk broadcloth, ½ yard of 44"-45"-50" fabric (without nap). Woolen or non-woven interfacing, 32"-35"-36", ½ yard.

Pattern #4547: (65c) Royal blue crepe slim skirt and sleeveless overblouse, size 12, about 1½ yards of 54" fabric (with or without nap). Milliken's wool crepe costs about $3.98 a yard. Sweater-blouse with sleeves, size 12, 1½ yards of 54" fabric (with or without nap). Milliken's souffle mohair costs about $5.98 a yard.

Pattern #4599: (65c) Bow-tied blouse, size 12, 2 yards of 38"-39" fabric (without nap). A.P. Silk's tussah broadcloth costs about $2.98 a yard. Velveteen skirt, size 12, 3 yards of 35"-36" fabric (with or without nap). Amity Contani velveteen costs about $3.00 a yard. Checkered wool skirt, size 12, 2½ yards of 54" fabric without nap. Benley's wool and nylon blend costs about $2.98 a yard.

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Fred: Dick, how do you feel about playing Antony in "Cleopatra"?

Dick: Well, it's a marvelous part and has the singular advantage of being written for me by Joe Mankiewicz, a very old friend. I find myself doing scenes which I've already played in my own private life. Mankiewicz suggests that Antony labored under the shadow of Caesar as a general, a lover of Cleopatra, a lover of life. What Mankiewicz is doing is to give us a study of an Antony who labored under a tremendous inferiority complex. I've done that all my life. I've got six older brothers, I was always in their shadow. And a very remarkable father—so it's not difficult to play Antony.

Fred: Dick, what were the main problems that caused the costly delays?

Dick: Well, the chief problem, I think, was keeping Miss Taylor healthy.

Fred: You're a classically trained actor, and Elizabeth Taylor is the world's number one movie actress. What was it like, playing opposite her?

Dick: It was really a remarkable experience. Fred, because stage actors have a definite and ironed-out technique, while Elizabeth Taylor is a "natural." I don't think she ever reasons out a scene as I do, or as Rex Harrison does, nevertheless she's infinitely more effective than possibly either of us, certainly than me. It's very difficult to take a scene away from her. She could probably be just as effective on stage if—-you know, getting over the obvious physical burdens like—you have to speak louder, and you have to be heard in the back row of the stalls. I think her personality is big enough and her acting sufficiently brilliant to manage even the Majestic Theater in New York. I don't think there's all that tremendous difference in the innate talent of a stage actor and a film actor. In fact, I think she's hoping to do a play one of these days. And I think that Tennessee Williams may be writing one for her—so I've heard rumors, anyway.

Fred: What do you do for relaxation?

Dick: I drink.

**Love in London**

From Paris, the couple went to London. Our British correspondent admitted he had a most difficult time keeping them in sight. "They have been very elusive since they arrived," he telephoned. "They were in Piccadilly last night and I got wind of it. I tried to track them down. But I couldn't locate them. I later found out that they had been to the Odeon Theatre." The Odeon struck a familiar chord.

"Isn't that the theater where Warren met Princess Margaret early last year?" Dick asked. The London correspondent replied eagerly. He recalled it vividly. "That was at the premiere of 'The Facts of Life.' Beaty came that night with Joan Collins, I had to do a story on Joan called, 'A Nightmare for Joan—Livin' With Vivien.' "

That was when Warren was playing opposite the venerable Miss Leigh in "The Romancing of Mrs. Stone." Miss Leigh, who is blessed with a Fountain of Youth appearance, had been rumored to have fallen for the handsome, boyish Warren—and he for her. Joan was desolate. But the rumors stopped abruptly when Warren and Joan took off for Hollywood after the film.

During their London stay, Natalie and Warren, unlike Joan and Warren, kept out of the public gaze quite successfully. When reporters tried to see them at their hotel, they were "out!"

"They went on a tour of the countryside yesterday," the man from the London paper called again to say, "I chased them in my car through Paddington, Euston, Liverum. They have been writing to friends in the outskirts of London until my petrol started to give out. I had to refuel, but by that time they were hopelessly out of my sight!"

Nat and Warren left London one morning as suddenly and quietly as they had arrived and flew to Rome.

"They are registered at the Grand Hotel," our respondent in Rome sighed on the trans-Atlantic phone shortly after their arrival. He sounded dreadfully bored.

"What's wrong?" we asked, puzzled by his weary attitude. Rome's reporters are supposed to be red-blooded news hounds with energy and enthusiasm for a story matched by no Fourth Estate anywhere in the world.

"After keeping up with Liz Taylor and Richard Burton all these months," he said sharply, "you ask me to keep you abreast of Natalie Wood and Warren Beaty? What's the angle?"

"Well, maybe," we suggested, "they might get married in Rome—you think?"

Despite the drag that this assignment threatened to have on him, the enterprising correspondent promised to keep us posted faithfully on Nat and Warren.

Soon word crackled back that Natalie and Warren were prancing about Rome like a couple of bouncy kids.

"Today," the informant phoned, "Natalie and Warren took in the sights—they went to the Coliseum ruins and visited other points of historic interest. Warren shot pictures and Natalie posed for them. She reminded me of Liz Taylor. There's the same intension, a similar deep ravishing beauty, and the same crusty toughness."

The Italian correspondent lived up to his reputation. He got the first interview with Natalie. It wasn't much, but it showed the rugged spirit and determination of those Roman journalists cannot be trifled with.

"Gird yourself for Natalie's historic interview."

"This is my first trip to Europe and I'm thrilled beyond anything I can say. I'm having a wonderful time and I hope to return very soon. Rome is so beautiful, far more beautiful than I imagined."

The man in Rome told how he landed the interview.

"I caught Natalie when she came out of the hotel. She wasn't with her. I asked her about him, but she said she couldn't discuss her private life."

"When are you going to get married?" I asked. She replied, 'We have no plans. And that was it. She bounced to a waiting cab and drove away."

"Where was Warren?" we asked.

"I don't know," he replied wryly. "Maybe he was in Natalie's pocketbook."

A few days later we got another call from Rome.

"Mama mia," the correspondent muttered breathlessly. "They left town this morning. And have I got news for you."

"Let's have it."

"They went to the villa."

"What village?"

Then before he could answer, we blurted, "You mean on the Appian Way... Liz and Eddie...?"

"You are not living in the present," the Italian newsman said tauntingly. "You mean Liz and Richard, don't you?"

"Yeah, yeah..."

"Brave! You understand. They went to stay a few days. You know Liz and Natalie are old friends, from Hollywood. Must be like old home week." (This, naturally, was before Liz and Burton called the whole thing off and made it less homely.)

But that was the last report from Rome, except for the final word when Nat and Warren had boarded the plane for New York.

They landed at Idlewild Airport unannounced and hurried into the city to a midtown hotel. Then Natalie announced she was renting a large house in Beverly Hills that boasted a fish stream running through the living room.

And that, dear reader, is where our Chapter II in the life of Natalie Wood and Warren Beaty closes.

The next chapter, which may have to be printed on asbestos-coated stock, will appear in Photoplay just as soon as it crystallizes.

—George Carpozzi
mink coat strangely. Very strangely indeed.

Another officer said, "Don't think that just because you're an actress you can get away with anything." I protested, "But I don't intend to try to get away with anything. Why do you say that?"

"Really," said one of the officers, and then, abruptly, "Why isn't your passport stamped with a work permit?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "I thought the studio took care of things like that."

"No alien can work in England without applying for a work permit."

"I'm sorry, truly. I just didn't know. Nobody told me."

One officer disappeared, and when he came back, he gave me a steely glance, then said, "We have checked with authorities. Not only did you neglect to apply for a work permit, but you have been reported as interloping for loitering for purposes of prostitution."

"It was all a mistake," I explained. "They interrogated me, but I proved to them I was just taking a walk and they let me go."

There were more questions, more excessive politeness and more subtle hostility. And I knew my mother must be wondering what had happened, and worrying. An hour and a half later, the customs officers finally announced, "We will permit you to re-enter England only on condition you report tomorrow morning to the Immigration Office for further interrogation. You are on probation, Miss Hart."

Look, Ma, no work permit!

Fighting back the tears, I gathered my bags and went through the big door to join my mother who'd been waiting anxiously all that time.

"Dear, what happened? I was worried."

"Mother, they held me up because they're investigating me. Last month, I had been stopped by two London bobbies and accused of loitering for purposes of prostitution."

"Well, were you?"

"Were I what, Mother?"

"Were you ... ah ... soliciting?"

"Of course not!"

Then Mother burst into laughter. "Oh! THAT's funny! Just divine! I never thought I'd live to see the day when . . . !"

I was looking for sympathy, and she laughed. But I'm glad she did. It relieved the tension, and I began to relax.

The next morning, the studio authorized Mr. Bob Ferguson to accompany me to the Immigration Office. He was the studio's expert on work permits, and he tried to calm me down.

When we got there, I was dismayed to have to enter a huge warehouse-like building, filled with distressed, shabby-looking people. I was told the building was near Scotland Yard, and this made me even more nervous.

We sat in an ancient waiting room and then waited in line with, what seemed to me, all sort of criminal types.

Hours seemed to pass. Finally it was my turn.

They asked me so many questions, all with that careful British politeness. "Why didn't you apply for a work permit?"

"Didn't you know the law, Miss Hart? Why didn't you inquire?" "Where were you in England? Name each town or city you visited."

"Did you not know the law requires you to report to the police in each new town you work?" "Why did the bobbies report you last month?"

"Why indeed! I'd like to know, too."

I kept explaining that I did not know the law. I thought the studio had taken care of the work permit. The bobbies had made a big mistake interrogating me.

"That's my business . . . ."

They never accused me openly of being a prostitute, but they kept saying, "We don't mind if that is what you were doing. That's your business, Miss Hart. What did I do not bother to phone the police and register? Then you would have complied with the law."

Finally, after five and a half hours in that immigration building, they permitted me to go. I presume they were convinced I was no threat to the nation's economy or morality.

Before Mother and I left England to return to the United States, I tried to forget the indignities by renting a car and driving Mother around London. I wanted her to enjoy the sights.

That's when I discovered that the sight of a bobby was traumatic. One day while driving, I spotted a bobby and became so nervous I turned into a right lane instead of a left, as the English demand. My heart sank when the bobby stopped my car and came over.

"Why did you do that, young lady?"

"Sorry, I was concentrating. You see, I'm an American, and they are accustomed to driving on the right."

"Do you concentrating some other place, young lady?"

"Sorry."

"I may have to report you."

I became panicky. "Oh, no. Please. No one was hurt by my stupidity. Just let me go. I'll be careful. I'll be terribly, terribly careful. Please."

I was terrified that if he reported me, it would bring up the old loitering report, and that might lead to some new legal involvement.

Fortunately, he let me go.

I'm going back to England to make another movie, and I must admit I'm nervous about it. Not that English people aren't nice. They are. But they react to actresses like most other people do all over the world. They expect the worst—lying, loose morals and law breaking. It's not fair; but that's the way it is.

This attitude, which brings us so much grief, is one peril of being an actress.

The End

You can see Dolores Hart in M-G-M's "The Friendliest Girls in the World."
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Continued from page 6

so empty now and put in the call that sprung from her deepest desperation. He had to see her, he had to. She forgot what time it was in New York; she just knew he had to see her... In New York, it was the middle of the night. But Eddie was still up, talking with some friends. A favorite topic, these days. Two young girls. One, his adopted daughter Liz, and how worried he was about her. The other, Ann-Margret, and how much he enjoyed being with her.

His adopted daughter would never be out of his heart, and she was a great deal on his mind lately. Ann-Margret, the lovely long-haired dancer appearing in "Bye Bye Birdie," was about ten years younger than Liz, and thirteen years younger than Eddie. She sold you her "friends,"—but Eddie had invited her to supper at the Twenty-One with his attorney and his wife, and when a reporter teased her "Eddie's too old for you," she flared up vehemently.

"No, he isn't!" Eddie was certainly not about to rush into anything, but he did enjoy her company. He interrupted his conversation with her friends to take the call from Switzerland... Well, he let her come. Let her. Is that what it was? Was he really glad she was coming, did he really want to see her, or was he just giving in to her again, letting her, never saying no to anything she asked. But he didn't say no, that was the important thing, he did say. Could she ever do enough to make it up to him? Would they ever be happy the way they'd been before they went to Rome? She couldn't tell, but one thing she knew; she wanted to see Eddie and he didn't say no.

CAL YORK

LIZ TAYLOR

Continued from page 60

At this time Vince shared a cheap little apartment on West 57th Street near 9th Avenue. He dropped "Zoine" and became Vincent Edwards. He also stopped going back to Flatbush any more than he could help. "It was a time when you naturally broke home ties," he explains. "This was my show. I was trying to go it on my own." Some people think Vince not only broke his ties with his old neighborhood but tried his darndest to forget them.

He couldn't escape

Ironically, his movie debut took place right in his home borough of Queens. He'd like to forget that, too. Laurel Films, an Eastern outfit, made a quickie called "Mister Universe" and signed Vince for the title role, if you can call it that. It wasn't really acting, Vince merely paraded his magnificent body as a Gorgeous George type wrestler in a slapstick effort starring Jack Carson. They dyed his mop platinum blond and he wore a fancy cape for wrestling scenes shot at Sunnyside, Long Island. But when he ventured into his own neighborhood he jammed a hat down over his car's hide to his hair, A Variety critic welcomed Vince to greatness in Mister Universe thus, "The weakest link in the chain of gigs involves neophyte actor Vince Edwards, who is too aptly cast as the not-so-bright young athlete." Vince never mentions this debacle, if he can avoid it. But soon he was 3,000 miles away where a sudden stroke of luck made him think he belonged—in Hollywood. He was wrong again.

It happened almost too easily. A Broadway friend, Harry Curtis, nephew of the late Columbia studio boss, Harry Cohn, ran into Vince on the street one day. "Hal Wallis is in town from Hollywood," he said. "Why don't you come over and meet him?" Vince looked like a hob. His face was stubbled with whiskers, his shirt was soiled, he needed a haircut. But he'd already learned that in show business opportunity doesn't always rap twice. "Sure," he said. Too late to worry how he looked.

Wallis was used to the dirty shirt types. All the best young actors were wearing them. Besides, he was planning a picture with two he-man parts in it, "Come Back, Little Sheba."

"How'd you like to go to California?" he asked Vince. Vince said it again, only this time louder. "Sure!"

A week later he was on a plane flying West. He landed in Hollywood with $15 in his pocket, but he had a contract for $150 a week and high hopes. He found a one room apartment with a kitchenette at the Commodore Gardens just off Hollywood Boulevard on Orchard Avenue. He spent the first evening strolling the marquee mile on Hollywood Boulevard from La Brea to Vine Street, past the star footprints in Grauman's Chinese forecourt, and the glowing marques spelling out famous names. He could picture his own there before long, big and bright—VINCENT EDWARDS. Vince had never seen Hollywood before. He didn't have a friend there except Shelley Winters, whom he'd met in New York—had always been his friends. Wallis left for Europe to marry Vittorio Gassman. It didn't matter. Soon everybody would know him. At that point, Vince never doubted it.

Today when people tell Vince Edwards that he has it made with "Ben Casey," he only scowls. "I haven't got it made. You never have it made in this town. That was the first thing I learned.

It lasted three years. The reason why Producer Hal Wallis bothered to bring Vince Edwards out to Hollywood. It's been suggested that he used Vince as a threat to prod Burt Lancaster into starring in "Come Back, Little Sheba." That doesn't figure. Burt was too sophisticated a star to be scared by a nobody like Vince Edwards and Wallis knew it. For the other part Wallis claimed to have told with Terry Moore. But Richard Jarecki got the job. As a consolation prize, Vince was shoved into a bit of funny business with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in "Sailor Beware." After that he sat around the Wallis office for almost a year, anxiously hoping. Then they let him go.

Until then, failure was out of Vincent Edward Zoine's experience. The punch packed his confidence and eventually raised a lump of bitterness which hasn't entirely gone down yet. "Most of the next eleven years I was fighting myself," he admits. "I had no security. I don't mean only money—myself."

It took a while, though, for his private fight to warm up. He was only twenty-three when his contract winked out. Just one of those things, he could tell himself, sure that "the big thrust," as he called it, was waiting to blast him off inside the next studio gate. Meanwhile he could pick up a TV job here and a movie hit there to keep alive and have a little fun. Vince had never had any fun in his life. He slipped into the easy swinging, gung-ho life of the Hollywood never-never land.

It's easy to do. Hundreds of guys—and dolls—are still existing the way Vince did for the next couple of years. You see them hanging around Schwab's drug store, tapping the grapevine for job tips and trading telephone numbers. You spot them on the beaches, State or Muscle, flexing their biceps, working on a tan and a bit of bikini between pay checks. They crowd musty little Hollywood apartments, coffee houses and bars, dropping big names and talking of that big tomorrow that's coming soon. For a few it does and, miraculously, they become stars. Most become bums.

Everybody liked him—then

Vince Edwards had no intention of becoming a bum. And actually, he was as out of place on that set as he had been everywhere else. But he was young, handsome, in Hollywood and at liberty. He made the circuit and he made friends.

"That was one thing about him," says Mickey Golden. "Everybody liked him. He was the type they'd catch a job here and there. And dolls—they swarmed around him like flies. That was before he started wearing a chip on his shoulder."

For a while Vince lived in a $65 apartment over a warehouse on La Cienega Boulevard which he shared with two other struggling hopefuls: Lance Hay, a designer, and a suffering named Paul Hoffman. Vince had no car but could borrow Paul's. He had few decent clothes, but he the three pooled their clean shirts every night, also their money. Scribbled phone numbers papered the wall.

"About every night," Vince recalls, "we'd go over the list, get on the phone until some girl invited one of us to dinner at her place. Then accidentally on purpose the other two would knock at the door with a big 'Hello! We'd dazzle the girls with dialogue, drink all their booze and end up all getting a meal.'

Lance and Paul survived to become successes in New York. In Hollywood, Vince just survived—period. Gradually the chip 77
he began wearing on his shoulder grew as big as a brick.

Knowing the right people didn't seem to make any difference. Vince met Elia Kazan and Budd Schulberg, and they became good friends. All three used to meet at the bar of Plymouth House where, after a few drinks, Vince would grab the mike and sing. Often Kazan and Schulberg invited Vince and his date to dinner. The talk was mostly about a picture they were to make from Schulberg's story, "On the Waterfront." Vince took it for granted he had an inside track on the star part. But big pictures need big names. Marlon Brando played it.

Vince knew Henry Wilcoxon, too, Cecil B. DeMille's right hand man. Wilcoxon took Vince to DeMille, casting "The Ten Commandments," and CB said right off, "Joshua." Until the picture rolled, Vince thought he'd surely fight the battle of Jericho. He didn't. He got even closer to Demetrios, but at the last minute they ruled him out, "too young." After Mario Lanza aced Vince into "Serenade," Columbia gave him a contract. For weeks Vince tested with Kim Novak for "Picnic." Bill Holden got the part. All Vince did there was a fifteen-day "B" called "The Night Holds Terror." His friend James Dean told him, "Vince, you gave a great performance."

"Coming from you, Jimmy," replied Vince gratefully, "that means a lot to me." But apparently it meant nothing to anyone else. After that he was out. Vince kept trying. He played in stock at the La Jolla Playhouse, joined acting groups in Hollywood. After Columbia, Vince made three pictures, "City of Fear," "Murder By Contract" and "The Killing," All were praised by a highbrow critic on The Saturday Review as "sleepers of the year."

Sometimes when your luck's out it's way out. In those days everything Vince Edwards touched seemed to have a hex on it. He changed agents fourteen times in eleven years. He tried to sweat out his growing frustration in physical activity, which had always worked before. But in the gym he only slipped a disc and was laid up. He took up flying, solved a Cessna, learned to parachute-jump and sky-dive with his instructor, Paul Renay. Then one day Paul crashed. "I saw his blood on the instrument panel, his skin still sticking to the wheel," says Vince. "It did something to me." He carried Paul to his grave and went to the funeral of another friend, Bob Francis, with whom he'd been pals at Columbia. Bob had crashed tragically, snuffing out a bright new career. Vince hasn't flown a plane since.

Even at love he struck out. For one of his two engagements he bought a ring. But the girl gave it back. "I'm not sure I really wanted to marry," Vince broods. "It was probably from loneliness." Both fiancées are married now, one to a TV star, the other to a Hollywood director.

Five years ago all this had brought Vince almost to the end of his frizzled rope. He tried writing. He spent months laboriously researching police files, hacking together a script about a convicted murderer in death row. Everybody was "interested" but nobody bought it. He tried to promote a TV deal with a property he uncovered—a freed slave who went West after the Civil War and became the first Negro cowboy. Sammy Davis liked it, wanted to make a series—but the networks said "No." Meanwhile jobs had dried up. Vince was an old story to producers. His agent couldn't give him away.

To keep alive Vince toured with George Fraser, and the lion act, and got himself scratched a time or two. He sold freezers, peddled tract lots in the desert town of Hesperia. He went to Texas with a McCarthy oil company geophysical crew making seismic tests for drilling sites. "The Black Legion," that rugged gang called themselves, and Vince loved every minute, rattlesnakes and all. But when he'd saved up $2000 he came hopefully back to Hollywood.

Nothing had changed. "I realized then," says Vince, "that some long fear of being nobody and getting nowhere had done something to me. I was bugged with Hollywood and sore at myself. I had to get clear away and think things over." When Director John Cromwell offered him a trip to Hong Kong and Manila to make a movie, "The Scavengers," he grabbed it. In 1958 Vince flew off to the Orient. He was supposed to be gone twelve weeks. He stayed eleven months.

There's no place like the Orient to make an American male feel like a king. Vince could barely slip a key in his door but what someone leaped to twist it for him. His salary was $15,000 and the Hong Kong dollar was almost 6 to 1. U.S. He lived at the Shangri-La, and casually there, at Gaddi's, the Parisian Grill and Pam Court. He wore custom clothes made at ridiculously low prices by Chinese tailors. He rode in rickshaws. Slant-eyed girls in cheongsams, split to the hips, gave him sly glances. Vince didn't always look the other way. The nights were soft; beauty, color, mystery and excitement were everywhere.

Fugitive from Hollywood

Vince could stand a build-up after the battering his ego took in Hollywood. He could also stand some perspective. If he'd been inclined to feel sorry for himself, he had only to look behind the city's opulent facade to see hunger and misery everywhere. In the swarming alleys he saw whole Chinese families living on the sidewalks. On Diamond Hill he saw refugees dwelling like animals in caves and paperboard hovels. In Wanchai, teenage Suzie Wong walked the streets. It made everything Vince had been through in Hollywood, at college and back in Brooklyn, too, seem privileged and plush.

Still, he was sorry to see "The Scavengers" wind up. It meant going back to the rat race he had just left—and where he was still a loser. "Why go?" said Orson Welles, whom he met in Hong Kong. "You ought to see the Orient while you're out here. You may never get back." When the night club operator—the one who had smuggled Vince in Hollywood and embraced him in Manila—said he had a pal Vince could visit in Tokyo, he flew to Japan.

The friend gave Vince his Tokyo house for a while. After that, he shot into Matsudaria Inn at Shinonomehachi Station, a typical Japanese inn, where a cute Japanese maid in kimono and obi brought him tea and fresh flowers with a deep bow. He learned to sit crosslegged, with his shoes off, sip warm sake and eat tempura and sukiyaki with chopsticks. He discovered that Japanese girls really rated that word doll, and that their mission in life was to please a man. Vince found one who pleased him very much.

Her name was Chizuko, and after he met her Vince was in no hurry to leave. "It was like the picture 'Sayonara,'" as he puts it with a slight sigh. "And I didn't want to have to say it." Sayonara, of course, means "goodbye," but on a picture production at Toho Studios, banged out a couple of scripts and saw Japan's sights
with Chizuko. He thought he had put Hollywood conveniently out of his mind, but he was wrong. One day a cable came from his agent. "Things are warming up here," it read, "some good TV jobs and a movie. Come home." The last word did it. Japan wasn't home; it was an unreal fairyland, where again Vince Edwards didn't belong. He knew it, so did Chizuko. They said sayonara at the airport. Vince thought he would miss her again. But he was wrong there, too.


When he walked out of the scene to greet them, standing in front was Chizuko. "I always knew you'd come back," says Vince, "I couldn't believe my eyes. We met later for tea and a good, long talk about old times. Then we said "sayonara" again. She's happily married." Sayonara, indeed.

**Into his life—Sherry**

And Vince had found Sherry Nelson. He met her right after he returned from the Orient. He had money to treat a girl right then, and the old storms of despair that used to rack him had calmed down. "I wasn't setting any world on fire," says Vince, "but there was no struggle, either. Things were a lot better." His old Acade-my friend, John Cassavetes, put Vince in "Too Hot To Handle." Two TV parts dropped into his lap, "The Untouchables," "GE Theater," "Alfred Hitchcock Presents" and more. True, he still played gangsters and thugs, but now and then he broke loose. He cut a few rock 'n roll records. And in one TV show, "The Deputy," he played a frontier doctor. Vince didn't think much about that at the time, other than he'd never seen if people would believe him as a doctor when they'd always seen him as a hood.

At about the same time, a TV writer-producer named James Moser was polishing a script inspired by a testy young neurosurgeon he had seen blow his top at Los Angeles' General Hospital. An idea flashed in Jim Moser's mind for a TV series better than the first one, he'd launched with Bobby Darin. "Medic." He called this one "Ben Casey" and Bing Crosby Productions agreed to gamble on the pilot.

There was just one big, baffling hitch: Who'd play Doctor Ben? Moser had rigid qualifications, "Tough but tender, belligerent but kind, serious but loaded with sex-appeal." It was a large order even in Hollywood and almost a hundred candidates were worked on. His first one, he'd asked him to send out scripts. Things were getting desperate when a Crosby man, Howard Koch, mentioned the problem to agent Abner Greschler. "Abby" is Jerry Lewis' agent. Jerry has been a pal of Vince's since "Sailor Beware."

"How about Vince Edwards?" suggested Abby.

"Who's he?" he got back. The proper question was "Where is he?" To locate Vince, Greschler sent out scripts. Finally they located him racing a motorcycle around a track clear out in Malibu. When he got the message, Vince rode right into Hollywood. Again he looked like a bum. Again it didn't matter one iota.

"He was dirty, sweaty and mussed," Moser remembers. "He needed a shave and a haircut. He wore an old sweater—and a frown. But one good look and I was pretty sure I had Ben!" To make certain, Moser and Matt Rapf ran through some of Vince's old pictures and the TV tape of his frontier doctor in "The Deputy." That did it. They signed him the next day.

"I'm not sure he had his big burst at last. But it has sent him spinning in an orbit where he seems more out of place and far more confused than was Astronaut Scott Carpenter. As to why, you can choose your theory!

"Coming after Vince's long, tough row," says one friend, "all this popularity and attention is more than he can handle. He's not equipped to meet the personal ex- plosions that come with it."

Says another, "Vince is determined to make the Ben Casey image real. He's playing the sober, serious character off the set as well as on. He knows this is his main chance. He's not about to risk spoiling it."

And yet another, "It's amusing to Vince to see people who never gave him any recognition before—writers, actors, directors and fans—flatten him now. His reaction is a sad one."

Vince himself comes up with a sounder explanation. "Maybe if this had happened to me when I first got here, I'd have gone wild and let it get me," he reflects. "But after what I've been through I'm not impressed with my own glory or anything. I have no illusions about being some sort of god. I'm trying my best to do a good job and I hope people like it. I'm trying not to let anything get to me because what they give you here they can take away just as fast. In the back of my mind everything's temporary. The minute I think I'm a big star I'm in trouble. After all, the biggest spur to success is insecurity."

If that's true, Vince Edwards had better give up right now. Because, there is no insecurity in his foreseeable future. Although Dr. Ben Casey's techniques make most MD's as apoplectic as Medicare, they're here to stay on TV. Vince's salary goes up on his new contract, with time out for extras. Las Vegas is dangling fabulous checks for engagements. This fall Vince ducks out between shows to Shar in The Victors' in England. His Ciro album, "Lonely," released by Decca, is selling out and they're begging for more of his recordings. He's sung on Donahue and on Shores' show, the doors are open for guest spots on a dozen others. From the offers swamping Abby Greschler (Vince's fourteenth agent) Vince could do nothing for a year but show up at fairs and expositions and collects checks. Moreover, he is salt- ing his loot in two apartment houses and gilt-edged securities. Greschler says the Ben Casey madness is bound to make Vince Edwards into a millionaire.

"A millionaire? Maybe?"

You ask Vince Edwards about this and he shrugs. "Maybe. But I'm not going to do 'Ben Casey' forever. Two more seasons and that's it. They don't want it to be the same. They really want to do is make art-form movies, like Ingmar Bergman. I want to produce progressive TV shows. I'm still plugging to get a Negro star on a series like that one I wrote.
for Sammy Davis. 'Ben Casey' is just a means to an end. I don't want to get stuck with a stethoscope as I was with a gun.'

While he's stuck, if you can call it that, Vince works at his job—not only on Stage 8 but all over. He's on the National Committee for Hemophilia and a director of U.S. Hope. He's already raising funds for two charities that he hasn't yet adopted. He's on call for hospital benefits and likes to go around to them to shake hands with sick kids in wards, even though the only therapy he can give them is a thrill.

But for the glamour star sideshows that beckon to him, Vince reserves his famous scowl. 'I haven't time for that,' he says. 'For my fun I do the things I like to do.' They aren't glamorous. He's a rabid race track fan, with boxes at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park and Caliente in Mexico, where he has an interest now in two thoroughbred nags. Vince is a proud student of The Racing Form and can tell you what Barber's Itch did in the fifth at Hialeah back in 1953. When he gets a hunch he bets a bundle. All his kicks are masculine and sporty. He likes to root for the Los Angeles Dodgers, watch prizefights and sports car road races. He's happiest in the rank, sweaty atmosphere of a gym or in the water.

Yet in many ways Vince is as funny as a spinner. He frets if a speck of lint clings to his clothes, all conservative, Ivy league cuts in solid colors. Nowadays they have to be pressed after one wearing, and his shoes buffed to a high shine. He showers several times a day, drives barbers nuts if one hair sticks up out of place. He won't eat a steak unless the waiter trims off the fat. He won't drive without his gold St. Christopher around his neck. He pets his new black Lincoln, as he did his old Ford.

"I think," sighs Sherry Nelson, "what Vince is really in love with is that car." Of course, she knows better. Vince is in love with her.

Sherry is twenty-three and the widow of a jockey killed in a race-track accident. Vince met her three years ago at Santa Anita, as both were leaning over the rail of the walking ring where racehorses parade. Vince asked which horse she liked in the next race and when Sherry told him he promised, if it won, to buy her a dinner. The horse won and Vince made good his promise, first asking Sherry's mother for permission. "Vince is very formal about such things," says Sherry. He showed up for the payoff dinner in an appropriate dark suit, drove her to Villa Capri and on to the Little Club, where Sherry remembers being surprised that so big a man could be such a graceful dancer. She was just as surprised when he came around next weekend on a sputtering motorcycle.

No ring—yet

Since then Vince and Sherry have enjoyed a relaxed, completely unglamorous but close relationship. He has given her such practical presents as a British raincoat, sweaters and a bolt of cashmere cloth picked up in Hong Kong. He has surprised her with a birthday cake—but as yet no ring.

Still, when ABC snapped up "Ben Casey," Sherry was the first person Vince called to report excitedly, "Honey—it sold! It sold!" By now Vince takes a proprietary interest in Sherry—the clothes she wears, even her hair-do. Recently he talked her out of a bouffant coiffure and back into a pony tail. He has named his new record company after Sherry's French poodle, Ciro, whom he pampers and spoils. She has made Vince adapt to his favorite Italian dish, chicken cacciatori. When he came down with the flu last winter, Sherry nursed him. She drops in on his set daily, just like his mafia, and often dines with them and their wives. Sometimes she even has a go at women's gym workouts in the Beverly Hills Health Club.

"Says Vince, in words as close to "love" as he'll come, "Sherry is a wonderful girl. She's entirely feminine, sweet and understanding. She has no acts or dramatics. She's real."

Says Sherry, "Everything I do with Vince is fun. I don't want to be with anyone else."

What Sherry and Vince manage to do around Hollywood is nothing to stop the presses. Dinner every night, a movie or a hi-game on and then the races. In the evenings with the Jerry Lewises at their Bel-Air house, and TV (Monday nights, naturally). Saturdays and Sundays are for the races in season, or a weekend motor trip. Sherry hasn't got Vince out dancing since "Ben Casey" started. Their most glamorous date was for the Academy Awards, and Sherry almost missed that. As they started out the door her pearl pendant broke. "You go on," she told Vince, but he wouldn't do it. Instead he borrowed her eyebrow tweezers and calmly fixed it.

Most of Vince Edwards' friends, including his mafia, are rooting for Vince and Sherry to make a team as soon as the dust settles with "Ben Casey." "Vince needs a home and a family," says one. "He's been batting around long enough."

Vince agrees. "I want to get married," he admits. "I'd like a wife and children, sure. After all, I came from a big family. No, I can't say anything now except this: I'll be married before I'm thirty-five."

That doesn't leave him much time, and there's no one in view except Sherry Nelson. Besides, she fits the picture beautifully. Sherry asks nothing of Vince except to be with him, back him up and make his life her own, whatever he calls it.

If Vince Edwards makes the plunge and finds contentment with Sherry Nelson or anyone else, it will be the first time in his fairly long life he will have achieved that happy state. Perhaps then all the bitterness, resentment and anger piled up through his years of struggle will finally fly out the windows of a honeymoon house. Perhaps working for someone else or others will make him forget himself. Perhaps he will belong somewhere at last.

After Vince sang on Dinah Shore's show, Dinah rushed over to congratulate him. "You were great, Vince," she enthused. "You sang that like you really meant it." The song was "Everybody's Got a Home But Me."

Vince gave her a curious grin. "Maybe I did," he said.

—KIRTLB BASKETE

See Vince Edwards starring in ABC-TV's "Ben Casey," every Monday, 10 P.M. EST.
Marilyn Monroe

Continued from page 17

fabricate so, just to make the readers weep and feel sorry for the happy and successful stars. And how wrong I was. I find out now. How wrong I was. And how nice it might have been for Marilyn, if she would only have known how much we really loved her. This girl who they say died without love. This poor sister of mine who died so lonely. . . ."

She paused for a moment, turning to look at a photograph of Marilyn that sat on a sideboard a few feet away—a glossy eight-by-ten which some kid in the neighborhood had sent to Hollywood for, with a few hard-earned krona, and had given to Mrs. Nielsen. She stared at the photograph of Marilyn—a radiant-looking Marilyn, a gorgeous-looking Marilyn, Marilyn of the super-success days, in a strapless lamé gown, hair perfectly coiffed, lips perfectly puckered . . . Marilyn the supreme movie star.

And then Mrs. Nielsen went on to say: "But, in truth, I was not surprised she did not answer more than that one time. Or come to see me. She was of the cinema world, after all. Her life was so different from the plain life which I lead here. I am a plain woman. And my only thought is that our animals will grow fat and will not take sick, and that our ten hectares of land will yield good crops. We go to our church every Sunday. The other six days we work hard, very hard. Our desires are simple. That is why I knew deep down in my heart that Marilyn would not respond to us. Though I wished that she would. Yes, I wished for that for six long years. From the day I first learned she was my sister. Up until the afternoon when the telephone rang. And when they told me that my sister was dead. . . ."

She turned to look at the photograph again—a fleeting look this time. And then she turned back to us, and she began to answer our questions.

"Fra Nielsen," we asked, "—how exactly did you learn that Marilyn Monroe was your sister?"

"It was," the woman answered, "in 1956, a January evening. I was very tired and before going to bed that night I thought it would be relaxing if I read a little bit. Christian, my husband, had that day brought home a weekly magazine. 'Og Hor,' it is called —'See and Hear.' In the magazine was an article about Marilyn Monroe. Normally, I must admit, I do not read the stories about the cinema stars. But this night, for a good reason, I began to read the story about Marilyn Monroe."

“You say ‘for a good reason.’ What was the reason?” we asked.

“There was something about Marilyn Monroe that caused a great curiosity in me," the woman answered, “I know that this sounds strange, what I will tell you now. But it is true. Only a few months earlier, you see, some relatives of mine were in Denmark, visiting from Norway—where I, incidentally, was born. At dinner one night, one of the relatives—a brother of my father—said suddenly to me that he had recently seen a film in Oslo with Marilyn Monroe. He said that it had been astounding, but that in several scenes Marilyn Monroe had looked exactly like my Aunt Inger, my father’s sister. In other scenes, he said, Marilyn Monroe’s mannerisms were exactly those of my father. He said, in fact, that it was a little mysterious to him—much like seeing the dead return to life. You see, I thought this a rather chilling comparison to make. And, though it did not seem very important to me, I still somehow did not quite manage to get it out of my mind. As on the evening when I began to read the story of Marilyn."

“And in that story,” we asked, “—there was something specific about your relation?”


“The story was basically about Marilyn’s childhood. It began with something she said about her father. I do not remember her words exactly, but they were something like ‘I never saw my father. He never saw me. My mother told me he was killed when I was small. When I was seven or eight years old she took me to her rooms and she made me stand on a chair and she showed me a picture of a very handsome man. It was in a frame hanging on the wall. She said it was my father, this man. He was wearing a hat, tilted to one side of his head. He had a little mustache and a smile on his face. He looked very kind, and very much like Clark Gable.’"

“These,” said Fra Nielsen, “were Marilyn’s words, more or less.”

“And then the author of the article went on to further state some facts about this father of Marilyn’s. He said that his name was Edward Mortensen. He said that Mortensen was born in Hauerged, Norway, in 1894, and that he was apprenticed to a baker in his youth. He said that Edward Mortensen later opened his own bake shop in Hauerged. That he married in 1917. That he had three children. That he left his family in 1923 and went to the United States. That he became an itinerant baker there. That he wandered about on his motorcycle until late one afternoon in 1929, when he crashed in Ohio and was killed.”

“What was your reaction to reading these facts?” we asked.

“My reaction was the shock of my life,” she answered. “For this man was my father, too.”

“So you wrote about this to Marilyn Monroe?”

“Yes,” she answered. “I sent a letter and documents—my father’s birth certificate; and the certificate of his death, with a picture of him. Plus a letter we had receiving telling us exactly about his death. A very cold letter. But a letter proving the facts of his death, nonetheless—just as stated in the magazine article.”

“And she answered you?”

“Yes. Or I should say someone else an-
answered for her. A lawyer, I believe. He said that Miss Monroe had received the letter but that she would need more proof of our relationship before answering me.

"And you dug up the proof?"

"No," answered Fra Nielsen. "How could I? I had not the facts and documents I had already sent to my sister."

"And you never heard from her again?"

"No."

"And you never wrote to her again?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because," she said, "I knew in my heart that Marilyn Monroe thought the wrong things—that she corresponded with her only because she was famous. And since this was not true, I did not want to bother her any more. I thought at one point that I would send her one more letter, yes, I thought I would repeat very sincerely that I was interested in her not because she was Marilyn Monroe, but because she was my sister. But I could never get myself to write that second letter, thought I would one day. But I did not."

"You mentioned a few minutes back, Fra Nielsen, something about a 'cold' letter your family had received pertaining to your father's death, " we said. "What was there about the letter that was so 'cold'?"

"It is just the way it was written," the woman answered. "It said—and I remember the words more or less exactly—it said: Edvard Nielsen was killed on June 18, 1929, at five o'clock in the afternoon. He was driving along the road leading from the town of Youngstown, Ohio, to Akron, Ohio. When he tried to pass a car in front of him, he crashed into a sedan. He broke both his legs and fell to the ground unconscious and paralyzed. His cycle went to pieces. When he was brought to the hospital, he passed away. His motor-cycle was beyond repair. He was buried in the Mt. Hope Park of Youngstown, Ohio. The deceased did not leave anything of value. That is what the letter said. So cold they write it. The deceased did not leave anything of value." And, knowing that Marilyn Monroe must have read this same report in her mother's home at one time in her life, I wanted very much to write to her and tell her that this was not true, that the man who was my father—and hers—had left something of value. But, I did not write. I did not tell her about his legacy.

"What was that legacy, Fra Nielsen?" we asked.

"Memories," the woman said, very simply. "Good memories. Something that Marilyn knew nothing about since she never saw him. But, still, everyone is interested in the person who was their parent—and I wished very much that one day I could have told her something about this man who was her father."

"What was he like—your father, and Marilyn's?"

"A good man," she answered. "I was only seven years old when he left us, when he went away to the United States. I was very young. But, still, I remember him well."

"Of course he was a restless man, to go away from where he was. Did he?"

"The pleasure of him—the restlessness—I did not know too well at the time. But Haugesund was a small town, especially back then. And there were many stories of other men who had left and who had conquered much of the world. And I think this must have been part of the spirit of my father—to go out and to conquer, and to make a better life for himself. And, eventually, for all of those who loved him.

"But what I remember most was that he was a very, very good father. And I have a fine picture of him in the memory. He was a kind father. When he and my mother went out in the evening for a party, I remember, he always had a little thing he would take home to us children—fruit, or a candy piece, or some other little thing. I was the oldest. And so the following morning—within this packet containing the gift. And my father would always say to me, 'Now, Malene—you must be a good girl and share this with your baby brothers. For there is no good can come from hoarding. Or keeping things for yourself. There are no riches in possessions, unless shared,' he would say.

"He was, too, I remember, always very interested in hunting and fishing. He was very fond of animals—especially birds, and dogs. There was a dog of his I remember. He was so fond of my father and every day when my father came home from the bake shop, the dog would be standing there. Once, I remember, the dog fell ill and my father came home and took one look at him and said, 'This dog must be rushed to the vet.' It happened that day that my father's motorcycle was broken. And so he took the dog to the doctor's in a taxi. This, I believe, was the first time my father had ever ridden in a taxi. They were very expensive those days and only for the wealthy. My father was far from wealthy. But for his dog, his pet, his beloved animal—it did not matter."

"I loved my father"

She smiled a little, as she continued remembering. "I was one day, too, I suddenly missed my father so much that I thought I would leave our house and go to his bake shop to find him. I began to walk, and at one point I took a wrong road. I got lost. Weeping, I ran to a strange farmhouse and began to tell my sad tale to the farmer and his wife. They tried to console me, I remember. At least, the farmer woman did. But the farmer man, said me, my wife, and that when my father found out what I had done he would probably spank me. And then, a little while later, I could hear my father's voice on the road outside the house—calling my name. And it did not matter to me that he would spank me. Just knowing that he was there was a wonderful thing. And I stopped crying. And I ran out to him, to meet him on the road. And though he gave me a cross look, he did not spank me. But he took me in his arms instead and he held me very tight. And this is a very warm memory that I have."

She smiled again, a little. And added, "My father and I, you see, were very close. I think I was even closer to him than my mother was. He had a great understanding of me. He could look into my eyes and the thought-waves would—well, cross. We had what you call the thought-waves between us. And I loved him very much... Even though he left us."

"Did you think, when he left Norway, that he was leaving you and your family for good?"

"No," Fra Nielsen answered. "There are those who said so. But my father did not say so. He said to me, I remember—just before he left—that he would go to the United States and try to get some good work. And if that did not come back, he said, I suppose it must have taken him time to find the good work. Because he did not come back right away. And then, of course, he was killed."

"Meanwhile," we asked, "while in the States, he had met a woman, a married woman named Gladys Baker. And the daughter of this woman was to become Marilyn Monroe—was born to them?"

"Yes,"

"Do you know anything more about this, Fra Nielsen?"

"No," she answered. "My family never knew about this. Not my mother. Nor my two brothers. But—in a strange way—I did. I mean... it is hard to explain, but what I said about the thought-waves... Did you ever have any feelings about something tragic might happen to Marilyn?"

"No," Fra Nielsen said. "As I told you before, I thought that she was happy."

"How did you learn of her death?" we asked.

"It was a Sunday," she answered. "In the afternoon the telephone rang. Someone called and said to me, 'Now, what will you use the money for? I did not know, of course, what the person was talking about. And the person said, 'Money. And the person said to me, 'The money you may get from Marilyn Monroe's inheritance.' I thought this was a joke. You see, I had not heard the radio that day. I had not read the newspapers yet. I did not know that Marilyn Monroe was dead. So I said, 'Is this a joke—these questions you call up and ask me? And anyway,' I said, 'Marilyn Monroe works very hard for money. She don't need it for her own pleasures.' And then the person realized I did not know, and he told me—about the death. I was very stunned, of course. For a minute I could not say anything. And then the person repeated the question about what I would do with the money if I were a part of the inheritance. I said to that, 'What are we going to do with the money? If I get this money, you do with it any way you want, whatever you want. I never did anything for Marilyn Monroe, and so I should expect nothing from her... That is what I said.' And the woman paused once more. And then she rose from where she'd been sitting, and walked, slowly, to a window a few yards from where we sat.

"Softly, she said, 'It is all the same to me if I have five krona, or nothing. I am happy with my good heart and happy when I walk around here on the farm, taking care of the animals.' Then she said, still looking out the window: 'But... see. It is such a bad day today. It will begin to rain soon. This has been a bad summer we have had here in Denmark. We farmers—yes, we have our problems this year.' And then she turned, once more, to look at the photograph. And she said, to the photograph, as if for one moment she and it were alone in that little room, 'But we have all had our problems in our lives... is that not right... my poor sister?'—Ed DeBlasso
or slept; we didn’t care about a thing. The priest came and I wouldn’t talk to him. If God could permit such a tragic thing, I wanted nothing to do with God. We never turned on the phonograph, we wouldn’t listen to music at all. For five months it was like this, living in a grief-filled vacuum.

Four frightened children

And then on March 11, five months later, here in Los Angeles, Betty died. I opened the door one afternoon and there stood the maid Johnny and four frightened children, my grandchildren. They’d no idea what was happening but they’d lost their daddy and now their mama was “ill or something.” It was one shock after another. No one had ever told them about their daddy. They’d expected him home from the clinic and when they came home from school there was a big commotion in the living room but they weren’t allowed in. Colleen, the oldest, had climbed up outside and looked in the window. She’d seen her father stretch out in his coffin. A little girl ten years old. Now it was her mother. I looked at her and at Ellis who was eight, then Damon, six, and Mario who was only five and did the only thing in the world I could do—I opened up my arms and hugged them tight. I had no idea what was going to happen, no idea how I was going to carry on, but I knew I had four children to take care of and that they had a right to life. They’d lost everything a child should have. Up until this minute, I’d been totally immersed in my own grief as if I’d been strangled in the bottom of a well. From this minute, I promise you, I never thought of myself again.

First, we had to have beds. I have three bedrooms in the house and one room we used for handling Mario’s fan mail. We got a rug and bunk beds and an extra bed for the maid to sleep in the room with the children. But those first nights it was I who slept with them. They couldn’t sleep, I couldn’t sleep. We talked and talked through that first night. I explained that their mother was ill and as the night wore on and phone calls came in, I gradually worsened her illness and got them ready. She had been ill; certainly they knew their mommies hadn’t been well since Daddy . . . and finally I told them the truth—that their mommies had gone to meet their daddy.

They clung to me. They clung to their grandfather. They clung to Terry Robinson who has helped me tremendously with them from the first. Terry was originally, Mario’s physical trainer. But they were friends, too; they were like brothers. When we moved out to Hollywood after “Midnight Kiss,” Terry came to live with us. He jokes that he’s the man who came to dinner. And it’s true. He came out one night with Mario to meet us and have dinner and he’s been here ever since, part of our family, driving for Tony because of his heart, and driving for me, helping a lot. He dedicated himself to these children of Mario’s from the first day they moved in.

It wasn’t always easy. Little Marc hadn’t even learned to speak English. He spoke Italian and he had to be started in school and he helped with the language. Then we found he’d been born with a rupture so that he had been operated on. Then four of them had had operations at once. But that was the least of it all.

These were children who had traveled all over the world and had had everything in the world except discipline and stability. They’d gone to school—but when they felt like it, for the most part. At the time, they were enrolled at Marymount so the first thing I did was go to Marymount and make myself known . . . explain to the Mother Superior that I was Grandma and that from now on there would be no missing school and no tardiness. I sat with them for two hours every night doing homework, especially helping the little boys to write. I made myself very firm. I said, “You’re going to do what I tell you. You know this is the last way you’ve been doing. The nurse tells me you fall asleep in school. From now on you go to bed at the correct time.”

The first nights, they were bringing their food to eat in front of TV. “Where do you think you’re going?” I said. “Oh, no, we all eat together in this house. You will eat with us here at the table. You will sit at the table and say your prayers and thank our God for what you have and for the love that surrounds you. After dinner, if you deserve it, you see some TV.”

The new life

That’s how it began. Tony and Terry and the children and I, all of us bereft human beings, sat down together and started building a new life. We didn’t actually know each other too well. The children had lived in five years and their parents had been lenient. Colleen wanted a horse and was outraged when she couldn’t have it. Mario was the kind of man who, if his kids wanted a horse, bought a stable. If they wanted a rowboat, he bought a yacht. We cannot do that and we wouldn’t if we could. My husband is old-fashioned and he’s a strict man. Believe me, I think you’ll respect money. Right now all we have is the insurance their daddy left to them. Eventually, when the estate is settled, money from royalties will go to them, too. Terry is much easier on the kids than Tony; he is more a father image. It was who paid for Colleen’s tennis lessons when she cried, “Daddy would have bought me a whole tennis court!”

But in the beginning we didn’t know each other too well, and the children respected discipline and fought it. My heart bled for them. What might be going on in their little minds? They didn’t speak of their daddy or their mommy. They couldn’t. They’d been to the mortuary to see their mother. They came back mute andศรี. And what grieved me most was that they had come to such a dead house, a house without life or gaity or pets.

But you’d never know that house today. Today we have a house filled with music!
Mario's new album, "I'll Walk with God," has just been released, and it has inspired us all. We have a house filled with laughter, with friends and with music and hope. Colleen has dreamed of a career as an actress at M-G-M, her daddy's studio. But I've said, "Wait till you're a little older, Colleen. We'll see how your voice develops." Just as I said wait a little on the high heels and wait a little on the big bubble hairdos. With the result that when we had lunch at the studio commissary a few weeks ago, what attracted producer Joe Pasternak was a fresh-faced young girl in a white dress with a belt around, shoulder-length hair, and a true thirteen-year-old look.

He couldn't believe this was little Colleen he'd held when she was a baby. When she told him she wanted to be an actress, he should have seen his face.

"You have eyes like your daddy," he said, "I'll phone you in a day or so. You come and sing for me."

And she sang. "Hi Lili," says a Bushel and a Peck. "I could have danced all night!" Colleen was surprised, too. It's not a big soprano voice and she must be taught how to use it, but she's on her way. Now she sings around the house every minute!

**Mario's own image**

And Elissa, the eleven year old, the one who is the image of Mario, the same face, the same chin, the same build (I make her drink skimmed milk)... she is singing. She started serious operatic lessons a month ago. It was her own idea. "Nana, I want to sing like Daddy," she told me. And I told her everything against it, that it isn't easy, what you want is one thing, what you must do another. To develop an operatic voice takes years and years of practice and hard work... and there are hard knocks... and you'll be told off...

"Oh yes, Nana, please," Elissa said, "I'm ready."

You cannot tell yet whether her voice will be soprano or mezzo, but a nice voice it is and she has the heart for it. That's important. I never thought it would happen. For a long while they didn't listen much to their father's records. They were trying to be happy, trying to be like other children. But once we were able to, we talked about their daddy... then they wanted to hear about him all the time. When little Marc heard Mario singing on the car radio he asked, "Is that Daddy singing to us from heaven?"

We have filled the house with pictures of Mario and with his records. The children, we felt, must know about this. On the wall we have the gold records and the very special one that signifies the selling of over three million of "The Student Prince" album.

We talked about their mother, too. I have saved for the girls evening dresses Betty wore when she went to their daddy's concerts, and the dress she wore when she went with him to see the Queen of England.

Now this year, everything has burst into music. Colleen and Elissa singing: Damon, who is nine, is studying the trumpet and is playing in the school orchestra. And Marc, who was just eight, suddenly wants to know, "Nana, they're all playing, what about me?" So he's starting with the accordion. The accordion school has loaned us a small instrument for a few months to see if Marc's really interested as he says he is.

So we have the trumpet and the accordion and the vocalizing of Colleen and Elissa and the noise drives Pretty Boy crazy. Pretty Boy is Mario's pet canary. He's been used to singing and music. He joins right in, he never keeps quiet—only now he doesn't know whom to join!

**Our menagerie**

In addition to Pretty Boy there is a dog in the house, Brownie, who tries to dig up all the seeds the boys plant; and a parakeet and a hamster named Hammie. Hammie's a birthday present to Colleen from Kathryn Grayson's little girl, Pattycake. Colleen had gone over there to spend the night and she called me on the phone to tell me! Well, a hamster didn't intrigue me. They resemble mice and I don't like mice so I told Colleen she would have to take care of it herself. So Colleen brought the little thing home.

"Just touch it, Nanny, just touch it, it's so soft." So finally I touched it. Now who do you think feeds the hamster, plays with the hamster, cleans the hamster's cage?

It's my pet now. Terry says I feed everyone and everyone sings; he says soon the hamster will start singing.

I mention never having heard Colleen sing and have brought that up for Pasternak. I never heard Mario until his father and I took him that first time to a voice coach when he was fifteen. He'd always loved music, morning, noon and night. Every moment he wasn't in school, he was playing Caruso records. But I was really surprised when we sat down to discuss what he should take his last two years of high school so he could prepare for college.

"Mom, I don't want to go to college at all," he told me. "What I want will cost even more—I want to sing opera."

"How do you know you can sing?" I cried.

He laughed when I asked that and said he knew it right.

I always wanted to sing myself. I, too, had a natural voice and learned every opera, but my father wouldn't allow me to study. He wouldn't permit such a thing as a career. Finally I persuaded him to buy a player piano and I'd play the operas arias over and over. Now here was my son!

"A boy must not vocalize until he is seven or eight," he said after listening to the biggest natural voice he'd ever heard, "but let him prepare with diction, with music and sight reading."

**The sacrifice was worth it**

Oh boy, did he prepare. I worked hard for those lessons of Mario's. Tony had not been able to work from the time he was in the service. I worked for years at Columbia Yarns as a sample maker, hand-hooking rugs, then I joined the Army as a seamstress for eight years. But for a voice like Mario's, who wouldn't work?

And then came the scholarship with the great conductor, Koussevitsky. The problem first was how to get into the Academy of Music. I wrote to the Boston Symphony, but it was all the way to Koussevitsky! And I wrote to the M-G-M, where he was playing and how to make Koussevitsky listen. At it happened on this particular day, they needed a piano moved from the canteen under the Academy up to the concert hall. Mario helped. Koussevitsky was in his dressing room when Mario burst into a few bars of "Pagliacci." Koussevitsky emerged from his dressing room, tying his tie, to see who was singing.

When he saw Mario, he took him by the shoulders and kissed him on the cheek. "I have never heard a voice like that come from a boy!" he said, "You must come and study at the Music Center in Boston. You would like that?"

"And how?" cried Mario.

He was on cloud nine and I tried to calm him down. "They say things, they make promises, but who knows?" I said. But next week came the letter and my son was off to the great Koussevitsky with a scholarship for seven weeks.

Shortly after that, he was drafted into the Army. When he was stationed in California he met Betty. He sang the lead in the Army show "On the Beam" and had a part in "Winged Victory." Just before he was to be shipped overseas, he developed an ear infection and was given a medical discharge.

He went to New York to study and in no time was out on a concert tour. Mr. Mayer of M-G-M heard him one night at
bathing at a California beach, wearing swim trunks, smiling at dozens of women who were waving to her from the water with him—some of these women fully clothed—some in bikinis. I thought this improper.

"Then I picked up my copy of the News and on the front page of that paper, that same day, was a photograph of Mrs. Kennedy—not one in a bathing suit, as it had been reported that I criticized—but one in which she was shown wearing a pedaler or a light sleeve. With a kerchief on her head. She looked, in fact, much like Dr. Moore, the woman from England who does all that walking. I thought this outfit improper, too."

"Why, Reverend Ray?" I asked.

"Because it looked to me like a basic dignity was not there," he said.

"Sir," we asked, "do you blame the President and his wife for taking a little time out to enjoy themselves, and getting photographed at it?"

Who gets the blame?

"I don't know whom to blame," the minister answered. "Do we blame the President and Mrs. Kennedy? Or the press? Or the public, for demanding things like this? I have even seen recently where Mrs. Kennedy has been compared in newspaper and magazine articles with Elizabeth Taylor. Now, we can't think of our Mario did. We were all so unprepared for it. We were like children, and he certainly was. Koussevitsky had kept his promise. But Mario implicitly believed everyone else he ever met, and they were not all equally trustworthy. You cannot belong to anyone, you cannot sell your contract to another human being or give them power of attorney. But Mario did. When a gold mine collapsed or a tungsten mine, he was horrified to find that with it went enormous sums of his money. He blamed the man to whom he had given that total power. The fact is Mario had no one to guide him professionally and he allowed himself to be used.

This will never happen to these children. You learn from experience and we have learned. If you have someone close to help on the management side, you need never belong to anyone but yourself. And then there are those people who have a close family, that will stay close to them. They have a home, they have love and security, they have a lovely life. And you know what? So have I! In the beginning I only thought of what to give them—but they have given that lovely life right back to me, to all of us. This is a happy house because these children have a great heritage. At the core of their world is the spirit of Mario—and it need never die."

**It will be different.**

What pride we had in his voice and in the joy he was bringing not just to us but to the world. Is it strange that I hope one or two of these children can go on to such a career? Mario's are big shoes to fill—I know that and they know it—and each human being is different, but I am hoping that one or two of them will make it into the entertainment world, and make it big. And believe me, they will not get out of that world alone, without guidance, as the Hollywood Bowl and he was put under contract at once.

What fun we had when we joined him in Hollywood! We had always been very close, my son and I. I was only sixteen and a half years older than he and we could talk to each other. We had talked all through his boyhood, man to man you might say. In Hollywood he would get a big kick out of introducing me to reporters. "I have a great exclusive," he'd tell a group of them, "I have an actress who's just come to this country from Italy, very famous in Italy, but no one here has seen her yet. She's going to be my next leading lady. Terry," he'd say, "bring Mary in."

And then when I came in, he'd laugh and say, "This is Mom."

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**Jackie Kennedy**

Continued from page 38

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**The End**

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“No, I am a Republican,” he answered. “I did not vote for Mr. Kennedy. But this is not because I am opposed to his or his wife’s particular religion—we all have gone for Catholic. We are opposed to the course, opposed to the hierarchy in Rome. But I must say that I admire the President’s stand on separation between Church and State, very much.”

“While we’re on the phone with you, Sir, is there anything else you’d like to say on the subject of President or Mrs. Kennedy?” we asked.

There followed a pause. Then: “Yes, I am retiring from my present position on October 15th. And I am accepting a public relations position—for a new development near Tucson. It is a lovely place, and we were naming all of the recreation places there recently. It was quite easy to name them—for a while. For instance, we decided to call our golf course the ‘Truman Walk.’ We are working on a two-mile walk which we decided to call the Truman Walk. Our bicycle path will be named in honor of Dr. Dudley White. But there was one problem. We had not been able to think of a name for our swimming pool. Until recently, that is. When certain news was made by certain other Kennedys. So now we are calling it just that—‘The Pool.’” He laughed a little here. “Swimming, I think, is very good recreation,” he said. “It’s just that it should be made a more private affair.”

Then, not laughing, he added: “And one more thing you may find interesting. I have been getting quite a bit of mail since those portions of my letters to Senator Morse concerning the First Lady and the President were printed. I guess I’ve received letters from every state in the Union. Some opposed me, I’ve indeed been called various names. But others praised me. And these letters had one thing in common—they all agreed with me that the First Lady, especially, should not behave like a pin-up girl. After all, we just don’t like to think of this as an image of the United States . . . do we?”

There’s another side

Our next step was to get the other side of this story.

Since, naturally, the Kennedys never comment personally on such matters, we went to someone close to them—very close to Jackie, in fact. A woman, a former reporter, a friend of the First Lady’s for several years who, a bright and witty gal—who, seriously and somewhat exactly—had this to say in answer to Reverend Ray:

“First of all, these are the youngest people we’ve ever had in the White House as a couple. They’re very lively people, energetic, interested in lots of things. So they wear sports clothes! So what? The country approves when the President pushes a physical system; why shouldn’t they be just as happy to see that he actually swims? Everyone admired Franklin D. Roosevelt for swimming—not letting his handicap limp him—and the publicity helped other polio victims.

“Jackie shares her husband’s interest in athletics. She was reared with horses, boats—obviously exercise is important to her. How about you wear for exercise? Hooped skirts?”

“Look—Jackie’s Jackie. She’s an open gal. She’s much more open than any recent First Lady we’ve known. Practically the only time we saw pictures of Mamie Eisenhower was on formal occasions, or when she went out to buy Christmas cards.

“If Bess Truman hit that White House lawn any more than four times a year, it’s news to me.

“But with Jackie, we always know what she’s doing. And—face it—don’t we find this delightful? To know whom they’re entertaining at the White House? What was served for dinner? What flowers graced the table? Who played the cello after dinner? What numbers they all danced to? Isn’t this in the all-American tradition of snobiness and fun—and pride in the fact that our First Lady is a darn good hostess to visiting dignitaries and the like.

“These three words, by the way. Dignity. Decorum. Decency. Accordingly, to my little old worn dictionary here, dignity is defined as: elevation of character, intrinsic worth. excellence. Decorum: the code of good form. especially in good conduct. Decency: modesty. To me, then, Jacqueline

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Kennedy is most dignified, most decorous, most decent.

“About her going out late at night in Italy, for instance—while away from her husband. First of all, she was visiting her sister and brother-in-law, and one of them was always with her. Second, we know where she went. And with whom else she went—the so-called improper photographs proved that. And, really, is she the first American wife to go on a vacation alone, without her hard-working husband? And was it so awful to be sipping black coffee after midnight in plazas filled with at least fifty curious onlookers?

“Truly, Jackie, the best public relations gal who practically ever had. If I may, I’d like to quote this little item from my friend Cassini’s column—Cholly Knockerrocker, the big society wheel. A smart guy, Cholly.

“Here’s what he wrote the other day: ‘The charming candid pictures of vacationing Jackie Kennedy, including those with Caroline surrounded by local children, are wonderful. Jackie is said to have started Prince Rainier to thinking about effecting an image of a “new” Princess Grace. Grace recently invited forty Algerian children to vacation in Monaco and appealed via radio to stimulate public interest in the project. She now treks to the Monte Carlo beach with her children, unaccompanied by an everybody-else-ought-to-be-whistle to clear the sands. Her subjects were most impressed by her drop-

in visit to the modest home of a typical family named Callario. She cradled the family's youngest in her arms, made housewifey conversation, Yes, public relations are improving in the palace.”

“And that’s to Jackie, I say, because surely she is having this effect on the First Ladies of more than one other foreign land these days. Jackie, you see, is a pace-setter. She has to do things that are considered startling by others.

Old before her time . . .

“There was another young gal in the White House once—Mrs. Grover Cleveland by name. She was in her early twenties when her husband was President. She was led to believe that her extreme youth would be a handicap as First Lady. So she dressed in styles much older than her contemporaries did, tried to act older, think older, be older. And that’s why she was an unhappy young woman for a few years of her life.

“Jackie is more like the women we remember as First Ladies. Like Eleanor Roosevelt, who thought nothing of joining a picket line, who thought nothing of inviting all lady Washington correspondents to the White House one day and announcing the first of the First Lady press conferences to so many, but such a darling thought for us newsgals and our lady readers.

“Jackie is more like Dolly Madison, with their common love of high fashion and splendid entertaining. She’s more like Mrs. James Monroe, who—unpopularly, but definitely—announced to Washington society, she simply could not repay all calls.

“Pin-up girl? And the American image? This is the American image. We’re a young country. We respect old age at least, hopefully we do. But we love—our youngsters love, our middle-aged citizens love, our elder citizens lave—the spirit of youth. And this is Jackie’s spirit.

“Of course, we’re not so young a country that we still have to wear our skirts to the floor. We’re not pioneer girls any more. We’ve had that bit. We’ve made it. That’s over with. Still, we’re young. We think young. We feel young. We look young. And, as far as images go, what could be a better representation of us to the world—a youthful, vibrant and confident nation—than Jacqueline Kennedy?

“Lastly, I’d like to say this about Jackie. It is not what she looks like, does, says, wears, eats, serves, et cetera, that really matters in the long run. It is the inner person. And the inner person here, believe me, is good. She loves her husband. She loves her children. She loves her God. She is charitable. She performs a terribly hard job without showing any signs of strain—even though there must be times she would gladly give up eating to be able to scream for a moment with tiredness and the monotony so much of this demanding life she must lead.

“But she saves herself—by being herself—as much as she can.

“And this is her charm. This is her gift. It’s what keeps her going. And let’s face it—she’s entitled to a little fun, just as we are. I respect anyone’s right to criticize Jackie. This, after all, is America. And I expect that the critics will look beyond the photographs sometimes, and see the real woman.”

Michael JOYA
And this is how it is: There is Michael, age ten, Chris, age eight, and Liza, age four. There is also Maria, the adopted baby, but fortunately she doesn’t figure much in our story. Yet.

Michael and Chris are the sons of Liz’ second husband, Michael Wilding. They are brothers, but they are very different. Mike is the one who has perhaps suffered most from the kind of life their mother has put them through. Perhaps because he is the oldest, he can remember most clearly each of the three men who have lived in his house as his father. He is a bright boy, a sensitive boy, and he was aware, long before the others, what was going on in his house.

Today, Michael isn’t exactly a favorite among the people close to him. The people closest to him these days, unfortunately, are usually servants. They call him moody, Belligerent. They say he takes advantage of his younger brother.

Christopher, at eight, is a sweet child. The servants who look after him like him because he gives them no trouble. He does what he’s told. When his older brother pushes him around, he puts up with it, seldom fighting back or standing up for his rights. It is as though he’s concluded you just can’t win in this world, so why fight it. He needs a man’s strong influence to help bring out his ability to defend himself. He misses Eddie Fisher terribly.

Liza is an endearing little girl. She inherited her looks more from Mike Todd than from her beautiful mother, but she is a charmer. Everyone, even Michael, adores her. She was closest to her adopted daddy, Eddie, because he spent so much time with her and her mom spent so much time working.

With Liza—Eddie was at her mercy. A gentle, fragile doll with appealing eyes, a tiny voice and winning ways, she could render Eddie a melting mass of butter merely by fluttering her long lashes and holding out her hand with a single jelly bean or peanut for him, and saying—“For you, Daddy.” For him—a treasure!

Father and mother

And Liza—knowing no other father but Eddie, adored him and lived from hour to hour for the sight of him—for his return from work, when he would whisk her up in the air and then hug her to his heart. She loved his serenades—his crazy lyrics and the way he got down on the floor with her and cut out paper dolls. She loved the only Daddy she’s ever known, even if her blood is not his.

Who can deny the traumatic effects of a broken marriage, the insecurity resulting from the sudden and complete disappearance of the only father she has known? Will she ever again feel “safe” in trusting her love to a man, or will she always be afraid of suddenly being “deserted”? And what of Liz Taylor as a mother? No doubt she cares about her children—”in her unusual way”—but it is impossible to believe she thinks through the effect her conduct will have on them. Surely a woman who has married four times—who was hell-bent after the fifth and who, in those pursuits ransacked two households of other women’s husbands and other children’s fathers—cannot be the idealized mother. Even if she’s no longer intent on breaking up the Burton family, what’s past cannot be undone. A parent who loves her own children will show compassion and consideration for other children as well. Liz Taylor has shown only flambouyant disregard of the moral, religious and social codes of life. And in doing so, she has added formidable hazards to all three of her own children who have led, and are leading, a most chaotic life.

If you recall early photographs of these children, you may remember one of the most striking things about them was that they never smiled. Even at the wedding of their mother to Eddie Fisher, photographers recorded the solemn, peaked faces of the brothers in one of the most famous pictures of Liz, Eddie and the boys. Disneyland, before the marriage, there were no smiles to go with the happy occasion. Yet when Chris and Mike began to accept Eddie as the loving father he was to them, the world began to see, for the first time, happy, smiling children.

This brings up the particular tragedy Liz’ children share with no other children. All those photographers. Everywhere they go, boards of photographers and reporters and just plain curiosity-seekers invade their privacy. These children cannot walk to school or go out to play without being surrounded by cameras. In the case of Caroline Kennedy, at least she is the beloved child of respected parents. There is some dignity in the approach. But with her manner, her mother can successfully say “No photographers, please.” But with Liz Taylor’s children, they’re treated as fair game. Anything goes. No holds barred. The world for them is a place where everyone knows them, points to them, sticks a camera in their face, blinks them with flash bulbs, asks them questions about their mother.

How can they help but be suspicious of everyone they meet? Everyone knows them, but they’re not friends. How can they ever trust any one again? They had some nieces playmates once, Burton’s children, but they went away and then only Burton was around. Now he’s gone. There are a lot of questions they could ask, but sometimes it’s better not to know. Sometimes if you don’t talk about it, don’t think about it, you can pretend it isn’t something like not really happening.

Liz may coddle them all she can, and drag them with her to every point of the globe, and she may feel she is a good mother because of it. But she must also face the realization that she has exposed them to the unalterable fact that she is not considered a woman to be respected. She is considered the world’s most menacing love pirate, and she has cast mud on the word Mother. What hostilities and frustrations must they be storing up right now?
now? Will they be part of tragic headlines in a few years when they reach their teens?

Did they wonder when "Uncle Dick" was going to go home? Did they worry that he would be their next step-father? Did they pretend they didn't know, instinctively, that he was part and parcel of Eddie's removal from their lives? How can they help but feel desperate confusion? Who will be the next "uncle"?

Fathers they've known

With their first step-father, Mike Todd, Chris and Mike were exposed to a basically loving and lovable man, but a man who shouted, raved, and carried on in the best hysterionic style—smothering them with attention and toys and then disappearing from sight for weeks or months at a time. Even Santa Claus could wear out a welcome if he behaved that way. Nevertheless, the bond between Todd and Liz' boys was very real and warm. Still, they had to readjust their young emotions because clearly, he was not their real father, nor did Mike or Liz think of having the boys call him Dad. (They reserve the word Dad and Father for their blood-parent, Michael Wilding, Sr.)

After Todd's death, in less time than was decent, their mother introduced another man into their lives—a quiet, hesitating young man who was less a father figure than Mike and more of a companion. They sensed that Eddie was a man capable of loving them, as much for their own sakes as for that of their mother. Eddie, better than Mike, fulfilled the need that young boys have to talk football, baseball, cars, bikes, games and rough-and-tumble together over the living room floor. Eddie accomplished with soft-spoken logic and explanations what others might have silenced with you threats or punishment or worse, indifference. As time went on Eddie found himself picking out the boys' clothes, planning their meals, their outings, their schooling and spending more time with them than their mother did. They clung to him with deep affection and respect. As a disciplinarian, he was very fair. They soon learned it was wiser to obey than to argue. He would mete out punishment—which was simply to stop communicating with them until the situation was explained and dispensed with. And usually, he would ignore both of them at the same time so that there would be no reason for inciting jealousy between them. Invariably, the not-guilty one would harass the guilty one into owning up. Once they were sorry they would tell. All problems were resolved within minutes. Eddie, more than any other man in Liz's life, tried to keep the family a unit—together in fun and work and travel.

Now Eddie is gone. "Uncle Dick" is gone. And their mother, when she's home, seems to have a lot on her mind. What are the children left with? The months of anger, violence, scandal? Is that it?

Did they whisper about it, about the fights between their mother and Eddie? Did they stuff their ears with cotton? Did they hide their hearts in a closet? Did they wonder why their mother was away for days and nights—and then showed up, overflowing with maternal solicitude?

What about those ambulances that kept coming to the house for Mama? Was she really going to die this time and leave them forever?

Dilemmas that even adults would find difficult to resolve; changing languages, changing houses, changing nurses, changing schools. Nothing secure.

This is how it is with the children of Liz's life. For those who feel their future is almost predictable. Daughters need to emulate their mothers; sons need to copy their fathers. It's the most natural thing in the world. But in years to come, what if people say of Liza. "She's just like her mother?" What will Mike's present moodiness lead to? Will sweet-natured, docile Chris ever adjust to a competitive world? However troubled they are now, will they be able to survive the shattering realization that to the world their mother was a woman who worshipped only her own pleasures? Have these children been consigned to emotional poverty? Mike, Chris and Liza are paying for their mother's sins in a coin that can never be humanly counted or repaid.

—DICK DAVIS

GEORGE MAHARIS

Continued from page 34

"I now had a new respect and admiration for Mom. But for a long time I didn't know how to express it. I was still pretty wild in the streets. Rebellious, without direction, at fourteen I was seething with contempt and cynicism for the whole damn world."

"Sometimes I would catch my mother staring at me with an expression I've never been able to describe. It wasn't pity or sorrow, but it wasn't a happy expression, either. Maybe she was trying hard to see the good in her flesh and blood."

"I admit I didn't give her much hope."

"One night Mom put on her coat and started for the door. I knew where she was going. Then she turned and said, 'Come with me, George. I want to show you something.'"

"It was early autumn in Astoria, New York, again and getting chilly. I went with her. We walked what seemed like miles, along the streets. Barren, beaten tenements whose noisy occupants hated their insides."

"We came to an alley. My mother walked quietly into the blackness. I followed her, more nervous than she! We came into a dingy back yard you could hardly make out even under a half-moon."

"Mom walked over to a small plot of dirt and knelt down. There, struggling up, with their petalled heads hanging, I saw half-a-dozen little plants, sickly yellow—not worth a second glance to an alley cat."

"'Begonia," Mom said, 'Mrs. Matsagos has moved. She couldn't take them with her."

"Mom took a small pair of scissors from her coat and silently, but in a ceremony of gentleness, cut the flowers from their roots."

"Looking at my mother, with those poor old flowers cradled in her arms, I think it was the first time I ever really understood what the word loneliness meant."

"We went home. Out came the old vase from under the sink. In a moment the flowers were in the vase, where a hundred had been before them."

"The next morning, sure enough, they seemed—I don't know. How do you describe the doomed gaiety of six brave begonias with only one day left to live? But they were bright, and they gave the kitchen a lift and Mom cooed over them as she always did over her foster-flowers. We sipped coffee while we stared at them."

"Mom, why do you sit—mean, take the flowers? I said. 'Who cares?"

"'I care,' she said. 'You would care, too. But you think it would be like a sissy to care for flowers. I know what you feel. You want to be a man. I understand. A boy like you cannot, on the outside, show it. But it will not hurt you to know the feeling in your heart. Your secret would be safe.'"

"She was right. Until now it has been.

"My secret is mean—safe. Now I'm telling it on myself."

"After that day I found myself automatically spotting abandoned flowers in old clay pots, in wooden boxes, in dying plots of earth and in empty yards.

"Sometimes I'd do the job myself. I'd take them as Mom took them. I'd bring them home. And the look on her face, when she saw them, was worth all the embarrassment I might have suffered if those rumble-happy switch-knives down the block had caught me at it.

"But there were times when, even if I saw a good 'take' in lonely flowers, I could not take them. Because of the one caution Mrs. Maharis gave her son.

A lesson learned

"If there is not goodness inside you at the time, don't bring them to me," she warned. 'Let them die where they are.'"

"Loneliness is bad, but in the presence of hate, it is nothing."

"I'm still not a flower fan. I mean, they're all right and very nice for girls and women. As Mom says, that's the way it should be.

"And you know something? Today I could buy Mom all the fresh flowers that could fit in her house. They would please her—but not quite so much as the ones we used to steal in the old days."

"Maharis took a deep breath. He smiled. "It's a good memory, even for a man," he said. "But it was a long time before I realized the real significance that lay in my mother's peculiar lesson in living. She meant that I should have some compassion, the same regard, the same feelings for people who are in trouble."

"You know why I'll steal flowers for Mrs. Maharis—any time."

—ALAN SOMERS

George Maharis stars on "Route 66," CBS-TV, every Friday, 8:30-9:30 P.M. EST.
never-never land all glitter and spangles. And when the Brooklyn Cinderella woke up there I was, sitting in the ashes and cinders again. And I became terribly depressed.

“Everything and everybody seemed to be against me. They weren’t, of course, but when you’re sick in spirit and in your body, as I was, all the world is one deep blue. You’re in the gutter at night, the way, like the song says, and in the daytime, too. Time was hurrying along; I was going to be twenty-four before too long, and I literally dreaded the day. Nothing I had or did really added up to happiness. There were times when my life was so hectic and involved, I literally couldn’t find a moment to go to the little girls’ room. Somebody should have taken me over their knee and spanked me, but I guess they just didn’t dare.

Home troubles, too

“The studio had become a drag, but out at home I had my troubles, too. The company that built the swimming pool at my house went broke, and suddenly all the suppliers and workmen descended on me with liens. I had been paying the builder right along, but apparently he hadn’t been paying his people at all. Innocent though I was, I had been legally responsible, so it meant that I was paying for my pool twice. Then, out of nowhere, I got a bill for $85,000 in back income taxes that I didn’t even know I owed. People had been leaning on—or so it seemed to me—weren’t around when I needed them, and I felt utterly abandoned and lost. In the midst of all my problems, I yelled out to what seemed a vast emptiness, ‘Hey, where are you?’ but everybody seemed gone. Now I know I just wasn’t seeing straight (how could I with my energy at zero?), but impulsively as always, I decided to make a clean sweep of my entire entourage.

“I fired everybody—my agent, my business manager and my publicity man. Now I was on my own, utterly and completely; I was back exactly where I started when I did my first TV commercial, in 1959. Oh, it’s a lonely feeling, being all by yourself. My dad was around and sympathetic, but I had to solve my problems on my own. When I wanted a favor from the studio, I seemed blocked at every turn. I got a frightening sense of rejection. My self-confidence was at the lowest ebb. I’d look in the mirror and shudder at how ugly I was.

“And, of course, the more I downgraded myself, the worse off I was. Seemingly rejected by everybody, I even rejeected myself. I used to hole up in what I called ‘my trouble room’ at home, where I always went when I felt low. I didn’t do it to sulk, I wasn’t looking for sympathy. I simply, wanted—to be by myself.

“What I didn’t understand was that I had been sick physically and emotionally for a long, long time. The three physical breakdowns I’d suffered had hurt me more than I was aware. My strength was not only exhausted; my emotional reservoir was drained dry. Seemingly, I had nothing left within me with which to face the world. Yet every day I had to be Cricket for the TV cameras: smiling, insouciant and gay.

“You just can’t keep spending what you haven’t got, but I didn’t know that—nor for a while. Mercifully, nature finally took over. I got what my doctor told me later was an emotional ‘block.’ The body can push itself just so long; then the pushing must come to an end. I tried to work; I couldn’t. I tried smiling; it was a disaster. I even thought I was crazy—or, so I imagined. All my emotional capital seemed used up. The scripts I was supposed to memorize became a jumble of meaningless words; they might just as well have been written in Greek. And always echoing in the corridors of my mind was the taunt: ‘Look who’s Cinderella? You’re no good, don’t you know that? Why don’t you quit before you’re hired?’

“I wasn’t only terrified; I was numb. I felt my voice was gone and my acting talent non-existent. There was no longer any doubt about it: my brief career was over. Could I get a job, I wondered, selling dresses on Hollywood Boulevard again? There was nothing to do but quit show business just like that. I was a hasbeen at twenty-three.

“‘Weeping inside, but with a set and rigid face, I went to my bosses and told them I was through. Since I had nothing to offer in the way of talent, there was no point in continuing to take money for something that wasn’t there.’

“Well, Connie,” they said, finally, ‘of course we’ll cancel your contract if that’s the way you really feel. But tell us, what do you plan to do?’

“Just vegetate”

“Nothing, nothing at all,” I answered miserably. I’ll probably just go away somewhere and vegetate for the next couple of years.

“Now, you know how I slowly and over-dramatic I must have sounded; I wasn’t anywhere near my normal self. My judgment was warped; my entire outlook was overshadowed by the terrible emotional depression from which I suffered. I wanted only to get away, never to talk to anyone again.

“There was this very good friend of mine, a boy I liked who lives in a little mountain house on the mountain ridge across from mine. Just for laughs he used to phone me (he used binoculars to watch for my car pulling into the driveway), and we’d hold long talks about nothing at all. You know, just kind of nonsense talk that made us both feel good. But during that terribly low time of mine, Barry would phone me up and couldn’t even bear to say ‘hello.’ The phone would ring and I didn’t even bother to pick it up. Poor Barry! Later he told me he was utterly overcome by the sudden change in me.

“‘Going to bed and sleeping all day and all night no longer helped me; I needed

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something else. Hiding from the world wasn’t the answer. So I’d get in my car and drive off somewhere alone—perhaps up to Santa Barbara, or even San Francisco; sit on the beach until darkness came, and just brood and brood for hours. After a while, I discovered that the constant ebb and flow of the sea, the murmur of the surf, the almost hypnotic sound of the breakers began to soothe me. It was a kind of water therapy that began to bring me a little peace. I sensed how piddling my little worries were in the great, overall scheme of things. That wonderful ocean. I told myself, had been lapping at that same coastline for millions and millions of years, and what was I except a tiny dot in the horizon?

"Several times, during those long weeks, when I thought I had put Hollywood out of my life, I went into little sandwich bars or grocery stores in tiny towns along the beach to buy a bit of food for lunch. It came as a kind of shock to me that I was actually recognized, I don’t know why I felt that way, but I did. Perhaps it was because my self-esteem had fallen so low. But when people greeted me by name and asked me for my autograph, a little voice inside me whispered, ‘Look, Connie: you’re successful, you’re a star!’ and I could have wept, because to myself I was just a big nothing."

"Yet as the days went by, the sun and the wind and the water began to do things for me. I became almost calm. My personal problems no longer so enormously magnified. I began to look at life in a new perspective, a new sense of reality and strength. I felt that I was nearly ready to face life again—even go back to work."

"And then, just a little while after I started working on ‘Hawaiian Eye’ again (I must say the studio was happy to have me back), I suffered a terrible blow. My little dog, Nui, died, and I all but went out of my mind."

"I killed her..."

"People who aren’t animal lovers or don’t own pets may not understand, but to me, this tiny Yorkshire terrier was a big part of my life. She was completely unfussy, and I killed her. I kept telling myself it was all my fault..."

"I had let her eat a dish of pork chop bones, and a jagged splinter of bone got caught in her throat. That day, when I put the bones out for Nui, my housekeeper said, ‘Maybe she shouldn’t eat them, Connie; I’d better get her something else.’ Oh, ‘she’ll be all right,’ I told the housekeeper. ‘She’s eaten bones like these before.’"

"I was going out that evening, so I patted Nui on the head, hugged her and told her ‘Good-night.’ She seemed as frisky as always. Anyway, when I got back home, it was quite late, and I was too sleepy to visit with Nui as I always did. Instead, I went right to bed. She must have gotten violently sick during the night. My housekeeper woke me to tell me Nui was lying in a pool of her own blood.

"It seemed like hours before we could get her to the hospital, and we arrived in a state of shock. I left her at the animal hospital before I went to the studio, I was so worried, I could hardly work. The vet assured me Nui would recover, but I didn’t like the sound of his voice. When I rushed to the animal hospital that afternoon, I knew at once something was wrong."

"Well, I think I’ll never forget the sight of little Nui, lying there so limp with her eyes closed. For a moment she didn’t recognize me, then as I began crying out her name, the poor little thing struggled to lift her head, whimpered a little—and a tear slipped down her cheek."

"I became hysterical. They took me home and put me to bed, and for three days I refused to leave the house. I refused, too, to let them bury Nui—I wouldn’t believe she was dead. I kept tiny body in bed with me, whimpering that she just had to come back. I see now I was literally unbalanced with grief. Finally my father had to take me in hand. ‘For God’s sake, Connie,’ he scolded, ‘Nui is dead. You must face that now, and do what has to be done.’"

"So we finally buried little Nui, in a grave at the Pet Cemetery, and I dragged myself back to work. Thinking back now to the way I clung to the dead body of Nui and refused to let her go, I just can’t understand my state of mind. It doesn’t seem possible that a dog—especially in such a hysterical way, but I know now I was really terribly ill. I’d never been around actual death before, and it was all a horrible shock to me. My good friend Gary Clarke (we’ve been seeing each other occasionally again) went out and bought me a tiny Yorkshire puppy—his name is Beau—but for days I couldn’t even look at him. I felt as though I had been wisdomed everywhere."

"But most of all, I was physically run down again: exhausted and just about at the end of my strength. There was something wrong with me internally, my doctor said; I needed an operation to straighten me out. I don’t know myself what it was they did, and maybe for more than a week I was in pain. Every day, it seemed, I needed another blood transfusion. People were wonderfully kind; I got loads and loads of flowers, but in the end even their overpowering fragrance got me down. ‘Take those flowers out of here!’ I screamed. Lying there, the blood plasma dripping through a needle into my body, I felt like I was drowning in my own funeral—as though I were in a mortuary, dead and ready to be buried. I still can’t stand flowers around me yet. The memory of my illness is much too strong."

"It was this last stay in the hospital, though, that brought about what I believe is the major change in my life. In a very real sense I grew up."

"I had been in the hospital more than a week and I was scheduled to stay another three or four days, when I decided I just had to go home. I was unable to lie still. Believe it or not, all I could think of was Italian food; not just any kind of Italian food, but a big, fragrant hunk of my favorite provolone cheese. I had to have it. I fidgeted and squirmed and pleaded until I persuaded the hospital nurses to let me have it."

"So friends came and drove me home. When I got there, I rushed to the icebox; there wasn’t a sliver of provolone to be found. That didn’t stop me though; I decided to drive over to a nearby delicatessen..."
and buy some right away. So I jumped in my car, alone (I didn't want anybody with me), raced over to the store and parked my car in a little alley nearby. It was almost dark, but I made out the figure of this girl, all huddled up against a wall, weeping and moaning.

"A whiskey bottle..."

"She was about my age. I guess—maybe a little older. She'd been drinking, because there was a whiskey bottle in her hand. Shocked and there she was, moments later finding her, wondering how I could help. She lifted the bottle to her lips, drank—and then suddenly smashed the bottle against the wall. She stared at the jagged bits of glass in her hand, then, with a violent gesture, slashed the broken bottle across her wrists. I stood there horrified. I could feel my whole body shake as I started to scream for help.

"In an instant the blood spurted from the girl's wrists—out of nowhere, a crowd appeared. Two men and I ran over and tried to staunch the blood. I pulled off a scarf I was wearing and made an attempt to wrap it around the girl's hands, but she shoved us all aside (she seemed to have a kind of maniacl strength) and beat her bloody fists against her face in a kind of agony, screaming, 'Get away from me! I want to die!'

"It was awful, awful. I can't describe the terrible things this poor girl said; she was in a frenzy, a convulsion of despair. She kept screaming; her mother was a tramp, an evil, disgusting woman who had ruined her daughter's life. The smell of whiskey on the girl was overpowering; she must have been drinking for days.

"Finally, the ambulance came, and they took the poor blood-covered girl away. Even when the ambulance attendants tried to lift her to the stretcher, she fought like an animal, cursing everyone because they wouldn't let her die.

"Driving home, I shook so that I could barely hold the wheel—I couldn't get that girl out of my mind. All I could think of was, 'And you tell yourself you have troubles. Listen, my girl, you just don't know what trouble is.' Here was real tragedy. Millions of other people, I finally realized, were unhappy and miserable—tormented beyond their strength. I was far from the only one, and I wondered how I could have been so selfish.

"So, I've found that my life isn't over—not by any means. Outside my own little universe, there's a big, almost untouchable world. I had to go through tragedy to discover this, to change within myself, to find my own place in life and living. I see now that an awful lot of things were happening inside me, all the time I felt so ill. 'You know, Connie,' a good friend of mine said to me, 'what really hit you so hard was that you were simply growing up.' 'Yes, I know,' I admitted. 'but the whole thing made me so much by surprise.'

"Well, anyway, I digress. Now, I don't dream about the studio anymore; I'll just take things as they come. A lot of the froth and Cinderella glamour I thought so important have been shed like an old, tired skin. 'You can tell there's a brand-new Connie around,' a crew man joked the other day. She says 'Please' and 'Thank you,' and 'Tell me what you want me to do.'

"And I'm so much happier. My records are going well, my work is going well (I'm even studying lighting and photography), and I'm trying to think of others and not so much about myself. Sure, I'll slip now and then, even fight again with my studio—but I'll keep trying. It's as though I suddenly went outdoors and found the clouds all gone, the sky sparkling and blue. This is just wanting to be a 'movie star' and nothing else leaves you headed for some very bad trouble—and that's no longer for me. And over and over again I get down on my knees and say, 'Thank you, God, for helping me find my way.'

"Because right now, with God's help, my life is sweet and dear once more, and I'm ready for everything good."

—FAMUS FRIEDMAN

Walter Winchell

Continued from page 8

reporter (at the time) revealed that when Marilyn called him: 'Get a doctor, quick! I think I took too many pills!' He predicted: 'I'm a married man! I can't get involved!' The "Jack Daniels" Set knows him best. He and his wife had to be carried limp to a limousine, the pilot of which was ordered to rush them from Lake Tahoe to their home not far from Hollywood... The same night (a week before she died) Marilyn, too, was almost in a coma from too much booze poured into her glass by the 'Live-It-Up' clan.

That's why a newsman quoted Joe DiMaggio: "Sure, I barred them—if it weren't for some of them, she'd still be alive!"

One of the President's appointees (also married) was smitten with Marilyn. Whenever he came to the West Coast she was the first invited to a small dinner party he flung. It was this alleged man who complained to 20th Century-Fox when she was fired. She felt she could count on him. It was this alleged man who got her to fly to Madison Square Garden where JFK was starring (on his birthday) at a political rally, to sing "Happy Birthday To You!" After Marilyn told her studio bosses she was too ill to appear that day on the set.

But when she needed him most—he ran like a Husband—back to his wife.

Some of the wives involved are furious over the revelations, now common gossip among the Cade Sousealties. You never read about these wives showing up at any event to which certain movie-and-teevee names are the guests, in no longer read or hear about the "names" being invited, either.

When the President holidayed near Palm Springs a few months ago (about three

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miles from Sinatra’s retreat), everyone expected JFK would tepee at Frank’s place. Frank not only is an ardent Democrat, but he worked very hard to help elect Mr. Kennedy. Instead, the Chief lived in Bing Crosby’s nearby manse. Mr. Crosby is a Republican.

Is a puzzlement, no?

Anyway, that’s Topic A. It also keeps the dinner conversation breezy among the Beverly Hills, Brentwood, Westwood and L.A. movie people who “it’s over gossip,” said one, “and I hate people who repeat gossip. But what else can you do with it?”

Topic B is the return of Darryl Zanuck as chief at 20th Century-Fox, which is practically shut down until the backer bankers catch their breath.

As this goes to press, a Fox-Movietone exec told us: “We had to lay off over 300 people yesterday.

Of the Elizabeth Taylor picture “Cleopatra” (which emptied the coffers at that studio) is partly blamed for throwing so many innocents out of work. The veteran publicist here, Harry Brand, was dismissed along with others of his staff. Because Mr. Brand refused to carry out orders to fire them.

“Now it’s going easy on my chiefs,” he asked us. “They are all good people. I’ve nothing to squawk about, really.”

“You must be very rich,” we said.

“Yes,” he replied in his warm way, “rich in friendships.” That sums up Harry Brand, former newspaperman, whose monument should be inscribed: “The Most Popular Man In Hollywood.”

So Harry Brand had himself up in the public relations business. Not that he needs money. But inactivity and far from the press crowd he grew up with (and loves) would make him unhappy. Besides, the name Harry Brand on a public relations office door would attract the Stars, who could be guaranteed action.

Every movie mag editor in the world and every newspaper movie editor and columnists in every state in the Union would welcome “copy,” bearing his name. Knowing it was reliable.

Besides, look at all the jobs Harry Brand’s Office could provide to the newspaper talent still looking for work since two Los Angeles papers died. Both gained only heavy circulations; too. Over 350,000 each. We have three new newspapers in Manhattan without that much circ. (Is another puzzlement?)

Bette Davis is a good actress. That’s no skew. But she is another “who remembers the bumps and forgets the carasses.” As one of our favorite quotes goe.

In a magazine, recently, Miss Davis (who barked at dozens of people in and out of Hollywood) scolded us for reporting that she had cancer of the jaw. She wrote, “I had osteomyelitis of the jaw.”

After he had left the hospital,” she noted in her article and book, “Walter Winchell informed me and the rest of the nation that ‘Bette Davis had been operated on for cancer of the jaw.” Gary Merrill (her husband at the time) was determined that an important retraction of Mr. Winchell’s story be written—not just an apology in his column. Gary called another other newspaper in his publisher’s list who had the story which was the truth. It helped—but no retraction completely does it; the rumors still existed. Recovering from this operation was quite a long haul, two years before I really felt myself again.”

Well, let’s get that story straight.

At no time (according to my Girl Friday) was any request for a correction—a retraction—or an apology—received at our office in the N.Y. Mirror. Or at the network where I broadcast news. We would have been happy to debunk the report. We never received any such request from Bette Davis, her ex-husband, Dr. Louis, physicians or her lawyers! Miss Davis simply ran to another newspaper columnist, who obliged her.

Of course, we were, and are) happy that the item used about her agony didn’t rob the stage and screen of her talent. The source for the “cancer” report was top medical people at a famed cancer hospital in Manhattan. They may have “suspected” our patient’s ailment. They were, happily, they were wrong. Perhaps they got their Osteo mixed up. Osteomyelitis, according to medical dictionaries, is defined: Inflammation of bone caused by pyogenic organisms. Osteoma, according to Webster’s Collegiate Dictionary, is defined as benign tumor composed of bone.

As the founder of The Damon Runyon Cancer Fund (and its treasurer—and thanks to all donors for making me the trustee of their nineteen million dollars to date to fight the No. 2 Killer), I am invariably informed of cancer victims. Especially when they are renowned.

The news depresses me. I wish they wouldn’t tell me. They told me, for instance: “Your friend Red Skelton’s little boy going to die in a year from leukemia.”

“Your friend Eddy Duchin is going to die in a year from leukemia!”

“Your friend Hoot Gibson is going to die soon. Cancer.”

But to get back to Bette Davis’ forgetting the carasses and remembering the bumps.

When she braved Broadway First-Nighters in a new musical show and challenged the critics (which I am for the N.Y. Mirror), I found her song-and-dance routines delightful. Not many critics thought so and turned in discouraging notices. The show closed shortly after.

But Walter Winchell did a rave about the Revue and its star—Bette Davis. He did try to prolong its engagement with sugar rumors in his columns and via his broadcasts Sunday evenings at 9.

She never bothered to say she was pleased, which is fine and dandy. But she at least could’ve demanded a retraction. Considering how “wrong” I was?

Oh, let’s liven things up: Arthur Murray’s press agent says Mr. Murray says: “A movie actress is one who starts out by being too big for her sweater and winds up too big for her britches.”

Sight-to-See at Dodgers Stadium when the Dodgers play: Doris Day (she never sits down at the games) rooting hard. She occupies the field box next to the Dodgers’ dugout. So she can greet the players every inning with hugs, etc. Doris Day and Dodgers Dugout—a pair of D’s. That’s why her nickname is “Do-Do.”

Did Mrs. Richard Burton give anybody a black eye which sent the target to a hospital in Rome? The guesses had a holiday with that unconfirmed tehit-tehat. Mrs. Burton, they added, hits like a man.

Burt Sugarman, who courted Ann-Margret (despite the opposition of her kin and studio bosses), was devoted (a minute ago) when he revealed that Ann-Margret actress who can sing. Pat reminds some of us of Sandra Church, who clicked on Broadway in “Gypsy,” as 2nd lead to Ethel Merman. Her big hit tune was “Make Somebody Happy.” La Woodell has Sandra’s brunet split way with a song, face, fiijer and other female flipadoodle that traps The Male Animal.

Remember Jo Ann Campbell, the oboe, Bobby Jones was expected to marry when he wed Sandra Dee? Jo is back from Tokyo where she learned Karate in six lessons. So, don’t mess around with Jo Ann, fella. This tiny package of Girl will throw you in front of a speeding car just like that!

Quote from actor Laurence Harvey: “I despised ‘Walk On The Wild Side.’ I hated it so much I even tried to have my name taken off. But the producer threatened to sue, so I let it drop. But it was a ghastly experience to see the cause of that woman, Capucine. It’s not her fault she can’t act, I suppose. But it didn’t help my performance. I’m sure it is one of the worst films ever made, although I haven’t seen it and don’t intend to.”

Did Laurene try giving back the money? That would’ve been the thing to do. (What a meanie, eh, Capucine?)

Producer H. Mirisch saw Carol Andreason, a beautiful blonde nurse, on hospital duty, He signed her for “Two For The Seesaw,” in which he cast her as Beaufort-Beauitnik.

Ever hear of Jean Martin? Well, tennyrate. Jean (before the divorce from husband William Black, the Chookfullanuts tycoon) sang on his radio-tv programs. She got a settlement of $2,000,000.

Just shows-go-to ya that a singer can make big money without a hit record.

Remarkable Remark from Nancy Kwan: “In marriage you must be able to talk to your husband. You cannot just sit around, watching TV in between love making. You must be able to talk.”

“Yes” or “Nope” will do, lady.

As this essay went to press we reported to our newspapers that Desi Arnaz was smitten mitten a divorcee named Edie Mack, who went to Reno to shed her wealthy dog-food mfg. husband Clement Hirsch. He is a well known horse breeder at California racetracks, too. Their next door neighbor (at del Mar) was Desi.

Desi vigorously denied “marriage plans” with Edie, who wore hair is exactly the same shade of Lucille Ball’s crown. But Edie told intimates, “Could be.”

From a H’wood col’m: “What does Frank Sinatra think of the report that he and Juliet had resumed (via a dinner date) the night he returned from London? I just took an old friend out to dinner,” he replied, ‘that’s all!” (Those are the joaks, folks!)

Item from a gossip col’m: “Sinatra and Fisher are still making news with Juliet Prowse.”

There’s a Hollywood switch for you. Getting into the papers by running around with an unmarried woman!”

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