Debbie answers her daughter's question:

WIN'T ADDY E WITH US ALL THE TIME?
Ever watch a drooping rose revive after a summer rain? Now you can see the same sort of miracle happen in your hair, thanks to fabulous new Suave Creme. Just a touch a day actually moisturizes hair problems away! Dryness disappears, drabness goes. Highlights sparkle and shimmer. Suddenly your hair obeys perfectly, takes any hairstyle easily. Not a sticky jelly, but a delicate beauty creme for hair.

New moisturizing miracle by HELENE CURTIS

Try New Suave Creme in a tube by Helene Curtis makers of Suave Lotion
Don't try to brush bad breath away—reach for Listerine!

Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does...on contact, by millions.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

Don't try to brush bad breath away.

Chart proves Listerine's superiority.

Reach for Listerine...your No. 1 protection against bad breath.
THIS IS DAVE
who met life with his hands in his pockets and an angry look in his eyes.

THIS IS BAMA
who knew the game and knew the odds but sometimes pushed his luck too hard.

THIS IS GINNY
whom men always liked but never in the right way and never enough.

M-G-M presents
A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION

"SOME CAME RUNNING"

BY JAMES JONES, THE AUTHOR OF "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"

Co-starring

MARTHA HYER

ARTHUR KENNEDY

NANCY GATES • LEORA DANA • JOHN PATRICK and ARTHUR SHEEKMAN

Based on the Novel by JAMES JONES • In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL
THAT’S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

A young fan might wait hours to glimpse a star.

The premiere’s thrills begin with the first limousine. Even Method actresses like Eva Marie Saint dress up.

Premieres, I love ’em. All the stars turn out, and all of them really look like stars just this once. Spotlights play through the night, limousines honk, and the sidewalks are jammed with teens and graybeards, all straining for a look. The show outside’s always a good one, even when the show inside is a flop.

Mai Britt, the Stockholm siren, blushes so red her freckles disappear. . . . Frank Sinatra’s Capitol album “Only the Lonely” is only the greatest, from the cover of Sinatra the clown to the last torchy note. . . . Gary Crosby reminds me of his dad, of course; but also, Jimmy Cagney, and Gary. He’s got a personality strictly his own and it’s winning fans for him. Include me. . . . Ingrid Goude, a Miss Sweden, looks better without makeup than most glamour girls do with. . . . “If Brigitte Bardot is such a big foreign star,” asks starlet Googie Schwab, “how come she’s still in Europe?” . . . Tony (Continued)
TOPS THE BEST SELLER!
TOPS THE PLAY!
NOW! THE ONE AND ONLY

AUNTIE MAME

IS ON THE SCREEN!

Starring the original Auntie Mame of the stage show!

ROSALIND RUSSELL

FILMED IN TECHNIRAMA® COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR® PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

co·starring
FORREST - FRED CLARK with CORAL BROWNE - PATRIC KNOWLES - LEE PATRICK - WILLARD WATERMAN - ROBIN HUGHES
Screenplay by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN. From the novel "Auntie Mame" by Patrick Dennis. As adapted for the stage by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Directed by MORTON DA COSTA.
Perkins adores the word adore. ... I knew Tommy Sands wasn’t torching for Dottie Harmony when he asked for Pat Mitchell’s phone number. ... I’m going to ignore Tuesday Weld every day but Tuesday till she changes the name. ... Sandra Dee told me, “Funny, but as I keep getting older Clark Gable seems to keep getting younger.” ... Kim Novak cancelled “The Beach Boys,” didn’t want “bad girl” role. ... I never thought Jayne Mansfield would turn into an actress. ... Still wonder what Tina Louise meant when she told me that sometimes two and two make four. ... Sammy Davis Jr. turns off an old movie on TV to run an oldie on his own home screen. ... I like Hugh O’Brian better since he started steady-dating Joan (Miss Nevada) Adams. ... If you’re up till 2 a.m. and want to see Hollywood celebrities, then the Gaiety Delly on the Sunset Strip is the place for you. ... Often, Ida Lupino gives me the impression that she’s ready to explode. ... Errol Flynn knows that Hollywood is a place where you can have a good time without enjoying yourself. ... In reply to many letters, let me tell you that Betty Wand did the singing for Leslie Caron in “Gigi.” ... My favorite explanation of The Method is Peter Finch’s: “Stanislavski says what any good actor does.” ... Dolores Hart really deserves the raves Broadway critics voted her in “The Pleasure of His Company.” ... I’ll tell you what kind of a fellow Rick Nelson is. He’d be a Rick Nelson fan if he weren’t Rick Nelson. Yes sir! That’s Hollywood for you.

Confusion reigns, flashbulbs pop to catch the entrance of Caroll Baker and husband.

At premieres, I count the stars—and the columns of news they’ll make that evening. Below, Kim Novak, who’d make any escort a little nervous. At right, Jack Oakie, minus eighty pounds and trying for a comeback. Just know he’ll make it!
It was born under the China sky
...her miracle of love, courage
and devotion
...to God
...100 children
...and an
Eurasian
soldier!

Ingrid Bergman
Curt Jurgens
Robert Donat

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS

CINEMASCOPE color by de luxe
DIRECTED BY
MARK ROBSON
SCREENPLAY BY
ISOBEL LENNART
The Inn of The Sixth Happiness
20th: CinemaScope.

Back in England, church authorities gently dismissed Gladys Aylward’s idea of going to China as a missionary. But Gladys went anyway. Today, living on Formosa, she can look back on a life of service to God and man performed with the single-minded devotion of the truly dedicated. Director Mark Robson and a superlative cast have transferred this life to the screen in a film that is both a vivid dramatic experience and an inspiring testament to faith. It is all here—the dangerous trek through Siberia via railway, the initial suspicion of the Chinese for a foreigner, the scorn of the ruling Mandarin (Robert Donat), the growing admiration and approval, the love of Dutch-Chinese general (Curt Jurgens) and, finally, all the horror of China’s long war with Japan. As Gladys, Ingrid Bergman plays at the peak of her great power as an actress. Her performance is the crowning glory of the year’s most moving and memorable screen achievement.

Separate Tables
UA.

Terence Rattigan’s thumbnail sketches of several people living in an English seaside hotel have been admirably transferred from Broadway to the screen. Chief interest centers around a drunken journalist (Burt Lancaster), his selfish ex-wife (Rita Hayworth, seen top left with Lancaster), a scandal-smeared Major (David Niven) and a mother-dominated ugly duckling (Deborah Kerr). Watching these people in action is continuously absorbing, and that’s all we’ll say because the rest of this review belongs very properly to Deborah Kerr. Since her American debut eleven years ago, Miss Kerr has had few chances to really act. To those still unaware of her true worth, it will be a revelation. She sketches the timid soul with a wealth of pathetic little glances and gestures, makes her every word and action ring true. Magnificent is not a word to be used lightly; on Miss Kerr it fits like a glove. She is surrounded by performances ranging from the highest competence of Lancaster’s, Miss Hayworth’s and Gladys Cooper’s to the exceptional quality of David Niven’s, Carleen Nesbitt’s and Wendy Hillier’s.

Home Before Dark
WARNERS

“Home Before Dark” returns Jean Simmons to blonde tresses for the first time since 1948’s “Hamlet.” Coincidentally, it also provides her with her finest opportunity since Ophelia, and brings her once more triumphantly to the front ranks of film actresses. As a discharged mental patient, she returns to a husband who no longer loves her and to a domestic situation with her stepmother and stepsister unchanged from that which brought about her breakdown. The stage is thus set for a relapse, a possibility thoroughly explored in this film’s two-hour-plus running time. Producer-director Mervyn LeRoy keeps it subdued and believable. In an offbeat role for her, Rhonda Fleming does well as the stepsister and Dan O’Herlihy is excellent as Jean’s stuffed-shirt husband. As an admirer, Efrem Zimbalist -scores solidly, adds to his growing reputation as one of Hollywood’s most personable and talented young actors.

I Want To Live!
UNITED ARTISTS

The story of Barbara Graham (Susan Hayward, bottom left), as here presented, is violent, sordid and shocking. (continued)
NOW! Another beauty “plus” from LANOLIN PLUS!

New Kind of Shampoo Waves and Curls Hair!

ACTUALLY CONDITIONS, CURLS AND CLEANS...AT THE SAME TIME!

New protein waving shampoo washes in long-lasting curls and waves as it washes out dirt and dulling film!

Yes! You can have lovely, lustrous, lasting curls and waves today! Forget about extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers, hair spray sets, nightly pin-curl drudgery. Don’t bother with expensive permanents. All you need ever do is shampoo with amazing new Wash 'n Curl!

The magic of this gentle, golden liquid shampoo is its exclusive formula of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that actually conditions and curls as it cleans!

And wonderful Wash 'n Curl is so very easy to use. Simply wash your hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let the billowy lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set.

Instantly, your hair takes on a new, glorious, silken-soft luster, full of exciting, dancing highlights! At last you enjoy the springy, natural-looking curls and waves you’ve longed for! Obedient curls and waves that last from shampoo to shampoo, thanks to Wash 'n Curl!

Safe for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children's hard-to-manage hair—or money back!

$1.50 + TAX

on sale at cosmetic counters everywhere

No wonder the ladies (bless 'em) are going wild over

NEW wash 'n curl by Lanolin Plus

TRADMARK WAVING SHAMPOO
MOVIES continued

Taken from the real life saga of a San Francisco harlot convicted of murder, it is one long searing look at life's scamiest side. Its last section, dealing with the intricate details of execution in the gas chamber, is unreliedly grim. Some of its points are vague, its logic fuzzy. But as an exercise in sheer power, it has few peers. In the year's finest editing job, director Robert Wise rockets the viewer from one scene to another without letup. Wise has further extracted complete effectiveness from his largely unknown supporting cast, no small achievement. As a woman who made all the wrong choices, Susan Hayward mixes amoral abandon and human heartbreak in a performance that will stay with you long after you've left the theater. ADULT

My Uncle, Mr. Hulot

CONTINENTAL, EASTMANS COLOR

As sequels rarely approach the level of their predecessors but this follow-up to "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" is even better than that memorable frolic. On one level, it's a hilarious satire on modern architecture, presenting a house crammed with malfunctioning buttons and gadgets and crowned by a monstrous fish-head fountain which spews water straight up into the air. A hysterically funny garden party fixes that. Then there are a couple of zany strolls through a plastics factory, and a few sessions with the local truncheons that are the living end. This screwball antic is hard to pin down, plot-wise, but writer-producer-director-star Jacques Tati has an uncanny eye and ear for the quirks in human nature, and it's all the little bits and pieces along the way that make this such a gem. Except for Tati, the cast are all unknowns and all priceless. If you like a good laugh (and who doesn't?), please go and see this film—you'll have a bushelful. ADULT

The Restless Years

COLUMBIA

As if the business of growing up weren't hard enough in itself, Sandra Dee and John Saxon (below right) are here burdened with the problems of their parents as well. In a gossip-ridden small town, Sandra is the girl who is "different," somehow set apart from the highschool crowd. Everybody but Sandra knows the unhappy truth: that she is illegitimate. Her mother, dressmaker Teresa Wright, lovingly shields her from life, gives her ruffly, childish clothes. As for John, he's also on the outside, because he's the new kid in town. His sympathy for Sandra and their growing love are opposed by his sales-man father (James Whitmore) and snobbish mother (Margaret Lindsay), who want him to cozy up to the "right" people. Jody McGrea, for instance, is a big wheel—and a bully. And Luana Patten, queen of the school set, is a catty creature, insecure because of her home life, with a stuffy-shirt dad and an alcoholic mother. At least, these teenagers are neither giddy nor delinquent—and that's refreshing. ADULT

The Last Hurrah

COLUMBIA

Edwin O'Connor's rousing and hilarious tale of a rogue who served New England as governor and mayor is now brought to the screen by producer-director John Ford. The novel has been well served as to detail—all of its people are here either aiding or opposing Frank Skeffington (Spencer Tracy, page 11) in his last campaign. But the scope of the film is merely moderate when it should be vigorous, sporadically alive when it should pulse with vitality. Ford's telescoping of the election itself loses much of its punch, and the majority of the characters are in and out too fast. Still there are some excellent scenes, many of the book's gems of wit and, as hangers-on of varying stripe, Edward Brophy, O.Z. Whitehead and Arthur Walsh are perfection. As it is, "Last Hurrah" is a good film; it could have been a better one. FAMILY

The Roots of Heaven

20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

This Darryl Zanuck-John Huston collaboration is probably the year's most exasperating film. Roughly the picture poses this question: Since we have to change our likes and dislikes every few years (Germans, Japanese, Russians, etc.), why not simplify things by rejecting all mankind and loving elephants? Which might be a fine jumping-off spot for ridicule except that the quality of the ideas raised in this film—and in the Romain Gary novel on which it is based—forebids it. It deals with H-Bomb lunacy, pacifism, nationalism and similar topics that most films wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Angered by the systematic slaughter of elephants in his beloved Africa, Trevor Howard takes to pot-shooting hunters, thus becoming an international sensation. There are some fine talents at work here—Mr. Howard, Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn (all seen below center, from l. to r.), Orson Welles, Eddie Albert, Paul Lukas, others. But the film jumps all over the place and never really comes to grips with anything. And by giving everybody a voice and trying to speak for everyone, it comes perilously close to speaking for no one. ADULT

Bell, Book and Candle

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

Shortly after this film begins, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon and Elsa Lanchester (witches all) conspire to drive James Stewart's fiancee Janice Rule cuckoo. Absolutely hilarious. Then, in two brief scenes, Hermione Gingold (also a witch—inspired casting!) comes on in a red fright wig and lays everyone in the aisles. Having enjoyed a long run on Broadway, John Van Druten's sparkling fantasy about a witch who fell in love with a
mortal and lost her powers loses most of its allure on film, because the tone wavers unhappily between comedy and some drama. Jimmy Stewart (Page 10, left with Kim) does a blue-ribbon job but Kim Novak lacks the variety necessary to fill her demanding role.

**Torpedo Run**

**SY** A protracted but interesting game of cat-and-mouse during World War II is the subject here. Submarine commander Glenn Ford’s one driving ambition is to sink the Jap carrier Shinaru, spearhead of the Pearl Harbor attack. But no knowledge of the whereabouts of his wife and daughter, taken prisoners in Manila, is making a wreck of him. Suddenly the Japanese publish a list of prisoners to be transferred from Manila to Tokyo, and Ford’s family is on it. Now he can really go after the Shinaru only—that batch of prisoners is on an unarmed transport screening the Shinaru so that she can get safely back to port. And so it goes, from one crisis to another, until the grand slam finale.

**Party Girl**

**SY** Chicago in the Thirties is the setting for the type of gangland melodrama that once gave Robert Taylor a memorable role as “Johnny Eager.” In this one, he’s a crippled lawyer—embittered and cynical, mouthpiece of the mob, spell-binding juries and keeping his clients away from the electric chair where most of them belong. Enter Cyd Charisse, and Taylor discovers a pressing reason to get away from it all. Only the mob, kingpin Lee J. Cobb in particular, can’t quite see it that way. Director Nicholas Ray has worked closely with the set decorator and designer Helen Rose to make this item visually lush and muffle the plot’s familiarity. As an actress, Miss Charisse has her best footage in two torrid dance numbers that are genuine eye-poppers. Taylor plays with his usual competence, and Lee J. Cobb proves once again that no one plays a slob like Cobb.

**104 POLAR-TRAPPED**

**KISS-STARVED** G.I.s picked the army’s champ woman-chaser to take their furlough by proxy with two gorgeous dames!
Looking forward to a groovy Christmas? All set for a swingin’ New Year? It sort of puts you in a reviewing and previewing mood as you ring out the old and ring in the new, doesn’t it? Me, too. And it started me thinking of some music milestones—in particular, a startling retirement and comeback that seems to have been overlooked in all the justifiable fuss about El going to Germany and 1958’s other exciting music-world happenings.

It was just one year ago that a fellow by the name of Richard Penniman, better known as “Little Richard,” retired from the disc scene with these surprising words: “I’d like to tell all my fans that rock ’n’ roll glorifies Satan. From now on, my singing will glorify God.” An amazing turnabout for the husky twenty-three-year-old who in two years leaped from a thirty-five dollar a week to a 250,000 dollar a year job, racking up a whooping best-seller score with such hits as “Long Tall Sally,” “Ready Teddy” and “Tutti Fruiti.” What happened? That’s what we wanted to know, thus a phone call to Oakwood College in Huntsville, Alabama, to talk to pal Richard in person.

At first he didn’t seem to want to discuss the subject, but after a while he got warmed up and words came quickly. Asked about college life at Oakwood and what he was studying there, he answered:

“There are about three hundred boys here. Most of them are studying for the ministry. We live in big dormitories. Most of us are vegetarians. It’s run by the Seventh Day Adventists. I go to classes twice a day. Between classes I study my Bible. I never go into town. We have a sports field for recreation.”

Asked what he planned to do with the rest of his life, he answered:

“I don’t think I’ll be a minister. I might be a teacher. I want to help win souls to the Lord. This is a four-year course, but I don’t know if I’ll stay the whole time or not.”

How would he make his living?

“I don’t want any money—just enough to buy some food to eat. Maybe I’ll sell magazines from door to door. Religious magazines, that is.”

I asked him why he had given up music as a full-time job for the ministry.

He said: “The Lord has been good to me many times. He has taken care of me.” He told me of driving down a slippery street in his Cadillac and spinning around and thinking that the end had come for him. But he didn’t hit anything. “The Lord took care of me.”

He told of another time when he was enroute to the Philippines and on the airplane between Los Angeles and Honolulu an engine went out on them. He thought he was finished. He was scared. He prayed. And finally they made it. “The Lord took care of me again,” he said.

But the most amazing series of incidents happened in Australia while he was there on tour. “One day I was standing near the ocean shore in Sydney. The sputnik—you know, Russia’s sput-
Frankie's in a Pagliacci mood on the cover of his latest album for Capitol.

—sudden like streaked real low across the sky and it made me feel funny, like maybe it was a sign. That night I had a dream. It was very real. There was a lot of fire and the world came to an end. And somehow I knew all this meant the time had come for me to find the Lord.

When the other fellows in his orchestra wouldn't believe him when he said he was giving up music, he took three diamond rings from his pocket and threw them into the ocean. ‘Then they really knew I meant what I said.’

Is it true, he was asked, that he had given away all his worldly possessions? “Yes,” he answered. “I gave away my jewelry and all my clothes, and my three apartment houses. I'll have to pay taxes on my record royalty money, but after that I'll give the rest away. I like to share my money. It makes me feel good.”

He says he still gets a lot of fan mail and answers all the letters himself, but when they ask when he'll be back rock 'n' rolling permanently, he writes, “I'll just make a record once in a while.”

Now, though he's back in the hot hundred with Specialty's “Baby Face,” his religious work is still the mainstay of his life.

I thanked Richard for having told me so much of his (Continued on page 69)

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

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

Q. How can you overcome “emotional” perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here... Perstop®, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is Arrid Cream America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of exclusive Perstop®, Arrid Cream Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this “emotional” perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no “roll-on”, spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

Why be only Half Safe! use Arrid to be sure!

It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, Arrid with Perstop® actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get Arrid Cream Deodorant today.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants
Kim Novak was a Deb Star. And so were Carol Lynley and Dolores Hart. Judi Meredith had butterflies inside, wondering . . .

GOLLY, WILL IT HAPPEN TO ME, TOO?

4:00 p.m. Judy can’t find car keys. Oh, left ’em in switch!

5:00 p.m. At Sak’s for her new hairdo.

7:00 p.m. Judy’s so excited she walked into a closet. Now, her dress strap needs fixing.

7:45 p.m. A last dab of powder. Judi spilt water on her dress. She moans, “Everyone will see the wrinkle!”

8:15 p.m. They’ve taken pictures, now she waits to go on.
Ever have one of those days when, because you want everything to go so right, it goes so wrong? It happened to Judi Meredith the day of the Deb Star Ball, when she was one of thirteen girls nominated as stars of tomorrow. She lost her money purse, then found it in her left hand. Her car ran out of gas; she ran into a closet. She thought of the now-famous girls who had been Debs before her. “Golly,” she’d think, “will it happen to me, too?” Judi had come a long way. Just a short year ago, you knew her only as Natalie Wood’s best friend (“Bob, Did You Know?” in March Photoplay).

She had still another reason for wanting everything to be perfect—and that was her escort, Barry Coe. Friends are beginning to say that Judi and Barry have “that marriage look.” As to George Burns, whose McCadden Productions sponsored Judi as a Deb, he signed Barry for a TV role opposite Judi, “to save writers’ fees on the love scenes!”

When she’d marched down the Deb aisle, Judi was glowing. The day may have been hectic; evening was heaven.

Hold my hand tight, honey,” she says.
Unspoiled by Success

I too, have been impressed by the warm, sincere personality of Miss Connie Francis. Being a housewife and having no connection with the world of show business, I am always amazed to receive personal, thoughtful letters and postcards from Connie. I first wrote to encourage her when she was virtually unknown. Her success has been phenomenal but she still writes, always inquiring about my family, although we have never met. Her talent will take her to the top—and her personality will keep her there. She is a real credit to her generation and her profession—and both could use more girls like Connie.

Mrs. R.C.S.
Westlake, Ohio

Perfect Ingredients

The perfect Hollywood woman would be: Debbie Reynolds—for personality
Joanne Woodward—for being so lucky in having Paul Newman for a husband!
Janet Leigh—for her happy home life
June Allyson—for her voice
A Fan from the South
Atlanta, Ga.

The Joy of Living

I recently had the pleasure of meeting John Wilder, who starred in “Unguarded Moment” and “Imitation General,” and found him to be of the very highest type—intelligent, thoughtful, full of the joy of living, and exemplifying the kind of young people we would all enjoy seeing more of on the screen and in everyday life.

FALMA MCCracken
Indianapolis, Ind.

Can You Imagine—

Can you imagine . . .
Frank Sinatra having sideburns
Orson Welles in blue suede shoes
Tony Curtis with blond hair
Ed Sullivan being a cowboy
Elvis Presley being bald
George Montgomery without his guns
Lassie and Rin Tin Tin playing in a picture together?

A. Kay
Rochester, N. Y.

The Performer and the Public

Forgive me if I take a moment of your time, but I enjoy Photoplay and feel it doesn’t lean toward sensationalism, hence my writing to you about something I’ve long thought about: The pious attitude of many people toward the movie industry that is responsible for so much enlightenment and pure enjoyment. Everywhere in recent years we have heard cries of “shame, shame,” from a public which descends on people like Ingrid Bergman, Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher when they fall from the clay pedestals the public has so ridiculously placed them on in the first place. Suddenly, the auditoriums are under suspicion.

In any event, we are witness to the гаранти of a man and woman who do their utmost to put on a good performance, and then the public is quick to judge with utter disdain, and without any knowledge of the work put in by these performers to achieve their roles. It is not true that just because a performer’s profession is his vocation, he would not be as admirable if he were a housewife. Nor is it true that the public will accept a performer if he is a)</p>
Evening in Paris... the haunting, fabulous fragrance of France

She'll love you for it... the gift that weaves its way into her dreams, becomes the web from which her memories spring, becomes a very part of her!

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM $1 TO $25

BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.

Fabulous Trio: cologne, talcum powder, purse perfume $2.50
Double Door to Glamour: ensemble of 5 Evening in Paris beauties $5.00
Jewel Case: 6 Evening in Paris treasures set in gleaming satin $7.50
Music Box: plays a Parisian love song long after she has enjoyed 6 glamour accessories $10.00
A Puzzle Solved

I'm puzzled! Accompanying your November article about Dean Stockwell was a picture of a sports car wreck. I presume this photo to be that of Stockwell's accident. Yet, is it?

If so, why does paragraph three on page eighteen clearly state: "... Dean (Stockwell) opened the side door of the car and got out. He wasn't hurt. He saw that his car was only slightly damaged."

Slightly damaged? If that's supposed to be a picture of a slightly damaged automobile, then I'd most certainly be reluctant to see your version of a badly damaged one. Also, if Stockwell opened the side door and got out, then what's he doing on the ground beside the car?

Please clarify this puzzling situation.

Ester Lannam
Baltimore, Md.

Yes, it was made once before in 1935 and the star was Claudette Colbert.—Ed.

Magnificent Monster

I've just finished reading a letter in Readers Inc. by a fellow horror movie fan. I share the writer's enthusiasm for film chillers.

But—I'd cast my vote for Christopher Lee as the best Dracula. His performance in "The Horror of Dracula" was the coolest. He was the most magnificent monster I've ever seen. The entire movie was excellent but it was Mr. Lee's chilling portrayal that won my admiration.

In watching Christopher Lee, I got the feeling that Count Dracula "... was in life a most wonderful man, soldier, statesman and alchemist. He had a mighty brain, a learning beyond compare and a heart that knew no fear and no remorse. With this one, all the forces of nature that are occult and deep and strong must have worked together in some wondrous way. And that's how Dracula is described in the novel by Bram Stoker.

Jo Anne Jensen
Milwaukee, Wis.

Two "Imitations"

I understand Lana Turner's next picture is to be one called "Imitation of Life." Am I right in thinking this movie was made once before, quite a few years ago? If so, who played the leading role?

Esther Lannam
Baltimore, Md.

Yes, it was made once before in 1935 and the star was Claudette Colbert.—Ed.

Letter from an Ex-Moviemover

Judging from the practically empty movie theaters every night in the week, coupled with the fact that several of the more prominent neighborhood theaters in this town (and other towns, I'm told) have either closed down completely or open only on weekends only, the movie-going public, I presume, is not what it used to be.

What's the reason? Television, you say? Television is the reason for the once avid movie fans staying at home. Well, if television has hurt the movie industry, it is because the movie industry literally forced us to turn to TV for entertainment, because the movies certainly are not entertaining—as they should be and once were.

What with the truth that is being shown on movie screens today, is it any wonder that TV programs such as "Father Knows Best," "Perry Mason," "The Danny Thomas Show," etc., are like a breath of fresh air? Practically every movie shown currently in local theaters deals with sex, dope addiction and such nonsensical tales of the supernatural as "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," "I Was a Teenage Werewolf." With all-time favorites such as "Now, Voyager," "Boy's Town" and "The Mortal Storm" now being shown on television, why should we go to the movies to see the garbage that is being shown there? If these movies had been released again to the theaters, rather than being sold to TV, they would have been enjoyed again as they were when first released.

Does the movie industry really think the minds of human beings have become so distorted as to enjoy the disgusting, stupid and degrading movies that Hollywood is mass-producing? If that is what the world is coming to then I, too, am content to hibernate in front of the television set. When they can show us movies like the old favorites mentioned above, then they need have no fear of competition from television.

An Ex-Moviemover
New Orleans, La.

Housewife's Delight

I have found a way to lighten my routine day as a housewife. I just suppose that: My private butler is Robert Mitchum Milkman—Elvis Presley Breadman—John Ericson Egg man—Robert Wagner Grocer—Clint Walker Delivery boys—Bill Campbell, Perry Lopez Insurance man—Rock Hudson Gas man—Tony Curtis Traveling salesman—Kirk Douglas

Cathonde's old role is Lana's new one.


Nancy Hunter

New I love you—what more could a housewife want?

Mrs. Sandy Mayer
Baltimore, Md.

Berserk over Kirk

I have a teenage sister who is mad about Kirk Douglas! I don't understand why, but she is. She has been to all his movies and sometimes she takes me along. Wow!! She sure acts silly! Well, anyway, I thought if you would put an uncensored close-up photograph of him in your next magazine, I would give it to her for her birthday. Please do this for me.

Nancy Golden
Baldwin, Colo.

Kirk's picture for a fan's birthday.

Tracy's Back

I've often wondered what had happened to actor Spencer Tracy. He's been a favorite of mine for a long time.

Rudolph Proctor
South Bend, Ind.

Nothing's happened to Spencer—bad, that is. He's simply relaxing a little and being more selective about movie roles. You'll want to see him in the Warner Bros. film, "The Old Man and the Sea," about which many of the critics have said: "One of the great films of our generation." Also watch for him in Columbia's film adaptation of another novel, "The Last Hurrah."—Ed.

Necessary to Be a Nut?

All of those "now-it-can-be-told" stories make me wonder what kind of people these so-called "idiots" are. Are they expecting more success by telling these "secret" details of their lives? They certainly don't get my vote of confidence.

Mae Dorchord
Wisconsin

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 263 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.
Wherever you are, whatever you do

New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center
protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.
"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible... the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans
was 4 weeks to Christmas in movie town
And Photoplay’s mouse was scurrying ’round,
When in the post-office, amid hurly-burly,
He spotted Pat Boone mailing Christmas cards early.
“Hi, Pat,” said the mouse, “we really wish you
And the stars would edit part of this issue.
Then all of the fans who read Photoplay
Would dig what you’re doing up to Christmas day.”
Here’s the result: First, Let Stars Trim Your Tree
(cut out their cards for your friends to see).
Our mouse spied a shopper. “Who’s that?” he said.
“Why—Leslie Caron—with a toy cat!” (He fled.)
Then Rick & Dave Nelson told him fans everywhere
Could Win a Christmas Present From Stars—who care.
So a gal can dazzle her fellow, the stars include
A 20-day plan to put him in that mistletoe mood.
The Lennons pull taffy, and Sal Mineo plays host
To a gang of kids who think Sal’s the “most.”
As a favor (and ’cause we just raised his wages)
Our mouse now will guide you through these pages:
let the stars trim your tree
Cut out their cards for all to see

Merry

The Dick Clarks

Pat and the Boone girls
Jane Powell and the Nerney clan

Gale Storm and all the Bonnells

Bing, Kathy and 'Tex'
by MARGARET O’DONNELL

Who’s that peeking out from behind the toy counter? Why—it’s Leslie Caron

There we were exchanging gifts—and it wasn’t even Christmas! We were on an errand for Elvis Presley. He’d bought a Teddy bear (see page 26) for a Photoplay reader, then, in mid-ocean, had changed his mind.

“Would it be too much trouble,” he wrote us, “to take the Teddy bear back for a bigger one—the biggest you can find?”

So there we were in Bullock’s crowded toy department, looking for fuzzy Teddy bears, when a sleek, brunette head caught our eye. (Continued on page 75)
Back in Hollywood for a whirlwind vacation, Leslie and Peter headed straight for city's toy counters to hunt Christmas gifts for Christopher and Jennifer.

Would the children like a lion or a tiger? "Well, we would!" says Peter. "If the kids don't play with them. Leslie can talk to them—the way Lili did."
WIN A PRESENT FROM THE STARS

Guess what we're giving you for Christmas?
—ask Rick and David
The Nelson brothers—
Both Dave and Rick—
Swear on their honor,
"There is a St. Nick.
Perhaps we were lucky,
Perhaps it's a dream,
But that jolly old fellow
Fits into our scheme.
Yet without those fans
That we've never met,
We'd be nowhere fast,
On that you can bet."
Elvis Presley was next
To second the motion—

"Where else but from fans
Can I get such devotion?"
Messieurs Curtis and Perkins—
With first names tagged Tony—
In unison said,
"Not to love them is phoney."
And quiet George Nader
Gave a long sigh,
"Without all the fans
Just where am I?"
Dick Clark added his vote
And this was a dilly—
"I've got fans, too,
And I work out of Philly."

Van Cliburn spoke last
In a voice soft and tinglish,
"I've got them in Russian
And I've got them in English."
They thought and they thought.
"Let's do what we're able,
They've been great to us,
So we'll turn the table."
And what they decided,
If you don't get the gist,
Is they want you and you
On their Christmas list.
But a fan is quite special,
What gift do you give
To show you'll be grateful
Just as long as you live?
They argued and argued
With commotion and fuss,
Then finally decided,
It must mean something to us.

YOUR ENTRY BLANK
Directions: Fill in the blank on the first line with your favorite
star's name and complete the last line to rhyme with "tree."

I'd love a gift from
And I'd put it under my tree.
Then I'd call all my pals,
Fellows and gals—and say:

NAME

ADDRESS

(Paste entry blank on a postcard and mail to Win A Present
From the Stars, Post Office Box 2354, Grand Central Station,
New York 17, N.Y. Entry must be received by December 31.)
Tony Curtis was first
“I’ve drums that I cherish—
If wife, Janet, touched them
I think I would perish.
If I offered these
Perhaps folks would see
What all of their friendship
Has meant to me.”

“Just great,” said Tony Perkins
“That’s a real great plan,
And I’ve got just the gift
To give to a fan.
I’ve got a young pup
From Pumky’s litter,
She’s paper-trained
And needs no sitter.”

Van Cliburn was shy,
“Something special for fans—
Well, I’ve not much to offer
’Cept me and my hands.
Would it be okay
And perhaps in accord,
If I gave one of my concertos
On a LP record?”

Is it Dick Clark’s gift you hope to win?
Just turn back a page, fill the coupon in.
Pat Boone joined them shortly
And approved of the plan—
"Next to my family,
I think, comes the fan.
I just wrote a book
Called 'Twixt Twelve and Twenty'—
I'll sign it and guarantee
It'll tell them all plenty."

Dick Clark gestured wildly,
"I've got just the thing—
An album of pictures
Of all those who sing.
I'll see they are autographed
They'd like that—the fans—
Plus I'll wrap all the presents
With my own little hands."

Jerry Lewis dropped by,
"I'm late and I'm sorry"—
They gave him the pitch
And he grinned at their story.
"For the fans nothing's too good,
On this I don't spoof,
So they won't be late like me
How's a watch—waterproof?"

"The same goes for me,
Elvis Presley joined in,
"Without the fans rooting
You never could win.
I'll give my old pal,
Who's a large teddy-bear—
He kind of looks like me
'Cept he has more hair."

George Nader looked thoughtful,
"It came into my head
The fans will be sure
I meant what I said,
If I offer the locket
That means I'm ready for 'Hooking'—
To let them all know
That I haven't stopped looking."

Rick and Dave agreed
The idea was great—
"Cause, George, you're not married
And it's still not too late.
So we'll donate a camera
That some gal can use—
Then send you her picture
Maybe it's her you'll choose."
Then they made out their list
Spending half of the day—
And sent it to us
Here at old Photoplay.
With this added message:
"None of us can rhyme,
But to all—Merry Christmas
And a great '59."
will you put him in that MISTLETOE MOOD?

You have 20 days to make sure you do

Today's the day to make up your mind. Resolved: That you'll be as tempting a bit of mistletoe bait come Christmas as Carol Lynley is on the opposite page. If you don't think it's possible, ask Carol herself. She wowed us in these pictures. We'd heard that Carol had been on a diet, but there she is, all slimmed down, her hair smooth and shining, her complexion clear. It can happen to you.

First, take a good long look in a full-length mirror. Like what you see? Why not? If it's a tinier waist you'd like, try this. Stand erect, feet comfortably apart. Raise right arm overhead, bend as far as you can to left, sliding left hand down back of thigh to knee. Return to starting position and repeat, bending to right. Begin with 10 bends, each side, and build to 20. You'll see results in a week.

Stiff? That exercise is built for speed—if not for comfort. But it'll get easier as you get more limber, and if you keep at it every night till Christmas, it will whittle an inch or two off that waistline. And while you're at it, let's exercise those mental muscles. Are they a bit stiff, too? If you're worried about being speechless on that big date, you'll find plenty of words in books. Read at least one before Christmas. Ask your library or book store for "The Once and Future King," by T. H. White, a beautiful, often funny book that retells the King Arthur legend—or try "Only in America," by Harry Golden. If you talk a blue streak, but all it adds up to is a batch of gossip, pick up today's newspaper and make it part of your daily ritual from now on. You'll find it's fun to be in the know.

Now, back to that mirror. Examine your skin, than which beauty is deeper. Still, blemishes will scare off even Santa. Before even thinking about makeup, start now to get enough sleep, fresh air and exercise. Just as important are plenty of lean meat, fresh fruits and vegetables, milk and whole grain cereals. No rich desserts, fried foods, spicy dishes or soda fountain treats, please. (Continued)
Soap and water? "Never," says Sandra Dee, "not for my skin!" She pampers her complexion with gentle creams. For an oily skin, though, soap and water—lots of it—is the answer. For any skin, all the stars agree, "Keep it clean."

Pamper dry skin with gentle creams or lotion cleanser, rich night cream and moisture lotion for day-long protection under makeup. Oily skin needs a thorough cleansing three times a day. Using a mild complex soap, work up rich lather, massage well into skin and rinse until no speck of suds remains, with warm, then cold water.

Now begin at the top—of your head, that is. To put life and shine back into your top-knot, try one hundred licks a night with a good stiff hairbrush. Start thinking about how you'll wear your hair. When you shampoo your hair and the suds are still on it, try a little soap sculpture, pushing your locks here and there to see how some of the new styles might look. Choose one only if it flatters you and is easily managed by that same you. If you're going to need a permanent, get it now, so that week-after stiffness will have vanished into a just-right soft curl. Get that new haircut now, too, so you'll have had plenty of practice combing it.

Remember Ingrid Bergman in "Indiscreet"—the vibrant glow, the warm laughter, the inner poise? It comes from being yourself and liking what you are. It's not easy, so start with the surface. If you're the fresh-as-a-breeze casual type, stop straining for siren effects. Think of the people you like. Aren't they mostly people who give of themselves—give willing help, courtesy, sincere interest, thought? But you can't experiment on a newly-met romance till you've practiced first. Look interested and be interested in what your parents are saying. You'll be brushing up on the fine art of listening, flattering to any male and dynamite on a shy one.

Don't forget the daily paper. Practice your conversation by springing the latest headline gleanings on your dad. After the first shock, he'll love it. Carol Lynley's face and figure word to you is "Walking." She claims there's nothing like the mild exercise of a walk for complexion and general body tone. It's also a chance to be alone with your thoughts, or, if you're teaming with a friend, to discuss your book. Start to get your wardrobe in shape. Make sure all buttons, hooks, snaps are where they should be. If hems are crooked or too long, fix them now. Hem slips, too, to match the new length.

Now that you're practicing charm on the family, just see if it doesn't pay off. Enlist your big brother's or sister's aid in brushing up on your dancing. A couple of sessions a week should see you confidently onto the ballroom floor. More about that poised you? Philosopher William James advises that you don't smile because you're happy, but that you're happy because you smile. Turn up the corners of your mouth and see if it doesn't work. But remember, a smile that's frozen on at all times isn't convincing. Smile when you feel like it, but see if a better-looking, more-interesting you doesn't feel like it more often.

If you're half the girl we think you are, you've been giving your complexion the kind of care that already shows results. Now for the fun part, selecting your evening make-up: Your artwork will start (Continued on page 62)
The menu that keeps Martha Hyer's skin glowing pays dividends on the scale, too.

Wonder what you'll ever find to say to him? Read a good book, advises Dolores Hart. He'll find your new ideas more fun than old gossip.

Carol Lynley's sure to put anyone in that mistletoe mood. Yet just a few short weeks before this picture was taken, her weight was a worry. It can happen to you, too, on a 20-day beauty spree. (Satin rayon dress, sizes 5 to 15, $25.00. For your nearest store, write to Youth Guild, 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.)
the LENNON SISTERS show you how to have fun at an old-fashioned TAFFY PULL

Did you ever think of giving an old-fashion taffy pull? We never did till our best friends, the Nagels, were going to move before Christmas and we wanted to give them a sendoff. It was Dad's suggestion.

Why do people have to move, anyway? Especially to a place called Calabasas, which I, Janet Lennon, can't even pronounce. It's terrible when you've lived next door to people practically all your life and then they have to go away. That's the way it is with our family and the Nagels. We've always gone to school together, sung in St. Mark's Parish Choir together; even our folks belong to the same church social and study groups. And we're so alike. We all have lots of brothers and sisters and we even made our debuts on the same night at the church bazaar. (Continued)
Were they ever surprised! When the Nagel girls opened their front door, there were the Lennon Sisters, doing their carolling just a wee bit early. And that was only the beginning. The very happy ending was a taffy pull that turned into a tug-of-war. Dianne, Peggy and Kathy lined up behind Janet on the Lennon side. Elena had Sharron, Kathy and Maureen pulling for the Nagels.
TAFFY PULL

continued

While the Nagels didn't start singing professionally until this past year, I bet it won't be long before they're on TV and making lots of records, they're so talented.

Gosh, I wish they didn't have to go. Why, do you know, I can't remember a Christmas when we haven't gone carolling together. Now they're moving thirty miles away. I suppose that really isn't very far. But why did they have to move right before Christmas? My Daddy tried to make us feel better by joking. He (Continued on page 83)

Three tastes apiece—and Janet's first. "Well," says she, "it wasn't me who spilled the noodle soup into the taffy!"

As taffy cooled, they made popcorn balls. "This what Daddy means by spooning?" clowns Peggy.

They were so busy talking and singing they almost forgot . . . till Kathy shrieked, "The taffy!"
there was one line
in the little boy's letter
that SAL MINEO couldn't forget...
And Sal decided to do something about it. He phoned the Maud Booth Home for Children, run by the non-profit Volunteers of America. “Can you help me?” he asked. “I’d like to come down there and give a party. . .” This is gonna be fun, Sal decided as he hung up the phone. He latched onto a Santa suit and a tree. Then he remembered—gifts. He’d had so much fun making “Tonka,” he thought maybe the kids would enjoy playing Indian, too. “Where can I get Indian outfits?” he asked the folks at the Walt Disney studios. “Just tell us where to send ’em!” came the answer. Well, you don’t just play Indian, you play cowboys and. . . And what’s a cowboy without his trusty rifle? Sal went to the source, the Mattel Toy Company, and they insisted on making the rifles their gifts. So, well-armed and with curly white beard as a disguise, Sal turned up at the home. The kids didn’t recognize him at first, as Sal ho-ho-hoed and began to distribute gifts. Then an imp pulled Santa’s beard. “It’s Sal Mineo!” screamed the kids. It was almost better than Santa, who might not have known how to strum a guitar or fan a gun.

At first, the kids at the Maud Booth Home didn’t know the man behind the whiskers. (It was Sal.) They only knew Santa was here, carrying a big canvas bag of such great presents as toy rifles, cowboy and Indian outfits, toy guitars and extras of ice cream.
"We know you!" cry the kids as they unmask Mr. Mineo. Then the fun began as Sal got to know and talk to each of the children, sharing their Christmas joy.

Most fun for music-loving Sal was teaching youngsters how to strum the guitars. Most fun for kids was playing "Stick 'em up, pardner!" out on Home's lawn, with Sal as willing victim. This Injun's really had it!
Elvis moved restlessly on the bench at the Frankfurt airport. He looked at the special pass he had received for the afternoon. This was the first favor he'd asked since he'd been in Germany; the afternoon off so that he might be on hand when his Dad and Grandmother flew in from the States. Even though it's not every day that a fellow's family come across the ocean to visit him, he'd been reluctant to ask the C.O. for a pass. The other fellows in
ELVIS SAID TO HIS FATHER:

"Dad, let’s make this the kind of a Christmas mom would have wanted"

his barracks were just beginning to accept him as just another soldier, not a privileged character, and he didn’t want anything to spoil it. But he knew that Dad and Grandma would feel lost if he wasn’t there to greet them, so he’d asked for the pass.

Elvis suddenly got up and walked over to the flight information desk. Frankfurt is an international airport and the man at the desk, fortunately, spoke English. On days off, Elvis

Continued on page 67
The little boy smiled at Mrs. Reynolds as he prayed: “... and God bless everyone ... specially Mrs. Reynolds ... and Dr. Jellinek ... and Jerry Lewis.” And he told her his secret wish and said his special prayer. After that, Mrs. Reynolds made a phone call. A few days later—

JERRY LEWIS HELPS ANSWER A LITTLE BOY’S PRAYER

The little boy gripped the arms of the wheel chair and turned his head away. Now he couldn't see the jumble of letters and cards and torn gift wrappings that surrounded the other kids. But he could still hear their loud, happy voices as they jabbered away to the parents and friends who had come to visit them at the Massachusetts Lakeville Sanitarium for Handicapped Children. “So what,” he told himself. “I don’t care. I don’t need...” But he did care—oh, ever so much—and his need was even greater than any of the others'. His big brown eyes were wide with tears and they fell unheeded down his cheeks and onto the striped pajamas. He hated himself for crying, and that only made the tears come faster.

“What's the matter, Little Boy Blue?” a gentle voice asked.

The boy looked up and saw his friend, Mrs. Shaw Reynolds. He tried to answer but he just couldn't.

She touched his face lightly and her hand, as always, felt cool and nice. He let his face cradle against her fingers and slowly his crying stopped.

“That's better,” Mrs. Reynolds said, “much better. You want to be a great jet pilot some day. And you know jet pilots don’t cry. Can't see the instrument panel through tears, can you?”

“No,” said the boy, “you can't. But I'm not a pilot yet. I'll have to wait till I'm big, big like Dr. Jellinek, before I can fly. But I'm getting bigger and bigger. Why, I'll be nine years old Tuesday. Won't I?”

“Yes, you will... on Tuesday,” Mrs. Reynolds said. And then the little boy looked away from her, back at the other kids.

She watched him as she watched the others. The expression on his face as he looked at the children playing with their toys, reading their cards aloud, and talking with their mothers and fathers, was heartbreaking. It was bad enough, she thought, that Little Boy Blue (the hospital records listed him simply as Francis X.) was suffering (Continued on page 81)

by DEE PHILLIPS
They’d sent him gifts, but what Jerry and his son Gary took away with them was even more precious.
Jayne Mansfield:

GOT A PINK SOFA YOU'D
WANTED TO BUY:

Got a pink sofa you'd like to get rid of?
Need it for our 60 by 40 living room. Also can use all kinds of chairs, tables, beds, pictures, curtains, shelves, rugs, etc. —the crazier and more colorful the better—for our 27-room, 11-bath house. Have love, nursery things, kids and each other. Need furnishings fast. Contact Mickey Hargitay and Jayne Mansfield, Hollywood.

They had no furniture—that's what it said, right there in the papers. Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay were camping out in their Holmby Hills mansion, without so much as a bed.

Whose heart could fail to be touched? Brushing away a tear or two, Photoplay's editors called a conference. "Let's start a fund and ask for contributions. 'Help make the Hargitays' house a real home.' How's that for a slogan?"

"No, wait a minute. Probably Jayne and Mickey are too proud to take charity. Suppose we ask the readers whether they can each spare a piece of slightly used furniture—and let the kids have it for a couple of dollars? That old brass bed up in the attic, maybe. That wicker rocking chair down in the cellar. Why, if enough people pitch in, the Hargitays can have the place furnished in no time."

"Fine! Now you go out and give Jayne and Mickey the good news."

(Continued on page 79)

by TRICIA HURST
Impossible!” says Tony. “Never!” Marlene tells me. Even our director Ed Yates has his doubts. The crowd in the “American Bandstand” office keep trying to tell me a whole year can’t pass by in just five minutes. That’s okay. Let them all be old-fashioned. They can’t kid me, because I know 1958 took just that long to spin by on the turntable.

1959, with no respect for its elders, isn’t giving the old year much of a chance to say goodbye. Right here on my desk are about eighty new record releases . . . some dozen more have just been filed away . . . and three are on the spindle waiting for the Everly Brothers’ latest (Continued on page 70)
They come, you saw, we had a ball!

Neither rain nor snow nor the four cent stamp could stop your letters.
DICK CLARK’S scrapbook continued

Happy Birthday, dear "Bandstand", Happy...

Sad note
was losing our pet, Louie.

I dig album covers like this one by Varon.
Dear Dick,

Since Jan. 8 is Elvis's birthday we'd like to ask you to dedicate a portion of your show to Elvis by playing his past hits. It would mean so much to all of Elvis's loyal fans who have liked him for so long.

Ding, dong!

Ring in the New!
IS DADDY GOING TO BE
WITH US ALL THE TIME?
She'd written to Santa...now Carrie asked Debbie

It was two days after Debbie had taken her to Bullock's department store to see Santa that Carrie wrote the letter. She came into the warm rose and white living room with the paper clutched in her tight little fist.

"Mama, I need a 'tamp.'"

"Stamp," Debbie corrected automatically. She reached down for her little girl. "What for, lovey?"

Carrie, who had more important things to do than stand around being hugged, wiggled away. "To mail my letter," she said importantly. "Here!"

Debbie accepted the piece of paper, started to unfold it, then stopped. "May I read it?" she asked politely.

Five months ago, she would have read it, assuming it was readable, without a thought. Maybe it was never too early to teach a child about privacy, but if she'd slipped up once then, Eddie could have put a word. She could almost hear him saying to Carrie, "We always ask before we read somebody else's mail, honey."

But Eddie was no longer on hand. Anything Debbie failed to teach, Carrie might never learn. So she was being very careful indeed these days.

Now, with Carrie's permission, she studied the paper. Fourteen X's, some wiggles, and then at the bottom, in a long, proud row, six big, scraggly E's—the one letter Carrie knew how to print.

And she had learned it last week, from Eddie. Debbie had found errands to do, on the day Eddie came for their daughter. By the time she returned, Carrie was back, too, rosy and contented on the living room rug.

"Hi!" Debbie had called out, lifting Todd out of his carriage and into the playpen. Then, carefully, "How is Daddy? Did you have a nice time?"

Carrie nodded vigorously. "Look! Daddy showed me how!"

She was printing "E" across a pad. "Now I can write," she announced. Her chubby little fingers gripped the pencil as if she were afraid it would run away. Her hand moved with infinite care. First a line down, then a bottom, then a top. Then a middle—well, almost in the middle. Her face glowed with pride.

"That's wonderful, darling," Debbie had cried. "How did you happen to think of it?"

But Carrie was too busy to answer. And suddenly Debbie's joy faded. Probably Carrie didn't even know how. Only Eddie knew. Only Eddie. And now, forever, there'd be no more cozy talks at night, cuddled together in the great big chair—the chair they'd bought because that was the only way to sit in it, cuddled together—no more telling each other what each one had thought or had seen the children do.

All that was in the past now.

And so, Debbie had thought with sudden bitterness, all our lives there'll be things I don't know about Carrie and Todd, because Eddie will hold the keys.

It was a hard thought, not calculated to help in what everyone kept calling her "wonderful adjustment." She had pushed it away. Now, as she stared at Carrie's scribble to Santa Claus, it came back. And with it came another thought, even worse, because it carried so many memories—of wrapping paper and secret shopping trips, of presents hidden in corner closets, or whispering and laughter and surprise, of the first wonderful Christmas after Carrie was born.

But Christmas was coming again, and she couldn't put it off any longer.

"Carrie," she said slowly, "honey, have you thought what you want to send Daddy for Christmas?"

Across the room, Carrie looked up, puzzled. Finally, she shook her head.

"Well, you think about it," Debbie said. "Maybe a nice sweater. Would you rather get red or blue?"

You mustn't give a child too many choices,
she thought. If you do, she won’t understand.

But the frown deepened on Carrie’s round face. She rubbed her hand on her forehead. And all of a sudden Debbie knew that her daughter was struggling with her child’s mind against some problem bigger than red-or-blue, something much too big to solve alone. She almost ran to Carrie. She caught her up in her arms.

“What is it, baby? What’s wrong? Tell Mamma.”

And into her hair, her face hidden, Carrie whispered, “Mamma, is Daddy going to be with us all the time? Isn’t he going to be with us any more?”

For a moment, Debbie stood quietly, breathlessly still. So it had come at last, the question she had been dreading more than anything else since the night Eddie left home. It had come at last and it had to be answered because Carrie needed to know. But how? What was she to say?

“Someday she’ll grow up and read it in the papers, won’t she?” a friend had said to Debbie. “She might as well know right now that her Daddy has left her.”

“No,” Debbie had cried. But afterwards she began to wonder. Mightn’t it save anguish later if Carrie’s heart belonged all to her? She could be mother and father to her children if she tried. But still, even if she were to tell Carrie the truth, what was the truth? How could she put into red-blue terms things she herself didn’t understand?

Carefully, she carried Carrie back toward the sofa. “That’s a hard question to answer,” she began. “You see—your Daddy . . .”

Her voice trailed away. Carrie lifted her head and looked at her mother. But Debbie’s eyes were not on her child. They were fixed somewhere else, somewhere far away. And what they saw was not the present but a moment out of the past. (Continued on page 61)
It was the kiss that did it.
Oh, I had met her a couple of months before in Hollywood, and there was a ticklish sensation in my throat when I saw her. She wasn't beautiful in an Ava Gardner kind of way. She was short with dark hair fluffed softly around her face and with ordinary features. But there was a sweet warmth about her and a low, furry voice that made my spine tingle.

When I ran into her again a couple months later in New York, something in my heart said, “Come on, Mark, don’t be scared, take a chance,” and I did and asked her for a date. We decided to meet the next day since we both had our afternoons free. Neither of us was working. We were both interested in acting and had come to New York to study.

Why am I telling you all this? Well, I want you to see what happens to a guy when he falls in love and the ending doesn’t turn out at all the way he’d planned.

It was summer, early summer, and the simmering noonday sun of June blazed down upon the streets and sidewalks; and, fools that we were, we met in the heat of the day and went walking along the shady side of Fifth Avenue all the way up to the famous Metropolitan Museum. We tried to guess the names of the different trees (Continued on page 77)
"I sit here,
remembering our first kiss...
And I look at the telephone
and wonder, 'Should I call her?
Shouldn't I?'"
by Mark Damon
as told to George Christy
For nine years the marriage of Cary Grant and Betsy Drake seemed made in heaven, then suddenly they parted...

"we'll always love each other but..."

Five minutes. Five minutes on a brilliant August day in 1949. Long enough to tell a story, watch a sunset, buy a handful of flowers. Long enough for Cary Grant and Betsy Drake to fall in love.

And nine years later, on an October day in the middle of a Hollywood heatwave, they insisted they were still in love. But in the next five searing minutes, they sat here together and composed an epitaph for their marriage.

Cary Grant fell in love in five minutes with a plain little girl he didn't know, who wore horn-rimmed glasses and sensible shoes. He fell in love with her in a ship's dining salon through which Elizabeth Taylor had walked not five minutes before, in which Merle Oberon sat chatting across the table from him.

For a few minutes he saw not one of them. He saw only Betsy Drake.

What was to happen after that neither of them could possibly have imagined...

The Queen Mary was five days out to sea. Cary Grant was on his way home from a holiday in England, where he was born. He had been renewing old friendships—and forgetting the newest of his bad memories. But in forgetting, he could not make them disappear. He smoked too much and drank too much. He stayed up too late at night and had too much trouble (Continued on page 72)
Jacqueline Huet—lovely, glamorous, busy! The devoted mother of a young daughter, she is also a successful stage actress and a popular television personality. Her proudest television achievement—a special show for children she writes herself! "I often feel tired," she says, "I must never show it. I find Pond's Cold Cream acts almost like a 'quilizer'—keeps my skin soft and smooth all day long."

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- Pond’s Cold Cream replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away
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WITH POND’S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL
6 days before love died

Less than a week before Anna Kashfi Brando decided to divorce Marlon, Photoplay talked to the Brandos in their hilltop home. Here's what they said and how they acted.

Near the end of September, just six days before Anna Kashfi Brando tearfully told reporters that her marriage to Marlon was at an end, I rang the bell at 12900 Mulholland Drive where the Brandos lived. A maid opened the door. Right behind her was Marlon himself, with his baby son, Christian, slung over his shoulder.

I looked at Marlon and he looked at me. His hair was tousled, as if he'd been romping with his child. And he seemed sleepy-eyed, with that special kind of dazed expression a father gets when he's been pacing up and down all night trying to quiet a baby.

He was wearing a short-sleeved, knit T-shirt, dirty slacks and sandals. His casual-sloppy dress should have clashed violently with the dazzling porcelain and chrome kitchen we were in (I had threaded my way around Marlon's two-door gray Ford, vintage '53 or '54 and (Continued on page 64)

by EARLE HAWLEY
Meredith Lynn MacRae, fourteen, tells what happens when “THE SECRET” comes out

Singers Jan and Arnie helped as “bartenders” at the soft-drink bar. We had dancing, too, and some of Daddy’s friends turned out to be pretty good at it.

We gave Daddy a giant replica of “The Secret” in honor of his first record with a real beat. There’ll be more, he says now. That’s my mom, Sheila, at left.

I’ll have to confess—though my Daddy is Gordon MacRae, singer and actor, I didn’t have any of his records in my collection. Oh, I think Daddy has the most divine voice, but . . . well, songs like “Soliloquy” from “Carousel” just don’t have that beat. So when I first heard Daddy’s record of “The Secret,” I flipped! In fact, I gave a party for Daddy. I asked the kids I go to Buckley School with, and then I invited Daddy’s friends, too. For the “older set,” we had hors d’oeuvres and cocktails and soft piano music. For my gang, we had a soft-drink bar and a jukebox. Our party was at the California Racquet Club, but with fewer people, our own living room would have been just as much fun. Daddy says his next record with a beat may be “Get Off the Phone, Suzie”—dedicated to yours truly!
It had been a sunny day. The sky was a shimering blue, there wasn't a trace of cloud, the sun was in the south, and there were still two weeks before school opened again. A perfect day.

And yet, right in the middle of the wonderful day for the three front steps—the little girl was crying as if her heart would break. Even her pigtails were limp with misery. She had been sitting there twenty minutes when her mother came up the street, arms full with the day's shopping. At the sound of her footsteps, Mary Frances jumped up to catch her and hold her, and bury her face in her skirt.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

"It's not fair," Mary Frances sobbed. "It's not fair."

Mrs. Reynolds took her to the back of the house, washed her face, smoothed her hair, till the tears stopped coming and the eyes took on a hopeful look. After all, Mama could solve anything.

"Mama, Mary Frances said at last, "they—it seems like they don't let me play with them. And it's not fair. I can play almost as good."

"Who, honey?"

Mary Frances gulped. "All those—those old boys. An—and Bill, too. He said I couldn't."

"Your brother Bill? What did he say you couldn't play?"

Mary Frances' eyes brimmed over with tears again. "Football," she wailed. Then she reached for her mother's hand. "I wouldn't care, I wouldn't even care—only I don't know who I am nearly as good as they are, honest. It isn't why they won't they?"

Mrs. Reynolds considered. "Well, because boys are just like that. Anyway, you don't want to play football, honey. It's too rough."

"But I do," Mary Frances sobbed. "I do. Why won't they let me?"

Mrs. Reynolds walked up. She reached for her little girl's hand. "I'll tell you what," she said finally. "Never having been a little boy, I can't tell you. But if you'd try your eyes and come help me fix lunch—for Daddy, ever since Daddy came home, this baby can you ask him."

"Oh," Mary Frances said, her eyes wide. "Oh, sure."

At twenty-three hours her father came home. At five to one, Mrs. Reynolds disappeared tactfully into the kitchen, and Mary Frances turned to her father. "Daddy, what's the news?"

Her father listened gravely to her tale of woe. Then he began to talk. To tell her about little boys, about how they really did like girls only they were too young to know it yet, about how some day they would find it out with Mary Frances but right now they were afraid the other boys would call them sissy. Then he stood up. "I have an idea, sweetie. The other boys couldn't call them sissy for playing with you if you were the best football player on the block."

"No," Mary Frances said doubtfully. "But—I'm, well, I'm not that good."

"What? Are you joking, is that practice?"

He didn't have the easiest job in the world; he often liked to take a nap after breakfast. But because the summer, he got up from lunch every day with a foot- ball under his arm, and in the back yard of the Reynolds' house—he taught his little girl to play.

That strange thing was—she never did become the best football player on the block. She never did get, except on very rare occasion, to play with the boys. And somehow it didn't matter at all. Maybe because school began again and her life was crowded with other things. But mostly because when her Daddy was there, to play with her, her smog in the morning air, and there were still two weeks before school opened again. A perfect day.

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Tape this calendar to your mirror and follow it to clipped from papers, magazines, or hint for an utterly different Christmas gift—say a Japanese print or a single perfect rose or a recording of Marianne Moore’s poems. Test yourself: Try describing your likes in 30 words.

16

Your foundation and powder are meant to provide a creamy background for the real excitement—eye makeup and lipstick. These can harmonize with your dress: For blue or green, choose eye shadow, liner and mascara to match, lipstick in a pale, luminous color. With any shade of pink, red or orange, match lipstick carefully to dress, mascara and eyeliner to your eyes, and, for a touch of dazzle, frosted silver or gold shadow. If you’re wearing black or white, choose really red lipstick, silvery eye shadow, mascara and liner to blend with your hair. Match nail polish to lipstick or frosted eye shadow for that fancy finish.

17

Time to treat yourself to a lift. Check your wardrobe first on what’s really needed for the dates and parties ahead. Would a brightly colored Empire belt give that old dress the spark it needs? Would a fuzzy mohair scarf revamp another outfit? Are a pair of tinted-to-match stockings just the extra touch your party dress needs? When you’re shopping, plan on something that will startle him—perhaps a pair of madly striped leotards to peek out from your skirt on that casual houseparty or movie date—anything so long as it’s different, flattering proof for him you’re a gal of many parts.

18

Even if he isn’t consciously aware of your perfume, the reaction is there! Choose the scent you like best—it’s almost always the one that best reflects your personality. But, because individual body chemistry subtly changes the fragrance, use the testers at cosmetic counters and always try perfume on your own skin. As a foundation for your perfume, spray or splash on matching toilet water generously and all over. Add perfume at your temples, throat, inside your wrists, in the bend of your elbows. If you’re going dancing, use perfume on your palms—and the inside hem of dress. You’ll move in a whirl of fragrance that’s sure to go straight to his head and keep you on his mind.

13

No giggling or cackling, please. Make sure your laugh is fun to hear. In fact, be sure you are fun to hear. Lower your voice and have it come from as deep in your throat as you can manage. Avoid nasal qualities, pronounce your words distinctly, and think before you speak. Carroll Baker, or Jean Simmons in “The Big Country,” are excellent examples of lady-like, easy-on-the-ears speech. For getting out of that corner and meeting everyone at the party, Dolores Hart suggests: “Try passing the hors’-d’-oeuvres (or the franks). With a ready smile and the tray offered, you’ll discover that everyone’s delighted to see you.”

14

By now, you should be doing 20 bends to each side. Keep at it, and you’ll lose as much as one or two inches by Christmas. Keep at the wardrobe, too. Send soiled things to the cleaner and march any rundown heels off to the shoemaker. Try a rubdown of saddle soap followed by a “shoeshine” on your handbags. To get your hands in shape for holding, begin using hand lotion morning and at night. Apply some, too, to your elbows and the backs of your heels to soften and smooth them. And if you’re a career or school girl, the fingers that grip the pen can become badly stained. Rub with cut lemon, watch the stains disappear.

15

Hair beginning to shine? It should if you’ve been faithful. You should be looking lovelier than ever before, so stand up as tall as you can. Hold your head high, your chin up, your shoulders back and your tummy in. Try this nightly exercise, a great relaxer for tense neck and back muscles. Loll your head around in a circle slowly, then turn it slowly side to side, breathing deeply. Do something unexpected, like surprising your guy with a letter made up of words
a Merry Christmas—and your very own gift of beauty

19 American girls are the world's best-dressed, best-looking females, says Jacques Bergerac. He's a globe-trotter and should know. "But when they arrive at a party," he complains, "they just stand there, as if they were saying 'I'm beautiful, fall for me.' Why don't they show a warm, genuine interest in somebody else?" Think about that while you're exercising—20 times to a side now. To better show your interest, you'll want expressive eyebrows. In shaping them, pluck hairs between brows and from underneath, following the natural line just as closely as you possibly can.

20 You're a female, so be feminine. Don't forget about deodorants, they're doubly important for the exciting days ahead. Your legs will look sleeker if you use a depilatory or a razor. If you decide on shaving, dampen and soften hair first with lather. Then shave from the ankle up, holding razor firmly and pressing gently against skin. Take your time, especially at curves, ankle and shin bones. If you do nick yourself, a bit of tissue paper will take care of bleeding. Apply hand lotion afterwards to soften skin.

21 Decide when your hair looks and behaves best—two or three days after washing or immediately after. Schedule your pre-party shampoo accordingly. From now on, get in the holiday mood by wearing only the clothes that are flattering and fun. Take a tip from Sandra Dee and the manners she displayed in "The Reluctant Debutante." In your new, softer voice, practice the pleases, pardons and thank-yous on your family. The little courtesies can make you feel so-o-o feminine. So why not wait for him to open the door or help you out of the car. Act like a lady and he'll rush to treat you like one. So begin today—right now.

22 Have fun with color—but remember that when you're choosing a hue your skin tones are as important as your hair coloring. A dark skin, whether topped by blond or brunette hair, can turn sallow with yellow or too-dead neutrals. Brighten the grays and beiges with touches of white or pastels, or that always-right strand of pearls. And remember that the colors grandmother would never have mixed are now the height of fashion when they're put together—brown with black, blue with green, sundry shades of orange, pink and red. Anything Van Gogh did you can do.

23 Have a dress rehearsal, from head to toe, and then heed these words from Martha Hyer: "A smartly dressed woman stands before the mirror before she goes out—and then takes off something, a pin or necklace or frum-frum too much." Rescue your possessions from the cleaner's and shoemaker's and make sure everything's in good order—underthings laundered, dress clean and pressed, hemline straight, buttons secure, shoes heeled and polished, gloves spanning fresh jewelry clasps working. Inspection passed? Then retire to the last chapters of your book and a good night's rest.

24 Ready or not, here it comes. If your heart is light, your head filled with ideas for talk, you're ready. Your legs should be sleek, your waist whittled, your elbows smooth. Your hair should shine, your nose should not. Give yourself plenty of time to bathe, make up and dress. Try this model's tip from Carol Lynley: When you're ready to slip on your dress, protect makeup and hairdo by tying a scarf sack-like around your face and head. If he brings you flowers—and you deserve them—pin them to your bra strap for security. Or, if the bosom of your dress is too detailed, wear them at waist. And have fun! You look beautiful!

25 There! Wasn't it all worth it? But don't stop now—keep on for a Christmas glow all year!
past Anna's two-door, '58, salmon-colored Chevy, to get to the side entrance of the house. She left it in the kitchen, but somehow it didn't. Maybe it was because the baby's bottle was warming in a saucepan on the oversized range; or maybe it was because Marlon was jiggling the child on his shoulder, or perhaps it was just that he was relaxed and at home. Anyhow, the scene seemed exactly right.

Marlon carefully shifted Christian from his lap to the cradling of the back of the child's head as he did so to give the maximum support. He murmured something to the baby and the baby smiled, shook his head no, and showed me into the living room. Then he turned to me.

I stuck out my hand and introduced myself. He took my hand and grasped it firmly. I explained that I had an appointment to interview his wife, and added that I'd like very much to interview him, too. He didn't say yes or no. He walked over to the stove and turned the gas off under the baby's bottle. Then he looked at me and said, "I'm sorry. I never give personal interviews." I tried to explain that his mind, a mind I admired, smiled, shook his head no, and showed me into the living room.

At the doorway we stopped and Marlon gestured to the soft sandals on the floor. I took off my shoes and slipped into the sandals. As I stood up again, a very pretty, dark-haired girl, Anna Kashfi Brando, came across the room and kissed Christian on one hip. She was wearing white shorts, a green and white striped blouse, open at the neck, and was barefoot (all those slippers were marched with silver polish). We introduced ourselves and she invited me to sit down.

Meanwhile, Marlon had gone into the kitchen and returned with the baby's bottle. Anna had seated herself on a huge teakwood chair which had brilliant red brocaded upholstery. There was another like it a few feet away from Anna's, at the end of the corner of a large, square teakwood table. Christian began to kick his legs and wave his arms. Marlon quickly gave Anna the bottle and she eased it gently into the baby's mouth. They both watched the infant until it was feeding contentedly. Then Marlon excused himself and left the room.

"Anna said something to me but I couldn't hear what she said. I suddenly realized the hi-fi set was going full blast. Through the noise I gathered she was saying, 'Marlon forgets to turn it off'—and I went over and flicked off the switch. The baby was soft and white and the throw rugs on the floor were, and how highly polished the black-painted plank flooring seemed. In one corner I saw a tall pile of square pillows with Japanese symbols on them, and next to these two small, wooden headrests for guests to lean on when they sat on the pillows. But most of all, I noticed Anna. The way she gazed down tenderly at the child, the way she fixed his eyes on her face.

Now that the hi-fi set was no longer blaring, the soft tinkle of Japanese temple bells could be heard from the Oriental garden outside. From the living room, the rocks in the garden, with their Japanese inscriptions, looked like waves. Once in a while the babble of the little stream that ran under the bridges in the garden fused with the tinkle of the temple bells. All was peaceful, outside and inside, all was calm.

"Isn't he a wonderful baby?" Anna asked, breaking the silence. I nodded and said that she and the baby were something out of a painting, a Madonna and child, perfectly serene.

"They say motherhood becomes a woman," she replied, smiling shyly.

"How much does he weigh now?"

I asked.

"About fourteen pounds, I think. And he's not four months old yet. He was just seven pounds, five ounces when he was born."

Then she added, proudly, with a smile.

"But he has an awfully big appetite."

For a while she chatted on about formulas, and sleeping habits, and breast-feeding versus bottle-feeding. "I breast feed only at night," she said, "and I always think that bottle-fed babies are supposed to be better for them. But then I got upset by something. And after that I developed a kidney infection and I had to give up nursing him."

"Well, did he take it by mouth?"

When she said "got upset by something," the expression on her face changed completely, as if a cloud were momentarily over her. I said I didn't know what she was talking about, but changed my mind and asked instead, "And how about Marlon? Have you initiated him into the mysteries of fatherhood?"

"He's a wonderful daddy, you should see him with the baby. He cuddles Christian, he plays with him, he talks to him. Honestly, there are times when he ignores me completely and only pays attention to the baby."

Again her smile faded for a second, and then she went on. "Marlon had brought home all kinds of stuffed animals for him—elephants, dogs, cats, Teddy bears. And one enormous lion that's several times bigger than the baby."

Christian laughed from Christian's mouth. She eased it up again for him. He began to drink once more.

"Marlon gets home from the studio about the same time as we come into the baby's room," she continued. He lifts him up in the air, he tickles him, he sings and coos to him—I can't get him out of there until the baby falls asleep. Then he stays with him for hours."

Christian had finished his bottle. Anna raised him to her shoulder and began steadily patting his back. He made a sound that I barely heard but his mother laughed. "That does it," she said, and perched him on her knee.

"Are you ready for nap time now," she asked. "Are you full, little baby? Did you have enough to eat?"

Christian waved his arms excitedly, trying to catch Anna's face in his hands.

As I tagged along with Anna and the baby it was like being at an official tour of the house. The dining room was small, with a very low table in the center where guests kneel down to eat. The Brando's bedroom was all done up in red-tam, the perfect piece of furniture in it was the large, Emperor-size, double bed. low to the floor, with a delicately carved, ivory panel fitted in the headboard, it was a way of itself within a recessed den where Christian was separated from his parents' bedroom by screens. In fact, the entire house was filled with these beautiful hand-painted Japanese screens.

Back in the living room, after the baby had been put to bed, we talked about Marlon. "He loves children," Anna said, "and he's a good father." For a minute she stopped and looked out at the garden. We could both hear the temple bells ringing in the Japanese dwarf tree. Then she continued, but the tone of her voice had changed. It was just a whisper."

"We hope to have more children. Boys and girls. Lots of them."

S

She changed the subject abruptly. "Marlon lets me do anything I want," she asserted. From the way she said it, I could tell it was a particular pleasure about this, or complaining. Then she went on to talk about a variety of things, the role she was playing in a new M-G-M picture, "Night of the Quarter Moon"; the stories about her Hollywood marriages; the stupidity of racial prejudice; and much more. But all the time she was talking, skipping from one subject to another, she was changing feeling that she was talking at me and not to me, that somehow she just wasn't there. Once she jumped as she heard the sputtering sound of a car starting outside, but I said she could never get used to it.

The maid interrupted us by bringing in some Japanese green tea. It was very strong.

When we'd finished, Anna returned to her "loneliness" theme. During the summer, while Marlon had been busy making "One-Eyed Jacks," a picture in which he played both roles and directed and produced himself. Anna had taken a course in Philosophy at U.C.L.A. She rode to classes with Phyllis Hudson; then worked at a frequent-flyer caller at the Brando home, offering Anna companionship when Marlon was away.

"The philosophy course was fun," Anna said, "and I hope to take more. I'm not too bored because it's a course for adults."

"You're not tied down too much with the baby at home—I'd like to take other classes."

But this was getting far away from Anna and Marlon, so I asked, "Do you and Marlon have a chance to get out much now?"

"We can get out occasionally," she said.

"Did you tell me about your visits to the new Japanese tea house?"

It seemed she and Marlon had recently visited two of these sawdust strewn clubs, one, called "Cosmo Alley," in a Hollywood back alley, the other, "The Unicorn," under the stars.

"I saw all those girls with their long, dirty hair, and with tins and tons of black eye shadow. And we saw one skeleton-like old man reading poetry to a jazz background. He looked like he was dead."

"You don't dig this 'Beat Generation' thing, do you?"

"Not at all. I think it's a lot of hooey. As far as I'm concerned, what those 'beats' seem to need most of all is a good bath."

Anna sort of shuddered as she said this, and then her memory of the "characters" in the "beat dives" was something very distasteful to her.

"What about Marlon?" I asked. "Does he dig that kind of people?"

Marlon hesitated and then answered, "I don't think so. No, I'm sure he doesn't like them."

"Why did she say it, it sounded like she was trying hard to explain to me."

It had grown dark outside. In the kitchen I could hear the maid preparing dinner. There were no sounds from any other part of the house. Just the hushing sound of the wind in the small tinkle of temple bells outside.

Anna walked with me to the car. The ground outside the house was still hot, and though she put on her glasses, although her feet were still bare.
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I

I knew she'd been talking to him. He had been looking at me. I... I was looking through a mirror.

The mirror was dirty. I couldn't see through it. But I knew he was there. He was standing close to me. I could feel his breath on my face. I could hear his voice. He was saying something.

But I couldn't understand what he was saying. It was... it was so hard to see. I had to close my eyes. I had to... I had to

But when I opened my eyes again, he was gone. I was alone. I was in the mirror. The mirror was clean now. I could see through it. I could see everything.

And then I knew. I knew what he had been saying. He had been telling me... he had been telling me the truth.

He had been telling me that he loved me.
had been taking German lessons from a young girl he had met, but somehow the her and Elvis's clack of language just didn't go well with his own soft Southern drawl. And he didn't dare to try his German on anyone but his teacher. Sir, could you please tell me if Flight 104-A is on time? Elvis asked, and Mrs. Minnie Presley. Thank you.

The man ran his finger down the list and then said, “Ah. Here they are. Presley. Vernon and Minnie.” The clerk again and returned to the bench. He watched a German family—three kids and a father and mother—crowd around a phone booth. One of the kids, a little girl, had pushed into the booth to be with his father, and the mother was tugging him back. The whole family seemed to be talking at once. They were talking too fast for him to understand and even when he didn’t need words: It was the same in any language.

Somehow it reminded him of the call he had made to Mom in the house a few days ago. He had stood in line at the PX, waiting his turn at the phone. He had placed the call earlier in the day so as not to tie up the one long-distance phone in the PX. He had only tried couple of minutes before he heard his father’s voice on the other end of the wire.

“Where are you and Grandma coming over, Dad?” he asked. “I miss both of you very much.”

His father had sounded so sad on the phone, sad and kind of flat—as if he just didn’t care. He gave all sorts of reasons for why they couldn’t come, but the one reason that really counted he never mentioned. His dad had never been able to say what was in his heart.

So he had to answer his father’s objections. And this is what he said: “Look, I do get time off and I can be with you, especially on those nights when I’m not on duty ... and Grandma can make the trip.” His father was stronger than she. I’ve already made reservations at a hotel in a place near the base. It’s in a town called Bad Nauheim ... but it’s not bed, it’s good. A couple of rooms in a hotel, with a kitchen even—where Grandma can cook.”

He had paused for a breath at the end, but there was no sound from the other end. It was a family joke, it always got a laugh. He could not believe that she couldn’t cook; she certainly could. But even though his Dad and Ma had been married twenty-five years, and he and Vernon had lived together, Grandpa Minnie—Dad’s own ma—was convinced that Vernon wasn’t getting the right sort of victuals, that her daughter—or- in-law Gladys just wasn’t a good enough cook ever since she had her own house. She even told them that the Army had scheduled a press conference for all the Presleys. “You’re kind of unofficial ambassadors from home,” Vernon said, and the Army folks here want to see you.”

The press conference went off well. Minnie Presley had had her hair fixed that afternoon and she had put on her best dress. “I never felt so important in my life,” she laughed, as the reporters asked her questions and snapped her picture. One of the newspapermen asked Vernon Presley how long he planned to stay in Germany.

“I would say it probably will be a temporary stay,” he answered. “But we like Germany. The people are okay and very nice.” Shy after that the press conference ended.

The three Presleys ate dinner in a little restaurant near the hotel. Then Grandma and Vernon and Elvis were feeling a little tired “from all the excitement” and they took her back to the hotel.

“Sleepy, Dad?” Elvis asked his father. “Not very,” Vernon answered. “Besides, I don’t need to see her look at me any more.”

“Me neither,” Elvis said. “Let’s take a walk.”

Father and son strolled through the streets of Nauheim, and then Vernon wanted to stop and talk, slowly, with great effort. “Back there at the press conference ... you said you must stop me. Now I know I wanted to stop you and tell you that you must stay. But I couldn’t. Not in front of all those people. Sure, Mom wanted us to be together. Sh’d especially want this and I didn’t know why. But I could see the reason. The main reason ... well ... the main reason is that I need you. I want you here.”

Vernon Presley sat up slowly on the bench and looked at his son. He started to interrupt but Elvis went on anyway, as if he wouldn’t be able to say all he had to say once he stopped.

“Do you know how it’s been with you. Walking from room to room in that big house in Memphis. Walking and walking. The same house but not the same. Not the same without Mom there.”

Again Vernon Presley tried to say something and again Elvis stopped him. “Well, it’s been hard for me too. Sure, I get up early in the morning. Earlier than I ever did before. But I’m not in my own home. Not all day. But it doesn’t matter. I go to bed when the others do. They’re asleep as soon as they hit the sack. But I stay up. And it’s only when I think of you. I try not to. I try to go to sleep, even try counting sheep. But it doesn’t work. Then I try to remember the names of all the places I’ve ever sung in. And I’ll remember Mama’s face.”

Elvis stopped and looked into the darkness, and then he went on. “You taught me to pray—youth and Mama. And you taught me good reason for doing everything he does ... that death isn’t the end and life goes on. I believe that. Mom believed it. You must believe it too.”

Vernon sat quietly. He said, “I was wrong in that. I was wrong to make you go to Christmas in Memphis. And how Gladys said that no matter what, at Christmas we must always be together. And now she was here.”

“But she will,” Elvis answered. “This Christmas you, Grandma, me and Mom will be together. We can’t forget her, not for even an hour, so she is with us, she unit us. And I think, if I am together, she’s here. Please stay.”

“I never heard you put so many words together so good since you tried to convince your Ma you didn’t steal those Coke bottles when you were fifteen,” said Mr. Presley, smiling a little. “There’s certain things I should be taking care of at home. But if I can put them off, or get someone else to do them, I’ll stay.”

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YOUR NEEDLECRAFT

Betta St. John sews her own last-minute Christmas gifts.

BETTA IS ONE OF J. ARTHUR RANK'S TALENTED STARS.

7043—He'll just fit into a toddler's Christmas stocking! Make this 12-inch clown from a man's cotton sock. Pattern, directions, using remnants.

7043—Cheery "Santa" apron makes a handy helper during the holidays. Directions, embroidery and applique transfers for 17-inch long apron.

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7125—Be an artist with your needle. Simple embroidery makes these beautiful pictures. Transfer of two pictures 9½ x 11½ inches. Color chart.

7283—Three little doilies to crochet for a thoughtful gift. Directions for 9-inch square doily, 9½-inch round, 8½ x 13½-inch oval.

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story. "Goodbye and good luck," he said. "May God bless you and bring you ever closer to the Lord."

Be sure and tell Santa to fill your Christmas stocking with the following:
To Know Him Is To Love Him
Teddy Bears, Dore
It's Only Make Believe
Conway Twitty, M-G-M
I'll Remember Tonight—Pat Boone, Dot
Poor Boy—The Royal Tones, Julibe
Love Is All We Need

Tommy Edwards, M-G-M
Mr. Success — Frank Sinatra, Capitol
Lonesome Town — Rick Nelson, Imperial
Call Me — Johnny Mathis, Columbia
Non Dimenticar—Nat Cole, Capitol
A Lover’s Question

Clyde McPhatter, Atlantic
Topsy Part II — Cozy Cole, Love
So, while you're asking Mr. Claus to beg-borrow-or-steal these discs for you, we'll make a prediction that you'll be hearing lots more from the artists.

"It's only make believe" that Conway Twitty's really called that. He was born Harold Jenkins in Mississippi and was singing over the air by the time he was ten. At twelve he'd formed his own band and had his own radio show. When he returned after Far East service with the Army, Tabby West grabbed him for "Ozark Jubilee." . . . To know them is to love them—the Teddy Bears, that is. Eighteen-year-old Phil Spector composed this new hit and he plus Anette Kleinbar and Marshal Leib make up the trio. The teenagers met at Fairfax high school in Los Angeles and their current record is their first crack at show business. Sweet-voiced Anette who's sixteen wants a career in psychology. Phil is studying to be a court reporter and Marshall, a star athlete in high school, now attends Los Angeles City College where he is studying law and music.

Breathes there a girl with heart so dead who hasn't once sighed about Frank Sinatra. "I feel as if he's singing right to me!" Well, for a real bang-up taste of what this means, we suggest you listen to Frankie's new "Only for the Lonely" Capitol album. The End
to finish its turn on the record player. But before I flip that page on the calendar there's a lot of 1958 still filling the air with excitement—and with so much music you'd think they'd run out of names for the new songs and singers. Natch, they don't. But somebody's imagination was working overtime when they named that singing team "Dicky Doo and the Don'ts." And my nomination for the absolutely wildest song title—once I'd learned to pronounce "Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu"—was a little number called "There's a Fungus Among Us."

Gosh, it really has been an exciting 365 days. It's been fun, too. That's probably the reason it all flew by like a flash. For instance, some seven hundred hours of television (almost four hundred and twenty on ABC-TV) went like—well, like that. "That's" usually a finger snap on TV, but in print—you know what I mean. Then on "American Bandstand" and on our Saturday night show we've got over eight hundred guest stars to TV. Add another two hundred or so from our personal appearances around the country and we've got over one thousand of the nation's record artists signed into our 1958 guest book. Sure makes us proud and happy to have our friends pay us a call. I guess if I were really pinned down I'd have to admit that saying "Hi" to all of those really nice people would be near the top of my list for "Biggest Thrills of 1958." But think real quick now, what is the top—the most? I see you've been paying attention, and you are so right. That treasured little top spot I reserve for the privilege of joining you on "American Bandstand," and on our Saturday-night "Dick Clark Show."

They don't build studios the way we like them anymore. We'd like to have one big enough—and near enough—to have all of you with us in person, but I think I'll put that on the list of my projects for the New Year. Since it's kind of tough for us all to get together at once, I've been using some of those 1953 hours to meet you in your own back yard. I think my big "out of town" engagement early this year would be my pick for the one with the happiest ending. Before that, all of my personal appearances had been around our WFLH area. We've been on the ABC-TV network for several months when I was asked to appear in Worcester, Mass., at a giant youth party sponsored by Catholic Charities. I wanted to go in the worst way, but I started to get the jitters wondering if many of the fellows and girls up that way watched our show. And if they did watch the show, I wondered how many would even bother to turn out to say "Hello" to yous truly. On the drive up after the Sunday morning show I kept wondering, and wandering off into space (I wasn't driving, so I could do it) and all I could imagine was standing up on the stage staring out at an empty baseball field. I'll tell you I was really giving myself sixteen different kinds of fits. Maybe it's better that way, because what really happened melted me. A warm friendly greeting from a turnout that jammed just about every corner of the arena put a solid lump of sentiment right up around my tonsils. It's hard to put my words a feeling like that. You're hoping a few friends will turn out and then you find all of them on hand. You know what I mean, it really makes you want to knock yourself out for them. We'll, everybody onstage that night had that feeling. That was an inspiration to me, and I've often thought about it since, when we're doing the show from another city, or when I am appearing as a guest on another television show and might start getting nervous about how things will go.

That trip to California to put on the show in Hollywood Bowl sure stands out on my calendar, too. It was hectic, but a lot of fun, to get the Clark gang together in Philadelphia on Friday night right after "American Bandstand," then head for the airport and the fabulous West Coast. Wow, that really took split-second timing. Sightseeing in Beverly Hills, Hollywood, and Los Angeles sure hit the spot with me. Then came the show and the chance to meet our California friends. It was sure a real gone time.

Then another time, early in the summer, we packed up after the show, stowed our records in the plane, and headed for the real deep South. Ah, Miami. We'd been on our Saturday night show on the road, and let me tell you it seemed to me as if we were moving an army. We were working the office one day, when the phone rang. "How would you like to do the show from Miami two weeks from now?" a man said.

"Great!" everybody answered.

"Okay, we do it from Miami," he told us.

"See," we thought, "nothing to it. We're on our way to Miami," but then the fun began.

"Miami, here we come!" Almost two weeks later, that was our cry. But in the meantime we had all learned a lot about packing, rehearsing on the run, flight schedules, booking hotel rooms for our show people, and I guess about six hundred and twenty thousand other things that come up when you decide to take that show on the road. We hadn't come down with a sickness, but everyone worked so hard, and the people in Miami were so friendly and helpful, that the show went smoothly and we ended up having a real ball. Working together really seems to give a show a real thrill—though tough on Tony's fingernails—and the valuable lessons we learned make that another bet for 1958's favorite memory. Oh, sure, we got a bit down the line, and I guess each time we visit one of your towns it's a big thrill for us.

But that calendar flips by, and comes to that mid-summer afternoon when we were both mighty tired and felt just drab and drizzly, and suddenly began complaining about a pain in her side while she was dancing. Her partner mentioned it to me, and I asked Tony to talk to Pat while I introduced the next number. Then we had an off-camera conference. "If Pat has such a severe pain," I said, "maybe a doctor should check it." Just about then the pain became so bad Pat had to go to the nearest emergency room. The doctors were called in. They had to carry her to a hastily-called car and then drive on to the nearest hospital. Luckily, there was one just a few blocks away.

Well, as you know, the show must go on. I went back up to the podium and continued the show, but all the while I was wondering what was happening at the hospital. Twenty minutes seemed to drag, and I grew everybody in the studio felt he or she was part of the drama. When the program went off the air, we made a dash for the office and the telephone. Tony got the call through. "The doctors are giving Pat a checkup," he reported, "and they think there's a possibility of appendicitis." "More time went by, and another phone call..." it was appendicitis, an acute case, and they were going to operate right away.

You can imagine how we felt. Here was one of our friends suddenly whisked from the dance floor to the hospital operating room. Pat's mother was at the hospital and when the operation was over she was one of the first to know that it was the right o'clock that evening, Pat was resting comfortably, and I left the office for home cheered by the fact. The next afternoon on "American Bandstand" we did not have a replacement. "Pat's doing fine after her operation," I told all her friends, "and we hope she'll be back with us real soon."

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**MEMO TO A SPUTNIK:***

Quit going around in circles. There's an easier way to get with the stars. See the **FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY** on sale January 6.

You'll find the full solar year in a PINUP CALENDAR of twelve-count 'em, twelve—full-color pictures of your favorite stars.

Debbie's as pretty as Venus, Rock's handsome as Mars. There's a special countdown, too, on **WHAT'S AHEAD FOR '59**.

DICK CLARK orbits here every month, so just follow him. Come down to earth and head for your nearest newstand.
If you heard me, then you probably shared our happiness, but for one man up in Canada the news was almost too much. His name—Mr. Molitieri.

Pat's father had been driving a bus up through New England and into Canada while all of this had been going on. When he came to the end of his run, he stopped at a restaurant to enjoy a piece of pie and a cup of coffee. They had our show on the television set, and when I started talking about Pat havingappendicitis, about the operation, and her start on her recovery, well, Mr. Molitieri just couldn't believe his ears. It took a long distance call to Philadelphia to assure him he had heard right. Then, in less time than it takes to say "omigosh!" he was driving the first bus back to Pat. It was one happy reunion, believe me.

Oh yes, there have been some dramatic moments. Not all of them were quite so serious, though. For me the worst crisis came about forty seconds before I was supposed to do a commercial. Oops! I practically shouted, and right on camera, I don't have all my script for the commercial. Now don't laugh. To a guy or gal in radio or television, that's like being caught alone at fifty-thousand feet without a parachute. I almost went through the floor. I knew that nobody could get me the extra page in that short time, so I picked up the phone on the podium, got through to the control room where Tony had the producer's copy. While I held the phone to my ear, he gave out with the words of the script and I repeated them on the air. Fortunately for me, the cameras were taking the picture of the product and not me, so I could get away with it and nobody ever knew. At least nobody ever got around and I guess sometimes that's almost the same thing.

It has really been a tremendous year, this 1958. Its saddest moments came when I lost my dachshund, Louie. Anybody who's ever owned a pet knows how I felt then. I was real glad to be so busy.

So many things were happening, like the "Bandstand's" first birthday, and the annual dance contest which Bob Clayton and Justine Corelli won. And when I started trying to pick the top record of the year, I can't help but think it's been a great year for a lot of recording artists.

The top record has to be "Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu," and that means Domenico Modugno, who really shot to the top like a thunderbolt. Right up there close, there's "Italian Love" and what a boost to Tommy Edwards' career that disc has been. Another great name in the music business who can look back on the past year with an element of joy is Cozy Cole. A real great drummer for many years, Cozy's waxing of "Toppy Part Two" was almost the smash novelty of the past twelve months. I think I'll call it the real sleeper of 1958.

The novelty record for the year? That's a tough one. Or maybe it isn't after all. What else could qualify in a year when a fellow named Bob Sweeney came out with an item named "The Purple People Eater"? That definitely gets the brass ring, the gold record, or the what-have-you of pop music.

It's been a real good year for a host of our friends—Rick Nelson, Pat Boone, the Everly Brothers, the Ponytails, Jimmy Clanton, Perez Prado and "Patricia," Peggy Lee and "Fever," and so many more I could get to sound like a musical telephone book.

And that's how fat my scrapbook for 1958 is—as overweight as a New York phone book. I only hope I can find enough pages left over for Christmas.

See you next month. Oops, next year! —DICK

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**HOW TO TURN EXTRA TIME INTO EXTRA MONEY**

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falling asleep. He was tired too often. It had been like this since the first serious mistakes. Twice he had married for love—and twice he had lost. Now he could look back and admit, "I married lovely women. But I was an idiot and a bore. I thought them loveable. But hadn't the knowledge come too late? Too late to save his marriage to lovely, delicate Virginia Cherrill, who had laughed off hundreds of suitors but, one day, couldn't laugh any longer. Too late to save his marriage to Barbara Hutton. He had loved her, too.

For two long years he had lived in the hope of winning her. She had been hurt in the past—her fantastic fortune had brought her more grief than joy. He was going to make it up to her, all of it. For two years he talked, telling her how wonderful it would be.

Finally, she said yes.

She married him in 1942 and the gift of gab that had won her love was what drove her finally away. The truth of the matter was that it was too clever for his own good—or anyone else's. There was no conversation so serious, no subject so delicate that his quick tongue failed to find an opportunity for a pun, a jibe, a pointed innuendo. He didn't mean it. It was the way he was used to talking. But he had married a woman too sensitive to laugh when the barb went deep. Time after time she had cried tears; time after time he would pull himself up, furious at himself and at the world.

"Why did someone like you ever marry me?" he would shout.

But he could stop, and eventually Barbara left him, too.

Not good memories, but, at least, on this brilliant day in August, 1949, they were sweet.

The ship was crowded. It had been a rainy trip to England and had been fun and wasn't that what he was most interested in? He'd been to the theater a lot; the biggest impression had been made on him by a little American actress. Of the four of Betsy Drake, playing the lead in "Deep Are the Roots." She wasn't beautiful but she had a glow and she played the difficult role with grace and intelligence. "Talent there," Cary had remarked to a friend and then forgotten all about it.

Sailing day had come at last; the Queen Mary was waiting. His pals treated Cary to a farewell champagne luncheon. None of them was feeling any pain then when they piled into a convertible and headed for the dock.

But for Betsy Drake, also sailing for home on the Queen Mary, life was not so much fun.

She didn't really want to go home. It had taken her years of desperate struggle to get anywhere in the theater—and now her first tens of thousands had vanished. Her parents had been divorced since she was a child and she had no home, no people, really, to return to. Just another dreary year of job-hunting with her clippings under her arm. Life was all wrong and it wasn't a pleasant prospect. Besides, she had a toothache, a perfectly terrible pain that swelled her jaw and destroyed the fun of that evening.

The first glimpse she ever had of Cary Grant off a movie screen was when she was standing on deck and Cary's convertible pulled up to the customs' shed. What she saw was a slightly high-looking young man, surrounded by friends, roaring with laughter, lifting his suitcases out of the back of the car and dropping them in again. For an instant, she had wished she were a part of them, having fun. Then her tooth throbbed and she turned away. "As far as Betsy Drake is concerned," she thought, "this trip is going to be one long, dull rest."

And might have been if, two hours later, as the ship got underway, she hadn't had to pay a visit to the purser's office. In her sensible flat-heeled shoes and brown dress, she walked down the corridor just as a trio of men and a woman walked in her way on his way to join Liz Taylor and her mother for lunch. The ship, leaving the harbor, lurched violently, Betsy staggered and was pitched against the wall with a loud thud, right in the other's lap at her hip—a perfect cheesequake pose. Cary grinned, then recognized her. "Hey, I saw you in 'Deep Are the Roots.' You're ..."

She'd been a bit embarrassed. Betsy marched right past him. Later, telling about it, she told reporters she hadn't heard a word. Later, denying it, Cary maintained she deliberately cut him dead. Anyway, the all that mattered was that Betsy Drake, nobody from nowhere, slamm'd the door of the purser's office right in Cary Grant's face!

He spent the next three days looking for her.

And without success. Betsy, nursing her toothache, and her humiliation at being practically thrown into the arms of a movie star the first day out, wasn't budging from her berth.

But on the fourth day, she came up for air. She walked to the deck and stood leaning over the rail, watching the waves. Actually, she was out of her mind. Betsy Drake down for long. She stood on deck a minute, then decided on a walk. Walking was—and still is—her favorite sport.

A dozen yards away, down the deck, Cary spotted her and his eyes lit up.

He was standing at the rail, talking to Merle Oberon; now he nudged her.

"Merle—there she is. That's the girl."

"Yes, I've heard. Fine. No, go introduce yourself."

Cary nodded, grinned, took a step—and the grin faded. He had never been shy with women, except her.

One morning at the studio he had been called to the phone. It was house guest Noel Coward ringing up from Cary's home. "Cary? I've invited Greta Garbo to dinner to-night. Can I invite you in time to meet her, eh? She'd like to be introduced . . ."

When Cary put the phone down, his hands were shaking. By mid-morning he had taken his fancy suit and had every intention of introducing Betsy to Garbo. He was in an incredible beauty, her talent, her aloofness, was such a legend to him that he was afraid to go home to his own house and meet her. Noon came and he told himself not to think about it. He should have been wonderful to be introduced to someone he respected and admired as much as he did her. But he couldn't budge. All afternoon he inveigled things that had to be done, to keep him from Garbo.

It was dusk when he finally pulled up to his driveway. He walked in—and there in the living room, standing up, ready to leave, was the fabulous Swede. Noel smiled happily. "Greta, I'd like to meet Cary . . ."

As he opened his mouth—and nothing came out. In wordless silence he shook hands with her, he bowed. Garbo smiled, said she was happy to be there, asked a question, waited, stared at him, asked another. He remarked on the weather—and finally gave up.

Cary had still not said a word.

Bewildered, Noel escorted Garbo to the door. As Cary trailed after them to Garbo's car and there, at long last, he found his tongue.

"Very pleased to meet you," he burst out to his departing guest. "How do you do?"

It became a running gag among Cary's friends: for once he had been tongue-tied, stricken dumb by admiration and awe . . .

Cary, Garbo's amused voice brought him back from his daze.

"Look," he began haltingly, "it's like this. I don't want her to think I'm picking her up. You know what I mean?"

"Would you go talk to her for me? Ask her—her to have dinner with us tonight. Tell her—at the captain's table."

"But I don't know her," Merle wailed. "I never have."

"That's all right. Go on. You're a woman, you can do it." He paused. "If she doesn't want to—you might try telling her—it's the captain's table."

Merle's mouth dropped open. Cary Grant, coxswore, debonaire, lady-killer! Cary not only afraid to talk to a girl, but afraid she'd need more inducement than just to offer her; dinner. She almost laughed, but changed her mind. Without another word, she headed down the deck towards Betsy.

When she got there, of course, she was embarrassed.

"Excuse me. Hello. I'm—Merle Oberon, a friend of mine . . ."

Betsy whirled—and stared. "Of course, Miss Oberon, I recognize you . . ."

Merle blushed. "Yes, well, Cary Grant is a friend of mine and he, he was wondering if you would join us for dinner tonight. At the captain's table."

Merle lips smiled slightly. If there had been a chair, she would have flopped down into it. Finally she said slowly, "I don't have an evening dress with me . . ."

"Oh, we'll find one for you. The Evening clothes were absolutely obligatory in the formal dining salon—and everyone in the room stared at the captain's table, the place of honor. No woman could be caught dead there after ten o'clock. She'd be glad to lend Betsy something but they weren't the same size at all. "Well," she starded.

Suddenly Betsy smiled. It was more than a smile, it was a grin. It brought with it the glow that had lit her performance on the stage, that seemed to light up her entire life.

"Tell Mr. Grant I'd be delighted."

The next night Cary was at the table early. He sat there with Liz Taylor and her mother a few seats away, with Merle across the table. His evening clothes were, of course, fake. He kept his eyes constantly on the door.

And then she saw her.

She walked into the dining salon with her brown hair brushed to a shine and perfectly straight on one side. She wore a plain black street-length afternoon dress and black shoes. She wore no jewelry because she didn't own any. The side of her face was puffy with toothache, but she was smiling.

She walked right across the room with every eye following her, and her head was
held up, and proud. She never wavered.

Cary Grant, standing up at his chair to receive her, thought it was the bravest thing he had ever seen in his life.

She sat down next to him. Her voice was the husky voice he remembered from the show, her smile lit up the entire room.

It only took minutes to realize that he was in love with her. Only five minutes because it was so obvious.

The rest of the voyage passed in a daze. The only thing Betty Drake remembers of it was that Cary, putting his evening suit in his trunk and went down to dinner every night by her side in a business suit, to keep her company. Maybe that was why he was so in love with her. Or, maybe it was because of no one else had seen, but she saw so clearly: the deep, basic honesty that the quips and the bright talk attempted to cover.

Like when she saw her to star in his next movie with him.

“It’s called ‘Every Girl Should Be Married.’ The part is perfect for you.”

“Hey, I’ll take it. I make it up to me,” she said.

“I’ll make them.”

“Oh, you can’t. They’d say you were doing it because you—you like me.”

“They won’t say it after they’ve seen you act. It’ll give my list of more perceptive. Maybe they’ll say—because I need you so.”

Was it possible that no one had seen that side of him before? Or was it more likely that it had never been there—until Betsy came along.

Whatever it was, they made the movie together, and they were a hit. When they were done with it, they were more in love than ever.

Cary would drop over to Betsy’s tiny Hollywood apartment and find her, glasses on her nose, poring over a book.

“What’s that about?”

“Spiders.”

Cary would gasp. “What on earth are you reading about spiders for?”

“They’re interesting. Here.” She would reach over and pull out a book. He looked at it on the floor. “Here’s another one on spiders. Go ahead, look.”

“I don’t want to read about spiders, for heavens’ sake. I thought we’d go dancing.”

But when he looked, the book would scarce hear him. Cary would wander around the room disconsolately; finally, bored, he’d pick up the book.

An hour later, Betsy would nudge him. “Hey, I asked if you want a cup of coffee.”

Cary would look up, blink. “Coffee? Oh, ah, sure, Sure. As soon as I finish this chapter.”

To his amazement, he found himself reading more and more. He went through Betsy’s entire library finally, fiction, non-fiction, travel books, science—everything.

“Well, the story, you ask,” he had asked her one day, “that you’re not interested in?”

She thought it over. “Nope, I guess not. How about you?”

“I thought there were a lot of things,” Cary said thoughtfully. “But I’d say, you were wrong.” He looked around. “Betsy, how did you ever find time to read so much, so much?”

“I guess,” she said slowly, “it was because I had the time. I looked at the wonderful smile broke out. “Now, for the first time, I’m not alone anymore.”

As much as she gave him, he gave to her. Knowledge of how to dress, how to do her hair, how to keep—all the things she had never had time to learn, he taught her. With Cary beside her she was no longer plain. Her friends discovered to their surprise that little Betsy was prettier after all. No, Betsy was exactly pretty. Beautiful was more like it. What she did for Cary’s soul, he did for her poise. In both cases it was an un-dreamed—of blessing.

They were married on Christmas Day, 1949. It was that day because it was the one out of all the years when Cary’s closest friend, Howard Hughes, could be reasonably sure of not being tied up with business. To keep the wedding private, they told no one but Howard, drove out to an airport in a borrowed car, climbed over a back fence onto a runway, and were picked up there by Howard in a Constellation airplane. They landed in a deserted field in Arizona and were taken to a farmhouse to be married. The minister had no idea who was getting married, and cared less; to Betsy and Cary it was perfect. To Howard Hughes it must have been somewhat nerve-racking because, in perfect best-man tradition, he dropped the wedding ring and he, Cary and Betsy had to crawl around on the floor looking for it while the minister tapped his foot.

When it was over, Howard phoned RKO to tell them, kissed the bride and drove them home. As they got out of the car, they saw a group of people waving to them from the hangar. “The press,” Cary groaned, and turned to run. But it wasn’t the press. RKO had sent out a press release to announce a special bulletin. A cowboy who had seen the huge Constellation land put two and two together, gathered up his friends, and brought a bottle of champagne to toast the newlyweds.

It was a gloriously happy moment. They came home to a house and garden in Beverly Hills, to dozens of lavish parties, hastily bought by friends (the roses were from Barbara Hutton), to a host of reporters—and to the gossip.

“That little nobody! Imagine her getting Cary Grant!”

“Don’t worry, she won’t have him long. If Barbara Hutton couldn’t keep him, nobody could. Just wait till she starts to run into his past all over the place.”

There wasn’t long to wait.

One of their first guests was Countess Dorothy di Frasso. Cary, introducing her to Betsy, took a deep breath and said in a rush: “It was Dorothy, you know, sweetie, who introduced Barbara. It had to be said, because in any conversation with Dorothy, Barbara would pop up—they were such close friends. But because it had to be said, that Betsy had to like it. Cary watched her hazel eyes open wider, and wondered anxiously. She would be polite, no doubt. But afterwards would she tell him to keep his former wife’s friends out of her house and her life? She would, of course, have every right.

But the look in the brown eyes was not anger, but honest interest. “How do you do?” said Barbara Grant. “I’d like to meet Barbara myself, you know. She sent us such a beautiful gift.”

And only a few years later it was Betsy, at Cary’s side, who performed the last, greatest act of friendship for the Countess. Dorothy di Frasso died alone in Hollywood, and the night before her funeral, when the curious and the sad had finished paying their respects to the body, it was Cary and Betsy who walked into the mortuary and bent vigil through the night beside the coffin.

“She hated to be alone,” they said then, simply. And so the two of them, their faces pale in the dimly-lit, flower-banked room sat all night long and tried to talk and laugh, so that Dorothy would know she had friends with her—always.

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I—uh—just spoke to my son. He’d like to come for a visit. . .

"Your son?" Betsy said, astounded.

"Cary, you haven’t got a son!"

But Cary’s voice was more bewildered.

"But I haven’t got a child, so how can you have a step-son? What on earth are you talking about?"

"I’m putting it very badly," Cary sighed.

"What I mean is—I know it’s a lot to ask of you under the circumstances, but—it’s Barbara’s son Lance. He wondered if he could stay with us a while. We—we used to be very close.

It was a lot to ask. But Betsy, looking at her husband, saw deeply as she always did. Now how much she wanted years ago he was a have children of their own, how deep the hurt had gone when it looked as if there wouldn’t be any."

"Of course," she said softly. "Ask your son to stay with us as long as he likes."

Of course, not everything was perfect, not right away. There were the little things. Reading was not Betsy’s only hobby: she wrote, she painted, she swam. Shortly after their marriage she decided to take up photography. As with everything she does, she threw herself whole-heartedly into it. Within a week, their honeymoon house was bursting with cameras, flash bulbs, light meters. On literally every chair were stacks of manuals about picture-taking. Cary, stumbling for the fourteenth time over one of eight tripods, finally lost his temper.

"Betsy, you’ve got to find a hobby that doesn’t take up so much room! Why don’t you learn how to write on the head of a pin?"

And there was the time that they shocked Hollywood by telling a reporter calmly that they not only had twin beds but separate rooms! Cary believes in it," Betsy said blithely. It would have been too hard to explain that he was just now, under Betsy’s guidance, learning that being alone for a while could do wonderful things for a man, that he had to have a place now where he could shut a door and be completely alone with the new personality emerging from himself. In the storm of interest the separate rooms aroused, a dozen reporters appeared at the Grant house. Betsy, remembering all the things Cary had told her about courtesy—at-all-times, tried to be polite. Finally it was too much and she threw caution to the winds.

"How much do you charge for your magazine?" she demanded of the writer.

"Fifteen cents."

"Well, for fifteen cents, nobody gets into our beds!"

These two people had found so much within themselves, with each other that, at first, they really didn’t need anyone else. To those whom they loved, Dorothy di Frances, and the Stewart Grangers (they were god-parents to little Tracy Granger) they were friends for a lifetime, friends far beyond the ordinary run. But for the world at large—i.e., they were too busy being together.

And there was nothing they didn’t do together. They went on health kicks together; for a while they lived exclusively on a Vitamin C thing called "Rose hips." When Betsy took up writing instead of acting—because it left her free to be with Cary—he insisted on reading her every page. Then he would tell me exactly what was wrong with f unctions, rave and rant—and then when I calmed down I’d know he was perfectly right. He’s a perfectionist, that’s all."

So successful has the collaboration been that Cary today is a top TV writer (she uses pseudonyms) and, though she denies it, some of her friends credit her with having written the script of Cary’s new picture, "Houseboat."

And the togetherness went deeper than that. "I’m sick and tired," Cary said recently, "of being questioned about why I look young for my age and why I keep trim. Why should the idiots make so many of it? Why don’t they emulate it, rather than gape about it? Everyone wants to keep fit, so what do they do—they poison themselves with the wrong foods and wind up smoking, they clog their pores with greasy make-up, they drink poison liquids."

"What can they expect?"

Pretty strong talk for a man who admires the starlet, who’s a chain smoker and a frequent social drinker. How did the change come about?

"Betsy hypnotized me. Literally. She studied up on hypnosis, and when I decided to give up smoking, she tried it out. She put me into a trance and planted a post-hypnotic suggestion that I would hate smoking. We went to sleep and, the next morning, I reached for a cigarette, just as I always did. I took one puff—and instantly I felt nauseated. I didn’t take another that day, and I haven’t had one since."

Besides he over-eat, over-drink, or gain weight any more.

"I have only one vice left. Making love to my wife. He would grin at you. "I recommend love."

"She is the only person in the world who has ever belonged entirely to me," Cary had once said of Betsy. "I love her so much that—words fail me." But after nine years, Cary had to face the reality of a marriage that had ceased to be a marriage. Betsy might belong to him, but she couldn’t be left to wait alone for him in the unfeeling manner of a possession. He couldn’t be selfish to anyone he loved that much. He had to set her free.

"As far back as I can remember, I longed for a home of my own, for roots," Betsy had once said. "All my life I never had any until I met Cary. She’d given up her acting career and turned to writing, a lonely, solitary profession, so that her career wouldn’t conflict with Cary’s career or with their marriage. Now, after nine years, she could face the empty halls in the tragic knowledge that she still had not found the home she longed for so deeply. She knew that Cary would welcome her back to his home to make pictures in Spain or England, in France or Italy, or on his promotional tours throughout the States. But this, too, was not her way of life. She would go back to acting—at least until she found that true home.

"We have had, and shall always have, a deep love and respect for each other," their mutual statement read. "But, alas, our marriage has not brought the happiness we fully expected and mutually desired. So, since we have no children needful of our affection, it is consequently best that we separate for a while... There are no plans division..."

They made the statement, each with a deep desire for what was best for the other. They smiled, each brave for the other, at their last time together for... for how long?

It was as simple as that. A glamorous man with an unhappy heart. A plain girl who had been lonely all her life. Love brought them together once—and though they are parting almost for love’s sake, it may bring them together again. The End
"Hmm," we thought, "who's that peeking from behind the toy counter?" Then when the girl straightened up to examine a fluffy, flannel lion that a dark, good-looking man was holding before us, we were a little surprised. "Why, it's Leslie Caron!" We'd thought that Gigi — that is Leslie — was supposed to be in London with her director husband, Peter Harriet, and her baby, France!

Over the whirl of electric trains and the squeals of dolls who said "mamma," we hailed her. She turned, waved us over to her side and introduced us to the dark young man, who turned out to be her husband, a charming young man with the face of a grown-up cherub. And, as Peter and I chatted, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that Leslie's eyes were fixed with fascination on a display of lions and tigers. Peter noticed, too, and said, "My wife talks to animals." And sure enough, that's just what she was doing. She was addressing a particularly large stuffed tiger who was lounging in the shade of an enormous lion: "My, you're so pretty," she said with warmth. "The very prettiest tiger I think I've ever seen. Yes, really, bar none—even real ones. Such handsome stripes—" And then she added, almost reassuringly, "I'm sure you'll find a good home this Christmas."

"Darling," Peter interrupted, "if you're worried, don't worry. We don't give him a home this Christmas!"

"Oh yes, let's do," she answered. "I'd hate to think of him having to sit here until the after-Christmas sales—or even longer. Think what it would do to his pride," Peter nodded grave agreement.

"Oh look, Peter," she cried picking up a big brown teddy bear (just what Elvis wants, we decided). "Why," she laughed, "he's just the same size as Christopher!"

"Christopher," Peter put in, "is our little eighteen-month-old boy."

"Yes," added the proud mother. "And did you know he's been able to whistle since he was eight months old?"

"We said, "My goodness!"

"It was the funniest thing, the way it started," she said. "One day when we were home in London, I was all alone in the house, except for Chris. He was napping in his crib and I was in our bedroom near-by. Suddenly—I heard a whistle. The pipes? I wondered. Then I heard it again and again and thought I was alone. I was on the verge of phoning Peter at the theater to ask him what I should do when I thought of Gigi. He's being kidnapped! The air hiss flashed across my mind. So I dashed into his room and there he was, snuggled in his crib—whistling! He just woke and wanted a little attention. Isn't that amazing for a child his age?"

We agreed heartily as the three of us passed on down the counter to the train sets—and what train sets!—that looked as far as the yards of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe thrown in. There were freight trains, steam engines, miles of coaches, it seemed, and charming little trees and railroad stations dotting the landscape. Peter stopped dead in his tracks.

"Wouldn't Christopher go mad for this!" he breathed. He wanted to see if Leslie whispered to me, "And so does he."

Peter pressed a button outside the display and one of the engines went to work.

"Oh dear!" sighed Leslie. "Now we've lost him. As if we didn't have enough traveling to do in real life, my husband must be a model train addict!"

If asked what she would most like for Christmas, Leslie would say: "I just love the thought of being surprised."

"And," she added, "I'd love a surprise Christmas."

"All right," said Peter. "You'll have a surprise Christmas."

"Oh, it's the best," Leslie said. "I just can't get mother some perfume," said quick-thinking Mrs. Hall suddenly to get rid of her husband so she could buy his present.

We crossed the crowded store, dodging small children on their way to Santa Claus, and threaded our way along until we reached the sports counter. The salesman was showing a woman some sports equipment. At one glance of his face when he looked at the clock, we realized it was Dolores Hope—Bob's wife. Leslie went upstairs and the two walked down the stairs, talking.
over to her and they exchanged surprised greetings of "How's Bob . . . " "In town three weeks . . . " while we stood by.

"What in the world is that?" Leslie asked, pointing down to some little fur objects on the counter.

"That," said Dolores, "is the latest in covers for golf club handles—mink, yet! Bob figures if he takes care of his golf clubs in style, they'll return the favor and help him do eighteen holes under eighty-four strokes. I only hope," Dolores sighed sadly, "that husband of mine stays in town long enough to use them. Then Mrs. Hope's expression lighted up, "Why not get a set for your husband?"

"I'd really love to buy them for Peter," Leslie said, "but how can I? He doesn't play golf!"

Laughing, a brand new backgammon set for Mr. Hall, we trudged back to the toy department where he was still entranced with the model trains.

Then, coming out of her reverie, "That is how it so often goes. And she rested a slim gloved hand on Peter's arm. "It could be for either. But unfortunately, I wasn't that dedicated to my career. Do you know why I decided never to dance again? Well, after Christopher was born, I made myself get back into practice again, it was not easy to give up such a big part of one's life. I worked up my practice periods from a half-hour a day to hours and hours. Then, one evening after I'd been practicing—oh, don't know how long, I was so exhausted I got a chill and had to wrap myself in a blanket and drink hot tea. And I thought to myself, This is so foolish. Here I am, a happily married wife and mother with a wonderful future before me and I'm trying to kill myself for what?" And suddenly, there was just no answer to that. So I decided I would never dance again. And I still feel I never will.

Peter's eye was caught by a collection of toy soldiers in suits of armor.

"I really ought to have one of those," he said. "A director can't be too careful these days!"

"You should have had it the first time I met you," Leslie murmured.

"You're telling me! You know, what happened is, they hired another Peter—Peter Glenville to direct the stage version of 'Gigi,' the first show Leslie did in London after leaving Hollywood three years ago. She was delighted when she heard who was to do it. Then, suddenly, plans were changed and they brought me in as substitute. I won't say the quick-switch horrified her, but it must have been unnerving."

"It certainly was," Leslie picked up the thread of the tale. "I'm afraid I was ready to be disagreeable when I met Peter number two, but after the first rehearsal I found myself saying, 'He's marvelous' every time anyone would ask me. Then I suddenly realized I was in love with him—and I don't think he was too far behind," and she looked to Peter for agreement.

Just to tease, he said, "Well-I," and appeared very uncertain.

"Then, too," Leslie continued, trying to suppress her amusement, "Peter's rather outgoing and I'm shy. But some of his case with people rubbed off on me, I think, and I got so I didn't even mind making a 'thank you' speech opening night.

"That was quite a change for me because up until then, I'm afraid, I considered myself one of the people I worked for—including the audiences and especially the executive people in charge as . . . as . . . and she searched for the right word, finally pointing and saying, "like that."

There was this aura with a friendly yet slightly menacing expression on his face. "But Peter's given me such a feeling of assurance that now I can hold my own with almost everyone. Why, I spent last night at M-G-M for no other reason than just for the sake of adult roles and now they agree with me that I was right and they were wrong!"

"And that's not the only way she's changed," put in Peter. "Don't you think she looks lovely?" We agreed and added that furthermore we'd noticed it when we first saw her but we'd hesitated to bring it up until she did. At this, she threw back her head and laughed. "I really don't have the same face I did three years ago," she beamed. "I mean," she continued, "when I went back to M-G-M for retakes on 'Gigi,' Bill Tuttle, head of makeup, looked at me and seemed very puzzled. I said, 'What's the matter, Bill?' But he didn't answer—just went on looking at me suspiciously. Then, in the middle of doing my hair, he threw the comb down on the table with a bang and went over to the wall where he keeps life masks he makes of players when they first come to the studio. He took mine down and brought it over. Then he shook his finger at me and said, 'I was right! You just don't look like this girl!' And I said, 'That's right, Bill, because I'm not. I'm so happy these days I really am a different person!'"

"I think I will buy Chris those railroad trains," Peter suddenly broke in, as if he'd been mulling over the idea and finally came to a decision. "And I think I'll buy your mother something in the jewelry line rather than the lamps. And I think," he said looking down at the large box under Leslie's arm, "that is very, very big for a bottle of perfume."

Leslie's face went rosy as she clutched Peter's backgammon set a little tighter under her arm. "Now that we're on the subject, just what is that package on the floor next to you? You weren't really watching the train all the time we were away shopping, were you?" she asked disconcertingly.

It was Peter's turn to redder as he shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another. "Well," he said, "I can't tell a lie and I won't tell the truth, either, so I suggest we all go out and have something to eat. Incidentally, darling," he said to Leslie as he led us swiftly onward, "have you ever thought of taking up golf?"

LESLIE'S NEXT FOR M-G-M IS GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."
along the streets: the big healthy oaks with their shimmering green leaves, the lopsided ginkgoes with their skinny branches that remind you of crazy clown poses, the droopy weeping willows that almost touched the ground from their sadness. When we got to the Met we quenched our thirst with tall glasses of iced tea in the Rodin's spacious cafeteria and then we wandered through the lonely, vaulted halls to the second floor where all the Rodin statues embraced in the slanting sun—of course, young milkmaids and husky men—all in white marble, together forever, and I remember saying to her, "Gosh, Rodin sure knew about love, didn't he?"

We didn't say very much as we walked along the hushed museum hallways, looking at the happy statue lovers all over so many places. The hot sun was streaming through the huge skylight in a wide shaft of brilliance, and it gilded the statues with its glow and suddenly (maybe it was the sun that beat on our heads and set us crazy for a minute) there we were, standing front of Rodin's most famous work, "The Kiss," and the two of us looked at it for a long, long time, and suddenly, just like clockwork, we stepped behind it and looked at each other with searching eyes and we leaned forward and we kissed. I was knocked for a loop, flabbergasted. If you had told me this was going to happen earlier that day, I'd have said you were out of your mind. But there we were, sure as the sun was shining, with our lips touching and with my heart pounding in my ears, directly in front of the Rodin Museum and I can remember saying to myself, "Wow! The most unexpected things can happen—and in the most unexpected places!"

We kissed in the shadow of "The Kiss!" Only for a second—that was all. But oh, how thoughts can go through your head when something very special is happening to you. I can't really say I enjoyed that kiss, it was too stodgy. I was so aware of our surroundings and our crazy togetherness—time (as though someone had directed us for a scene in a movie), but there we were, the two of us, strangers in a sense, drawn together by the spirit of love.

Some people would say it was the atmosphere—all those Rodin lovers around us. Or maybe it was the funny old sun—it's always done this to me. I can't say why. But I say no, it wasn't any of these things. It was plain-and-simple love at first kiss for Mark Damon. I hadn't realized it when I met him that hour out in Hollywood, but I knew it after our museum kisses that afternoon.

How did I know I loved her? How does a guy know it's the real thing? Well, for one thing, I couldn't stop thinking about her. I was so doggone curious to find out everything possible I could: all her likes and dislikes, the schools she had gone to, what kind of friends she had, all the things that made her the girl that caused a ticklish sensation in my throat. I read a book recently where Gertrude Stein says every time she meets a genius a bell rings in her head. Well, with me, it seems my throat tickles when I really fall in love, and so far it tickles for one girl. Only for her.

What did we do the rest of that day? She had to go home to dinner. She was living at a girl's residence and dinner was served promptly on the dot of six o'clock. I had suggested cheeseburgers and Cokes at a little luncheonette, but she said no. I wished I could have offered to take her to Sardi's or the Stork Club, but, being a struggling actor, I was budgeting pennies to make ends meet.

So I went home to my dingy closet of an apartment on New York's West Side and I played an Elvis record on my portable phonograph, and I began to dance, all by myself—out of excitement, I guess—until I collapsed on my daybed. After a while I fell asleep, dreaming of her.

In the morning, I knew I had to make the dream last. So I called her. From that day on, we began doing things together, seeing plays (Standing Room Only—that was all I could afford), catching the second-run movies in the cheap movie houses along Times Square, loaing in the free museums where we would duck behind a statue sometimes and sneak a quick, laughing kiss.

All through those days we got to know each other. She told me she was spoiled. She came from a well-to-do family and had been isolated. She wanted to see different kinds of people, to be a good actress. I told her I came from the slums of Chicago (I was, admit, a little ashamed to tell this), and that I would show her the world, the real world. I wasn't afraid of the seamy side of life, and I led her to it. I pointed out how the poor people lived in Hell's Kitchen, Harlem and in the miserable Lower East Side with its bowery flophouses. She didn't like it.

One summer night we were walking through Greenwich Village and we stopped in a down-a-flight-of-stairs coffee house with blue lights, and as we sipped espresso coffee, I finally told her how much I loved her. I couldn't help it. She said it, too.

"Only if?" I said with disappointment in my voice. She hedged.

"But I love you," I told her again. And suddenly I was afraid to ask if she loved me for fear she'd say she didn't.

She said, "I like you, Mark, but . . . we're more like brother and sister."

Now, that's enough to take the beat out of any man's heart. Slumping in my chair across from her, I said, "Why . . . why do you say that? I'm like your brother."

"Well," she said, "there's so much I have to do to help you." I wanted to know what. And she told me she didn't like the way I buttered a whole slice of bread. It was impolite. The proper thing to do was to break it in half before buttering it. She didn't like the way I mis-pronounced French words when I was known as being able to say a flip foreign word or phrase into a sentence. She said it was crude of me to go out at night in a baggy sweater and an open shirt and khaki pants. In the city men always wore suits and neckties.

I blushed. I stammered. And told her how much I respected her manners. I told her I'd change. She smiled and said, "Let's see." We sat for a while in that Blue Moon cafe, and I changed the subject to plays.

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and books, to all the intellectual things she knew so much about. It was a mistake.

She was not altogether of the world as I could ever be, and as we talked I felt worse and worse—unsure of myself, squelched. Soon only she was talking, about jazz, and her boyfriends, and people's tricks. I just listened, and felt miserable. And then later that night we walked along those rambling Greenwich Village streets, hand in hand at midnight, and I told myself over and over again, "I must change. She'll have to fall in love with me. I'll show her."

Next day I bought a copy of Emily Post's book of etiquette. When I told her about it, she smiled and said, "But it's such a big book and it'll take so long for you to read it. So, instead, maybe I can teach you a little.

That was nice to hear. She was concerned, she wanted to help me. Perhaps I had a chance.

Still, I studied a little of Emily Post at night and I tried to show her my new-found manners whenever we met, and she would smile and nod pleasantly and tell me she was impressed.

That autumn and winter we took acting classes together at Sandy Meisner's. We'd go to the all-night cafeterias after class, and we'd talk about acting and the kind of people we knew, people who were older: bright, witty, sophisticated and easy-to-get-along-with. We ate sweet rolls and drank black coffee, and invariably we'd end up talking abstractly about love. But I was still too young. I just didn't want to listen to her from across a table. I decided to make her jealous.

In the midst of that winter I began dropping hints of our conversations of other girls I'd gone out with and the things we did. You won't believe what she said. "That's good," she told me. "I'm glad you're seeing other people besides myself."

"How does a fellow break down such a wall?" "But don't you want me to see you? Only you?" I'd say.

"I want you to do whatever makes you happy."

So I'd get all mixed-up, and I'd try to figure out what she meant. Didn't she know I could only be happy with her? Or didn't she?

**Well,** polish up your manners, Damon, I told myself, and sooner or later she'll get with it. I polished and polished but it did no good. Yes, we kept seeing each other, but there was always the Wall. She kept me at arm's length until spring. Then she called me up one Sunday and said, "Let's take a walk, feel like getting out in the air. Only don't get all dressed up, huh?"

"What?" I said, raising my voice in disgust.

"Let's not get all dressed up. We can go to Central Park and lie in the grass and relax. I don't feel like wearing fancy clothes. Okay?"

Of course it was okay. But what happened to her? No fancy clothes?

We met that April afternoon and battled the thick Fifth Avenue crowds, all the people shoving off their Sunday suits. She was wearing a pink sweater and skirt, and I was wearing a white polo shirt and a pair of corduroys.

We headed for the park and looked at the animals in the zoo. We made faces at a family of monkeys, but the monkeys pointed at us and laughed. I said, "I bet they're laughing at us because we're wearing old clothes."

But she shrugged her shoulders and said, "You're not ashamed, are you?"

I couldn't figure her out. That day the sky was the bluest blue, little tufts of cotton-candy green were beginning to appear on the bare trees. We lay under a tall tree near the pond and looked up at the white, cotton-candy clouds swimming in the blue above. We played games. This cloud looked like her dad; that cloud looked like my friend Jeff; a pretty cloud looked like her.

We let the afternoon slip through our fingers like sand, and as the sun began to go down behind the canyon-like skyscrapers facing the Park, we began walking along the bushy paths and suddenly the two of us stopped in the middle of a dusty dirt road, although we hadn't said a word to each other—almost like the day we stopped behind the Rodin statue in the Museum—and we kissed tenderly.

This was a love kiss, our first. I closed my eyes and let my lips linger on hers. Then I held her in my arms and whispered my deep love to her.

There were footsteps behind us, but neither of us moved. The footsteps passed us as we stood arms around each other, and neither of us looked up. I don't know if Emily Post has rules for such situations, but I didn't care—and more important, she didn't care either. Love is meant to make its own rules.

That was the beginning of happiness, or was it?

In the days that followed, she admitted she was falling in love with me (finally!), but she said it wasn't right. Our careers came first. It was wonderful, this beauty of first love, but we were too young, she said. How could we down when we were both still unknown actors? I told her I could—and I would. I'd clerk in a store or run an elevator in the Empire State Building. We could rent a small apartment and by scrimping and saving make ends meet.

With love, we could get along, couldn't we?

Sure, she said, we could. For a while.

**We liked a lot of the same things. Chinese chicken with almonds. Jumpy cha-cha-cha and symphonic music. Lil Abner and Peanuts. Pizza pie and pineapple malts and hamburgers with the works.**

But no, she said, it had to be more than that. "You're just not ready for this." I told her I was willing to compromise on a lot of things.

I told her I could and I would.

She shook her head no.

But a year later she asked for another year. And on the anniversary day of our first kiss in the Metropolitan Museum, I surprised her with a charm bracelet of personal trinkets, two hearts a butterfly wing in honor of Central Park, a slice of pizza pie . . .

Again I started to talk of marriage, but she stopped me. Her tears stopped me. Then again she had left me—abandoning me for the students of the School of the Museum. She was leaving New York. She was going to Hollywood. We weren't good for each other.

She said we were holding one another back. I begged and pleaded with her to stay, but she said no, she had made up her mind.

We ate that evening at the Tavern-on-the-Green, and we danced by the light of the summer moon in the open-air pavilion in Central Park. Later we took a ride in a hansom cab all along the dark roadways of the park, and we heard the thin summer breeze rustling the trees and bushes.

Suddenly, I let go of her hand. Before I'd been hurt, now I was ashamed. "You're a fool! Some day you're going to learn to love yourself. "She's leaving you flat and going to Hollywood. She loves Hollywood more."

So I sat in the corner of the leather seat of the hansom. I felt that already I was lost, and I wasn't in love anymore. I was learning to love myself. "She's leaving you flat and going to Hollywood. She loves Hollywood more."

She left for Hollywood that next week, and in a few months I tagged along after her. But she was busy, trying to get started in the movies. Soon I was busy, too.

Then we both got lucky breaks, and the world of success opened to us. Sure, we would never be at the bottom again. Five hundred dollars a week, in the studios, at Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor, in the coffee houses along the Sunset Strip. Sometimes we'd have dinner together and exchange news about our careers, and before I knew it we began dating again.

**Off and on we dated for another year;** and months later she broke off again. "Let's wait a while, let a few months pass." Now, suddenly it's almost Christmas, and I look at the telephone in my apartment and I say, "Should I call her?"

I looked around, and something struck me, "Call her if you want. Call her and say happy holidays. But forget it, forget the rest of it."

And my heart cries no, it doesn't want to forget all those memories of our moments together.

Then the same voice that tells me to forget seems to say, "Mark, take a lesson from nature. Love is patience. Nature needs time to heal wounds, to make seeds grow, to have a butterfly spin itself out of a cocoon."

So, maybe I'm not her kind of guy. Maybe she got tired of trying to make me a gentleman. Or maybe she just didn't love me.

Guess things happen that way. Well, sit here and remember our first kiss, and the time in the Park when we were so close that nothing else in the world mattered, and the afternoon I gave her the charm bracelet and looked at the telephone and wonder, "Should I? Shouldn't I?"—over and over again.

**THE END**

**WATCH FOR MARK DAMON IN PARMOUNT'S**

**"THE PARTY CRASHERS"**
Jayne Mansfield

Continued from page 45

On the way to Holmby Hills, I puzzled the cab driver by chuckling quietly. I was just imagining how Jayne would take this happy announcement. Her no-furniture gag looked like the topper to all her public-city stunts. But in real life Jayne Mansfield had been flaunting pink cars, pink mink coats, pink champagne baths, pink-tinted pooldies.

Or did she have a sense of humor? There must be a real person behind the character built up by headlines, the flutter-brained blonde. Would she drop the pose, if it was a pose? Well, here was her chance. Jayne Mansfield had described the house as "Mediterranean modern with a dash of Spanish thrown in." But there was more than a dash of early Hollywood splurge in the imposing pile of stucco and tile.

The door was opened by a middle-aged woman, who spoke a few words in some foreign language, smiled pleasantly and motioned me in through the empty foyer into what I supposed was the living room. And there she left me, alone in the wide open spaces. Sure enough—no furniture. My only first impression was of the size. In the far reaches of the house, the other rooms must be as bare as this one.

"You Mrs. Hartgaty?

The bell rang, I looked up, and turned to see a big man, moping his forehead, in the doorway I had just come through. "Who? me?"

"Yes, you. I got the piano here, but I don't think we can get it through the door.

"Oh, I know you can if you really try," a soft voice said from overhead. On one of the two sofas in the two living room stood Jayne Mansfield, in black velvet slacks and a pink maternity jacket.

The phone never gave up. "Sure, Mrs. Hartgaty, sure, we can do it." Off he went. Tossing me a friendly greeting, Jayne disappeared from the balcony and reappeared a few seconds later in the doorway. She had her head diving for the piano in the far corner of the room. "You see the fix we’re in, and upstairs it’s just as bad. There isn’t even a bed for Mickey and me!

"Yes, we heard that. So we thought—"

"But everything’s going to be all right, now that the piano’s here."

Night-club singers have been known to lean sound a piano or even sit on it. But to sleep on it, Jayne caught my bewilderment and laughed. "If the piano’s here, that means the rest of the furniture must be about ready."

It still hung a trifle phony. "I know the furniture from your old house wouldn’t fit here, but couldn’t you have used it, just temporarily?"

The blueprint had swirled gently as Jayne shook her head. "I sold the house furnished. The man who bought it insisted that—especially the bed. He even wanted to lease a lock of my hair to tack on the wall," she added. When I objected to the idea and begged for permission, and he thought it was just as funny as I thought it was, and I did. Anyway, we didn’t want to keep any of the old furniture, so we’re just having everything new, everything custom-made."

It was my turn to shake my head. "Jayne, you have just killed a great idea."

And here we were feeling so sorry for yourself two." I explained all about the big campaign to help furnish the Hartgats’ house.

"Ooh, but that’s terrible!" Jayne shrieked. "I bet we’ve picked up some real gassers. I’m almost sorry we’ve already—"

"No, don’t be. That’s just that’s going to be in this house. We’ve thought about it and talked and planned for all these months." She squeezed her eyes shut. "I can just see it. Slowly, she opened her eyes wide. "By Christmastime it’s all going to be perfect. And that’s important, because Christmas is special. It will be my first as Mickey’s wife. It will be our baby’s first."

"Christmas morning—I don’t care if it’s 110 degrees outside—we’ll have a fire going over there." She looked at the fireplace paneling and knew Mickey would be opening their presents. So will my mother and stepfather—they’re coming in from Dallas for the holidays.

"Well, in any case, Jayne was standing beside the vast picture window that framed the downward-sloping lawn. Flanking it were two niches, with a stone statue in each. At least she had been able to get with. Aren’t they beautiful? We bought them in Europe, after I’d finished making The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw. Imagine that?"

"The most outlandish things happen to me! So here we had these statues, and I thought—" it would sort of go with—we’d have a lawn where people can get in, right near the window. Oh, come on—I’ve got to show you everything!"

Across the living room she went, past the scattered samples of wallpaper, color charts of various paints, swatches of carpeting and drapery fabric, lengths of wood for paneling. Trotting after her, I found her enthusiasm catching.

"And this, Mrs. Hartgaty, is going to be the ladies’ powder room—pink chairs, antique mirrors around, with a pinkish cast. Am I glad that I am here! I really need it—I’ve had to use a compact to put on my makeup for ages."

Must be a very unusual piano, I thought. Jayne followed me, "one of the mirrors has to be in the house yet, not even in the bathrooms."

"There’re ten bathrooms—or is it eleven? We keep counting them over, and it keeps coming out to eleven. We’ve had to wait for the mirrors because we’re having special pink ones made. But the piano—" she lowered her voice to a top secret level. "It’s got to be here."

"Uh-huh," Simple, I thought. "Next time I want to powder my nose. I’ll go to a piano store and buy a Steinway.

"Now here’s the men’s powder room. It’ll be right next to where your first finished—ripped ebony paneling and red leather on the walls. And here’s Mickey’s den—and here’s Mickey’s. Hi, darling."

"But when?"

We’d reached the source of the hammering. Supervised by Jayne’s husky husband, two men were working on the same type of paneling to be used in the room next. "This room is my version, too," Mickey said, "headquarters for Hartgaty Health products."

"Mickey’s a real businessman," Jayne said. "I’m just glad to see him along the conducted tour. And he used to be a carpenter, too, so everything’s got to be done just right. That’s one reason why we made the house as soon as we got back from Europe. We just can’t be without the furniture. We’ve had a whole new heating system put in, and an inter-com and a hi-fi system. Right here we’re going to have to make a change. Europe, with a leather-covered bench around it."

I was back in the main foyer, but I had no time to stop and imagine the statue in place. Jayne was opening another door. "Here’s the dining room. In that corner

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The kitchen, at least, was close to completion—fully electric, with all the equipment in shades of pink and turquoise. It was now the setting for one of the strangest, funniest, most touching scenes I’ve ever encountered. At the stove was little Jayne, fork in hand, looking very expert. Seated at the table, waiting impatiently, were little Miklos, his father and the lady who had met me at the door. She and Mickey were chatting in the same language I’d heard before, so I gathered it must be his native tongue. When we were introduced, I was told that she was half of a Hungarian couple hired to take charge of the housekeeping.

Announcing that luncheon was about to be served, Jayne Marie graciously invited me to join the family in a meal consisting of string bean, peas, carrots, spinach and broccoli.

“Little Jayne’s on a frozen-food kick this week,” big Jayne said as she tackled her mound of mountain greenery. “Guess today is vegetable day.”

Under Jayne Marie’s proud and watchful eye, everybody ate with convincing gusto, though I almost choked on a moundful of broccoli when I spotted a large, sinister, dark hole, peeping in one of the walls. “What’s that?”

“It’s going to be an aquarium,” Jayne said, getting up to switch on a light inside. “I think we’ve have two tanks, huh? Mickey, what do you say we stock it with trout? Out of the aquarium into the frying pan—fishing on Sunset Boulevard!”

It wasn’t just the enthusiasm that was catching—it was the whole crazy, zingly, daffy routine. The sudden appearance of a workman greeted as “Archie” was hard to explain. How the Hungarian-introduced began to sound like part of a perfectly normal home-decorating job. “Hey Jayne, how about those champagne baths you’re always telling me I won’t have two tanks, huh? Mickey, what do you say we stock it with trout?”

After waiting without urging for an answer, and only an answer to the question, “I build a special cabinet right next to the tub, to keep the bottles in. You’ll have the stuff handy when you want it, and when you’re finished with ‘em you can put ‘em away there. That way, you won’t have any empty bottles cluttering up the bath mat, okay?”

He disappeared without waiting for an answer, and only an answer to the question, “I asked the laughing Jayne, “Is he really going to do it?”

“I wouldn’t put it past him. Sometimes I think it’s all getting out of hand, but if you’re having a ‘party,’ redecorating right around you is always kind of confusing,” said Jayne Marie.

“Wonderful meal!” Mickey said, and we all joined in complimenting the cook.

“Now, Jaynie,” he said, “how about those shelves in your room?”

“Oh yes!” The little girl jumped up, put her hand in her stepfather’s and trailed off after him. “I know just exactly where I want you to build them.”

Toying with the last of the vegetables, big Jayne Marie listened to the receding chatter, the high-pitched young voice and the deep, Hungarian-集装 voice. “It’s the best sound in this house. They say she’s got the voice blended into giggling and chuckling. Whenever I hear them laughing like that, I want to stop whatever it is I’m doing and join them. That’s why we always had the Father’s Day and daughter times together, just the way little Jayne and I have our mother-daughter hours. Never can help wondering what the joke is.”

Reluctantly, I explained that the taxi I’d ordered for the return trip must be about due, and my hostess went along on the hike to the main foyer (to be lighted by Aibel’s chandelier) and to the front door. “I wish there was time to show you the whole place. The downstairs is a shambles. It was a big addition, and it’s really going to make holes all over. There’ll be a small projection room, so we can show movies whenever we want to, and there’ll be sliding doors opening onto the garden. You know, we have a dozen acres, and a lake and the river and a big fish pond and a Driving miniature waterfall. Wonderful place for all our dogs and cats. And it’ll be wonderful for kids, too.”

Jayne Marie, who doesn’t have anyone outside of the front door after she’d opened it.

“Right here, there’ll be the biggest Christmas wreath I can find. And in the spring, well, it’s all going to be a heart—shaped. I’m going to draw the shape myself. None of that professional stuff.”

My head whirling, I walked a few steps away, to get one more look at the whole house, which I had ordered built by Rudy Vallee back in the days when he was king of the crooners. Nice to know that it was a last refuge for gay, unashamedly good glamour. But maybe I should have some solid statistics. “How many rooms, Jayne?”

“Why, I’ve never added them up. Do you count bathrooms?”

I’m asking the workman the same question, and he seemed equally puzzled. “I couldn’t honestly say, miss. I’ve been working here two weeks, and I run into them sometimes every day. I hope it’s a long job, though.”

“Oh, noo!” Jayne begged.

“I mean,” he grinned, “it’s gotten so I almost hate to go home nights. Every place else I’ve worked was a dull after being around you people.”

Frankly pleased, Jayne grinned back at him. I found myself smiling, then turned to the taxi as it was approaching and turned to find my taxi.

“Come back around the holidays,” Jayne said. “You’ll want to see the baby. And light-headed I was, I’m sure, as the taxi pulled away. But that takes care of the future, too—we’d like at least five more children.”

We were idling down the stairs. The sound of laughter had stopped, and Jayne was walking lightly, cautioning me to do the same. “Little Jayne’s down in the kitchen. She’s home from school today and she’s making lunch for Mickey. Everybody has to be terribly quiet when she’s creating a new dish, so it won’t fall. She had a terrible experience with her first try at a cake, and she hasn’t gotten over it yet.”

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A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER

Continued from page 42

from muscular dystrophy and that his case was incurable, although, thank God, he didn't know he was going to die. But even in his safe haven was the fact that no one came to see him, no friends or relatives. The other children received postcards, presents, letters, and love...he received none of these.

Mrs. Reynolds wheeled Francis back to his own room. Carefully she helped him into bed. She sat down next to him and brushed a wispy of hair back from his forehead. He smiled at her for a second, and then he started saying his prayers.

"Dear God," he prayed, "this birthday, please have someone send me some cards for my birthday... a funny cards with clowns on them... not many... just a couple. And God bless everyone... specially Mrs. Reynolds and Dr. Jellinek... and Jerry Lewis. He's funny... he makes me laugh. Good night, God." "

Mrs. Reynolds turned out the light and bent over and kissed the little boy. Softly she said, "Little Boy Blue come blow your horn. The sheep's in the meadow. The cow's in the corn. And where is the boy who looks after the sheep?"

And Francis replied, "He's under the haystack, fast asleep."

Mrs. Reynolds left the room and went in search of Dr. Jellinek. That night the two of them were engaged in a couple of telephone calls, one to Henry Bosworth, a feature writer for the Boston Herald, and the other to Jerry Lewis, national chairman of the Muscular Dystrophy Association, in California. And Mrs. Reynolds and Dr. Jellinek told both men about Little Boy Blue and his prayer.

After Jerry hung up the phone, he sat for a moment looking blankly at the far wall. Then he picked up the picture of Patti and the boys from his desk. He gazed at the face of each of his sons as if he were seeing it for the first time. One little boy. One little boy. Each of his own youngsters was one little boy. More precious to him than anything, more precious to him than life itself. And in Massachusetts, another little boy, one little boy, was dying but didn't know it, had a dream and didn't think it would come true.

Jerry heard the front door bang closed. "Gary," he thought, "Gary... Who else hangs the door?" And aloud he called, "Gary, that you? Back from the game already?"

His son came into the study. Jerry stared at him, marveling at every feature of his young face, noticing the glow of health and the smile of happiness he saw there.

"What's wrong, Pop," Gary asked, "Why are you staring at me? Did I do something wrong?"

"Nothing," Jerry answered, "nothing. I was just remembering that you were once a little boy.

"But?"

Then Jerry told him about the phone call he had just received, and about Little Boy Blue.

For a second, Gary said nothing, but just for a second. "But Dad, that's awful... terrible... I mean we can't do something about it?"

Jerry smiled for the first time since he'd received the phone call. "I'm glad you used the word 'we'," he said. "Yes, we are going to do something about it. We're going to see that Francis has the ripto-ravishing birthday party a little boy ever had. And you're our number-one assistant in charge of practically everything."

Jerry glanced at his calendar and grunted, "Just a few days... some commitments I just can't get out of. But we'll do it. Somehow we'll do it."

The first phone call he made was to Nothing Company, to General David Scholff, head of RCA and NBC-TV. He asked that an hour and a half closed-circuit TV time be made available from Hollywood, California, for Lakeville, Massachusetts, on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 7th. While the General was still sputtering "impossible," Jerry told him about all about Little Boy Blue. All the guffaws went out of General Scholff's voice and he said gently, "Okay. We'll do it."

Then Jerry and Gary divided up a list of names. Between them they had all the top celebrities in Hollywood. Jerry made calls from the study and Gary made calls from the other phone, in the living room. At one point, Jerry took a break to try to see how Gary was doing. The boy was saying, "...this means everything in the world to him... he thinks nobody cares... that must be awful. Okay? You will? Gee. thanks. And my father thanks you, too."

Jerry tiptoed from the room and returned to his study. He made more calls. In half an hour or so he and Gary talked up the results. Little Boy Blue would have the rip-roaring birthday party ever.

Now Jerry made the final call of the evening, to Lakeville again, and told Mrs. Reynolds and Assistant Superintendent

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BIG COUNTRY, THE — U.A.; Technicolor, Technicolor. The greatest parlor trick, western-wise since "Shane," as director William Wyler takes a very old story, adds Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker, Charlton Heston, Burt Ives, Chuck Connors, and a breathtaking scenery, technicolor—and emerges with a highly entertaining film. (F) September

BARRABAR AND THE GEISHA, THE — 20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: John Wayne versus the Japanese—pictorially thrilling, historically interesting, dramatically insipid. (F) December

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—M-G-M; Metrocolor: Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) November

CASE OF DR. LAURENT, THE—Trans-Lux: The case for natural childbirth—stated simply, movingly and in exceptional good taste, Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel, French; English titles. (A) November

DEFIANT ONES, THE—U.A.: Tense and compelling saga of white and negro escaped convicts, backed together, who grow from mutual hatred to respect and admiration for each other. Film acting by Tony Curtis and Sidney Poiter. (F) November

HOUSEBOAT—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Gary Grant, Sophia Loren, three children and some friendly termites set up housekeeping on the Potomac in the most charmingly unlikely story. (F) November

IN LOVE AND WAR—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of San Francisco, with Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter and Bradford Dillman as leathernecks on the loose. A three-star picture with a four-star performance by Duna Wynter. (A) December

MARDI GRAS—20th: CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: Pat Boone, Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands and a couple of hundred VMI cadets in a raff— with Christine Carere as the prize. (F) September

MATCHMAKER, THE—Paramount: VistaVision: Ably aided by Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine, Shirley Booth takes experience on another Oscar in your year's funniest film—a fast and furiously clever romantic musical chairs. (F) December

OLD MAN AND THE SEA—Warners; Warnercolor: Amid scenes of magnificent pictorial splendor, Spencer Tracy gives a powerfully low-keyed one-man show in the year's most unusual film experience. (F) September


Jellinek that the party was definitely set for 5:30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 8th.

Then he and Gary had a glass of milk and went to sleep.

Back in New York, General Sarnoff was already at work. He authorized the expenditure of $100,000 to transform Lake- wick into a Technicolor replica of San Francisc.
said that one reason he was sorry to see the Nagels go was because he kept thinking of how our phone bills will be. We all laughed at this, but we still felt blue until our mother, whom everybody calls "Sis," thought of an idea to cheer us up.

She suggested we have two Christmas celebrations this year—one early enough so that we could do the same things with the Nagels that we've always done. It was a wonderful idea, because it doesn't matter what the calendar says, it's never too early to be with people you love and go carolling and have fun. Why, somehow it seems even more special having the Christmas spirit three weeks early.

Mommy suggested that we have a little party, too, and to add to the fun we all decided not to even let the Nagel sisters in on our plans. We couldn't wait to see their faces when they heard us serenading them from their front porch. Then mother came up with a pile of striped mufflers and wool stocking caps so it would look like Christmas when we went over to the Nagels to surprise them.

And were they ever surprised! Diane, Kathy, Peggy and I went down the street to the Nagels' old house just after sundown and DeeDee and I held the carol book open so that everyone could see, even though we knew the words by heart anyway. We sang "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" and after about five miles of Little Bit or Mary Elena, the Nagel sister who's closest to my age, peeped out of their front door. "See," she said, "I told you it wasn't just a loud record!" And then Mary Sharron, Mary Maureen and Mary Kathleen were crowding behind her. You should have seen their faces. When we finished the first carol, we all sang together, "Good King Wenceslas" and the next. I had to admit that even that is easier to say than Calabassas.

After that, they invited us into their house. I could hardly keep my face straight as I told them, "Nope, we have to get home." "Why don't you come with us?" DeeDee said, trying to keep her voice very casual. They asked them whether to pack a deck Nagel, who was in on the surprise with us, said okay. She said she and Mr. Nagel might stroll over a little later.

While we'd been gone, Mom had dug out some of her old Christmas decorations and hung them around the house. When the Nagels saw them, they were surprised again. "Aren't you a little early?" Sharron started to say. And then she and her sisters all looked as though they were going to say "Oh!" but they didn't make a sound. That was when they realized what we'd been planning and their eyes all got a little misty. Mom apologized for being so 

"Well, girls," she said, "I'm glad you're all here. And now, if you'll adjourn to the kitchen the remainder of dishes of dishes you can help me with." We all pretended to groan, but the Nagels didn't seem to mind at all. They politely said they'd be glad to help with the dishes and we all marched off to the kitchen.

That was the best surprise of all. There was the sink, shining and not a dish in it. And next to the sink was a pile of bright Christmas aprons that Mom had laid out. On the cupboard closet was the recipe for taffy she'd tackled there. We all got very busy right away, setting out all the different ingredients. Then the doorbell rang and that was Mr. and Mrs. Nagel. Mom left, but first she said, "Now please, Janet dear, do be a little more careful this time." Mrs. Nagel just can't seem to forget the time I spilled the onion soup in Grandma's Grandma and I ended up spilling most of the pan down my nightgown and the rest of it all over everybody else. Well, all I can say is this time it wasn't me who spilled the noodle soup into the taffy pot. It was Kathy. —JANET LENNON

I'm Kathy and I have to admit Janet's right. I did spill the noodle soup into the taffy, but it couldn't have happened to anybody. Little Bit was perched on top of the kitchen cupboard, reading off the ingredients we'd need and the directions. I stepped on a chair to reach one of the top shelves in the grocery closet, but I was also busy gabbing with Kathy Nagel about the party she was going to the next night.

I was trying to describe my pink party dress, the one that goes with a petticoat that has a million ruffles. I was going to lend it to her, but her clothes were already packed for moving. And then . . . plop! I knocked a package of noodle soup mix off the shelf and it landed right on top of the taffy pot.

Janet was stirring the mixture with a wooden spoon and she used that to fish out the molasses-soaked package. Every-

**WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?**

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

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

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Name: Age: 1-59

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
It was like Christmas—it was so much fun. Taffy, in case you’ve never made any, is slow as molasses to cool and then set for pulling. So while we waited, Kathy made a record for the children to play in the playroom. That’s kind of my favorite room, because we made it all ourselves, out of what was once a garage. Anyway, when we got around to making the recipe, we made up a set of rules for taffy pullers. And let me be sure to warn you, in case you really haven’t ever made taffy, these are don’ts, not do’s.

1. Don’t really necessitate to follow the recipe to the nth degree. Go ahead and switch ingredients. If it says a cup of sugar, why aren’t two cups better?
2. Have a radio or record player in the kitchen playing rock ’n roll, so that you can beat a beat.
3. Only three tastes to each participant. Except for the oldest one—that’s DeeDee—and I, who got top priority in scraping the pot.
4. Be sure to leave all dishes with molasses mixture in sink for at least two days, because washing takes time. All you have to do is take a hammer and chip the hardened goo off.
5. Wear your best dress, preferably one with a low neck, and keep your hands busy.
6. Be sure to stop at a candy store the day before and buy lots of ready-made taffy—just in case.

And we did make up the rules, we cut up Christmas paper and wrapped packages of the taffy Mom had made the day before for the hospitals. We also wrapped some of the popcorn balls that we’d made from the leftover taffy. After about half an hour, we went back to the kitchen to have a look at our work of art.

It was still too gooey, so we went back to the living room and sat around, some of us still singing. Mom remembered that it was almost ten, past Janet’s bedtime. It was really getting late for all of us, cause we had school the next day. But Janet, though she could barely keep from yawning, begged to be allowed to stay up. “We didn’t even pull the taffy yet,” she said.

The taffy! We all sort of shrieked to get some of it, but strangely, we never really argued about it. It was almost too hard to get out of the pan it had been cooling in, but somehow we managed. “See, Mommy,” Janet giggled, “you said not to let it drip all over me. Well, it’s too hard now to drip, that’s for sure!”

We made a tug of war out of the taffy pulling, the Nagels vs. the Lenonnos. Daddyd and Mr. Nagel declared it was a tie. Then we cut the taffy into pieces and wrapped it. By that time it was quite late and the Nagels walked home. For a minute, I felt kind of sad, thinking that when the Nagels moved, we’d no longer be able to just walk down the street to see each other. But thirty miles isn’t really so far. If we can’t see each other quite so often, we’ll simply have to stay longer at each visit.

—PEGGY LENNON

The part I liked best about our taffy pull was the singing. The Nagel sisters really have beautiful voices and they’ve already made a record for RCA Victor, “If You Don’t Love Me” and “Goody, Goody Gumdrops.” We sat around the playroom singing carols and hymns, popular songs and school songs. At one point, Maureen asked me, “Do you remember ‘Ding Dong, the Bells Are Ringing’?” Golly, we all learned that one together when we were in grammar school.

After a while, I went in and Mr. Nagel came and stood in the door of the playroom and sang along with us. Their deep baritones were great for the harmony. But they hadn’t been singing with us long when we remembered about the taffy. We got there just in time.

Janet and Elena scooped up some soft butter to make the mixture pliable. Then Peggy, Kathy and I got behind Janet, and Sharri, Maureen and Kathy got behind Elena. The two leaders gathered the taffy into a ball and we started to pull. Daddy began to tease. “Why, when I was a boy,” he said, “I remember pulling taffy and it was a much longer piece. Why, I was on one side of the room and my brothers were clear across on the other side. You girls are practically on top of each other.”

Mom helped us wrap the taffy, and she was so pretty in her red maternity top that she almost looked like another sister.

The twelfth Lennon, counting Mom and Daddy, is due at the end of January. The youngest till then is Joey, and he woke up crying as we were saying good night.

I ran upstairs and brought him down so the Nagels could see him—he’s so pretty. “Dood nitte,” he said. By that time, it was a contest as to who was sleeper, Joey or Janet. Kathy ran upstairs to get the dress she was lending Kathy Nagel and then Janet woke up for a minute. “We forgot to sing Silent Night,” she said. And so all of us sang: “Si-lent Night, Ho-ly Night, All is calm, all is bright ...”

—DIANNE LENNON

Well, I guess my girls have told you just about everything. There’s nothing much I can add except, that is, my recipes for taffy and chocolate popcorn balls.

—SIS LENNON

### MOLASSES TAFFY—LENNON-STYLE

**Time to prepare**: 1 hour  
**Makes approximately**: 30 pieces  
1 1/2 cups granulated sugar  
1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed  
1 cup molasses  
6 tablespoons water  
2 tablespoons butter or margarine  
1/4 teaspoon baking soda  
1/8 teaspoon salt  
Rub a shallow pan with butter or margarine. Mix granulated and brown sugars with molasses and water in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and stir until the mixture drops a hard ball (270°F). Remove from heat, add butter or margarine, salt and soda. Stir just enough for all the ingredients to be mixed together. Pour into the pan and let stand until cool enough to firm and its color has lightened. Then stretch taffy out into a long rope. Twist halfway, lay it on wax paper and cut with scissors into 1-inch lengths. To keep your scissors from sticking, dip them frequently into hot water. Recipe makes about a pound.

### LENNON ... CORN BALLS

(Chocolate Popcorn balls, that is)

This recipe is enough for 1 dozen popcorn balls.

- 1 cups popped corn  
- 1 cup sugar  
- 1/2 cup corn syrup  
- 1 square (1 ounce) unsweetened chocolate (or cocoa)  
- 1/4 cup water

Put sugar, syrup, chocolate and water into saucepan. Let simmer until a few drops form a hard ball in cold water (265°F). Pour this mixture over the popcorn, mix thoroughly. Gather corn together to shape individual balls, a palpful for each ball.

**Since we’d already made molasses mixture for taffy, we just added chocolate to taffy mixture and, following directions above, put taffy mixture (about 1/2 cups) plus water, plus chocolate into sauce pan and then followed the above directions for the rest of it. If you do what we did, naturally cooking time of mixture will be less than if you start out making balls from scratch because your taffy mixture will already have come to a boil.

Let us know how your taffy pull turned out.

—DAD LENNON
They're saying over canapes that Vic Damone is visiting a psychiatrist. If the sessions are fruitful, and Pier Angeli hopes so, they may both be able to stop visiting divorce lawyers. . . . After a misunderstanding in Paris, John Saxon is back to dating Viki Thal. . . . Kim Novak claims she's on the lookout for someone to take her out. be her beau, keep her company, etc. . . . Friends felt Dolores Hart might have enjoyed "bachelor girlin'" it for a change while in New York for "The Pleasure of His Company," but her mother trailed after Dolores. . . . Since he's become director of the weekly shows at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Russ Tamblyn is a happier Gl. . . . The Jeff Richards' reconciliation failed, but at least they tried.

Sight of the month: Diane Varsi buzzing around town in Tab Hunter's pick-up truck, after a friend borrowed Diane's car and smashed it flat. . . . I stick my neck out and predict Susan Hayward's next visit to Hollywood will be Academy Award night, with Susan winning an Oscar for U.A.'s "I Want To Live." . . . Content that daughter Cheryl will be happy with her grandmother. Lana Turner goes to Europe for a long two-picture stay. . . . It happened at Dino's on the Strip, where a twice-a-week sight is the entire Dean Martin clan—part-owner Dean, Jean, the seven children and a nurse for the youngest—dining together. A waiter sidled up to Bob Wagner, coughed apologetically, then asked to see proof of his date's age. "I hardly think she's old enough . . ." he began, when Bob let out a whoop of laughter. "She happens to be my wife," Bob explained, "Mrs. Cleopatra herself." And then Natalie Wood got her glass of champagne. . . . Did you know Mitzi Gaynor used to be a chubby? . . . Next time you're at the beauty parlor, start envying May Brit, who's so pretty in spite—or because?—of her straight hair.

In a layer-cake house atop its own mountain, a little like Bali Hai rising in the midst of a California evening, architect Hal Hayes gave a birthday party for Cobina Wright. Stars, socialites and movie moguls mingled on each of the house's six floors, amid the music, the color, the beauty of the decorations. Bob Cummings and his wife Mary hauled us on the second level and together we climbed the outside wrought-iron steps that were almost lost in the abundant shrubbery. We stopped to chat with Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman. "I'm happier now than I've ever been in my life," Jeanne confided, "and, Sara, you've known me a long time. I'm taking this period in my life to enjoy my five children and my home. My screen career now comes second." And husband Paul just looked on and beamed. . . . "Hi!" a familiar voice greeted us from the fourth tier, and Red Skelton and his Georgia seldom seen at parties, gave out with happy (Continued)
It's always great fun running into Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh.

Zsa Zsa Gabor swirled about in yards of red net at the big Hal Hayes party.

What do you bet Dinah Shore's telling Jack Benny about husband George's TV show?

Smiles. Under the canopy roof of the very top level, Judy Garland and Sid Luft joined our table overlooking the dance floor and the whirling figures of Ginger Rogers, Rhonda Fleming, Zsa Zsa Gabor in yards of red net, Cesar Romero with handsome Agnes Moorehead.

Dave Nelson, 22, feels the warm breath of the draft board down his neck, but brother Rick, 18, is counting on four more years before Uncle Sam wants him and his guitar. . . . Dinah Shore and Jack Benny are good friends but it was another comedian, Eddie Cantor, who gave Dinah her big break. . . . After their silent and not-so-silent battles during the making of "The Devil's Disciple," London dubbed Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier "The Three Egos." . . . I'll go out on a limb to say that, no matter what happens in between, Eddie Fisher may one day return to Debbie Reynolds. Such things have happened before, you know.

Deborah, the Woman: She emerged from a scene in M-G-M's "The Blessing," her hand outstretched in greeting. "It's so good to see you again, Sara." The sincere appeal of Deborah Kerr. I decided, rests in the fact she's a woman before being an actress, a human being in touch with the emotions of others. I admired the forest-green wool suit she wore in the scene, a straight, short, boxy jacket over a slim skirt. "And have you noticed my new figure?" she asked, whirling about for inspection. Then as we posed, Deborah remarked out of a clear blue sky, "Why you and I have eyes exactly alike. I never noticed that before."
Flattered? I was knocked edgeways. . . “I’ve never felt such love as I have since I returned to Hollywood,” she confided. “I feel it everywhere and I’m so grateful.” Rumor had her husband Tony Bartley coming to Hollywood to effect a reconciliation. Of this Deborah said not a word. But she had seen her two little children before leaving England. “They are quite efficient, you know. And adjusted to their environment,” added the fair-minded Deborah, “they’ll get along very well.”

The Weeping Deb: When Tab Hunter arrived to take Tuesday Weld to the Deb Ball, he found her in tears. “I can’t go in this,” she wept. “I just can’t.”

Late that afternoon, the dress Tuesday and her mother had planned so carefully had arrived from the dress maker’s—ruined. The only alternative for Tuesday, chosen as one of the thirteen most promising starlets of the year, was the short white Chinese sheath, a $14.95 number, that had hung in the closet unworn. . . “You look wonderful,” Tab assured her. “you’ll be the prettiest girl there.” And with Tab’s encouragement, Tuesday, plain, simple and unadorned, in the only short frock among the long bouffant gowns, looked exactly as Tab predicted—just wonderful.

Sal Mineo has a realtor scouting him a home in Hollywood and that has the town wondering what Sal’s mother thinks about her son going it alone. If he does, that is. . . 

Audie Murphy built a landing strip on his 350-acre ranch out in the Valley, but Mrs. Murphy, a former airline hostess, refuses to have any part of his flying hobby. (Continued)
INSIDE

STUFF
continued

Carolyn Jones and her husband Aaron are a beaming pair.

Dwayne Hickman joined Carol Lynley at Deb Star Ball.

Deb Tuesday Weld wept till Tab arrived.

... Lance Reventlow may introduce Jill St. John to his mother at Christmastime in New York. ... Gene Tierney's first film in four years will be Ibsen's "The Doll's House." ... James Darren and wife Gloria have called it quits. ... Carolyn Jones and Aaron Spelling never looked happier than they did at the new Whispering Waters hotel in Palm Springs, which she owns along with Hugh O'Brian. Lloyd Bridges and Dennis Weaver.

Bundles From Heaven: Rumors flew as high as the stork itself but now they seem to be true. The nursery that Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller built may have an occupant this spring. ... It was a baby girl for Hope Lange and Don Murray. ... John Wayne paced hospital corridors with son-in-law Don LaCava when his first grandchild, Anita Maria, was born. Big John doesn't mind being a grandfather—one bit. "I'm still an actor, aren't I?" he asks. He sure are. ... Art Linkletter claims that in a few years, he'll be able to write another book, "Grandchildren Say the Darnelest Things." ... Shirley Jones' and Jack Cassidy's son Shaun Paul arrived sporting enough hair to keep Bing Crosby in toupees for life. As for Nanette Fabray's and Ronald MacDougall's son Jaime Lorne, he very casually draped his feet over the hospital crib—he's that Gary Cooper-tall. ... I vote for Janet Leigh as the year's best-dressed mother-to-be. ... The Don Defores' fifth child arrives this spring.

Cal York's Jottings: They say Rock Hudson's become a hula hoop champ, but that's not as surprising as the usually prim Ann Blyth demonstrating her hoop-de-do for minutes on end at a recent party. ... Rumor has it Tuesday Weld is older than she's owning up to. ... The Jerry Lewis' are hosting Liz Taylor quite often these days, kids and all. Says Liz of Mike Todd: "I don't want anything to destroy that memory." ... Eddie Fisher quietly moved into an apartment. ... Tommy Sands is opening a rock 'n' roll school in Hollywood. ... June Allyson is taking bongo drum lessons from Carolyn Jones. ... Tina Louise is learning all about celestial navigation, aboard Fess Parker's racing sloop. ... The Barry Sullivans may give their marriage a try after all. ... Monty Clift denies he's beat, angry or anything else. "I concentrate on what I am doing," says he. "I find it easier to work that way. To some this makes it seem as if I were taciturn or introspective. I am quiet when I work because I have nothing to say at that moment except the lines I'm supposed to say." ... Paintings signed "Smylla," are the work of Vanessa Brown. ... Sophia Loren claims the best kind of man for a woman is an intellectual, "because he has interests which involve him fully, leaving you plenty of time for dressing and doing your hair." ... James MacArthur chose November 2 to wed Joyce Bulifant in New York. ... Nina Foch ended her marriage to James Lipton but she and Bob Horton have no announcement to make. In fact, half of the time these two are not even speaking. The other half, they're madly in love.
DISCOVERED

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PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY 25¢

1959 Pinup Calendar

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FEBRUARY, 1959

VOL. 55, NO. 2

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Screen Play by GEORGE TABORI • TECHNICOLOR® • AN H8V PRODUCTION • Produced and Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK • Presented by M-G-M
I don't care what the song is. Anything Keely Smith warbles, I dig it.

I get the impression Joanne Woodward is amazed that she's a glamorous movie star. . . . Rick Nelson doesn't dig those coffee houses because too many people are pushing to be characters. . . . In his own quiet way, soldier boy Russ Tamblyn does as good with the girls as Presley. . . . Most frightening thing about the movie industry today is that if Greta Garbo were starting, she couldn't become a star! . . . When I visited Marilyn Monroe on the set of "Some Like It Hot," she surprised me by 1.) saying that few of the girls in the picture's all-girl orchestra were very good-looking—MM seldom comments about girls—and 2.) showing me the Photoplay plaque she won a few years ago and commenting: "I kept this award because I got it for my acting." . . . Have you noticed that the thinner Audrey Hepburn is, the better performance she gives?

Betsy Drake hypnotized Cary Grant in about everything except staying married. . . . I watched Gregory Peck at the movies. He gives a great performance crossing and uncrossing his long legs. . . . Shelley Winters said to Tony Franciosa: "There's no use arguing with you because you won't agree with me." . . . I like Rock Hudson because he became a movie star despite his name. . . . I think conserva-
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ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS

He sat hunched over at the edge of the bed, absent-mindedly tossing a ball up and down in his baseball-mittened hand. In a corner of the room stood his guitar. The radio was on but he hardly heard it. Conway Twitty, who was still known as Harold Jenkins then, was fresh out of the Army. "Which will it be," he wondered. "baseball or singing?"

Suddenly, the radio shattered his thoughts with the persistent, driving beat that was Elvis Presley singing, "Heartbreak Hotel."

"Hmm," he thought, "I can do that." And he did.

Conway forgot about digging his spiked shoes in at home plate and walloping away the home runs that had made the Philadelphia Phillies offer him a contract. Instead, he picked up the guitar his father, a pilot on a Mississippi ferry boat, had taught him to play when he was a young boy. He planted his two feet in front of microphones across the United States and Canada and sang away in that big voice of his.

As Harold Jenkins, he got to first base, all right, but he didn’t come near to a singing home-run till his manager Don Seat renamed him Conway Twitty—Twitty because his manager liked it, and Conway after a town in Arkansas and because it went well with Twitty. Then, last February, during an intermission in Hamilton, Ontario, he wrote "It's Only Make Believe." He wrote it in seven minutes. "Sometimes you can sit around for days and nothing happens," he said. "And sometimes a song just spills out of you, like you had dreamed it."

Oddly enough, in these days of overnight record hits—or flops—Conway’s M-G-M record took six months to really get started. When it did, it landed in the number-one spot on the hit parade and soft-spoken Conway Twitty could crinkle his hazel eyes in a big smile and know that he’d chosen right.

Born in Friar's Point, Mississippi, Conway grew up across the river in Helena, Arkansas, then moved a few miles up river to Mariana, Arkansas, where he met his wife, a beautician. Mariana is still home for Conway, "Mike" and their four-year-old son, a going-on-two daughter and a brand-new baby girl. Conway’s twenty-five now, and still keeps the strong religious feeling that once made him think earnestly of becoming a preacher. He takes his work and himself seriously. "You’ve gotta be yourself at all times," he says.

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

1. "BIMBOMBHEY"—Jimmie Rodgers (Roulette)
2. "PROBLEMS"—Everly Brothers (Columbia)
3. "WORLD OUTSIDE"—Four Coins (Epic)
4. "I WANT TO BE HAPPY CHA-CHA"—Enoch Light (Grand Award)
5. "LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND," and "MANDOLINS IN THE MOONLIGHT"—Perry Como (Columbia)
6. "PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A."—Na Tornados (Carlton)
7. "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES"—The Platters (Mercury)
8. "MY HAPPINESS"—Connie Francis (M-G-M)
9. "SEPARATE TABLES"—Vic Damone (Columbia)
10. "I GOT STUNG"—Presley (RCA)

continued

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Tommy Reynolds produces "Bandstand, U.S.A.,” over Mutual Radio. Sat. 8:05 to 10 P.M. EST.
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And now... to accent your new beauty,
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And, Zest with Aqua D washes away skin bacteria,
to protect your complexion, keep it fresh—clear—
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discover the fresh new beauty of Zest—when you
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make-up foundation for that dewy, luminous look!

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P.O. Box 52, Cincinnati 99, Ohio
I have enclosed two Zest bar wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to help defray expenses. Please send me a bottle of Tussy Liquid “Finishing Touch”.
My skin tone is: Fair_________Medium_________Dark_______

Offer good only in continental United States, including Alaska and Hawaii. Offer expires June 30, 1959. Be sure to place sufficient postage on your envelope and allow three weeks for delivery.
On the Record continued

These happy tidings came the other morning. "Dear Tommy," read Patti Page's letter, "Why haven't I written to you before? Busy, busy, busy!"

"First, there's my ABC-TV show (Wednesday at 9:30 p.m. EST). Conferences with Ted Mills (producer), Dave Geisel (director), Vic Schoen (conductor), the network (brass), the Oldsmobile people (bless them!), etcetera. And gown fittings and hair settings and song sessions, and more et ceteras! No time for coffee breaks. . . ."

"Second, Tommy, I've been having just about the busiest recording schedule of my career and one of the most gratifying. I did singles and albums. It seemed that every time I turned around there was that Mr. Mercury man waiting for me. Out of all this wax work came 'Left Right Out of Your Heart' (that was a big one!), 'Fibbin' (my current single), and believe it or not, four albums. Only two of the albums have names so far—'Let's Get Away From It All' and 'East Side, West Side.'"

"Lastly, Tommy, I vacationed! My husband and I relaxed it up as best we could before my return to New York and Charlie's to Hollywood. As you probably know, Charlie is one of film-dom's busiest dance directors. One thing, though—this love of my life better stop messing around with other singers! His last Hollywood chore was 'King Creole' starring that Army fellow—what's his name?—oh yes, Presley! . . . Warm regards, Patti Page."

And warm regards from us for the mostest of the bestest this new year!

Patti's never been busier—or happier.
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Open Letter to Rick Nelson

You don’t remember me, Rick, I know, for we met only fleetingly in your dressing room at the Carter Barron Amphitheater in Washington, D.C., on your first night’s performance there. I was with a party of six or seven girls led by a columnist, and as we approached your dressing room, my feelings were pretty well mixed. I was a little bit afraid and shy and very much excited. I was the last one to pass through the door and as you stood up to greet us, I received an impression I will never forget.

Maybe your face really was pale or maybe it was just the stage makeup and so to me, Rick Nelson, you looked wan. Oh, not scared of those of us in the tiny dressing room, but of the howling, screaming, hysterical mob that awaited you outside. Scared, yes, and a little lonely, too.

As we were introduced, you said, “Hi,” to each of us and when someone mentioned autographs you said, “Sure,” and sat down to sign as many as we wanted. I had heard rumors that Rick Nelson was a snob but that was straightened out right away. I don’t think I’ve ever met a nicer boy than you, Rick, and my friends felt the same way. All too soon it was time to leave and return to our seats and as I stepped out into the cool night air, I almost felt like crying for you.

Oh, I’d read plenty of stories about stars who weren’t happy with all their money and fame and who would sometimes wish to be like everyone else. I never honestly believed them, though, until I caught the most wistful look in your electrifying blue eyes. Were you wishing that you were just another teenager? Was it possible that you were envying us because all our friends were in the same town and our parents weren’t hundreds of miles away? Was it envy that we didn’t have a constant mob around us, never letting us alone, even in the privacy of a hotel room where guards were posted day and night?

Just as we got back to our seats you came on stage to sing your first number and immediately the screaming and shrieking began. You looked quite pleased and happy. The crowd loved you and you seemed to love the crowd. I began to wonder if I hadn’t imagined how unhappy you looked backstage. I wondered if I had dreamed the expression in your eyes before you rose to meet us. And like I said, I guess I’ll never know.

Mary Beth Boisseree
Arlington, Va.

That’s where you’re wrong, Rick will know now, when he reads it right here in Photoplay—Ed.

Brief Encounter

Recently I went to New York and the main thing I wanted to do was see some movie stars.

Anyone who says movie stars are too busy to take time for young (teenage) fans doesn’t know what he’s talking about.

My aunt and I went to one TV studio to see the show and take pictures of the well-known panelists. We were standing outside when a taxi pulled up and Gordon MacRae stepped out. I ran over to get a picture while he was signing someone’s autograph book, but it was so crowded I couldn’t reach him. A man started to take the picture in the studio but he stopped him, smiled at me and said for me to take the picture if I wanted to. Well, today that picture is my prized possession.

SUSAN FOX
Tipp City, Ohio

Oscar for Entertainment

Here goes my first letter to my favorite movie magazine. Academy Award time is rolling around again and I hope, for once, the voters will not overlook the fine, carefree and brilliant performance of Mitzi Gaynor in “South Pacific.” It’s a shame that many think to be eligible for an Oscar nomination the role must be that of insanity, alcoholism or frustration. It’s about time the movie industry recognized a performance that really entertains the moviegoer!

TOM PAUL
Palm Beach, Fla.

Circle this date, April 6, on your calendar. That’s the night when you’ll see whether your favorites win or not, when the Academy Awards are televised coast to coast over NBC-TV—Ed.

Fat, Flabby, Sagging?!!!

I have certain views concerning the caliber of Hollywood leading men which I’ve been keeping to myself entirely too long. It takes courage to cite them, because a “lady” isn’t supposed to have such thoughts—much less express them! I guess I’m not a lady then, so here goes:

Sometimes after seeing a motion picture, I get the feeling that the producers have only the male members of the audience in mind when casting their films. (This is a great mistake, for I’m sure women comprise a larger part of the theater-going public.) When selecting male leads, apparently their only thought is, “He’s a good actor.” Ah! but the female lead! That’s another matter entirely! She must not only be a capable actress; she must have eye-appeal. Even our ageless cinema queens (many of whom will never see fifty again) can wear low-cut gowns or don swimming togs and in the process reveal figures that the average teenage girl might very well envy.

But not the man of the species! He can be fat, flabby, sagging and downright ancient-looking and still command leads opposite the finest female specimens in movieland. Of course, the producers can truthfully say (in many cases) that they continue to use these actors, because they still draw the crowds. I don’t want to see them turned out to pasture—I simply want them to keep themselves in shape as do the actresses. If some actors can do it, so can the others. Among the few who have kept faith with the female public are Cary Grant and Gilbert Roland. I still remember a movie in which Roland and Bob Stack were co-starred. What a field day those two afforded the female who truly appreciates the handsome male physique!

EDITH RODGERS
Troutdale, Ore.

A reader suggests bright musical for usually serious Dorothy Malone. Why not?

Set to Music

In my opinion, Miss Dorothy Malone is great in every part she’s ever had in a movie. In my opinion, that Academy Award that she won was one of the most deserved Oscars ever.

I do wish some studios would get on the ball and star her in a musical or musical comedy. Miss Malone has a lovely voice, can dance and is a top actress. What more would be needed to make it the hit of the year?

MRS. ALICE HUGGINS
Harlingen, Texas

A fan asks: Should teeners envy Rick?
Modess... because
Contest Winner

You may think this a queer letter to write, but it was my daughter Barbara who won the trip to Hollywood in connection with the John Gavin contest. She enjoyed it so much and was treated royally.

Now, my problem is this—being the proud mother, I told all of our friends about the trip in great detail, but, so far, no mention has been made in Photoplay of the event. Every time I see any of my old friends or neighbors, they always ask when the picture of Barbara is going to appear. Soon, I hope?

MRS. HELEN E. BURNS
Denver, Colo.

Right now, Mrs. Burns!—Ed.

Heh, Heh, Heh! ! !

Herein I make my bid
For movies to get rid
Of weird beasts on the screen,
Monsters are what I mean,
Those quite fantastic ghouls
That raise from murky pools,
Or, breathing fire on high.
Soaring through the sky
With fang and scale and claw.
These ought to be a law.
Against such hideous creatures
With their repulsive features.
Right now I'm telling you, man.
I want to see a human!

LOUISE DARCY
Biddeford, Maine

One of Tab's Fans

I was reading in the article, “How to Sew-Up a Date with Tab Hunter.” It was the greatest, but I am a little too young to enter the contest.

The reason I am writing is I would like a signed photograph of Tab. After he gets the right girl, I would like a signed photograph of both of them.

SHARON NAIL
Indianapolis, Ind.

Tab wants to know how old am I. His signed picture is in the mail.—Ed.

The Movies: Perfect Gloom Chaser

Thanks to old Tom Edison for a swell invention—the motion pictures! It's a great thing when people can turn their eyes to the screen and forget their troubles.

What is the movies' appeal? I think, for a girl, it's that she can go to the movies Friday night and be a sultry temptress, Saturday night she can be a gracious lady, revered by all and, Sunday night she can be a poor waif in the north woods looking for her old pappy's lost map to the secret underground hidden passage to the fertile and rich valley (also secret) which was closed up many years ago along with the little boy who used to dip her hair in the ink well.

All kidding aside, it is the answer to our desire to see things and do things we'd never be able to experience without the aid of the screen and the transporting powers of our mind.

KARLE RAST
Grandview, Mo.

Those Russell Girls

Back in the days when father was young
And rose to a toast as flings were flung,
Who was the beauty whose fame was sung?
Lillian.

Along came the movies, with color and sound.
And up came a star who was gorgeously gowned
In Hollywood, Broadway, queen she was crowned.

And who do you reckon this Venus was?
Roz.

Later, we went for a black-haired dish,
Shipwrecked on an island with her was our wish.

When figures were shown that she was ultra-cotish.
Can you guess the subject of this refrain?
Jane.

JULIAN D. CORBINGTON
Coral Gables, Fla.

Elvis and Liberty!

In a recent issue I read that a school threatened to expel some girl students because they wore Elvis dog tags. This is stupid! I wear mine to school and though my teachers tease me, if anybody threatened to expel me, I'd transfer—and fast! I bet a lot of Photoplay readers feel the same.

BONNIE NELSON
Omaha, Neb.

Do you?—Ed.

Ode to Roz (Auntie Mame) Russell.

A Housewife's Notes

Have room for a few random notes from a housewife? Hope so—here they are:

It's surprising how children, my own included, know instinctively which stars are people worth knowing. Unfailingly, they seem to recognize—even underneath a role—those we'd be proud to have living next door to us. My two girls, ages eight and six, were discussing Ward Bond of TV's "Wagon Train" the other day. The oldest asked, "Do you really want to marry Ward Bond?"

The youngest stopped for a moment, thought, then answered, "Sure, he's really nice—not at all mean like he wants people to believe. I'll bet I could get all the ice cream I wanted from him." Bet she could, too!

I have nothing against Marilyn Monroe or Jayne Mansfield, but for the men in our house, Barbara Nichols can out-Monroe Marilyn and out-Mansfield Jayne. My husband, who usually groans about traipsing off to another movie, will even struggle into a tie for Barbara . . .

Comments heard over the backyard fence on Monday while hanging up the wash: "Who is this Sandra Dee? She's as cute as a button." "Diane Varsi is much too tense in her acting. The feeling comes over to the audience that it's all acting." . . . The grand dame of our coffee-clatch set had this comment, "Did you ever see as nice a boy as Tony Curtis?" We think Janet and he are just about perfect and our fingers are crossed that the Curtises stay in love in matrimonially wild and rough Hollywood.

THIRD ON THE AISLE
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.
"No other beauty soap quite so gentle"
says Anne Baxter

That's the beauty of LUX

Gentle is the word for Lux. Its wonderful lather caresses your complexion... softly it cleanses... gently its fragrance surrounds you... delicately, Lux pastels add a note of color to the bath.
For Lux is all gentleness, day after day. And from this comes beauty... a "natural look"... a "radiant glow." 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars know it. You, too, should know the beauty of Lux.
You'll love Lux—or Lever Brothers will return your money in full.
“You can always tell a HALO girl”

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans
The Geisha Boy

Never funnier than in this, Jerry Lewis (top left) vies for honors with his picture side-kick, a big white rabbit named Harry, and it’s a toss-up as to who steals the picture from whom. As a butterfingered magician with a small brain and a heart as big as all outdoors, Jerry stumbles in and out of Japan and Korea on USO tour, demolishing Army press relations, playing second fiddle to Harry—the kind of little prima donna who, at times, ought to have his paws slapped—and bringing happiness to a Japanese orphan. The entire film is full of absolutely nutty ideas, as when Sessue Haya-kawa is introduced to the strains of a new familiar marching song and we see him in full dress uniform supervising the building of a bridge, only this time it’s over a goldfish pond—not that certain river. And then, of course, there’s Harry whose sunburn sequence is one of the shortest and funniest on record. And it’s mostly because of Jerry Lewis’ slick counterpoint playing as the loving but slightly subservient master that Harry springs to life as such an enchantingly real character. They say he’s only a rabbit, but . . . family.

A Night to Remember

J. Arthur Rank

You may well leave this movie with the chilling thought that there is such a thing as “fate”—a fate which no human agent can change. From the beginning of the Titanic disaster to its end there were dozens of chances to save the giant ship from sinking with a loss of over 1,500 passengers, yet each chance failed. Why? It took Walter Lord seven years to gather authentic information for his book, and no dramatic script was necessary here, for the true events of that cold April night were full enough of real drama. They’re faithfully and excitingly translated to the screen in this fine film. Nothing has been spared to bring the story to full visual life and everything from Kenneth More’s performance as Lieut. Lightoller (see page 18, bottom center) down to the last prop shows meticulous care.

The Horse’s Mouth

The wise oral cavity of the title belongs to Alec Guinness (bottom left). And the superb manner in which he delivers everything that comes out of it may well win him another Oscar. An eccentric painter thought by some to be a genius (and by others, a madman), Guinness strides joyfully through the film bellowing and badgering, ruining people’s homes, battling with his ex-wife, pilfering and raising general havoc. He is aided by uniformly crack performances, notably by Kay Walsh, whose entire face is so arranged and photographed as to bespeak a lifetime spent in stopping clocks. The film’s chief joy lies in the fact that not only are most of the characters off their trolley, but so is the whole picture. The point of view is always slightly askew, and there is enough of the nuttiness in human nature to fill a book. Color photography and the musical score are decided assets, as is the crackerjack script. By a promising new writer—named Alec Guinness,
MOVIES continued

The Perfect Furlough U-21: CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Growing in stature as an actor with each movie, Tony Curtis now takes a fling at comedy, and Janet Leigh tags merrily along as his team-mate onscreen, too. To save the morale of GIs on vital Arctic duty, the Army offers to send one lucky man on a perfect furlough, which his buddies can share in spirit. The brass is horrified when Tony wins the drawing. Because this lad's a notorious wolf, whose girl-chasing has kept him in constant jams. He chooses to go to Paris, with movie queen Linda Cristal as his companion. In terror of scandal, her studio assigns publicity gal Elaine Stritch to chaperone Linda, while Tony's steps are dogged by officers, MPs and a psychiatrist—a pretty but prissy WAC. That's Janet, and you can imagine what Paris and Tony do to her. The pace is fast; all the wacky pursuits have a winning air of gaiety; and Tony has himself a ball.

Sheriff of Fractured Jaw 20th, CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

In his first American movie, British star Kenneth More comes in a winner. The only trouble is, the picture isn't as good as he is. Heir to an ancient gun-smithing firm (circ. 1695), Kenneth decides to haul it out of the red by selling guns in the wild west to whoever will buy them. And that's just what he does, with wacky results that rock the pioneer- land to its foundations. What's best in this is held together by Mr. More's sure comedy style. As the very civilized English tenderfoot who thinks it's rude for Indians to attack white men and sheer nonsense to have range wars, he's so deadly correct about it all and so completely innocent of the seething passions surrounding him that, at times, he makes the picture uproariously funny. Unfortunately, the times don't come often enough, and while his costar, Jayne Mansfield (pictured at bottom right below), is much more natural and honestly charming than in some past pictures, her role as writ doesn't give her much help.

Anna Lucasta U.A

An all-Negro cast headed by Eartha Kitt comes to grips with this one-time Broadway hit about a good-hearted bad girl who tries to live down her past despite the muddling interference of her family. It's an odd picture because it's so good and bad by fits and starts, Anna's father (Rex Ingram), for instance, obviously hates her and he projects this with energy, but his motives are never clear. The final effect is one of slowing down and diffusing the story. But sometimes there are striking moments, as when Sammy Davis Jr., a rejected lover, and a sort of latter-day Mephistopheles, pleads with Anna to go back to her old ways and we see Anna's resolve to lead a decent life drained, second by second, under the sheer power of his hammering, persuasive words. Even with its faults, this is a powerful picture, peopled with actors of vigor and talent. Fine assist, too, from Lucien Ballard's fluid, low-key photography.

Pather Panchali EDWARD HARRISON

Bailed as the greatest masterpiece ever to come out of India, this is a truly absorbing and interesting film—but masterpiece, well, that's a mighty big word. Telling the story of a Brahmin family's every day joys and sorrows, it has a simplicity of acting and truth of theme that can't help but touch the heart. But the thought occurs that the "inside" dope on how the picture was created should not sway the opinion of the finished product. Started as a source of Sunday amusement by an amateur Indian photographer, the leading characters are all portrayed by members of a non-acting Indian family. The film was finally financed by the government but, in the main, it's a non-professional venture. In view of this it's a truly amazing accomplishment which Hollywood and its mass-production thinking could well ponder on. And while it can easily take its place with many past movie milestones of earthy simplicity (especially French and Italian) its chief value seems to us to lie in its promise of even better things to come from the country of its making.

The Silent Enemy

Seven Englishmen and five Italians in a luxurious Spanish villa on the opposite shore battle for control of the narrow waterway which separates them—the Straits of Gibraltar. To the victor may very well go the winning of World War II. Into the fray comes young Navy Lieutenant Lionel (Buster) Crabb (played by Lawrence Harvey), a mine-and explosives genius with a bad temper and holes in his socks. He and his hardy little band of seamen exude so much charm and efficiency it's hard to believe they won't win. This is a war picture, all right, but it hasn't a cliche in a carload and it can, besides, boast a highly polished and attractive performance by handsome newcomer Michael Craig as Lieutenant Crabb's assistant. There's never a dull moment here as interesting characters and humorous moments spice the heart-stopping action. Be sure and see it, even if you can't swim.

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker

And remarkable he is, for Victorian...
BEWARE! The shiny film your cleanser leaves contains dirt... invites clogged pores... and blackheads!

BE SURE to use the cleansing lotion that deep-cleans... moisturizes... then rinses off completely!

That greasy film your facial cleanser leaves on your face after tissuing off invites trouble! It contains dirt and make-up... collects more grime... breeds bacteria!

Facial Bath created by Max Factor deep cleanses your pores... then rinses off completely with water — leaves no greasy after-film! Your skin is clean... clean... tingling clean! Refreshed and young looking!

Facial Bath is enriched with precious moisturizers to soften your skin!

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WIN THIS CAR LOADED WITH THIS CASH!

1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible

Actual photo of First Prize Silver Dollars

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JUST ESTIMATE THE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN THE PILE ABOVE!

Closest estimate wins all the cash PLUS the 1959 Plymouth Convertible

PLUS $5,000 Bonus for 1st Prize Winner! (See Rules)

2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus half the amount of money in the pile

3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus one-third the money

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This $80,000 GIVE-AWAY Celebrates Ivory Soap's 80th Anniversary!

What a wonderful way to celebrate the 80th year of wonderful Ivory Soap. For over 3 generations America's favorite for bath and complexion care. White, floating, pure...today, as always, more doctors recommend gentle Ivory than any other soap for adult and baby's delicate skin.

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I am enclosing 3 wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap.

$5,000 Bonus Prize. Check (V) here if your 3 Ivory Soap wrappers (or facsimiles)—include one from each size—Large, Medium and Personal—to be eligible for the $5,000 bonus prize.

Mail to: Ivory Give-Away, Dept. A, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99, Ohio. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

Look for Ivory in these special Give-Away wrappers at your dealer's today.

99%/100% pure...It floats
Mr. Pennypacker (Clifton Webb, pictured bottom left, page 18) has a lot of advanced ideas, especially about marriage and children, that are still awfully illegal, even in wicked old 1958. The acting is uniformly good, what with Mr. Webb being just as suave, nasty and lovely as ever, and it seems quite believable that he could oversee sixteen kids without turning a hair. Dorothy McGuire is warm and winning as Mrs. P. and Dave Nelson puts a lot of personality into the part of one of the elder Pennypacker children. Visually, too, the film’s a pleasant excursion back to the dear, dead ‘90s of ladies’ parasols and lazy afternoons. So what’s so wrong? The plot, that’s what. It wavers between the comic and serious and finally loses its balance in the sentimental. You might say, the recipe sounded yummy but the cake sank.

The 7th Voyage of Sinbad

Who could ask for anything more—a beautiful princess, an evil magician, a handsome, stalwart hero and such horrors of gigantic proportion as a one-eyed giant and a snarling green dragon who spouts flames. The latter non-human stars are through the courtesy of dynamation, a new technical process so realistic it somewhat overshadows the live performers. On the whole, though, this is a most enjoyable film which tells the story of Sinbad’s (Kerwin Matthews) trials and tribulations as he tries to obtain materials for the magic formula which will restore his beloved (Kathy Grant) to her original state. (No fair telling the dire spell under which Torin Thatcher is the magician cast her.) It’s all good, clean, frightening fun—a real treat for the kids and fast-paced enough to grab the old folks’ interest.

Inspector Maigret

Inspector Maigret, for those unacquainted with him, is a middle-aged French flatfoot who lives in a modest apartment, sighs occasionally over his childless marriage, and is always making plans for a vacation. He never gets it because the Paris police always need him more than their hierarchy cases, like this one, about a fiend with a sharp knife who crouches in dark alleys waiting for shapely blondes to pass by. He calls the police each time—even sends them notes about it. Maigret must trap this maniac, and the clues and suspects keep piling right up to a very tricky ending. Jean Gabin and the capable cast will make many a viewer sigh for something Hollywood used to make before teenage tumults got to be all the rage—that is, the good old-fashioned murder mystery. In French; English subtitles.

Senior Prom

There’s going to be a Senior Prom, see, and the campus VIP, Carter Breed III (Tom Laughlin), big wind-bag if there ever was one, just about louses up the whole thing, as well as the tender romance between Jill Corey and Paul Hampton before he’s through. Justice finally triumphs all over the place, and while this may not be the greatest musical ever produced (the multitude of songs has a strange way of all sounding alike—only in different tempo’s), Paul Hampton as the singing hero bears watching. He’s a rock ’n’ roller who looks like an Ivy Leaguer. Make of that what you will—and we certainly would if we were you.

A Question of Adultery

This just goes to show how rocky the course of true love can run or, at least, how stubborn two people can be—even to hauling their lovers’ quarrel into court for a precedent-setting trial. It seems Mr. and Mrs. McGuire (Julie London) is going to have a baby but her husband Mark (Anthony Steel) views the idea with alarm. He’s so upset, in fact, he runs his car (with both of them in it) over a cliff. Well, things go from bad to worse, much worse, at which point the picture starts dealing in earnest with its very touchy theme, artificial insemination. The end result is the court trial we spoke of, instituted by husband Mark who is still mad as anything. Somehow, out of all this chaos comes a better understanding between the couple and they walk off together with wife Mary tactfully soft-pedaling all that baby business.
New medicated acne stick
nips pimples in the "bud"

Acts fast to stop pimples from "blooming" and spreading...conceals and helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts fast to heal and dry blemishes in their bud stage—or any stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps heal as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does more to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—so fast—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new greaseless formula is so effective and so safe. Try Sentor Medicated Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...EVEN SCARRING

1. Melts blemishes away—penetrates to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.
2. Dries up pustules—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. Helps prevent scarring—helps heal tissue a safe new way—before permanent scarring or pitting begins.
4. Combats re-infection—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.

SKIN-TONED—CONCEALS WHILE IT HELPS HEAL!

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N.J.

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A. Gleam team: Ogilvie Sisters Highlights shampoos, three types for dry, normal or oily hair. Lather and rinse easily in hard or soft water. $1.00.

B. Cherry Ice, a delicate new version of Avon's popular Ripe Cherry lipstick, is a soft, rosy shade, lightly touched with blue. In Top-Style case, $1.50.*

C. Beautifully fake: Chimes eyelashes on eye-shadow colored plastic strips. Easy to press on, peel off, re-use. Light weight, washable. Kit, $2.00.*

D. Artists' colors at your finger tips; Nail Glacé Kit by Juliette Marglen with six travel-size bottles of nail polish plus full-size tube of remover. $3.75.*

E. Sensitive to ingredients in regular lipstick? Ar-Ex hypo-allergenic lipstick now comes in two new fashion colors: Pink Velvet, Fancy Red. $1.25.*

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T W A I N

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The Correct Answer is ONE of These Gold Rush Names!

BILLY SUNDAY  ROBERT FULTON  KIT CARSON  COTTON MATHER

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Write your answer in coupon below — Mail it now!

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 GOLD RUSH Game... offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure... and a chance at any one of 50 great cash awards totaling $100,000.00! 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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IN 4 YEARS $223,000.00 AWARDED
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Now Playing

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

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF: M-G-M; Metrocolor: Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) October

HOME BEFORE DARK—Warner: Jean Simmons takes full advantage of her first really superior acting opportunity since Ophelia in "Hamlet." As a discharged mental patient returning home to the very family atmosphere that destroyed her balance in the first place, she gives a beautifully shaded performance that ranks this picture high. (A) January

HOUSEBOAT— Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, three children and some friendly termites set up housekeeping on the Potomac in the year's most charmingly unlikely story. (F) November

INN OF THE SIXTH HAPINESS, THE—20th: CinemaScope. Deluxe Color: A vivid dramatic experience and an inspiring testament of faith. Ingrid Bergman's performance as an English missionary to China is a crowning achievement. In the last performance before his death, Robert Donat is magnificent and touching as the elderly mandarin. (F) January

WANT TO LIVE!—U.A. The true story of Berta Graham, California morderess who goes to the gas chamber, may be sordid, shocking and painfully hard to take due to the stark execution sequence but it's well worth seeing for Susan Hayward's brilliant full-length portrait of a moral abandon and human heartbreak. (A) January

MARY GRAS—20th: CinemaScope. Deluxe Color: Pat Boone, Gary Crosby, Tou- ny Sands and a couple of hundred VMI cadets in a ruffle—with Christine Carere as the prize. (F) December

MY UNCLE, MR. HULOT—Continental; Eastman-color; A sequel to "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," but even better than the original—and that's saying something. Hysterical French satire on modern architecture, liberally mixed with screwball antics by writer-producer-director-star Jacques Tati spells plenty of laugh-on any language. (F) January

RESTLESS YEARS, THE—U.I.; CinemaScope: Barred with problems of growing up. Sandra Dee and John Saxon also have to deal with their problem parents. The fact that the teenagers represented are neither giddy nor delinquent makes this a refreshingly film. (A) January

SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.; Del- orah Kent's performance as the repressed and timid spinner is a revelation. Every word and action rings true. In this story of an oddly assorted group living in a seaside resort hotel, Miss Kerr is surrounded by an immensely able cast including David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth and Wendy Hillier. (A) January

Cast of Current Pictures

Anna LucaStA—U.A. Directed by Arnold Laven; Anna Lucasta, Eartha Kitt, Donny Dow- nos, Dallas, Miss; Doreen, Davis, James, December, Rendolph Slone, Henry Scott; Joe Lucasta, Ronald, Igram, Theresa, Georgia Burke; Eddie, James, Edwards; Stella, Rosetta Lenoire, Katie, Isabelle Cooley; Noah, Anne Childress, Blanche, Childress, Neville, Knight, Paul Swain; Cop, Isaac Jones, Secretary, Wally Earl.

GerBiaHoy, THE— Paramount, Directed by Frank Tashlin; Gilbert Gilkey, Jerry Lewis, Lou Costello, Marie McDonald, Mr. Silly, Susie Hayakawa; Major Riderley, Barton Mac- lean, Peter, Betty Haywood, Suzy Fleurette, Kiki Siltia, Nona McCarthy, Mitro Watonbou, Robert Hiranu; Ichisya, Ryuho Demura; Great stars the Los Angeles Dodgers; Harry Have, Himself.


Inspector MAIGRET—Lopert. Directed by Jean Delamont: MAigret, Jean Gabin; Yvonne Rainer; Annie Giraud; Inspector Labine, Oliver Hussusen; Mrs. MAigret, Jeanette Beblot; Mrs. Rainer, Lucienne Rupart; Marcel Marion, Jean Assailly; Giraud, Jean Dedoulez; Police Desca, Guy Deforme; Marie, Paulette Dubost; Jo Jo, Gerard Suty; Michael C, Jacques Hilling.

PaterHanchil—Edward Harrisson, Directed by Satyajit Roy; the father, Kanu Baneri; the mother, Karnara Baneri; Abu, Suhar Baneri; Duru, as a child, Ranil Baneri; Duru, as a young girl, Uma Das Gupta; Old aunt, Chhambila Devi; Mrs. Moonerji, Reva Devi; Rama Moonerji, her daughter, Rama Gangopadhyay; Schoolmaster, Tushar Chakraborty; Doctor, Harimaran Nag.


Question of Adultery, A—NTA. Directed by Don Chaffey; Mary, Julie London; Mark, Anthony Steel; Sir John Leving, Paul Sedgley, David Donald Houston; Carl, Dieter, Anton Diffring; Dr. Cameron, Andrew Cruickshank; Moro, Conrad Phillips; Judge, Yvonne Stevens; Mr. Stanley, Frank Thirwa; Nurse Peters, Mary MacKenzie; Mrs. Drink, Dorothy Cart, Richard Calif- cot; Dr. Martinez, Arthur Gomer; Clerk of the Court, Philip Holmes; Father of the Jury, John, Leon, Rae; 1st Barrister, John Fahm; 2nd Barrister, Rodney Burke.

Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker, THE—U.A.; Directed by Henry Levin; Pennypacker, Clifton Webb; Mr. Pennypacker, Dudley McGuire; Gramma, Charles Coburn; Kate Pennypacker, Jill St. John; Fielding, Ron Ellis; Horace Pennypacker, III, Ray Stedknick; Henry Pennypacker, David Nesbitt; Mrs. Pennypacker, Dorothy Stickney; Rev. Albert Fielding, Larry Gates; Sheriff, Richard Donner; Laurence Pennypacker, Mary Jane Saunders; Elizabeth Pennypacker, Miss Milnor.

7th Voyage of Sindbad, THE—Columbia, Directed by Nathan Juran; Sindbad, Kerwin Mathews; Paria, Kathryn Grant; The Genie, Richard Eyer; Sokarab, Torin Thatcher; Caliph, Alan Hale, Jr.; Friend of Aladdin, John Hagen; Harold Kaset, Harida; Alfred Brown, Sadi, Nana de Herrera; Gunst Sallor, Nina Palanga; Cremona, 27, Lois, Lewis, Ali, Virgilio Teixeira.

Sheriff of Lawman, THE—U.A. Directed by Robert Walsh; Jonathan Tibbs, Kenneth More; Kate, Janise Mansfield; Master, Henry Hull; Nomad, Jack Campbell; Jack, Bruce Call; Uncle Lucas, Robert Morley; Toynbee (this Solicitor), Donald Squire.


Stranger in My Arms, A—U.I. Directed by Helmut Kautner; Christin Beasley, June Al- lyson; Peter Van Den Akker, Pat Beatty, Sandra Dee; Harly Beasley, Conrad Nagel; Vir- gilla Healey, Anne Hart, Virginia Beatty, Charles Colburn; Donald Beasley; Peter Graves; Marcus Beasley. Haylen Rorie.
FOR HAIR THAT STAYS PUT—YET LOOKS AND FEELS BRUSHED AND BRUSHED AND BRUSHED!

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no hard surface... hair stays pliant, shines naturally!
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WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR THE NEW YEAR?

Would you like an autographed picture of your favorite star? Would you like to help select the personalities we'll feature in each issue, help choose the all-time greats we'll do stories on, and help suggest the topics Dick Clark should write about? You would! Fine. Here's all you have to do. Please fill out the ballot on this page and mail it immediately to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If yours is among the first hundred answers received, we'll send you—as a token of our thanks—that signed photograph!

WHAT CURRENT FAVORITES DO YOU LIKE?

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WHICH SUPER-STARS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

I want PHOTOPLAY to tell me all about (check names of stars below):

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

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
ZONE
STATE

WHAT ARE YOU LIKE?

- Age: .........
- Three Favorite Magazines: .........
- Three Favorite Hobbies: .........
- How many records do you buy a month? .........
- What type of records do you like: (popular, album, classical?) .........
- How often do you go to the movies? .........
- What helps you decide in choosing a movie? .........

WHAT DO YOU LIKE IN PHOTOPLAY?

More stories on TV personalities? .........
More on Recording Personalities? .........
More beauty and fashion articles? .........
More picture stories: candid portraits plaus?

What is your favorite column? On the Record Readers Inc.
Inside Stuff Dick Clark
That's Hollywood For You Would you like the articles to run shorter?
This Page Is Yours Yes ... No

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE DICK CLARK TO WRITE ABOUT?

... 1. Records and hit songs
... 2. Musical Personalities
... 3. Fads and fancies
... 4. New dance steps
... 5. Dating problems—with answers from Dick
... 6. Careers in music, television, films
... 7. Personality traits
... 8. Help wanted forum: Dick's points of view on meeting new problems, making friends, getting along with parents, etc.
... 9. Party Ideas
...10. Jokes
...11. Others
Nothing to buy, nothing to write!

15 GRAND PRIZES
$1,500.00
WARDROBE
by Estevez
and a New York shopping trip for two

200 SECOND PRIZES
ADimiral TranSISTOR RADIOS
FREE from Kotex napkins

RULES
So Simple
1 There's nothing to buy, nothing to do but fill in the entry blank below. Entry blanks are also available wherever Kotex products are sold. Please, one entry per envelope.

But hurry
2 Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1959.

Designer originals, no less
3 Each of the 15 grand prizes consists of a $1,500.00 Estevez wardrobe with accessories and a five day all-expense paid trip for two to New York City. Winners will select their wardrobes from a special showing of the internationally famous Estevez line. Any winner who prefers may substitute $1,000.00 cash award for grand prize.

Cross your fingers
4 The 15 grand prizes and the 200 second prizes of an Admiral Pocket Transistor Radio will be awarded on the basis of a blindfolded drawing by name, under the direction of the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, whose selections are final. All winners will be notified by mail.

Everybody's eligible
5 Any resident of the Continental United States may enter except, of course, employees of Kimberly-Clark Corporation, their advertising agencies and their immediate families, residents of New Jersey, Nebraska, and other areas where prohibited.

Shopping Spree Sweepstakes Entry
Fill out and mail to Shopping Spree Sweepstakes, Box 8106, Chicago 77, III.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY ZONE
STATE

Wherever you are, whatever you do, new Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer. Kotex odds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.

KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corporation
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

One sure way to find out is to be a blonde... and the wonderfully sure, new way to becoming blonde is with Instant Whip Lady Clairol! It's the great new creme-conditioning hair lightener that turns each treatment into a treat! Feels deliciously cool and gentle going on, works fast as magic, transforms mousey brown or dullest blonde into lively, silky irresistible blonde—in minutes! So if you're a blonde at heart, be a blonde in fact! Act! Get Lady Clairol, new Instant Whip® or regular Whipped Creme. It's the happy new way to brighten your locks, your looks, your life!

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is Lady Clairol® NEW INSTANT WHIP Creme Hair Lightener

©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn.
HAPPY NEW YEAR

TURN THE PAGE FOR YOUR PINUP CALENDAR
SAL: Gee, Sis, how do we make the calendar?

SARINA: Easy, Sal. Follow the dotted lines

First we cut out each page along the dotted line here at the edge. Then we follow the other dots and cut in half.

SAL: Say, do you think it'd be a good idea to make the calendar more permanent? For backing, paste each half-page to stiff paper or cardboard.

SARINA: Good idea. Then the next thing to do is to crease each half-page sharply down the middle, between the months.

SAL: Ready for the ribbon yet? Here, you take it and sandwich it between each half-page. I'll get the glue and then we can glue each of the sides to the ribbon and to each other.

SARINA: I told you it was easy. Let's be sure to get the year straight, though—the first six months all on one side.

SAL: Gee, hope the year's as good as it looks!
1914 - 1958
Steel clattered against steel as the actors lunged, shouting at each other, their swords and shields reflecting the hot, late afternoon sun of Spain. Then the director yelled, "Okay, take five." The duelling scene of "Solomon and Sheba" hung in mid-air for a shimmering moment and then relaxed.

Tyrone Power brushed his arm across his forehead to push back the hair, wiping away the perspiration that stood out in beads on his forehead. He searched the crowd of people standing along the edge of the scene, and suddenly smiling, he spotted his young wife Deborah. Then he grinned, waved and began to walk over.

He didn't look like a man who knew his heart was bad. He looked tired, yes. But he had a right to be tired. The rehearsals for the duelling scene were strenuous and there was more to go. His makeup was streaked with perspiration and his voice was a little breathless, but the words were excited, vital, young.

"I suppose you know what's happening to us . . ." he said, putting his arm around his wife.

"Ty, you tell everyone," Deborah laughed. "How could she possibly help knowing about it?" (Continued on page 98)
The party’s over—but do you remember that moment when the beat of the dance music seemed to fade, and suddenly you asked yourself, “Wonder where I’ll be this time next year? Wonder what I’ll be doing? What’ll have happened to me by next New Year’s Eve?” Well, let your imagination be our guest. Photoplay cordially invites you to our own dream of a mad party in Hollywood. Who else is coming? See opposite page. Can you guess? If not, then turn to page 73. If you can’t believe your eyes, neither can we! Elvis whisked in from Germany? Jayne and Rick splitting a cooky? Debbie and Liz dipping into the same punch bowl? Wow!

The guests—that means you and all the stars—have at least one thing in common, wherever they were on New Year’s Eve. They all wonder what 1959 will bring them. New friends? New fun? New romances? Dangers to be wary of? Good luck or bad ahead? For a peek at the answers, noted astrologer Ruth Hale Oliver (mother of actress Susan Oliver) has done some amazing star-gazing. The sign of the zodiac tells all—including the birthdays of your favorites. Why not clip these pages, so you can send them cards? Address studios, or c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

**Aries**

MARCH 21
APRIL 19

**Forecast for Stars:** Debbie Reynolds (April 1) will spend the year concentrating on her career and trying to forget the heartbreak of her marriage to Eddie Fisher, for a reconciliation looks unlikely. She will hide much of her unhappiness within her, because she has too much spunk to make a parade of her feelings. . . . Doris Day and Marlon Brando (both born April 3) will be a little confused as to what they really want from life. Despite this, 1959 should bring Marlon more emotional steadiness; a real love seems to be forthcoming. Both he (Continued on page 70)
Kim Novak says:

I was all alone—looking at the newspaper—when I read the item above. And suddenly I felt…

everybody’s laughing at me

Kim Novak walked swiftly into my Hollywood apartment, nearly slamming the front door behind her. She tossed her tailored camel’s hair coat onto a chair, sat down on the couch, slipped her shoes off and then leaned back against the large beige cushions. She didn’t speak for a moment, then slowly her drawn, tense expression faded and her face began to relax.

“I’m so tired I could just about die,” she began suddenly. “I haven’t been sleeping well. Last night I woke up crying and…” she hesitated. “…that’s the way it’s been so many nights ever since those rumors about me started. You know, I so much want people to know the truth about me but I don’t know how to get it through to them.” And then, in a tone strange to her, she said, “I’m up to here with all this! I’m just fed up.”

In public, Kim seems to weather distorted headline, gossip item, rumor, and untruth very well indeed. But out of the spot. (Continued on page 88)
we spend the day with DEBBIE
and get this exclusive interview

"When someone you trust disappoints you... I guess all you can do is start building all over again"

From the pretty, brown-eyed blond receptionist at the M.G.M administration building next to the studio lot in Culver City, we picked up our gate pass to see Debbie Reynolds.

Ever since last September, when Eddie Fisher walked out of her life, Debbie has done the most natural, most instinctive thing she could do. She threw herself into her work.

It seemed ironic, I thought, as I walked toward the Publicity building, past Casting, Production, Costumes, Properties, that her work was playing a lighthearted, gay story of love, romance, dating, courtship—and marriage.

I met Mary Mayer, a distinguished-looking, gray-haired woman who has been with the studio since the early 1930's. Greeting me in her office in Publicity, she said, "We'll go right over to Debbie's dressing room." As we threaded our way along the crowded streets, she told me:

"I've seen many stars come and go over the years," Mary said. "But seldom have I met one as unusual as Debbie. It's not simply that she's cute, and lively and vivacious. She has a courage, a strength and a drive that make her unusual.

"I may sound old-fashioned, but I find these qualities very appealing. In many ways she reminds me of the young Carole Lombard."

Debbie's dressing room, a stucco cottage set well back on the lot, was beautifully landscaped with lawns and shrubs. Beds of nasturtiums, zinnias and marigolds flanked the doorway.

Mary knocked at the door. There was no answer.

"She's probably still on the set," she said. "She does that. If the take hasn't been just right she insists that they do it over and over again. She never spares herself. She only works to satisfy the director." (continued)
DEBBIE  
continued

to give him exactly what he wants.”
We walked into the dressing room. A rose beige wall-to-wall carpet con-
trasted with the pale grey walls. A twenty-foot long sectional ran along
two walls of the room, curved at the corner. It was covered with a flower
patterned quilted chintz.
A French provincial desk was at
another wall, and two chairs, covered
with saffron colored upholstery, were
in the room.
A red leather engagement book
with “Debbie” printed in gold letters
on its cover lay atop the desk.
In the center of the room was a
small, low table, glass topped. It was
scarcely eight inches high.
Mary and I talked for several min-
utes about the stars of yesteryear,
about their triumphs and tragedies.
We spoke of Janet Gaynor, Jean
Harlow, Carole Lombard.
Suddenly the dressing room door
was pushed open, and a white toy
French poodle bounded in.
“Rocky!” a girlish voice called.
And Debbie rushed in.
“Rocky, come back here,” she com-
manded. But the dog had (continued)
Whatever her worries, they're not allowed to cast a shadow on little Todd Fisher. As a daily visitor on the lot, the baby loves the set and director Marshall’s visored cap.

For Debbie, work has been a welcome refuge. She can even find heart to clown with her director between takes. About his young star, Marshall says: “She’s a trouper, a receptive actress. And her sense of comedy timing is wonderful.”
scampered under the sofa, his leash trailing behind. Debbie got down on her hands and knees, reached under the sofa, grabbed the leash.

She turned her head, looked over at me.

“Hi,” she said. “I’m Debbie Reynolds. Rocky, you come out of there.” And she dragged the dog back.

She sat on the floor, cuddled Rocky happily, and let him nuzzle her cheek. Then she unhooked his leash, and stood up.

“Excuse me a minute,” she said, “I have to make a call to the house.” And she picked up the white telephone on an end table near the sofa.

“How’s Carrie?” was the first thing she asked when a maid apparently answered at home. “And Todd?” she asked.

As Debbie talked to the maid, a white coated waiter entered, laid silver and condiments on the low table. Debbie held her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone, called to him: “Milk to drink for me.”

Debbie had the maid put Carrie on the phone.

“Hello, Carrie,” she said. And then she listened, a serious expression on her face, as Carrie must have spoken a child’s halting message.

Debbie smiled happily, then threw back her head and laughed. “All right, love. You be a good girl; I’ll see you soon. Put Christine back on, will you?”

Debbie talked to the maid for a few minutes (continued)
Easy to see this girl has a double heritage of rhythm. Eddie visits his children daily while Debbie's off at work.

"My chief concern is my two children," Debbie says softly. "They are the new life, the thing I pin all my hopes on."
longer, then she hung up the phone.

“What did Carrie say?” I asked.

Debbie smiled, shook her head. “Uh, uh. Secret.” Then she kicked off her shoes, and sat down on the floor at the side of the glass-topped table.

“I have to get up at six a.m. even though we don't start shooting until nine. It's a long way from Holmby Hills to (Continued on page 100)
Ever since Debbie and Eddie broke up, fans everywhere—and you may have written to us yourself—have asked: “Aren’t any marriages happy in Hollywood? Doesn’t anyone work hard at them?” Well, we don’t have the answer, but we will take you, in the following pages, into the very hearts of three successful Hollywood marriages: Janet and Tony, Jean and Stewart, Natalie and Bob. Read them for your own answer to: Can a Hollywood Marriage Last?
Janet Leigh —

"SCOUT'S HONOR, TONY, I WON'T BREAK THESE

I resolve:

not to forget
all the wonderful ways
God has blessed us.

I resolve:

not to laugh when you buy me a
trapeze gown, thinking it's a maternity dress.

I resolve:

not to cry when Kelly gives the baby
a "doughnut cake" with a candle,
as a birthday present.
Janet was just humming now. The soft glow of the night light caught the misty, tender look in her eyes—and the green glare in the eyes of the frowzy-maned yellow lion that snuggled in the bed beside Kelly Lee. The little girl's own eyes were closed, her arms curved around her favorite toy. And the last note of the lullaby trailed away. Janet looked up at Tony and nodded.

As he started across the dimly lighted room, the silence was smashed by a metallic clatter and a thud.

Janet said, "Shh!"

"Fine thing!" Tony whispered. "I almost break a leg, and . . ." He got up, holding in one hand a shiny 1959 model car, in the other the doll that had been "driving" it.

But Kelly slept and her parents tiptoed out of her bedroom into the adjoining playroom, also decorated in pink and red, like a strawberry soda garnished with whole strawberries. Gently, Janet closed the door and turned to her husband. "It's your own fault. Who bought all this stuff?"

With a convincing Spirit of '76 limp, Tony was circling the room, searching for a place to put the offending toys. He finally found an empty spot, between a beautifully dressed bride doll and a two-humped camel.

"Now that you've got two children to shop for, we'll have to build an extra wing on the house—for storage space."

"Can't help it," Tony shrugged. "Something just comes over me . . ."

"Well then, you'd better make a resolution: Stay out of stores in 1959."

"Not me. I'm going to make a resolution not to make any resolutions."

"Okay," he said resignedly, after seeing Janet's (Continued on page 80)
they said we had

NOTHING IN COMMON

but they forgot about love
Tracy’s ponytail bobbed as she squatted down to pick a blue lupine. In the grass nearby, something moved sinuously, but neither Tracy nor her mother noticed it. Watching her fat and sassy two-year-old, Jean Simmons Granger enjoyed the warmth of the Arizona sun blazing in the deep blue overhead. In the winter, she tended to forget about the summer months, when the same sun might shoot the thermometer up to a merciless, bone-dry 105°. Now it sparkled benevolently on the lake and on the dazzling white Charolais herd that grazed along the margins.

These were cattle of a French breed, rare in the American West, and rancher Stewart Granger (once British gentleman James Stewart) was proud of them. With one of his cowhands, he was inspecting an unconcerned-looking cow. Jean heard the murmur of the men’s voices, then the reassuring slap of Stewart’s hand against the creature’s flank, as he straightened, grinning proudly at his helper.

She heard another sound, a faint rustling in the grass, and saw the snake. Lunging to catch up her child, she shrieked, “Jimmy! Jimmy!” He came on the run, but, after his eyes had followed her speechless pointing, he began to laugh. “That’s only a blacksnake. It’s perfectly harmless. They keep down the varmint population but they don’t attack people.”

More startled than scared, Tracy was crying. Jean patted the wet, sunburned cheek. “There, there. Daddy says it won’t hurt you.” Tracy had no idea of what it was that wouldn’t hurt her; she hadn’t even seen the snake; and the soothing note in (Continued on page 74)
Gee, she’s been married a whole year, yet . . .

"ALL NAT TALKS ABOUT IS POTS AND PANS AND BOB"

I t doesn’t seem as though a whole year has gone by, but here it is, Natalie’s first wedding anniversary. I’ll never forget Nat’s wedding. It was the most beautiful day of my life, that December 28, 1957. Nat looked so beautiful standing at the altar and RJ looked so handsome and I felt all warm inside. Mother told me to try not to cry during the ceremony and I said I wouldn’t. I couldn’t understand why people would want to cry anyway. But when I saw Nat standing there and I heard some other people sniffling, including Mother, I couldn’t help it. The tears started streaming down my cheeks. I don’t know why, it was such a funny feeling. After the ceremony, when Nat and RJ walked down the aisle, I tried not to let her see me crying, but she did. Nat let go of RJ’s hand and she came over and kissed me and hugged me and we just looked at each other. I saw she had tears, too, so I didn’t feel so bad crying myself.

At the reception I had my first sip of champagne. I didn’t really like it because the bubbles made me sneeze. But I tried to act grownup so I took two sips and then ditched the almost full glass in back of the wedding cake.

Afterwards, I went up with Natalie when she changed from her wedding dress to her going-away suit. I wasn’t going to go into her room because I thought I might bother her. She had so many things on her mind, packing and stuff. But she asked me to come with her. I sat on the edge of the bed while she changed.

Then she walked over to me and she combed my hair because it was kind of tangled up in my wedding hat. It wasn’t really too messed up but I think Nat was trying to say something when she came over and started combing my hair. It was as if she was saying, "Don’t worry, Lana, I’m still your big sister. Nothing’s changed.” Right before they left Nat and RJ gave all the bridal party gifts. They’d already given me a makeup case and now they gave me a gold angel medallion engraved, “To Lana-December 28-57. Love Nat and RJ.” I always wear it everywhere, even in the bathtub!

A lot of people ask me if I think Nat’s changed much since she married RJ. I honestly don’t think so; not much anyway. It’s true that when she lived at home she was mainly interested in her career, going out to
parties, clothes, things like that. Now most of her conversation is about her husband and her home. Nat and RJ only live about a mile from us and we see them all the time. They come over to our house or we go to theirs and in between we talk on the phone, sometimes five times a day. So you see it's not like Nat moved far away or anything. We still go shopping and have lunch and talk and she and RJ take me lots of places with them. About the only thing I miss is having Nat home every evening so she can help me with homework. She's a real brain and if she were living home I'd pile my work on her. But I guess that really wouldn't be fair even if she were available!

RJ has brought a lot more laughs into our family. The day that Nat told us she and RJ were in love we were all so thrilled because we'd never seen her look quite so beaming. The next night RJ came over to our house and formally asked for permission to marry Nat. I can't tell you how pleased the folks were. My mother says boys don't do this very often nowadays. I sure hope when I fall in love the boy will ask my father, like RJ did.

It's a standing joke in our family that Natalie can't even boil water but really we just say that to tease her. She didn't do much around the house before she got married and although she still doesn't go into the kitchen very often, she's a great cook when she wants to be. When Nat and RJ first got back from their honeymoon she gave a small dinner party. We were all curious to see how she would be as a hostess. Even Mother was surprised. When we got there the apartment was so neat and there were flowers all over—the first few months they lived in RJ's bachelor apartment until they moved into their home, but the apartment was quite large and Nat had everything under control. Before dinner the grownups had cocktails and Natalie made delicious hors d'oeuvres; they tasted great with my Coke! Then we sat at the table and she helped serve the dinner. It was prime ribs of beef and some plain vegetables, like stringbeans, but Nat had fixed them so fancy that they tasted real exotic! And we had a gooey dessert—I don't think she made that—and everyone really stuffed themselves. She was so at ease, all dressed up pretty and yet we knew (Continued on page 69)
We toasted the New Year with glasses of cold milk and it didn't matter that it was noon instead of midnight or that it was three weeks too early. It didn't matter because Tony Perkins was my date.

No matter how hard I try, I can't remember what I said to him that first night! The one thing that does come back though is wishing I'd combed the curl back into the end of my ponytail or tucked in my blouse before I answered that knock. Inside, to myself, I might even have said something like "Wow!" But not to him. One look at him—and I don't think I was capable of saying anything.

Mother was still picking up in the kitchen, and I had just started some pretty impossible-looking geometry problems, when there was a knock at the door. "Doris," Mother called, "would you mind getting that? I can't imagine who it is—one of the students maybe." (My mother was the librarian at Rawlins College, in Winter Park, Florida, and we had been living in a little house right on the campus since my father died two years before.)

"Okay," I answered, not even bothering to put my loafers back on. I went into the living room and opened the front door.

And there he was—on the other side of the screen door—the tallest boy I ever saw! He was wearing khakis and a cotton shirt with the sleeves rolled up. Under the straight, brown hair that hung over his forehead, I saw his eyes—warm and lively and kind of laughing even though it was easy to see, from the way he was standing, how shy he was.

"Is this where Mrs. Cameron lives?" he finally asked. Then, before I even had a chance to answer, "Is she your mother? My name is Tony Perkins."

"Yes, she is," I said, turning around to call her.

He came in and sat down in the living room on kind of a low chair. His knees seemed to come up almost to his chin. He began cracking his knuckles, one after another. I noticed that his hands were large, with long and sensitive-looking fingers.

"Gee, Mrs. Cameron—I'm sorry. I mean, it seems terrible bothering you in the evening like this. But I'm in a real jam. You see—I wouldn't ever cause you so much trouble unless it was for something really important. But there was a required book for Music 1. Well, the exam's tomorrow! You must be thinking I should have gotten that book a couple of weeks ago at least. I guess you're right. I should have, but I was pretty busy and one thing led to another and then, the first thing I knew, the exam was here! And I still hadn't gotten that book." Once he started talking, he didn't seem to be able to stop. Words kind (Continued on page 96)
YOU: "Boys don't know a thing about fashion"

BOYS: "Just give us half a chance!"

All four of the "Mardi Gras" heartthrobs hollered out together. "What do you mean? Don't you think guys should have a say-so about the way you gals look?" Tommy Sands' voice was heard above the rest. "After all," Gary Crosby added, looking around at the other guys for support, "don't girls dress up for guys?" "Or do they think the way they dress makes no impression on a fellow?" Dick Sargeant said. "Supposing each guy gets a turn at sounding off," suggested Pat Boone. After another round of shouts, Dolores Hart modeled the gay, party-spirited fashions we'd chosen for the fellows. Before you knew it, the guys were lighting into a mighty important subject: how boys like a girl to look.

TURN THE PAGE FOR THEIR COMMENTS—
SPRING FASHION IDEAS
continued

Ship 'N' Shore middy, $2.99.
Collegetown pleated skirt, $9.95.

Empire coat, $55.00, by PRL.
Flowered hopsacking blazer, $12.95; matching skirt, $7.95; solid overblouse, $5.95. Personal Sportswear.

Dick Sargeant: Mardi Gras is one thing and for a girl to have fun-type outfits is great, but when my date looks like a Christmas tree, decked out in everything from tiaras to slave chains — then I cringe! Don't misunderstand me; I love a little jewelry in taste and moderation, but, for my money, you should go easy on the trimmings and concentrate more on the main dish!

Tommy Sands: I like a girl to look her age. I mean, I hate dating a young girl who looks like a vamp in a slinky black dress and spike heel shoes. Another thing I like is neatness. A girl doesn't have to be pretty if she's got a neat appearance and likes to have fun; then the fellow's bound to have fun with her. I guess it all adds up to keeping natural. That's the most important thing.

Gary Crosby: Copycats! They're my gripe! Does a girl have to wear something just because everybody else is wearing it? Especially if it's terrible on her? Take the sack! I've seen some gals look swell in them, but others look sad and droopy. I don't mind a girl trying out new styles, but she should try them on her close friends or family first, to see if she's picked a winner. continued

For where to buy Photoplay fashions, turn to page 78
After Dolores modeled four spring outfits, the boys made notes on the things they thought you should watch for spring. Sketches below give their tips on the new trends.

Pat Boone: First thing I notice are colors, and, like music, I like them to harmonize. Girls shouldn't be afraid of colors in new arrangements. As I tell my wife Shirley, it's a nice surprise for a man to see his wife wearing something different as long as it's in good taste. After all, clothes should say something about a person's personality—like Dolores' sweater that I sketched (left); red and yellow suit her so it seems to me.

The other thing I'm conscious of is whether clothes fit. Shirley spends as much time making sure her clothes fit as she does shopping. I guess it's like anything else—the more attention you pay to details, the better the results you're sure to get.

Striped pullover, $7.95; cotton knit Capri pants, $8.95. By Smartee.
who filed the alligator under "R"?

Dick Clark's away—and we, his ever-loving staff, wanted to know: Who did file the alligator under "R"? We found it the first day of Dick's brief vacation, but we were sure he couldn't have done it. Our boss is very meticulous about his filing. If he'd put it (Continued on page 36)
Left, Chris. I'm Joann.

That's me, Frauny Gomel.

Here I am Teti-Babe, in an aloof mood.

Having mad time. Wish Dick were here!
"Girls should never pursue men," says Dana Wynter. Then how did she win the most sought-after bachelor in Hollywood?

"I have never once discussed my courtship," Dana answered. But, then—to prove a point about American men, she did! (Turn to page 94)
I knocked at the big backstage door of the Brooklyn Fox Theatre. Alan Freed, the big daddy of rock 'n' roll, had invited us to a Big Beat session and then asked us if we'd like to go backstage to meet his singing stars.

"No visitors," a voice shouted back.

"I have an appointment," I said. I identified myself and the door opened.

Quicker than a whirr of bird-wings, three teenage girls ducked in behind me.

"Hey," a gruff voice shouted at them. "You can't come in here."

The girls looked downcast, as if Elvis had left for Germany all over again—and Rick Nelson along with him.

"Oh, that's all right," I chimed in. "They're with me."

The man went back to guarding the door and the girls clustered around me.

"Gee, thanks, Mister . . ."

"Christy," I said, "George Christy. And don't mention it. I'm here to do a story for Photoplay. Why don't you tag along?"

The tallest one's ponytail was bouncing with excitement as she gave me her hand. "Golly, we'd love to," she breathed. "I'm Kathy and that's Debbie." She pointed to her blue-eyed friend, who was busy craning, her neck up at the backstage maze of wires and pulleys, the beams of silvery light and midnight-blue velour drapes.

"I'm Sue," piped up (Continued)

by GEORGE CHRISTY
THE KALEN TWINS

JO ANN CAMPBELL

FRANKIE AVALON

BOBBY FREEMAN

JIMMY CLANTON
the third girl. She was just about five-feet tall, with grey eyes and cropped honey-blonde hair. I could hardly hear her above the waves of applause that had just started.

Out front, every possible seat, including those on rafters, was taken for Alan Freed’s “The Big Beat” show. Alan Freed himself was emceeing, introducing such sputniks as the “Ginger Bread” Kid, Frankie Avalon; “Bird Dogs” Phil and Don Everly; “Just a Dream” Jimmy Clanton; the “When” Twins, Hal and Herbie Kalin; the Elegants flying high with “Little Star”; the “Born Too Late” Poni Tails.

“Girls, look!” Debbie cried. They looked and leaped—right at the Everly Brothers, coming off-stage with their mahogany (Continued on page 91)
ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: LONDON

ENID BOULTING, glamorous, chic . . . and on-the-go every minute. The mother of 3 lively boys, she is also a talented dress designer, a serious painter and a noted hostess for her famous film-producer husband. . . . "I often have frantic days but my face never shows it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse—to moisturize and ease away tension lines . . . "My skin stays beautifully soft and smooth."

She's busy yet she's beautiful... she uses Pond's

- Pond’s Cold Cream beautifies as it cleanses, moisturizes below the surface
- Replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away
- Goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off—keeps your skin dewy-soft all day

'WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Use Pond's to deep-cleanse at night—to moisturize under make-up all day.
My father asked me what was bothering me. I had a room of my own in a big beautiful house in a good neighborhood. I had a car, six sports jackets and a generous allowance. I was going to a good school. My brother was a regular guy and my sister a nice kid. I had plenty of friends and one particular girlfriend I was especially fond of. There was nothing more I could ask.

Yet all this wasn't enough.

I remember getting home from high school one afternoon, around three o'clock, soon after my sixteenth birthday. It was a Thursday and I was especially angry at the world. I didn't notice that the sun was shining and that it was a beautiful spring day. The house seemed like a prison, a place to stew in, and I just wanted to get away from it.

As I walked through the front hall I knew exactly what I was going to do. I had it all planned, carefully planned. I bounded upstairs, threw my schoolbooks on my bed and shouted to our maid, Roberta, “I'm leaving. And you can tell father I'm not coming back.”

Roberta just stood there with a horrified gape on her face and her mouth forming a large “O” as I brushed past her, feeling very manly and grown-up, and marched out of the house and towards the turquoise-green Ford which was standing out in the driveway of the house. (Continued on page 83)
ALL NAT TALKS ABOUT

Continued from page 53

Nat had spent most of the day preparing things. RJ sat at the head of the table.

Nat entertains just as well informally, too. A while back, she was about to spend the day with her parents and all of us to spend the day on their boat, which is named My Other Lady. Mother asked if she could bring anything and Nat said no, that we should all come and have fun and it was all that was expected of her in preparing. There were ten of us on the boat. It's not so easy cooking there because there isn't a very big kitchen to work in. Nat didn't seem to notice. She has a few little portable hibachi ovens that she uses to cook meet on.

She made a very good salad and then served hamburgers and vegetables, warm rolls, and cookies and ice cream. She wouldn't let anybody do anything, except RJ, who was in charge of seeing that the hamburgers didn't burn. They were the most delicious things she'd ever received but he was just teasing Nat. Still, there aren't many husbands who would go to all that trouble just so their wives wouldn't be upset about their knitting!

RJ's got about the best sense of humor of anyone I've ever known. He's always playing some practical joke—never anything mean. I think he's really funny enough so everyone gets a kick out of it. One of his pet tricks is disguising his voice or doing imitations of movie stars like Jimmy Cagney and Clark Gable. He's a maniac.

I remember one night when RJ and Nat were going to a premiere; they'd stopped by the house on their way out and had a delightful conversation. During it she said they left the phone rang. Mother answered it and the man on the other end said he was a reporter for a New York paper and that he'd flown three thousand miles to do a story on Nat and RJ. He said he didn't have too much time and would Mother mind giving her some information over the phone.

In the next thirty minutes he asked her all sorts of questions about Natalie, just like a regular interviewer. All of a sudden he lowered his voice and said what mother thinks of my girlfriend. So he lowered my girl's voice and seemed to talk as much as I do with RJ, since they live in San Francisco. I'm trying to think of ways to tell you about RJ but I guess it's easier just to say he has everything.

He has a way of getting a point across without getting angry. Like Nat's being late when he used to come and pick her up. He never came right out and said anything, but one night he was supposed to pick her up at eight and he didn't come until quarter of nine. When he finally arrived Nat was dressed and waiting and I thought she was a little upset that RJ was so late. When he came into the living room he acted very cool, as if he weren't late. Nat frowned and he just grinned and said, "Are you ready so soon, honey? Take your time, we've only missed the first half of the movie." Nat started to say something and then she realized the message that RJ was trying to get across. She started to laugh. After they left the house, Mother told me RJ knew just exactly how to handle Natalie. She was so right; after that night, Nat was never more than five minutes late when RJ came over and that, believe me, was a real record for my sister!

He's very understanding, too. Last Christmas, as a surprise, Nat knitted an afghan for RJ's boat. She isn't a very fast knitter and it took her days and days to finish it. She made it in black and red, only by the time it was finished those colors didn't match the interior because RJ had traded in his boat and gone northerner one. But when he saw the work and time she'd put into making the afghan he had the whole boat redecorated on the inside just so it would match Nat's knitting. He must think she'd ever received but he was just teasing Nat.

Continued on page 73

When you have good news, you spread the word to all your friends. That's exactly how advertising works. It spreads the good news of products and services to new and wider audiences.

Advertising encourages you to think and compare before you spend a dime. And as you and your friends select a product and buy it . . . more people work to produce it . . . technicians constantly improve it . . . manufacturers sell it to you for less as they make it in greater volume.

Look over the variety of ads in this magazine. You'll see how advertising works for you, bringing you good news of the latest and best in a vigorous America.

Advertising works for you!
Wish upon your birthday star, then just see what the

Continued from page 37 and
Doris are in a rising cycle and will gain extra stature in the roles they play on the screen. Tony Perkins (April 4), too, will continue to climb. However, with his Saturn (the planet of limitations) blocking Mars (energy), Tony may find it difficult to express himself; he may not be able to get the kind of roles he wants to play. This frustration will clear up in November or December... Jayne Mansfield (April 19) should be successful in her business venture into health salons with husband Mickey Hargitay. But Pluto passing over Mars will bring a big change in her life some time in April or May... James Garner (April 17) will feel a new creative urge this year. He'll want to reach out for fuller self-expression as an individual—but he'd better step carefully.

Characteristics: If you also were born under the sign of Aries, you are ardent, spontaneous and have an infectious enthusiasm for life. You like to pioneer, to be the first to say yes to anything. You are often the leader of your crowd. The Aries girl is alert, friendly and full of fire. The Aries man is active physically and mentally. He makes quick decisions and acts on them right away. In love, he's the dashing he-man and likes his women feminine.

Forecast for You: Love holds a big place in your life this year, especially if you were born during the first two weeks of April. This can be romantic, heart-stopping love, but it will have some ups and downs. You may be able to gain an honor or reach a position of leadership in 1959, but only if you truly earn it. Don't defy authority. If you do, or if you become too self-willed, parents or teachers will crack down on you. You may be able to gain a desirable responsibility and work in cooperation with others, this should be a year to gladden your ardent Aries heart and give you scope for your talent in leadership.

Other Aries Stars: Diane Jergens, March 31; Alec Guinness, April 2; Spencer Tracy, April 5; William Holden, April 17.

April 20 to May 20
Forecast for Stars: Rick Nelson (May 8) may be nicknamed "Reliable Rick" this year. He has broken through obstacles that stood in his way last year and will continue to emerge in his own right in 1959. His strong Earth sign indicates that he has long staying power in addition to dramatic fire. However, like other Taureans, he should make changes slowly all through the year, never being too hasty about them. This year he will give great consideration to the idea of going out on his own, but he should think twice about breaking family ties... For Mark Damon (April 22), the month of April or May will see a sudden development that will change the course of his life... Of all the newcomers in Hollywood, Al Hedison (May 20) is the guy to keep an eye on, says the zodiac. With Neptune (the ruler of the movies) in the mid-heaven (which governs career), Al should make the big time, given a year or so. He was given a major break in 1959, though he has some delays to cope with until his next birthday.

Characteristics: If Taurus is your sign, you have patience and persistence. You are unswerving in your aims and faithful to those you love. Usually serene and easygoing, you have a fierce temper when aroused. Your ruler is Venus, the planet of love and beauty. You like the good things of life. Taurus girls often cook and sew beautifully and have musical talent. You have a poised but voluptuous charm. Taurus men give the impression of masculine strength and imperturbability.

Forecast for You: This is a year of change. Denizens of Taurus, you will be taken out of the old routine and brought into contact with expansive, very probably glamorous people. You shouldn't fight this change, for it can move you into a new and wonderful world. But, if you're going to make the most of the possibilities, you're going to have to use a little caution. Don't cut yourself off from the past or familiar ties too quickly. Some of them may be more valuable than you realize. Don't be blinded by the stardust in your eyes. Some of your new friends could deceive you, if you're too gullible and trusting. Try to stand off from time to time and look at others objectively. Your down-to-earth Taurus common sense is your best ally all year. Let it guide you, and you can make some lovely friends, perhaps meet the love of your life.

Other Taurus Stars: Sandra Dee, April 20; Shirley MacLaine, April 24; Glenn Ford, May 1; or Greer Garson, May 2; Audrey Hepburn, May 4; Stewart Granger, May 6; Gary Cooper, May 7; James Stewart, May 20.

May 21 to June 20
Forecast for Stars: Typical of this sign is Pat Boone (June 1), with his serious interests, his many talents, quick friendliness and high standards. But even he should feel a lightening of his spirits in 1959... Marilyn Monroe (also June 1) will be much in the limelight, full of bubbling, overflowing joy that will enchant her fans. In the autumn there may be a conflict between home and work, so that she'll feel obliged to choose between the two. Since her home and marriage mean everything to her, she may give up her career temporarily. But MM's astrological chart is so gloriously actressy that she won't stay out of the public eye too long.

Characteristics: You are versatile, quick-witted and sociable, interested in everyone and everything. You can be light-hearted and serious in rapid succession. The humdrum routine goes against the grain... You're beguiling, hard to pin down, but never boring to the opposite sex, since you can be two or three people in one.

Forecast for You: You should get a big bang out of friends, neighbors, short trips, studies and group activities. You can meet stimulating people through these and learn a great deal that will help you in later life. You shouldn't overlook the possibility of taking a part-time job, for you could find much happiness through it (and put away a few pennies besides). The spring and late autumn should bring you generous, optimistic friends and add to your popularity. Even while you enjoy yourself, this is a good time for practical interests, for thinking seriously about your future and taking the first career steps.

Other Gemini Stars: John Wayne, May 30; Andy Griffith, June 1; Tony Curtis, June 2; Reggie Rocker, June 3; Deni Martin, June 7; James Darren, Dana Wynter, June 8; Audie Murphy, June 20.

June 21 to July 21
Forecast for Stars: The horoscope of Robert Evans (June 29) shows him to be very ambitious, and this characteristic will be strong all year. Bob is also a very sensitive individual, which is not always obvious to other people. This combination makes him vulnerable to criticism, which often hurts him deeply. His defense mechanism is a quick temper that can easily get him into unnecessary scrapes. He should be careful of this year. Careerwise, Bob's glamour sign will rise, and he will have continued good fortune... Natalie Wood (July 20) faces a career year that can be very fruitful, after the recent lull—but it also looks very shaky. The important news in her chart is a serious emotional upsurge toward the end of the year. Set this against the forecast for Bob Wagner (noted under his sign, Libra), and it appears that the Wagners may be heading toward their first real quarrel.

Characteristics: Your ruling planet (using the word in the astrological sense) is the Moon, so you are moody and emotional. Home and family mean a great deal to you. Cancer men have a way with a woman, for they are understanding of her moods, thoughtful and cherishing toward her. Usually, they are good providers. Cancer girls have a gentle and feminine enchantment, like Janet Leigh (July 6). They...
future has in store for you and your favorite stars...

have a natural talent for flattering and comforting their men.

Forecast for You: This could be a magical year for love and artistic expression, especially if you were born in June or early July. If you haven’t already met your one and only, you may do so now. Parties and social gatherings, club activities and sports should bring you joy. But you will have to use discretion if you are going to keep your position with the gang on a solid footing. You may feel that you’re being asked to do more than your share when it comes to handling group activities or shouldering responsibility. If you let yourself get hurt, you’ll wind up lonely and misunderstood. If you are generous and give of your time and interest freely, you can build lasting friendships and add to popularity. Be practical with money, which may come in or go out unexpectedly.

Other Cancer Stars: Judy Holliday, Jane Russell, June 21; Susan Hayward, June 30; Leslie Caron, July 1; Bob Hope, July 9; Tab Hunter, July 11; Pat Wayne, July 15.

July 22 to August 22

Forecast for Stars: John Saxon (August 5) got off to the start of a twelve-year Jupiter opportunity cycle at the end of last year. His magnetic appeal will be at a height in 1959, but he must be careful of quarrels and scrappiness that could set him back. . . . Eddie Fisher (August 10) also should be cautious of carrying a chip on his shoulder. He should, as well, be careful of seeming too unpredictable, for he will be restless, dissatisfied and not quite sure of what he wants. According to his chart and Liz Taylor’s (see her sign, Pisces), the attraction between Liz and Eddie is far more serious than Hollywood suspects. But near the end of the year he will face a situation that poses a threat.

Characteristics: You are magnetic and warm-hearted. You have an instinctive feeling for drama and you like to be the center of the stage. You need praise to bring out the best in you. When it is given sincerely, you show your gratitude with generosity and devotion. You like to be boss. You have a quick temper, but don’t hold grudges. Your manner is frank and friendly. You are ruled by the heart. When you let love guide you, you’re wonderful, but if you push it aside—alas!

Forecast for You: 1959 will be a dynamic year. Particularly if you were born during the first half of August, your life is undergoing vast change. You are no longer content with the old goals and are reaching out for fresh ones. You’re discovering that you have capabilities, talents and de-
sires you never dreamed of before. At times you may be too restless and independent, because of your eagerness for new experience and a break with what seems monotonous. You should be cautious of this, for you could trip yourself up or destroy relationships that mean more to you than you realize. Don’t rush changes. Let them develop naturally if you want them to bring the greatest benefit. Daily duties may seem boring, but you will gain by giving them attention.

Other Leo Stars: Richard Egan, July 29; Don Murray, July 31; Robert Taylor, August 1; Leslie Caron, August 5; Esther Williams, August 8; James Cagney, August 17; Molly Bee, Shelley Winters, August 18.

August 23 to September 22

Forecast for Stars: Three or four months from now will be a crucial period in the life of Tommy Sands (August 27), though his general outlook will be optimistic. According to the stars, he should be able to take real strides toward his goal. . . . This will be a wonderful year for Ingrid Bergman. She will have happiness in her love and expanding good fortune. She should have even greater appeal for her fans than in the past.

Characteristics: You people of Virgo are the perfectionists of the zodiac. No detail is too small for your attention; you polish and rearrange things until you get them just right. Because of this thoroughness, you often come out 'way ahead of more flamboyant types, who’ve been making a lot of noise and getting very little accomplished. You have a quiet charm and unassuming manner, with a kind of sex appeal that sneaks up on people and lasts. Sometimes you are over-critical; you should be careful you don’t seem to nag.

Forecast for You: In 1959, the delays and obstacles of recent years should fall behind you. Inspiration and outgoing happiness may be found with neighbors and close friends and through short trips or studies. You are maturing emotionally, either through a serious love that brings responsibility as well as pleasure, or through learning more consideration for the faults and foibles of those you care for. Listen to your hunches, for some of them will hit the mark. The spring and autumn should find your home a center for entertainment, happiness and love. Your own popularity should be at its height in late summer and autumn.

Other Virgo Stars: Mel Ferrer, August 25; Earl Holliman, September 11.

September 23 to October 22

Forecast for Stars: George Nader (October 19) is emerging from a period during which he felt lowdown and blue, but 1959 will be a challenging year for him. He will find opportunities galore to forge ahead in his career, though he may lose out if he becomes too exuberant and careless. The more realistic and practical his approach, the better his chances for present and future success. . . . This should also be a fine year for Chester Hackett, as he can sort out the confusing influences on his career. He should stay a free lance and avoid signing long-term contracts, because these may not work out the way he expects them to. Otherwise, his spirits remain light, and he will be surrounded by love and popularity.

Characteristics: You have real tact and social charm, both springing out of your desire to please. You have instinctive good taste, a love of beauty and proportion. Because your sense of fair play is so strong, you are likely to be asked to help in settling their differences. Many Libra women are genuine beauties, like Deborah Kerr (September 30).

Forecast for You: The year will bring you stimulating friends, some of whom will help to broaden your horizons and give you a better goal to aim for. But use discrimination, don’t go on to your own, ask help in settling their differences. Many Libra women are genuine beauties, like Deborah Kerr (September 30).

Forecast for You: The year will bring you stimulating friends, some of whom will help to broaden your horizons and give you a better goal to aim for. But use discrimination, don’t go on to your own, ask help in settling their differences. Many Libra women are genuine beauties, like Deborah Kerr (September 30).

Other Libra Stars: Aldo Ray, September 25; Julie London, September 26; June Allyson, October 7; Montgomery Cliff, Rita Hayworth, October 17; Inger Stevens, October 18; Dolores Hart, October 20.

October 23 to November 21

Forecast for Stars: Rock Hudson (November 23) will find the emotional wounds of his divorce gradually healing. He will start a twelve-year opportunity cycle in
Forecast for 1959: 1959 will be an up-and-down year—he must be very careful. . . . As a Sagittarian (December 22) you should learn to play the waiting game, since 1959 is a mixed-up year for him, too. However, he's due for wonderful opportunities, in both his career and his personal life. First, he should get past difficulties, which show up particularly strong in the spring. At that time, he should keep his temper down and have patience. By the end of the year, he should be past such blocks and on the road to greater things. 

Characteristics: You belong to a class of people who usually have maximum, great sex appeal and dramatic power. Yours is a strong-willed and emotional nature. When upset, you get melodramatic—an extreme you should guard against. In love you are possessive; but if you are loved in return there isn't any sacrifice too great to make for the one you care for. Despite your emotional depth, you are reserved and a little mysterious to most people.

Forecast for Your 1959: 1959 should be a happy year, when your charm is at its height and good fortune and popularity come readily. You should have a little extra magic when it comes to putting yourself across, especially if you were born in October. Your poetical and intuitive abilities should be strong. Your outlook is serious and purposeful, and you can put it to good use in grasping opportunity when it comes and in finding expression for your heightened creative abilities. Just be careful not to get too snippy with your elders, for they could surprise you by snapping back hard.

Other Sagittarius Stars: Kathryn Grant, Jeffrey Hunter, November 25; James MacArthur, December 7; Van Hefflin, December 13; Jeff Chandler, December 15.

November 22 to December 21

Forecast for Stars: This year Frank Sinatra (December 12) will more than hold his own as an actor. His popularity will continue to grow, while his love life will remain as changeable as ever. . . . Kirk Douglas (December 9), on the other hand, may find the going a bit rough in 1959. Dissatisfied with his roles or with the public's reaction to them, he may press too hard. Instead, he should relax, for by the end of the year he will enter a cycle of good fortune, expansion and opportunity.

Characteristics: The Sagittarian man (Sag, for example) likes women who are good companions, but he'll run from anyone who tries to fence him in too tightly. The Sagittarian girl, like Hope Lange (November 28), wants to share her man's major interests, is a loyal helpmate. You have a zest for life, a love of travel, sports and dancing. You are open-handed and outspoken; you like to do things on a lavish scale. You have high ideals.

Forecast for You: During the past few years, you've been carrying a heavy burden, but you can have a sigh of relief as this lifts with the beginning of 1959. Interest now centers on exciting contacts made through long-distance travel, through friendships with those of foreign birth or a background different from yours, through intellectual interests and studies. Your mind is growing and exploring new possibilities for your future development. If there is a pinch in your life this year, it falls in the money department. You may have less to spend than you like and should budget carefully. Your intuitions should be heightened, and you can in the next months find you feeling especially expansive and optimistic; this air of confidence will increase your popularity and attract general good fortune.

Other Sagittarius Stars: Kathryn Grant, Jeffrey Hunter, November 25; James MacArthur, December 7; Van Hefflin, December 13; Jeff Chandler, December 15.

December 22 to January 19

Forecast for Stars: Fans of Elvis Presley (January 8) needn't worry about what will happen to him in the Army. The stars say that 1959 will bring him hard work, as it will to other Capricornians, but the year should also add to his popularity. . . . Sal Mineo (January 10), the star who so readily, especially if born in December, 1959, may continue to grow in stature and popularity. However, 1959 may bring him a separation from someone he loves. He will be quite upset over this parting, but he shouldn't take it too seriously, for his real romance is several years in the future. Sal should be careful of restlessness; it might lead him to make changes too abruptly.

Characteristics: You're ambitious and practical in your outlook. Because you can organize activities and cope with crises, you often find yourself in a trouble-shooting role. You have a down-to-earth sense of humor, which people sometimes find unexpected, because of your usually serious manner. You mellow as you grow older. If you're good-looking to begin with, you gain attractiveness with the years. Marlene Dietrich (December 27) has a typically Capricorn kind of beauty.

Forecast for You: You won't be able to take 1959 lightly, for it will bring you responsibilities, and you will have to work hard for what you get, especially if you were born in December. But if you pitch in and do a solid job, you should be able to make lasting progress and win the respect of those you admire. Friends will add a happy, inspiring note, as you come in contact with generous, helpful people. They should brighten your spirits, share good times and fire your ambitions. Some you may be glamorous or arro

Other Capricorn Stars: Ava Gardner, December 22; Richard Widmark, December 28; Robert Stack, January 13; Cory Grant, Danny Kaye, January 18.

January 20 to February 19

Forecast for Stars: The future looks bright for the career of Kim Novak (February 13), but in love her heart could play her tricks, especially at the end of the year. She could mistake a false romance for the real thing—and for the first time! . . . Carol Lynley (also February 13), like Kim, may mistake a fleeting love for a real one—but she probably will not have a bad effect on Capricorn women, because in later years she will look back on it as a pleasant romance. Some of her plans may be suddenly changed. But, because she is protected by Jupiter, everything should work out to her advantage. . . . Robert Wagner (February 10) has the same shadow on his chart that wife Natalie has on hers: emotional vitality in the home. In the event another person's influence enters his life about the same time, though this may not necessarily affect his marriage.

Characteristics: Yours is a rounded, balanced personality. You are interested in all kinds of people and ideas; you have your eyes on the future; but you don't go to extremes or scorn everything that is traditional. You are curious, fond of gadgets, sociable, a fine companion. You are probably good-looking, without being flashy above it, may have an electric impact on people. Man or girl, your affections are so wide-spread that it's hard for you to settle down to one personal love above all others.

Forecast for You: This should be a most important year in your life. You are meeting new, fascinatingly different types of people, especially if you were born in the first two weeks of February—and through them you are branching out and discovering new worlds to explore. This is all to the good—but you should use moderation in breaking old ties and discrimination in choosing new companions. There are longstanding obligations or connections you haven't really outgrown, and you should be flexible in bringing them into the background. Blend the new with the old, as you are temperamentally well-fitted to do, in order to gain the most from this year's influence. You may gain an honor added prestige this year; your standing with the big brass should be tops.

Other Aquarius Stars: Paul Newman, January 26; Dorothy Malone, January 30; Jean Simmons, January 31; Clark Gable, February 1; Jack Lemmon, Lana Turner, February 8.

February 19 to March 20

Forecast for Stars: Joanne Woodward (February 27) seems to be all shuck up inside. She feels her time has come to reach out for something fresh. She will seriously consider giving up her career to go into a new one, but the movies will probably hold her like a magnet. The right idea may come along, though. . . . Elizabeth Taylor (February 27) will show brilliant progress in acting ability, which could win her an Academy Award and a reputation as a great actress. Surprisingly, her horoscope and Eddie Fisher's complement each other smoothly; hers indicates that she needs exactly the sort of masculine companionship Eddie can supply; Eddie's calls for a woman remark-
ALL NAT TALKS ABOUT

Continued from page 69

me. Knowing Nat, I should have realized that getting married wouldn’t change her relationship with me and the rest of the family.

All of the boys that Natalie dated were very nice to me, but sometimes I used to call Natting, Nat. It was Nat’s little sister and they thought they should! With RJ it was different. He liked me right off, for real, I could tell. It’s funny, but a year after last June, when Nat told Mother and me she was going to date Robert Wagner, I didn’t get too excited, at first. I’d never met him. I’d only seen his pictures in magazines and maybe I couldn’t realize that he was really coming to our house.

But that first night when he came to the house to pick Nat up, it was really something! I had a friend over to dinner; we were just about through when the doo- doorbell rang. My girlfriend and I went to the door and opened it. It was RJ! Both of us took one look and we flipped. He was so overwhelming, so more than any of his pictures. RJ could see that we were embarrassed but he made us feel at ease right away. Nat was still getting dressed when he came in—the used to keep her a close guard. When RJ came into the living room and sat and talked with Mother and Father and my friend and me. He was so relaxed and natural that we all liked him right away. He has a wonderful sense of humor. Even when Touché, our poodle, jumped on his lap and left white hairs all over his dark suit, he didn’t mind at all. From that very first night I could tell he really liked me, and as for me I thought he was the nicest boy Nat had ever brought home.

Mother says I have a crush on RJ, but I don’t, not really. Crushes are for kids! I was thirteen on March 1st and I’m in the eighth grade at Van Nuys High School, in San Fernando Valley, and I don’t get crushes anymore. But a lot of my pictures pasted up all over my bedroom mirror! Natalie used to get crushes on movie stars, too.

I remember once when Nat was about fifteen she had just gotten her Thunderbird and invited a friend and me to go driving with her. On the way home, Nat spotted Kirk Douglas in a car ahead of us. She had a crush on him and so she tried to catch up with his car. My friend and I were giggling, but we were just as eager! Finally we caught up with Mr. Douglas at a red light and we all shouted hello. He was so nice; he told us to pull up to the curb. Then he got out of his car and came and talked to us. When we ran out of things to say, we asked for his autograph. We looked at the car and realized that we couldn’t find a piece of paper. Mr. Douglas just laughed, took out his pen and signed his name on Nat’s leather jacket. Nat was so happy with his signature that she didn’t take the ticket in the jacket and have it in the closet and now it’s all full of movie stars’ signatures.

My parents never believed in hiring babysitters, only occasionally, when they had to leave me, Nat and RJ. She was super. She’d read to me, or we’d watch TV or listen to records. She never made me go to bed too early. One time I was out late one night and when I got back she had been up and made a little picnic with her tea bag, and I was so refreshed that I fell asleep right away.

Just said, “Okay I’ll take Lana with me.” How many of the big sisters do you know who would do that?

The three of us went to a drive-in movie. I sat in the back seat. It was one of the first times Nat had been out on a date and I thought it was so cool. She was the one who suggested it. She had read about it in the middle of the picture, the boy sort of casually put his arm around Nat’s shoulder. Then she moved across the seat in front of us. We talked and I was so nervous that I was asleep and I was so sleepy so I started to cry. I don’t remember this event and I can’t imagine myself being so silly, but it’s one of Nat’s favorite stories. Anyway, when I started to cry, Nat said, “It’s okay, I’ll go and play‘chase’ with the kids.” I don’t think they’d better take me home. He did and I guess Nat was quite relieved. All I know is whenever she tells this story she says, “I was just getting in from the baby-sitting and she wound up chaperoning me!” She told Mother that I had cried right on cue because she’d wanted to come home and yet she’d felt it wouldn’t have been polite to her date—so I guess I really did rescue her that time!

Nat and RJ are always giving us so many presents. When RJ was first dating Natalie and then went to Japan to make a picture, he brought us back lots of things. He brought me a huge oriental jewel box—when you wind it up and open the bottom drawer a geisha girl does a dance to some linking music. And it’s a real clock, too. It has a girl hanging from a swing and she moves back and forth to tell the time. Nat and RJ are like year-round Santa Clauses, they always come over loaded with presents. When Nat was a kid and RJ was making “In Love and War,” they brought me back a load of stuffed animals. My favorite is a mother kangaroo with all her babies in her pouch, and the baby kangaroo and now the mother is childless!

Our whole family is poodle crazy. When Nat got married, she left Touché at home with us, and RF and I gave ourselves up for them. Then just before they went to New York in October, they came over to say goodbye. Nat had a blanket in her arms and she handed it to me. Out popped a tiny black poodle, all my own. Her name is Coquette du Bois but we call her Qui Qui (pronounced Key-Key) for short.

Even though Natalie’s busy being married, she has had time to go shopping for me. A few months ago, I was invited to a party given by James Mason’s daughter, Portia. The invitation said “formal.” I didn’t have a fancy long dress and they’re so expensive and I was critical that I really hated to ask Mother to get me one. I didn’t even know that Natalie knew about the party, but a few days after I got the invitation, Mother called and said she’d taken me to lunch with her. While we were eating she said she hoped I wouldn’t mind, but she had some shopping to do before we went home. We went to Saks and Nat headed directly for the jewelry counter. But I knew what was happening, she’d bought me a white chiffon dress, gloves with little pearls on them, white satin pumps, an evening bag with red and blue trim colors and even a wrap for my shoulders. She spent hours getting me everything for the party and she didn’t get one thing for herself.

I really didn’t think I would be able to write so many pages as this story. It’s easier to do an essay for school on “What I Did Last Summer…” than it is to put into words how you feel about people you love. But Nat has always been a movie star for as long as I can remember, she’s always been just my sister Nat as far as I can remember, too.

The End

ROB is in “SAY ONE FOR ME,” for 20TH.


dably like Liz. But it is by no means sure that their love can survive the late-year emotional upset on Eddie’s chart.

Characteristics: You are restless, intuitive and emotional, relying on your feelings rather than your mind to give you the right answers. At times sociable, the very best of host or hostess, you have moods when you crave solitude, time to be alone and dream. You have instinctive sympathy for others. There is a mystery about you, often suggested in your beautiful, glowing eyes.

Forecast for You: 1959 should be an inspirational year. You are under less pressure than you have been in the recent past; things come to you more easily. You can form lasting friendships with older or influential people. Travel, study and religion mean much to you now, and through them you will receive encouragement and happiness. Whatever is poetic and creative in your outlook will be stressed. The only snarl may come in daily routines or in connection with employment skills. You have much to learn and a more modern viewpoint to adopt. If you try to stick with the old familiar ways, you’ll be in for ups and downs. Your prestige should grow and your light shine brightly.

Other Pisces Stars: Cyd Charisse, Gia Scala, March 8; Jerry Lewis, March 16.

So the zodiacal year runs its course, from Arias to Pisces. As the calendar year of 1859 begins, you and the stars of Holly-Good may look forward to an exciting twelve-month journey charted by the stars of the heavens. If anything goes wrong, just blame it on Spurk—Charts and Predictions by RUTH HALE OLIVER, as told to RONA BARRETT.

WHAT A PARTY!

Pictured on page 36, from left to right, are:

1. Elvis Presley
2. Kim Novak
3. Doris Day
4. Rick Nelson
5. John Saxon
6. Jayne Mansfield
7. Sal Mineo
8. Rock Hudson
9. Carol Lynley
10. Debbie Reynolds
11. Liz Taylor
12. Jim Garner
13. Tony Perkins
"Good!" Briskly, he strode out of the room.

Alone, she smiled to herself. Just a few weeks before, he'd talked enthusiastically about quitting this acting business. "It's all nonsense. He spoke of settling down on a ranch in Arizona. Whatever had happened to that notion? she laughed to herself as Stewart talked on the phone in the next room. When he came back, he said:

"For where?"

"New Mexico. I just managed to get a plane connection to Silver City and I can hire a car there and drive to Gila."

Patiently, he spelled the name. "As in Gila monster."

"Oh," she said. "She thought of the armadillo."

"A creature, she said, of the barrel, scaly, fat-some creatures in westerns, and she didn't care to get any closer."

But she raised not a word of objection when he went back to the smaller, more board-flooshing the deed to 60,000 acres in New Mexico. "Magnificent!" he exulted. "Completely remote and unspoiled. Practically savage country. Of course, we'll sell this place."

Dismayed, she looked around at her lovingly decorated Palm Springs home. "Of course," she said.

"And all the furniture, too. What we'll need. Make a real hacienda of it."

"I'd like to see the ranch," she told her rancher.

"Um ... later. Better wait till after the baby comes. It's a pretty rough trip out there."

So she waited, knitting baby clothes, shopping occasionally for Spanish furniture, and buying horses and making occasional treks to his property near Gila.

Even though she and Stewart brought Tracy home to their penthouse apartment in Bel Air, she felt no sense of permanence there. For her, it has never been more than a place to stay while she or her husband works on a picture. At one evening in the evening, she said thoughtfully to Stewart, "I wish we could bring her up in a country house. When am I going to see the ranch?"

"Soon," he said. "I couldn't exactly call it a country home—not the sort of place one dashes off to for a weekend. Matter of fact, it's next to impossible to get to. Impossible to live there. But it's a splendid investment! Horses. Cattle."

So there went another dream, gone with the tea plantation. She felt a little sorry for her husband, sensing his disappointment. For herself, she might have felt relief—but she knew by now that Stewart had really been bitten by the ranch bug. She made a pretty good guess as to what lay ahead when he suggested one day, "Like to take a run down to Tucson?"

"Love it." For her, just the name still carried an aura of hammy movie magic.

"I've got my eye on a piece of property south of there."

And they were on the road to Nogales again. Stewart felt that she shared his excitement, though he didn't know it was for a different reason. He began to look a little worried as the Canelo foothills loomed before them. "Guess you two are going to be disappointed. That's why I never let you see the New Mexico property. Afraid it'd sour you on ranch life forever. But this is no 'country home,' either. Right now, it's a widow-oman ranch."

"A what?"

"Neglected. You'll see."

She saw: shabby main building, tiles missing from the box to the stragglng cottages covered with peeling paint; "Continued on page 78"
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The door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. "Marty . . . Marty . . ." I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking. I realized, numbly—my Marty—with whom I had planned our tomorrow—who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we'd buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man's chair we'd seen at O'Rourke's downtown. The Marty whom I'd suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

"I'm leaving, Maggie," he'd said. Unbelieving, I'd heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. "I'm leaving, Maggie—for good. I'm not coming around any more. And I'm sorry for you, for both of us."

"Sorry? Sorry for me?" I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. "Well, why not? Why not you? Everybody else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not you Marty?"

His words had been flat, quiet. "You've let yourself go, you've given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you've taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you've stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I'd still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn't feel sorry for herself, wouldn't feel she was the only girl who'd ever been cursed by overweight, wouldn't snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I'm looking at now."

I couldn't talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. "Get out!!" And, then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn't hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray's voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: "I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk."

"I hope he was less beastly then when he left here."

Ray grinned. "He was quite civilized. Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. "But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn't easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important."

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. "Suffering indeed. I'll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he's been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over—" Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms, I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief. Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"
"The Mail Order Shopper"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I’ve exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I’ve known some girls who have lost weight using them. I’ve tried simple dieting, but that just hasn’t helped, either."

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too," he grinned as he continued. "And while you haven’t lost any weight you must realize that you’ve lost almost just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That’s true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after day you try faithfully to lose weight and the phone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn’t you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that’s how most overweight people feel. And that’s why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we’re irritable," I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie. I’ll bet you see about losing weight—they aren’t hungry. They just aren’t enough."

"That’s right. We doctors know that most of these pills take off the fat in the muscle cell in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won’t feel the rumblings of hunger. That’s simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than they succeed."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It’s true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don’t take into account the most important element of all—the unbearable tension, the irritability, the feeling all over that the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she’s faithfully following instructions—or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland—isn’t it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall’s drugstore you continued to over-eat even though you weren’t hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn’t hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and weren’t hungry for the same reason you eat when you’re not hungry—because of a habit, a way of thinking that you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall’s drugstore."

"Now tell me, Ray. Tell me—isn’t it true that somebody—somebody—somebody knows that this has come up with an answer to my problem?"

"That’s just what I’m telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several by-mail orders. SLIMTOWN, the way it is advertised—"SLIMTOWN made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was Antipatin, which lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was Gas-trofilm—tried and true—the ingredient that fools your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you have to eat. . . . And third—Tell me! I’m forgetting—"

"Can’t you remember?"

"You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least I did. I told Clara to take the SLIMTOWN 1 had received—told her to eat all she really wanted to eat and not to think about the fact she was eating. Clara poohed it. But she also took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn’t have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I know—young enough to have been in recent contact with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gift from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

"Let me get this straight. The pills I’ve been taking haven’t helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn’t keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And SLIMTOWN will have the calming and soothing effect of the one that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That’s right."

"And I’ll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I really want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"Tell Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back. "SLIMTOWN guarantees Marty, too, I’ll bet."

Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let’s get over to your office and get those SLIMTOWNS before they’re gone."

They’re gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there’s Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orloff and several others who were simply made for SLIMTOWN. They cost only $2.98 for a 10-day supply. And $4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. $6.98 for 30-Day Supply."

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"And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I needed to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn’t reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks late and 18 pounds lighter, with a dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn’t look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I’ve arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?

Just like that. I couldn’t find words. I nodded.

He said: "I’ve found an apartment. You’ll love it.

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We’ll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That’ll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn’t this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty’s eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. SLIMTOWN, great!

We’ve been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. SLIMTOWN’s there too, any time I need it.

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brown, burnt-dry grass all around. "It... has possibilities," she finally managed to say.

He turned to her eagerly. "You see them, too? Great!" Heavy-hearted, she wished she actually did have the same hopeful picture in mind. "The Yerba Buena's just as good," he went on. "Means 'Green Mint.' People around here say Father Kino named it. He was the priest who came up from Mexico in 1690 and founded the mission in Arizona. Yep—our place goes all the way back, Jean, to the Spanish Land Grant days."

She looked at her rancher husband. He was considering his mind, it seemed already his. Again, she looked at the houses—and closed her eyes.

"Good rich farmland on the property," Stewart said. "Seven lakes on the property. Let's see—can you spot any of them from here? After all, it's 10,000 acres. Maybe we can pipe water in and have a couple of artificial lakes nearer the house."

But suddenly she felt happy as they jounced back toward the highway, along the dirt road. Stewart wanted to live here, so this would be her home. "You know," he said, "I fell in love with Arizona first time I saw it."

"That trip," she said, "I think we both had fun, babe."

"I knew we'd come back some day. We're going to reorganize our whole lives!"

Well, this will be wonderful for the baby. But what about the children? We can't have them go to school so far away from us." Toward Stewart's son and daughter by his first marriage, she felt only a faint tinge of regret.

"Oh, I've looked into that, found two good boarding schools in Tucson. Jam'll go to the Southern Arizona School for Boys—a really good school—and there's St. Joseph's Academy for Lindsay. Weekends they'll spend here with us."

"When we're here," she said drily. "After all, we still have to make pictures."

Stewart rolled his easy care. "Surely we are certain to do! Know what the asking price for Yerba Buena is? $400,000! We've got to pay for it before we really start enjoying it. So we'll move in here and Hollywood—and we'll be working hard at both ends of the trip."

That, Jean decided later, was the understatement of the year. For it did take a whole year to transform Yerba Buena into the ranch that Stewart demanded. This time, he was determined, there'd be no repetition of the New Mexico boner; this place was going to be easy to reach. When she saw the road-building equipment he'd assembled, she gasped, "What are we going to have here? A high-speed turnpike?"

"Don't worry your pretty head about it," Stewart said. "Just leave it to me. I've got another project in mind for that bulldozer."

And presently Jean saw the bulldozer shoving down the mesquite trees around the ranch-house. She saw a growing hole gouged out of the earth, and she realized, "The horse's head might fit it!"

Then the first of Stewart's Charolais herd arrived. As she watched the first of them come down the ramp from the truck, she added, "They are beautiful."

But then she learned the price of all this beauty: from $5,000 to $15,000 for each of the thirtyifers—and $50,000 for the prize bull Argus! Again, Stewart had a ready explanation: "I've got to think I have the finest Charolais bulls in the country, or I'd blow my brains out."

"And you used to be a Londoner?"

"But my father had a farm in Cornwall—wonderful times I had there as a boy. Always loved animals."

Her own big-city background made her very tough to please. The cows looked mild enough; the bulls she regarded with sensible caution; but the horses just plain scared her. "No way around it," Stewart finally said. "If you're going to live here, you'll have to learn to ride."

She agreed to try a small paint horse, which stood with head lowered as she was helped aboard. Flapping the reins, she complained, "It won't go!" Stewart slapped the pinto's rump, and the horse promptly went into a diagonal dance step that had her slithering around the saddle and clutching at the pommel.

"Don't let go of the reins!" Stewart commanded.

Obediently, she grabbed the reins and hauled on them. The pinto stopped dancing, but tossed its head irritably, then flattened its ears and turned a sinister, white-rimmed eye toward her. "It doesn't like me," she said, and Stewart helped her get down.

"That one's just a little balky. But I have an idea. Stewart's voice took on a mysterious tone. "This weekend I'm going to Texas again. You can give it another try when I get back."

Soon after his return, his "idea" arrived: a buy gelding, carefully selected especially for the passenger traffic of the Texas horse-breeding ranches. "It's terribly handsome," she said, giving the shining red-brown muzzle a cautious pat. She began to dodge away when the horse put its head toward her; but it only rubbed its muzzle across her shoulder, and she relaxed, with a delightful smile. "This one likes me! Hello, Harry... For Harry Black," she explained, naming the title character in his stepfather's novel.

Stewart grinned his approval. "Now can the three of us get to work? You and Harry and I."

Her original lessons weren't as grueling as she'd expected; she'd always admired the easy way Stewart sat a horse and taught her. And when, several months later, she went to Stockton, California, to look over houses, he donned his Western gear and went with her and joined the cast of the picture.

Slowly, hardly realizing it, she was falling under the spell of Arizona. Though Stewart had been sold on the state from the beginning, he had to learn some of the detail of their first trips from the ranch into town—Tucson—they both sported dashing new western outfits. People seemed to be looking at them, she noticed. Nobody asked for autograph, no one seemed to be used to vacationing or locationing movie stars. Finally, she overheard two teenage girls whispering.

"Let's see how low boots," one girl said.

Said the other, eyeing Stewart's profile and the famous touch of gray at the temples, "Who's looking at his boots?"

As glancing appreciatively at her husband, she began a shy smile, before it faded. Stewart's face had reddened; he wasn't amused. Suddenly, both of them felt self-conscious, conspicuous in their bright shirts and sisterly Cuttered of the passengers by wore city clothes; the occasional pair of cowboy boots were well-worn, subbed in design and color. "Let's get back to the ranch," Stewart said.

After that, they dressed for town on their shopping trips. These jaunts were rare, because they spent every possible moment between pictures working at the ranch—on his horse-breeding devotions. When they finally settled in, Tucson night life didn't lure them; they did no more socializing than they'd done in Hollywood. Fourteen-year-old Holly passed her days eager to ride, or to go to a parent-student dance at his school. And Saturday movies in Tucson soon became a regular treat for her, Jam and twelve-year-old Lindsay.

On one of those introductory Lindsay insisted on sitting in the front row—because Elvis Presley was there on his last personal-appearance tour before his induction. And Elsa was there when, some time later, he looked down and saw Jean Simmons among his adoring fans. After the show, she told her husband, "You know, Jamie has eyes exactly like Elvis! It's marvelous."

Jamie's kid sister hooted at the idea. So did Jamie, but she had caught his sheepish smile the moment before.

On one of their horse rides across the ranch, she found herself more eager to return. For there had been quiet compromises. Stewart had his ranch, his prize herds—but he let Elsa go. Made a adobe brick, with a roof of rough shakes topped by many chimneys, the rambling, six-bedroom house fitted into the landscape. Yet it had somehow taken on the look of one and a half-room houses. Grassy lawn—the talk of the neighborhood—slapped down to the first of the two artificial lakes which he planted the giant cottonwood trees around it.

Most houses in the section had the heavy Spanish furniture that had once been Stewart's ideal. But her own housewife eye saw the intricately carved pieces as

WHERE TO BUY

The photoplay fashions shown on pages 56, 57 and 59 are available at stores listed below, or write manufacturer for store nearest you.

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College Town wool flannel pleated skirt

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Woodward & Lotbrop or write, College Town Sportswear 1407 Broadway, New York N. Y.

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P.R.L. Wool Coat

Write, P.R.L., Inc. 225 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
She opened her eyes suddenly to find Tracy perched on her stomach "Here, Mommy," the little girl said, leaning forward and handing one of the blue flowers to her.

She laughed and stuck the flower in her hair. Then she cuddled the child in her arms.

Yes, it is a wonderful country, she thought. Who cares about a few snakes? Taking little Tracy by the hand, she started up the hill, through the green grass. Hot in the summer? Yes, but the air is cool, with the incredibly stars overhead—no city lights near enough to dim their glow. Now, that it was winter, there'd be logs burning in the big fireplaces this evening, as they had all through the holidays.

Stewart's mother and her own had come over together for the Christmas season, and the two English ladies had enjoyed seeing the standard tourist attractions: Disneyland, Malibu, Marina del Rey, Palm Springs. But the most wonderful part of their stay was bringing them home to Yerba Buena, to see New Year in at the Grangers' own hearthside.

Home? It was home, Jean realized. The New Mexico property had been sold, back in November. And Hollywood was beginning to seem almost as remote.

She remembered her husband asking, "Could you live on a ranch?"

If he repeated that question, she wouldn't even think twice about answering, from the bottom of her heart, "Yes, I could live on a ranch—for the rest of our lives."

—IRENE REICH

CURRENTLY IN WARNERS' "HOME BEFORE DARK." JEAN WILL BE SEEN NEXT IN U-I'S "THIS EARTH IS MINE." THEN JEAN AND STEWART COSTAR IN RANK'S "THE NIGHTCOMERS."

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JANET AND TONY

Continued from page 49

face. He raised his right hand. "I hereby resolve not to buy a single toy for either Jaimie Lew or Kelly unless it’s absolutely necessary."

"And that’s going to be pretty often, Janet," laughed. "Come on. We’d better get dressed. It’s almost seven-thirty."

"Hey!" Janet said entering her room. "What happened to your limp?"

"No damage. For sale is one old, battered parent." He collapsed into a slipper chair covered in ice-blue satin.

"Aren’t you going to start dressing?"

Tony lounged back comfortably. "I’m giving you a handicap."

Making a pert monkey face at him, she took out her lingerie for the evening. She pushed aside the sliding door of the closet where her clothes were neatly ranged: dresses, skirts, blouses, pants, each in a separate section. "Trouble with you," Janet said, "is you’re a compulsive shopper."

"Yes, doctor."

She was looking at the plastic boxes up on the shelf. "Who ever heard of a man buying his wife hats? And two or three at a time!"

"If I send ‘em on approval, don’t I? You could always send ‘em back."

"Yes, but I never do. Your taste is too good. Like the dresses you buy for Kelly’s dolls. They’re positively the best-dressed dolls in town."

Running a hand along the line of her own dresses, Janet paused and moved it back to a drift of pale blue. She lifted the hanger off the rod and drew out a silk dress cut in the tapeze style.

"You’re not going to wear that tonight?" Tony said. "You’ve got your figure back—and cute new clothes to go with it!"

"But you bought this for me. Don’t you remember?" Janet smiled slyly, holding the dress against her. "About time you got into maternity clothes, you said. The designer would have loved that! It’s very high-style—last summer it was the latest thing."

"How was I supposed to know? I see it in the window—Tony sketched its spreading outline in the air. "—Think it’s good-looking. Can I do a fancy gift-wrap on it, hand it to you. Then you look at the label and kill yourself laughing!"

The last of the smile trembled on Janet’s mouth. "I’m sorry. Now I’ll make a resolution:

Next time you do anything that sweet, I won’t laugh—even if it’s funny!"

Returning the blue tapeze to the closet, she took out a chiffon dress instead, nearly floor-length at the back, but with a slightly higher hemline in the front, flowing in soft folds. "I think I’ll wear the yellow—topaz, they called it. Empire. But modified—it clings when I walk."

Arms folded, eyebrows critically bent, Tony inspected the dress. "I like it," he finally decided.

Getting up briskly, he went into the next room. Janet looked after him fondly as he switched on a lamp in his own brown-and-biege-tinted masculine domain. He paused to give a good-luck pat to a grinning, fat-bellied statuette of an Oriental god.

"And you’re always buying things for the house—like that—" she called out from under her dress.

"Like what?" Tony’s voice was raised over the beginning hiss of the shower. He was saying something, but now the shower was going full blast, and she couldn’t understand his comeback. While she put on her robe, she cocked her head, imagining she heard another voice—one that hadn’t learned to shape any words yet, but could build up a volume to rival the hi-fi. Though there was reassuring silence out in the hall, away from the noise of the shower, she went on into the nursery.

A shaft of light touched on the gleam of white furniture and a patch of sunshine-yellow wall. Leaning over Jaimie’s crib, Janet could just make out the perfect shape of the small head. As her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she could make out the baby’s face. It was silken. A clean healthy, happy baby has a special, sweet scent all her own, she thought. If you must compare it, she supposed, it’d be at the nape of the neck, below the silky hint of hair—it smells sweeter than any flower.

But Jaimie was sleeping too peacefully, and Janet straightened, drawing a deep breath to ease the ache around his neck.

"Thought I’d find you here," Tony whispered. He was standing in the doorway, tying her terrycloth wrap, a damp towel slung around his neck.

When he came over to join his wife beside the crib, she began, "Did I tell you—He put a forefinger against her lips, so she waited out what he was saying. When he started to say something, Tony got up and stuck a birthday candle in it. But she just scowled and said, ‘Cake!‘ I thought she meant it was too little, so I said, ‘Darling, it’s big enough for just one mouth—what’s a year old—‘ And then I realized what she wanted. You wouldn’t think she’d remember all the way back to June!"

"My birthday cake," Tony chuckled.

"Can you imagine?"

"Her idea of a proper birthday cake is a doughnut on a plate, with a nice big candle stuck in the middle. I’ll never forget her face when she carried it in. And everybody’s birthday is ‘Happy birthday, Daddy dear.‘"

"We rehearsed that all day. And . . ."

"What’s the matter?"

Janet was caught mopping her eyes with the sleeve of her robe. "Nothing."

"If you bawl just talking about it, what’re you going to do when Jaimie’s a year old?"

Janet looked up, blinking the tears away. "I’ll make another resolution: I will not cry!"

"You sure?"

"Oh, Tony, I shouldn’t. We’ve been so lucky. When I remember how we worried before Jaimie was born. The night we were in that crash—I was so afraid that—"

"I was pretty shook up too," Tony admitted, reflectively rubbing his hair with the towel. (Irrelevantly, Janet thought: His hair always so wavy—it’s damp.) He started back toward his room. "If Sinatra hadn’t been right in back of us. If he hadn’t taken over the way he did—calling the hospital, calling the cops—Jaimie’s said, ‘That’s one wonderful thing about trouble—the way real friends pitch in. Mostly, I think it’s better to remember just the funny side of it. Like that fact to yours who came up while we were waiting."

Tony gave a whoop of laughter. "Was he a prize-winner? I didn’t think I was hearing right. That can’t be—she was so afraid to talk to you as if I’m sure everything’s going to be okay. Inside, I’m half-crazy worrying. And then this joker comes up and says, ‘Hey, Mr. Curtis, I saw you in ‘The Vikings‘ You’re great! Ya mind tellin’ me—how’d they cut your hand off?‘"

Applauding the impersonation, Janet hooted. "An Oscar for the grreat Mr. Curtis!"

CALLING ALL CATS!

HEY, ARE YOU HEP? DIG THAT PAGE 2
OF PHOTOPHAY, RIGHT WHERE IT SAYS

Dick Clark, Contributing Editor.

THAT MEANS HE’S ON THE PREMISES EVERY MONTH, WITH COLUMNS 1 1 1 AND

COLUMN 11 OF COOL NEWS. JUST FOLLOW THAT BIRD DOG

RIGHT ON DOWN TO THE NEWSSTAND FOR THE MARCH PHOTOPHAY. IT’S THE

MOST AND IT’S ON SALE FEBRUARY 5.
With a deft flick, Tony tossed the damp towel at her, but she dodged and managed to catch it as it threatened to fall among her array of perfume bottles. Tony retreated to his room, where he began opening and shutting drawers and closet doors busily. As Janet went into her bathroom, she called out, "You'd better make another resolution: to stop throwing things at me, you brute. Remember those shoes?"

"Oh yes, you did—a pair of tennis shoes. I was so glad they missed me, because they'd really have hurt. They hit the wall and they bounced off and fell onto the floor—pigeon-toed!" Janet suppressed a giggle as she put on her shower cap, but Tony began to laugh almost as hard as they both had when they saw the pigeon-toed shoes. Beautiful, healing laughter!

"Don't insult my pitching arm," Tony said. "I did not throw those shoes at you—just in your general direction. Anyhow, you deserved it."

"Why were you mad at me?" Before turning on the shower, she waited to enjoy the silence in the next room.

Tony's puzzled answer finally came: "Darned if I can remember."

The water on, Janet smiled—smugly at first, then with genuine happiness. She couldn't remember the quarrel, either. But wasn't it fortunate that there had been no witnesses to the throwing of the shoes? After the incident had been passed from gossip to gossip—each one improving on it—the columns would probably have reported that Tony had blacked both her eyes and that she had kicked out all his front teeth. She'd have shown up next day bright-eyed and undamaged, and Tony's grin would have been as wide as ever, and then what would the gossips have said?

But it wasn't always funny. By the time Janet sat down at her dressing table to brush her hair, her face was serious. She wasn't much surprised to hear Tony's next words; their minds, starting from a given point, often would travel the same path.

"Good thing nobody heard us hollering just then," he said. "We'd be reading another item about how we scream at each other at all hours."

"Ouch!" Janet had suddenly brushed with such a vigorous stroke that the bristles had hit her ear. "I got so mad when I saw that story!..."

Glimpsing Tony in the mirror, she turned to admire the finished product, trim in a dark blue suit, hair neatly combed.

"I gave you a handcap, and I still won the race," he said, at ease in the slipper chair again.

"What race? I'm claiming a feminine prerogative, that's all. Leisurily, she turned back to the mirror. "Tony...I do have a bit of a temper, don't I? Do you think I should make a resolution about that?"

"No! There are some things you should get mad at!"

"I guess I feel the same way about you. Like the time we were in Norway, trying to get the call through to London, and the connection was so terrible. You were fuming! But if you'd stayed calm then— I'd never have forgiven you."

"No chance of that, any time the kids are concerned. Uh... I think I'll look in on them again before we leave."

"But Kelly isn't seven hundred miles away now. They're both right here. And I haven't heard a peep out of them," Janet found herself talking to an empty room. But Tony's sudden anxiety didn't seem strange to her, now that she had reminded him of a frightening moment in their life together. Here, in the brightness of her room, it seemed far away and unreal...

Both the trip to the Norwegian location site and the life there were far too rugged for a child not yet two. So they had left Kelly in London, in a nurse's care. Without even a town nearby, they did seem to have been transferred back to the Viking era, and it was a double shock when a messenger brought word of a telephone call for Janet on the night of their arrival.

A call from London! Janet and Tony had to retrace the messenger's journey, for the phone was five-and-a-half-hours away: four hours by car, along unpaved roads, passing only an occasional sleeping farmhouse, darkened for the night; an hour and a half on a motor launch, over black, quiet water, between the steep sides of the fjord.

Their clasped hands linked the worried parents, who shared the same terror-filled thoughts—no need to speak them aloud. When they finally reached the town, they had to jangle the bell to wake one innkeeper, who had the only telephone in the area. To Janet, it seemed that her call must be wandering through all the exchanges of Europe, the line crackled with static and clammed with languages she didn't understand. Tony halted in his angry pacing and tried to take the phone, but she said, "Wait! I think it's coming through now."

She heard the nurse's voice, unintelligible at first, then shouting, "You have a sick baby!"

The words seemed to freeze in the receiver; they went on echoing in Janet's ear. At first, when she opened her mouth to answer, no sound came out. Then she managed to say, "Have you called the doctor?" She repeated the question, shouting. Through the noise on the line, it sounded as if the nurse had decided to check with the baby's mother before calling...
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ing the doctor. Dazedly. Janet hung up. "Kelly's sick. And I don't even know whether there's a doctor with her." The young parents looked at each other. Suddenly, Janet said, "I'm going to call Anne!" Kirk Douglas' wife had accompanied him as far as London and was waiting there until the location shooting was over.

Two miracles happened: This call went through quickly, and the connection was clear. Just the sound of Anne's charmingly accented voice, serene though blurred by sleep, was firm reassurance. She grasped the situation immediately and said, "Now stop worrying. I'll go right over there, and I'll call you the moment I hear what the doctor has to say."

They waited. The sun rose over the dark, stony hills and touched the white, neat town. Sympathetic, the innkeeper's wife made hot coffee for them. And then the telephone rang. "It isn't the slightest bit serious." Anne's sensible voice said. "Just an upset stomach."

"But you'll keep looking in on her?"

"Of course I will."

Two weeks lay ahead of them. Two weeks before they'd see Kelly again, in Dinard, France, where the nurse would take her if she'd fully recovered.

"Sound asleep—both of 'em. Kelly'd wriggled out of her covers, but I tucked her in again."

At the sound of Tony's voice, Janet was startled into realizing where she was now and what she was doing: standing in front of her mirror, putting on a last touch of lipstick, wearing her new dress.

"Turn around. Let's see this great creation."

Obediently, she turned, and Tony nodded approval. "Good color—goes with your eyes and your hair."

The subtle shade accented amber highlights in her hair and golden sparkles in her eyes. "It's topaz, all right. If you'd dropped a hint, I'd have gotten you some real ones for Christmas."

"I like this better."

She flickered her hand so the light would catch the facets of the diamond Tony had given her, a carat for every pound Jaimie weighed at birth (6 pounds, 12 ounces). Engraved inside the cocktail ring was the date of Jaimie's birth, "November 22, 1938." Affectionately, Janet curved her other hand over the precious ring.

"Let's go. Are you ready?"

"I just have to get my wrap."

Downstairs, the children's nurse was waiting. "Both asleep, Tony reported."

"Enjoy the party," the nurse smiled.

Against the color-accented black and white of the modern living room, the tree and the Christmas greens struck a note of the traditional. Janet brushed a hand across a glintery gold ornament as she passed. "When we take these down, we'll have to figure out something to keep Kelly's mind off it."

"She can look forward to next year."

"A whole year, Tony? That's all of eternity to a little girl, no matter how fast it'll go for us."

"Faster all the time. Sometimes I wish we could kind of slow down and appreciate everything."

As he closed the front door behind them, Janet turned to look at the wreath, at the graceful, New Orleans-style grillwork around the doorway, upwards at the darkened second floor. "Everything we have," she said. "Our children, our home, our friends ... each other. Tony, I want to make another resolution: not to forget all the ways God has blessed us."

"I'll go along with that," he said.

—DOROTHY DAY

TONY AND JANET CO-STAR IN U-A'S "THE PERFECT FURLOUGH," AND HE'LL BE SEEN AFTER THAT IN U.A.'S "SOME LIKE IT HOT."
I had remembered to pick up the key from a hook in the kitchen where it was always kept when Creighton—he’s my older brother—was away at school, medical school in Philadelphia. I got in, slammed the door, and turned on the ignition. They let me drive the Ford when Creighton was away. I had a driver’s license and also a credit card for gas stations.

The first thing I did when I got out into the open city road was to look in the mirror to see if anyone was following me. Somewhere in the back of my mind I could picture Roberta rushing to the telephone and calling my father. But there was no one behind me; no one I knew, that is. I expect she just thought I was kidding. I was always saying things like that.

I drove past all the “nice” houses in the Los Angeles suburb where I lived; thinking how dreary everybody seemed doing the same things on the same days in the same way, year in, year out. They brought their children up to that way, too. And that was the way my parents wanted me to be.

“Sure I have everything,” I mimicked my father. But nobody really understood me or cared how I felt about things. They tried to dominate me, to make sure I would grow up into the type who would be a credit to them. How I hated that phrase! Creighton was already like that and they were always comparing him to me. It was always Creighton—this and Creighton—that. No matter what I tried to do Creighton did it better. Creighton, six years older than me, had left a trail of success that haunted me everywhere I turned.

In school the teachers always said, “So you’re Creighton’s brother. Well, you’ll have to study hard to get the high marks he had.” It made me want to scream. And it was not only in school. When I came home after school my mother would say—and she said it so many times—“Now how did you manage to get so dirty?” When Creighton was your age, he could get through the day without getting so messy.” Creighton—this and Creighton—thought it over I was getting mad and madder. And the madder I got the faster I drove.

What made me start remembering this all over again? I guess I had almost forgotten about it until, not long ago, I made that stopover in Washington, D.C., on my way back from New York to Hollywood and my current TV series, “Wagon Train.”

I was standing in line with a crowd of other sightseers waiting to get into the Washington Monument. Just in front of me were a nice-looking couple wearing blue jeans and sweaters. He must have been about seventeen and I guess the girl was sixteen. Everybody else seemed relaxed, on a holiday, but this pair stood there looking so tense and worried.

Then I guess they must have felt my stare and they turned around. The boy looked belligerent, as though he wanted to fight me for just looking at them and then the girl recognized me. She smiled and we started talking and I found out their names were John and Susan.


“Yes,” the boy said, “but we’re leaving, we’re running...” He stopped himself short and hitched at his pants, embarrassed at having given himself away.

I didn’t say anything then, but I tagged along with them as we went through the monument and then I asked them to have a Coke with me. They were mixed-up and I felt so sorry for them.

“Our parents don’t understand us,” Susan said. “You don’t know how it is.”

But I did know how it was and I wanted to help them. So I told them about the time I had run away. I told them how I could still remember climbing into the car and driving away from home feeling fast and feeling as though someone were thumping me in my stomach.

I could hardly control my anger. Suddenly I became aware of the road again and that I was driving eastwards from the city—fast. But to where? I had planned my walk-out but not where I was going. Well, what did it really matter? I was getting away and that was all I cared about.

I drove and drove until all of a sudden it was dark. I hadn’t noticed that it was beginning to get dark and cold. I only had on an open shirt and a light sweater.

I turned on the heater and rolled up the windows tight until it became stuffy and hot and I felt drowsy and the road looked like a never-ending snake. There was only one thing to do. I was angry but still I knew I had to stop. I pulled over by the side of the highway, turned off the heater and took a nap.

It must have been about an hour later when I woke up. The car had become cold again. I started the engine and then noticed that I had almost run out of gas. I put my hand in my pocket for money... only 75 cents. Not enough for much gas. I was lucky I had that credit card.

I stopped at the next gas station and

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told the attendant. "Fill her up." Over on the left I could see a Coke machine and candy machine by the side. "Can I have a Coke and candy, too?" I asked. I felt kind of foolish, but by that time I was really hungry. "Okay," said the attendant. Then he eyed me suspiciously. "What are you heading for, bub?"

Oh... ah... East... Salt Lake City," I spluttered. "You got 600 miles to go, bub."

"I know. I make the trip all the time," I boasted.

Back on the road I didn't feel so confident. Salt Lake City was more than 750 miles away, and I was bone cold, broke and hungry. And I was beginning to figure that maybe my running away wouldn't solve anything anyway.

"Maybe turn back?" I thought to myself, but then I was afraid to do so. Then the thought, "I'm not a kid. I'm a man. I can handle myself," I decided.

That was another thing. I was sort of proud. The things I'd been through and I thought I was able to look after myself. It was always, "Be careful, dear." Other fellows got messed up in football, but theirs didn't get as bad as mine.

But my mother was different. She was always fretting over me. And, I guess, from the day I was born, I seemed to have been plagued with one illness or accident or some other reason.

There was the time when I was ten. I woke up screaming one night. Mother hurried into my bedroom and after putting me to bed, she stayed by my side for hours. "You've got fever," I was sweating like mad, too, and doubled up with a pain right in the middle of my stomach.

The doctors came by and examined me and said something about kidneys. Then they gave me some medicine to ease the pain. For two years from that night I had to visit the doctor twice a week, every single week. When the treatments didn't help, finally an operation was ordered. I was nearly scared to death.

It was okay and I was feeling better after months of not being able to play football, and without my legs doubled up in bed. Finally, when I was able to go out and play with the kids, I lasted about one month. I needed another operation, quickly—an emergency appendectomy.

By the time I reached fourteen I had three major operations and felt like a surgical guinea pig. I also knew what it was to have my legs doubled up with pain and loneliness, when I didn't know a single kid. I don't think I'll ever forget them.

When I'd be half-wake and half-asleep on the way home from the hospital, with the relatives... and then the lingering days which sometimes stretched into months at home where I'd sit, day after day, propped up in bed the way kids are, allowed to go with the kids. And always being careful. It didn't seem as though I was ever going to be able to have the fun the other fellows had.

One day I spoke to dad about it. "I'm tired of staying in bed," I told him. "I always seem to get the bad breaks."

Dad explained that boredom and not having anything to do were part of the struggle for survival, he said. "Nothing comes easy in life... you don't get stronger by walking downhill... so we all have our struggles to strengthen us.

"But I always seem to walk uphill."

No, that wasn't quite true, I thought, as I glared at the road ahead of me. In many ways I'd been luckier than the others of my friends had. There was this car, for instance. Most of the other kids didn't have the use of a car.

Still, ironically enough, when I did get well again and was able to mix with the other kids, I always seemed to be getting injured, knocked over or something like that.

Twice I was knocked down by a car. Once Creighton accidently gashed me with a knife. Another time I broke my arm playing football and I broke my arm again while I was playing baseball one day. It just seemed to have a knack for that sort of thing.

Worse, there was the embarrassment of it all, like the time I was passing a football and a pal after school and the football coach said, "Horton, why don't you try out for the team?"

I remember wishing at that moment that the ground might open up and swallow me so to save me from having to tell him, in front of the others, that I had a kidney ailment and that I had to "take it easy." Because I looked so big and healthy.

"Ah, maybe Mom has reasons to feel like she does," I thought to myself, and swung the car a little as the road began to rise uphill and I realized I was approaching the military base I'd be entering Nevada. Over the high Sierras, then the stretches of plateaus and then the deserts; through Nevada and into Utah I didn't know what I was doing. All too soon my resentments screaming at me as though there were a thousand people in the car.

The trip made no sense, I guess, and I knew that. But I couldn't turn back. It had become a matter of pride more than anything else that was urging me on. I kept thinking over and over about Creighton, about my parents, about my being sick, about the other kids.

Maybe I just wasn't like the rest of the HORTONS. I liked sports cars, bright colors and sporty clothes. They all preferred big black Cadillacs, dark colors and conservative clothes. I began to feel sure I was far more suited to being an artist, a racing driver or a professional football player than a doctor, lawyer or educator. Maybe even an actor.

Sure, I had always enjoyed excitement, action, adventure, laughs and an actor had plenty of these. But truthfully I can see now that at that time I just didn't know what I wanted. And the journey wasn't helping any. And the more I brooded the more I felt the bridge between me and my parents wider. Then I remember saying out loud, "I'm a rebel, that's all."

What about the time when I was six, I thought. Even then I was so keen to think for myself and be independent that I stood on a street corner and tried to sell lemonade. I had bought the lemonade from a store near the school with money I had saved up for weeks. I had also bought some little wax-paper cups and was doing a roaring trade with all the kids in the neighborhood.

Two someone shouted that my folks were parked in the family limousine around the corner, watching me tolerantly. I became furious. "Why can't they let me alone?" I thought. But they were only watching, they didn't try to stop me.

Then I began to think about school again. Actually, studies had never interested me. I would find out all sorts of ways of sneaking out of class and back again without being caught. Then the principal found out and warned me not to get caught anymore. And I was behaving myself.

There were more harsh words and my father was called in and warned that I would be expelled if I didn't change my ways.

At home Dad threatened me with a "tougher school." A military academy.

I thought back to that morning and the "final warning" the principal had given me because, despite all the rows, I had not improved and my marks were still far from good. It had been enough to make me think that was all that I had to do to convince me that all those plans I had been stashing up about running away should be put into action—now. Had that all only been a few hours ago?

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, I came to Salt Lake City. I must have been driving for fifteen hours. All I could think of was to find a hotel and sleep, I knew my dad owned and to park in front of it. Somehow I felt safe, knowing it was Dad's. I must have fallen asleep almost immediately because I can barely remember even pulling the car by the side of the road.

I woke fairly early, about seven, and felt numb with cold. I had to get a hot drink and coffee to eat. I couldn't talk to my cousin, a doctor, who lived in town. Then I noticed a luncheonette on the corner. I had enough for coffee. And I can remember how the idea of a cup of coffee as though it contained the only heat left in the world. Should I go on to my cousin? I began to feel alone and very small.

The sun had warmed me but I still felt very hungry. I dug in my pockets and found forty cents, and then I ordered another cup of coffee and a toasted muffin to go with it. That made me feel better, good enough, at least, to go and see my cousin.

When I got there, he told me Dad had called that morning and they were very worried. He led me to a chair in the living room, put through a call to my house and then handed me the phone.

"Bob," my father's voice came through, "are you there?"

"Sure, Dad, sure," I answered. "I'm sorry if I worried you."

"Well, I kept telling Mother you were a good fellow and I'll bet you could take care of yourself." I didn't know that and said there was a kind of an uncomfortable pause. Then Dad said, very quiet. "Well, Bob, what do you want to do?"

"I want to stay here, through next week anyway," I told him.

"All right," he said. "Whatever you decide, put it to your principal and tell him that your principal says he'll expel you if you're not back in school by Monday. I don't say that to pressure you, Bob, but I think you ought to know."

"All right, Dad," I said. I hung up the phone, feeling relieved that he hadn't lectured me and wondering if he'd really meant that part about believing I could talk it over with him. I'd have to decide maybe we could be friends, but I'd have to go home to find out. Anyhow, when I faced it, I really didn't want to be expelled.

I got some more sleep at my cousin's house, then woke up, showered and had some breakfast. Then, feeling terribly deflated, like a champion going down with his first blow, I started the trip home.
A trap. It was sure a trap and, alarmed, I jammed my foot down on the accelerator. Soon I had left them far behind. Then I decided it was no use and that there's no end of trouble just waiting around the corner for a young guy miles from home. Anything could have happened if I hadn't spotted the trap.

No one ever got a chance when I arrived home. Dad just said again, "Now what do you want to do?" And I didn't have an answer for him. All I knew was that I was going to make a dash around the car.

Now, with the help of my parents, I studied hard, first at the University of Miami, where I majored in dramatics, and later switching to U.C.L.A. Then I transferred to Yale, where various drama courses, didn't like them and switched to the American Theater Wing and private classes under Lee Strasberg in New York.

My parents were wonderful all the way through but I took jobs where and when I could. Often it meant not even having time to sleep at night, but I'd never gotten over worrying about being completely dependent on them.

Then I landed a role in TV's "Suspense" and won a Warners' movie contract. From Warners, I moved to 20th Century-Fox and then free-lanced.

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in the cabinet, he'd have filed it under "A"—for Alligator or Animal. I'm sorry to say that we were wrong—we usually are where The Boss is concerned. In answer to our frantic wire he explained he had checked "B"—for Boss—last night. And then he said just what he'd said when he closed the door of the office and took off. "Remember, everyone, You're supposed to do while I'm away, so try, huh, Try."

And that's why, though this is supposed to be Dick's monthly column for Photo-play, we're doing it instead. We're pinch-hitting for Beteljeskie—(no one can do without us) and last is Tony Mamarella, the producer of the show (I'm indispensable.) Oh yes, there's also Richie Kenny, who's been shown to always get in everyone's way. (Thanks for including me in my pals!)

That takes care of that. Now that you know about us, we suppose you'd like to know more about how it runs or something. Great! If you ever get this information would you be so kind as to send us a air mail-special delivery letter care of Mammarella Station Philadelphia, Pa. We've been trying to find out how this show gets on the air day after day for quite a while now. It's all because of this fellow, Dick Clark, The Boss. Just a few weeks ago when, twenty minutes before show time, Richie Kenny slips on a tuna-fish sandwich (we think) and all the records he's carrying for that day's program are not only all jumbled and not in order but they are somewhat jagged (what with the scratches and downright smashed appearance of the ene lot!)

What does The Boss do? He scoops them up and makes a mad dash for the camera just in time to make the opening announcement that—"this afternoon is dedicated to those records that are pretty jumbled and they originate from Clark's Cracked Corner. Won't you spend the next few hours with us?"

Man, did we ever have a time trying to keep up with the telephone inquiries on that show. Then there was the time Franny Gomel was opening some boxes that had come in from fans—all gifts for Dick—and she just so happened to be in Pennsylvania New Mexico. It had holes at each end and there was something rattling inside. We knew it just couldn't be, so we told Franny to open it and she did. Right. It was a real, live rattlesnake. Somehow the attached scribbled note says it was "friendly and playful" and the boy's "best friend" didn't make Franny feel any better.

Franny was going to quit there and then but Dick came in and convinced her the snake's racket was probably worse than her own. She was weighing in with Franny, she was pretty shook up, so Dick went out and bought her a pair of heavy gloves and a welder's mask. She looks pretty silly sitting at her desk in her gloves and mask with her to visitors with a straight face and never bothers to explain her appearance.

You'd be surprised how quickly people leave the office. We've gotten used to ole Franny's day and day out, out to tell the truth we've sort of forgot what she really looks like. Dick says she can come out for Valentine's Day without being a worry. There's no telling what Franny will do while I'm away, so try, huh, Try."

It's really not that we don't appreciate The Boss, it's just that he has a pretty strange sense of humor. One thing sure. Any other job would be awful dull after being exposed to the Dick Clark personality. He's doing a two-day-a-week office—one that tells the real time and the other that tells the time Dick wishes it were.

Dick hates all the things that go into getting a show really well he likes it. For instance that one time the weather station was standing on top of a desk throwing little balls up in the air and keeping perfect time. Joan and Richie were doing a very expert cha-cha. Christine was wallowing around the room with an elephant. It was born. "Teti-Babe" and "Tony" were taking turns on the guitar with Eddie and clacking a pair of false teeth in A-I harmony. We never did find out who the teeth belonged to.

Anyway, knowing The Boss, he'll straighten the whole misunderstanding out when he gets back. He'll just tell the "big bosses" to get together and singing every thing that he's discovered and that our particular style of rendition will add "spark" to the show. He's done it before and he'll do it again.

One thing about Dick—he's loyal.
The only other misadventure we've had since The Boss took off was that, while we were redecorating, a little bit of paint spread all over our records and we can't read the labels very well. However, Richie and Joann are playing each and everyone of them and re-labeling them. This takes a lot of time and it's certainly nice to have the musical accompaniment as we type away. Actually, it really isn't necessary for the kids to go to all that trouble because we had a similar accident a couple of years ago and Dick told everyone not to worry.

This afternoon's show will just be a complete surprise to everyone and it will save all the trouble of announcing what's coming up next," said he, as he slunk into the studio.

If we're giving the impression that "American Bandstand" is run in a hopping, non-method fashion we're just trying to. It just comes out that way—so to speak.

The Boss is a tireless worker and we try to be just like him. Sometimes, however, it's a little difficult to "follow in his footsteps." Tony Mamarella gets clacked in a tight squeeze once when he tried—and we mean tight squeeze.

It was about the time Dick had taken to sitting down and thinking that he was really comfortable in this position but he said he could "think better when I'm away from all the hustle and bustle of all the activity up there." It was amazing how much work he could get done when he was free on his own. Dick's sure of his kind legs (you'll excuse us if we make him sound like a retriever or something, but he really did look kind of forlorn down there by himself.)

Well, Tony decided that what was good for The Boss was good enough for him. We tried to discourage him 'cause we thought it might turn into a fad or office rule and we'd end up with people sitting under desks and it's quite different if you wear a dress but Tony insisted and welded himself in. The only trouble was the chair was too big for him. It's heavier than Dick and somewhat taller and we nearly had to call the fire department to get him out.

After this Dick made a valiant attempt to stay up in the higher altitudes with the rest of us—but just to set an example—but he does have times when he can't stand it
About here we really should mention the boys. There are so many of them it would be impossible to mention them all by name. The Boys, as we like to think of them, represent different record companies and come in daily with new releases they want Dick to use on the show. Officially they are called "record distributors" but we call them "platter-pushers."

Among our favorites are two guys by the name of Harry Ascola of Columbia Records and Ted Kellein of Marnel.

Just to show you what an understanding boss we've got—Harry and Ted once sent a note to him which arrived by messenger. This was most unusual because both of them are usually in the office every day, anyway. The note read:

"Dear Dick: It's not that we really mind lugging in a new batch of records day after day only to have your staff use them in a game of touch-football; nor did Ted really object to having his little toe almost bitten off by that alligator you've got running around; even the rattle of that snake doesn't bother us very much anymore; and the fact we can't hear a word Franny says behind that welder's mask is not too important; but honestly, fellow, is it really necessary that we get down on our hands and knees and bark every time we want Tony or 'Tet-Babe' to listen to a new recording?

Your friends,

Harry and Ted."

Well, let us tell you Dick was pretty mad at us but, as we said before, he's one of the most understanding bosses you could ask for and he saw both sides of the situation. It didn't take him a minute to scribble a reply and send it off immediately to the boys by the same messenger. The boys were back the next day and it wasn't long afterwards that we found out what the Boss had written.

In his straight-forward and understanding way Dick had solved the problem in ten words: "No barking. The office is much too noisy already, Dick."

All in all it's really not a bad job and we've got a lot to be thankful for. The hours are long, half the time we don't get time enough to go out to lunch, the place is a madhouse, the phones ring constantly, there's a steady stream of "platter-pushers," visitors, and top brass, we're always weeks behind on the correspondence, the packages that arrive daily are becoming more and more evil sounding, we have to step over shoes every night and the building authorities are threatening to tear the place down because it's illegal or unhealthy or something to the effect of a "platter-pushers." We're not sure where the boss stands like the Rock of Gibraltar—always calm, always understanding, always sympathetic and above all always willing to enter into the spirit of things.

As a matter of fact, you might say he's responsible for what we are today.

P.S. Just got another wire from Dick. He says make sure you all know that we have a tendency to exaggerate.

P.P.S. Dick says to tell you he'll meet you right here in Photoplay, next month.

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EVERYBODY'S LAUGHING
Continued from page 38

light, it becomes a much different story.

"How can they keep printing those things?" she suddenly asked. "I try to tell myself I don't care and that I'm not going to get upset any more, but..." she broke off wearily.

It was quite clear she was still upset from the little things she did. "I can't sleep, and when I do I even dream about it now. Like last night, it was such an awful thing... I dreamt I was allowed to use a stadium to talk to people. It was a big place, an arena like those in the Roman days where they'd let loose lions on an unprotected man—that kind of place. Huge... tremendous... like the Colosseum.

"In my dream I was led into the center of the stadium and I shouted so as to be heard, 'Listen, everybody, I want to tell you something. Everybody, please, I want you to understand the truth about me.' I started to explain—and all of a sudden there was a loud gong behind me! From all those seats up above, people were throwing rocks. I kept shouting, just the same, trying to make them hear...

"Then, unexpectedly, I stopped throwing the rocks. It was very quiet and I thought, 'They know I have something important to say. They're giving me a chance!' But when I looked up, and unhappiness filled her eyes as if all this had been more real than a dream, 'everybody was gone. They'd just thrown their rocks and left...

"When I woke, I had to turn the light on to convince myself I was in my own room—that I had only been asleep. Without thinking, I put my hand up to my eyes and my cheeks were wet. I was still crying.

Kim's voice was heavy as she went on.

"In a way, it wasn't a dream, though, and I can't wake up because this is just the kind of thing that's been happening to me in real life. I felt exactly that way a few days ago, for example, when I was looking at the newspapers. It was in the evening, and I thought I'd read a while before going to bed. I opened the glass of milk and curled up in a chair and began glancing at the news, when all of a sudden my own name jumped out at me. It was in a gossip column—an item about an actress who got a divorce. It said he was my latest boyfriend. The whole thing was sort of jeering, and I could imagine hundreds of people sitting home in their living rooms, just the way I was, and reading the item.

"It gave me the most awful helpless feeling. It was just like the dream. I wanted to say, 'But it's so foolish! I've only met that man one truth, just it was a picture-story in a magazine.' But there I was, by myself. I couldn't make any of those people hear me.

"And when I talk to the press," Kim said wearily, "people all around by the time it comes out in the papers. Or else the reporters refuse to really listen to me—like the one who called up a few weeks ago. I was dressing, was in a hurry because I was going to have dinner with my agents at Romanoff's. The phone rang, and when I answered it I heard this cheerful voice: 'Miss Novak, are you going to marry So-and-so after his divorce comes through?' He was talking about a director I've known ever since I came to Hollywood. A story in that day's paper had said I was 'interested' in him.

"As politely as I could, I answered, 'No, I'm not. I don't know him that well.'

"The reporter said, 'Do you mean you don't even know him?'

"'No, I don't mean that,' I answered. 'He's an old friend.'

"The reporter just said, 'Oh. Thank you, Miss Novak. You know how you can sense somebody is smiling, just from the sound of their voice? Well, it was like that—I could hear him grinning. And it hurt, because this director's friendship means a lot to me. He did the very first picture I was in. I was so frightened then, with no acting experience. I'll always be grateful to him, because I don't think anybody would have noticed me if he hadn't done such a fine job on the picture. He directed my latest movie, too—"Bell, Book and Candle"—and I'm happier about that performance than anything I've ever done. All along he's given me advice and encouragement. A real friend, one I could trust. Now this..."

"Do you think perhaps you're taking it all too seriously?" I asked.

Kim smiled wistfully. "I guess that's what my agents think. They could tell I was upset, and they tried to cheer me up. They gave me a loan for Romanoff's that night, and he stopped by our table to say hello. I tried to look amused when I asked him, 'Did you read about my divorce?'

"He laughed and said, 'I certainly did. Why don't you tell me these things are going on?' Everybody else laughed—in a kind way, not unlike the dream—and I thought they didn't think it was funny to me. There've been so many stories—I no longer can take it all as a joke.

"And the worst part of it... I think my fans believe it. She got up and began to cry, almost distractedly.

"How could they know what the truth is? I can't talk to them—I can't get through to them. You see, I know what some of them are thinking because I've had letters. There was one from a girl in Kansas City, a really nice girl. That is—I've never met her, but I feel as if I know her, because she began writing to me when I was breaking up with Kim."

"You know what?" in her last letter she said she'd been terribly disappointed to read this about me. Kim stood still, and here eyes flashed, and she glared unpleasantly. "That I'd been seen around town at little out-of-the-way places with different movie executives—all of them married men. She'd never thought I was that kind of woman, but since I hadn't denied the story...

Kim spread her hands hopelessly. "I had told the studio people but they just said that I shouldn't say anything, because rumors and gossip die faster if you just ignore them. But you see what happens? I'd hurt a good friend of mine by keeping quiet. Well, I wrote to her, of course. I told her the truth, that it was a case of mistaken identity. The girl who'd been going around with these men was new in town; she wanted to be an actress; it just happened that her hair was about the same color...."

"And yet when I sent the letter I had the same helpless feeling. It's not possible for me to answer every single letter I get—and what about the people who don't write—who just feel I've let them down? I owe these people so much. They've given me their support from the very start. Most of all, I owe them the truth. But how can I explain that? The words were a question, but as Kim spoke their voice sank to a tone of utter hopelessness, pathetically expressing her belief that nobody..."
could answer the question she'd asked.

"The newspapermen don't want to hear the truth from me—it isn't funny enough.

They want headlines that will make people laugh. Like 'Kim Novak Gets $8,900 Trinket.' Do you remember that? That was General Trujillo's Mercedes-Benz. I can still see a certain reporter's face after he asked me about the car. We'd been having a perfectly friendly interview, so I answered him honestly. I explained that the general had ordered the car while he was at the Army Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth. I was just keeping it for him.

"The reporter got the most cynical look, and sort of chuckled. 'Come on now, Kim,' he said. 'You're a grown-up, glamorous movie star. What's with the sassy, killers, trust me?' You know that car's yours—a straight-out gift.'

"At that point, the reporter opened an envelope he was carrying and pulled out a letter. It looked like a photograph. I just had a chance to see it was a copy of some sort of paper—document, I mean—when he pointed to the signature at the bottom and asked, 'Is that your writing?'

"'It looks like it,' I said. 'Yes, I guess so.'

"And he grinned and said, 'That's all I wanted to know.' The next morning, the picture was on the front page—a copy of the bill of sale for the car—with my signature. Kim sank down on the couch again and was silent, as if she still felt the shock.

"Was it really your signature?' I asked. She nodded. "'But how did that happen?"'

Lifting her head, Kim said softly, 'Thank you for asking me. Nobody did then. Nobody wanted to know the truth. The afternoon the general went home, I was with my parents. I had just started to shampoo my hair. And as I was rinsing it, the doorbell rang. The housekeeper answered it and came and told me, 'They've brought the general's car. They say you'll have to sign for it.' I went to the door with my hair a mess and wringing wet. Somebody stuck a paper in my hand, and I scribbled my name, thought it was just a receipt to show that the car had been delivered. If I'd thought it was an official paper, I never would have written 'Kim Novak.' I sign all official papers with my real name, Marilyn Monroe."

"But I never got a chance to explain," she said despairingly. "And when the news came out that the general was married — when I saw that headline in the paper — I was so upset I burst into tears. It reminded me about the other day. She remembered spending an afternoon at my house once, when the general dropped in. Well, she was talking about some mischief her child had gotten into, and I laughed and turned to him and said, 'Of course, you don't understand these things, General. Since you've never been married, you've never had to raise one.' He just smiled—didn't say anything."

Still bewildered, Kim shook her head slowly. "But I don't believe he would have even asked me to go out with him if he hadn't already had his interlocutory divorce decree.

"'That's all over with but there's something else they do talk about,' she said. 'Little sly remarks here and there. That story was one of the most hurt of all,' she added. 'Because my family was dragged in on it—I'm a child, my father, my sister. It started with blind items, and a famous entertainer—and me.'

"If Kim Novak's true, she's been romancing, she'll make even greater news than Sputnik,' one news item said.

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Another said, "All of Kim's reported boyfriends of the past months have been window-dressing and a cover-up for this one, whose name would rock Hollywood on its very foundation!"

"I know how the story began," Her voice strengthened. "And why! It was during the holidays a year ago. I'd gone to Chicago, to be with my family, and a columnist invited me to a New Year's Eve party. I'd love to come," I said. "May I bring my sister and brother-in-law?" We'd spent Christmastime very quietly, and I knew Arlene and her husband would enjoy the party.

"The columnist said that would be all right. It was later that he mentioned his television show. 'By the way,' he said to me, 'you can stop off and say hello to my television audience on the way to the party.'"

"I'm sorry," I told him. "I can't do it. The studio doesn't allow me to go on television without their permission. You know that.' But he was furious!

"The entertainer has offices in Chicago. He flew into town briefly and called me about a script that was in the wind—a possible part that he wanted to discuss with me. I was staying at my sister's, in a suburb, and he came out to talk to me. Arlene's family and our parents were there, too, and Mother asked him to have lunch with us. Later on, I remember Mother—so sad, so dazed—saying, 'Is it a sin to ask a fellow human being to break bread with you?'

Kim was pacing the room again, her body tense with indignation. "The items began coming out in the columns—not mentioning the entertainer's name. Then there was one that did mention it—about the entertainer discussing a script with me. The papers began to link all these nothings together, but to me it was too ridiculous to take seriously. I went ahead and took the train back to Hollywood to begin 'Bell, Book and Candle.' I didn't know...

In her restless pacing, she had stopped beside a chair, and now she gripped the back of it. It was an entirely unconscious gesture, for Kim was concentrating deeply on each word she said, reliving a scene that she hadn't even witnessed. "I didn't know what I was leaving. My mother told me about it. She didn't want to at first, but I made her tell me. And now I can't forget it. I can see it, every moment..."

"It must have been a little after midnight, they figured out later. The doorbell of our house on Sayre Street rang. Mother was half asleep, and she said, 'Who could be? A telegram, maybe.' Dad was just getting ready for bed, so he went downstairs to answer the door.

"Mother sat up and listened, and she could hear a man's voice. She said, 'I can't recognize it, and she couldn't make out any of the words. Finally, Dad called up the stairs, 'Blanche! Can you come down? There are a couple of men here from the newspaper.'"

"Her heart started to thump, Mother says. All sorts of wild ideas went through her mind while she was hurrying to put on her robe and her slippers. An accident? But there was only one other week of that. She found two strangers in her living room—one of them with a camera. It was the other one who spoke up, and she was so relieved and also excited... She lifted her head and clenched her hands together in her lap. "When such things happen, you feel you've got to do something about it. Your family is hurt. Your friends are hurt. You are advised to say nothing. But I want people to know the truth about me. I want to tell them myself. It's just like in the dream. I'm so alone, and then I'm stopped. How can I get through to them?""

"You just have," I said. "Photoplay will print it.

And here it is."

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THE BIG BEAT
Continued from page 66

years to her shoulders. The girls surrounded them, waving their blue souvenirs programs and ballpoint pens. Don and Phil grinned and obliged with autographs.

Both boys were wearing blue blazers edged with cool white piping, striped ties and neat-fitting Oxford grey pants.

"Darn," lamented Sue, "I wish I had my Brownie camera with me."

Don, 21, the elder of the Everly Brothers, chuckled, "I bet backstage looks weird to you, but to Phil and me it's practically home. It has been ever since I was eight and he was six and we started touring with our folks."

"Gee, you fellows dress so great," Kathy was saying to Phil, who's 19, "my steady dresses like a mess! How do I get him to dress like you?"

"You can lead a horse to water, as we used to say in Kentucky," Phil answered in his quick way of speaking, "but you can't make him drink."

Don's usually the quieter of the two, but today he was feeling talkative. "Only one way," Don offered, "Power of suggestion. It usually works. Make your guy think it's his idea instead of telling him he doesn't know what he's doing. That's the way my wife wins me over every time."

Debbie sighed. "Gee, I could stand here all day listening to you."

"Later on," Phil said, "we're going to have a backstage jam session. Why don't you all come?"

"Who, me?" the three girls cried out.

"Yeah. You might get a kick out of it. Right now, I'm hungry," Phil continued. "I'm going to the cafeteria across the street. How about you, Don?"

Don nodded. "Phil's the big eater but I wouldn't mind a good piece of steak and some French fried potatoes myself."

"Maybe apple pie à la mode for dessert," Phil added.

For a moment, the three girls seemed rooted there, only their eyes moved to follow Phil and Don. Debbie came out of the daze first. She spotted Jimmy Clanton, in a peasant grey silk suit and officers' cap, chatting at the corner of the stage.

"Girls!" Debbie commanded, and Kathy and Sue rivalled to Jimmy's side.

"Autographs, please," Sue asked. Jimmy looked startled. "Gee," he said, "you kids are even backstage. This is the greatest turnout I've ever seen anywhere for the Big Beat."

Tall, chubby-faced and with bright dark eyes, eighteen-year-old Jimmy Clanton spoke with a soothing Louisiana drawl. He ran his fingers over his long brownish hair, glinting with gold from the glittery backstage lights.

"Where do you ever get that haircut, Jimmy?" Sue questioned in a timid voice.

"We all flipped!"

"Funny you ask," Jimmy said, shaking his head from side to side, "I know, a bunch of barbers have called me up about it. Lots of guys seem to want the same trim. Some of the Brooklyn barbers even came out here for a close-up inspection. The haircut's called a Balboa, only my girlfriend used to call it The Waterfall. Don't ask me why. Maybe it's because the front part falls over like Niagara. What do you think?"

"Oh, Jimmy," Kathy interrupted with a long sigh, "we're just crazy about your haircut, and gosh, we're crazy for your song, 'Just a Dream.' Did you really write it yourself?"

"Sure did," Jimmy said. "I wrote it when I was suffering from a broken heart. My girlfriend and I stopped going together,
behind the scenes with

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Just last year, and I was upset, butting inside from sadness and I kept hearing this song in my head, so I said, "Let it out, Jiminy, it'll do you good," and you know, it's the best thing that could have happened to me. I love her still but the song, it makes the break-up all easier somehow—if you know what I mean. Maybe it'll all be over when I go to L.S.U. It's just a kind of scolding tone of voice, and I'd go back to my trumpet that afternoon and practice an hour longer."

Frankie showed the girls his Big Beat costumes, all of them hanging on a long pipe across one wall of the dressing room. There were red flannel blazers with coin buttons, big-striped sweaters, button-down pink shirts with yellow bow ties.

Then, Frankie asked, "Hey, you gals, you met the Poni Tails yet?" Kathy, Debbie and Sue nodded their heads.

"Come on," he shouted. "You'll love them!"

Next thing we knew, we were all marching in the corridor to the last dressing room. Who popped their heads out of a doorway? The Kalin Twins! "Hey, Frankie, who's the company?" one of the Kalin twins asked.

Frankie made proper introductions and then Kathy, Debbie and Sue asked for autographs.

Herbie Kalin, the skinnier of the two, asked the girls if they'd like discs of their new record, "Forget-Me-Not."

"Hi, Hal," the other twin said after Herbie gave the girls their gifts. "He's married but I'm not, so let's have Herbie out of this while we have a talk!"

"No fair," Herbie hollered.

"Maybe you can talk later," Frankie interrupted. "I want the Poni Tails to meet them."

"All right," Hal said, "but don't forget. We're having a jamboree backstage. Why don't you join us when it starts?"

"Okay," the girls answered. We continued down the hall and found the door of the last dressing room open.

There they were, the Poni Tails, all three of them wearing their flowered-silk chemises from the show. The tallest, LaVerne Novak, was tidying up the make-up section. Patti sat on a stool, studying some sheet music, and all-smiles Toni Cistone was painting her fingernails a pale coral color.

Ballpoint pens and souvenir programs flew up in the air, "Oops, don't spill the nail polish," Toni cried out. Frankie excused himself to check on the backstage jam session, leaving the girls to get acquainted.

"Come on, girls," LaVerne urged, "sit down. Sorry, all we have are folding chairs," she said. "Gee, I'm so glad you stopped in. I hate to make you wait a second, but there's quite a jam upstairs."

Frankie obliged with sassy snatches of trumpet music, and all three girls sighed and went on with their makeup. "I'm taking a break," Toni called. "I'll be right down."

"Okay," Frankie said, "I'll live real close to St. Edmund's Convent, and there was this Sister—her name was Sister Marita—who loved to hear me play, especially the way she used to compliment me, too, but Sister Marita always went out of her way to encourage me. We had a groughy neighbor who used to say I practiced too much, and, lots of times, I'd feel guilty about bothering the people on the street with my trumpet-playing and so I'd knock off practicing for a day, and then, if Sister Marita saw me the next day, she'd say, 'Frankie, you sure put in a lot of practice today.'"

Sue piped up, "How'd you kids get started, all of you singing together?"

"We're sisters," Patti explained. "We make records, too. And you know, it's a real honor to sing together."

"Well, nobody believes it but we were all
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Sue

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Frankie

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Patti

looked

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Poni

Tails.

"Well,"

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Toni's

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"Oh,

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"I

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other,

and

nobody

gets

offended.

"That's

one

thing

we

do

a

lot

of,"

LaVerne

commented.

"Laugh—and

tease!"

Bouncing

into

the

dressing

room,

Frankie

Avalon

announced

that

Phil

and

Don

Everly

had

come

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cafeteria

across

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street,

and

...we're

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backstage

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session....

Buzzing

with

excitement,

Kathy,

Debbie

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Big

Beat

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gathered—Phil,

the

Everly

Brothers,

Jimmy

Clanton,

Jo

Ann

Campbell

and

so

many

others,

everyone

full

of

skyrocketing

spirit,

everyone

waiting

for

Phil

and

Don

to

start

the

music-making.

S-t-r-r-r-u-m-m-m-m!

and

the

Everly

Brothers'

guitars

rang

with

music.

In

a

minute

everybody

was

stompin'

their

feet,

and

singing

about

Johnny

being

a

joker....

Kathy,

Debbie

and

Sue

exchanged

Seventh-Heaven

looks.

"Come

on,"

LaVerne

of

the

Poni

Tails

coaxed.

"Sing!!"

Next

thing

you

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three

girls

shuffled

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shoulders,

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"Why

not?
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the

voices

sang

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that

let-yourself-go

rhythm

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pretty

soon

everybody

was

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listening.

"Hey,"

said

Herbie

Kalil,

"that's

a

solid

sound."

Frankie

Avalon

and

Jo

Ann

Campbell

exchanged

looks.

"Not

bad,"

he

said.

"People

have

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a

lot

less,"

LaVerne.

"Anybody

get

a

contract

with

a
dotted

line?" asked

Phil

Everly.

The

End

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Framed

Continued from page 63

"To understand how and why Greg Bautzer and I married, I must go back five years. I've never talked about our courtship..." Dana looked up, startled. "Say, how'd you get framed?" She laughed. "Well here goes..." And this is Dana's story...

On a brisk November afternoon in 1953, a pretty young English girl entered a north-bound city bus in New York's theater district, tired and dejected after a long, unsuccessful day of job-hunting and visiting tearooms. She had been in the United States only a few weeks, and on this day particularly, she felt lonely and lost, finding the usual Times Square crowds not exciting but unfriendly.

"Thousands of people," Dana was thinking, "and not one could possibly care about me. I really could die right here and I don't honestly believe even one person would stop. Where are all those friendly Americans I've been told about?"

Inside her beautiful English leather handbag, she had some small change. Her family was in Africa.

"If I can't get a job..." She caught her thoughts. "Don't think dreary..."

The bus lurched and she coughed onto the leaves that were her and she noticed it was almost Eightieth Street and decided to get off to do some shopping. Dispiritedly, she walked towards her neighborhood marketing section. Not honestly caring about food, she worried about lunches hadn't been a problem. She didn't like to cook and often found herself "dining" on one item for a week at a time; one week mushrooms, the next doughnuts, then asparagus, then a week of baked beans. On this day, she was ready for her fourth dinner menu of hazelnuts.

Stopping at the Jewish delicatessen, she waited for the owner's usual clucks of disapproval as she ordered another tin. She wasn't disappointed. "Hazel nuts! This is a dinner? A young girl like you, should be out shopping. Get your job tomorrow you'll get one, you'll see..."

Leaving the delicatessen, she glanced at the German baker's window, and he, seeing her, beckoned her in. "I have a little piece of strudel for you. No—no money. Just something for you..."

"Danke," Dana murmured, and they began chatting in German, which she'd learned as a child... Suddenly she switched the conversation back to English. "Tomorrow will be your day. You see..."

Across the wind-swept street, Dana huddled her wool coat closer around her and went into the store's to pick up a pair of shoes that had needed new heels and half-soles. They were ready for her because she had told the shoemaker that she must wear them the next day for an interview she was about to have, Dana talked with him in Italian. Then, with obvious pride as she left, he said in halting English, "Tomorrow you will get the great job of acting..."

"I don't know when it began," Dana says now. "There I was, laden with brown paper sacks and parcels, thousands of miles from home when suddenly I stopped, now and then. I realized I had just fallen in love..."

Across the years, past all the exciting successful things that have happened to her since, today's Dana can still remember exactly how she felt. "When I got off the bus I was depressed, yet there was twenty minutes later full of enthusiasm and belief in tomorrow. Why? What happened? Suddenly I turned around and looked at that little community of stores, where foreign-born Americans lived their new lives. Each day they gave me—another immigrant—warth, concern, and a bit of interest. I was not alone after all. Nowhere else in the world, I realized, you do find people so generously interested in a newcomer, so willing to help a stranger to feel a deep passionate love well up in me. I loved America and everything it stood for. As I climbed the stairs to my room to munch hazelnuts, I thought about my next day's interview, I knew I had come home in every sense of the word. I wanted to become an American citizen and I wanted to earn the right. And I hoped that, with all the years passed, my husband might be an American..."

The next day, on my interview, I lied my head off. You'd have thought I was looking for the moon or television. I could tell he wanted me for the part, but it seemed to take a little doing. A few days later I heard I had it. "I appeared at rehearsals, outwardly calm but inwardly trembling. The director had accepted me, but you don't fool cameramen, grips and assistant directors. Very quietly they would come by and say, 'Listen, kid, look a little to the left on the line, give us a little thin us.' Americans! They knew and they were helping me..."

"Then, remembering how I'd knocked up against the stuffy wall blocking off opportunity, how I hated their tremendous waste of young people. It was felt one should be aged and mature and spend years learning one's craft..." Dana's Latin fatherland seemed to be sick and tired of being tactful. I'm not knocking England—it's no less a great country—but it makes America seem more exciting by contrast. The prejudice against youth everywhere has given America its fascination.

"I thought to myself, 'Where else in the world would men be so consid erate?' If you want to really know a country, meet its men. At sixteen, I was romantically inclined toward an Italian medical student in Venice. Later I had a near thing with an English artist. Then I was almost engaged to a French baron."

"I had one week (which I made myself) and one mad blue dress. I varied them so much I wore them two seasons without anyone recognizing them, she recalled. "I was around Europe and I found myself myself named one of London's three best dressed young actresses. That fame certainly backfired. My friends reported people were wondering who 'kept me,' Dana didn't bother to tell them I might have starved if my parents hadn't sent me an allowance..."

Dana went on, "The man I became involved with in England, I'm afraid, was typical of the type of man I fell in love with him enchanting first, perhaps because it was my first real grownup experience. Everybody he did was wonderful. Sunday after Sunday he'd say, 'Right the right hole, listening to golf talk and funny English jokes, trying to convince myself I loved the game.' With a look of being caught in a sand trap, she continued: 'He was so nice, so love toward women and courtship is the dullest in the world. Englishmen are embarrassed if women wear modish gowns or colors. Once a woman married the right, it felt well-bred. Wife, girlfriend or fiancée must be mousy, Oh, chic women are admired by Englishmen. Their heads swirl in adoration when one walks by, but "That's all." Dana drew an exasperated breath. "I swear..."
there's a conspiracy among English families to make English girls as unattractive as possible. They are supposed to have the largest feet in the world. Why shouldn't they? They're cramming into walking brogues as soon as they can walk. They never wear make-up. At seventeen they are allowed a pale pink lipstick; then, for sentimental reasons, a walrus form, wearing colorless nail polish. At the age when they're becoming pretty and might have an urge to find out how they look out of uniform, there are only two talents that will bring them pictures from parents: robust health and being very good at hockey.

"Now the Frenchman is another cup of tea," she said. "He courts in a very unfair manner. The Italian is passionately involved with every love affair. He courts with music, flowers, little gestures, infinite care. The Italian's love song is for the poor, the dispossessed, the wealthy, and the share. Even after marriage, the husband will burst through with romance occasionally, but he is much more involved with his business, the bimbos and the business of the bimbos.

"But the American man!" Now Dana was started on her favorite subject. "American men like women, they like to have them around and they spoil them with wonderful things. They care about their clothes, the way they treat them as equals, and still as women. They try to relieve them of all the tedious things of married life, and try to keep them in touch with the beauty and the affection they want in their different homes. They want an attractive companion, rather than just a woman to feed them. It's a good thing Greg feels that way, for my cooking specialty is brandied peaches. When I first met Greg, he'd had brandied peaches until he finally admitted he'd had enough to last him a lifetime and suggested we find a reliable cook to replace the chef."

Dana smiled fondly. "When I was new in Hollywood, I really didn't know very many American men—as dates, that is. I lived quietly near my studio, 20th Century-Fox, in a small house that was not Greg and I were introduced. Immediately he asked me for a dinner date. I'd heard all about this glamorous Mr. B. and the glamorous movie star who would make love with him. I felt the whole situation was far too sophisticated for me. I'd always been wary of handsome men anyway, especially men that women fell for. I was sure that the day would come. Well, sure, of himself he was—he's a man who makes up his mind fast. He told me much, much later, that he decided to marry me the moment we met. And I refused his invitation rather curtly, first informing him that I had a date, and second, that when working I never went out nights. That, I thought, was that."

"The next day Greg Bonner was on my unlisted telephone asking for a date. I changed my unlisted number six times. Six times he found it. Each time I refused. Then I went to New York to do some publicity for The View from Pompey's Head. He called me at the hotel. He too was in New York. I informed him coldly that I was dining with Lord Rothermere. I didn't learn he was playing gin with Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer. They heard his end of the conversation, and Charlie, who is our best friend, turned to Ben and said, "I don't know him, but I don't think I'm going to like this girl."

The conversation had gone something like this: "Will you be tomorrow?" Greg asked.

"I'm going to Philadelphia." "I'll meet you in Philadelphia," Greg said.


"No," she said definitely, and hung up. Dana smiled ironically at the recollection. While I was in Denver my phone rang, and Greg's very abrupt voice said, "Your plane gets into Los Angeles at eleven o'clock. I'll meet it. He hung up. Well, I thought it was a headache. But when he met me at eleven my head didn't ache, so we went to The Traders. Sitting at a corner table, he turned his attention and full charm on me. I was somewhat surprised. I was interested with thoughtful gifts: a basket of flowers, with my first Yorkshire terrier in the middle; a Toastmaster I had discussed, with an orchid in a little teapot. And two dozen boxes of chocolates delivered on the set—the crew and I gorged. Flowers, little gifts—and always one red rose for me. Greg has excellent taste. When he was traveling he'd pick me up a beautiful Italian sweater or one of the mad hats I adore.

"The more I saw him, the more I realized what the qualitites I'd been looking for. I was wooed and won in the American tradition. We decided to be married months before we were. During that time, I was mentally trying to find a house. Greg and I were very much in love with America; still, I'd been trying to duck the social life here in Hollywood. Greg is popular; he enjoys people; even though I knew practically everybody in the meeting clients socially. I knew it would be difficult for me to change and keep up with him, but I was sure it would be worth the effort.

"And gossip became a real problem, too. While we were both trying to get away to Africa for my parents' permission, the nasty little folk were placing bets on whether or not we would marry. Dana makes a grimace of distaste. "I finally went to South Africa alone. I had to change planes nine times in six days to spend two days with my parents. Greg called every day. When I finally landed back in New York with unbelievable blessings, I was met at the hotel by a little orchestra playing 'I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face.'"

"I did!" I said.

"You noticed?" Dana glanced at the hi-fi. "I suppose it wasn't very much of a coincidence—I play that song so often. When I heard the tune then, it was like a love song and I fell in love, both at once. So Greg and I were married, in June of 1956. Now my first American love affair and my last seem like part of the same emotion. I have the feeling that all my relationships are now with the same woman—the wife of an American."

CURRENTLY IN 20TH'S "IN LOVE AND WAR" DANA WILL BE SEEN IN "SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL" FOR UA. AND "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING" FOR 20TH.
of poured from him, like a dam being opened.

We all three walked over to the library to get the book. I remember that night very clearly for many years after. I got it when he came and during the months that followed. And there was another reason too. When she got inside the library, Mother started to pull the ladder over to the section where the shelf was.

"Hey, Mrs. Cameron! Don’t do that," he said. He walked right over to the shelf, reached up and got the book for her. "Something for your son in here, handy," he said, half-blushing when she thanked him. I could see how pleased Mother was. Most of the boys at the college weren’t so thorough.

That was just one of the nice things he did. I didn’t believe in love at first sight or anything silly like that, but I knew I liked Tony very much right from the beginning. That tall, thin, sweet, shy boy was my first love. And this is a story about us, mostly about him.

After that first night, I couldn’t help hoping I’d run into Tony at the drugstore, at the pool, at the dance. And then, you know, I even better, that he’d call for a date. But I didn’t hear from him for a week. One day, though, I saw him riding by the house of the man who went along with him. Pedaling very fast, he kept his eyes straight ahead and didn’t even glance at the house. I guess I didn’t have to worry, after all, that he’d see me standing there in the window.

Maybe it wasn’t just accident that Tony rode past my house. The next day, as I walked by the drugstore, he sort of turned back, and I could see he was starting to say, "Doris! Gee! It seems like I’m always asking you or your mother for a favor. But I want to buy my mom a birthday present—her birthday’s next week—and I just don’t know what to pick out. I’ve been in there looking at all the candy and perfume and other stuff, but I just can’t decide. Help me?" He grinned down at me with the brightest smile I’ve ever seen in my eyes and his wide, frank smile. I wouldn’t have been able to refuse—even if I hadn’t been holding my breath for more than a week.

That was the beginning. Somehow, Tony and I never had to look very far for things to talk or do. For one thing, we both loved books and music. We took a lot of classes that didn’t do other things too. I remember one afternoon in particular, after lunch, we biked out to the beach to fly model planes. (Another interest of Tony’s. To my surprise, it was even more fun than I thought it would be.)

It was a fall day. Even though seasons don’t change in Florida, we could tell it was fall. We were both excited and happy and raced along on our bikes as far as we could. But if there wasn’t enough work to be done, housework waiting, or grades to be kept up so Tony could hold onto his scholarship. With Tony tearing along beside me, I was able to tell him about my own long legs and how my father died—years without much fun and with much more responsibility and loneliness than they should have held.

"Hey, Dody," (That was his pet name for me.) "I’ll ring you if you’d like to come to a headstart.”

"Okay," I laughed and started off, pedaling as fast as I could—which wasn’t very fast compared to what Tony’s long legs could do. Sure enough, he passed me before long, reaching out to give my pony-tail a jerk as he whizzed by.

"Remember that little tiger we saw in the drugstore when you helped me pick the perfume for Mom?"

I certainly did. It was one of those adorable stuffed ones, all curled up and funny looking with its red felt tongue hanging out of its mouth.

"I’m going to get it for you," he yelled back over his shoulder. "I’m going to get it for you just because you’re so nice and so much fun to be with and because you’re wearing that pink sweater I usually wore darker colors. But when I found out Tony preferred them, I began adding pas-

tels slowly—very slowly because I couldn’t afford many new clothes.

We had a wonderful time flying the model planes. (We seemed to have fun no matter what we were doing.) And many a time when I was on the beach and watched the white clouds that looked like big balls of cotton pasted up in the sky. You know," Tony began slowly, "it really wasn’t necessary for me to come for Christmas. I love Christmas! Don’t you? Sometimes, it’s never the same as when I was a kid though. But I just can’t get over it any-way, just look forward to it as much as ever.

Tossing his head in that funny way he had when his hair fell into his eyes, he said, "I’ll tell you what—But he broke off, suddenly and I thought he was about to say, "You don’t have a date for New Year’s already?" He seemed worried, but I couldn’t really be sorry. If he was worried, it meant he liked to be with me as much as I hoped he did.

"Of course I don’t have a date for New Year’s, Dopey!"

"Well, you know. Some guys make dates for New Year’s, months and months ahead. I guess it’s because they don’t want to be alone. No one wants to be alone on New Year’s. There’s something special about it—don’t you see?—and somehow you’re supposed to do so many—" Then he stopped quickly, as though what he said next was a surprise even to him. He reached out for my hand.

"Dody, will you go out with me this New Year’s?"

I smiled my answer. That was enough.

Then there was another wonderful day, the day I got to know the real Tony, or at least the part of the real Tony he’d been too shy to show before. Imagine having your phone ring at seven o’clock in the morning! I had been sound asleep. If it had been nine o’clock on the other end of the line, I think I would have rolled over, gone back to sleep and stuck the phone under a pillow or something.

"Hey," he began like a naughty little boy. I tried to decide if he did other things too. Do you have any cold milk? I’ve just got to have some, and the kitchen here’s still closed.” I don’t know whether his voice convinced me or the sight of Perkette, the little stuffed tiger Tony bought me.

"All right," I answered. "Just give me fifteen or twenty minutes to wake up, and you can have all the cold milk you can drink.

What a crazy breakfast! Tony couldn’t eat eggs or cereal or any of the other things people usually have in the morning. Oh, no! He made this little weird thing called "Potato Chip Joy!"

"What?" I yelled when he began to de-
scribe it.

"Dody, it’s really easy," he assured me. "You just go to the store today and get a big frying pan, the bigger, the better. I’ll hand you the stuff and tell you what to do." I obeyed. Even this was fun since I was doing it for Tony. I stood there, staring and stirring, and trying not to look too closely at the combination of things in the pan. I did think it was worth protesting, though, when he handed me the Swiss
cheese. "Swiss cheese!" I yelled. "Isn't it bad enough now?"

"Aw, Dody! Gee, I thought you had more imagination. This is it; this is the final touch."

"Okay, okay," I threw in the cheese, taking a gulp of black coffee to fortify myself for what was coming next.

Finally, the package was arranged on top of the kitchen table. It was a mess of semi-melted white chocolate chips, some of which were melted all over the top. Tony seemed to love it. Mother had a few spoons, too. "Very good, Tony," she nodded approvingly. But I couldn't help noticing that she turned back fifteen minutes earlier than usual. Even I ate some. It must have been love.

After Mother left, we sat around, just doing the dishes in our own sweet time and talking. I'm afraid we were both late for class, but it didn't seem to matter. Tony began talking about his family and particularly Ossip Perkins, who had been a well-known and highly respected actor. "I only saw him in one play," Tony said a little sadly, "Onstage, and all I had to do was to prop up this pillow to see!" He tossed his head with that slight motion that was so much "Tony." "Dody," he leaned across the table, looking at me with those warm eyes that never seemed shy. "More than anything else, I want to be an actor."

I listened quietly, not saying much but trying to encourage him. This was a more intense, a more determined side of Tony. But I felt that it was just as real as the relaxed, fun-loving boy who raced me to the field where we flew model planes. Behind his glasses he glowed with excitement and determination.

And yet, it didn't seem like Tony—not as I usually thought of him—running over hills and dales, setting down a book he thought I'd like as much as he did, Tony in faded old jeans zooming around the campus on his bike, sounding like a lonely little boy one minute and deeply conversing the next, cracking his knuckles when he was embarrassed or nervous, and throwing back his hair the way he so often did. But there were many things about this boy I didn't see this one—his dream side—made me proud and very, very happy.

It might seem like Tony had a habit of calling me early in the morning, but that was only important to me. I didn't tell you about making a screen test last summer. I just won a part in "The Actress!"

"Oh, Tony! I'm so glad! It's wonderful, just wonderful!"

"There's one bad thing about it though, Dody. His voice became low and serious. "I have to leave this afternoon and I won't be back at least until Christmas."

"They called, Dody! They really called! Honest, I can't believe it, but they want me!"

"Who?" I tried to sound calm, but there was a funny quiver in my stomach. "Hollywood! The studio! Gee, Dody, I didn't tell you about making a screen test last summer. I just won a part in "The Actress!"

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"Who?" I tried to sound calm, but there was a funny quiver in my stomach. "Hollywood! The studio! Gee, Dody, I didn't tell you about making a screen test last summer..."
We're going to have a baby," Ty persisted. "Debbie and I are going to have a son."

"It's not that we're tired of girls," Ty smiled. "I could have a dozen girls, and I hope we do." Then, very seriously, "But there has to be a boy, too. At least one.

There's got to be another Tyrone. You know, I'm the younger PoW actor. There's always been one in my family and it's like a trust, an unbroken line for seven generations, that one boy will be named and that he'll act. You'd be amazed at how much of my life is wrapped up in that idea. I'm the seventh. And now, at last, there's going to be an eighth.

Two days later, at the age of forty-four, Tyrone Power was dead.

The morning of that terrible day, Ty had kissed her softly as he left the hotel for the Madrid sound stage. Through half-closed eyes she had watched him go, smiling a little, as he tip-toed out. "Prospective mothers need their sleep," he had said the night before. "I go up to the roof and I'll stay off. I'll be very quiet..."

But of course she had awakened anyway, and had pretended not to, even when he kissed her, even when she climbed back into the door to look back at her and she had seen him smile again.

And then Ted Richmond came to her hotel room and told her that that smiling man, so alike and hopeful, was dead. She had fought against belief and, to make it real to her, they told her the rest. How Ty had been in the middle of a duel with George Sanders. "You know, Debbie, the one where he was supposed to fall to the floor and write around..."

Yes, she knew.

"Well, in a sudden, he waved his hand to put the cameras and started to walk off the set. He looked very pale..."

They thought he was having another attack of dysentery; he had had only a few days before. Or maybe a chill—it was a joke on the set about Ty, who always wore wool socks, summer and winter, to have the entire movie barefoot on the cold set. But Sebastian, his makeup man and friend for twenty years, started towards him."

"I'm going back to my dressing room," Ty had called out.

Debbie listened. It was like a story, like a film plot. It was very interesting, but it had no connection with her, or her husband or her life.

"I don't know how at what point Ty left his trailer but he did," Gina Lollobrigida told her, "he must have been feeling better, because he came over to my little trailer to talk with me and he was just like usual, just like usual..."

They talked, then he said he had to get back to work. He laughed and said, "Life goes on," and went back to his room. So a while later, the news spread to tell him. Martha and me, and he was standing in the middle of the floor with his hand on the breastplate he wore for the movie, and he turned to me with such a strange expression on his face..."

Martha Labar, Gina's dialogue coach, picked up the thread. "I never saw such a look. A sort of mixture of surprise and pain but with such depth to the surprise, I knew. I don't think he understood, but I did. I prayed without even thinking, 'Holy Mother, help this man.' I got Gina out and then I started back in to him, but just then Ray got there, with Ted Richmond right beside him..."

When they opened the door and walked in, Ty was leaning helplessly against a wall. His face was contorted. Before Ray's frightful shriek, he turned to me, to gasp for breath. With shaking fingers, Ray loosened the breastplate. "Ty?"


"Get a car!" Richmond shouted out the door. "Hurry!"

They hurried. They half carried Ty into the auto. Ted slid behind the wheel, pressing his finger toward the nearest hospital. But on the seat beside him, Tyroene Power slumped, unconscious—and died.

And because Debbie Ann Power had to believe it and couldn't, they told it to her over and over again, until Gina had to leave the room weeping. "It's terrible, she whispered. "The idea of the family, the family, the family..."

They took her to Torrejon Air Base ten miles away because Ty's body was being returned for his remaining service as a Marine pilot—and there she saw him, and knew it was true.

After that, there was a blur. A blur in which she moved about, going where people told her to go, back in the days they had been married for six months, and it was over. She had gone to Europe with her husband, and now she was bringing him home.

And they told her to think of something else.

"I can't," she said.

"I can't mean you shouldn't think of him," the stewardess said. "I only mean—remember the good things. Remember the beginnings, not the ends. You must have had such wonderful times..."

"I can't," she whispered. "I can't..."

Later in Hollywood, her friends had said the same things. "Try to remember the good things. Remember him alive..."

And with an odd look on her face, she began to walk out of the room. Behind her, her friends looked at each other. "Doesn't she ever consider that the baby might be a girl?"

"Before Tyne died, she did. But now—"

"Now it has to be a boy. I don't know why, but it has to be a boy..."

But Debbie Ann Power knew why. Knew it, and clung to it. It was that knowledge, that dream, that began from that moment to bring her back to life. It was that that gave her the strength to live. It was that that got her through the moment."

And after the shock of sitting during the services beside the coffin, touching Ty's hand with her fingers, praying—and not breaking down.

Because suddenly she had work to do during the six months ahead. Work that took her time for other thoughts. Almost no time for sorrow.

"I think," someone said, "that she's building a new family..."

It was absolutely true.

Her own words: "My son will have no memories..." had stayed with her."

They schooled over and over in her mind. And Ty would have hated them.

He had such strong memories himself. He believed in a past. In linking your-
And more—so much more. Stories of their one summer together—for that was all they had, really—six months of marriage, a spring, a summer, a little bit of fall. But six wonderful, wonderful months. They had been married quickly in Memphis with just a few friends. Debbie’s mother gave her in marriage and her stepfather was Ty’s best man. They had honeymooned in Dallas and she had been so proud—her face was always one perpetual blush at the way Ty talked about her. “So it was,” whispered his voice, “She’s unbelieveable. She doesn’t want to become an actress. She doesn’t care about expensive clothes and jewels, You know, Ty. My success, my welfare. Isn’t that amazing? She’s—impossible.” So she would blush. Because when he told her she was beautiful or brilliant she could laugh and deny it—but well, the other Ty was all she cared about.

And it was a wonderful six months. Ty looked back on it for the first time in years. They bought the boat he wanted, a 45-foot with sails and a motor and an automatic pilot—all the latest gadgets. They spent weeks together in Newport every weekend—they’d get there as fast as possible. They spent a lot of time with Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner, and Claire Trevor and her husband—with everyone who had a boat and, of course, and Martin Steckler and Bill Galagher, two other good friends who worked for Ty. One day Ty went out with Nat and Bob in their boat a few miles out around noon a friend called by to pick Debbie up in a motor boat and take her out to join them. They took off from the dock, saying goodbye, and suddenly Debbie heard his own voice shouting above the motor, “If you don’t slow down I’m going to have my baby right here!” And, just as suddenly, she knew it was too late. She began to picture how Ty would react—would he laugh, kiss her, faint, call her folks—what? She never dreamed she would see tears in his eyes.

That too would make a good memory.

Six months they had lived together. Six months of laughing and loving. Yet, compared to the lifetime most people had. But long enough.

Through the long grey days while she waited alone for her baby to be born, Debbie Ann Power went over those six months many times, dwelling on her memories, weaving them into a story.

A story beautiful enough to erase the nightmares from her mind—to make her forget the most, the worst, the most painful, stories of pain and death. A story long enough to keep her son-to-be from being born into a void, into a featureless past.

A story that would make of him the Tyrone Power of today, loved, adored, envied, tired of for so long.

Because, of course he would be a boy.

If—by any chance—the baby were a girl, the child of the man who Loved her with all her heart, the way Tyrone would have loved her, the way he did love his two daughters. And she would mean that Tyr’s death was meant to be the end of the Tyrone Power of today. It was Gotta's will that the dream should not come true, the line should be no more.

But waiting for her baby, Debbie Power does not even live that that can be. Counting over her dead children, they are for more than one child—for the generations of babies still to be born with the Power name, the Power tradition, the Power ties to the past.

The ties she is fashioning herself out of memory and courage, for the son... the son she is praying to have... the son Tyrone Power prayed to have. The End.

**Photographers’ Credits**

Kim Novak color by Gene Douber; Pat Boone and Dolores Hart color by Carmen Schiavone; Sol and Sorina Morris by John Simon; Billy Wilder by John Simon; Murray Laden; Dolores Hart by Carmen Schiavone; Dick Clark staff by Gene Douber; Big Boat pictures by Gene Douber; Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis by Sid Avery; Joan Simmons and Stewart Granger by Newcomb.
DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 46

this M-G-M studio here in Culver City," she
turned to Miss Mayer. "Mary," she said,
"I got a letter the other day from a girl at
Monticello high school. She wrote and asked
me if she could visit me here on the set of The
M-G-M."

"I wrote her back and said, 'by all means,
yes.' And she's coming at four o'clock
today. Can you take care of the arrange-
ments?"

"Certainly, Debbie," Mary said.

"Debbie," I asked, "Do you call home
every morning from your dressing room?"

She smiled. "I call home all the time," she
said. "Miss Reynolds will be visiting me here later in the day."

"Does Eddie?" I asked.

"He does. And he comes over to see the
children every day while she's here at
the studio. Eddie loves both of the children
very much."

"But you don't see him?"

"No."

"Do you think there's a chance that he
will come back to you?"

"You'll have to ask Eddie about that," she
said. "That's one thing I will not
discuss."

Mary returned from the telephone just
then, saying, "There's a call from the Thal-
alian office. They want to know if you can
call them later this afternoon. It's about
the benefit charity.""

"I will," Debbie said. Turning to me, she
said, "We're up to our ears in work for this
dance. It will help pay for the new
swathing on the grounds of Mt. Sinai hospital."

"We have raised almost $40,000. And
that's a good start," she said, rather proud-
ly, but a bit interrupted by a knock on the
door. "Miss Reynolds, Miss Reynolds. Call
on set."

"Ah," she laughed, putting on her shoes
again. "Excuse me, I'll see you later."

Can we watch-timing? I asked Miss Mayer.

"Yes, but let's give Debbie a chance to
get ready."

When we arrived on the set, brilliant
lights were trained on the rough
boards that created the illusion of a
complete building. I couldn't see any or-
ganization in the swarm of technicians
that surrounded Debbie. But Miss Mayer
just said serenely, "We're in luck. They're
waiting for a camera set-up."

We were almost on top of a tiny figure
in a camp chair before I recognized Debbi-
e, absorbed in the daily newspaper. At
the sound of Miss Mayer's voice, she looked
up. "I've studied my lines," she explained
guming, "I can't believe she asked Miss Mayer.

"Do you mind talking, just before going
into a scene?"

"No," she laughed. "Not at all."

"You've been in the hospital for a five-
day checkup recently? Are you sure you're
not rushing it, coming back so soon?"

"I'm much better, thank you. Couldn't
wait to get back!"

"Who visited you while you were in the
hospital?"

"Nobody," she said firmly. "Except my
mother, of course. You see, I was sup-
posed to be resting, and the doctor thought
it best not to allow any visitors. They did
dlet me receive phone calls, though. I
think everybody I've ever known called me
or tried to call me!" she laughed.

Turning serious, she continued, "But I
was there to rest. And if there was
ever a time and place to reconsider things,
it was then and there, in St. Joseph's. And
I had so many things to think about . . ."

She was silent, so I tried to draw her
out. "No flashbulbs, no interviews, no
headlines—you must have appreciated
those forty-eight hours?"

"I did indeed," Debbie said. "And
when I came out, I knew that I had decided
to live my life happily, no matter what
may happen."

"Then you've decided . . ."

"To be happy with what I have," she
finished the sentence for me.

"And that is the most important thing," she
added. "The thing that I have learned in
living."

"But Miss Reynolds—"

"I'm sorry, Debbie," I interrupted.

"I understand. There's no need for you
to say it."

"Yes."

"Thank you."

A hairdresser came and fussed over her
colour—a casual style—and for a few
minutes she seemed lost in thought. When
Miss Reynolds finally broke the silence,
she spoke, "I'm sorry, I'm not going to
marry off my daughter, but I'm sure I can
see things my way."

She asked Debbie to turn toward the hair-
dresser and her lips frame a quick

"Thanks."

The hairdresser spotted Miss Mayer and
came to join us while Debbie went into
position for the scene. Introduced as Ann
Kirk, she told me quietly, "I love to make
up Debbie's hair. It's easy to manage and
she's always looking so pretty.

"What does Debbie resemble you?"

"She's so lovely as a little girl," she
ended, "she does.""
"Milk to drink for me," Debbie reminded the waiter who had arrived with the lunch. "And for the children.

"Yes, Miss Reynolds. Their orders are all ready, too."

"Good," Turning to me, Debbie said, "I'm famished!" She kicked off her shoes and sat down on the floor beside the table. "Do take off your coat. And sit down."

The waiter reappeared, bringing the grownups salad and New York-cut steaks for each done to succulent perfection, medium rare. Seated on the floor beside us, Carrie bravely tackled a small hamburger and carrots and peas. Marie chose the couch, where she could divide her time between eating her own lunch and keeping Todd from scattering his over the chintz. Luckily, Miss Mayer picked a seat near the table, larger than the rest, comes crashing in, and sweeps the castle away. One child might run in fright; another might burst into tears; a third might pout in anger.

But Debbie can do none of these things, even though her very real symbol of happiness has crumbled and ebbed away.

For Debbie, there is nothing to do but build all over again.

The phone rang, interrupting my thoughts. Mary answered it. She listened for moment, then said, "All right, George. Yea, I'll tell her." She hung up.

"They want you back on the set, if you're ready, Debbie. That was George Marshall. He says he'd like to start shooting at 1 o'clock sharp." she said.

"I'm ready," Debbie said. "But wait. Where's Rocky?" I had completely forgotten about the little dog. We looked around the room, but he wasn't in sight. Nor was he in the adjacent room with its makeup table.

Rocky, Debbie called.

But there was a growl from the back of the sofa. And there he was, munching on a piece of steak he had fetched from one of the plates.

"Rocky," Debbie said, "Come out of there!" And he did. "You know we have to go back to work," she said. Rocky wagged his tail happily. Debbie snapped the leash onto his collar, then started for the door.

At the door, she stopped. Looking at me, she said, "There's happiness somewhere for everyone, don't you think?"

"Yes, Debbie," I said. "I guess there is."

She smiled quickly. "Bye," she said.

And then she was gone.
The scene is St. George, Utah, where Columbia is shooting “They Came to Cordura.” It’s rugged, but he-men Van Heflin and Richard Conte love it. “Imagine,” said Van, “Brigham Young lived right next door to where we’re staying.”

Parties: I almost flipped my permanent at the party Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons gave to honor Henry King, director of their co-starring Universal film, “The Earth Is Mine.” There on the sound stage was an exact replica of a garden scene from the picture, pool, fountain, greenery and all. . . . Guest Sandra Dee, in a royal-blue trapeze frock, cagily prowled Rock’s vicinity till finally it happened. “Oh, Sandra,” someone asked, “have you met Rock Hudson?” She hadn’t, she wanted to so badly, and she all but swooned when she did. “This one I’m growing up for,” she whispered to me later. And I really think she means it. . . . John Saxon, in a bulky olive-green sweater, khaki slacks and sporting a beard for his role in “The Big Fisherman,” brought his best girl, Vicki Thal. I would not be surprised if these two head for the altar.

Little Jayne Marie ooh-ed over the baby shower gifts mother Jayne Mansfield was given by Barbara Nichols, Terry Moore, Noreen Nash and Sheila Connolly, who looked lovely despite her marital vacation from Guy Madison. My contribution was a pink nursery lamp for the unfurnished house—so Jayne can find her baby in the dark.

Photoplay spent two days on a cloud, only they called it St. George, Utah, where “They Came to Cordura” is shooting. Working hard and loving it were Rita Hayworth, Gary Cooper, Tab Hunter, Van Heflin, Richard Conte, Dick York, Michael Callan and Robert Keith. The cast of this Columbia film lived at the El Paseo Motel, adjoining the former winter home of Brigham Young—and we did, too. It’s a quiet town, but St. George does have a movie house and the local people could see Tab Hunter for nothing. He
was a regular patron, seeing more westerns there than TV ever dreamed of. When Tab didn't join the rest of the cast for dinner in director Robert Rossen's room, he ate early at the local restaurant and then walked the length of the town, alone, before turning in for the night. . . . Rita Hayworth has one of the most dramatic roles of her career in this film and though her clothes and makeup are anything but glamorous, her glamour comes through, which producer Bill Goetz, who is an amateur photographer, is happy as a clam to take advantage of. Michael Callan, the young Broadway star of "West Side Story," is making his Columbia screen debut in "Cordura," but he's anxious to get back to New York soon, "or I'm going to lose my favorite girl."

That Certain Triangle: Twenty pounds plumper, Liz Taylor is in self-imposed retreat from the world in general and sees few people beside Eddie Fisher, his coterie of business pals and her doctor, Rex Kennemer. When her small daughter Liza Todd developed a bad case of pneumonia, it was Eddie who drove them to the hospital. And it's Eddie who scolds when Liz makes an impulsive statement to the press. He encourages those telephone calls to and from her old friend Montgomery Clift, realizing this is a friendship between two insecure people who desperately need each other. . . . And there's one thing about Liz, she keeps her ex-husbands as friends. When Nicky Hilton wed teenage Patricia McClintock, Liz wished them well and Nicky telephoned his thanks. When Mike Wilding and his new wife arrived from London to visit his sons, he carried with him a life-size Bavarian doll for little Liza and spent the morning with Liz. (Continued)
Intimates: A glimpse of Senator John Kennedy tenderly holding the Peter Lawfords' baby, Victoria Frances, during its christening ceremony, would have melted the heart of even the sternest Republican. Senator John is Peter's brother-in-law and the "Frances" part of the name is for Pete's close friend, Frank Sinatra. Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner played cupid without knowing it at the party following U-I's preview of "The Perfect Furlough." An established star turned to his wife and said, with a nod toward the Wagners, "Honey, let's try to be more like them." "Let's," she agreed softly and reached for his hand.

Dean Stockwell and Millie Perkins, two individualists against the trite and the trivial, are happiest in each other's company. And they're so right for each other. . . . The John Gavin heir is expected in late Spring. . . . Mark Damon has fallen for Diane Varsi but, alas, Mark's ardent poems of praise and gifts of posies get him nowhere. "I'm too relaxed to fall in love," Diane explains. Which leaves Mark—and me—completely bewildered. . . . June is now the month they're quoting for Marilyn Monroe's baby. Marilyn hasn't been feeling too well.

Eddie Takes a House: . . . The lease was already signed on the two-bedroom house before Eddie casually dropped in to inspect his new home. From an entire glass side of the house, Eddie viewed the sights of Hollywood far below. Inspected the high-style decorations, approved the small guest house as a rehearsal room and overnight stopping place when his manager Milton Blackstone comes to town. The following day Eddie and Joey Foreman moved in, Rent, including the guest house, is $400 a month. . . . Willard. Eddie's combination valet-cook-butler, arrived that same morning. . . . Eddie's first evening was spent with Elizabeth Taylor in a M-G-M projection room where they sat through three movies, including "A Place in the Sun," which Liz had made with Monty Clift. A few days later Eddie himself answered the door to find a neighbor on the doorstep. Unaware that Eddie had taken the house, she started to speak, stopped dead, stared, stammered her surprise and asked, "But what are you doing here?" Eddie regarded her kindly. "Lady," he said warily, "that's a good question."

Cal York's Jottings: The news from Germany is that Elvis has a girlfriend and that she has blond hair, blue eyes—and a dictionary. She's seventeen-year-old Mar- rit Buergin of Frankfurt and Elvis allows that he's dated her "more than any other girl around here." They don't go "steady"—how could they when the Germans just don't have a word for it? Elvis doesn't speak much German and Marrit doesn't speak much English, so, for "Little Puppy" or "Hündchen," as he calls her, I've jotted down some basic words and phrases:

Hound dog—jaghund  Guitar—Guetarre
Colonel Parker—Oberst Parker  Sideburns—Koteletten
Cool—Kühl  Dig—Das mag ich
How about a date?—Können wir uns mahl treffen?
NOW...BOTH DANDRUFF CONTROL AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR

This new clear golden liquid shampoo has a unique two-way action: it gives your hair a lovely, soft new luster—and with regular use assures you of freedom from dandruff. It contains an exclusive new dandruff-control compound, 22T4, which leaves its influence on the scalp even after you rinse. Breck Banish not only loosens and removes itchy dandruff, it continues to work between shampoos to prevent the formation of new dandruff. Ideal for all the family, Breck Banish is pleasantly scented, non-drying, never harsh or irritating. Use it regularly and your hair will shine with new cleanliness and luster. Beautiful hair is healthy hair.

COSTS NO MORE—DOES TWICE AS MUCH... Breck Banish gives you both freedom from dandruff and new beauty for your hair. 8 oz. $1.50  4 oz. .80

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Available at beauty shops and wherever cosmetics are sold

* Patent Applied For

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A new idea in smoking!

Ever dabble in a brook on one of Spring's first balmy days? That's how a Salem cigarette refreshes your taste. You get rich, full tobacco taste with a new surprise softness. The smoke feels comfortable as never before. Through Salem's pure-white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Smoke refreshed . . . smoke Salem!

Salem refreshes your taste

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
EBBBIE IS YOUR GOLD MEDAL WINNER!

PHOTOPLAY

at Boone: “The one day in my life I’m ashamed of”

MARCH

“looking for a valentine?”

DICK CLARK
That's using your head!

using ENDEN, you get a beauty shampoo and a dandruff treatment at the same time!

New—
it's all clear!
Wonderfully effective ENDEN now in clear golden liquid, too!
No alcohol in ENDEN!

Shampoo regularly with ENDEN and you’re through with dandruff problems. Because ENDEN is no ordinary shampoo! Gentle medications in ENDEN’s rich, penetrating lather work between shampoos to keep your hair dandruff-free. Your hair shows its approval with new softness, new luster, new willingness to obey. ENDEN is the pleasant shampoo that millions of men, women and children enjoy as their only shampoo.

Used regularly, ENDEN is guaranteed to end dandruff problems and prevent their return . . . medically proved 99% effective.

Available at cosmetics counters and beauty salons everywhere.
Don't try to brush bad breath away—reach for Listerine!

Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions. Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—nothing stops bad breath as effectively as The Listerine Way.

Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine ...Your No. 1 protection against bad breath
PHOTOPLAY SPECIAL
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EVELYN PAIN, Editor
NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor
PAMELA LAW, Fashion Editor
MARGARET KESSMAN, Beauty Editor
ROGER MARSHUTZ, Staff Photographer
RICHARD ADELSON, Art Assistant

Your April issue will be on sale at your newsstand on March 5th
IT'S
GIRL-AND-BOY
JOY IN THE
SPRINGTIME!

M·G·M presents

Debbie Reynolds
HER HAPPIEST ROLE!

Tony Randall
HIS MADDEST ANTICS!

Paul Douglas
HIS BIGGEST HIT!

The Mating Game

Any number
can play—
but it's
more fun
with two!

co-starring

Fred Clark with Una Merkel • Screen Play by William Roberts
Directed by George Marshall • Produced by Philip Barry, Jr. • An M-G-M Picture

From the Novel
"The Darling Buds Of May"
by H. E. Bates

Any number
can play—
but it's
more fun
with two!
SPLISH SPLASH FOOTNOTE

"I'm not a star," brown-eyed, brown-haired Bobby Darin emphasizes. "I'm an asterisk."

Bobby Darin and I were having cheeseburgers and milk in the beanery across from the Photoplay offices.

Bobby's real name is Walden Robert Cassotto, and he admits what he likes best about his success is being able to buy his folks a home in the country.

"What do I like to do?" he repeated when we asked him about his pastimes. "Eat, sing and date! I like my to be hero-sandwiches king-sized. That goes for singing, too. And I like gals who make me feel like a king, but I think this is true of all guys, isn't it? And if a gal can cook, too—look out!"

are you a gopher?

Tommy Sands and I were talking the other day in our New York Photoplay offices. Outside, the winter winds howled and yowled, and we were in a huddle about our favorite subject: gophers.

What's a gopher? Well, Tommy and I decided a gal's a gopher if she goes for guys.

"But there are distinctions," Tommy said. "There are gophers and gophers and gophers."

He went on to elucidate. "There's the rah-rah gopher," he said, taking a deep breath, "who busts out all over when she sees a guy. She's like a cheerleader, ready to lead off with a locomotive soon as she spots a fellow across the street. The trouble is that the rah-rah gophers are a little too hard to reach. They're too busy cheering!"

"But what about," says I, "the gophers all guys like best, the one who kind of comes up on you gently like a spring breeze?"

"They're the greatest," Tommy said, "the greatest! But then, there's the shy-away gopher who worries me a little. The shy-away gopher is so far away that she's in out-of-this-worldville—and I'm all for bringing her back to earth."

"But how do we do it?" says I.

"How about a club," Tommy suggested, "a special club for all gophers?"

"Not a bad idea," counters I. "We could have a special membership card with a list of gopher pointer from bachelor stars, guys like Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter and Hugh O'Brian and Johnny Saxson and Tony Perkins. Gophers would have a secret password, and every month, in these columns, we could send out special Gopher bulletins that only Gophers could decode!"

"Great," Tommy said, clapping his hands.

Gophers, what do you think? Let's hear from you if you're interested.
for RELIEF of COLDS MISERIES and SINUS CONGESTION...

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet
HELPS DRAIN ALL 8 SINUS CAVITIES

Relieves Pressure, Pain, Congestion
Works Through the Bloodstream
Reaches all Congested Areas
Shrinks Swollen Membranes
Restores Free Breathing
Reduces Fever
Controls Postnasal Drip

For new blissful relief of colds miseries and sinus congestion...try DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

In DRISTAN, you get the scientific Decongestant most prescribed by doctors...to help shrink pain-fully swollen nasal-sinus membranes. You also get a highly effective combination of Pain-Relievers for relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an exclusive antihistamine to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains Vitamin C—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...important...accept no substitutes.

There's Nothing Like DRISTAN® Decongestant Tablets!
BECAUSE PERSONAL DAIMNINESS IS SO IMPORTANT...

Choose mild "Lysol." Millions of women know that douching with "Lysol" assures feminine cleanliness. So why settle for less?

It's far more effective than home-style douches, including vinegar. For "Lysol" brand disinfectant stops odor at its source—actually kills odor-causing germs!

And "Lysol" cleanses gently. Won't harm your delicate insides. Leaves you wonderfully fresh and sweet—sure of your personal cleanliness! Why not try "Lysol" soon. Use it regularly!

Now available—Pine-Scented "Lysol" as well as Regular.

For free booklet (mailed in plain envelope) on doctor-approved methods of douching, write to: "Lysol," Bloomfield, N.J., Dept. TSP-359.

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TURNTABLE VOX POX (continued)

Dixieland diggers will want to catch the Riverboat Five coming down the street with their high-trottin' New Orleans brand of music. These cats are worth rooting for when they lay down with "I Ain't Got Nobody," "Tiger Rag," and "Some-
day Sweetheart," plus lots of other old-time finger-snappers. The album? Mercury's "Ma! They're Comin' Down the Street!"

Warning: Don't dare listen to this music alone—ABC-Paramount's "Shock Music in Hi Fi." If you shock easily, have a Shocktail Party, a cozy, lights-out get-together with everyone figuring out a story for each of the sequences. There's enough atmosphere here to launch at least a dozen blobs, flies and teenage Frankenstein's. Listen to galloping heartbeats, thundering storms, groans and voodoo drums.

These globe-trottin' Everly Brothers, Phil and Don, called us to tell us about their new Cadence album, "Songs Our Daddy Taught Us," and we listened to a playback of their tape the other day, and I'll go on record as saying that one of the sweetest songs these boys sing is "Who's Gonna Shoe Your Pretty Little Feet?" an ancient ballad from the highlands of Loch Lomond. This is a for-keeps album.

"Politely" features the one and only Keely Smith and her storybook imagination. With each song on this Capitol album, Keely reveals a different pixie personality. Keely'll add a sophisticated turn of phrase to the simplest lyric or a lingering blues note to a bouncy-bright melody. But whatever the song or lyric, Keely's own special smoky-voiced quality is there to delight her listeners. Other "Politely" selections Keely sings with a wink—"Sweet and Lovely" and "I Can't Get Started."

---

hemidemisemiquavers

"A Gene Vincent Record Date" with the Blue Caps features "Five Feet of Lovin" and "Hey Good Lookin."

Two songs Gene seems to come by naturally.

"Folk Songs for Babies. Small Children. Parents and Baby Sitters" is chock-full of ballads for the small fry. When you're busy with a math problem and baby starts to coo from his crib, turn on the turntable and let him listen to "Bobby Shafto" or "Daylight Train." In "The Things We Did Last Summer," the Four Preps spin a platter full of romantic tales from "Makin' Love Ukulele Style" to "Love Letters in the Sand." Nat King Cole's "The Very Thought of You" is a smash—twelve beautiful ballads dedicated to your very special love. Nat's rich voice is at its most intimate.

"Smoochin' Time" with the Ames Brothers includes "Just Squeeze Me But Please Don't Tease Me" and "Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did?" Interesting bit from jacket notes: A smooch is a smudge but a smooch is a smooch—according to Webster. . . . "N. Y. Export: Op. Jazz" from "Ballets U.S.A." is the modern jazz score by Bob Prince that took the Brussels Worlds Fair by storm. Free-wheeling jazz fans will listen to it for hours. On the flip side: Leonard Bernstein's ballet music from the Broadway musical, "West Side Story." . . . Lawrence Welk's "Champagne Dancing Party" will please dancers of all ages. These are the good old songs, the maestro says, "that people just naturally like to dance to, songs like 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' and 'Lullaby of Broadway' and 'Do You Ever Think of Me?‴ You know something? He's right. Listen to his album and your toes begin tapping.
To introduce you to the

rca Victor popular album club

ANY FIVE OF THE
24 ALBUMS BELOW
FOR ONLY $3.98

[ Nationally advertised prices total up to $24.98 ]

... if you agree to buy five albums from the Club during the next twelve months from at least 100 to be made available

This exciting new plan, under the direction of the
Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music... and, once and for all, takes haphazardness out of building such a well-balanced collection. YOU PAY FAR LESS FOR ALBUMS THIS WAY than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the extraordinary introductory offer described above can represent as much as a 40% saving in your first year of membership, THEREAFTER YOU SAVE ALMOST 33 1/3%.

After buying the five albums called for in this offer, you will receive a free 12-inch 33 1/3 R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least $3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. A WIDE CHOICE OF rca Victor albums will be described each month. One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or nothing at all—you can make your wishes known on a form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually $3.98, at times $4.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge).

{Image of album covers and text regarding music and offers}
STARDOM ROAD
IS EASY

Young Don Costa, ABC-Paramount's musical talent scout who discovered Paul Anka and Eydie Gorme, George Hamilton IV and Johnny Nash, met with us one brisk January day and gave us the lowdown on stardom.

First thing we asked: "How can a young singer break into the big time?"

"One teenage team," Don told us, "sent me a twenty-five cent record they made in a penny arcade. One of the guys beat on the side of the wall, tom-tom style, while the other strummed a guitar. Both of them sang their hearts out, and they made a great 'demo' (demonstration record)."

But, Don adds, a singer or a composer must offer something original if he wants the "inside" people, the behind-the-scenes starmakers, to take notice. "That's where a lot of the trouble is," Don says. "So much of the stuff everyone sends me is common. But the guys and gals who 1) think up fresh ideas on old themes, 2) dream up unusual titles (such as 'Yakety-Yak') and lyrics or 3) put a song together with a lot of bounce are the ones that click!"

Don prefers teenagers writing music for the big teenage market. "Some of the big-name song-writers," Don says, "often write down to the teenager, and this just doesn't go. Teenagers are more responsive to new music. They don't have the taboos or prejudices of older folks. They're willing to give a new musical idea a fair chance."

An up-and-coming Don Costa discovery is a twelve-year-old girl composer from White Plains, New York, who's penned "Boom-Butta- Snap-Snap" or What Happens When Somebody Pulls At Your Pony Tail Band?

IVY LEAGUE NEWCOMER

One neat dresser we ran into at the Columbia Pictures' screening room where thirty high school newspaper editors were previewing his new film, "Senior Prom," was Paul Hampton. All decked out in a red wool blazer jacket with gold coin buttons, gray flannel pants and a slim black tie.

Paul, a Dartmouth grad, got into show business via a blind date!

On his first night out with Susan Adams, he sang her his song, "Love Me So I'll Know," when they got back to her home after the movies. Susan was so impressed with Paul's singing she called her Mom. Her Mom listened and called in Susan's Dad. Suddenly the four of them began plotting our Paul's career. Mrs. Adams knew Mitch Miller, who heads Columbia Records' pop music department. She made the introduction, and Mitch signed Paul to a contract soon as he heard Paul sing.

Then, Paul waxed a couple of records, made a cross-country tour of personal appearances, found himself a fan-club—to boot.

Paul tells me he hero-worships the singing of Frank Sinatra and Pat Suzuki. Frank has been Paul's inspiration.

Paul admits to being an avid reader, favors fiction ("old-fashioned novels with happy endings"). He's fond of chicken cooked with black cherries, eats lots of fruits and drinks No-Cal like crazy. ("I'd be a bouncing butterball otherwise.")

Here's a capsule review of Paul's film from high-school editor, Betty Aberlin of Staten Island: "'Senior Prom' is fun. It's got a bunch of typical characters running wild on a typical college campus, and the yak-yaks and clowning never stop. Teenagers'll flip for the new Ivy League beat!"

friendship jingles

With St. Valentine's Day not far off, Frankie Avalon tells me he's blue because he's without a steady. But he's thankful, he says, that he has so many wonderful friends.

"They've done so much for me," Frankie told me in a telephone call from his home in Philadelphia. "I could never have done it without them."

He was speaking, of course, of his sensational, overnight climb up the ladder of show-business success.

In honor of friendship and St. Valentine's Day, Frankie would like to offer a friendship ring to the girl who sends in the best four-line jingle on friends or friendship.

Deadline is February 26th. Address all jingles to Frankie Avalon, c/o Photoplay.

The prize? A gold pinky band with a little ding-a-ling bell (it has a seed pearl for a clapper) and a dangling heart enamelled with rose petals.
From this very moment...

**Fresh New Beauty begins with Zest**

...that radiant, glowing clean, naturally lovely look!

AND TO HIGHLIGHT YOUR NEW BEAUTY
ZEST OFFERS THIS ELEGANT EXTRA—

**Tussy “Beauty Touch” Compact**
WITH PRESSED POWDER (85¢ VALUE)

From the very first moment Zest’s mild, complexion-soft lather touches your skin, your complexion feels radiantly aglow—satin smooth—free from dulling soap film. Zest washes away skin bacteria to keep your complexion protected—fresh, clear, naturally lovely all day. Now discover Zest while you can get the elegant pink and gold Tussy “Beauty Touch” Compact with pressed powder.

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**SPECIAL OFFER**

Compact Department E-2
P. O. Box 52, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

I have enclosed two Zest wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to defray expenses. Please send me the Tussy “Beauty Touch” Compact. My skin tone is: Fair____Medium____Dark____

[Name: ____________________________]
[Address: ____________________________]
[City: __________________ Zone: ___ State: ___]

Offer good only in continental United States and Hawaii. Offer expires July 31, 1959. Be sure to place sufficient postage in your envelope and allow three weeks for delivery.

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Eek! It's Dracula Again!

I'd like to send an answer to Jo Anne Jensen who wrote in January:
Dear Jo Anne ... I read your wonderful letter concerning Christopher Lee's interpretation of the very evil Count Dracula. I'm in complete agreement with you. He is "the coolest." I'm clipping your letter and sending it to Chris who is a very close friend of mine. He'll appreciate it very much.

ANN SHEARING
Brooktondale, N. Y.

... I wrote you before on Bob Evans. Now I have fallen in love with vampires. Please don't think I'm crazy. I really love them. My mother thinks I'm really crazy. I sleep, eat and drink vampires. My favorite is Count Dracula. I was wondering if you could give me some information on him. I'm reading the book and would like to know who played the part in the picture. I wish I were a vampire. I've been studying them all year.

JOANNE MILLER
Frackville, Pa.

The Forgotten Men?

Movies always seem to have the same themes: western, sex or musical. Wouldn't it be nice to produce a different story—say one about young interns of today? These doctors spend hours in a grim, thankless task. Wouldn't their work make a wonderful story for a movie?

VIRGINIA SCHWARZEL
St. Paul, Minn.

We think you must have missed "Not as a Stranger" and the whole of Dirk Bogarde's "Doctor" series ... and there are many more.—Ed.

That Boy Byrnes

I think "77 Sunset Strip" is the best show on TV this season and the cast can't be beaten. Edd Byrnes, aside from being very good-looking, is exceptionally talented. I have seen him in "Marjorie Morningstar," "Darby's Rangers" and "Life Begins at Seventeen," and in these he really displayed his acting ability. I adore hearing him talk in his pleasing boy style.

JOYCE HALTER
Chicago, Ill.

P.S. The back-flips he sometimes does on TV really swing me.

... I watch Edd Byrnes every Friday in "77 Sunset Strip." I know a lot of people would like to read about him; me included.

TOM LEWIS

Did you see Edd on page 39 this issue?—Ed.

I understand, reader tells Marilyn. I, too, thought I'd never have a baby.

The latest Count Dracula (as mentioned in Ann's letter) was played by Christopher Lee in Universal's "The Horror of Count Dracula." But perhaps you mean Bela Lugosi, who portrayed him in earlier movies.—Ed.

Open Letter to Marilyn

I just read your article in Photoplay and it was the most heartwarming story I ever read that actually happened to a real person. I understand how much you want a baby. You see, my doctor told me chances were I couldn't have one when I married, but the dear Lord was merciful. I did have a beautiful baby boy. He's now nine months old. I realize now what I was missing before. He is so wonderful and everything seems so beautiful now.

I want to say, Marilyn, please have patience. The Dear Lord will be good. God bless you, and I want to wish you all the luck in the world—you'll be filling that crib soon. How soon is up to the Lord, I wish I could send you a picture of my baby. I thank the Lord he's mine; I love him so much, so very much. Marilyn, please have faith.

A HAPPY MOTHER
Syracuse, N. Y.

He Digs MM

Thank you for the Marilyn Monroe story by Radie Harris. Personally I think Miss Monroe is in a class by herself. She is a real delight on the screen and becomes better in each picture. Both as Marilyn Reynolds and the one about Jerry Lewis, I just about cried.

I also liked the contest article "Win a Present From the Stars." I think the stars are wonderful to do things like that. I sent my entry blank in and I hope I win ... but even if I don't, I think the stars are great. Some people say some stars care only for themselves but I think this contest proves they don't.

M.K.P.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sad Loss

As a fan of his for many years, I'd like to pay tribute to a great star—Tyrone Power. His death is a grievous loss to Hollywood and his many fans. He could not be equaled for handsomeness, charm, and sex appeal. He was a fine actor with a vibrant speaking voice. It was with great sadness that I read of his passing.

M. N. ROBBINS
Chicago, Ill.

To John Saxon

The greatest of all young stars is he, And greater still in years to come he'll be. Handsome is not the word for him, He's tall and terrifically prim.* His acting proved what he could do, He keeps his fans from feeling blue. He'll go ahead and never will shirk, And come out tops in his good work.

PHILOMENA PRIM*
Bombay, India

Continued on page 14
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water... and have lively, natural looking curls!

TINA LOUISE, one of Hollywood's most glamorous new stars, keeps her hair soft, shining and easy-to-manage with Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Why don't YOU try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water! An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
What fun to frolic... and figure right in your fashions, too! *Answer* is the original design with inner elastic bands that gentle you in. Try on Answer. See how this boneless wonder glamorizes you.

*Left: Answer pantie girdle*

Supports your most active life. So comfortable it can even be worn while bowling. Detachable garters. $12.50
With zipper $15

*Center: Answer Deb pantie*

Featherweight style to put fun in function for debutante figures. Pantie with detachable garters $8.95
Matching girdle $7.95

*Right: Original Answer girdle*

Takes a countdown on inches to make you svelte 'neath your splinter fashions. $10.95. With zipper $12.50
Bra in embroidered cotton, contoured with foam rubber $3.95
He Caught My Eye

One night while watching TV
A cute boy caught my eye.
His voice was soft and tender,
His looks were cute and shy.
And ever since I saw him,
I was a poor fool born too late.
And only if dreams come true
Rick would be my steady date.
Rick's that boy with a certain smile,
But I guess things happen that way.
And it really would be a thrill for me,
If he'd make my dreams come true today.

SANDIE HYJEK
Buffalo, N. Y.

Three Cheers!

I just read the last issue and boy, was I pleased! It was great; especially Dick Clark's column. Before I read this edition of Dick's column, I was never too sure what really happened to Pat Molterini—now I know she had appendicitis attack during the show. I think the column is very interesting and makes for real good reading. Reading about our Bandstand favorites helps to bring us closer to them. Three cheers for Dick Clark and his monthly column. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

ANITA FOX
St. Louis, Mo.

Popular "Down Under," Too

I live in New Zealand and every month I eagerly await the arrival of your magazine. My favorite star is Henry Fonda. I was wondering if you could run an article about him and, perhaps if I'm lucky, a pin-up photo. I have seen two pictures of his lately, "The Tin Star" and "The Wrong Man." His acting in the latter picture was simply superb. I also saw him in "Mr. Roberts" and again his acting was Oscar material.

JOCELYN SHORTIDGE
Northlands, New Zealand

Did you know that it was Marlon Brande's mother, Flora, who first persuaded Henry to become an actor?—Ed.

Don't Forget the Old Ones

It's interesting to note how the foreign and teenage stars have crowded many old favorites into the background. It's been ages since I read about Maureen O'Hara in your magazine. How about giving everyone a break? There are a great many of us older (I'm 23) readers who I'm sure would enjoy a story about her.

VIRGINIA L. STANFORD
Boulder, Montana

A Terrific Guy

Thank you for the article on Sal Mineo called "Me and the Other Kids Feel Saddest at Christmas." Being the president of Sal's Fan Club, I am always looking for articles concerning him. This one shows what a terrific guy he is and how fond he is of his fans, regardless of their age. I know all Sal's fans are looking forward to seeing more of him in future issues.

EUNA WOODCOCK
Sal Mineo's Fan Club, Chapter 20

Dear George Nader:

I read your article "Are you the girl I'm looking for?" and liked it very much. I decided to write to Photoplay because I wanted you to know how wonderful it was for me.

I was happy when I knew what great ideas you had about love. Now there aren't "468" Girls Who Said Yes." There's one more, me!

MILDA R. PARRIS
Rosario de Santa Fe, Argentina
P.S. Please excuse my English.

We thought it was excellent!—Ed.

Mark Damon

I enjoyed Mark Damon's story in the January issue of Photoplay. I have subscribed to Photoplay for many years but seldom have I come across such a stirring story. Keep printing stories like that!

PHYLIS VARDELL
Biggs, Calif.

... Just read the story on Mark Damon and I enjoyed it very much. I am very interested in this actor and I think will be very successful. He has looks, talent, and personality. Most of all, though, I am very interested in knowing if this story was true or was it just for publicity? If it is true, can you tell me the name of the girl and why it was so hushed?

LILLIAN R. WATERTON
Waterbury, Conn.

Mark's a gentleman and he didn't want to embarrass the girl. We hope he sees her again.—Ed.

Hugh O'Brian is the boy you all want to read about. His fans think he's great.

The acting of the child was outstanding and I think he will have a big future.

You cannot imagine how much we enjoy your magazine here in Turkey. We can hardly wait for the new copy each month.

MURAT TAUSAHER
Istanbul, Turkey

We think you must mean Mike Osered, 10, who played Illusha Snegiyoy, the captain's son. We'd like to see him again, too.—Ed.

The Best for O'Brian

The best person you can put into the best magazine is Hugh O'Brian. Perhaps you could find room for him on a cover. Hugh is a superb actor as well as a wonderful person. How about it?

LOE HENESLEY
Culpeper, Va.

... I hope you will feature a story on Hugh O'Brian. Hugh is very likable with a nice personality and I know that there are lots of his fans who would like to read a story on him.

STELLA SALAMANDA
Northport, N. Y.

Watch for him next month!—Ed.
Wherever you are, whatever you do

new Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center

protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.
NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!

PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—
No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams!
No irritating deodorants!

They won a present from the stars

Look down this list carefully. Do you know any of the Photoplay readers who won a present from a star? Or were you one of the lucky ones yourself? The postman should have called by now.

PAT BOONE
Carole Iatarola
2005 Massey St.

JERRY LEWIS
L. K. Van
1023 Underwood Place
Cincinnati 5, Ohio

ELVIS PRESLEY
Betty Jo Gills
337 N. W. 37th St.
Miami 37, Fla.

VAN CLIBURN
Mrs. H. J. Roemer
820 E. Thurston
Spokane 36, Wash.

TONY CURTIS
Linda Mintz
Day Hall, Box 277
Syracuse University
Syracuse 10, N. Y.

TONY PERKINS
T. Cooper
Williamsburg, Pa.

GEORGE NADER
Pearl Lichtman
150-03 88th Ave.
Jamaica, L. I. N. Y.

DAVE and RICK NELSON
Helen A. Waterman
N. 6714 Smith St.
Spokane 51, Wash.

DICK CLARK
Sharon Niell
1811 Pullman Ave.
San Pueblo, Calif.

You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive's mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!
When I see Esther Williams, I know Jeff Chandler's not far.

What chance does a happy marriage have in Hollywood? That's the question Photoplay asked last month. My own answer to it has always been an emphatic yes, but after those fifteen-minutes of tear-filled testimony that ended Pier Angeli's four-year marriage to Vic Damone, I can't blame too much the people who would argue with me. Pier, who won custody of their three-year-old son Perry, charged Vic was "insanely jealous." Tony Curtis's imitation of Cary Grant on the set of Universal's "Operation Petticoat," is a screamer. A little of Tony's old Bronx cheer mixed with Cary's ever-so-slight cockney even fooled Betsy Drake during a long telephone conversation.

Strictly Inside: Yul Brynner's young Viennese admirer failed to visit him in Spain while Yul was replacing the late Tyrone Power in "Solomon and Sheba." At least no one on the set glimpsed her. ... All wrapped up in cotton wool ready to be shipped home is Elvis' new hand-made "guitar," purchased in the small guitar-making town near the Czech border. El writes we'll love its "caressing" tones. And I'll bet we will. ... Lauren Bacall is entertaining her friends in London with those Sinatra records ordered from Ra's record bar in Beverly Hills. The Oliivers, Sir and Lady, go for the Sinatra style in a big way. ... Kim Novak and Fredric March are knee-deep in 20th's "Middle of the Night," but if today's vamp, who's dyed her hair brown for this role, doesn't stop those insecure fidgets, she may end up over her head. This Mr. March is some actor. ... Those out-sized men's sweaters Sophia Loren brought back from Europe are shooting up the eyebrows of Hollywood's nosey set. "They hide my bosom," Sophia explains. But Hollywood wonders if maybe—oh well, you know old nebby us. Always wondering. ... Nothing personal, I hope, but producer-director Josh Logan wants Liz Taylor to play Edna St. Vincent Millay, who penned the line, "My candle burns at both ends." Did you know that Millay wrote some of her most famous poems when she was still a teenager? Why not give them a look-see? ... That was a cozy compromise Rick Nelson made with his dad. Rick, who refused Ozzie's plea to enter college this year, now has a private tutor to keep him up in his freshman studies. Just in case, you know.

Friendship: At its first glimpse of Diane Varsi and Don "Red" Barry together, the town literally tripped over its tippet. But the "Red" Barry who was so unpleasantly involved in scandals is no more. A new man today through faith in his Science of Mind Religion, Red's imparted something of his life-saving philosophy to Diane. ... Ava Gardner confided to friends in Australia, while filming "On the Beach," that when (and if, may I add?) she weds Italian actor Walter Chiari, she wants her best friend and ex-husband, Frank Sinatra, to be with her. Frank, who dropped everything to fly to Ava's side when an accident in Spain threatened to scar her beautiful face, is now thoughtfully squiring about Hollywood the widow of his late friend, agent Bert Allenberg, seeing to it that she is not left alone. A real son of a gun to those he has no use for, Frankie can be a friend indeed to those he likes. ... I hate to say this but the truth is John Saxon regards Sandra Dee as a sort of teenage nuisance. The deeply philosophical Mr. Saxon smiles indulgently at Miss Dee, little dreaming that day by day the little blonde is more and more becoming aware of the power of those fatal feminine charms. Look out, Johnny Saxon! Wiser men than you have been caught in that oh, so tender trap.

New Girl in Town: When the Jean Harlow story is brought to the screen, Stella Stevens seems the girl most likely to play the role. And all because of Fate, Stella insists. ... For instance, the first day the platinum blonde beauty began a modeling job in a swank Memphis, Tennessee shop, in walked the brother of Hollywood agent Bill Shrifin. "Mr. Shrifin telephoned his brother about me and," Stella told me, glancing around the Twentieth Century-Fox dining room, "... and here I am." ... Stella had Little Theater work behind her, which, of course, helped to promote her right (continued)
into a showgirl role in "Say One for Me." But despite Fate and
success, Stella has one big regret. Living most of her life in Elvis' hometown, she never once glimpsed the singer. "Which makes me
something of a wash-out in Hollywood," she moans.

Parties of the month: Debbie Reynolds, who's been hurling herself into movie and record making, keeps busy with her pet charities, too. She buzzed from the Waif to the Thalian ball, a glitter, a glamour, a pocket full of clamor, that delighted Gail Storm with husband Lee Bonnell, Kim Novak, back with Mac Krim before a New York visit, Terry Moore and Cesar Romero. And my oh my, the way people gaped at the Waif affair when Debbie, in a cute hair bow, danced and prattled with handsome Jacques Bergerac on "loan" for the evening from Dorothy Malone. Ronnie Burns gave Debbie a breather by attracting the stares to himself when he waltzed with Princess Sophia, who then guided Ronnie through the presentation to guest of honor Queen Frederika of Greece. ... As chairman of the Thalian Charity Ball a few weeks later, Debbie once again fluttered among the tables of the Dean Martins, Milton Berle, Shirley MacLaine with husband Steve Parker, and Doris Day, a dream in her white satin coat, with husband Marty Melcher. And this time Dorothy Malone herself, wearing dark glasses, arrived with her handsome Monsieur Bergerac. ... Can it be that Rick Nelson was too shy to fix up his own date? He escorted pretty, blonde Barbara Loren through the courtesy of his agents, Music Corporation of America, who "arranged" it all. Sharing a table with David Nelson and slim, trim Venetia Stevenson, Rick and Barbara seemed to have a ball at the ball. With a skullcap wig, à la Yul Brynner, Donald O'Connor and the three Crosby boys, Dennis, Philip and Gary, supplied the formal entertainment. But it was Debbie who really starred. ... When I trekked to New York for a snappy few days to attend the wedding of MCA chief Jules Stein's daughter, Jean, I had to look twice to make myself believe that really was Princess Grace and her husband Prince Rainier at the reception. Grace, in a white angora tam covering her blonde hair, behaved royally but I couldn't help remembering when Grace was one of us in Hollywood, working together, attending parties together.

TV Jottings: I personally, could do with less of the Every Brothers and more of Johnny Mathis. All right, so sue me! Or better yet, why not write and tell me your favorites? ... Put me down as one of those who feels Tommy Sands is mulling his promising singing career with all this yen for a dramatic acting career. Tommy, who had a good chance of catching up with Pat Boone or maybe Eddie Fisher, has let his singing career slide, and to my way of thinking, that should come first. Tell me, am I wrong in this? ... Lindsay Crosby flips from a "Yancy Derringer" episode to a guest shot on "77 Sunset Strip." And if Lindsay makes the grade—watch out, TV, here comes another Crosby. ... Incidentally that pretty girl you've wondered about on the "Yancy Derringer" series, as a frequent guest, is none other than Charley McCarthy's step-mother, Mrs. Edgar Bergen. Next season

Gloomy days over, Janet gets a buss from Tony's Pal, Dino.

Frances Bergen may do a series with husband Edgar. And Charley, of course.

Tales of Hollywood: Did you know Al Hedison, Joanne Woodward and Steve McQueen were all students together at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse? "We all landed in Hollywood about the same time," Al moans, "but look what happened. Joanne became an Oscar winner, I became 'The Fly' and Steve became 'The Blob.'" My bet is that with Al's humor and good looks, he'll become a star one of these days soon. His "Son of Robin Hood" role is a stepping stone. Al dates both Terry Moore and Venetia Stevenson but his heart really belongs to a pretty reader at Warner Bros. studio. Al doesn't like to talk about it—yet. ... England's popular star Kenneth More, who co-starred with Jayne Mansfield in "Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," claims he'd rather play opposite the Titanic, as he did in "Night to Remember," than make another picture with Jayne. "I don't know why," retorted Jayne, taking time-out from cooing over baby Miklos. "The Titanic met up with an iceberg and no one can accuse me of being an iceberg.

Set of the Month: Debbie Reynolds was wearing a few stray beads for her chorus girl role in "Say One for Me" when I arrived on the set at Bob Wagner's special invitation. "Come and get a load of me as a song and dance man," Bob had telephoned and off I trotted to sit on the sidelines with Natalie Wood and enjoy the fun. ... "Now make like a singer," director Frank Tashlin ordered Bob. "Here, let me show how a singer stands," Debbie offered, going into a perfect take-off of who else but Eddie Fisher! ... During a long take, with Bob taking a singer's stance, I caught his look of petition directed toward Natalie. "Am I doing this right? Is it okay?" his eyes seemed to ask. "And I do the same with him," Natalie confided. "I constantly need his assurance," Which should give you an idea of just how happy this marriage is. Bob's sudden drop in weight, fifteen pounds, due to those dance rehearsal routines for the picture, had Mrs. Wagner worried. "We're having liver, mashed potatoes with butter and dessert for dinner," she warned Bob, "and you eat."... On my way out, a faint tapping sound coming from one of the rehearsal rooms caught my attention. Cautionly opening the door, I peeked in and there, all by himself, was Bing Crosby, practicing a little dance step for his role in the "Say One" movie. As a priest caught up in the Broadway whirl, it seems Bing enjoys a bit of fancy feet tapping.

Bits and Pieces: David Nelson will spend six months with the Air National Guards, but first, he and Rick hope to make a movie together. ... Taina Elg and Keith Larson are a constant, serious twosome. ... The serious hernia operation on their baby daughter Jaimie had Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis depressed and worried.
Coming so soon after the death of Tony's father, it spread a pall of gloom, now lifted, on the Curtis manse. ... Marlon Brando thinks France Nuyen, now in Broadway's "Susie Wong," is the prettiest thing since Anna Kashfi. But, as friends point out to France, look what happened to Anna. ... Anthony Steele, Anita Ekberg's husband and a once favorite star in England, may try it alone in Hollywood. And everyone in town is pulling for him to rebuild his tottering career.

Around Town: James Darren lost little time bemoaning his separation from wife and child after they were gone. At least James looks awfully pleased these days with Evie Norlund of Denmark, a young and pretty starlet—and with the success of his song "Gidget." ... Sal Mineo was amused at those first few fan letters raving over his latest film. "And Tonka very much," the letters ended. But now Sal has had it. So, please, no more. And Tonka very much. ... It was a return shower Debbie Reynolds gave Lita Calhoun. And Rory's cute wife, who "showered" Debbie before the arrival of Todd Fisher, is so excited over the prospect of her second child—"Well, I can't eat," she cried. "Only like a small horse," Rory grins. ... If Sue and Alan Ladd aren't the most excited, adoring grandparents in town, don't tell me about any others. I wouldn't believe it. In fact, the glow that radiates from the Ladds over the birth of their grandchild to daughter Carol Lee and husband John Veitch, makes dark glasses a must. Even young David Ladd is beaming like crazy.

That Happy Curtis Family: You can have your jamroeses. I spent an afternoon playing peek-a-boo with two-year-old Kelly Curtis, who peaked in and out of the bedroom draperies at her mother and me, and I found it much more fun. Janet Leigh, Kelly's beautiful mother, invited me to inspect the new Curtis-Leigh manse and was I ever impressed by that large entrance hall! The den, living room, dining room, master bedroom and Tony's office suite are all on the first floor, all carpeted in white and furnished here and there with semi-modern pieces Tony and Janet selected themselves. Like most young couples, the Curtises are buying furniture only as they can afford it, and going slowly to insure against those repent-in-leisure mistakes. ... Tony and Janet sleep in twin beds in one large room, with Tony using his office-den-bath as a dressing room, but every once in a while Tony frowns like a thundercloud as Janet loses her head in a grand rearranging and shoving around of furniture. ... All afternoon, Janet kept peeping in at Jamie, reassuring herself that the baby was really all right after that operation. Kelly, in a black-and-white check blouse, red pleated skirt and red bows in her blond hair, made elaborate efforts to tiptoe and not waken her baby sister sleeping in the yellow nursery. When Tony arrived home from the studio, his first move was to bound up the stairs for a long, tender look at Jamie. Tony looks completely happy and he doesn't care who sees it. As for Janet, there's a new maturity about her these days that has nothing to do with those becoming grey hairs that Tony loves.

Flying Chips: When "Maverick's" Jack Kelly and his wife May Wynn part, they say "I love you." When they meet again, they greet each other with the same words. Kinda wonderful, isn't it? ... The way to have a ball when visiting Hollywood is to look like a star. When blond lovelies Dorothy Johnson and Betty Holland arrived from Texas to spend a few days while husbands Kirk and Gage hunted tiger in India, tourists instantly fastened on them with "Aren't you Eleanor Parker?" "Aren't you Deborah Kerr?" or "Aren't you Mrs. Kirk Douglas?" Intrigued, the girls stayed on an extra week. ... One Broadway show they really should run excursions to will be Tony Perkins' proposed play about his experiences as a babysitter in New York. "I worked at the job for a year and a half in order to earn money," Tony says, "and one time I even sat with a Great Dane dog." ... When Audie Murphy was married to Wanda Hendrix, both were young, immature and unhappy. Yet Audie, who has grown since those bad days, was the first to reach out a helping hand to Wanda after her recent divorce from Jim Stack, actor Bob's brother. Heartwrenching, Wanda wept with gratitude as Audie told her, "Don't worry, I'll help you get started again." And he will. ... After happily waving farewell to Fort Ord and the Army, Ben Cooper's back in Hollywood and his many friends couldn't be more pleased to see him once again. Do you remember Ben in "The Rose Tattoo?" I wonder what smart producer will be the first to sign him up again.

(continued)
Cal York's Jottings:

They go, go, go! Barry Coe bid himself off to Oregon to meet Judi Meredith's family. . . . Sherree North, on a cloud anyway because of her marriage to Dr. G. Summers, decided to fly to New York for a honeymoon, 'cause that's where his family lives. . . . Ingrid Bergman married quietly, then honeymooned in Paris with Lars Schmidt. She was toting a Swedish passport, made possible once again by King Gustav himself. . . . The Don Defores will make it five in April. . . . Wonder how many people recognized eighteen-year-old Juliette Payne as John Payne's daughter when she made her debut on TV recently? . . . Jody McCrea, who exits the Army in May, will start the career wheels turning before he marries Jennifer Lea. . . . Eddie Fisher gained ten pounds. . . . Mel Ferrer predicts Stephen Boyd will be "Mister Actor in 1959." Do you agree? . . . Lee Remick expects her first child this month and doesn't care if it's a boy or girl, just as long as it's followed by three more. . . . Men don't like women who are too outspoken or argumentative, says Roz Russell, who learned this the hard way. . . . Susan Kohner and John Saxon like the same health food. And have you had a look at Susan's new short haircut? . . . A college injury, from the days when Johnny Mathis was a high jumper, will keep him out of the service. . . . Phil Silvers, who's making a career out of being TV's Army sergeant, became a daddy. . . . Clint Walker finally made up with his studio. . . . It's off betwixt Lance Reventlow and Jill St. John. . . . Joan Collins an intellectual, "but not a practicing one."

When Debbie gave a baby shower for Lita Calhoun, little Todd Fisher just couldn't be left at home. After all, it was Rory's wife who was hostess at the shower for Todd himself. Grandma Reynolds was along, too, but that didn't stop Todd's swaddling himself in ribbon.
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The Journey

After going their separate ways too long, Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner of legendary “King and I” fame are reunited for this romantic drama in a modern setting. Deborah plays the sensitive, civilized lady again; Yul is the magnetic barbarian; and it’s the Hungarian revolt that brings them together. With other travelers of many different nationalities, Deborah, an Englishwoman, is trying to get out of the country. Yul is a Soviet officer who stops their escape, because he suspects that one of them is really a Hungarian patriot, wounded in action. This mystery man is Deborah’s lover, played by Jason Robards, Jr., an important new actor who has been rousing critics and playgoers with his powerful performances on Broadway. Deborah pretty nearly gets thrown into Yul’s arms when the group of travelers takes a vote and asks her to soften him up. Her passion inspired by patriotism soon turns into the real thing, which just goes to show that Yul plus Deborah equals love in any language, be it Siamese or Hungarian. At times the deep tragedy of the Hungarian revolt may be glossed over with a bit too much melodrama, but generally this is an expert and entertaining film.

Auntie Mame

We’ve been hearing about Rosalind Russell’s big stage hit, and here it is on film—every slap-happy, soft-hearted, delightfully funny moment of it. It’s a fine hometown for Roz (bottom, left). After all, she’s one of Hollywood’s own. It was in movies that she learned all her smart comedy tricks, and she wears her dazzling clothes with the same dash that fans remember. Because she’s ours, I wish this looked a little more like a movie and a little less like a long series of scenes from a play. But each one of them gives Roz a chance to make you laugh—or choke up. She’s a lovable eccentric, not exactly the motherly type. But when little Jan HANDZLIK, her orphaned nephew, is turned over to her care, she does her best to bring him up. By the time he reaches college age, the part is taken over by Roger Smith, a handsome newcomer you’ve seen on TV. It’s hard to imagine what he sees in Joanna Barnes, a pretty but gawky debutante, especially when Pippa Scott (bottom, left, with Roz and Fred Clark), a nice, cheerful working girl, is around. But Roz takes a hand in the situation. You’ll like Forrest Tucker, as the Southern gentleman who marries Roz, and you’ll chuckle at Peggy Cass. She’s the ugliest duckling you ever saw. Roz tries to turn her into a swan, but that only gets Peggy into trouble (the old-fashioned kind). For Auntie Mame, it’s one hilarious fight after another, with money problems, snobs in the South, narrow-minded social climbers in the North. Through it all, Roz goes right on loving life and her fellow human beings.

The Doctor’s Dilemma

While Photoplay’s readers are applauding “Gigi,” their Gold Medal picture for 1958, Leslie Caron comes back again as a charmer of half a century ago. She’s costumed by the same talented designer, Cecil Beaton, but this time she’s dressed in a casual, bohemian style, because she plays the model and wife of a young artist. Dirk Bogarde, England’s most popular romantic idol, shows you the reasons for his high rating. As the artist, he’s graceful, good-looking and very sharp with a sly line of dialogue. Leslie thinks her husband is an unrecognized genius. He is—but he’s also a scoundrel, with absolutely no use for everyday morals. And he is dying of tuberculosis. When Leslie hears that John Robinson has invented a miracle cure, she appeals to him to make use of the new cure to save Dirk. A very successful doctor, John happens to be (continued)
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ELOISE McELHONE, New York City

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No diet, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New drug acts directly on the cause of your overweight!

It’s true! If you’re normally healthy, you can now lose as much as 70 lbs. without cruel diets, without giving up all your favorite foods! Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is reduce caloric intake . . . to eat less. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose . . . and now, at last, there is a safe NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG COMBINATION FOR FAT PEOPLE, called REGIMEN TABLETS! Thanks to REGIMEN TABLETS, you must be satisfied with your weight-loss— as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or pay nothing!

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MOVIES continued

a lonesome bachelor, much more interested in Leslie than he is in her rascal of a husband. So the doctor’s in a dilemma! George Bernard Shaw, who wrote the play this picture is based on, is long on talk but the talk is bright and witty, and Leslie and Dirk (below, right) add the human warmth that Shaw sometimes left out. ADULT

Nine Lives

It isn’t often that movies give you a chance to share such a stirring true adventure as this. The Norwegians made it, as a tribute to one of their heroes. World War II, a freedom fighter who gave the Nazis the slip across miles of snow and ice and rugged mountains. It’s more than a thrilling chase story, more than a strong saga of patriotism. It’s an unforgettable picture of courage and deep loyalty among all sorts of people. As the man on the run, Jack Fjeldstad is helped by a young farm couple, an old man, a group of husky teenaged boys, a tribe of Laplanders with their huge herds of reindeer. Fjeldstad’s stubborn fight to live is played out against a breathtaking backdrop, beautifully photographed and sensitively acted, making this one of the year’s memorable films. FAMILY

He Who Must Die

The beauty and the power of this French-made film make it worth going out of your way to see. Shot on the island of Crete, it’s about Greek villagers who plan a Passion Play, to show the last days of Christ. A young shepherd, unable to speak without stuttering, bullied by his boss, is cast as Jesus. There’s no argument over who’ll play Mary Magdalen; it will be an easygoing blond widow who follows the same profession. As these two and other villagers prepare for their sacred roles, their characters slowly begin to change, and it’s this slow unfolding of new personalities out of the old that makes for the picture’s special fascination. ADULT

Some Came Running

By the same writer as "From Here to Eternity," this picture seems to have a message, but it takes a bit of unscrambling. It’s not clear exactly why Frank Sinatra (below, left, with Shirley MacLaine and Dean Martin) is mad at everybody—he’s a little too smooth for a "beat" type. He’s just out of the regular Army—hated it. He’s come back to his hometown—can’t stand that, especially his well-to-do older brother (Arthur Kennedy). He used to write novels—got disgusted with literary people. He feels most at home with disreputable types like Dean Martin, who is relaxed and likable as a hard-drinking gambler, and Shirley MacLaine, who is both funny and pathetic as a flashy bad girl. But Frank gets twinges of responsibility when he falls in love with Martha Hyer, a terribly nice girl. And he plays stern uncle when he finds his niece (Betty Lou Keim) off on a teenage fool. The acting is so honest that you feel close to these people and to all of their problems. ADULT

The Buccaneer

Who hasn’t had a soft place in their heart for swashbuckling pirates ever since childhood days, wrapped up in "Treasure Island." And Yul Brynner—with a fine head of hair!—makes a magnificent buccaneer, as Jean Lafitte, the pirate who helped Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and the War of 1812. Playing Andy for the second time, Charlton Heston also can wear old-style costumes without looking foolish. Charles Boyer is de bonair as ever, as Yul’s second-in-command. Love interest? The picture has that, too, though Inger Stevens makes a pretty chilly heroine, as the governor’s daughter, who isn’t sure it’s quite proper to love an outlaw. And Claire Bloom, the beautiful British actress, lops off her hair to play a rowdy pirate wench. (continued)
BEWARE! The shiny film your cleanser leaves contains dirt ...invites clogged pores...and blackheads!

BE SURE to use the cleansing lotion that deep-cleans ...moisturizes...then rinses off completely!

That greasy film your facial cleanser leaves on your face after tissueing off invites trouble! It contains dirt and make-up...collects more grime...breeds bacteria!

Facial Bath created by Max Factor deep cleanses your pores...then rinses off completely with water—leaves no greasy after-film! Your skin is clean...clean...tingling clean! Refreshed and young looking!

Facial Bath is enriched with precious moisturizers to soften your skin!

NEW **facial bath**

by **MAX FACTOR**
MOVIES continued

C. B. De Mille, who supervised the film, introduces it with a map and a pointer, and the atmosphere of the schoolroom lingers on. The ruffians aren't tough enough; the love scenes are lukewarm; the battles rarely hit a roaring climax. Anthony Quinn starts his directing career with this movie, but he forgot to bring along the terrific gusto and virility he shows as an actor.

Tonka

**Columbia**

**PH39**, **TECHNICOLOR**

**V** in Disney has been going to the history books for his stories, too; but most of the pictures he produces have a delightful freshness, as if the material had just been newly discovered. He has an eye for young players and knows how to present them. Here, Sal Mineo (below, right) comes across well as a young Indian brave. Maybe Sal doesn't look much like a Sioux, but he's a good enough actor to make you forget it. His co-star is *Tonka*, a splendid wild horse he captures, trains—and has to give up. The stallion eventually becomes a U.S. cavalry mount, owned by officer Philip Carey. All three—Sal, *Tonka* and Phil—are involved in the fight at the Little Big Horn. That's Custer's Last Stand, from a new angle—with Custer as a bad guy.

Lonelyhearts

**U.A.**

**V** When you read the advice column in your newspaper, have you ever wondered about the people who write these letters asking for help? What about the person who has to answer them? In this bitter drama, it's Montgomery Clift (below, left, with Dolores Hart). He doesn't want to be "Miss Lonelyhearts," but after the job is forced on him he finds his sympathy and curiosity aroused by the unhappy letters. Monty is well-cast as the idealistic writer but missing are the quick, sensitive reactions that used to make a Clift performance special. On the other hand, Robert Ryan seems much too convincing as the cynical editor, who tells Monty that people are all fakers. He's so whole-heartedly nasty that his last-minute conversion just doesn't ring true. The argument between the two men is the center of the story, but the actresses in the cast make the most of what they're given. Dolores Hart is Monty's sweetheart, fresh and appealing; Myrna Loy is Ryan's browbeaten wife; Maureen Stapleton is a love-hungry letter-writer.

The Last Blitzkrieg

**Columbia**

**V** In the tragic news stories about the Battle of the Bulge, the German's last big attack in World War II, one alarming sidelight stands out: Nazis in U. S. uniforms, speaking perfect American, were infiltrating our lines. Now a good, lively war thriller has been built on these true incidents, with Van Johnson as a German posing as an American, handsome Kerwin Mathews as an all-out Nazi, and Dick York as a genuine GI. But at the finish comes another of those sudden changes of heart (Van's this time), yet its abruptness doesn't spoil the effect of this adventure tale.

House on Haunted Hill

**AA.**

**V** After all those creatures from outer space and mad scientists' laboratories, it's a pleasure to meet some plain old-fashioned ghosts. Vincent Price issues the invitation, as owner of the haunted house. He is reminiscent of an emcee on a late-night TV horror show, making fun of the movie while he asks us to shudder. Vincent and his wife (Carol Ohmart) offer a miscellaneous group of people $10,000 apiece if they'll last out the night in the mansion where several gruesome murders took place. One objection: When ghosts are promised, let's have real ghosts; this-it-was-all-a-trick stuff makes a body feel awfully let down.
... for a Lifetime of Love

It's a great, wide wonderful whirl . . . with stars in their eyes . . . and love in their hearts for all the years to come. To symbolize this love, she wears diamond engagement and wedding rings by custom—Keepsake Diamond Rings by choice.

The choice is traditional, for Keepsake assures the finest forever—a perfect diamond. Only a gem of this flawless clarity, fine color and magnificent cut can reflect a diamond's full brilliance and beauty. This is the center diamond in every Keepsake engagement ring—your treasured symbol of love forever.

Genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Rings are not sold by all jewelers—only by authorized Keepsake-Starfire Jewelers (listed in the yellow pages). Choose from many distinctively beautiful styles, each permanently registered and guaranteed for your protection. From $100 to $10,000.

Dating is really fun . . . when you know

THE ART OF DATING

by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall

An expert guide to happy, successful dating to make your teens the best years of your life. This fact-filled book is written by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, famous author and counselor. Regularly $2.50 in hard cover, this book is yours in the exclusive Keepsake edition for only 50¢ at any Keepsake-Starfire Jeweler's store. If dealer is not listed in yellow pages of telephone book, write to Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 2, N.Y., for his name. Do not send money please.

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'CSTARVES' PIMPLES'

SKIN-COLORED, hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze bottles, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

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2. Stops bacteria. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that cause and spread pimples... helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

3. 'Starsves' pimples. Oil-absorbing action 'starsves' pimples... dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples... works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze bottle, only $1.25 (not fed. tax). Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

AUNTY MAME—Warners. Directed by Morton DaCosta; Auntie Mame, Rosalind Russell; Patrick Dennis, J. Arthur Rank; Ida Junior, Jack B. Montgomery; Virginia Tuff, Henry Brandon; DuBose Beach; Frida Bock; Burt Lancaster; Ginger Rogers; Peggie Cass; Brian O'Hara; Ben Lugos; Peggy Ryan; Pippa Scott; Gloria Upton; Joanna Barnes; Linda Lowman; Marla Kinsarr; William Waterman; Miss;Comb; Lee Patrick; Mrs. Howard; Charles Vassar; Carol Vee; Sally Cato; Ben Byrton.

BUCCANEER, THE. Paramount. Directed by Anthony Quinn: Jean Lafitte, Vl Broner; Gen. Andrew Jackson, Edward G. Robinson; Vincent Brown, Claire Bloom; Dominique Von, Charles Boyer; Annie Griffiths, Inger Stevens; Ezra Prentice, Henry Travers; Cheever, David Carleton; Miss; Thomas Gomez; Capt. Turney, John Doucet; Capt. Doucet, Douglas Dumbrille; Capt. Brown, Robert W. Squire; Sipho, Dr. Paterson; Carbo, Fran Jeffries; Drucie, John Durkee; John Durkee, Percy Mathews.

DOCTOR’S DILEMMA—THE, M-G-M. Directed by Anthony Asquith: Mrs. D. Dubbs; Leslii Caron; Lorna DeBriere; Dick Burridge; Cattril Bullpe; Alastair Sim; Sir Ralph Bloomfield-Brown, Robert Morley; Sir Colin Redmore, John Robinson; Sir Patrick Culver, Felix Aylmer; Dr. Blundish, Michael Gwynn; Esmey, Manley Dun; Dr. Dun; Guendry; Ewen.

HE WHO MUST DIE—Kasell. Directed by Jules Dassin: Pope Fett, Jermaine Servais; Luke, Carl Malmberg; Andy, Patric Knowles; Gert Froebe; Hadi Nikol; Teddy Bills; Fanubash, Rene Lefevre; Kastande, Lucien Barret; Lina, Joan Weldon; Pas- nuyatoor, Roger Hanin; Manoslaw, Pierre Van- ceck; Leda, Louis St. Simon; Marloie, Guido; Maryl; Guido; Merce, Maurice Ronet; Pope Grigas, Fernand Ledoux.

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL—A.A. Directed by Lewis Seiler: Bond, Claude Gillingham; Price, Annabelle Lee; Carol Ohmart; Lune Schroeder, Richard Long; Dr. David Trent, Albert Marshall; Nora, Maxine Carr; Carolyn, Roberta Watton, Patricia, Elisa Cook; Ruth Bridges, Lemond Anderson; Jonas, Howard Hoffman.

NOW PLAYING

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

ANNA LUCASTA—U.A.: As a girl trying to live down her past, despite family interference, Eartha Kitt heads a talented Negro cast including Sammy Davis, Jr. Power- ful but slow. (A) February

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE—Columbia. Technicolor: Hilarious in spots, but wavering from comedy to drama, a story of modern witchcraft pits Jimmy Stewart under Kim Novak’s spell. (F) January

GEISHA BOY, THE—Paramount: Jerry Lewis was never funnier! He’s a butt- fingered, bix-hearted magician on a Far East USO tour. Even Senne Hayakawa turns comic. (F) February

HORSE’S MOUTH, THE—U.A. Techni- color: Superb work by Acre Guinnance as an executed painter raising general havoc. Do... lightly nutty film with fine photography and score. (F) February

I WANT TO LIVE—U.A.: The true story of a California woman executed for murder is hard to take but well worth seeing for Susan Hayward’s brilliant portrait of moral abandon and heartbreak. (A) January

INN OF THE SIX HAPINESS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color. An inspiring dramatic experience, crowned by miraculous performance of German English missionary to China. The late Robert Donat is magnificent. (F) January

PERFECT FURLGEO, THE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Winningly wacky. Tony Curtis has a ball as a GI wolf on a Paris fling, with Jeanne Leigh as a pretty but prissy WAAC. (A) February

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: All out for laughs! A naval missile base and a jet-propelled screwdriver become funny wares for suburban couple Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. (A) December

REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A Victorian marriage runs goes too sentimental in spite of Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, David Nelson. The romance sounds yummy, but the cake sank. (F) February

SENIOR PROM—Columbia: Watch new- comes Paul Hubschman rock ‘n’ roller who looks like an Ivy Leaguer, romances Jill Corey in a campus musical. (F) February

SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.: Dob- orah Kerr’s revelation as a timid spinner at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Miller. (A) January

SHERIFF OF FRANCHED JAW—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Kenneth More is uproarious as an English tenderfoot in the wild West. Jayne Mansfield’s role hampers her. (F) February

I WAS MONTY’S DOUBLE—NTA. Directed by John Guillerman: M. E. Deborah James, Himself; Maj. Harvey, John Mills; Col. Loomis; Cecil Parker; Col. Matterson; Patrick Allen; Col. DaCosta, Patrick Holt; Maj. Teanman, Leslie Phillips; Gouverneur; Michael Hordern; Nella; Martin Goring; Heddin; Barbara Hicks; Jimmy Com. Bathe, Duncan Lamont; Sgt. Adams, James Hayter.

JOURNEY, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Anastai- lo: Margaret Lockwood, Ivan, Sonor; Yul Brynner; Paul Kede; Jason Rob- erts; John Crag; Gart; Harold Rhinefender, E. F. Marshall; Margie Rhine- fender, Anne Jackson; Brilly, Ronny Howard; Flakes, Albert Gordon; Goldsmith, Mike Kelly; Mr. Sargent, Frank Overton; Older Brother, Robert Beatty; Col. Washbrook; Mr. Lazzari, Osmo Lukov; Edna; Mary Alan Hoxton; Bartender, John Gallia; Mrs. Lyons, Col. Pollock; Lt. J. Jensen.

LONEHEARTS—U.A. Directed by Vincent J. Donehue: Adam White, Montgomery Clift; William Holden, Ted Sorensen; Steve Shirtle, Myrna Loy; Jutty Sargent, Dolores Hart; Fay Doyle, Maureen Stapleton; Pat Doyle, Frank Maxwell; Kate Garton, Jackie Cooper; Michel Rabin, Mike Kellar; Mr. Sargent, Frank Overton; Older Brother, Robert Beatty; Col. Washbrook; Mr. Lazzari, Osmo Lukov; Edna; Mary Alan Hoxton; Bartender, John Gallia; Mrs. Lyons, Col. Pollock; Lt. J. Jensen.

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NOW! Another beauty “plus” from LANOLIN PLUS!

New Kind of Shampoo Waves and Curls Hair!

ACTUALLY CONDITIONS, CURLS AND CLEANS... AT THE SAME TIME!

GUARANTEED
Long-Lasting Results...
even with children’s soft, fine hair
...or your money back

New protein waving shampoo washes in long-lasting curls and waves as it washes out dirt and dulling film!

Yes! You can have lovely, lustrous, lasting curls and waves today! Forget about extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers, hair spray sets, nightly pin-curl drudgery. Don’t bother with expensive permanents. All you need ever do is shampoo with amazing new Wash ’n Curl!

The magic of this gentle, golden liquid shampoo is its exclusive formula of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that actually conditions and curls as it cleans!

And wonderful Wash ’n Curl is so very easy to use. Simply wash your hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let the billowy lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set.

Instantly, your hair takes on a new, glorious, silken-soft luster, full of exciting, dancing highlights! At last you enjoy the springy, natural-looking curls and waves you’ve longed for! Obedient curls and waves that last from shampoo to shampoo, thanks to Wash ’n Curl!

Safe for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children’s hard-to-manage hair—or money back!

No wonder the ladies (bless ’em) are going wild over NEW wash ’n curl WAVING SHAMPOO
If you ask me, Gary looks as promising as Bing did.

I'm certain if Elvis Presley had used a hula hoop when he sang and wiggled, there wouldn't have been objections. ... Brigitte Bardot hasn't been labelled like "the vamp," "the It girl" or "oomph," because she is plain sex. ... It seems every actor is trying to be another Marlon Brando. I wish Brando would. ... I think Gary Crosby shows as much promise as Bing did when he was that age. Promises—always promises. ... The mention of Charlie Chaplin always recalls my childhood to me. ... All people are either guests or hosts, but Zsa Zsa Gabor tries to be both. And sometimes at the same time. ... Evelyn Rudie should run some of Shirley Temple's old movies. ... I wish those comedians Steve Allen, Ernie Kovacs, etc. would stop writing articles explaining humor and how to be funny and be funny.... I have a yen to see Kim Novak when she wakes up in the morning. I mean I'd like to know her disposition and how she looks without the Max Factor. ...

I think Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood are having fun playing like movie stars. ... I always stop and talk with Robert Taylor and Charlton Heston, two nice fellows. But after we say "Hello" and "What's new," we haven't a thing to say to each other. ... I wonder if Sandra Dee will grow up to be Debbie Reynolds. ... I always believed that Elizabeth Taylor would (Continued on page 32)
A. Lady Sunbeam controlled heat electric hair dryer now comes with new larger size adjustable cap in flower pattern. Choice of pink, blue, turquoise.

B. Ronne de Paris Twinstick features two lipstick shades in same tube, white plus a regular color. The white may be worn either as base or frosting. $1.75*

C. For pin-up girls: Nescurl hair set by Nestle, designed to give firm, long-lasting curls, cut down on between shampoo settings. In plastic bottle, 79¢

D. Good way to come clean: Clearasil soap for complexion and bath is formulated to reduce excessive oiliness and remove blemish-causing bacteria. 35¢

E. Fabergé’s jewel-like golden purse perfumer comes with 2 drams of “Aphrodite,” “Woodhue,” “Tigress,” “Act IV” or “Flambeau.” Refillable. $5.50*

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

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

Q. How can you overcome “emotional” perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it’s here . . . Perstop®, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America’s most effective deodorant?
A. Because of exclusive Perstop®, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this “emotional” perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no “roll-on”, spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

**Why be only Half Safe? use **ARRID** to be sure!**

It’s 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, ARRID with Perstop® actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.

*plus tax

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

31
mad about this new jewelry fad!

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JANGLE BANGLES $2 each
JINGLE RINGS at $1 and $2 plus tax

Great news in fashion—great news in fun! Match the charms to your mood. Dreamy wishbones, cute cupids, golden hearts, pearly four-leaf clovers, and so many more—they all tinkle, twinkle and glow from new bangle bracelets and jingle rings. What a pretty sight ... what a pretty sound! Everybody's in a tingle over them! Hurry to your favorite store for yours!

grow up to be another Hedy LaMarr. . . . Katharine Hepburn didn't win as many Academy Awards as she deserved. . . . I never see Ava Gardner in a movie that I don't want to rush backstage and visit her in her dressing room. Which is impossible of course. . . . I wish Kim Stanley and Judy Holliday would hurry and make another movie. And that someone would find a way to use Mike Nichols and Elaine May properly in a picture. . . . Fred Astaire trains for a dance like a boxer. Bette Davis now gives the best impersonation of Bette Davis. . . . I think the best of the new light comedians is James ("Maverick") Garner, if they only gave him a comedy. Jim has the makings of the new Cary Grant. . . . I admire Rock Hudson because he keeps improving.

I saw Robert Mitchum on Wilshire Blvd. with his eyes wide open. He was incognito. . . . I'm of the opinion that Nick Adams can't believe he's as good as he says he is. . . . Doris Day's description of herself: I'm a girl who looks as if she stepped out of a shower and was in a hurry to get here.” . . . Liz Taylor discussing why she has so few acquaintances these days, said, “I don’t like friends—they’re my worst enemies.” That's Hollywood For You!
I dreamed
I set
a record
in my

**maidenform**

Sweetest bra this side of heaven...new Sweet Music by Maidenform! Special "lifts" in the under-cups bring out curves you never knew you had. Embroidered bands outline the cups—an elastic band under the cups makes this bra fit and feel like a custom-made. You'll love the difference Sweet Music makes! $2.50. And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!
MAX FACTOR
is sweeping the country with
Hi-Society

It's a tiny case...

with a mirror...
and a lipstick...

all in one!

Together at last, in a tiny refillable oval case...the mirror and lipstick you used to search for in the depths of your purse! No wonder 'Hi-Society' is sweeping the country! It's a brand new idea in lipstick fashion—another Max Factor first! Your dainty 'Hi-Society' case holds your favorite shade of new creamy-moist 'Hi-Society' Lipstick...the high sheen for your lips so fashionable now. Cases with lipstick, from 1.50*. Lipstick refills, 1.00*

Lustrous Mother-of-Pearl design in 'Hi-Society' Mirror-Case...so very elegant...complete with lipstick refill 4.50*

As you like! Chic Tortoise-tone or rich Ebony-tone 'Hi-Society' Mirror-Case...complete with lipstick refill 1.50*

Black & Golden enameled finish 'Hi-Society' Mirror-Case — complete with handy, easy-to-change lipstick refill 3.50*

Gleaming Golden Finish, in the Golden Swirl or Golden Floral design. Case...complete with lipstick refill 2.50*

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YOUR
1958-1959
PHOTOPLAY
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PORTFOLIO
the most popular stars of the year:

DEBBIE
DEBBIE REYNOLDS AND TONY CURTIS

TONY
See your Gold Medal winners on "The Steve Allen Show," from Hollywood, on February 15th, at 8 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV

SANDRA DEE

Of all new actresses, U-I's Sandra shows the most promise, say your votes. Sixteen, once a model, she impressed you in "The Reluctant Debutante" and "The Restless Years," is now in "Stranger in My Arms."

the most popular motion picture of the year

"GIGI"

M-G-M's enchanting musical, loaded with love, life and beauty, cast a spell over moviegoers. Louis Jourdan, Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold helped make this your favorite 1958 film.
newcomers of the year

We couldn't believe! We had a tie: David Nelson and Edd Byrnes tied for top honors, and so this year we make a dual award. Twenty-two, Dave scored with you in 20th's "Peyton Place."

DAVID NELSON

EDWARD BYRNES

This New Yorker's determination took him through summer stock and TV to a Warner contract. Twenty-five, Edd was in "Marjorie Morningstar," "Life Begins at 17."

special awards

LADD

Before he'd turned twelve, David Ladd gave his dad sharp competition in "Proud Rebel," got your many votes as 1958's youngest hit.

CHEVALIER

Now a debonair seventy, Maurice Chevalier made his first U. S. film thirty years ago. You voted him the year's best foreign star.
THE ONE DAY IN MY LIFE I'M ASHAMED OF...
There are some things in your life you never like to talk about. Things you keep bottled up inside. Then one day, all of a sudden, you feel you want to let them all come out. I guess maybe I’m telling you about them now ‘cause it’s good to get them out in the open. Maybe because someone reading this can be helped by the mistakes I made.

I remember a day—I think it’s the one day in my life I’m ashamed of. So let’s begin with something else, with what happened when I was a junior in high school. A lot of the fellows I went around with started drinking beer. I’m sure they did it just because they weren’t supposed to. I know my own folks were against it, but I went along and became “one of the boys.” We’d get together at night and the fellow who looked oldest would buy the beer. Then we’d go someplace and drink together. I didn’t like the taste of the stuff and (Continued on page 82)

by PAT BOONE
(as told to Marcia Boric)
DICK CLARK

In this month’s column, let’s talk about

the 10 most sure-fire ways to lose a VALENTINE
Before I tell you what brought all this on, let's start with some for-examples. I've seen this one happen lots of times on "American Bandstand" and I'll bet you have, too. A fellow walks over and asks a strange girl to dance. They step out on the floor, sweep into the dance steps and then all of a sudden she starts nodding and waving and saying "hello" to every other person there. When the dance is over, he ambles back to rejoin his gang and she stands there wondering why he isn't interested in her. It's simple: He thinks she isn't interested in him. If a fellow gets up the ambition or the courage to ask a gal for a dance or a date, you can't blame him if he expects her to pay him attention—at least for the duration.

Here's another. "He" arrives, is greeted by Mom or Pop, introduced to the rest of the family, then hears a voice floating down the stairs. "Oh, is Tommy here already? I'd better hurry." Well, along about that time, hurrying isn't going to do much good. It's later than you think. One that really got me one time back in high school is this: "He" arrives and you welcome him at the door, then announce, "I just got back from Carol's house, but it won't take me more than a few minutes to get ready." He fidgets for a half-hour, tries to make conversation with your folks, decides he was a goon to knock himself out getting all rigged up on time. He wishes he'd dated Carol—and probably will next time.

Does this sound familiar? He'll say, "Let's go to see Pat Boone in 'Mardi Gras.'" You smile and reply, "I've seen it." "Then we could . . ." "I've seen it." "Well, how about . . ." "Oh, I don't want to do that . . . or that . . . or that." Let ol' Dick give you a bit of advice. If you've seen the first movie he suggests, then tell him what you would like to see. He'll be glad to go along with your suggestion, because for all you know he might have seen the first movie, too, with another date. The point he wants to make is that he will do his best to entertain you, and he's just named one place to show you his idea of how best to do it. Your showing an interest by helping him arrive at an alternate idea tells him you're agreeable.

The one that always used to shake me up the most, though, was the date who couldn't wait to get to the corner soda shop to let everyone know that she had a date! I know you've been a witness to this one, too. The door bursts open and there they are, the two of them—framed in the spotlight with everyone taking notes. Girls, this is the time when the evening can start going downhill, but fast, if you proceed to go about it this way: Instead of going along to join a few friends at the fountain or in a booth, start by saying "hello" to the gang in the first booth, then have a gabfest with the girls in the second one, spin around and work through the first three or four friends (Continued on page 84)

...and if you're looking for a valentine turn the page
MARK DAMON

“I’ve got no Valentine.”

PAT WAYNE

“Would I fit into your wallet?”

SAL MINEO

“How nice to have tea for two.”
ROCK HUDSON

“I’m dreaming . . . want to be my Valentine?”

NICK ADAMS

“Hmm, could she see anything in me?”

GEORGE NADER

“I’m alone—are you?”
only the two of them were in the white hospital room. The eighty-two-year-old man with the snow-white hair and the thin, drawn face lay back on the white pillowcase. His deeply-set brown eyes stared at his grandson glassily. Falteringly, in a hesitant mixture of Italian and English, the boy was saying . . .

“Grandpa,” his voice was soft, broken by tears. “Grandpa, do you understand what I’ve been telling you? I want you to know . . .”

Johnny Saxon didn’t finish the sentence. His grandfather was not listening, a serene expression passed over his face in spite of the short, huffy and uncomfortable gasps in his breath. Leaning over, Johnny clasped his grandfather’s hard, wrinkled hand in his.

“Grandpa,” Johnny asked, calling the old man as he used to as a boy. “Tell me, look at me . . . let me know you understand.”

His grandfather lay still. The (Continued on page 86)
JOANNE WOODWARD'S MY BABY-SITTER

(she's learning to be a mother)
Some baby-sitters are real dopey—you know, the kind who bring their own mushy stories and never play. But my nicest was one called Joanne Woodward. She was kind of old—20, maybe—but very pretty. The day she came to our house I didn’t want to take a nap (I never do) so she ran into the bedroom and came back with a scarf and an old baby blanket. “One day little Red Riding Hood went into the forest . . .” she began and pulled the scarf over her head and tiptoed like it was a forest she was new in. When she was being the wolf trying to gobble up Red Riding Hood, we got all tangled in the blanket and ended hitting each other with pillows. I made her tell another about a prince, “Whose initials are P. N. for Paul Newman but my friends,” she said, “call him Paul for short. He grew up to be a movie star and marry me and now we’re expecting a little Paul.” Then she leaned over and kissed me. When I woke up, she’d gone.

She played all the parts—even jumped around the couch growling. I liked her best as the wolf with a comb for a moustache.
JERRY LEWIS:

nurse, the mercury in this thermometer tastes awful

"Jerry Lewis In Hospital" . . . "Heart Attack For Comic" . . . These were the newspaper stories. The rumors were even more dire. You were worried and wrote us. Now, here is the truth, as we uncovered it, on what really happened during Jerry Lewis' ten days in the hospital.—THE EDITORS

On October 30, 1958, at 3:32 in the morning, Jerry Lewis sat bolt upright in bed and screamed. His wife Patti snapped on the lamp on the night-table and saw her husband clutching his stomach. All color had drained out of his face and he was gasping for breath.

"Patti, Patti," he mumbled, "Patti, the pain . . . the pain . . . it's awful." And then he slumped back on his pillow.

Not knowing what to do, Patti went for a glass of water and sprayed it in Jerry's face and then clumsily sopped up the water with a towel. She ran to the telephone and dialed the number of their personal (Continued on page 91)

by JIM HOFFMAN

Jerry's pal, Jack Keller, dented hospital rules to snap this picture for worried fans
The day I enrolled at Hollywood High, I just knew it was going to happen all over again. You see, I've been to forty-seven different schools since kindergarten, although Mother insists it just seems that way and that I've really only been to six and had a whole series of tutors in between. But every time I go to a new school, or even to a new class in the same school, it happens.

The teacher smiles at me, trying to make me feel at home. Then she'll ask, "What's your name?"
I'll take a deep breath and say, "My name is Tuesday Weld."
"Yes, but what's your real name?" she'll ask, the welcoming smile just about gone now.
"Honest to goodness, my name (Continued on page 75)
ELVIS kissed me

Elvis Presley—that's all we had been talking about for weeks at the electric store where I work as a typist. Not only was Elvis in my country, but he was in Bad Homburg, a few miles from my hometown Frankfurt.

I wasn't as crazy about Elvis as my girl friends were. I liked him fairly much. In fact, I had six of his records, but he was not my favorite singer. I much preferred Frank Sinatra better. I became more enthusiastic about Elvis after I saw his movie, "Love Me Tender." His voice was sweet, and his is a shy boyish smile, and he was so sincere.

One day I was coming home from work to our apartment in Frankfurt, where I live with my mother, my two brothers, Rolf and Pieter, and my grandparents. I met Bruno Waske in the hallway.

Bruno is a photographer for a German weekly picture magazine, and he lives on the fourth (Continued)
floor in our building. I have known him almost all my life. His son, who is just on my age, seventeen, is a very good friend of mine.

“How would you like to come with me to Bad Homburg tomorrow?” Bruno asked me. “It’s Sunday, and you don’t have to work. I am going to take some pictures of Elvis Presley at his hotel, and you could ask him for his autograph.”

“How wonderful.” I cried (Continued on page 78)
If you catch yourself looking into a mirror and thinking:

GOSH, I'D LIKE TO BE DIFFERENT

then turn the page
A diet’s a promise to yourself. That’s why

Her big eyes started to brim over with tears. She didn’t want to cry, not in front of everyone, so she tried to hold them back. If only her girlfriends would come! Why did Joanie and Mary have to be so slow? She waited for them in the dimming afternoon light, standing by herself, in the long hall of their high school, “near the statue of Abraham Lincoln by the front door,” where they agreed to meet. She’d been waiting ten minutes. Two tall, lanky senior boys came down the hall. As they passed, one turned and said to his short pal with eyeglasses, “Not bad, but a little hefty.” Although he didn’t know it, he said it loud enough for her to hear. If she waited any longer, she’d burst into tears so she walked out of the school building. The curving cement walk with its gleaming patches of wetness from the rain that had fallen earlier in the day seemed like miles. Her breath was a puff of white on the chilly air. She breathed deeply, trying to control the tears welling inside her until she got home.

She walked alone, something she hated to do, wending her way through the groups of laughing and chattering kids. She walked with her head down. She was so glad it had already grown dark because it was harder for people to see her, to recognize her. She didn’t want anyone to say hello. If they did she wouldn’t know what to say. She didn’t want to talk. All she wanted was to go home and lock herself in her bedroom and cry.

When she rounded the corner, she ran the last two blocks to their small two-storied yellow clapboard house. Her aunt was giving a private music lesson and her mother was still out shopping.

The scale doesn’t lie, but you can help it change its mind. Choose milk, lean meat, fruit.
She went in by the back door. She hoped her aunt would be too busy to notice.

The light was on in the blue and white kitchen with its old iron stove and high wooden cupboards. Soon as she opened the door, she heard the gliding strains of piano music from the front room. She was lucky. Her aunt was teaching the piano to one of her students. Slowly, uncertainly, the pupil played the sad notes of the wistful tune, "Souvenir," and the lovely music dissolved her. She closed the back door quietly, sniffing from the tears that ached to be released, and she tiptoed through the carpeted hallway to the mahogany stairs in the hall. One of the floorboards squeaked under her feet, and her aunt, whose sensitive ears never failed to hear even a barely perceptible noise, called out, "Honey, is that you?"

She swallowed hard and tried to speak. "Yes..." she said weakly, her voice muffled and trailing. Then she ran up the stairs, all buttoned up in her fitted brown woolen coat, bright red mitts and her rain galoshes. Once in her room, she breathed a sigh of relief. She closed the door and she fell across the white chenille bedspread, burying her face in the fluffy chenille and letting hot tears stream down her cheeks.

Finally, lying there on the soft bed in her coat and gloves and boots, listening to the piano lesson continuing downstairs, her tears stopped. The February night had blued the window panes in her bedroom. She got up and took off her coat, snapping on the overhead light.

Timidly she stopped, walked over to the long oval mirror with the dark wood frame above her dresser. (Continued on page 100)

Tempted? The new you will be having too much fun to mind having to say no to calories.
Come on, Rick, what do you want to do tonight?
Hey, Dave, I’m here!” Rick Nelson called out when he found the living room empty. Then hearing the sound of the shower from the back of the house he realized his brother couldn’t possibly have heard him over the rush of the water. He walked out through the sliding glass doors to the back porch of Dave’s cliff-hung bachelor house and sat down on a canvas chair.

It was Saturday, the end of another exciting but hectic week of work on the family TV show and on his own private singing career. He had two whole days free and it felt good just sitting there, quietly, while below him the valley sprawled endlessly in all directions and a steady stream of cars inched along the Hollywood freeway. He looked fondly at his own bronze sedan parked in front.

It’s so easy to talk to Dave, Rick thought to himself, as he sat on the porch lapping up the last rays of the rapidly setting sun. When they were growing up, the three-and-a-half-year difference in their ages had often been a barrier. Rick could remember the days when he was nine and Dave thirteen; when he was still in grammar school and just a kid in the eyes of an older brother who was part of the high-school set. They always had their work in common and the closeness of a solid family unit, but other than that they’d lived in two separate worlds.

But now, it was different. They were both (Continued)
Impossible, but we got it!
adults, he had his singing and Dave had his movie career. They double-dated frequently, talked together often about things that mattered a lot as well as about little insignificant things that were only momentary problems. It was a satisfying feeling; each had the other one to talk to openly, honestly, without shyness, embarrassment or strain. Rick was so relaxed just sitting and thinking that he didn’t even hear Dave’s footsteps until his brother was out on the porch beside him.

“Hi, Rick,” Dave said. “I didn’t hear you come in. I thought you said you wouldn’t be over till six.”

“I did. I was going for a gallop on Tink this afternoon but the trails were so crowded I thought I might as well come over early. Hey, Dave, I know you invited me up for dinner, but I’m hungry now. Let’s eat early.”

“That’s right, I did mention dinner,” Dave said. It all came back to him now, including the fact that he’d forgotten to stop and get some food. “Gee, Rick,” he continued, trying to get out of the (continued)
immediate problem, “I can’t get over you, you’re always hungry these days. Used to be Mom had to tell you stories to get you to eat anything at all. I might have known you’d wait until I had a place of my own before you suddenly developed an appetite like a vulture!”

“If I concede that I eat a lot, can we skip the chatter and raid the icebox?” asked Rick, getting up from the porch and heading for the kitchen.

Rick opened the icebox in anticipation; it was bare except for a can of tomato juice, two apples and a nearly empty quart of milk. Avoiding his brother’s surprised expression, Dave busily occupied himself, taking two big dinner plates from the cupboard and setting them out on the low dining-room table. Then he went back into the kitchen, reached up on to the grocery shelves and found a can of beans. (Continued on page 88)
Guess we're doing nothing... What are you doing tonight?
Four years ago, Susan Hayward lost faith---
faith in life, faith in the future, faith in herself. But today
Susan, who once forgot God, knows in her heart that

GOD HAS NOT
FORGOTTEN ME

The big old trees made a dappled pattern on the Carrollton, Georgia sidewalk as the morning sun filtered through. In a patch of shadow, a six-year-old girl with a bridge of freckles across her nose and her light-brown hair braided into two pigtails stood looking very solemn, moving only her hips as she kept a red hula hoop rotating around her small middle.

"Mornin', Mrs. Chalkley." The girl greeted her neighbor without missing a single revolution of the hoop. Then she smiled to show an empty place in her mouth where she'd just lost a tooth. She let the hoop circle down to her ankles, jumped out of it deftly, snatched it up and offered it. "Want to try?"

"I'll have to practice first," Susan Hayward Chalkley laughed. "You're so good at it, I'd rather just watch you." Susan stood there admiring the little girl as she wiggled her hoop. "Got to go now," she finally said. "See you again."

Susan Hayward walked on past (Continued on page 97)
“WHAT DOES YOUR FIGURE MEASURE UP TO?” asks Molly Bee

You’ve done it: Stood in front of a park fun mirror and laughed out loud at your figure, as Molly Bee does here in the Pacific Ocean Park fun mirrors. But if you find when you look into your own mirror at home, you can no longer laugh at the picture, then it’s time to do some personal figuring. And figures—no matter what anybody else tells you—don’t lie. Check your figure with a measuring tape and if you have a star figure like Molly Bee’s, your bust and hip measurements should match (35” x 35”) and waist should indent by a neat ten inches. To measure the bust, place the (Continued on page 96)

(LEFT) Top Heavy? Nylon uplift bra in sketch has elasticized band under bosom and at sides, insuring trimness. Maidenform, $3.95. Too-straight hips? The answer is Formfit’s panty girdle with cotton inserts (not padding) at back for separation. $10.95.

(RIGHT) Out of Proportion? Whether you’re long-waisted or short-waisted, here’s an all-in-one to put your curves back where they belong. Split double front freedom. Gossard, $15.00.

For where to buy, see page 96
Now—the Exotic Look—in Pearl Polish by Cutex

Your nails become exotic jewels—it's the most expensive look in history! Suddenly—your present polish looks flat and old hat. Your nails should gleam with the fire and fascination of exotic pearls... blues and greens from the deep blue seas... orchids and oranges from the islands... whites from foaming breakers. Never before have nails looked so exciting! Be the first to have the Exotic Look in Cutex Pearl Polish, the new, longer-lasting polish that turns your nails into jewels.

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Tahiti Orchid  Jamaica Green  Capri Blue  Orange Blaze  White

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Laminated cotton bra gives natural uplift. Jantzen $2.95.
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Laminated bra has removable straps, turn-down cups. Perma-lift, $5.00 Hi-rise girdle shapes midriff. Sarong, $6.95.
Are they laughing at me?” Lawrence Welk stared at his own image on the television screen—the program had been filmed this week so he could appear at a benefit. Now he could see himself exactly as people all across the country were seeing him.

“Sure they are laughing,” he said out loud. “Listen to that accent . . . and just look at me. Who could blame them for laughing. Maybe I still don’t belong up there in front of a band.”

Fern Welk dropped the pink sweater she was knitting for their grandchild and walked over to the flower-patterned couch where her husband sat hunched over. “Lawrence,” she said softly, putting her arms around him, “don’t feel that way. Let’s not go back . . .”

But Lawrence (Continued on page 93)
ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: LSA MARTINELLI

LSA MARTINELLI is a glamorous and gifted actress, wife of a handsome young Roman Count, and mother of a lively one-year-old. In her teens she was a top-flight fashion model in Paris and New York. Recently she won the top acting award at the Berlin Film Festival. "I often feel tense," she says, "but I must never look it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize ... to ease away tension lines ... "My skin stays soft and smooth."

She's busy yet she's beautiful... she uses Pond's

- Pond's Cold Cream beautifies as it cleanses—moisturizes below the surface
- Replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away
- Goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off—keeps your skin dewy-fresh all day

WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Use Pond's to deep-cleanse at night—to moisturize under make-up all day.
Hope Lange and Don Murray visited our Italian town

"Always movie stars!" Papa teased. Then he heard how Hope Lange and Don Murray visited the orphanage.

That’s me, Angela Busoni—in the picture with Hope Lange and Don Murray—and that’s my friend, Pia. We’re what you in America call “movie fans.” We see all the pictures we can—Italian and American. We were very excited when we heard Don Murray and Hope Lange were going to visit the Casa Materna Orphans Home near where we live. The whole town came out to see them. The Murays went into all the classrooms, watched Dr. Eugenio Maida at work in his clinic, and examined some new buildings going up nearby. It was Mrs. Murray’s birthday and one (Continued on page 81)
is Tuesday Weld. Honest, I'm not fooling.

Sometimes, the teacher just sighs, shrugs and talks about algebra or square roots. Sometimes, the teacher handed me a piece of chalk. "If that's your name," she said, "go to the board and write it 100 times." I don't know who was. I like my name. I came in for a lot of jokes but at least once I'm introduced, people don't forget it.

I was named Tuesday, you see, because I was born on Tuesday. Two days later, I got a serious heart condition which finally took away from us.

Even when you're very young there are certain things that you can remember about your life. For instance, I remember the place we lived in from the time I was born until I was nine. It was a cold, old-fashioned place in New York, with the bathroom in the hallway and the bathtub in the kitchen. It wasn't very nice but it was all we could afford. After my father died, Mother went out to work to support Sally and David and me. She got a job at Lord and Taylor's department store, selling things. Everything she made went for rent and food and clothes and the like.

Mother had a friend who was a designer and buyer at Best & Co., a New York department store. One day, when she happened to see some pictures that a photographer had taken of me for the family scrapbook, she told Mother I would make a good model and Mother agreed to give it a try. I was then just three years old. From my very first professional sitting I had fun. I liked looking into the camera. I posed for ad copy and fashion promotion for Best's until I was about eight. Actually it was good for me, I was very shy as a child. Meeting people through my work helped me climb out of the shell I was in. I've been told I was the first child model who had a long blonde page boy, instead of tight cork-screw curls that most baby models had. I was known as the tailored type. Whenever dresses didn't have any ruffles they sent for me.

When I was nine, Mother took us all to live in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, which worked out very well because I was tired of the cold. I'd become un- pleasingly plump which is not too good for photographing. Besides, David and Sally loved to swim and Mother wanted them to have a chance to take lessons with a good coach. By saving her money she was able to afford to take us. Sally and David really learned how to swim like champs. Matter of fact, David is in the Navy and set us home a trophy he won for coming in third in a relay race in the All Marine Corps Swimming and Diving Championships.

When I was ten and a half, we moved back to New York. I enrolled in the Professional Children's School and began modeling again and also doing TV commercials. I was to school which was really a hassle—not school, but getting there.

My brother David was in charge of taking me every morning. We did not get along well. Pet Tu and Too-Too turned into Tuesday.

As soon as I could juggle, I called myself Tu Tu. I was called Too Too because I was always getting into things. Somehow Tu Tu and Too-Too turned into Tuesday.

I was born on August 27, 1943—or was it 1947?? in a Salvation Army Hospital in New York City. It's a very nice private hospital, so I'm told, and also very inexpensive. My being born was a financial problem for my great-grandfather, David. My sister Sally and my brother David, he six years older and Sally's eight years older, were both born on a farm in Cape Cod, when Daddy was a stock broker and a gentleman, a part of me and me. Just before I was born, he became very ill and he couldn't work any more. My folks had to give up their farm and move to New York.

When I was three years old, Daddy passed away. I don't remember much about him except from photographs—he was very handsome. He used to call me his "little social security card," whatever that meant. Daddy and I called TuTu because I was always getting into things. Somehow Tu Tu and Too Too turned into Tuesday.

Do you believe in fate and dreams? I do. It's a strange dream, but I'm a Vigo (born between August 22nd and September 22nd) and that's typical of us, according to some horoscopes I've read. From the time I was ten I used to study all the horoscopes I could get my hands on and try to get work for director Elia Kazan. Even when I was ten, Mr. Kazan's name meant more to me than any other in the profession. He had just directed "A Streetcar Named Desire" and was a small part in a picture made in New York, "Rock, Rock, Rock," I heard that Mr. Kazan was casting for. The Dark at the Top of the Stairs, a Broadway play, and that there were to be open tryouts. I flew at the chance.

The week before I was to appear at the tryouts I wrecked my brain deciding what I was going to do for you. It was-and still is—jeans and shirts and pullovers, but I had to wear something to impress Mr. Kazan. I couldn't make up my mind which extreme to go to. Oh, yes, I had to go to an extreme, that was for certain.

First of all, I bought the highest heels I could find. Then I found a bright pink sleeveless dress that I knew Mr. Kazan would not go under. Underneath it, I bought a huge crinoline and taffeta petticoat that stuck out a mile and made a swirling noise when I walked. I even tried a wig. My mother came home that evening, she nearly died! But it was too late to do anything about it. Next came some deep-tan makeup so that I would look outdoorsy and healthy even though the summer had already passed. To complete the picture, I bought some thick phony eyelashes that could have knocked six people down if they'd stood within a foot of me.

As I started to leave the house, I got cold feet. Had I gone overboard? I pinned on my best black fur coat, just in case, and put on the biggest hat I could find.

When I finally heard my name called I could barely walk to center stage. I started reading. After a few minutes, Mr. Kazan called out and asked me if I would please go with him and come down to his office.

"Young lady, how old are you?" My idol was talking to me and the words weren't what I wanted to hear.

"Don't worry, I mumbled something that sounded like sixteen. (I was really going on fourteen.)

"Well, then, can you tell me one good reason why you've made yourself up to look like a 16-year-old girl?

Sitting there listening to him tear me apart, I was crushed. Then, in a flash, I realized I should be grateful that I cared enough to even put time with me to be quiet and listened.

"First of all, that hair...it has to go. Get it back to its natural shade. And that makeup and those eyelashes! Miss Weld, you've got to learn that a matter of fact, that petticoat you're wearing—I could hear you coming a mile away."

He could see I was almost in tears, but he knew that he had to say what he did for my sake. I got up to get and he said softly, "I would like you to come back and read again.

I nodded, too numb to speak.

"All right, Tuesday, I'll expect you back next week.

One week later, in flat shoes and minus war paint, petticoats, false hair and bright pink dress, I read again for Mr. Kazan. He said that we were both going in the "hurry-up-and-wait" routine connected with Broadway tryouts. I came back to read again off and on for nearly three months. Finally, I was given the part of Sally. It's a sort of Hayworthian role. Maybe if I was lucky one of the girls would get sick—not that I wished them harm—only some minor ailment serious enough to delay the opening of the Broadway debut! I was so happy I cried with excitement. I was going to work for Elia Kazan!

Opening night I sat backstage listening to my part being sung by the girl I knew by heart. Since I was only an understudy, I didn't have a dressing room and, between acts, I found a seat on the steps in the basement. There I was, dressed in blouses, sitting there a long time when a man came over and introduced himself. I'd been reading movie magazines practically all my life and I knew immediately that this was Dick Clayton, former actor turned agent. The man who'd helped discover and develop stars like James Dean and Tab Hunter. He was very nice to me. He asked me where I lived and what school I was going to. I told him it was because I would never get a chance to act in the play and that I was utterly miserable.

There was something very soothing about him and his voice. He asked if I had an agent. I said yes. I did at that time. Then he said the most exciting words I'd ever heard: "I'll take care of you, you don't belong in a basement sulking. You belong out in Hollywood. You should be a star."

I just nodded and he continued.
YOUR NEEDLEWORK

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlework, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ for each pattern for 1st class mailing. Send additional 25¢ for Photoplay's Needlework Catalogue.

Joanna Barnes, who loves to sew, is in "Up Periscope," for Warner Bros.

7092—Embroidered pinafore with full skirt to make from remnants. Tissue pattern, transfer. State size.

613—Directions for three crocheted caps to trim with crocheted petals to make for a delicate Easter bonnet.

7063—Plain linens take on new luxury when you add your own hand embroidery. Transfers of 3 motifs.

319—Crib quilt with child's prayer embroidered on squares includes diagram and transfers. 35 x 43 inches.

"If you ever decide to come to Hollywood and you need an agent or help and advice, let me know." He gave me his card.

In April of 1958 Mother and I sat down and had a long talk about things. The agent I had in New York wasn't able to do anything for me and I was too impatient to just sit and wait for things to happen. Mother agreed that perhaps I would have a chance if we went West. Then she said, "But, Tuesday, going to Hollywood is expensive. We'll need money for transportation and clothes and we'll have to find a place to stay; there's no guarantee you'll find work right away."

I knew it wouldn't be easy but I said, "Mother, why don't we talk to Mr. Clayton? He seemed so kind. Maybe he'll help us." Mother agreed. We sent Mr. Clayton a wire and asked him to call us.

Two hours later I heard the operator say, "Hollywood calling." Dick Clayton was on the wire. Mother and I talked with him and told him we wanted to come West but that we were poor and didn't know how we could manage it. Mr. Clayton said, "Leave everything to me. I'll see what I can arrange and call you back in a day or two."

He called us back a day and a half later with a guarantee of a job—an appearance on "Matinee Theater" on TV. "Can you leave tonight?" he asked. "You start work tomorrow morning!"

I'll never forget the night we arrived at the Los Angeles airport, April 18, 1958. When I get nervous I eat a lot, especially sweets, which doesn't help my usually seven figure. I hadn't realized how I'd been gorging myself until I got off the plane. Mr. Clayton took one look and said, "My gosh, Tuesday, you're grown into practically Wednesday!"

Then I realized I'd put on about ten pounds since he'd seen me. On the way to the hotel, where Mother and I spent the night, Mr. Clayton told me about the part I was to play on TV. Then he handed me a slip of paper with the name of a doctor. "I want you to take off some weight," he told me. "But don't make yourself sick starving like some kids out here do. Go to this doctor and have him give you a sensible diet."

With Mr. Clayton's help, Mother and I found a tiny furnished apartment in a section called the Sunset Strip. On a clear day, if you lean out of our front door far enough, you have a view of the whole city!

People ask me what I'm like and what I like. It's not really easy to be objective about yourself, but as near as I can tell I'm not very difficult to sum up. I'm 5 feet, three inches tall. While my natural shade of hair is honey blonde, right now it is lighter, a sort of gold and silver blonde. I weigh between 110 and 112— that is, when I stay on my diet. I love sweets, go on candy and cake binges every once in a while, and I'm usually content to drink coffee, black, munch on grapefruit, drink hot lemon and water (ugh) and fill up on proteins and salads without dressings. When I get in the wagon, I like to cheat like mad—maybe five thousand calories at one sitting—then I can go without sweets for weeks.

I'm pretty moody. I don't know why, except I seem to be very high or very low, being "middlebrow" is not a frequent occurrence. I am still a little shy underneath, but now I handle it differently. When I was young I'd go off by myself or to corners at parties. Now I'm a big extrovert, which is only an introvert who has learned how to cover up his insecurity.

As I said, people call me kooky, which
The important lesson I've learned is that if you laugh at yourself other people will laugh with you and not at you. As I said, I'm a pretty moody kid. In order to help get myself out of my moods I change clothes, like different shades of lipstick and most of all I like to fix my hair different ways. I have several full wigs, plus a lot of false braids and extra hair, in assorted colors, that I use whenever I need a lift.

So when Timmy Evert (he had one of the leads in "Dark at the Top of the Stairs") took me to the opening of the play "The West Side Story," and then to a swanky party at the Ambassador Hotel, I decided to wear a chignon. Before going out I'd secured my false hair with enough bobbie pins to keep it in place for a year, or so I thought. During the evening someone requested the orchestra to play a polka. It was fun. Soon everyone got into the spirit of the music. Timmy started whirring me around faster and faster until all of a sudden I could feel my million bobby pins coming loose. I tried to slow down. Have you ever tried coming to a halt during a full gallop? That's the way it was with the polka—we just kept whirling around. Next thing I knew I felt something tickling my shoulder—out of the corner of my eye I saw it—my hair—hanging limp, with the bobbie pins falling all over. I tried to say something, but Timmy kept twirling me around. The music was so loud, he couldn't hear me ask him to stop. We kept going until we nearly ran the last couple left on the floor. All that motion made me dizzy. Next thing I knew, I was falling; before I could stop myself I'd slid clear across the slippery dance floor. My chignon, which now looked like a rag mop, flew in the opposite direction! The music stopped. Everybody was watching me. Timmy helped me up. I held my head high, but I felt I'd let them down. I hoped there was a dignified tone, "Excuse me, I think I've lost my hair."

With that, I strolled casually across the room, scooped up the dangled chignon. Then, walking back across the floor, I said, "I'll only be a minute, Timmy." I laughed and, hair in hand, headed for the powder room. As I walked away, I could hear the others laughing, but laughing with me, not at me!

It's very hard to put your whole life down on paper, but I hope you know me a little better after reading this. If I haven't said before, I must mention that everyone out in Hollywood sure has been great to me. I hope I can stay here for a long time. I think I'm making some strides. When I first started working in pictures, I overheard Leon Shamroy, the cameraman on "Rally Round the Flag," tell someone I looked like Jayne Mansfield's sister—"from the rear." At least that means I'm making some progress, can't wait until the day I look like a grown-up glamour queen from all directions!

—As told to MARCIA BORIE

TUESDAY'S IN 20TH'S "RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS" AND WILL SOON BE SEEN IN "THE FIVE PENNIES," PAR: "SAY ONE FOR ME," 20TH.
ELVIS KISSED ME

Continued from page 54

Elvis was followed by several men. I noticed them without seeing them. I saw only Elvis. He looked very handsome in his American uniform.

I squeezed through the photographers, who were beginning to crowd around him. I held Bruno’s card up to him. It was all I had. “Please, may I have your autograph?” I asked him in German.

He smiled, and I thought I would melt. “Wie Geht Es Dir?” (How do you do?) he said to me, also in German, and he looked straight into my eyes, as he signed his name.

“After a picture with the girl, Elvis?” all the photographers began to shout. Elvis smiled again and looked at me questioningly. I could only nod my head, I was unable to speak.

He took my hand in his, right there in front of everyone, and we began to walk towards the park. He asked me my name, and he repeated it after me. “Margrit,” he said softly.

We did not say much. It was difficult, as I do not have much English. I was sorry that I did not understand his language. After the last two months, I had been going to night school twice a week to learn English. That was because I hoped to go to America one day. I understand a little, but I speak only a few words. But I found it easier to understand Elvis than even my English teacher. Elvis spoke English slowly, so softly, spacing the words carefully to make it more easy for me.

“Autogramm . . . . autograph. It is the first German word I have learned,” Elvis said. We were still walking, hand in hand, followed by hundreds of people. I did not feel ill at ease. I felt as if I had known him always.

“How about a little kiss?” one of the photographers asked.

I blushed a deep crimson, and Elvis looked embarrassed too. Then he laughed.

He tossed his head like a little boy when he laughed. He looked at me for permission, and I nodded my head.

He took me very gently into his arms and kissed me lightly on the cheek. “Again, again,” cried the photographers. Once again he kissed me, holding me closer.

This time I closed my eyes. No more photos were being taken, not even the crowds watching. No more photographers, no one pushing. Just Elvis . . . hugging me, his lips warm against my face—kissing me again and again and again. (Later on I told my mother there had been sixteen kisses.)

Finally, I opened my eyes. Elvis put his hand gently against my cheek. He smiled at me and said, “That’s cute.”

Then he took my hand, and we walked back to the hotel. Elvis bent down and kissed me on the cheek. Then it was all over. He waved and went into the hotel. The crowd of people began to cheer and scream, “Elvis, Elvis.” They were staring up at the second story balcony. I did too.

Elvis was standing on the balcony. He looked straight at me and blew me a kiss. I blew one back. Then he disappeared.

The people began to leave, but I stood in a daze. I kept looking and looking up at the balcony. But they finally brought me back to the real world.

“Do you know what just happened?” Bruno cried.

“Elvis kissed me,” I answered.

“Not that,” Bruno said, “something else.

I was just talking to Lamar Fikes, Elvis Presley’s secretary, and he said that Elvis wanted your address and phone number. What do you think?”

I could not answer. I just gulped and looked up at the balcony.

For the next several days, I did not think of anything except Elvis. I hoped and hoped he would call me, but deep in my heart I did not think he would.

Two weeks went by and there was no call from Elvis. I gave up hope. But just the same I kept looking in the paper for news of him. I read that he had moved with his father and grandmother to a hotel in Bad Nauheim. Then they changed to a smaller hotel, so that his grandmother could cook for him. I read also he was working very hard in the army.

Then I stopped reading the paper. Forget about him, I told myself. But if you have been kissed sixteen times by Elvis Presley it is not easy to forget . . .

One Sunday, three weeks after I had met Elvis, I came home from a movie where I had gone with my girl friend, Inga. I found my mother in a terrible state of excitement.

“He has called,” she cried, before I had closed the door.

“What?” I asked, and then I guessed before she could stammer out the name. “Mr. Presley.”

“About twenty minutes before. A man’s voice asked for you in English,” my mother explained. “I am a friend of my mother’s, who understands English, was visiting. She took the call. It was Mr. Fikes, and he wanted to talk to me about making a date with Elvis. He said he would call later.”

At that moment the phone rang again. It was Elvis’s secretary. I asked my mother’s friend, the one who understands English, to take the message. Mr. Fikes said that Elvis was too busy in the army to call himself but he wanted to know if I was free on the following Tuesday to go out with him.

“Yes,” I said, taking the phone from my mother’s friend, “Yes.” “We’ll pick you up at 6:30,” Mr. Fikes said, and somehow I understood every word.

Yet I could not believe it was true. “Maybe it is a joke,” I said to my mother.

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QUICK LIKE A BUNNY,
HOP DOWN TO
YOUR NEWSSTAND FOR THE APRIL
PHOTOPLAY ON SALE MARCH 5
Elvis’ said word, introduced never 10 was movie. breaking had could 746 would peel, 9 middle. suggesting glowing is a feeling suit never at He meet explained that camp. had lessons make and I I would find my plaid on my mother. picked out my sweater. Elvis felt beat me. Dorothy sat in her home, and Elvis never wanted to be kissed in case it was a joke.

On Tuesday I took a taxi from work—something I never do—so I would have more time to look at my two-week English lesson, a thing I had never done before. But right there and then I said to myself that I would make up for it, that I would make the three hours of work back from then. And if Elvis liked me, I would need the extra lessons... so that I could really talk to him.

For my first date with Elvis I chose a red plaid wooden jumper, which I wore with a white peasant blouse. My mother had made them. She makes all my clothes. I put on my highest heels. I am very tiny, not even reaching the top of the back of my shoes.

Then I sat down on my chair to wait. At 6:15 the phone rang. My heart skipped a beat. Elvis is breaking the date, I thought. Elvis was sorry he could not meet her himself, but that duty was duty. He explained that he would meet Elvis father and grandmother, and then maybe we would go to a movie.

My mother had to be home at 11 o’clock at the latest. Elvis agreed. Then my mother kissed me, and I went out to the taxi.

In that taxi I said hardly anything. I had never had a real date before and wasn’t sure how to act. From time to time I glanced at the illustrated English-German dictionary I had brought with me. As we came nearer to the house, I got more nervous, and kept asking myself, “Will he like me?”

Elvis was waiting in the hall of the hotel for us when we arrived. He had on a dark suit, a white shirt, and no tie. He smiled, shaking his head in a friendly fashion. He took my arm and led me upstairs, where I met his father. His father is very good looking, but my grandma isn’t feeling very well tonight,” Elvis said. “You’ll meet her another time.”

Soon I was not nervous anymore. Elvis and his father were so friendly and natural. I understood that the house was almost everything they said. Whenever I was puzzled about a word, I looked in my dictionary, Elvis sat near me and helped me find the word. “You will teach me German and I will teach you English,” he said.

We drank Cokes and Elvis beat time with his foot, even though no music was playing. “I asked you,” he said, “Do you want to see Tamango?”

“Yeah,” I replied. “It’s in German. That’s better for you.”

I was touched by his thoughtfulness in suggesting a German language one for my sake.

We came into the movie during the middle. Elvis looked relieved. He would have been labeled if we had been seen. He picked up two seats in a corner of the movie house.

He took my hand, and I felt all warm and glowing inside. Whenever there were love scenes between Curt Jurgens and Dorothy
Dandridge in the movie, he pressed my hand more tightly.

"I didn't understand a word," he grinned, as he helped me into the car. "I'm a bit short on German." Sometimes I shook my head to show I did not get a word. Then he'd stop the car and he would turn on the car light and thumb through the pages of the illustration. We laughed and laughed.

One thing I confess I didn't understand at all. He kept repeating the word "puppy" all the time. I thought he was calling me that. He looked and couldn't find the word in the dictionary. Finally he gave up.

We had reached my home. It was not quite two o'clock, and my novels had been completed. I felt I had known him for ages. He took me to the door, kissed me very sweetly and said, "See you tomorrow at the same time."

The boys dashed to his car, waved to me and drove off.

My mother was waiting for me and I told her everything that had happened with him. "He is so nice, so polite and humorous," she said.

The next day at my office, I told all my friends about my evening. They were divided into two groups. There were those who thought "puppy" was a name he had heard from his father, and those who said, "He must have been talking about my dog."

The next day, after work, I took my dog for a walk. There was a beautiful little dog, champagne color, with long ears like a cocker spaniel. "This is my puppy," I said.

Elvis loved that little dog. "Its name," he explained, "is very fancy, 'Cherry of the Mainz.' That's his name on the papers."

"Would you mind if Lamar takes you home tonight?" Elvis asked, as the time approached eleven. "I'm afraid I have to be at camp early tomorrow morning, so I'd better go to bed."

He walked with me to the taxi. "Will I see you tomorrow?" he asked me.

"No," I shook my head. "I have my English lesson on Friday, and I have already missed it once in this week."

"Okay, honey," Elvis said. "Then how about Saturday, the same time?"

I shook my head, yes, and he hugged and kissed me and waved goodbye.

Again my mother was waiting for me when I got home. After I reviewed the grandmothers, I put on my shoes and left for the night. I had some conception about him. It is hard to believe he is a famous star.

Then the first thing I asked my English teacher Friday night was the meaning of the word 'honey.' She explained to me that it is a product of bees used as a sweet. When I looked puzzled, she asked if someone had called me that. "When I told her yes, she laughed. "Then it was meant as a pet name," she explained. "They use it a lot in music."

For my Saturday date, I was very careful to put my hair up in a way Elvis liked it, but not even for him would I put any artificial flowers in it.

That night Elvis again played on the guitar and sang to all of us. "I don't like to go out on the town," he said. "I like to stay home with people I like and be comfortable."

During the evening Elvis told me that he would be leaving on maneuvers soon. "I'm not looking forward to it," he sighed. "I have to go, and it's tough. For eight weeks I won't be able to get a pass. But I want to be a good soldier and I'll do my best. I've got wonderful buddies in my outfit."

He told me he did not know if he could see me that next day because he did not know when he'd be leaving. "I'll call you and let you know," he said.

He sent me home by taxi, and as always I was there at eleven. Just before I went to bed, I circled in red on my calendar, as I had every time I had been out with him. That afternoon I was back at the office on Sunday. At 4 o'clock he phoned: "I still do not know when I'm leaving, honey," he said. "I'll call you at 6:00 but be ready anyway at 6:30."

At 6:30 Lamar came in a taxi for me. Elvis had spent the night when we came to the hotel. It was the first time I had ever been really alone with him.

"Well, I'm definitely leaving on maneuvers tomorrow, so I'll see you again," he said. He was already dressed in his field uniform. "I want to learn English while I'm gone," he said. "I think it will be easier for you than for me to learn German."

"You know, I like you," he said, "even if you won't put any lipstick on," and he laughed. "It won't be so lonely for me here if I have someone to talk to that I like."

On a sudden impulse I said to him, "Do you have a special girl friend?"

"No, he shook his head. "No one special."

I told him I was sure I could learn English quickly and that I would make my lessons to three times a week.

We talked. Elvis was pleased to know that I loved to swim. "I like to swim too," he said. We discussed music. I told him I often went to the Frankfurt Jazz House to listen to dance. "Then take me there when I get back," he said.

It was getting late, and I knew he had to get up very early. He agreed with me.

"Before you leave, I want to sing you one more song," he said, and he took out his guitar.

He played and sang to me in German, an old German folk polka, "Ich Tanze Polka (And I Dance the Polka With You, Sweetheart)." "See you," were his last words to me, as he took me to the taxi and kissed me goodbye.

Some new news I've had of Elvis since is what I read in the papers. I know he was in the Greenwoehl Forest, near the Czech border and that he was living under actual battle conditions.

He has not written, and he gave me no address to write him.

If he was not a big star, it would be much easier. Then I would not be afraid to write him and tell him about my hopes and dreams of going to America. I had begun my English lessons so I would know the language good enough to apply for a job as a nurse's assistant or helper in an American facility in exchange for my room.
and board. I was planning to study Eng-
lish shorthand so that I could one day 
apply for a job as a secretary in an import-
export firm.

Those are my hopes and dreams ... the 
one I would like to tell Elvis. But right 
now I can only talk to the wall—to the wall 
of my room where I have put up the pic-
tures of Elvis and me that he took the first 
day we met. There I have also put a cover 
from Photoplay magazine, and a picture of 
my family and one looking at this cover. 
This cover has special meaning for me. 
It has a beautiful photograph of Elvis on 
it, with a message from him to his ad-
mirers in the United States. "Please Don't 
Forget Me. While I'm Gone." In my mind 
I change the "I'm" to "You're" and think: 
Elvis, Don't Forget Me While You're Gone. 

Maybe I will never hear from Elvis 
again. Even if I do not, I still have a warm, 
pleasant memory of a wonderful, soft-
spoken, polite boy who was my first real 
date.

THE END

of the little boys gave her a bouquet of 
flowers, making a little speech of thanks to 
them "for everything you have done to 
help us and our home".

Pia and I found out from one of the 
people in the big crowd outside that Mr. 
and Mrs. Murray are in charge of some-
thing called the "Homeless European 
Land Program." Through HELP they sup-
port the work of the orphanage at Casa 
Materna.

Even though they were very busy, they 
did find time to talk to us. Hope Lange 
was very beautiful and very nice. Don 
Murray is just like he is in the movies. 
(Pia and I saw "Bus Stop" three times. It 
was very good.) We talked to them how 
much we like their pictures (we also saw "Pey-
ton Place" three times), and they signed autographs 
for us.

When it was time for them to leave, 
the director of the orphanage thanked them 
for all they were doing for the children. 
Mr. Murray said something then that Pia 
and I will never forget. He thanked 
the director for what he was doing. And 
then he said (and Pia and I rememberer every 
word): A Catholic priest I know once 
said the kind of work you're doing—help-
ing children—is wonderful. He said it's 
"wonderful because serving God and we cannot hurt 
God, since none of us has been able to have that kind 
of a personal relationship with God. But God 
has given us man whom we can help and 
we can love. It is this way we either serve 
or abuse God."

Mr. and Mrs. Murray saw how excited 
we were being with them and invited us 
to go along to their train. On the way we 
asked if Mrs. Murray was going to have 
a baby. She said "Yes." We were very 
glad.

When we got home, Pia told my mother 
and father what Mr. Murray had said at 
the orphanage about serving God. Pia 
knows English well and she had written 
down every word he'd said. My father 
nodded his head and said that Mr. Murray 
was certainly a fine man. We think so too.

The End

HOPE LANGE WILL SOON BE SEEN IN "THE 
BEST OF EVERYTHING" FOR 20TH AND DON 
MURRAY'S IN U.A.'S "SHAKE HANDS WITH 
THE DEVIL" AND 20TH'S "THREE THOUSAND HILLS."

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81
knew my parents would be mad if they found out. But the idea of belonging to the group was too great a temptation.

At first I had to force myself to swallow the stuff. It made me choke and had a harsh strong smell. I felt like throwing up, but I wasn't going to let the other fellows know that. So I kept on drinking, keeping on being "one of the boys," and soon I found I was really beginning to enjoy it.

But I felt guilty. Guilty because I was misusing the trust my parents had placed in me. They believed in me; believed in me enough not to cross-question me every time I came home. And all the while I was doing something they had taught me was wrong.

One night we bought more than we could drink. Since I'd chipped in the most money, I got to take the two leftover bottles home. That didn't please me as much as it was supposed to because . . . what would happen if my mother and father found the bottles? As I left the boys to go home I grinned bravely and told them they were great for letting me have the extra beer. But I didn't feel so great myself.

I slipped quietly into the house, trying to close the front door and creep up to my room without anyone hearing me. But just as I tiptoed onto the first step of the staircase, it gave a loud creak and my father shouted from the living room. "That you, Pat?"

"Yes, Pop."

"Come here a second. I want to speak to you!"

"Be with you," I shouted and leaped, two stairs at a time, up into my room and buried the bottles under the bed. Then I trotted, whistling as I went, down the stairs to speak to my father. All he wanted to know was if I were neglecting my schoolwork.

By the time I got to go to school the next day, I had forgotten about the beer under the bed. It wasn't until ten o'clock, right in the middle of the English class, that I remembered. The bottles! My mother must have found them by now! I'll really be in for it!

When school let out, I ran all the way home, dashed up the stairs and threw myself against the door of the room. When it swung back I had one of the happiest sights of my life. Staring at me was a rumpled, unmade bed. Yesterday's clothes were thrown over a chair and my schoolbooks were still on the table where I'd left them.

I looked under the bed. The bottles were untouched. Mom hadn't made my bed or tidied the room as usual. I heard my mother's voice calling to me from below. "Pat, Pat." And I could hear her footsteps on the stairs. She put her head around the door. "Pat— I leave your room like this on purpose. How do you like coming home to such untidiness? You must learn to be neatier."

When she left I dove under the bed, grabbed the bottles, and hid them under my jacket, darted out of the house to ditch them in the first empty lot. I couldn't face drinking the stuff. And I felt so ashamed. If she had found them I know she would have been more hurt than angry. That incident with the bed had taught me a lesson.

When you are young you do a lot of crazy things. But I had to get into trouble on account of a man who died one hundred and fourteen years ago; the seventh president of the United States, Andrew Jackson. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

First I'd better explain that I was in the eighth grade at the time. Each year the graduating class at the school gets to take a trip and this is always looked forward to as one of the highlights of the semester not only for its educational value but most of all because it means no classes on a regular school day! Our class outing was to the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, which is located a few miles outside of Nashville.

When the day of our trip arrived, we marched out of the building feeling very big-time because the other students were stuck in their classrooms. We could see a few of them, the ones with seats near a window, gazing down at us longingly as we all piled on to the chartered bus. During the ride, our teacher reminded us of the highlights of President Jackson's life, some historical events that took place at the Hermitage, and then she ended by telling us that we were expected to behave like ladies and gentlemen. We were not to make too much noise and above all not to touch anything on the premises.

I can still remember my first view of the home as we drove up. It's a big, gracious house with four white pillars which makes it resemble a Greek temple. Inside we didn't know what to look at first: the crystal chandeliers, the heavily colored draperies, or the exotic furniture.

We got to one bedroom and I remember the guide saying, "Even the wallpaper in the room has not been changed since President Jackson. He mentioned the word wallpaper, old "Hawkeye" Boone noticed that at the far corner of the room a chunk of the paper had peeled away. It was hanging down. It wasn't a very big hunk but I thought it would be great to have as a souvenir.

I stayed behind. When the others were going down the hall, I reached up and grabbed off the drooping fragment of paper. In pulling it off a little bit more started to peel until finally I had quite a piece of it sticking out where I could put the paper so it would be safe until I got home, a few of my buddies came back into the bedroom looking for me. I was caught "with the goods" as they say in mystery stories. Since I was caught I did the only thing I could think of at that moment. I gallantly tore some strips from my hunk of paper and distributed them to my buddies. That year I happened to be class president, and this "feast of daring" only served to enhance my reputation as a big man.

The rest of the day was uneventful. As soon as I got home I made a beeline for my bedroom and carefully slipped the paper into the back of a desk drawer. I was as proud of that souvenir as if I'd written a best seller in English Institute! And I rationalized that it was really only a small piece of paper so nobody should miss it.

Well, the amount of paper I pulled off the wall might have seemed small to me, but not to the caretaker who evidently noticed the damage as he locked up for the evening. I learned later that he reported the incident to our principal because, having discovered it right after our thundering herd took off for home, he assumed that someone in our group was responsible.

The next morning, as soon as all of us had taken our seats, the teacher got up from behind her desk. She looked very upset as she said, "I have to ask you all a very important question. While I'm positive that none of my students could possibly be involved, we have been notified that a large piece of wallpaper is missing from a bedroom in the Hermitage. In fact the caretaker says the wall is defaced because some rowdy mutilated the paper."

She paused, looked around the room, then added, "Is anyone here responsible?"

As she spoke I felt as if my face must be turning beet red. I was sure that guilt was written all over me. Yet as I listened to her it became increasingly clear to me that she obviously didn't want anybody to confess, because it would have reflected on her. I felt awful. The realization of what I'd done hit me suddenly. I felt even more disturbed when it dawned on me that out of all the people who knew what I'd done were a few close buddies, and I knew they'd never tell—especially since they all had chunks of paper and I was way out of line.

Then slowly I found myself raising my right arm high in the air, I'd wrestled with myself...and lost. As the teacher
I looked at me in disbelief, I said quietly. "I did it, ma'am. I took the wallpaper." I thought she would sink right through the floor. Not only was one of her students the culprit but it had to be the class president to boot! After I made my brief announcement, she said nothing. She just walked back to her desk and continued the day's lesson. When the bell rang she said quietly, "Pat, would you stay for a few minutes please?"

When everyone had left, she took me by the hand and, without saying a word, marched me straight to the principal's office. I was asked to describe in detail just how I had accomplished the "feud deed." When I was through talking, the principal gave me a long lecture, followed by a wallop, and then he called my home and told my mother what I'd done.

I took the long way home that afternoon to try to figure out what I would say to my folks. That night my father and I had a little talk. Then he gave me a wallop. When it was all over, I stood there while my father talked to me in his own quiet way. He told me that I had to be punished because I'd done something very wrong. At the same time he explained that he hadn't hit me too hard because he was glad I owned up to what I'd done. "It takes courage to admit an error," he said.

The way he said it made me feel so small, because I realized how stupid I'd been.

After Dad finished talking, he told me to go up to my room and write a letter to the people at the Orphanage and express my sincere apologies. I wrote the letter, but it took me hours to put the few words down on paper.

I learned a lot that day about thoughtlessness and being irresponsible and I think I became more considerate from then on. But it's a funny thing about learning, you think you've learned for good and then suddenly you do something that sets you back with a sharp jolt.

That jolt for me became the story I'm going to tell you now. The story I've never told before. No one outside my immediate family and the few friends who were with me at the time know about it. But lately, I've wanted more and more to speak about it, especially since so many kids seem to think I was so perfect as a boy. Nobody is. We all have to learn, and the hard way, I guess.

I remember the day...it came at the end of my junior year at high school.

There is a printed record of this error...in the files of the Nashville Juvenile Court. And it can never be erased.

It all started in a completely innocent, fun way. I guess a lot of trouble starts like that.

I can't remember who actually first came up with the suggestion, but to add some excitement, we had just gone to a dull Friday night, we decided to sneek into the movie house without buying tickets.

We arranged to slip out with us to go in the normal way. That wasn't the point. We were just thirsting for fun, an "adventure" which would be different.

By diversionary tactics, we managed to slip unnoticed passed the cashier. The man who was tearing tickets presented a more difficult problem as he was not so busy and had better view of everyone around him. We ambled out as though waiting for someone, then finally managed to slip past him when a large group of kids went in. Smart, we thought.

But as we stood by the candy machine, pleasantly drunk with achievement and wondering where to sit, the manager slipped unnoticed up to us and in a commanding voice began, "Hey, you fellas..."

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But before he had had time to get out his words we were off. He caught one fellow by the arm, but my buddy twisted nearly and ran off with me and the other guy.

Down the dark aisles he chased us, with the doorman close behind. We ducked into an empty room and clambered over the seats held high to sink right through the floor with shame and guilt. What would they do? What would my father say?

We stopped at traffic lights and to my horror I noticed some of my friends drive up alongside. One fellow noticed me cov-
ering in the back of the patrol car and I could see him gesticulating to his friends, evidently pointing me out to them. I man-
gaged to open the window a little and yelled, "Don't tell anyone you saw me!"

Then we arrived at the police station. And they checked to see if I had any for-
er record. When they found I didn't, they became much nicer and the sergeant just let us all go, but then he let me into a small room at the back and told me to sit and wait until my father came. His last words were that my name was now part of the records at the juvenile court and that the next time I was caught doing anything, I'd be in for far more than just the warning I was getting now.

That wait seemed endless and to this day I can still see my father's shocked face as he walked through the door into that little room. He was as pale as a ghost. That he had lived to see the day when he would be picking up his son at a police station, seemed completely to crush him.

All I could say was, "I'm sorry, Dad." We drove in silence to the family home.

PAYING for them and pocketing my change, I was on my way out when I saw a familiar face. It was a girl who had been in to buy how a few hours before. She seemed to have a guy for every dance.

"Hi," I said. "I'll bet you get two for each one you send."

That is where my downfall began. Seri-
ously, she turned and her face fell and I knew I had done it.

"Most of my cards will be from girls," she moaned. "For some reason the fellows seem to forget me." In the back of my mind I knew what was coming but I had spent my last two, and since I had already stolen a few min-
utes off, I thought, why not take a few more. So I plunged in.

"What gives? I asked. "You seen at 'American Idol' lately? I seem to keep the fellows interested in me." Before she could say "What can I do?" those wheels had clicked and my mental motor was running. I knew why I had noticed this girl out of the hun-
dreds of other girls there. Knowing that, I could also make a good guess at why the dancing and dating ended up the same way each time.

She had bought a whole number one, and once I'd remembered the easy way my friend at the card shop used to lose her Valentines, I just naturally got started thinking of other sure-fire, tear-tested ways.

For instance, one sure way to drive your intended Valentine into the arms of another on the dance floor or on a date is to duck every opportunity to follow his conversation, especially when he's car-
rying on about his dance steps, and concentrat-
ing hard on them, but whatever the rea-
son, you're not paying any attention to what time it is. But there's something so that's confused with shyness—and often it can be just that—but at all times, when he starts the conversational ball rolling, that's your cue to lend an ear.

In the deflated expression, he's bound to get the idea that you don't share his interest, and that's when he'll clam up and make a fast getaway when it's too late to do anything about it. Even if everything he wants to talk about isn't Topic "A" with you, it's still the best way possible for you to get to know him and for him to get a lead on your likes and dislikes, and find out if you have any interests in common. The job is sorting them out. That's another art that you can practice without him actually realizing you're getting around him. They say "it takes two to tango," but it also takes at least "two to talk" in this teenage world or any other.

Of course, I say "lend an ear," but that can be translated into "bend an ear."

Don't go all the way off in the other direction and begin chattering about any-
thing and everything that comes to your mind. It's the people who have the most to say that find it's also the shortest one to his friend-
ship, interest and attention.

I noticed an incident the other night when I was at one of the record hops and that a couple were dancing. Three other couples were standing off to one side of the gym floor, and one girl had a real tight grip on the right arm of one of the fellows. Every time he'd say something, she would let loose with a hilarious giggle that really drew attention away from whatever he had said and focused it right on her.

Now I'm sure she didn't realize this. She just seemed to be anxious to show her appreciation of his remarks, but I could see that he was starting to throw around those looks that I'm only mean "How am I going to escape?"

They were out on the dance floor a few minutes later, and she was really talking up a storm. There was another storm, too, and it appeared to be showing on his forehead. Whenever he would say something, that was his partner's cue to pick up in mid-
sentence and really go off with a line that never seemed to stop. In an instant I saw that he wasn't grabbing wrapped up in that line, and before the evening was over I saw them both sitting off to the side neither saying a word, and both looking like a couple of Docile doves. The cause was obvious. Sure he wanted his date to be interested in what he was saying, but he didn't want her taking over completely to stop. In other words, it came...

But I had to get to my own party. The 30th was on the way, and I knew I would have to think up something special. I decided to visit my friend who had given me the idea, and we decided to put on our costumes and go to the dance together.

My friend was dressed as a GI, and I was a girl in uniform. I thought it was a great idea, and we had a lot of fun.
of these problems can come up on a date, any date, and believe me I know fellows make their share of mistakes. Sure you get mad, too, at the guy who tells you to be ready at seven-thirty and then shows up at eight-fifteen. Or the guy who says "How would you like to see the basketball game Friday night?" And then after you dress in sweater and skirt, he shows up dressed to kill and informs you, "Oh, no, we're going to the dance at the church hall." Murder, you say. Well, don't do it. That's when you should smile, and tell him it won't take you more than a minute to change into something more formal. I guess even worse is when you've dressed in your newest dress and spent hours getting ready for a dance and he comes along with the last-minute word: "It's a square dance."

Now these mishaps aren't your fault, and nobody could blame you if you blew up and just "told him off." But that date, and the ones that might follow, could be salvaged and you are the one who can do it. Don't start blasting right away. Get ready for the occasion as quickly as possible and then, later on in the evening if your anger hasn't worn off, politely indicate that you wish you had been told beforehand just where you were going. Sure, you are still in a way letting him know where you stand, but what could have been a really bad evening is smoothed by a lot of patience on your part.

These evenings might have started off being really hectic, but there is another way to make sure they don't end up that way.

That can happen when you try to impress your date by telling him that you don't have to be home until twelve—when your parents really have set an earlier curfew. All unsuspecting, he takes you to the door at midnight only to be greeted by an irate dad or mom demanding to know why he kept you out so late. Oh, there he goes. Fleeing down the steps and out of sight and out of your social life.

He has been told by his parents what time he should be in, so it's only natural for him to know your deadline. Tell him honestly and he won't get sore. At least he won't get as burned up as he is when he gets blazed in your doorway.

So now you know how, if you really try, you can lose your Valentine. If you'd rather latch on to those dances and dates, there's a lesson here for you, too. Most of the boners I've talked about come about for pretty much the same reasons—because the girl isn't interested enough in her date, or she's interested but doesn't know how to show it. Or she's showing it in the wrong way. Show him he's a VIP and he'll send the mailman around with Valentines to show you what he thinks.

Did I say Valentine cards? . . . That reminds me . . . how which people put them in? I know I've got one here just for you.

See you next month. Meanwhile, write me at the office here at Photoplay. They've given me a brand-new file cabinet to keep my own, just to keep your letters in.—DICK
Johnny's come-of-age leather-trimmed wanted beats. pencils. in with once from four ing "Someday," what understand this want dying the grandfather's window.

Johnny's window. Johnny, payed hard, beginning to this past, pain-wrecked this year, his grandfather had refused to go to the hospital until now, in a critical condition, he had been brought by a speeding ambulance to the hospital, ether-smelling room where he lay dying through these last twenty-four hours.

holding his grandfather's bony hand in his, Johnny prayed. He prayed hard, begging the past, pain-wrecked this year, his grandfather's hand, hoping his grandfather's hand to summon the nurse who waited outside with his family.

I want him to know I'll be a success, that I'll make good in Hollywood, that I have a contract." But his immigrant grandfather who had only gone to the movies once in his life didn't grasp the meaning of what he was telling him. All he seemed to understand was that his dying grandfather was saying goodbye to all that the beloved Carmen, was ushering in a movie theater.

"Don't be ashamed of your work, whatever you do. If you're an usher be the best. I want you to remember that thing your grandfather said before lapsing back into a coma.

Now, the nurse, a rustling blur of white with softly curled black hair against a rose-pink complexion, held his grandfather's hand in her own hand, then walked over to the wide hospital window while the nurse stood silently by his grandfather's side counting the pulse-beats.

Outside, in the cloudy light of the sunless spring afternoon, the March wind seemed almost to sigh against the hospital window. Below, on the grey布鲁克林 building, the smiling face of the old man was seen, the warm coats and bright-colored caps ran home from school. Yellow taxis hunted their horns. Clusters of women waited on streetcorners for buses. Far away, on a rooftop, Johnny saw, through his leading wazie, a white bloom of clothes fluttering in the wind.

The squeals of the young, grade-school children, as though carried by the sighing spring wind, reached the seventh-floor room where Johnny stood gazing through the hospital window, and reminded him of a day, years ago. He was six and ready to begin school

Wasn't it his grandfather who said, "I'll take care of you. I bring to Carmen. His grandfather was proud of him, his first grandson and namesake, and wanted the joy of enrolling his Carmen in the fourth grade of his school not far from his home in Brooklyn.

On that first day of school when the elder Carmen Orrico came calling for the young Carmen to register him in the first-grade classes at St. Catherine's of Alexandria, he gave him new amazed, leather-trimmed school bag and a double decker pencil box of colored Mongol pencils.

"Today," he told the young Carmen in his lusty, loud-toned voice, "someday, my little one, you... you're going to be an important man. You wait and see. Here, in America, you have fine opportunity!"

Hand in hand, they both walked slowly to school on that crisp September morning. They walked along the busy sidewalks, those sun-splashed streets of heaven, the trees that stripped their leaves every November. "Will I like school, Grandpa?" young Carmen wanted to know.

"Like school?" his grandfather said with a tone of incredulity. "Of course, my boy, you'll like school. Just pay attention to all the things Carmen would learn in school. And you must study hard so that someday, when you grow up, you'll make Grandma and me proud of you, too."

Young Carmen listened intently, but when the time came for him to say goodbye in the hallway of the smelly-smelling school building, he was frightened. "I don't want to be left alone," his grandfather answered as he pinned a small St. Christopher medal inside his coat. "He will watch over you."

"And remember; now you are a man," his grandfather said in Italian. "You don't want to make us ashamed of you. A man never cries."

Carmen swallowed hard and tried to hold back his tears. He followed the black-robed Sister to the first-grade room, past the American flag in the corner and to a circle of children, smiling girls in pretty plaid dresses and beaming boys in starched cotton shirts. The Sister smiled her welcome and began to read a prayer from her big brown book.

This continued, his grandfather left work to come, and get Carmen. He waited in the school's hallway. When he met the boy he had said, arms outstretched to greet him. "There's my Carmen. Tell me now, how was the first day of school?"

And now, to Louise Bessinger's corner ice cream parlor and bought him a double dip chocolate ice cream cone.

Later, when young Carmen wanted to know his grandfather's work, his father told him how much schooling meant to his grandfather who had come from a poor family in Naples and never had the luxury of education. School in Italy the time his grandfather grew up, was only for higher classes. The lower classes had to work. But his grandfather, determined to find out for himself, immigrated to the northern climate of New York from his sunny Naples. And he dug ditches and mixed cement to raise his family. He knew how hard it was to own children to college, but the dream he held in his heart was for his grandchildren to reap all the glorious benefits of his newly adopted and beloved land.

"And now, to say in Italian, "she is going to be good to us."

as the spring wind whistled against the window pane of the hospital. View from their old home in Brooklyn, his somber black suit and starched white collar, entered with Johnny's family; his weeping, grey-haired mother, his sister, Dolores, and his brother, Tony, dabbed at her swollen, puffed cheeks; his short, stocky father whose dark eyes were red-rimmed from crying; his saddened teenage sisters, Dolores and Julie Ann; they had all waited in the hospital hallway while Johnny tried to talk with Grandfather alone, while he tried to explain to the dying man that Carmen Orrico was going to be a success. But Grandfather, failing from the malignant illness, didn't hear all of Johnny's words, didn't understand what Johnny wanted him to say.

Now, in the midst of that dark March afternoon, they were all of them huddled together in grief, kneeling in silent prayer while the tall priest unfurled the white cloth of purple silk and placed it over his shoulders. He gave Johnny's gasping grandfather his final communion and read the last rite from a black prayer book, the sign of the crucifix emblem that he always wore.

"Here we are all," Johnny thought, "a family brought together by death. How many times before they had been brought together! For sicknesses, for happinesses, for the both of our births and deaths.

Veronica Orrico. Here they were now, brought together out of love for the man who had the strength and courage to leave a destitute family in a faraway Italy for the future of his children and his children's children.

In a low, chanting voice the priest intoned the Latin prayers of the final sacrament. Johnny's knees were shaking as he prayed, recalled a memory, a touching remembrance of an August Sunday following his sixteenth birthday.

He had had a come-of-age party the Friday of his birthday with all his friends from the neighborhood and from the New Utrec High School. He had rolled the living-room rug into a corridor, and the living room, furnished with bottle games, everybody said they had a wonderful time. But on Sunday, two days after Johnny became sixteen, his grandfather suddenly fell ill. And the family dinner in Johnny's behalf, after morning Mass at St. Catherine's of Alexandria. All the Orricos were present. His grandfather was dressed in his dark green suit, white collar, striped silk tie.

"How distinguished he looks," Johnny had told himself. "He has so much... so much dignity." A laborer, yes. A ditch dinger, yes. A bricklayer. A bricklayer's son. But his Grandfather Orrico was proud of his life and his family, and his pride showed in his deep-set eyes, his erect bearing and the admiring way he looked at them all. Music to Johnny's ears, the family doctor, Dr. Hess, said as he embraced his grandson proudly and gave him a silver Parker 51 fountain pen. His small grandmother with the bright olive eyes, in a dark dress and tiny gold loafers, was especially happy to kiss Johnny and wish him good health and good luck.

They were here because this was his day, Carmen's day, and everyone brought with them something good and nice. The Friday night party was fun, but somehow it didn't make him feel sixteen. This day. Seeing his grandfather and grandmother. And his mother pouring red wine into the dozen sparkling wine-glasses on a silver tray held by his sister, Dolores, his father offering all the men Havana cigars, it was the way of things in some of our families. We're behind you. We believe in you. We're here to make this day yours."

Smiling, his dark-eyed sister offered all the guests the glasses of Chianti wine, and Johnnie, not waiting for the guests, and the girl, he poured the Chianti wine into the air while Johnny's grandfather pronounced a toast to Johnny's golden future. Everyone sipped from the thin-stemmed glasses. And again, like the
Praying now in the white-walled hospital room, his eyes on the gold crucifix the priest placed in his grandfather's still hands, Johnny asked God to make his grandfather understand why he had changed his name in Hollywood.

His grandfather chose to ignore the film world, refused to believe that Johnny had changed his name from the generations-old Carmen Orrico to the artificial Johnny Saxon. Years ago, when his grandfather went to a neighborhood movie, he stayed only for ten minutes. When he walked out he declared everything he saw on the big screen was trash. Now, he couldn't understand that Johnny, his Carmen, lived in Hollywood. He chose to believe Johnny was following the call of wild youth, roaming around before he settled down.

Only last night when a film of Johnny's was being shown on television, Johnny rented a TV set, had it wheeled into his grandfather's quiet hospital room in order that he might see his grandson as an actor, his last, at the same time for the program his grandfather fell into a deep sleep, never once seeing—if only for a moment—his grandson in the leading role.

Now, Carmen Orrico, immigrant from Italy, laborer, family man, was dying with his loved ones at his side. Arising from their prayers, Johnny's mother and father walked over to the deathbed and kissed the sallow cheeks of the gaeping, dying man.

Johnny arose and walked to the window. He looked out at the cloudy spring sky. "Dear God," Johnny prayed, "let him know of my work, let him know I'm no longer an usher in a movie house, let him know I've fulfilled his dream of success."

For a moment, only a brief moment, the March sun came out from behind the grey clouds and shone all over the rooftops and streets of Brooklyn. Tears streaming down his cheeks, Johnny looked up at the sun in wonderment. It was as if God had spoken to him through this golden burst of sunlight. Then, in that next instant, the sun disappeared, vanished, fell into dark hiding behind a mist of spring clouds.

Johnny stopped crying.

Maybe Grandfather had understood.

The End

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Shave Lady? Don't do it!
Continued from page 64

Going to the icebox, he took the milk, juice and apples and spread them out on the center of the table. Then with a flourish as if serving a king at the banquet table he said, "Okay, Rick, dig in. You can have your choice of beverages and we'll split the beans.

"Quilt the kid, Dave. Take a few steaks out of the freezer, sit down and have a drink on you."

"I'd love to oblige, but the fact is I for-bought my eat last night and Mom isn't due to arrive with her weekly shopping bag full of goodies until tomorrow. If you'll let me buy a couple of singles, 'I'm sort of short on cash myself this weekend, Rick. But to show you the generosity of my nature, I'll give you half. You can have six whole dollars to spend."

"Thanks, Dave. After I buy the album and get some gas I'll be broke again. Just think, only two years and three months from now I'll be twenty-six! I'm not that I'm complaining about the situation. I've got to admit it, you and Pop are pretty loose with the folding money, but two years sure seems like an awful long time.

"Well if six dollars isn't enough, before you pick up your date tonight stop home and put the bite on Pop. You have to go home and change clothes anyway.

"Say, that's right. Wait a minute...what date? Gosh, Dave, you just reminded me. I forgot to get a date. I did ask a girl out for tonight but she was going out with one of her folks. I forgot all about it until just now. By the way, where are you going tonight? Wherever it is, while you're out having a good time think of me alone, lonely, unwanted," he said, putting his left hand on his heart to emphasize the drama of it all.

"Very funny. According to the magazines you're the idol of millions of girls from theambutoe; don't tell me you're slipping.

"I told you I forgot to call anyone. Don't change the subject, where are you going tonight?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I asked a girl out but she's gone away for the weekend."

"You're kidding, you mean neither of you has a date tonight? Look, Dave, you're both pretty good looking. With all the girls and ask them to a show or something.

"You just can't call girls. You and I both know it. Even if she's sitting here dying for the phone to ring, no girl's going to accept a date at six o'clock on a Saturday night." I guess you're right, Dave. You know something, Rick, I don't understand women at all. They ask to call and when you do they say they're busy when they're not. It's no crime to have a free conversation. I'm not asking for a date. I'm just mentioning the girls who are satisfied to do things on the spur of the moment. But I guess you're right, it wouldn't be very nice to call anyone so late."

"Six minutes, maybe there's a solution," said Dave, "who'd left his floor cushion to begin chinning himself on the wooden cross-beam over the kitchen.

"Come on, let's get in our daily dozen, we can't avoid the situation and keep ourselves in trim at the same time."

Rick hoisted himself up on the wooden beam and they spent the next half-hour doing their things, having to discuss the female, or rather the lack of female companionship both were faced with that evening.

"You know, Dave, I'm changing my attitude toward girls. I used to go for the shy ones that stood on ceremony and played hard to get, but now sometimes I think it would be refreshing to have a girl and have a date.

"That's because you don't understand the psychology. Girls think they have to act very popular or else no other guy will be interested in them. I think they're right in every way. Anyway, I still go for the reserved type. They're much more of a challenge."

"I guess you're right," Rick said, puffling a little as he completed his twenty-fifth sequence. "Twenty-six...twenty...seven...hey Dave, am I seeing things or is that thing hanging at an angle?" Rick asked, pointing to a Japanese silk screen on the wall behind the couch.

"From girls to angles...I see the connection! You're right, Rick, it is crooked. Didn't I tell you that when I moved in with Pop I was going to look around and discover the whole house? It's almost impossible to hang anything straight; if I do it keeps falling off the wall, usually when I'm standing or sitting right under it. I think it's going to create problems now and then. Living alone is the greatest but it does have its complications."

"I suppose, but you've got it made. You're only three minutes away from our house, close enough to home-cooked meals and convenient for raving Pop's wardrobe closet. What else could you want?"

"Not a thing. I'm very satisfied, only I'm just warning you so that you won't think there isn't any responsibility connected with it."

"I see what you mean," Rick laughed. "Responsibility, like having food in the house when people come over, especially when they're invited for dinner. I understand, you've got to think of all these problems now and then."

"Score one for you. Say how did we get away from girls so completely? Come on, Rick, let's pool our 'charm' and figure out a good girl for dates tonight.

"A good idea," Rick said, "Stretching out on the floor with a bunch of pillows propped under him.

"Incidentally, you'd better go telling people that I'm the ideal girl is blonde and blue-eyed; you're discouraging an awful lot of potential brunettes that way."

"When did I say that? Oh, I remember...you must have picked up an old magazine last week. That's right...a month ago; a guy's entitled to change his mind. The next time a writer asks me what my ideal type female is I'll be prepared. As a matter of fact, I'm getting rather tired of the subject quite a bit of thought."

"Let's hear the latest Rick Nelson philosophy on women," said Dave, getting up off the floor to turn the records on the flip side.

"Well, first thing, I've wised up enough to realize it isn't exactly diplomatic to give a detailed physical description of a girl. If you add to that a lot of jealous blondes sure leaves out a lot of brunettes and redheads, too. Besides, the real truth is I don't think the color of a girl's hair or eyes is so important. At least I've got a limited eye for it.

"You mean there are a few things about the opposite sex that you don't like?" Dick said in a rather sly manner.

"Seriously, Dave, I mean I just don't like phoniness in anyone, but I can particularly spot it in girls. And I like a girl who knows how to listen as well as gab. I'd like a lot of girls feel they have to fill up every minute of time with conversation. They think I'll think they're dull if they don't talk. But really there are some times when a few minutes of quiet can be so effective. Whether that's the case, I'm sure Dave, like I said before, I don't like girls who say one thing when they mean something completely opposite. And last but not least, I don't like girls who are too eager; they should learn how to play the game of being independent but subtly enough so they don't make a guy want to run in the opposite direction. I think a
understand was oh, wonder going is have did his guess don't easy."
well, guess another Monday pulled melting cause, another week, discussing handle the decision could
be
the
game.

I've it."

asked him."

"Oh, you know what I mean. But sometimes they play guessing games that make lose all my money around until they finally decide it's time to let you know they really like you.

"You have been giving this a lot of thought. That's the best advice I've heard since I talked to Pops reminds you it would be better to switch from the guitar to a violin unless you visited the barber!"

"Yes, I remember . . . that was last Monday when I talked all the way to the barber shop . . . and I'd just had enough of a tight on a close shave to Pops' point of view."

"Incidentally, here you are talking about girls not acting too eager and a half hour ago you couldn't understand why I thought it was impossible to call and get some dates for tonight."

"You're right, Dave. Which leads me to another conclusion: No matter how old you get a girl just doesn't have a chance when it comes to girls. You can't lay down any rules or specific standards because, well, like tonight, I'd be more than happy to oblige a girl who was honest enough to accept she did not have one. But I suppose the best thing to do is just take things as they come. It's really rough on a guy knowing what to do and how to handle the female situation. Girls are just too darn unpredictable."

"When you stop and think about it, Rick, girls still have it rougher than we do. At least we have the choice of whether or not to ask them out. They have to sit and wait to be asked and that's not easy."

"Sometimes I wonder how people ever do get together. I used to think the answer was that the times were too."

"I remember, you set the record in the seventh grade . . . going steady three times with three different girls within the space of a month, wasn't it?"

"You're exaggerating, Dave. It was three girls in six weeks, not four!"

"Pardon me," Dave grinned, "how could I have ever imagined you'd be fickle enough to manage three steudies in only four weeks?"

"Take tonight, Dave. If we were going steady we wouldn't be sitting here talking about girls; we'd be getting dressed and thinking what to say where to take them instead of wondering what we're going to do tonight."

"You've got a point there. But going steady with girl about right now I've decided that when you get married it's time enough to spend your life with one woman. Until then, it's too confusing. The way I'd go steady is the way I'd do it the last time."

"When was the last time, Dave?"

"That's all past history, Rick. The point I was getting at is that the last time I went steady we made an agreement that we wouldn't see other girls and I guess that felt like it. That way, knowing I could see a new girl I liked and ask her out without worrying about hurting my 'steady', I really did it. I guess the next step is to look elsewhere. I guess what it boils down to is that if you feel you have your freedom, it isn't so vital to take advantage of it."

"Hey, it's six-thirty, we'll never get a date for tonight if we don't think up something quick."

"I've got it," shouted Dave, getting up off the floor and rushing into the bedroom to find his "little black book."

"Gee, why didn't I think of her before?"

"Who?"

"Remember that cute blonde girl who worked the shoe store a week ago? You did a dance routine with her."

"Oh, yes, she was really cute. But what makes you think she's so eager to go out with you?"

"Not me, Rick, you. I guess it slipped my mind, but we had a cup of coffee together while you were shooting a scene and she told me she thought you were a great dancer. We got to talking and she admitted she'd love to go out with you. I said I'd fix it up but I guess I forgot to mention to you."

"Swell, Say, wait a minute, isn't she the girl that was wearing that fuzzy pink sweater that got all over my blue jacket?"

"Yes, that's the one but don't hold her against her."

"Don't worry— I won't, but she's the girl who told me she had an older sister who was dying to meet you!"

"You're kidding? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't know. Anyway we're even. You have your phone number . . . go on, call her . . . ask for the older sister and then when you're all set I'll take over with the younger one."

"Well . . . I don't know. It's almost seven o'clock."

"Look, Dave, since she's an actress maybe she'll realize we've been so busy working all week we haven't had a chance to make dates in advance. Sure . . . don't be afraid. She's probably worked all week herself and maybe, just maybe she didn't make any plans either."

"Well, dude, I'll take care of it and I'm doing this against my better judgment, but okay. Get the phone, will you, it's in the bedroom. In the meantime I'll find her number."

Rick, suddenly coming to life, sprung up off the floor and returned with the telephone. "Here, Dave," he said, setting the phone down on the kitchen counter, "it's all yours."

Dave dialed the number, still trying to think of what he could possibly say so that the girl would know he really wanted to take her out and that he was sorry he hadn't called sooner."

"Well, say something," Rick coached from the sidelines.

"Quiet, Rick, I can't talk until someone answers the phone."

Rick, grinning sheepishly and surprised by his own eagerness, simmered down and stood by while Dave let the phone ring.

"Hello . . . is this Mary? No, don't go . . . wait a minute. If you're her sister you're the one I want . . . I mean well . . . my name is Dave Nelson and Mary's told me a lot about you and . . . Say, I'm sorry to be so late, I'm just wondering your dinner, am I?" Oh, well, let's get together sometime soon. I'll call you the first part of the week. Swell."

"Dave," Rick countered, "don't hang up, ask for Mary . . ."

"Oh, pardon me but is your sister in, my brother would like to talk to her. Good, I'll put Rick on." Handing the receiver to Rick, Daniel looked eagerly as his brother picked up the phone."

"Hi, Mary, how are you? . . . Rick . . . Rick Nelson . . . Oh, I'm fine. You know I've been meaning to call you, Me, gee, I don't know where the week went to . . . Pardon me . . . oh, no I don't mind sure I understand well, have a good time and maybe we can get together next week. There's a swell double bill playing at the Warners in Hollywood. Great . . . I'll call you Monday. Goodbye . . . and . . . have fun tonight. By the way, about party are you going to? Oh, sounds like a lotta fun. I don't think I know her. I just asked because Dave and I might go to a party tonight, too. I thought by coincidence it might be the same one . . . well, bye now . . . see you next week."

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"Did you say we were going to a party for?" Dave asked as soon as Rick had hung up.

"I just said we might, and it's possible. Besides, we didn't want them to think we were calling them at the last minute, did we? This way it seemed just like we were really calling to say hello and break the ice for next week. At least I think it sounded that way, didn't it?"

"What a diplomat! It's funny, when I asked Mary's sister if I was disturbing her dinner she said no, that she had a dinner date and was busy getting dressed but that she loved hearing from me. All I could think of to say was that I'd call next week."

"Well, there's no harm done. At least we have dates for next week and I'm sure they're not mad that we called them tonight."

"I guess you're right, Rick. Well, we tried. Any suggestions?"

"Sure! Just forget about going out tonight. . . there's a real good old movie on TV. . . I can't think of the name of it. . . you know, the one about those guys who take a trip to the moon."

"Oh, I've seen that one three times. Besides, I have news for you, my set's on the blink. The only picture you can see tonight is a test pattern."

"Gee, Dave, I thought you fixed the set. Didn't I hear you tell Pop that you got scratched up falling off the roof fixing your antenna?"

"You heard me. I did fix my antenna and I did fall off the roof. . . about fifty feet as I remember. You know I really was very lucky. Too. When I picked myself up I discovered I fell in the only soft mud bank that stood between me and the valley. There's just she'er rocks all around except for that one spot."

"You were very lucky, Dave; but what I don't understand is why doesn't the set work?"

"Just because I fell off the roof doesn't automatically mean I did the right thing when I was still on the roof. I fixed the antenna but evidently not good enough. I called a repairman but he couldn't get out until Monday. You have to get a special man who knows all about roofs that slant and all about the interference of the hills."

"Well, that eliminates the moon picture, Rick said dejectedly. You can always step outside and look up if you're that anxious to see the moon!"

Dave said.

"I know," said Rick, after a brief pause to laugh at his brother's last comment. Brightening up and reaching over for the Samurai sword that Dave had mounted on the kitchen wall for decorative purposes, he said, "I'll take this and you can put on one of those masks you have hanging in the living room. What do you call them again?"

"You mean the Kabuki masks the Japanese wear when they do that ceremonial dance?"

"Right. Now, I've got it. I'll be a Samurai warrior and you can be a ham actor and I've come backstage to ask you to commit hara-kiri before I'm forced to use my trusty Samurai . . . then . . ."

"Next suggestion," said Dave, showing his lack of enthusiasm for his brother's comical brainstorm.

"Well, how does this sound? Let's drive down to town in my car so you can lend me money to get gas."

"That's exciting!"

"Wait, I'm not through. Then we can ride over to Music City and I can use the change from our ten dollars to get that album I want. Then we can come back here and play records. . . and we'll have some change left from the ten after I get the gas and the record . . ."

"I suppose you have plans for that, too?" Dave said, not really caring what they did at that point.

"Why naturally . . . you know I'm very clever when it comes to spending money. We can stop off at the drive-in and get some food. We have enough for a couple of cheeseburgers and milk. You haven't forgotten you did invite me to dinner!"

"Okay, Rick, let's go. By the way, are Mom and Pop home tonight?"

"No, they went to some charity banquet."

"That's right. Well, then if you're really eager to see that moon picture we can stop home after we get your gas, and recite the food and the use the folks TV set.

"I'd just as soon come back up here and talk, Dave . . . besides, I just remembered I already saw that movie last week when I was over at your house. There were all those girls out front and, you know, I thought it would be great to meet one of them and go to a show or something. But then, you told me Dave, it's rough being up on that stage with all those cute girls way out there . . . they ask for my autograph but they shy away because I guess they figure I'm not looking for a date. If they only knew how I spend my nights when I'm on the road—watching old movies on TV! Honestly, Dave, like that girl in Atlantic City I told you about. The one with the ponytail who sat in the front. . . ."

"Maybe she did, Rick. I heard they had two policemen at the stage door keeping the crowd in order."

"That's right, they did. I suppose it's the best thing, for them, I mean. You know how that is, you're afraid someone will get hurt if they let a big crowd just stand around. But sometimes I think it would be swell if I got to really meet people when I went around the country. I think it would be fun going out with a lot of girls from places outside of Hollywood. Well, maybe next summer when I go out on tour again, I'll think of something to do."

"No, you've got yourself a deal, Dave."

The Nelson boys drove into Hollywood, dateless. By the time they got through talking and having pop, they were ready for dinner and devouring their cheeseburgers and milk. The hours had flown by. At quarter to one, Rick said goodnight to Dave and started off down the hill home. Just before the door, he said to her know and me. It was fun, tonight, even without dates. Besides now I'll get in early enough to get some sleep.

Dave just looked at his brother and answered in two words, "You're kidding?" unable to believe that his brother Rick would be content with such a placid evening.

"Of course, I'm kidding," Rick smiled. "But it's always polite to let your host think you've had fun!" And with those parting words he managed to get out of the doorway before the cushion his brother tossed after him could connect with the top of his head.

When Dave was alone he went around the room shutting off the lights. The last thing he did before he got into bed was to write down a note in red pencil: "Call Mary's sister, Monday, for sure." A few miles away, back in his own room, Nick Nelson got out his little black book. Just before he shut his light off, he transcribed Mary's sister into the book from the piece of paper he'd used at Dave's to copy it down. Then, remembering himself to call her on Monday, he got into bed. He was tired and happy and, thinking, he thought to himself. Stag nights are great, but not too often! —MARCIA BORIE

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WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

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

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

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Name: __________________________ Age: __________
Address: __________________________

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1574, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

RICK IS IN WARNER'S "RID BRAVO" AND DAVE IS IN "REMEMBER THE RESERVES!" THEIR "SEEN" IN "THE ADVENTURES OF OSSIE AND HARRIET," SEEN ON ABC-TV, WEDNESDAY, AT 8:30 P.M., EST.
physician, Dr. Marvin S. Levy. After talking to the doctor, she returned to Jerry and, sounding as confident as she could, said, "Help me, darling, honey. Everything will be all right."

Jerry winked at her and then stuck out his tongue. She forced a smile. Seemingly satisfied, he closed his eyes again. Patti forced herself to stay even, too, and resting her head on the pillow next to him, she prayed.

Twenty minutes later the ambulance arrived, awakened by its two sons, 13-year-old Gary and 9-year-old Ronnie, who came sleepy down the hall to find out what was happening. Explaining what had transpired to the emergency doctor who was now talking to the younger boys' room—Scotty, three, and Chris, one—to reassure the younger boys if the ambulance's siren had alerted them, too. Then she went downstairs to open the door for Dr. Levy and the ambulance attendants.

The doctor hurried upstairs and into Jerry's bedroom. He felt Jerry's pulse again, then gently, Jerry rolled his eyes from left to right, and then from right to left. The doctor said sharply, "Stop it."

He took out his stethoscope and put it against Jerry's back. The comedian shivered. "That's cold," he said, "Doesn't anyone make mittens for stethoscopes?"

"Quiet," the doctor said, and continued the examination. Finally, he lifted up the patient's head, put two pills in his mouth, gave him a sip of water, and then eased his head back down on the pillow. He was to the moan of the ambulance attendants who helped slip Jerry out of bed and onto a stretcher and carry him down the steps. At the front door they stopped for a second and Patti bent over and kissed Jerry on the forehead. When she straightened up, Jerry winked at her and stuck out his tongue again. And then they carried him out to the ambulance.

Patti waited at the door until the sound of the siren had faded in the distance. Then she went back upstairs, told Gary and Ronnie that breakfast was going to be all right and that they were going to bed. She stood for a moment by Scotty's youth—bed and Chris' crib. Neither had heard the siren; both were sleeping soundly. She pulled the blanket up over his shoulders and pushed Chris' Teddy bear to one side of his crib. Then she switched off the night light and left their room.

Back in her own bedroom she went over to where Jerry had been lying just a few minutes before. She straightened the top sheet, gently, as if he were still there. Then she sank down on the bed and buried her face in the pillow. It was still a little warm from Jerry's head and a little wet from the water she had splashed in his face. She took time she loved sobbing. At last her crying stopped. Then she turned over on her back and stared at the telephone. She touched the St. Christopher medal on one of her necklaces. Jerry had given it to her before they were married—one for her and one for him—and they had both worn them ever since. She placed the medal against a cushion and gazed at the telephone, and waited for the call from Dr. Levy . . .

In the hospital corridor Jerry woke up. "Where am I?" he asked. This looked like one of the sets from "Rocky and Baby." "You're in Mt. Sinai Hospital," a nurse answered, "and you must be quiet, Mr. Lewis."

"Quiet," Jerry said, "why I'm on the board of directors here. You'd better look out or I'll use my influence and force them to make you my private nurse."

"Please, quiet, Mr. Lewis," the nurse said.

Jerry started to answer but his words were lost as the ambulance attendants shifted him from the stretcher to a wheelchair. An orderly wheeled him into an elevator and he was taken up to the fifth floor to room 514. A nurse and an orderly helped him into bed.

One of the resident physicians and Dr. Levy came in and examined him again. Then they put more pills into his mouth and soon he was asleep.

Dr. Levy called Patti and told her that Jerry was resting comfortably and that he had just ordered that they wait a few hours before making a definite diagnosis, and he told her to get some sleep. Yes, doctor," she said, "I will." Thank you, Patti."

"Stop and Jerry's arrived, and they put more pills into his mouth and soon he was asleep."

When Jerry woke up, a nurse was sitting in the chair next to his bed. "Hi," he said, "you're definitely not my wife. What are you doing?"

"I'm your nurse, Mr. Lewis." "That's wrong with me?"

"That's up to your doctor—Doctor Levy —to tell you." "Where is he?"

"He'll be here soon," she answered. "Would you like something? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," he said, "I want to talk to Patti . . . my wife."

"I'm sorry," she answered, "but you're not allowed to make or receive any calls. That's impossible," he said.

"I'm sorry; those are my orders."

"Do you have orders to starve me until I confess?"

"You can eat," she answered, "but before that . . . how do you feel? Any pain?"

"A little," he said, "here in my chest . . . and a bit in my stomach, but nothing that 13-year-old, some orange juice, bacon and potatoes and a heap of toast, couldn't fix. Coffee, of course."

"But it's two-thirty in the afternoon," the nurse said, "much too late for breakfast."

"Afternoon?" said Jerry, scratching his ear. "Okay, it's afternoon. Then I want something to eat. I'm getting hungry."

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but the nurse interrupted by her stethoscope."

He lifted the first cover and there was a little mound of cottage cheese. The third—something like tapioca pudding. And under the fourth was a dish of cream. Jerry looked at the tray and then at the nurse back at the tray. "I'm sorry, sick, huh?"

"You're really sick," he pushed the potatoes aside, started to do the same with the cottage cheese, and then thought better of it. "Cottage cheese and sour cream," he said, "that's not so bad, and lifted the cream to pour it over the cheese.
A little later two doctors came into the room. "Don't beat me," Jerry said. "See," and he pointed to the empty dishes on the tray, "I ate it all up. Just to make you happy. I'm really very good."

"How do you feel?" they asked.

"What's wrong with me?" Jerry asked. "I couldn't read the tiny writing on the chart."

"At this point we don't know for sure," the other doctor answered, "but we think that you have a perforated, bleeding ulcer. At least that."

"At least that," Jerry repeated. "What else?"

"Well, while you were asleep we took an electrocardiogram—a picture of the action of your heart. There are deviations from "A normal. But this isn't unusual. We'll have to wait three or four days before we can take x-rays and find out for sure. Meanwhile, get plenty of rest."

"And lock his finger in the cream," Jerry added.

"And no visitors except Patti."

"But ... but ... " Jerry said. A thermometer was put in his mouth, stopping his words.

The doctors left. The nurse looked at her watch and Jerry started to take the thermometer out of his mouth. She shook her head no. He picked up a pencil from the table next to his bed and printed on a piece of paper: HELP. I'M A PRISONER IN A SWEET CREAM FACTORY. CALL THE POLICE. He held the paper up for the nurse to read, folded it into a paper airplane, and threw it out of the window.

A t last came the day when x-rays were taken. Then he was told the results.

"You have a perforated, bleeding ulcer of the rear wall of the stomach," Dr. Levy told him. "You did not have a heart attack and we can see no damage to your heart. But an ulcer can and, especially the kind you have, is very serious. If you do what we tell you, if you follow our advice, you'll be all right.

"Uh! Uh! I see more sweet cream coming," Jerry said.

"No," one of the doctors said, "you can eat more—if it is bland. No drinking. No smoking. And you'll have to cut down drastically on work. No 17-hour a day schedule. No working all day at the studio, all night at home, and squeezing in bits besides. No tension and excitement."

"No nothing," Jerry added. "Fellows . . . physicians . . . men . . . comrades . . . you're asking me not to eat. I can't take it easy. I don't know how.

"You'd better learn," the doctors said and they left the room.

On the morning of his fifth day in the hospital, a nurse's aide pushed a cart into Jerry's room. On it were the usual hospital gifts that patients might buy: books, candy, toys, and magazines. "I'll buy it all," Jerry said. "And I want to borrow the cart."

"But Mr. Lewis, I can't give you the cart. It's against the rules."

Jerry took out a copy of a Mt. Sinai brochure. "Do you see this?" he asked, pointing to a page. "There's a list of the board of directors of this hospital. And whose name do you find here?"

"Jerry Lewis," she read.

"That's right. That means I'm a boss. One of your bosses. So may I have the cart?"

So Jerry went from room to room on the fifth floor of the hospital, distributing presents. As the cart's load lightened, he pushed it faster along the corridors. When it was going at a good speed, he would hop on the back and coast along. Finally, a doctor stopped him and escorted him back to his room. "I was having so much fun," Jerry said, "and you spoiled it."

That night, even though the "No Visitors" rule was still in effect, Jerry arranged for Danny Thomas, Jimmy Durante and Sam Davis, Jr.—his good pals—to slip into his room. When his nurse made her usual nine o'clock visit to take his temperature, she found him passed out, sound asleep. She put the thermometer in his mouth. He sat up quickly. It wasn't Jerry, it was Jimmy.

"What kind of hotel is this?" Durante asked. "Can't a man even take his beauty sleep without being intruded upon by tourists?"

The nurse ran from the room, and Danny and Jerry came out behind a curtain, laughing. Jimmy took out the thermometer, put it carefully in the glass next to his pillow, put the sheets back over his head, and started to snore. It took the head nurse and an intern to "wake him up."

During those long days in the hospital, Jerry had time to think. He had to slow down . . . he owed it to Patti and to the boys—Ronnie, Chris, Scottie and Gary.

In the days that followed Jerry "rested."

One evening he called Katy Jurado, who was in the hospital for a check-up, and asked her to "split a bowl of sweet cream" with him for breakfast the next morning. When he was in bed, he was thumbing through a pile of scripts. "I got a great idea for a movie about a hospital," he said. "I'll play a double role: a psychiatrist, and one looks like a psychiatrist. Now the patient looks up and I tell the doc in a closet, puts on the psychiatrist's clothes, and starts to make his rounds."

"A young, feminine, nurse—you'll play that part—and he . . ."

"Enough," Katy laughed. "Eat your sweet cream before it turns sour."

"Hey, I'm hungry, Jerry answered. "I'll leave the sweet cream standing around for hours and then it will become sour cream, I like sour cream . . ."

"Jerry, stop," she said. "You're making me ill."

That afternoon Patti and the boys came to visit him, but his younger sons still weren't allowed in and had to wait across the street. Jerry found them hiding with a telescopic lens. He leaned it on the window sill and looked through the lens at the boys.

"Patti," he yelled. "I can see them big as day. Hey, Chris has a new tooth. And Scotty . . . why he's wearing one of my ties, my favorite tie. I have to get out of bed before he finds out my suits fit him too."

One afternoon Jerry borrowed a doctor's uniform and went down to visit children's ward. "I'm Dr. Lewis," he told the youngsters, "and I have medicine for all of you. He distributed candies and toys to all the kids there. One little girl was so happy to see him, but then she smiled wanly as he put a rag doll in her arms.

Later that evening, he called Patti on the phone. She came right to the hospital by taxi and went straight to his room. "Patti," he whispered. "Patti." And then he just looked at her for a minute, in silence. He was thinking a lot about his thinking. I'm going to try my best to slow down a bit. It's hard. I love my work. I love to make people laugh . . . But you know me too well.

"I'll cut down, yes. I've learned my lesson. But there are certain things I won't cut out. That telephone for Muscular Dystrophy, for instance. I've been doing it for about ten years. I can't stop now. I don't want to stop."

An expression of acute pain, of deep sadness, flitted across Patti's face. Jerry's fingers gripped her arm. "No, Patti, no tears. No. No. No. No. You misunderstand me. It's just that . . . well, I saw a sick little girl this afternoon. She doesn't have MD but she had something just as bad. I can't stop helping kids like that. If I did stop, then it would kill me."

Patti bent over and kissed him. "Perhaps the girl will come here. Let's put the telephone until you're a little stronger," she said. Then she put her head down next to his on the pillow. His arm circled her head and he closed his eyes and pressed his face against her hair.

The nurse entered the room, thermometer in her hand. "Oh, no," Jerry said, "not now. Look. I'm going home tomorrow. So be good. No temperature-taking. No sweet cream. Be good or I'll call Jimmy Durante to come over and scare . . . But he never finished the sentence, for the nurse popped the thermometer gently but firmly, into his mouth.

The END

DON'T MISS JERRY IN PARAMOUNT'S "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP" WATCH FOR HIS "SPECIALS" ON NBC-TV.
Lawrence Welk

Continued from page 72

Welk's mind was already racing back through the years, racing back till he heard again the awful laughter of that night in Dallas, on South Dakota.

"Look at that clown!"

"Get him!"

"Why doesn't he go back to the farm?"

The lonely man sat there on the edge of the wooden bandstand, his hands pressing against his ears to shut out the cruel echoes of those sounds. He began pacing the polka floor. He returned to his ballroom in a panic. Where, he asked himself, where could he go to get away from those sounds?

He sank down again on the edge of the bandstand. Except for a few torn strips of red and white crepe paper—these and the figure of this lonely man—the hall was bare. There weren't even any instrument cases standing around. The members of his own band had deserted him, walked out on him, refusing to work for a man who didn't even know how to speak properly and who acted, they taunted, as if he still had overalls on.

It all began just after intermission. Lawrence Welk thought he had hit on a new idea. Standing there, pumping out of the accordion the music he'd first learned from his German-born father, he suddenly thought how much he himself would like to dance. Why not? he wondered. It might even be good showmanship. He put his accordion aside and started down into the audience.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked, smiling warmly at the woman he had selected and trying not to hear his own accent.

"With you?" the surprised woman blurted out. There stood his, his open hand extended while a deep purple blush spread over his face, blotted out the warm freckles. Then it began—the laughter, the terrible laughter, the laughter he had heard all his life and knew he would never escape.

And afterwards there was still more laughter. "This is it!" the drummer announced. "We've had enough of this. I don't want to dance with you! You're not much of a musician, but as a dancer . . . " The drummer signaled to the others with an abrupt motion. And, one by one, the entire band walked right out the door of the ballroom. They left Lawrence Welk there, alone, white-faced and stunned, with nothing to say because he was too hurt and nothing to do because he was too discouraged.

"Well," he thought, slumping forward. "They're right. I'm a hick. I've got an accent. I'm nothing much to look at and ... I guess I even have to admit I'm no great shakes as a musician either. I never even learned to read music."

As a young boy, he'd worked in the fields, helping his father to harvest the crops. Then, after sundown, Ludwig Welk would teach his son to play the cheap pearl-buttoned squeeze box he'd brought from the old country. Then, when a ruptured appendix had almost cost Lawrence his life and had put him a full year behind the other kids at school, the accordion was the only thing that could cheer him up. When he finally returned to school, he was ashamed at being bigger and older than anybody in the class.

Once, when Lawrence was fourteen years old, the teacher of the country school he attended near Strasburg, North Dakota, let him go outside to play. He had finished his work, and she had to listen to the other pupils recite.

It was a mild spring day with new grass popping up all around the building, a perfect day to be outdoors. Inside this farm boy, the love for music he had felt since he was a toddler began to grow and swell until he thought it would burst unless he let it out. Around in back of the schoolhouse he saw an old broomstick propped up against the building. He didn't want to make any noise that would bother the students inside; he couldn't sing. Still, he could dance. So, grabbing the broom in his plump, freckled hands, he began to polka around the yard, turning and twirling, hopping, leaping, skipping around and round, fast and still faster until his head began to spin with happiness.

"Lawrence!" The teacher was standing in the door of the schoolhouse with a look he knew she used only when she had to punish someone. "I'm surprised at you!" she said. "I thought you were a more considered boy. What on earth made you think we wanted to listen to you sing all morning? You'll have to come inside right now."

"Sing? Sing?" He didn't think he was making any noise. The music must have just popped out of him—and he didn't even know he was singing.
know it was happening or how it happened.

Red-faced, he walked back into the classroom. "Get a load of the nightingale!" one of the sixth-graders yelled. A girl pointed at him, shaking her head and laughing. "Quiet!" Miss Randolph ordered. But her face only grew redder when she saw the lines someone had scrawled on the blackboard while she was out of the room:

"Larry Welk went out to play, Sang and drove the birds away."

What hurt most was that even his father thought it was funny. When he saw the expression on Lawrence's face, though, Ludwig Welk's voice took on a kindlier tone. "They laughed—no? Well, what should I say? That's what you got to expect. For you to be a musician—that I don't approve anyway. But you got to be—how do you say it—prepared! That's it. This you haven't got, Lawrence. They laugh at me. I got an accent. No education. I'm just a farmer. They laugh at me. I'm afraid they will laugh at you too. But, I know, it always hurts when people laugh."

Ludwig Welk didn't want people laughing at his son and he didn't want his son leaving their good rich lands to go into the evil world that he pictured show business must be. And when Lawrence opened the mail-order catalogue to show him the shining new accordion he had his heart set on, Ludwig shook his head in protest. It cost four hundred dollars, much more money than he had. He would have to pay for it in installments and Ludwig had never bought anything on time payments in his life.

Lawrence pleaded. He was determined to have that accordion and, finally, he struck a bargain with his father. "I'll pay back every cent of the money," he promised, "and I'll stay on the farm until I'm twenty-one."

Ludwig agreed and Lawrence kept his promise. But when he was twenty-one, he left his father's farm and tried to build a band of his own. Each year of hard work made him more and more certain his father had been right. People did laugh. They laughed when he flopped as an actor with a vaudeville troupe; they laughed when his accent popped out; they laughed every time he went down into the audience to dance. They even laughed at him, at the way he looked.

There was only one thing about Lawrence Welk that people did not laugh at—his sense of rhythm, his ability to know what songs people wanted to hear, the gift of music which he could bring them. They did not make fun of this.

After his own band had walked out on him, another orchestra leader offered him control of a band he'd organized. Lawrence turned down the offer, but it gave him back enough of his confidence to organize a new band of his own.

His first band had shared in the profits cooperatively, but while the men had been willing to take the good, they had balked at the bad times. Now, Lawrence paid his men a straight salary and began to learn how to talk to his men and how to be their leader. Before, he had set up the music stands and carried all the instruments for the boys himself. He was used to heavy work from the farm and he thought nothing of it until his new boys looked at him in surprise and explained that lugging and carting were not a leader's job.

For a moment, Lawrence was embarrassed and felt they must be laughing at him. But then he told himself they were just being friendly and, on this new basis, the band grew and Lawrence Welk became better known and more and more popular in the Midwest. He even had a radio show.

A mong the crowd jamming the WNAK studio one day in Yankton, South Dakota, was a group of nurses. But for Lawrence Welk, there was only one person she looked at. Her dark brown eyes, the straight way she sat with her white-gloved hands in her lap, her attentive air of listening with her head cocked a little to one side. She's pretty, he thought, and a lady too. But she'll never go out with a homely bumpkin like me. Through the rest of the broadcast, he couldn't keep his eyes from constantly turning in her direction.

Fern Renner was embarrassed. At first she tried not to look back at him. One of her friends leaned over and whispered excitedly, "Lawrence Welk certainly has his eye on you! You lucky girl! What'll you do if he asks you to go out?"

"Oh, Annie, keep still!" Fern answered. "I don't think any of that. Don't you think so? But he doesn't intend to look at me. Besides, who'd want to go out with an orchestra leader? They're so unstable. I bet he has a girlfriend in every town!"

"Well, he seems to think you're awfully pretty," Annie replied. "And he looks so nice! Not at all sophisticated or dangerous! And he was right. The minute the engineer waved the show off the air, Lawrence cut a path straight toward Fern. He hurried. Otherwise, he might have become too afraid to talk to her at all. "Hello," he said, "Are you girls enjoying the show? That's a pretty hat you have on," he continued, turning toward Fern.

"In fact, it's too pretty to be put away in a box right after the show."

"Thank you, Mr. Welk. I enjoyed the show very much. But don't worry about my hat being put away. My friends and I are going out to dinner."

"That's disappointing! I thought maybe you'd have dinner with me." On closer sight, Fern was even prettier than he thought. Everything she said made him want to know her better. "Is it all right if I call you?" he asked. "Maybe we could go out some other night." That accent again! he thought. But she didn't seem to notice it.

Fern hesitated. She was trying to decide how she could tell him it was his profession she didn't like, not him. "I might as well be frank," she began. "I'm just not used to nothin' but musicians. My family wouldn't approve—and, well, I'd rather not."

"So that's it!" he said. But inside, he wondered. Maybe she just didn't like him. Even so, he liked her well enough to take the chance of being refused again. "I don't know how I can convince you—wait a minute! Tell you what I'll do; I'll invite one of your friends to lunch with us."

"All right," Fern laughed. "There can't be any harm in that."

Over the next few months, Lawrence and Fern had many dates, but gradually they drifted apart. Lawrence went to Lake Placid, New York, where he had a bookings and, and Fern accepted a job as a laboratory technician in Dallas. Months later, she went to Denver for a vacation. While she was in Denver, she noticed an ad in the paper—"Ellitch's Gardens—Outdoor Dancing to the Music of Lawrence Welk." "Should I call?" she wondered. "I'd like to, but—but—he's a musician. Still, it'd be fun to see him. I'll call him!"

The Lennon Sisters—Peggy, Janet, Dianne and Kathy—laugh with Lawrence Welk.
Three hours later she was lunching with him, and that night she was at Elitch's. Something deep inside her began to tell her that Lawrence's fine qualities as a man were more important than the fact that he was a musician. How surprised she would have been if she knew Lawrence still thought she just didn't like him well enough to marry him.

"Having you here means a lot to me, Fern," he whispered over the polished ballroom floor together.

"I like being with you more than I've ever told you," she answered, turning her pretty face up to his.

"I know. I'm not much of a prize, Fern. I'm a backwoods hick. But . . . " He was cut off by the sound of her laughter. He stopped dancing, his body too stiff to move. He started to laugh, open, and at the back of his mind, he heard the old taunt: "Larry Welk went out to play, Sang and drove the birds away."

"Oh, Lawrence!" she continued laughing. She had to put her hand over her mouth in order to stop. "Lawrence, what's wrong?" She saw the look on his face and became frightened. "What's the matter?" she repeated.

"I've gotten used to most people laughing," he said, shaking his head from side to side in disbelief. "But I can't stand to have you laugh at me, Fern."

"Laugh about what?" she echoed. "I'd never laugh at you! There's no reason to laugh at you! Oh—is that what you thought? You're so wrong! The idea that you're someone who should be laughed at—that's what's funny. There must be hundreds of women who'd jump at a chance to marry you. Whether you know it or not, you're a very attractive man!"

"Don't kid me, Fern," he answered stubbonly.

"Kid you? What can I do to prove I meant everything I said?"

She was quiet for a few seconds, remembering that despite the things she had said, Lawrence was still a musician. Quickly—she prayed—and a decision came. "Yes. Yes, Lawrence, I will marry you. I know now that you're strong and reliable. I think I can accept your profession too."

A few months later Fern Renner and Lawrence Welk were married at the Sacred Heart Cathedral in Sioux City, Iowa. With the morning sun shining down on them through the stained-glass windows, they took each other's hands and made a pledge, a pledge to be together through good times and bad ones, through one-night stands, through separations, through the years and over the miles—in fact, forever.

Sometimes keeping the pledge was hard work. It took patience and determination, a sense of humor, and most of all, love. Important, the courage to shut out the laughter which still followed them. On their wedding day, they went to a hotel in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. As the wedding party carried him in, the Elitch's theater crowd gave a shout of recognition. "Larry Wentz! Larry Wentz!"

"You'll have to sign the book," the clerk said to Lawrence as he looked them over.

"Oh, sure," Lawrence took the pen and confidently wrote down: "Fern Renner and Lawrence Welk."

The clerk looked at the book and then winked at Lawrence. "You'd better try again, Larry, for a song title."

"Okay." When Lawrence saw what he had written, he hardly control his confusion. The accent he'd picked up during his Dakota childhood came out stronger than ever as he tried to explain, "We . . . well, you see . . . we were just married this morning.

"Oh, a foreigner," the clerk laughed scornfully as he handed him the key. But Lawrence and Fern were learning. Together, they were learning how to shut out the laughter. The next few years were good ones. Larry Welk saw many ways. He and Fern had their first child, Shirley. And gradually Lawrence's band obtained better and better bookings. Then came the Depression years, and, like everyone else, Lawrence suffered as an entertainer. Bookings got smaller and smaller, less and less frequent.

Somewhere, they got through the bad times, and they got through Shirley being apart, like the time when baby Shirley had been born. After that, they stayed together through as much of the touring musician's life as they could. When Donna and Lawrence Jr. were born, they joined the Welk caravan, which now traveled only during the day so that the children would have a reasonable place to sleep at night. Later, when they were of school age, the children traveled with him only during the summer.

When fall came, they would go protestingly back to school and Lawrence would continue his touring schedule. As the places they visited, though, must have given Larry Jr. a good idea of what people like in music. Larry's become his father's unqualified fan. (It was he who first heard the Lennon Sisters and told Lawrence Sr. about them.)

And meanwhile, the champagne muse of Lawrence Welk was working on people. People were beginning to come from long distances to see him and his warmth and smile as well as his music were becoming known. Lawrence Welk was at last starting to know the feeling of being accepted and being liked, although he still dreaded the laughter he thought might be behind his back. Even with his very popular television shows, his recording sessions and his regular engagement at the famous Aragon Ballroom, he just couldn't stop wondering whether he ought to be "up there" anymore.

It wasn't so bad any longer when he was actually "up there." He knew the boys in the band were his friends and he could look out at the audience and see by the way they were dancing and dancing that they liked his music. But when he was sitting there at home, staring at his own image on the television set, he'd shake his head and think, "This isn't such a fool of myself. They can't really like me, not honestly. Not like I am." And when he'd hear himself trip up in his speech, he would groan.

"Lawrence!" Fern was actually shaking him to make him understand. "All those people all over the country who are watching, they could just click the dial if they wanted to. As a matter of fact, the people at the Aragon Ballroom or who buy your records, nobody's forcing them to that, either. Lawrence," she smiled at him with tenderness, "Oh, Lawrence, you're right. Nobody forces them at all . . . nobody at all . . . just people."

The End

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YOUR FIGURE

Continued from page 69

tape measure around your body under the bust and gently. Now hold five inches to find your bra size. To measure the waist, pull tape firmly without pinching. To measure hips, place tape around hips at widest part. This will vary on different figures; for instance, this may be high as three inches below the waist; for others, it means almost at the thigh line. If your mirror and your measure tell you your figure is somethings than your action, take heart; the proper foundation can do wonders for you. There's one for every figure type—it's just a question of knowing which one you are, and then doing something about it.

WHICH FIGURE TYPE ARE YOU?

The Young Figure: This is the figure which is still developing, and it's likely that you are severely out-of-date. Best advice for you is to buy one bra at a time, keeping two bras going constantly, one to wash and one to wear.

The Junior Figure: Smaller than the average figure in scale, if you're a junior you are probably short waisted. Did you know that many models and starlets are a junior figure? This does not mean that these girls don't bother with support. Every young model and starlet owns a wardrobe of bras and girdles! If you want to accent your figure, many of the new bras this season have laminated inserts in the cups which will add contour without heavy padding. Generally, a lightweight, pull-on panty girdle is enough control for you. But for the best answer, try on your bra and girdle in the fitting room, letting your saleswoman help select the proper style with you.

The Top-Heavy Figure: Do you have a nice bosom but straight narrow hips which measure less than 6" larger than your waist? If you are in this category, choose a bra with support under the bosom and double panels at the side to keep your curves natural. A lightweight girdle is enough for you. If you plan to wear it under any of your new pants or girdles with separate seat panels such as the one pictured on page 68.

The Elongated Torso: You generally have shorter legs compared to your overall body length than the average figure. A garment which puts your figure back in proper proportion (such as the all-in-one shown on page 69) can smooth your midriff while accentuating feminine curves.

The Squashed-down Look: If your figure bulges in the wrong places, if it's thick through the middle, for instance, there's no use trying to squash it! Try an uplift bra which actually raises your bosom away from your midriff, and buy a girdle with extra waistline control. You can't afford to let those bulges have their way. A bra and girdle such as those shown at the top of page 71 will do the figure-molding work for you.

The Shrinking Violet: Too flat? Too skinny? If you are in your teens, your figure is probably still growing. But if you are of an age, a good padded bra (the center one, page 71) can also be worn as a strapless and has a rubberized "grasp" band under the bosom so it promises to stay up). Often your trouble below the waistline is a too-round tummy and a sway-backed profile. Good posture will do a lot to correct this. Practice against a door tucking your hips forward, holding your tummy, lifting your chest while keeping your shoulders down until you are able to do it completely. Also, wear a girdle specifically designed for tummy and rear control. Wherever you see double panels, you know it means extra support such as the girdle pictured on page 71.

The Pear-Shaped Look: This may mean you're wide all over, or it may mean that you're wide through the hips and thighs, but quite small on top. If your hips are 12" larger than your waist and 2" larger than your bust, you belong to the latter type. A contour bra will give you the bustline you want, while a long-laced girdle such as the one at the bottom of page 71, will support you firmly through the hips and thighs.

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR LINGERIE

All underclothing should be washed daily; otherwise perspiration will rot the elastic. Girdle manufacturers now recommend machine washing with a good soap or detergent. Don't hang it on the line to dry; hang your girdle upside down by its garters on a wire hanger ... do not put in automatic dryers. Treat your underthings with the gentlest of soaps. Molly Bee has a final hint: keep a sachet in your lingerie drawer for sweet-smelling daintiness all day long.

WHERE TO BUY

The Photosyn fashions shown on pages 68, 69 and 71 are available at stores listed below, or write manufacturer for store nearest you.

Maidenform fashions shown on pages 68, 69 and 71 are available at stores listed below, or write manufacturer for store nearest you.

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Susan Hayward

Continued from page 66

the wide lawns, the roomy houses with their ante-bellum pillars and porticos and the occasional new ranch house with its picture windows glinting in the sunlight. She turned a corner and came out onto the modest shopping street. "Mornin'," Mrs. Chalkley, a large, brown-haired woman who had called to her and she smiled back at him as she continued past the haberdashery and shoe stores, past the gleaming front of the new super market, to where the open roof of the barbecue stand close by it, past the still-shuttered ticket cage of the movie theater. She skirted a pile of cardboard boxes and entered the general notions store, waved at a man in a white apron who was polishing the word "French" on the window of the dry cleaners, and then came back where she had left it, but this time at the front of the small brick post office. She'd driven into town to pick up the mail and she had left the stack of letters and magazines on the front porch before starting her walk. Now she slid behind the wheel and drove slowly back through the quiet streets, feeling once again a sense of gratitude for the peace of this little town that had let her come home.

It had been a long road home.

As Susan passed the outskirts of town and turned onto the highway, she gained speed, making the asphalt and the white center stripe appear to be moving ever-faster backward beneath the spinning wheels of the car. As she watched the stripe, her thoughts turned to a quiet little girl—Edythe Marriner, nicknamed "Housey"—sitting in the assembly hall of Brooklyn Commercial High School in Brooklyn, listening to a lady giving a lecture. Through a monotonous speech of the words incentive—drive—personality—lignered in her mind, her eyes roamed the room, the woman, her eyes rested on the mint coat that the speaker had carelessly tossed over the back of a chair on the stage. Then she looked down at her own faded, mended cotton dress in the room. Looking down on her, her face blank and unpitying, the clock that had measured the slow minutes after midnight now showed four o'clock. In Susan's bathroom, the police found two bottles of sleeping-tablets—empty.

Susan was rushed to North Hollywood Hospital for emergency treatment, then transferred to Cedars of Lebanon. And there she returned fully to consciousness. The morning had come after all, she thought, its light reaching into the hospital room. She felt weak, but her thoughts were normal. She was perfectly relaxed and she lay there welcoming the sensation of being alive.

Her mother and her brother, Walter, went to see her that morning. As they swung towards her bed she saw in their faces the love that for a few terrified moments, the night before, she had forgotten. And she felt a spiritual a few days after that, she said: "Don't ever think for one instant in your life that God does not exist. He does. I know." And she did know. Somehow she felt the other one had somehow had almost face to face with Him.

Rounding a curve, the car moved out of the garage and the roof was lifted up into the afternoon sunlight. Ahead was home, hidden among the gentle hills. Then it came into view, a rambling stone hunting lodge with a white roof. In a way, it had been a part of two hearts, hers and her husband's. Susan had pored over rough
sketches with him and then architects' blueprints. And then almost every day they had walked from the small guest house that was already on the property, to see these drawings turn into solid reality, stand by stand.

Bringing her car to a stop in the garage, Susan switched off the ignition, pulled the key out and sorted the front-door key from the others. In each, Susan gathered up the mail, a pile of magazines and her purse which lay on the seat beside her. As she went toward the door she smiled wistfully to the sun gleaming in the sun. She reached the front door, opened it and went inside to find the living room orderly and spotless. Leaving the mail on the desk, the magazines on the coffee table, Susan went into the kitchen to prepare lunch. The planning of this room had been entirely up to her, and she had tried to make it both efficient and beautiful; she had seen too much and returned lightness suited her present mood. As she took lettuce, fresh fruit and cottage cheese from the refrigerator, she began thinking back to a pleasant summer three years before that had turned out to be more than merely pleasant.

It was during Christmas time of 1956, and she had been invited to a party at the home of Vincent Flaherty, sports columnist on a Los Angeles newspaper. The guests casually mixed movie people and "non-pros," so for Susan there were many using the same language, laughing, shouting and cheerful chatter, snatches of gossip and laughter echoed around her. Under the red, green, gold and silver of holiday decorations, it was a good-humored gathering. And then she saw him, across a crowded room. She noticed him first because he was so tall and for the moment alone, beside the handkerchief in his breast pocket, and at ease. Then people, circulating gaily, cut off her view, and she lost him in the crowd.

Flaherty came toward her a while later, along the genial host. "Having a pleasant time, Susan? Like some more punch?"

"This is fine, Vincent. Thank you." Out of the corner of her eye she noticed the stranger walk past them. Flaherty caught him by the arm.

"Oh, you two haven't met, have you? Susan, this is Eaton Chalkley."

He looked, stranger. He smiled. "Merry Christmas, Miss Hayward." She caught a soft slowness in the deep-pitched voice. "Is that Dixie I hear?"

"Carrolton, Georgia," Eaton laughed.

"Dixie?"

"Forty miles from Atlanta. It's a small place, but it has been growing the last few years."

"Are you vacationing out here, Mr. Chalkley?" she asked.

"No, it's a business trip. I have a car agency in Carrolton, but my law practice takes most of my time. It brings me down to the Coast pretty often. Anti-trust cases, chiefly." She listened to his shop talk, listened respectfully, with increasing interest. It doesn't feel like it, she thought, because if he's really absorbed in it, really good at it, he can make it sound fascinating. And gradually the other voices of the room died away, and she could hear only Eaton Chalkley's.

His name was Floyd Eaton Chalkley. He'd had a first marriage, had been divorced twice and was the father of three children. He was forty-six, eight years older than Susan, and he was enjoying his maturity. Susan liked that, for in Holly-wood she had seen and known too many "girls" reaching frantically after vanished youth. Certainly there was no time in her life that she yearned to go back to. Instead, with a sense of awaken-

ing, she found herself eagerly looking forward to the future.

Looking forward to what? Three years ago she could not possibly have pictured herself living contentedly in this house in Georgia, with only the ceiling in the corner of the living room and uncovered the painting she had started the day before. Slipping into her smock which she had handed to each, Susan took out her palette and brushes and the box filled with tubes of oil paint. Patiently, she began to mix a blue. She was painting the town down at the window and the blue was for the shadows under the trees.

The countrieside was waiting, awakening, eagerly yet serenely. That was the look Susan wanted to put on canvas. And that was the feeling in her heart three years earlier.

She had been waiting for something then, not waiting desperately and hungrily, but waiting sincerely. Faith had been given to her. She knew happiness was not something to be greedily grasped at. It would come as a precious gift from God, to be accepted gracefully and quietly. And it would come first in small ways, as these buds would unfold on the trees, singly and slowly.

But she remembered a spring night in 1956. It was the night of the Academy Awards, and she had invited her friends to come to her house afterwards for a "Win or Lose Party." She, too, had wanted to give something — thanks for words of sympathy, lightly brushing aside words that laid the sympathy on too thick. Her gaiety might have been a mere outward reflection of her inner self, but it had been a steady, reassuring influence in her house that night. Eaton Chalkley was among her guests. Each time their eyes met she had thought he hadn't won seemed less and less important.

His standing in his profession was high enough to give him a choice among clients, and Susan smiled as she remembered what an unexpected这类 cases Susan had drawn his attention that year. When he was in town, they didn't dine at the fashionable see-and-be-seen restaurants. Nor did they haunt the so-called "hide-away" spots, which seem to be favorite hang-outs for columnists' informants. They simply went to dinner parties or informal swanky parties, or Susan entertained the group at her home. Often, the two of them would drift away to a corner of the room and stay there, quietly talking, absorbed in each other. Their friends may have noticed, Susan thought. If so, friendship was put first. This new romance was not fingered for quality, measured for size, pulled apart and rendered in the public prints. It remained the private property of Susan Hayward and Eaton Chalkley.

It wasn't first love — swift and sweet and unprofitable. It was the kind that never to be recaptured, though it can last and change and become stronger — if the couple are lucky. Susan and Eaton had had what luck can mean in their first loves. But they made a wonderful discovery.

With the years, through experience, they had grown, and now their capacity for loving was greater than ever before. They

Hmmm... that might explain the mysterious package Eaton had whisked out of her sight the night before. Well, she had her second plans too.

Her wedding bouquet had been a single carnation, pinned to her simple, short-sleeved silk dress. The bridal party had reached Phoenix to pick up a few of these.
men and lensmen hot on the trail, but after Susan had become Mrs. Floyd Eaton Chalkley the reporters did catch up. Some of their questions made her nervous; it sounded as if they were trying to sensa-
tionalize this marriage story by recalling earlier headlines. Then, as Eaton’s hand
shook in a firmer grasp, Susan an-
swered straightforwardly: “I don’t want
you to look back. From now on, I’m going
to look forward, always.”

She was going home, home to Carrolton,
Georgia. She remembered a friend saying,
your mind!” But then, they had not
known how happy she would be, married
to Eaton.

The first time she strolled the streets of
Carrolton with her husband, she found
gentle people to welcome her. Eaton’s
friends accepted her as their kind: being
one of them gave her a wonderful, com-
fortable feeling. When the Chalkleys en-
tertained or went calling, Hollywood was
mentioned more often than in any
average group anywhere in the country.
She had learned to play the accordion, to
play simple songs, to hum, and now on
many friendly evenings neighbors dropped
in to listen to the music.

This evening there would be just the
two of them, Susan and Eaton. Evening!
He had said, Susan looked up at the clock
and noticed it was already five-thirty. She
hurried into her dressing room, just off
the master bedroom, and began freshening
up. There was only one other bedroom, for
Timothy and Gregory. No guest rooms
and, Susan had resolved, there never would
be any. She had been quite firm about
that when they planned the house; she
wanted to keep it strictly a family unit,
small and intimate.

Susan felt warm gratitude as she thought
of her boys. Last April, she and Jess
Barker had at last reached a legal agree-
ment, and she had been allowed to take
Tim and Greg home to Georgia, though
Barker was permitted to visit his sons or
have them visit him at certain times each
year. They were almost fourteen now,
both enrolled at Georgia Military Academy
nearby. Tomorrow, Susan thought with
a little pride, they’d be coming home
for the weekend. And she would have
time, plenty of time, long lazy hours to
spend entirely with her sons. They would
go tramping through the woods, across
the fields of home, talking all the way, and
enjoying a greater closeness than they had
ever known before.

Soon she would have to go to Hollywood
to fill a picture commitment—to make “The
Snow Birch.” This would be only her third
movie since her marriage. There had been
“1 Want to Live,” then “Thunder in the
Sun.” On both of these she had found her
work as absorbing as many do. But between
takes she had felt a new detachment about
the whole business of movie-making, al-
most as if she were a visitor on the set. At
those times she found herself thinking, I
want to be home. I want to be doing what I
like—making a man happy.

She heard the faint sound of a car ap-
proaching along the winding road through
the pine woods. It grew louder and then
stopped, and she heard the familiar rumble
of the garage door closing. Then came the
click of a key in the front door. Then the
beloved voice: “I’m home!”

“I’m here,” she called out.
He was in the doorway, crossing the room,
and as he reached her he put his arm around
her.

“Did you have a good day, darling?” she
whispered.

“Mmm. And did you?”
Susan slipped into the kitchen to prepare
their dinner. When she came into the
living room she noticed the papers over the
neatly-stacked kindling had already caught
light and Eaton, working at the fireplace
was outlined against the blaze. She admired
his expertise at laying a fire. The flames,
still low, were steady, and there was a cheerful
crackling. Eaton had turned on the TV
but she didn’t pay any attention to it until
the announcer gave the title of the feature
film which was about to be presented:
“Adam Had Four Sons,” starring Ingrid
Bergman.

“That’s an old one,” Susan laughed. “I
was in it, too,” she added, turning to
Eaton.

Then the announcer said, “I wonder if
Susan Chalkley is watching in Carrolton
tonight? This must have been one of her
very early movies.”

With words a wonderful realization
struck her: She wasn’t Susan Hayward
any more. All of that was past. She was
Susan Chalkley!

“Is she watching?” Eaton asked, as she
settled down on the couch next to him.
“Only if you want to. I can run out and
put on the steak during a commercial.”

Dinner under way, she sat by the warm
fire, her husband’s arm around her, feeling
completely contented. She looked up at
Eaton and remarked, “You know, dear, God
has been good, very good to me.” The End

ACCORDING TO INSIDERS, UA’S “I WANT TO
LIVE” IS SURE TO BRING SUNDAY HER FIFTH
Academy Award Nomination This Month.
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“THUNDER IN THE SUN” AND 20TH’S “THE
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I'D LIKE TO
BE DIFFERENT

Continued from page 57

She stood before the silvery looking glass, staring at herself in her yellow slipper sweater and pleated skirt, turning to the right, then to the left.

Her heart thumped loudly. The heartbreak seemed to say you’re getting fat, getting fat.

She had gained some weight, she admitted reluctantly to herself. She’d known the moment she buttoned her way through her clothes around her waist.

She stooped over and unzipped her boots, pushing them off and then went to her bedroom, where she lighted the dressing-table lamp and weighed herself.

There it was, the awful truth, the black and white of her fear. She had gained ten pounds.

"You," she said, staring unflinchingly at the arm’s length image before her, "you’re going to change. You’re going to be different.”

And did she ever change! Doris Day laughed. We were walking through Farmer’s Market, sniffing at the sausages and considering those bright reds and yellows of the fruits, and then suddenly there we were talking about diets.

“That girl was Molly Bee,” Doris continued. "Have you seen her weight diet, but she had, as they say, the cutest figure.” (You can see for yourself, in the pictures of Molly Bee on page 68.)

"Molly," she told me that day, changed her whole outlook on life. Why? She began looking after herself.

"Believe me," she said, "it wasn’t easy. The hardest thing in the world is to make yourself realize you’re ready for a change. It’s so much easier going along at the same rutlike pace you’ve gotten used to. But when something happens that turns your world upside-down—like that senior’s remark with her—you begin thinking, ‘Oh oh, something’s wrong!’

"Isn’t it terrible that most of the time something upsetting like that has to happen, before you sit back and take a look at yourself from a new point of view? But looking at yourself is only the beginning. Then you have to start making the change."

The day the decision to be different was made, she members, a total flip in her sudden changeover program.

Molly’s mother used to bring home paper bags of little cookies or white boxes of chocolate eclairs or cinnamon buns, and every night Molly would dig in and satisfy that terrible sweet-tooth craving. Later in the evening when she was doing her homework and listening to dance music on the white desk radio in her rose-painted bedroom, she’d nibble on the cookies and drink a cup of coffee to deaden the craving.

The evening after she made her decision to change, Molly decided she wouldn’t eat any sweets or have any solkare. She didn’t like the look at them. But when her mother arrived after six o’clock with her bag of bake shop cookies, Molly couldn’t take her mouth off the tissue she was eating more that night than before because the thought of giving them up made her hunger for them all the more. She drank the tea pop, too.

"Maybe it was just as well," Doris says, "that she did... because she felt terrible. When she went to bed she tossed and turned and couldn’t sleep. She felt she had broken an important promise to her-
it. After Molly went on that diet, she had no trouble getting dates. She was so peppy! All of a sudden she felt so much more alive!

Besides dieting, Doris recommends exercise. You can try exercising alone in your bedroom—doing simple stretching exercises selected from the magazines.

"But make it a company. You just feel so lousy and stupid sometimes moving your arms around by yourself. Why not tell your girlfriends about it and ask them if they want to get together? You could take turns at each other's houses, and play pop records and really go to town with the one-two-three-fours," suggests Doris.

"Exercising's a habit I follow to this very day," says Molly. "I told some kids in my neighborhood not too long ago to get a One-Two-Three-Four Club started, and they followed my suggestion. I also suggested they get one of the teachers to give them a diet list. Well, in two months, these gals lost anywhere from seven to fourteen pounds! Isn't that terrific? They said they exercised to some of Doris' records, especially 'Instant Love,' which they like because it's bouncy. But their favorite exercise record, they said, is Elsie's 'All Work Up.' Sounds like a mighty good one to me."

Just as important as exercise, Doris says, is rest. A good night's sleep nourishes the body. One thing, though, that's been bothering her all these years is the fact that she can't get the hang of catnapping. Everyone knows it seems to be a past master at it. But no matter how hard Doris tries to take a quick nap in the middle of a day those forty winks just won't come.

"I see my mother done off like that—for five minutes—and get up refreshed, and all I can do is wish I had the knack. Right in the midst of fixing a hem or mending a sock, she'll curl up on the couch and close her eyes, get up a few minutes later and say, 'My, do I feel good—just like a million dollars! If anyone's got any suggestions, I sure wish they'd pass them along."

On the next page are calorie charts and diet tips for those of you who want to be different, too. Use it as a checklist and tape it to a prominent spot—on your bedroom mirror, desk, in your school notebook. Make yourself the same promise Molly Bee made to herself and just see if, after keeping it for a month, you aren't a little different (and happier?) than the girl you are today.

—LORRAYNE JO GREER

DORIS MADE "TUNNEL OF LOVE" FOR M-G-M AND WILL BE SEEN NEXT IN "THAT JANE FROM MAINE" FOR COLUMBIA, "PILLOW TALK" FOR U-I, AND "ROAR LIKE A DOVE" FOR U.A.

TAKE THESE GIANT STEPS TO A DIFFERENT YOU

• Do you need to diet? Your mirror and your scale will tell you—and so will a tape measure. Ideally, your bust and your hips should measure the same, and your waistline should be ten inches less. Make allowances for a young figure, but don't be too easy on yourself. For some undercover help on those ideal proportions, see Molly Bee's answer to "How Does Your Figure Measure Up?" on page 68.

• Check with your family doctor before starting a diet. Weigh yourself once a week

—your loss won't show from day to day. And don't be discouraged if, one week, you don't show a loss. Lost fat is sometimes replaced temporarily with water in the tissues, a condition which generally corrects itself as you stick to your diet.

• Be sure to eat a good breakfast, which supplies from a fourth to a third of your total daily calories. This gives you energy and makes it easier to resist between-meal snacks or too much lunch.

• Eat meals slowly and chew food well. This helps make smaller amounts of food more satisfying.

• Avoid hidden calories—extra butter or margarine on vegetables, oil in salad dressing, gravies and sauces. Stick to stewed roasted, boiled and broiled foods instead of fried ones. Trim the visible fat from meat.

• When you join the gang at the soda fountain, don't be tempted by what the others are ordering. Do remember to count whatever you have then or at other between-meal times in your grand total of calories. If you feel hungry between or before meals, a cup of bouillon or even a glass of water can help.

• Remember that you don't have to permit yourself to suffer from hunger pangs during your dieting. A stalk of celery or even a big raw carrot—any raw vegetable for that matter—will help "fooil" your stomach into feeling that it has just had a meal. Try it if you don't believe it! In fact, in private, chew on a stick of gum. This helps that hunger feeling.

• If you eat lunch out, you might find it easier to stick to your diet if you bring your own. Try these: a sandwich of 2 thin slices bread, 1 ounce lean meat, 1 hard-cooked egg, 1 teaspoon mayonnaise, lettuce; 2 stalks celery, 1 small cucumber, fresh fruit and 1 glass milk. Or, a sandwich of 2 thin slices bread, 2 ounces chicken or meat chopped and mixed with 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chopped celery and a little chopped onion; a large fresh tomato, ½ green pepper, fruit, 1 glass milk.

• Take a tip from Doris and invite some friends—and/or your mother—along on your diet and on the exercise program that should go with it. Exercise—that's the vigorous and systematic contraction and relaxation of your muscles—will help measurably. It stimulates circulation, makes you supple, helps to relieve tension and improve posture. As a plus, it reduces your measurements. Well-toned muscles are short, holding the figure firmly in line and helping to mold those new proportions. Try specially designed exercises for those particularly chubby spots.
GOSH, I'D LIKE TO BE DIFFERENT  continued
Looking for a new self? Clip this page, post it and keep it handy as a daily reminder

THOSE “MUST” FOODS
The following foods should be on your menu every day. No skimping on these.
1 quart of milk
1 citrus fruit, 1 other fruit
2 yellow or leafy green vegetables
1 other vegetable (If potato, if you like)
1 serving of meat, poultry or fish
1 egg
2 slices bread, whole grain or enriched
3 thin pats of butter or margarine
1 cereal, whole grain or enriched

HOW MUCH EXERCISE WILL MAKE UP FOR THAT SNACK?
Here are just a few examples:
Ice cream soda........................................ an hour and a half of bowling
1-inch of fudge............................... half-hour walk
Chocolate bar...two hours of table tennis
Chocolate cake................two hours of swimming
Malted milk......................two hours of dancing
6 ounces of soft drink...........half-hour walk
4 cashew nuts.................. half-hour walk

DO YOUR OWN FIGURING
You can lose up to 2 pounds a week on a diet of 1200 to 1500 calories. That's as fast as you can lose and remain healthy. Choose foods for protein, vitamin and mineral content and for their variety. This chart is part of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's booklet, “How To Control Your Weight.” A free copy of the booklet may be obtained by writing: Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FOOD</th>
<th>MEASURES</th>
<th>CALORIES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bacon</td>
<td>2-3 long slices, cooked</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banana</td>
<td>1 medium, 6 inches long</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biscuit, baking powder</td>
<td>2 inches in diameter</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Breads</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>corn (1-egg)</td>
<td>1 2-inch square</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cracked wheat</td>
<td>1 slice, average</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rye</td>
<td>1 slice, 1/2-inch thick</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>white, enriched</td>
<td>1 slice, average</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>white, enriched</td>
<td>1 slice, thin</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whole wheat, 100%</td>
<td>1 slice, average</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brownies</td>
<td>1 piece 2 by 2 by 1/4 inches</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter</td>
<td>1 tablespoon</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cake</td>
<td>1/10 of a large cake</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chocolate or vanilla, no icing</td>
<td>1 piece 2 by 2 by 2 inches</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cupcake with chocolate icing</td>
<td>1 medium</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chocolate</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>milk, sweetened</td>
<td>1 ounce</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fudge</td>
<td>1 piece 1-inch square by 1/2-inch thick</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>malted milk</td>
<td>fountain size</td>
<td>460</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>milk with almonds, sweetened</td>
<td>1 ounce</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>syrup</td>
<td>1/4 cup</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>unsweetened</td>
<td>1 square</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cola soft drinks</td>
<td>6-ounce bottle</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>light</td>
<td>2 tablespoons</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heavy</td>
<td>2 tablespoons</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ginger ale</td>
<td>1 cup</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ice cream</td>
<td>1/2 cup</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ice-cream soda</td>
<td>fountain size</td>
<td>325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jellies and jams</td>
<td>1 rounded tablespoon</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maple syrup</td>
<td>1 tablespoon</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshmallows</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milk</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>buttermilk</td>
<td>1 cup</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peanut butter</td>
<td>1 tablespoon</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peanuts, shelled</td>
<td>10 (sectors from 9-inch pies)</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pies</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>apple</td>
<td>3-inch sector</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lemon meringue</td>
<td>3-inch sector</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potato chips</td>
<td>8-10 large</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potato salad with mayonnaise</td>
<td>1/2 cup</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potatoes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mashed</td>
<td>1/2 cup</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sweet</td>
<td>1/2 medium</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salad dressing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French</td>
<td>1 tablespoon</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayonnaise</td>
<td>1 tablespoon</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>granulated</td>
<td>1 tablespoon</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waffles</td>
<td>1 waffle 6 inches in diameter</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

102
Beautiful Hair

BRECK

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Little girls have a beauty all their own. Soft, shining hair adds to this natural beauty. A Breck Shampoo helps bring out the natural loveliness of your hair. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo will leave your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.

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Reach for Listerine

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APRIL, 1959
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Music by brilliant Latin composer Villa-Lobos and dances created by Katherine Dunham enrich one of the great romances of our time!

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as Rima  as Abel

GREEN MANSIONS

In METROCOLOR and CinemaScope

Co-Starring

LEE J. COBB

SESSUE HAYAKAWA  HENRY SILVA  DOROTHY KINGSLEY

Based on the Novel by

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON  Directed by MEL FERRER  Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER

Screen Play by  An M-G-M Picture

Rima, the untouched, the girl of the virgin forest, meets her first man,
THREE GUYS . . . THEIR POINT OF VIEW

When the Kingston Trio, whose smash recording of “Tom Dooley” skyrocketed these fellows to the top of the singing ranks, came to New York last month, they visited my corner closet in the Photoplay offices and lit into the subject of—you guessed it!—the fairer sex.

“I go for a gal who listens to a guy,” said Nick Reynolds, the bongo, conga and guitar player of the group. “Someone who’s able to sit quietly and not expect me to get up and do all sorts of goofy fandangos to amuse her.

“We were playing the Purple Onion in San Francisco a while back, and I met Joan Harriss, a comedienne I asked for a date.

“Wow! Did she impress me! She impressed me by not trying to impress me—if you get what I mean. We sat across the table from each other on that first date and really relaxed.”

Proof that this paid off: Nick and Joan’s marriage last September. Where do they live? In a houseboat at Sausalito, California!

Bob Shane, who doubles on the guitar and banjo, nodded his head thoughtfully in agreement. “Quiet girls, especially if they lower their voices when they talk—man, they get me!

“I’m the easygoing type, so I guess it’s only natural I go for the girl who doesn’t make a big play for the man. Some guys like the firecracker-under-your-feet treatment. But not me.”

Bob got hooked by Louise Brandon of Atlanta, Georgia, who wooed him with her southern “baby talk” drawl. Bob adds, “It makes me feel so strong and protective.”

Bob met Louise on a blind date in Hawaii. His dad set it up!

Dave Guard, who plays guitar and banjo, had this to say:

“I’m all for the lady-like gal, the one who’s got manners and who knows what’s going on in the world. I like a gal to talk about books she’s read and the music she enjoys. And if she can discuss music beyond the ‘it sends me’ stage, then she sends me.”

A Stanford U. grad, Dave’s found his ladylove—Gretchen Ballard—and they’re the proud parents of a nine-month-old baby girl, Catherine, who, Dave tells me, is going to get plenty of dating pointers from her dad when dating time rolls around.
THE big guy with the battered hat...

The ragged woman-wrecked cast-off called Dude...

The rockin' baby-faced kid...

JOHN WAYNE and DEAN MARTIN and RICKY NELSON

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

They grew into giants at... RIO BRAVO

ANGIE DICKINSON - WALTER BRENNAN - WARD BOND - JOHN RUSSELL

with PEDRO GONZALEZ-GONZALEZ - ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ - Screenplay by JULES FURTHMAN and LEIGH BRACKETT - MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN - AN ARMADA PRODUCTION - Directed and Produced by HOWARD HAWKS

Hear Dean and Ricky Sing... "Rio Bravo" - "My Rifle, My Pony and Me" - "Cindy!"
**THE MONTHLY RECORD**

**turntable vox pox: continued**

“Open Fire, Two Guitars,” is Johnny Mathis’ latest. His dreamy voice has a soft curl in it as he sings these sit-by-the-fire-and-lean-against-that-manly-chest favorites. There’s a gentle strumming of guitars in the background while curvy-voiced Johnny sings “Tenderly,” “You’ll Never Know,” “Bye Bye Blackbird” and others on this top-notch Columbia LP.

Here’s some spook music from those long ago days in an RCA Victor album called “Witches’ Brew” with the New Symphony Orchestra of London. So, all right, this is for longhairs, but crewcuts will flip for it, too. Listen to “A Night on Bare Mountain“ and see if you don’t send off a shiver. Or give an ear to “Dance Macabre” while skeletons dance before your eyes. Horror music addicts should delight in this eerie collection from great-great-great grandmother’s day, when they got just as big a kick out of goose-pimples as we do today.

Shirley Temple’s back, and the world is happier. Here she is, singing those winning songs from her ageless movies, in a 20th-Fox album titled “Shirley Temple’s Hits.” Shirley takes you on a magical joyride into the poly-wolly-doodle land of childhood. If you don’t mellow as you hear Shirley sing “Animal Crackers in My Soup,” “You’ve Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby,” or “On the Good Ship Lollipop,” you’ve turned into a mummy. Taken from the original soundtracks of Shirley’s pictures, the album’s likely to become standard equipment for all babysitters.

Phil Everly of the popular Everly Brothers team told me a few weeks ago, “When you’re young, you’re open to all kinds of music. Seems to me like it’s the older folks who sometimes close their minds.” Phil went on to say how he was so impressed with the timeless musical church drama, “The Play of Daniel,” recorded by Decca. This Twelfth-Century music-play about Daniel in the lion’s den was recorded recently by the famed New York Pro Musica under the direction of Noah Greenberg. Some Sunday night you ought to play it for your church group. It’s great.

**HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVERS**

Easy to listen to; Frankie “Shy Guy” Avalon’s neat rendition of “Too Young to Love” on his new album, “The Young Frankie Avalon.” . . . The late Glenn Miller and his orchestra swing high and low with “Chattanooga Choo-Choo,” “I’ve Got a Gal in Kalamazoo” and “In the Mood” in a new 20th-Fox album which features music from all of Glenn’s old movies. . . . Everybody loves a hummable college song, and here are a dozen of them from “The Whiffenpoof” to “The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi” in Warner Brothers’ “Halls of Ivy” album which features the nation’s favorites. . . . “Flower Drum Song,” the big Broadway hit starring Academy Award winner Miyoshi Umeki is on wax. thanks to Columbia, and if you don’t flip for Juanita Hall’s version of “Chop Suey,” then you just won’t ever dig the stuff. . . . Those two peas in a pod, Herbie and Hal, keep parlaying their double-dose of talent into one smash hit after another. In their latest Decca album, “The Kalin Twins,” you’ll hear all of their really big hits—“When,” “Three O’Clock Thrill,” “Forget Me Not” and “Clickety Clack.” . . . Hugo Winterhalter Goes Latin is Hugo’s latest, and he plays all those south-of-the-border smoothies: “Granada,” “Vaya Con Dios” and “Valencia,” to list a few. . . . Of course, no column would be complete without mention of the Kingston Trio’s newest, “From the Hungry I,” which includes French lullabies, calypso, Zulu hunting chants and a space age minuet.
New improved Bobbi waves in style-support with the ease and softness of a setting

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

Style-support...the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50.

ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES

The smooth, lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.

Bobbi's 3 kinds of curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Auricle".

Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirelel". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

**ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU**

**ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS**

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.

6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".

6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.
THE CHILDREN'S MARCHING SONG. Mitch Miller & his Chorus (Columbia) ............... Tops 
"Sing Along With Mitch" Chorus (Columbia) .......... YO-YO with Sonny James (Capitol) ......................... So-so 
LET'S LOVE with Johnny Mathis (Columbia) .......... Ummm 
THE RIDDLE OF LOVE. The Four Preps (Capitol) ............. Nifty 
PINE TOP'S BOOGIE WOOGIE. Lawson-Haggart Rockin' Band (Decca) ............................... Neat 
HURRY UP, BUTTERCUP. Charlie Grace (Coral) .......... Novel 
MY ONLY LOVE. Tab Hunter (Warner Brothers) .......... Cool 
TALL PAUL. Annette Funicello and the Afterbeats (Disneyland) ......................... Chilly 

PROOF POSITIVE

For all you gals who scoff, by the way, on the old adage, "the way to a man's heart is through the recipes you collect," listen to Kenneth More, England's most popular film star, who says he was a confirmed bachelor until he met the future Mrs. More. He admits he liked her sense of humor, but he didn't think about her again until she invited him to dinner and served him Spanish steak (sliced steak sautéed with tomato and onions) and a magnificent lemon meringue pie for dessert.

Suddenly, he says, he found himself looking forward to her little dinners every week. Ultimately, the bounty of her dinner table turned to love, of course.

Kenny, as he's called by his friends, admitted this to us when he was in New York a month ago for personal appearances for his two films, "A Night to Remember," the nerve-shattering screen adaptation of the sinking of the Titanic, and "Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," a British satire on our oat-opuses in which he co-stars with gun-totin' Jayne Mansfield. P.S. Look for some heart-throb recipes here next month.

book nook

Hollywood's deep in the midst of a reading jag. Johnny Saxon's crazy for a mad book called "Ounce, Dice, Trice" by Alastair Reid, with sketchy ink drawings by Ben Shahn. It's a book of fun words.

For instance, there are Bug Words (to be said when grumpy) — hubug, bugbear, bugaboo, bugybub, bugseed. Squishy words are to be said when wet — quff, squegee, squirt. Rude names for nitwits are rapscallion, flibbertigibbet, fussbudget, clodhopper, bumpkin and slammedkin.

Then, there are questions and answers.

What is a tirrivee? A tirrivee is a temper. Mothers go into a tirrivee over the jiggery-pokery of children.

What is jiggery-pokery?

Jiggery-pokery is trickery or mischief or hanky-panky on the part of children, such as pretending to be deaf, or teasing a tannonty.

What is a Tantonty? And so forth.

Sandra Dee told me she's wild for "Teen-Age Treasury for Girls."

"It's full of short stories, love poems and fun poems," she added.

One of her favorite poems from it is called "Experience" and it's by Dorothy Parker. It goes:

Some men break your heart in two,
Some men fawn and flatter,
Some men never look at you;
And that cleans up the matter.

And if you don't think it's a small world, Fabian tells us a fan sent him a quatrain from the same book:

I'm glad the sky is painted blue;
And the earth is painted green;
And such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

wig shindig

Peter Brown of TV's "Lawman" and his cheery young wife, Diane Jergens, were planning a party, and Diane said, "What can we do that'll be different?"

"But we're on a budget," he reminded her.

"I know," she told him. "I just mean something like a Baby Party where everyone has to come in baby clothes. Or . . . " she said as the idea flashed through her head, " . . . a wig party."

Result: An I-Flipped-My-Wig shindig. Diane says the gals all wore wool wigs made to look like Hollywood stars' hairdos. And the guys were all banded black handlebar moustaches (made out of cardboard) soon as they entered the door.

Diane made Debbie's pigtails out of green knitting worsted in just a single evening, and had such a ball doing it that she made two other wigs. She greeted her guests as "Debbie," turned up halfway through the doings as Kim Novak, and then waved sayonara to everybody looking like Miyoshi Umeki.

Their party was so successful that Photoplay asked Coats & Clark to make up a leaflet with complete instructions on how to make five different star wigs.

Clip this coupon and send it with a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: 
GEORGE, Dept. PG, Photoplay, 205 East 42 St., N.Y., N.Y.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Bright green "Debbie" pigtails, a black high-on-the-head "Miyoshi" coiffure, and a violet "Kim" hairdo—they all went to Diane's head. Why don't you try 'em too? Just clip the coupon and mail to George.
Creating a home together, you choose the possessions you'll cherish for a lifetime. You choose your silver... you want the finest right from the start, and even the finest is now so inexpensive to own. As modern as your life today, as timeless as beauty itself... your pattern is silver flower.*

You show your romantic nature in your love of beauty, in the joy you take in making your home so warm and wonderfully gracious. Your silver shows your love of beauty, too... it expresses your own good taste, and says so perfectly how very much you care. Your pattern is ballad.*

HERE IS YOUR WORLD... EXPRESSED IN FINE SILVER

Remember the first time you had "special" guests for dinner? They noticed the pride you took in your home. No "make-do" tableware for you... you'd begun with the best, knowing it would give you a lifetime of carefree beauty. Enchanting, feminine (like you), your pattern is white orchid.*

Friends love to come to your house... they like the individuality they see in your home... the striking design of your silver... the carefree way you entertain. You know your silver can be carefree, too. That's why you use it, love it... every day, at every meal. Your pattern is south seas.*

SEND 10¢ IN COIN TO BOX P-6, ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N.Y., FOR YOUR COPY OF THIS FULL-COLOR BOOKLET. HERE ARE MANY WONDERFUL IDEAS TO HELP YOU SET BEAUTIFUL, INTERESTING TABLES.

crafted by ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS makers of distinctive tableware for your way of life.

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© 1965, Oneida Ltd.
Guess Pat Boone wishes he could act like he can sing. . . . Mamie Van Doren is getting to look more like Mamie Van Doren than Marilyn Monroe. Is this good? . . . Liz Taylor is putting on too much weight, even where, as Oscar Hammerstein sings it, "she's broad where a broad should be broad." . . . I'm suspicious of young movie actors who call a studio exec "Uncle." Mickey Rooney used to do it; Evelyn Rudie does it now. . . . To me, most TV westerns are like a western omelet. . . . I've never known Frank Sinatra to squawk about a bad review—"Everybody's entitled to their opinion"—or a bad yarn, if he's partly at fault. But if Frank isn't guilty of the bad yarn, he'll strike back. . . . Zsa Zsa likes to be greeted by kisses along her outstretched arm. . . . Know what happened to the old-fashioned bar stool? It's been reconstructed, repainted and booked weekly on Perry Como's TV show. Mr. C. sits on one of the stools, invites his guest to occupy the other and then proceed to sing a group of familiar songs in Per's key. . . . Why do agents think they're responsible for a client's success but never even partly responsible for the same client's failure? . . . You should know by now that I ask questions, never answer them. Look what happened to all those wise guys in the isolation booths who knew all the answers. . . . Debbie Reynolds claims that wearing a pair of white gloves doesn't make an actress a Grace Kelly. . . . "Ever since I turned actress," says starlet Googie Schwab, "my personal life has all the intimacy of the CinemaScope screen." . . . Carolyn Jones lets her clothes flop onto the floor when she ( Continued on page 78 )
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!

Rhonda Fleming
starring in
"ALIAS JESSE JAMES"
A Bob Hope Enterprise
A United Artists Picture
Color by De Luxe

Rhonda Fleming, one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair shining and easy-to-manage. Why don't you try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you’ve ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—never dries—it beautifies—now in liquid, lotion or cream!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
It's absolutely fabuluscious!

PALE COLORS... SHOCK COLORS... OFF-BEAT COLORS...

'COLORS UNLIMITED'

BY Revlon

Revlon shatters convention with twelve (12!) unheard-of colors that dare you to be different. Snow-kissed pastels... cream-filled pinks... shocking violets. Colors that create an exciting new dimension in lipstick—the look that will change the face of fashion. And who but the house of cosmetic fashion could bring you the fabuluscious flattery of... Colors Unlimited!

Extra Added Attraction! 'WHITE À LA CARTE'

to create your own custom color tones

Just add 'White À La Carte' to any lipstick color for a thousand-and-one new ways for your lips to look! Wear it under a color for a lighter, more luscious effect. Or over a color for frosty highlights and a luminous look!
It's your new look in lipstick!

These colors are so unusual, even modern printing methods can't reproduce them exactly.
Q. Shouldn't I stay home on problem days? Many girls do.

A. Your monthly period is not a sickness. It's a natural, normal part of your life. So, there's no reason to stay home—unless your doctor says otherwise. Take your mind off yourself. Do things you normally do, things you enjoy doing. Get plenty of fresh air and exercise. This will help you feel better, look better, too!

Q. I always have skin troubles on those days. What can I do?

A. As young people grow toward maturity, oil glands become more active. Pores may become clogged with pimples. At maturity, your glands learn to function smoothly, and your skin will clear. Meanwhile, be sure you wash your skin with soap and warm water—3 times a day. Don't be afraid of water! Science proves it can't harm you on those days! Since we perspire more freely then, it's important to bathe. That's why millions of girls have turned to Tampax. They can bathe, shower—as at any other time of the month.

Q. What deodorant is best to use on problem days?

A. Whatever deodorant you usually rely on should be effective during your period. So far as your sanitary protection is concerned, deodorant powders on pads can only mask the odor. They can't prevent it from forming. This is another reason why so many girls prefer Tampax. Worn internally, it prevents odor from forming. Banishes all the other telltale signs—lines, bulges, ridges. Keeps your secret safe!

Q. What should I do about "disposal problems" on visits?

A. Disposal of sanitary protection can be embarrassing for girls who use pads. Tampax® internal sanitary protection solves this problem. Makes changing and disposal truly discreet. You simply flush it away, applicator, and all.

 wouldn't you like to try Tampax? It's so simple and dainty to use, change, dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency sizes, to suit individual needs: Regular, Super, Junior. Ask for it wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Louise Darcy is thumbs down.
That’s the opinion of the cats in my town.
Monsters are the thing, you see;
A monster lover you have to be.
Transylvania is our home,
That is why I write this poem:
To defend the movies,
Of Vampires, Mummies, Mad Doctors &
Ghouls
That hibernate in slimy pools,
In ending my poem, I think I’ve won the fight.
So monsters of the world, Unite!
Carol Quigley
N. Arlington, N. J.

Thanks For Kim

I would like to take this opportunity to comment on the article written about Kim Novak. It was, without doubt, one of the best I have read. For once, I do believe Kim was given an opportunity to tell us all, things that set us straight on our thoughts about her. Orchids for such a fine job.

Charlotte J. Wagner
Los Angeles, Calif.

Attention Red Buttons Fans:

I have recently started a branch of the Official International Red Buttons Service Fan Club, and I’m trying to recruit new members. I would appreciate it greatly if you would mention this in your magazine.

Those who want to join could write to me:

Frances Paston
1661 51st Street
Brooklyn 4, N.Y.

Arguments Settled While U Wait

. . . Recently my friend and I had a disagreement about Jayne’s baby. My friend says Jayne lost the baby. I said she had a healthy, 9-pound baby boy. If so, what did Jayne and Mickey name the baby? Jayne Mansfield is my idol!!

Mrs. Ethan Miller
Hudson, Ohio

A few days ago we received a note from Jayne and Mickey. ”We are so happy to tell you that our little Miklos came into the world December 21 weighing almost ten pounds and, our thanks to the Lord, perfectly sound and healthy. In gratitude we are helping other children less fortunate, at the Children’s Asthma Research Institute and Hospital, and we hope that after reading this, you will all join us.” Signed, Jayne & Mickey.—Ed.

I was reading the latest edition of Photoplay and noticed that you had made an error when you were naming the birthday of one of the most popular stars, Elvis Presley. He wasn’t born in the month of October, but January.

Mrs. E.H. Hoover, Jr.
Antioch, Tenn.

Sorry, you goofed! On page 72 in the February issue of Photoplay, it clearly states Elvis’ birth as January (Capricorn).—Ed.

. . . Could you settle an office battle! One group at work says that Trevor Howard is the son of Leslie Howard. We say that Ronald Howard is Leslie’s son and that Trevor and Leslie are in no way related. The first group has never even heard of Ronald.

We would also like to know the age of Trevor Howard. Had he been alive today because I personally think that their ages are too close for them to be father and son.

A. I. Lipton
Montreal, Quebec
(continued)
New medicated acne stick
nips pimples in the "bud"

Acts fast to stop pimples from
"blooming" and spreading...conceals and
helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly
while a small blemish grows into a big,
ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind
of medication that acts fast to heal and
dry blemishes in their bud stage—or any
stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned
acne stick that soothes and helps heal as
it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for
pimples. From the very first time you dab it
on, Sentor does more to help heal pimples
than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains
this new combination of four ingredients
that skin specialists prescribe for their
patients. Sentor Stick works so well...so
fast—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick
dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—
nothing to get under your nails. No tell-
tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this
new greaseless formula is so effective and
so safe. Try Sentor Medicated Acne Stick
—you'll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES...
TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...EVEN SCARRING

1. Melts blemishes away—penetrates
to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.

2. Dries up pustules—absorbs the oil
that pimples thrive on.

3. Helps prevent scarring—helps
heal tissue a safe new way—before
permanent scarring or pitting begins.

4. Combats re-infection—combats
the bacteria that make pimples grow
and spread.

SKIN-TONED—CONCEALS WHILE
IT HELPS HEAL!

Also available in Canada

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.

continued

We join forces with Mr. Lipton, Ronald
Howard is the son of Leslie Howard, Trevor
is not related. As far as ages, there are 23
years between Trevor and Leslie, so it's
quite possible for them to have been father
and son. Trevor's 62 and Leslie would have
been 65. Who's Ronald? He is now starring
in the Sherlock Holmes TV series.—En.

. . . I've been arguing with my girlfriend
about a certain actor. I say that Bud Ab-
hott is dead and she says he isn't. Could
you please help us out and tell us if he is
dead, and if so, when he died?

SAMMY SANDSTONE
Buffalo, N. Y.

It's one up to your girlfriend, Sammy, Bud's
very much alive and living in retirement in Cali-
fornia.—En.

The Good Old Days

My family and I always enjoy reading
Photoplay. We have been getting it for the
past 37 years. I guess since 1920. I'm 52
years old and a long-standing movie theater
fan.

I would like to see a few pictures and
items from your early issues—1911 to 1920.
I think other readers might like this too.

G. R. SCHERMAN
Baltimore, Md.

Would you?—En.

Cool, Man!

Like it would be real cool to read about
that real gone cat, Jim Garner, in your
publication, Photoplay.

Big Jim is way out there in nowhere land
and is real deserving of a spread in your
cool sheet. Let's not have any of that
stalling jazz because Big Jim is real hep
and exciting!!

All of them other gun-slinging fellas
are strictly for the birds, but Big Jim is way
up on that peak of success, Daddy O!!

THE SWINGING KATS
Merrick, L. I.

We dig you kats!—En.

I Had to Tell Somebody!

I am writing to ask you to please say
something in your magazine about Glenn
Ford's winning the Motion Picture Her-
ald's "Top Ten Money Making Stars" poll.
Surely his winning this poll is important
to his career, for it is the exhibitors them-
soever, saying: "This man has made more
money for me than any other star during
1958."

When Glenn made his first movie, I was
only four years old, and he's been my favorite since I was a little girl. I'm so happy that he won that poll, that I just had to tell somebody! At last, after twenty years of acting, Glenn is on top.

Betty O'Malley
Charleston, W. Va.

Feel better? See next month's Photoplay—En.

A Winner

When Photoplay ran a contest, "Win a Present From the Stars," I entered this contest—and lo and behold I won! I won the beautiful Teddy Bear given by Elvis Presley.

This is to send my most sincere thanks for the gift. I'm still all shook up. I buy Photoplay and so do my friends to get news and pics of the mighty King Elvis, as he is the Greatest.

Again, thanks a million for making it possible for me to win a present from Elvis. I shall always be grateful.

Betty Jo Gills
Miami, Fla.

Out of the past—Gloria Swanson.

Pat’s No Drip!

I would like everyone to know that Pat Boone is not a drip as some people seem to think. I know. I’ve met him. I went to his show about a month ago. It was a terrific show and a great thrill. After the show we waited for Pat. I went with a blind girl, Linda Helm, and another friend, president of a Pat Boone fan club. Linda is a friend of Jack Spina, Pat’s agent. After a while, we went down to his dressing room. Shirley really is lovely, sooo sweet and pretty. We got Pat’s autograph and he asked me where to send the presents the fan club had made. He gave me everything a mother could, but the thing I wanted most... your love!"

Arthur Kennedy: An Actor’s Actor

I’ve been a Rock Hudson fan from way back and, as usual, I thought his performance in “Twilight for the Gods” was great. There was someone else in...

(Continued)
A New Color Lift temporary hair rinse by Helena Rubinstein goes on right from bottle, is designed to last through five shampoos. Enough for two times, $1.50.*

B. Glitter makes nighttime news: Evening Eyes eye-shadow by Kurlash combines shimmering iridescence with color in five luminous shades. $1.50.*

C. More color at hand: Pearl nail polish by Cutex in Jamaica Green, Capri Blue, Tahiti Orchid, slated to be spring and summer’s fun and fashion news. 49¢.

D. On the scent: Color excitement and perfume blend in “Red Roses,” lush, full-bodied new fragrance by Yardley. Spray mist (shown), $2.00; cologne, $1.50.*

E. Foot note: With Pretty Feet lotion to smooth skin, remove callouses, you can step into the sandal season without risky bathroom surgery. $1.50*; 98¢.*

*plus tax

Arthur Kennedy has probably had less publicity than any star of his stature—and there are reasons. Trying to get him to talk about himself has driven people like us to the brink of madness. When we met him he was more interested in us than in himself. What’s more, trying to get all the facts on him is a job—he’s done just about everything: acting, writing, producing, directing, etc. And when you’d said all that, you’ve just barely begun.

But the real-life drama began forty-four years ago in Worcester, Massachusetts—from which place young John Arthur Kennedy speedily departed for engineering courses at Carnegie Tech. Extracurricular dramatics proved to be the main attraction and, shortly after graduation, Kennedy headed for New York.

“Actually, I lived with David Wayne and three or four other theater hopefuls in a West Side rooming house. Half of us slept on cots. We’d pound at Shubert Alley doors during the day and then try to whip together enough to eat for supper. With a dollar you could sometimes bring back half a delicatessen. When things were really rough Davey used to cook griddle cakes like crazy—God, when I think of the stuff I’ve put in my stomach.”

Persistence paid off in two appearances which earned him an accolade from George M. Cohan as “the most brilliant young actor on Broadway.” That was enough for James Cagney. They were having trouble casting a role in “City for Conquest,” and after reading the Cohan quote, Jimmy ordered, “Get him!” He was signed without a test, had his first name lopped off, and did eleven pictures for Warners before the Air Force claimed him for a two-year stretch during the war. Since then he has freelanced successfully as a three-time Oscar nominee, alternating films with footlight appearances—most notably in three Arthur Miller plays: “All My Sons” (which won him a New York Critics Prize), “Death of a Salesman,” and “The Crucible.”

From the Cross shack in “Peyton Place” to the Kennedy home in Westport, Connecticut, is roughly comparable to going from cold beans to caviar. First built in 1690, it’s the oldest residence in the area—a home, two-storied Early American structure which is furnished and decorated in the best of taste. This is the province of Mrs. Kennedy—a charming, attractive blonde who’d look good on any stage and did, twenty years ago when she was known as Mary Cheffey and Kennedy met and married her. Much of their conversation these days is devoted to a choice of the right prep school for Terrence, fifteen, and the right girls’ school for Laurie, thirteen. Also on the premises are a fourteen-year-old mixed breed named “Chippie,” two cats—“Scupper” and “Papooli”—and, in the adjacent barn, a three-and-one-half-year-old ocelot named “Smidley.” Ocelots, for the benefit of the uninitiated, are something like miniature leopards, only grayer.

Kennedy often visits the barn for a free-for-all and has the scars to prove it.

Kennedy’s main relaxation, sports-wise, is swimming—at Martha’s Vineyard, where the family spent their last two summers, and in the Bahamas, which they visited last winter. “And I’m crazy about the Caribbean.” Any particular spot?

“Well, there’s an island that’s part of the French group called St. Martin, and it’s one of the few undeveloped spots down there. A group of us are thinking about buying property down there—but it’s still in the planning stages. I took a vocational guidance test—that’s a theory of mine, that everyone should take a vocational guidance test to find out what they’re best suited for in life—and anyway, they told me I had excellent possibilities as a real estate salesman. So I figured I’d try it out on Tom Ewell. And I painted a rosy picture of an island paradise, y’know, and all that, and Tommy was all ready to go. But it’s still in the thinking stage.” What would he do with property down there? “Oh, I’d probably buy a place on the beach and just take it easy.”—Ed.

Poem for Pat

I have thought and thought For something to say, And here’s a few things That are on the way. Now he’s written a book I’m sure he will find That he’s made even more fans Who think he’s divine. I could go on and on There’s so much to tell. But one thing that’s very true, Mr. Boone, you’re swell.

Grace Ferrin

LeRoy, N. Y.
"I lost 25 pounds in 30 days without dieting"

says ELOISE McELHONE, TV Personality

"I took REGIMEN TABLETS, and never felt better."

"My doctor recommended that I lose weight—but I couldn't stick to a diet. Nothing helped—not expanding pills, reducing candies, not even expensive salon treatments.

"Then I discovered Regimen Tablets. Without a diet or super will power I lost 25 lbs. in 30 days—inches disappeared. I went from a size 18 to a perfect 14 in just 4 weeks. I felt satisfied with a fraction of the calories I used to eat, and my weight came tumbling down!"

Eloise McElhone, New York City

Now, a completely new drug combination! Available without doctor's prescription for

NO-DIET REDUCING with REGIMEN TABLETS

CAUSES YOUR BODY TO LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! IT'S SAFE . . . AUTOMATIC!

You pay nothing if you're not satisfied with your weight loss . . . as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week!

No diet, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New drug acts directly on the cause of your overweight! It's true! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as 70 lbs. without cruel diets, without giving up all your favorite foods! Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is reduce caloric intake . . . to eat less. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose . . . and now, at last, there is a safe NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG COMBINATION FOR FAT PEOPLE, called REGIMEN TABLETS! Thanks to REGIMEN TABLETS, you must be satisfied with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or pay nothing!

3-WAY ACTION MAKES IT EASIER AND FASTER TO LOSE WEIGHT!

Regimen Tablets are aspirin-size, easy to take, and work 3 amazing ways for fast, effective weight-loss.

1. They suppress your appetite; you eat the foods you like, without overeating.

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3. They start traveling quickly thru your blood stream . . . and you lose the tremendous urge to eat! No super will power. YOU FEEL COMPLETELY SATISFIED ON FAR LESS THAN YOUR NORMAL INTAKE—YET YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER AND EASIER THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE!

GUARANTEED

So start reducing the Regimen Tablet way today. You may not lose as much weight as Miss McElhone—but you must be delighted with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or money back. Regimen Tablets are guaranteed safe for normally healthy people when taken as directed on label.

CLINICAL TEST PROVES REGIMEN TABLETS FOR "NO-DIET REDUCING"

A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted diet, while another group ate without restrictions. Both groups took Regimen Tablets daily. In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet" group had actually lost more weight than the severe 1000-calorie diet group. This is clinical evidence that with Regimen Tablets you can eat the foods you like and still lose weight!

Regimen Tablets

10-day supply, only $3
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(You save $1.00)

Available At All Drug Stores.
Rossani Brazzi telephoned. "We are having a few friends in we love best here leaving." Delighted to be considered a friend of these two popular people whom I love, I trotted off to join Van and Evie Johnson, just back from picture making in Europe, and Mitzi Gaynor and husband Jack Bean who were off the next day to New York where Mitzi is making "Anniversary Waltz" with that Critics Award winner, David Niven. . . . My favorite Hollywood executive, that marvelous Lew Schriber of Twentieth Century-Fox, and his pretty wife and director John Negulesco (who directed Rossani and Deborah Kerr in "The Blessing") and his talented wife Dusty Anderson, joined me for dinner. And what a feast that Lydia set up! None of us are over it yet. The handsome Cesare Donovas and Nancy Sinatra livened up the party but Katy Jurado sat most of the evening by herself on the couch. I'm told Katy misses Ernie Borgnine, who's on location in Australia, more and more. I guess it is real love between these two.

Once Over Lightly: Clap hands, everybody. The Guy Madisons are back together, happy with each other and their three small daughters. . . . It's a funny thing but James Mason is so much taller than he appears on the screen. . . . To me Frankie Avalon constantly looks shy. Which is why every girl over 19 would like to "mother" the popular young singer, I suppose. Every girl under 19 just wants to date him. . . . Cary Grant's two Rolls Royce cars, one for his use in London and one in Hollywood, have created considerable comment, what with Cary being on the thrifty side. But, and wouldn't you know it, the cars, I hear, may be rented when not in use. Love that Grant! . . . And how about that dog-biscuit machine belonging to Audrey Hepburn's pooh-leeve, Famous? All Famous has to do is press a lever with his paw and out pops a biscuit!

Party of The Month: Sparks flew! Ashes fell! Brush fires raged! Neros fiddled! And still we danced at the Arthur Cameron party hosted by socialite Cobina Wright. Despite the fact immediate danger had passed, Cornell Wilde haunted the telephone to ask after the children while his lovely wife Jean Wallace hovered near. Had supper with Eleanor Parker and her husband, the prominent painter Paul Clemens. Eleanor, who has a divine figure, had just finished the movie "Hole in the Head" for U.A. with Frank (continued)
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Sinatra and was ready to celebrate. Paul told me about Bill Holden dropping in on him and Eleanor to say goodbye before taking off on an African safari—and then walking out with three of Paul's canvases as gifts to his wife Ardis.

Set of the Month: Whamie! Dorothy Malone delivered a resounding smack to Richard Widmark's cheek two minutes after I'd strolled onto the "Warlock" set. As we all stood there, rooted to the spot while Dick's cheek reddened, he mumbled, "I guess I deserved that."... In her left hand Dorothy still clutched the newly-written dialogue that had prompted the action. "Don't you know your lines?" Dick demanded as they went through the rehearsal scene. "You know you're learning your lines on other people's time. don't you?"... Dorothy said nothing, but when it came time for the slap required in the story, she clamped him. But that was nothing. During a second rehearsal the slap was repeated with even greater force. Mr. Widmark's reflexes were perfect. With the back of his hand he belted Dorothy across the face, whereupon the lady retired to her dressing-room in tears and we crept off into the sunshine of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. By morning it was all over, of course. The cameraman hung a pair of boxing gloves on the set. Richard duly apologized and all was forgiven. But sly, retiring Dorothy Malone! The town can't get over it.

Around Town: It's a tender and budding romance between Tab Hunter and Maria Cooper. The other evening in Chasen's parking lot I overheard Gary and Rocky Cooper saying goodbye to Tab and Maria off to a party somewhere. And like parents everywhere, they were solicitious about Tab's driving and getting home on time...

Tommy Sands is a little dubious about traveling with that young Raiders group composed of the four Crosby boys, Johnny Anderson, Lou Klass, Randy Sparks, Ken Scott, Rick Strauss and Ed Goldstone. And Tommy, of course. But there's a streak of earnestness about Tommy that doesn't jibe with too much horseplay. Which is probably why he and Lindsay, the youngest and most serious of the Crosby lads, are such pats.

One Thing Leads To Another: Eddie and Liz, who treated her sons to a day at Disneyland, are double-dating with Liz's ex-husband, Mike Wilding, and his bride. With Eddie's TV show done and gone at end of contract, the latest hot-cha has Eddie taking up residence in Las Vegas. Object: a divorce from Debbie and a wedding to Liz. A small byplay was missed by reporters when a weary Eddie and a plump Liz showed up for dinner at Chasens to prove Liz was not a patient at Menninger's Clinic as reported. With the press and photographers, who had been tipped off, milling about, a young man dining in the bar came out to investigate the commotion. He took one look at Liz and fled. The lad? Arthur Loew Jr., who had squired Liz before Eddie. In the meantime, Debbie Reynolds keeps bouncing along from one movie to another and hopes, later this year, to enroll in the Actors Studio in New York. So, move over, Marilyn... And due to Eddie, the whole Bloomin' Jerry Lewis-Dean Martin feud began all over again after Dean demanded—and was refused—a fully-equipped kitchen plus $8888 for an Eddie Fisher guest spot (before Eddie went off). Eager-beaver Jerry rushed to take over—for free. The boys are madder than ever now.
As I told you last month, Liz keeps her ex-husbands as friends. After she and Eddie toured Disneyland with her sons—Chris, 4, and Michael, 6—they dated with Mike Wilding, the boys' dad.

TV Jottings! Clint Walker's back! The lanky guy with the rumble-seat voice has ended his long feud with Warners. But here's the catch. Warners are launching him in movies and a new "Cheyenne" series. Ty Hardin continues as "Bronco" on a new show, too. No sooner does Clint get settled than Jim Arniss of "Gunsmoke" splits his seams. Jim wants to make movies on the side, too. And he's darned unhappy about it. There's a real try to work things out between Jim and his wife—which is really good news. . . . Attending a Lawrence Welk rehearsal is even more fun than the show itself. Everyone, including Mr. Welk, is so comfortably relaxed: the four Lennon Sisters drift about, their hair in pin curls; Alice Lon beams on everyone. Then Mr. Welk invites me up to dance and with a hippity hop we do the Polka trot while the boys drum and strum.

Purely Personal: Spent a quiet afternoon with Bob and Natalie at their invitation. Their Laurel Canyon house, ideal for a newly married couple, is a mixture of both Bob's and Nat's furniture. Bob's tables, lamps and favorite chair blend nicely with Natalie's things, especially the huge stuffed tiger before the open fire. Their butler-cook-valet Cavendish, about whom the two kids have told me so much, had prepared a wonderful buffet. I ate too much, of course. And know what the young matron wears for a late afternoon at home? A long full-skirted black-and-white polka-dotted cotton housegown. She looked so pretty. (continued)
... Came home to find a beautiful bouquet
of flowers from Margaret O'Brien, just
because she's a sweet, thoughtful young
lady. Or maybe Margaret just wanted to
share her happiness over her engagement
to Roger Allen, the young advertising man
she'll marry late this year. ... And on Sun-
day to church with Paramount's President,
Mr. Y. Frank Freeman and his lovely
wife, Margaret. Such truly wonderful
people. ... Chatted with Mrs. Tyrone Power
at Don Lopez's elegant soiree and found
her a natural, outspoken young woman,
much prettier than her newspaper pictures.
At present Debbie Power has no plans be-
yond taking care of the son Ty wanted so
much. However, she likes California and
may just stay on.

Cal York's Jottings:

Eva Marie Saint and Jeff Hayden
adore their new home in Mandeville Can-
yon. These confirmed New Yorkers seem
happy to have Westward Ho-ed permanent-
ly. ... Joanne Dru accepted Lew Ayres'
engagement ring so expect wedding bells in
the near future. ... Stan Freberg tied the
knot with his secretary, Jean Andresen.
... Carolyn Jones' husband, Aaron
Spelling, has written a new comedy, "I
Love My Wife, But—" just for her. ... 
Curt Jergens' fans will be able to glimpse
his bride, Simone, in his movie "Ferry to
Hong Kong." Simone shows real talent, even
in her small part. ... Hugh O'Brian, who
doesn't lightly toss his money around, tele-
phoned starlet Stella Stevens almost every
day from London. Stella is 20th Century-
Fox's new find and Hugh dearly loves that
"new girl in town" routine. ... Gia Scala's
father, Pietro Scoglio, arrived in Hollywood
to meet Gia's beau, Don Burnett. They
liket each other immediately. ...
“You can always tell a HALO girl”

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo’s modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible... the purest possible.

He’ll love the satiny shine Halo’s rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans
The Hanging Tree

In a story that keeps out of the old wagon ruts, Gary Cooper, at his western best, meets a leading lady who's a real match for him. A doctor in an 1870's Montana gold-mining camp, Coop's a brooding, stand-offish type, kind to his patients, but tough when he has to be. And he tries to run other people's lives. First, he takes on Ben Piazza, as a kid he rescues from a lynching. A newcomer from the Broadway stage, Ben has the Greek-statue sort of good looks —cropped blond curls, blue eyes, full lips—but his bearing gives you the idea there's going to be an explosion any minute. The second person the doctor tries to dominate is a Swiss immigrant girl, only survivor of a stagecoach hold-up. Maria Schell (pictured bottom left with Gary) started her American career with a classic, "The Brothers Karamazov," but she's much more at ease in this western! She makes a convincing pioneer woman when she and Ben cut loose on their own and team up in a gold-mining venture. They bring in a third partner, a baddie, but their mistake is a break for us, 'cause it gives Karl Malden a chance at some fancy acting. The details are fine; you feel as if you're right there in that rugged mountain camp, with trouble coming at you as trigger-fast as Gary's draw.

The Sound and the Fury

If you liked "The Long, Hot Summer," you'll love this screen adaptation of still another William Faulkner novel. It plunges Joanne Woodward into a mixed-up Southern family again, but its emotions run deeper, and its people's problems are worked out more believably. Most important, it has Yul Brynner (pictured top left with Joanne and Ethel Waters). For the first time, he plays a present-day American, wearing ordinary business suits and well-clipped (if slightly receding) hair. And he's still a most remarkable man—it's hard to keep your eyes off him. As head of the household, he considers himself Joanne's guardian. The situation makes her furious, because he isn't even a blood relative, only her late grandfather's stepson. (That shows you just how mixed-up the family is.) You'll find a whole gallery of splendid performances: Margaret Leighton as Joanne's mother, a faded beauty, pathetic, selfish and weak (especially on morals); Jack Warden as Joanne's uncle, a hulking man with the mind of a child; Ethel Waters as the old servant who is, next to Yul, the strongest personality in the house; Stuart Whitman as a hot-blooded young drifter who's going to take Joanne away from all this—she thinks. Though Joanne is no teenager, what she's really involved in here is the wistful, wonderful, worriesome business of growing up.

It Happened to Jane

Happily, this picture is a lot like Doris Day as we love her; bubbling over with fun, but full of practical common sense, too. As a young widow in a small town in
Look what just landed from out of this world! Blue Horizon—probably the prettiest bra on earth! Heaven-blue embroidery with a hand-made look—and only Maidenform makes it!

Silky white cotton deliciously iced with lace, gently rounded to the new ladylike lines.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1959 MAIDENFORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., N.Y.IO, N.Y.

In this dream of a package—just 3.00.
Price slightly higher in Canada.
MOVIES continued

Maine, she's trying to make a living by selling lobsters. For this, she needs good train service—and she can't get it, because the railroad's owned by Ernie Kovaes. He does a hilarious caricature of the big boss who tramples all over everybody: his employees, commuters, the general public. Jack Lemmon, one of our smartest light comedians, is shy instead of harsh this time, as a hick-town lawyer who is Doris' steady but can't get up the nerve to propose. Then along comes a rival—handsome blond Steve Forrest, as a newspaperman who helps Doris (below, right, with Jack Lemmon) get her case into print and on TV. For a while, it looks as if her fellow townspeople will give her about as much support as Gary Cooper got in "High Noon." It's a nice, friendly movie, rippling along with quiet chuckles.

The Black Orchid PARAMOUNT

What do you expect of a picture with a sexy-sinister title like that and two stars like fiery Anthony Quinn and voluptuous Sophia Loren (below, center)? Well, that isn't what you get. It's a pleasant surprise, a warm and sympathetic family story, like a look into your neighbor's house. The gentle courtship of Anthony and Sophia, widower and widow, Italian-Americans, runs into complications. She has a young son (Jamie Baird) who is a delinquent; Tony has a daughter who is bitterly jealous of Sophia. Ina Balin, a refreshing new face, makes you understand this girl, even though you get as exasperated with her as her young fiancé (Mark Richman) does.

Up Periscope WARNER BROS./WARNER-SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

What a crew this sub has! In this brisk World War II thriller, we come aboard with debonair James Garner (below left with Alan Hale), a frogman who is to be ferried to a near-suicidal mission on a Jap-held island. It isn't a happy undersea ship, he finds: skipper Edmond O'Brien puts the safety of his craft and its full personnel ahead of individual lives. Lanky Carleton Carpenter and good-looking William Leslie are second and third in command, and if you look hard you'll see Edd Byrnes in a ridiculously small role. (Somebody goofed!) There isn't much time for romance: Jim lovingly recalls a brief interlude with Andra Martin.

Tempest PARAMOUNT: TECHNO-RAMA, TECHNICOLOR

Scenes of sweeping, powerful spectacle give this historical drama its chief excitement. It concerns 18th Century Russians; but that's about the only nationality that doesn't get into the act. A French Italian company shot it in Yugoslavia with a cast from all over the place, including Hollywood. In the reign of Catherine the Great (Vivica Lindfors), a revolt is being organized by a rough, tough, red-bearded peasant (Van Heflin). When violence breaks out at a lonely post on the steppe, it involves two loyal young lovers, Army officer Geoffrey Horne and Silvana Mangano, his commander's daughter. Van and Geoff, who cuts a dashing figure in uniform, give the story moments of humanity, in spite of some terribly stiff dialogue.

No Name on the Bullet CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

As "Maverick" proves on TV, a sense of humor is a big help in a western, and Audie Murphy's latest has a script with a neat ironic slant. It isn't a whom-dunit; the question here is: Who's gonna get it? Audie's a professional killer; when he rides into town, everybody knows somebody's number is up. But whose? About the only party with a clear conscience is doc Charles Drake, who can't keep the nervous citizens from shooting each other—or themselves. With his baby face and modest size, Audie is still a frightening desperado.

The Unvanquished (Aparajito) HABRISON

Sequel to India's well-regarded film "Panther Panchali," this has the same mixture of poetic beauty and grubby realism, exotic backgrounds and familiar emotions. With his young parents, the delightful small boy Apa has moved from their hungry home village to Benares, on the sacred Ganges River. He darts through the tenement and the city streets with lively curiosity. And he finds another world to explore after his father's death, when his mother's work as a servant takes them far into the Bengali countryside. Even as a ten-year-old, he's eager for learning. As a teenager, he goes alone to Calcutta to continue his education, taking a job on the side. His mother won't hold him back—but she resents his ambition. Their changing relationship is treated profoundly and tenderly.

These Thousand Hills 20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

When a western slows down to concentrate on character instead of action, the characters had better be interesting. Several talented young players put up a good fight here, but the script is too obvious. While cowhand Don Murray goes after money and respectability, he edges away from old friends. Dance-hall "hostess" Lee Remick lends him money to start ranching, then gets brushed off after he meets Patricia Owens, who's very much the lady. Stuart Whitman can't stand Don's snobbery, and when these ex-partners meet again the outcome is tragic.

Never Steal Anything Small CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

If this peculiar movie measured up to James Cagney's star performance, we'd really have something. He's a joy to watch, with his perfect comedy timing.
“No other beauty soap quite so gentle”
says Jean Simmons

The specialness of Lux is the gentleness of Lux. It radiates in the softness of the world’s loveliest complexions. Like Jean Simmons. Like those of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars who use Lux regularly. Discover for yourself . . . the caressing lather that makes your skin feel so smooth . . . the quiet fragrance that blends so softly with your own perfume . . . and the natural gentleness of Lux. Lever Brothers guarantees you’ll love Lux or your money will be refunded in full.

That’s the beauty of LUX
and strong personal charm—a great old pro. But the story brazenly chooses to make fun of graft and thuggery in waterfront unions, and it hasn't the style to carry off such an outrageous joke. Jimmy (below with Cara Williams) is a smooth hoodlum who plans to be king of the longshoremen. While he's at it, he buys and corrupts a young lawyer, with the idea of stealing the lawyer's pretty wife. Roger Smith and Shirley Jones look appealing in these roles. The movie goes only halfway in its aim to be a musical; songs done by Jimmy, Shirley and Cara Williams (a smart, seductive gal) are so entertaining that you want more.

**CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES**

**BLACK ORCHID, THE—**Paramount. Directed by Delmer Daves; Peter Bianco, Sophia Loren; Frank Vanelle, Anthony Quinn: Mary Vanelle, Isla Balin; Rapho Bianco, Jimmy Baird; Stoii, Mark; Richman; Giada Gallo, Naomi Stevens; Alina Gallo, Virginia Vincent; Joe, Joe DiRado; Henry, Gello; Frank Rubbo; Tony Bonetto; Paul, Scotti Vito; Counseol, Zolga Talma; Tony Riccio, Jack Washbourn, Tom, Hamson, White Basell; Priest, Robert Carricart.

**HANGING TREE, THE—**WARNERS. Directed by Delmer Daves; Doc Firth, Gary Cooper; Elizabeth, Maria Schell; Frenchy, Karl Malden; Bess, Ben Piazza; Grubb, George C. Scott; Mr. Flisslau, Karl Swenson; Mrs. Flissn, Virginia Gregg; Society Red, John Dierkes; Winner, King Dovewon.

**INTENT TO KILL—**20th. **CINEMASCOPE.** Directed by Delmer Daves; Jack Cardiff, Bob McLaurin, Richard Todd, Nancy Ferguson, Betsy Drake, Ivan Mundy, Herbert Lom; Finch, Warren Stevens, Francisco Flores, Carlo Justinia, O'Trico, Paul Carpenter; Mr. McNell, Alexander Knox; Carla Menda, Linda Gaston; Nal, Peter Arne; Margaret McLaurin, Catherine Bower, Jack, John Crawford.

**IT HAPPENED TO JANE—**Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine; James Cagney, Doris Day; George; Crabb; Jack Lemmon; Harry Foster Maloney; Ernie Kovacs; Larry Hall, Steve Forrest; Billy Osgood, Teddy Rooney; Selena Harris, Casey Adams; Uncle Otta, Russ Brown; Gracelaw Sloan, Wally, Ken Scott; McClen, George; Parker Fennelly; Maddie Evanson, Mary Wickes; Wilbur Petersen, Philip Coolidge; Aaron Neil, John Cecil Holm.

**NEVER STEAL, ANYTHING SMALL—**U-I. Directed by Charles Lederer; Jack MacMurray, James Cagney; June Alber; Shirley Jones; Dan C-abot, Roger Smith; Ifiupavier, Cara Williams; Frances, Nehemiah; Patric, George; Mazza; Bocci, Royal Dano; Ray McCarthy, Horace McMahon; Rjas. Sanford, apiece. Hasie, Faye; Hymie, Billy Green; Ed, Robert Wilkie; Sleep.

**JOURNEY—**M-G-M. Technicolor: Expert romantic drama reunites "The King and I" team. In the Hungarian revolt, Soviet officer Yuri Bryner helps decide the fate of refugees including Deborah Kerr and her lover, John Robards, Jr. Yuri's old bald self in this one. (A) February

**LONELYHEARTS—**U-I. Bitter newspaper story casts Monty Clift as idealistic writer of an advice column. Dolores Hart is his sweetheart. Editor Robert Ryan tells Monty people are all fakers. Maureen Stapleton is a love-hungry letter-writer. (A) March

**PERFECT FURLONGH, THE—**Cinemascope, Eastman Color. Winningly wacky, Tony Curtis has a ball as a GI wolf on a Parisian street. Janet Leigh is a pretty but prissy WAC. (A) February

**RAILY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS—**U-I Cinemascope, De Luxe Color. All out for laughs! A new missile base and a jet-propelled siren create funny woes for suburban couple Joan Woodward and Paul Newman. (A) December


**SEPARATE TABLES—**U-I. Deborah Kerr's a revelation as a timid spinster at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cut: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller. (A) January

**SOUND AND THE FURY, THE—**20th. Directed by Henry King, Ira Sacks, Anthony Quayle, Yul Brynner. Quentin, Joanne Woodward; Caddy, Margaret Laurence; Luke, David Hemmings; Lil, Celia Johnson; Delay, Ethel Waters; Ben Compton, Jack Ward; Miss Guerina, Franca Rosy; Howard, John Beul; Earl, Albert Dekker; Luster, Stephen Perry; T.P., William Gunn; Joy, Roy Glenn.

**TENTEMPT—**Paramount. Directed by Alberto Lattuada: Massa, Silvana Mangano, Paolozzi, Van Helfin, Catherine the Great, Viveca Lindfors, Peter Grist, Geoffrey Horse, Sadie, Oscar Homolla; Captain Merson, Robert Keith; Uccisoria, Agnes Moorhead; Sigrid, Hichinott Damron; Count Grafey, Finish, Currie, Pranciof, Vittorio Gasman; Mayor Zarin, Lawrence Nairer. (A) January

**THESE THOUSAND HILLS—**20th. Directed by Richard Fleischer: Ear Evans, Don Murray; John, Richard Egan; Paul, Lee Remick; Joyce, Patricia Owens; Tom Ping, Stuart Whitman; Colonel, Albert Brooks; Gerald J. Stone; Carnichael, Royal Dano; Jen, Jean Wille; Whitsy, Donald Ewrow; Sally, the Coeul, Furry Knight, Geoff, Robert, Albert Adler. Miss Frau, Barbara Morrison; Garbon, Ned Weyer; Hat, Ken Harron, McClen, Steve Dagrati; Kenaitci, Tom Greenway; Little Runney, Frank; Brother Fan, Nelson Leigh; Frenchy, Ben; Wright; Strain, Jesse Kirkpatrick; Sreed, John Epper.

**TOP PERSPECTIVE—**WARNERS. Directed by Gordon Douglas; Ken, James Garner; Stevenson, Edmund O'Brien; Sally, Andra Martin; Mauro, Patricia Neal; John, George; Cars, John; Mark, John, George; sheet, Frank Gifford; Dickert, William Leslie; Jack, Jack Egan; Edward Byrnes; Floyd, Sean Garrison; York, Hanky Kalby.
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One sure way to find out is to be a blonde... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it. The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle new Lady Clairol Instant Whip, it's so easy! Takes only minutes! Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Toss your hat in the ring. Be a beautiful blonde, it's spring!
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Lipstick, Department E-3
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I have enclosed two Zest bar wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to help defray expenses. Please send me a Hazel Bishop lipstick.

My hair color is: Blond, Brunette, Redhead, Grey

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My hair color is: Blond, Brunette, Redhead, Grey

Name: ________________________________
Address: ________________________________
City: __________________ Zone: __ State: __

Offer good only in continental United States and Hawaii. Offer expires August 31, 1959. Be sure to place sufficient postage on your envelope and allow three weeks for delivery.
#1 of a new pinup series

YOUNG MAN WITH GUITAR

Rick Nelson
Rick is kind of shy, but awfully sweet
Just as nice a boy as you'll ever meet.
He likes a picnic or a moonlight ride—
Of course with a pretty girl at his side.
One minute he's serious, next he grins,
Then laughs out loud when fun begins.
So if you're natural and not too slick
You're really the perfect girl for Rick.
I wrote a note to Debbie asking her if I could see her but I never dreamed she would invite me to visit her and that we two would sit and talk.

As far back as I can remember, my favorite actress has been Debbie Reynolds. The first time I saw her was in “Singing in the Rain.” It was in 1952 and I was seven years old and we were living in Weisbaden, Germany. My father’s a major in the Air Force so we move around quite a lot.

From that day on she became my idol and since then I’ve cut out every picture of her I can find in magazines and newspapers—I’ve boxes full—and when we’ve moved house, those boxes have always been the first thing I’ve packed.

When I was younger (I’m fourteen now) I used to dream about her. I’d imagine all sorts of ways I could possibly get to see her. But never once did I dream that someday I’d really meet Debbie Reynolds.

The day I saw all those newspaper headlines and big stories about Debbie, Eddie and Elizabeth Taylor, I felt like running and telling her how sorry I was. But I reasoned that it would be foolish to try and get to Debbie when every important writer in the country would probably be standing in line waiting to talk to her. But I did live nearby, in Inglewood which is only a few miles from Hollywood. Maybe I could see her . . .

I found out who Debbie’s agent was and wrote him a letter. It took me ever so long before I finally got what I wanted down on paper. I explained that I’d admired Debbie for years and then I practically told him my whole life story! I thought that maybe that way he would understand that I was sincere. I promised him that if he could arrange an interview, I’d be very appreciative and vowed I’d not say a thing which would make her feel bad. And I added as a P.S. that I’d love to meet her on the set of a picture most of all.

Two weeks passed. I ran home from school every day to check the mail. After fourteen days I began to give up hope. On the morning of November 7th, I was in the school library studying for an exam. I just happened to look out of the window when I (continued)
found out from Debbie!
When I saw the expression in Debbie’s eyes,
I knew she was very brave . . .

saw my mother coming down the school walk! What
had happened? I darted out of the library and caught
her by the arm. She turned around, didn’t say a word
but just held out a powder blue envelope addressed
to me. I ripped open the envelope—it was the letter.
Debbie Reynolds had written to me!

I stood there in the hallway and began to read. At
first it just seemed to be a bunch of words, hand-
written ones. “Mommy, it’s personally handwritten,”
I screamed. Then I let out a groan.

“What’s wrong?” Mother asked.

I was almost in tears. “Mommy, Debbie invited me
to come to the studio Thursday, November 6th, at four
o’clock—that was yesterday!”

We looked at the postmark on the envelope—it was
dated November 3rd. There was only one answer, some-
how the letter must have been lost. It had taken four
days to travel twelve miles. We stared at each other,
speechless. Then Mother put her arm around me and
said not to worry. She promised to go straight home
and call the studio and try to find someone to deliver a
message to Debbie explaining what had happened. “I’m
sure when Debbie realizes it wasn’t your fault,” she
said softly, “she’ll give you another appointment.”

I went back to the library but just couldn’t concen-
trate. When lunch time came I couldn’t even look at
food. Then in algebra class, a monitor brought a note
asking me to come to the principal’s office. My heart
began to beat very fast. I was told that my mother had
just called to say that she’d been able to get a message
through to Debbie. The person taking the message said
she’d see to it that Debbie got it right away. The studio
promised Mommy they’d call her back as soon as they
could. It only took ten minutes. Evidently, as soon as
Debbie learned what had happened, she had them call
Mother back and say I could come over that afternoon
at four. I couldn’t believe it! Since this was more or
less a school project—I planned to use the interview
in a term paper—I was allowed to go home right away.
Everyone at school was darn nice—they even let me miss
a test.

By the time I reached home I was in a panic. I had
gone swimming in gym class that morning and my hair
was still damp and straight as a board. Mother handed
me some bobbies and a can of hair spray. I put my
hair up in pin curls and rushed into my bedroom to
find something to wear. I wanted so much to look nice.
I chose my favorite plain cotton dress.

We were out the front door when Mother realized
she didn’t know how to get to M-G-M. We went back
in and called a neighbor for directions. When we told
her why we wanted them, she offered to come along
for the ride and show us. She was excited too.

I was so nervous by this time I couldn’t sit still in
the car. And I kept leaning forward and looking in
the driver’s mirror to see if I looked all right and not too
flustered. All sorts of thoughts kept spinning around
in my head. Would Debbie be as pretty in person?
What would she say? Would she look very sad? Would
I be disappointed? Would she be easy to talk to? But
more than anything else I worried . . . would I know
what to say? I had questions ready, but would I be
calm enough to ask them?

The next thing I knew the car had stopped.
“Here we are,” Mother said. Then she (continued)
Debbie: "With two beautiful

Debbie's a wonderful mother as well as a star and I knew this by the look in her eyes when she spoke of her babies."
children and work you love—what more can you ask?

took me aside and whispered, “Don’t be scared and good luck.” She kissed me.

I walked along Washington Boulevard looking at the high stone wall that prevents people from being able to see into the studio. Then I noticed a sign that said, “Casting Dept.” I had been told to pick up my pass there.

I walked in, trying very hard not to be too nervous. There was a uniformed policeman sitting at a desk. I walked up to him.

“I’m Pam Larner. I have an appointment with Debbie Reynolds. There should be a pass for me.”

He smiled, then pulled open (Continued on page 86)
please don't come too close-
Sandra, is that you?” His voice came over the telephone, just as deep as it ought to be when you measure six-feet-two from your crewcut to your white bucks. “What time should I pick you up tonight?”

I was glad he couldn’t see my face as I answered, “You’ll never believe what’s happened.”

There was a pause at his end of the line and then he said, “What?”

“Well, you see, it’s like this. I . . . uh . . . I’ve been shot!”

“You’ve been what?”

“We were shooting this scene. I didn’t tell you I was making a western, did I? Well, you know we use blank bullets, but if they hit you, you can sometimes get hurt anyway. Well . . . um . . . one of them hit me.”

“Gosh Sandy,” he said, “that’s awful. Are you hurt bad?”

“Oh, it’s only a shoulder wound,” I said bravely.

“Well, who shot you?”

“I was ambushed by an Indian.”

“Did you pass out?” he asked.

“Oh, no. I . . . uh . . . I just staggered a bit and then someone caught me.”

“Did you bleed a lot.”

“No, only a little. It’s just a flesh wound.”

“Gosh!”

“I told you you wouldn’t believe it.”

“How’d you get to the doctor? On a stretcher?”

“Well, there’s always a doctor on the lot. He just came over to our set and tended me there.”

“Oh, I see. Well did you have to come home in an ambulance?”

“Yes, but it was a small ambulance. And they didn’t turn on the sirens.”

“Is the bullet still in your shoulder?”

“Oh, no, they took it out right there on the set.”

“What’d they do with the bullet?” (Continued on page 94)

I’ve got the **MUMPS**

by SANDRA DEE

Take a tip from me. If you’ve got to be sick, cheer yourself up with a pretty blue blanket and a frilly bed-jacket. Honest, it’s better than penicillin.
Nick Adams stood under the sign marked “arrivals” and, fiddling nervously with the cigarette lighter he held in his hand, looked over at the large clock which stood by the gateway. Only one minute before the bus was due.

He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his brow. It was a hot, sultry afternoon and the wide concrete expanse of the station gaped vacantly at him, missing its usual bustling activity.

A rumbling caught his attention and he turned to watch the huge bus come slowly into the station and pull up before him. (Continued on page 99)
When I wrote about Romanoff's
here's how I was really dining.

After a rough day,
any bed felt good.

"Got the
world on
a string," I wrote.
Or was it vice-versa?

Here's the snappy
convertible I drove.
See how roomy it is?
The bride was radiant when she said "I do."

Ingrid Bergman felt that at last, with Lars Schmidt, she had reached her "Sixth Happiness."

Yet only a short time later . . .

THE BRIDE CRIED
Rain clouds that had blanketed the sky all morning suddenly lightened as the sun broke through. A limousine came down a deserted street in London's historic Westminster section and pulled up in front of Caxton Hall. The chauffeur looked up and down the street, and seeing no one there got out and opened the back door of the car. Two of the men went quickly up the stairs of the city hall and rapped on the door. The third, a good-looking man of about forty, in a dark gray suit, followed them. But for a moment he paused, looked up at the sun, and smiled. Then he peered anxiously down the street in the direction from which his limousine had just come. In the distance he saw another car, the twin of his own, coming towards Caxton Hall. He smiled at the two men on the steps above him, pointed towards the fast approaching limousine, and then joined them. The door opened, they entered, and the door closed once again. The other car drew up in front of the hall and two people got out. One (Continued on page 91)
This month let's
talk about something
that's even more troublesome
than love—$ $ $ $ 

**WHO'D GIVE ME A JOB?**

I've been promoted! Everyone at Photoplay
— played it very cool as I made my way to
my office. (It's not really an office, you can
call it a corner where a desk just *happens* to
be.) Anyway, I opened the door and lo and
behold—I knew I had finally arrived! (It
brings a lump to my throat just thinking
about it.) Photoplay had given me a filing
cabinet all my own!

All right! So I am dramatizing the thing
a bit, but I guess no one will blame me for
being a little "corny." When you feel that
the office gang is out to help you, you just
have to feel good. All they want you to do
in return is your share of the work. Of course,
some people don't know the secret of "how to
work and enjoy it," but after you've been at
a few jobs, you begin to understand. Why.
I've served up coffee and hamburgers and I've
put in time trying to get my foot in the door
and interest a busy (Continued on page 96)

by DICK CLARK
here's what we, your hometown folks, feel about you,

PAUL NEWMAN

There was a quiet, lazy quality about Shaker Heights as we drove towards the high school . . . and a solid, comfortable feeling, too, with its pretty, private houses—all with spacious grounds and lovely lawns—and its tree-lined streets. A nice town to live in, to grow up in. Paul Newman's hometown. A suburb of Cleveland, but so different from the hustle and bustle of the city itself.

We parked our car across the street from Shaker Heights High and Tom Watson. Paul Newman's old pal who was showing us around and introducing us to Paul's
friends and relatives, looked wistfully at the school. “It hasn’t changed a bit,” he said. “No different than it was many years ago when I first met Paul. Seeing it again brings everything back . . . as if it were only yesterday.

“I was a Senior, and one day I was fooling around on the piano in our French class. The teacher hadn’t arrived yet, and I guess I was kind of showing off. Well, I was playing something slow and corny, when suddenly this guy was sitting next to me on the bench—I’d seen him in the halls, but I didn’t know who he was—he started playing boogie-woogie bass to my sweet melody. Soon I slid off the bench and he was on his own.

“All the other kids stopped talking and cutting up and started to listen. Some of them began clapping their hands in time to the music, and one couple even danced in the back of the room. Suddenly the teacher came in. We all froze as if we’d been shot, then we melted into our seats.

“But the guy at the piano was out of this world. His eyes were closed, his head was swaying, and he didn’t know anybody else existed. And the teacher just stood there, watching him, listening. Finally, she coughed. He kept playing. She coughed again, real loud. He opened his eyes and practically fell off the bench. He started to say something, but she cut in. ‘Don’t apologize,’ she said, (Continued on page 101)
NO ONE TO TURN TO ...

the tragic truth behind a newspaper story
Inger Stevens' ex-husband said today that the actress, who was found unconscious after she swallowed a "caustic agent," has always been unhappy.

Anthony Soglio, of 423 Madison Av., said his former wife called for a luncheon date recently "and she must have been pretty lonely to call me."

The blue-eyed, blond star of "The Brides" was taken to Columbus Hospital last night after she was discovered in a pink negligee lying across her eight-foot-square bed.

Police found a partly filled ammonia bottle near the actress, who doctors said had swallowed "a caustic - possibly cleaning fluid."

Police, who have been unable to question her because she is still unconscious, were called by John DiSantis, the superintendent of the building at 31 Gramercy Park, where Inger lives.

He discovered the actress after a friend, David Tebet, an NBC executive, failed to reach her by phone over the weekend. Alarmed, Tebet called DiSantis and asked him to check the apartment.

Soglio, who was Inger's two-year-old office assistant, said she had answered his call on the phone. Tebet, who lives near Inger, was in the next room and could hear her voice. Unable to get her to answer, he called the police.

A
ll through the weekend after the New Year's holiday, Inger Stevens didn't answer her telephone.

Bitter-cold winter winds ripped through New York City like an icy scythe in seventy-miles-an-hour gales. Inger's close friend, David Tebet, a tall, dark-haired executive with NBC Television, called Inger over and over again throughout Saturday and Sunday.

But there was no reply. Tebet couldn't understand why. When he left Inger on Friday night after a relaxing evening of dinner and theater, she seemed a little down in the dumps, possibly from the biting ten-degree cold that plagued the city for over a week and, peculiarly, had its depressing effects. "But not down enough for anyone to worry about," Tebet recalls. Matter of fact, Inger had told him to be sure to call her "sometime tomorrow."

Around seven o'clock on Sunday evening when the black blanket of January sky covered the freezing metropolis, Tebet, tense with worry over Inger, finally called the handyman of the new apartment building Inger recently moved into. It was in the fashionable Gramercy Park area with its elegant stucco town houses (Continued on page 79)
The door slammed firmly shut behind them. The tall, blond young man and his wife walked in silence down the front path of their home and then turned abruptly right as they reached the sidewalk. Both had dug their hands deeply into their coat pockets.

A cold north blast hit them as they reached the corner and Dick Gardner pulled the collar of his coat up tight around his ears while his wife Joan buried her face in her high fur collar. The orange sun of the late winter afternoon cast long grey shadows ahead of them.

Occasionally, as though concerned about his wife's strained manner, Dick turned his head to look at Joan but she continued to stare steadily ahead. It was their first moment alone in a long time... and their first time alone in their hometown of Waterloo, Iowa, since they had left it to go to Hollywood many months before... and (Continued on page 90)

"It was our first time together since Joan had left me in Hollywood to come home to Iowa with the children... we felt awkward... we didn't know what to say... and we were afraid for our marriage."
Take off your shoes, step into Joan’s apartment, and help us find out

WHO PUT THE FINGERPRINTS ON

by STEPHEN KAY
My index finger was pointed at the bell marked “Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Steele,” but before I could make contact, the door flew open. A suntanned man stood before me and he looked like the sort of man who, if I'd seen him on the subway, I'd have been sure he was taking the ride because he was thinking of buying the company. He had that look.

“Darling!” came a cry from behind him. “It's so good to see you.”

It was Joan Crawford. She waved me into the striking white foyer and I tried not to stare. I'd only met Joan once before and I still hadn't gotten over being dazzled. Seeing her here, in the $100,000 duplex apartment that had made even her Fifth Avenue neighbors gasp, I began talking real fast, hoping she wouldn't see that I was a little nervous.

"Gosh, would you believe it? It's March, the end of March," I said as I unbuttoned my coat, "and it's snowing outside! The elevator man blames it on the H-bombs. Imagine, snow at this time of year."

"I know, darling," Joan said. "So why don't you take off your shoes as well as your coat."

"Oh, they're not wet," I said, flattered that Joan would be so interested in whether I might catch cold. "I was wearing a pair (continued)
of galoshes, I left them right outside the door.”

“Yes, but why don’t you take off your shoes any-

way,” Joan suggested. “It’s really better that way.”

I looked at Joan, puzzled, and she beamed a smile

at me. Well, if Joan Crawford smiles at you, what
can you do? I started to take off my shoes. I started
to lean up against the wall to balance myself while
I unlaced the right shoe.

“Oh, no,” Joan said, so suddenly that I almost lost
my balance and fell at her feet, which is where I
really wanted to be anyway. I do admire her so.
“Don’t lean on the wall,” (Continued on page 82)

“Does my dogwood tree really remind you of California?” Joan asked. “Now she knows it’s a success,” Al laughed.
In the spring
a young
man's fancy
turns to
thoughts of
love

3 love stories
from the boy’s
point of view

1- Getting to know her ... WILL HUTCHINS AND NORMA MOORE
   A boy + a girl + a motor scooter = romance in the park

2- Meeting her folks ... TOMMY SANDS
   "Tommy, Mom and Dad want you to come over for dinner"

3- Trying to forget her ... EDD BYRNEs
   Why doesn’t a fellow ever get over his first love?
Will Hutchins called Norma Moore and said, “Hey—it’s spring. Let’s go out and look for a tree.”

Will Hutchins devilishly let out a wild hoot, keeled his motor scooter to the right and zoomed ahead towards the park.

“Hey!” he felt a tug around his waist . . . “I’m back here, remember?” laughed the girl hugging on behind him.

He turned and caught a quick glimpse of her in a striped cotton shirt, vainly hanging on to her large straw hat. Two tufts of near golden hair flapped provocatively against the brim. Norma has pretty hair, he thought, as a ray of sunlight caught it, making it sparkle.

“Eyes on the road, Sugarfoot,” she teased and laughed again, easily and warmly.

Will had known her ever since they both first came to Hollywood—Norma Moore from North Carolina and Will Hutchins from the University of California. They shared such a lot—mostly dreams, then, and a love of the open air.

Just that morning he had kidded her on the phone, “How about going out with me and finding a tree today? After all, it’s almost spring.”

“How do you like that (continued)
A MOTOR SCOOTER = ROMANCE IN THE PARK
ROMANCE IN THE PARK  continued

tree, the one over there?” he shouted to her as they rounded a corner.
“What’d you say?” She leaned over to hear him over the burr of the machine.
“That tree—good enough?” he laughed.
“Oh, perfect,” she shouted back, finally understanding.
He slowed the scooter to a whining halt and steadied it while Norma hopped off. Together they tugged the machine off the road and set it beside the tree. Will took off his jacket and tossed it over the seat. Then he stretched himself lazily out flat on the ground. “Come on down, the weather’s fine,” he laughed. She pretended to collapse down beside him, “Whee! That was a ride.”

For a moment they were still. Then, noticing she had suddenly become pensive, he said, “Penny for your thoughts.”
She smiled, asking softly, “Ever look for a four-leaf clover, Will?”
“Mmm . . . sometimes,” he yawned, (Continued on page 78)

“She was so delightfully natural, giggling as the water hit her nose."
Sure, I'll admit it. I was scared. I really was.

Now, there's nothing wrong with a fellow going over to his girl's house to have something to eat, but I felt funny about it. I had the feeling they wanted to look me over. You know—the way people look over a refrigerator before buying it—or a car.

Now don't get me wrong. Joan's folks knew me. I used to go over to their house for occasional Friday night get-togethers when she'd have the gang over for some laughs and dancing and grilled cheese sandwiches. Her mom and dad were always there to say hello. Then they'd go upstairs and we'd dim the lamps in the game room and dance to the easy music of Frank Sinatra on the portable phonograph Joan had gotten for Christmas.

I'd tell you her full name, only I don't think it's fair. But her initials were J. C. She was pretty, yes. Not a knockout like some of these movie-star gals. Joan had glossy black hair with a soft curl at the end of it, a complexion like a June rosebud, bright blue eyes and a dimple that made me melt. But Joan's looks weren't what really mattered. She had a quality I liked. She was agreeable, always willing to let a fellow take the lead. She never cranked about anything I suggested we do on a date.

Well, we'd been seeing each other for about two months. I don't know if you'd call it going steady. I'd only kissed her once... on the way to the Dog House for hot dogs and milk shakes in Bill Snyder's beat-up Tin Lizzie. That night there had been two other couples besides us, and we'd just seen a flick at the drive-in. We were all hungry so we agreed to pass by the "kennel club," and suddenly, as we were riding along that dark country road, the couple next to us started kissing. I didn't know what to do so I leaned over and kissed Joan. But at that moment the Tin Lizzie went over a bump in the road and I knocked my head against hers and felt like a fool.

I was embarrassed to kiss her again. But we liked each other. We'd (Continued on page 88)

“Tommy, mom and dad want you to come over for dinner”

by TOMMY SANDS

as told to GEORGE CHRISTY
Edd Byrnes asks:

why doesn't a fellow ever get over his FIRST LOVE?
I sat in my bedroom, staring into space, listening to Vic Damone singing. For the hundredth time I lifted the arm on the phonograph and set the needle back to the beginning of the record.

You're breaking my heart
'Cause you're leaving;
You've fallen for somebody new.
It isn't easy believing
You'd leave after all we've been thru . . .

Every time I listened to those words, words that seemed to be written just for me, it was as if I were hearing them for the first time. When you're seventeen you can be hurt very easily—you kind of dramatize things all out of proportion. But at seventeen who's interested in logic?

I sat in my bedroom, hour after hour, not talking to anyone, just listening to that record, feeling lost inside, and thinking that what was happening to me must be a unique experience, something (continued)
"I never meant to hurt you, Edd... but I like him... and he likes me."

no one else in the whole world could understand, or share, or know anything about.

When I first started high school, girls weren't important in my life. I was at the age where going out for sports, being one of the guys, being liked by the group were the things that mattered most. I dated occasionally but it wasn't until I was seventeen that I first met her. After that I was less available for stag evenings, movies, less anxious for late basketball practice, less willing to spend all my free hours jumping up and down on a trampoline. I found out there was more to life than I had imagined!

Yet I was always especially interested in gymnastics. At the time I was taking a class twice weekly at New York's famous Turnverein Gym. Our teams entered athletic competitions with universities and schools like West Point. I went to classes on Tuesdays and Fridays. On Sundays both girls and boys used the gym facilities at the same time.

One of those Sundays I stood talking with a friend of mine in the gym. We'd just finished our workout on the bars. As we were about to head for the showers, a very lovely, dark-haired girl with an elfin-like figure came walking towards us. She moved so (Continued on page 84)
A new kind of lipstick with a light touch—no greasiness! New Cutex delicate

Here's a completely new kind of lipstick that feels as beautiful as it looks! Beautifully creamy, yet you won't feel a touch of greasiness from the minute it glides on! Light and moist as a delicate mist, it has all the brilliant color and glow you could want. Give your lips a new excitement...a new delicacy...with Cutex Delicate Lipstick. In the new slim, elegant Nugget Case...in gold, aqua, or pink! 79c plus tax.
"I'll wear Tab's friendship bracelet forever"

by LUCKY KOCH

When we were shopping, Tab stopped and pointed to some candlesticks. "It's my mother's birthday," he said. "Let's go in."
I didn't know till much later that Tab had a secret reason—my bracelet—for stopping.

Tab bought me an autograph hound, then he wrote on its ear: "I'm so sad. Please give me a good home. Tabaroo."

Hello, Lucky. That's a cute name. Is it your real one?" Tab said, looking down at me when we were introduced.

Ever since Photoplay called to tell me I had won a date with Tab, I wondered how it would be at the moment we met. Somehow it was easy. I found myself saying:

"Mom and Dad were so glad I turned out to be a girl, they called me Lucky. It's a lot better than Harriet Koch, don't you think?" We laughed and Tab said, "Well, from now on you're 'Tiny' to me."

(Tab is six feet tall; I'm five-foot-one.)

"How'd you like to take me shopping for my mother?" he suggested. "It's her birthday today." I nodded "yes" and Tab said, "Fine. Let's go."

After we picked up the engraved silver candlesticks he'd chosen for her and Tab had called his mother in California, he (Continued on page 98)

Turn the page for Lucky's Simplicity wardrobe

Saying goodnight before Mom and Dad drove me home to Chatham, New Jersey, Tab said, "Write me soon, Tiny."

Tiny's a nice nickname, but I think "Lucky" suits me even better than ever now.
For my date with Tab, the fashion editor of Photoplay asked Simplicity Patterns to make a whole date wardrobe for me. My dinner dress was of flowered blue and green silk and had a matching sash. (Simplicity 2929)

The striped cotton Tyrolean print has heart-shaped buttons. (2913)

I wore a white shirt under my black-and-white check wool jumper. (2657) I met Tab in my red corduroy car coat with big silver buttons. (2638)
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always ready to flatter your face
with just a breath of color

Only compact make-up with
shades so delicately
blended they match each
individual complexion.
Creme Puff never changes
on your face. Ends
"color-patching" forever!

Just the breath of color you desire . . . any time
. . . any place . . . yours with Creme Puff by
Max Factor. Your choice of nine true-skin tones
— blended for each type of complexion as only
Max Factor can. And Creme Puff Make-Up
never streaks, never changes color
— ends "color-patching" forever!

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COMPACT . . . 2.25*. REFILLS . . . 85c*

MAX FACTOR . . . Master of Make-Up Artistry For 50 Years
Ever wonder how the stars see themselves? “Just the way everybody else sees me,” Mitzi Gaynor told us, “only always from my best profile.” We asked Jimmy Stewart, Roz Russell, Bill Holden and Audrey Hepburn the same question. “A picture’s worth a thousand words,” Bill said, “so why not let us show you? We’ll shoot ourselves. Everybody in Hollywood is doing it.” And here are the results. If you’re ever in the mood to take your own picture, all you need is a camera. Just hold it out at arm’s length and shoot. “Check your expression in a mirror first,” advises Roz. “And try propping your elbows up on something,” Bill adds, “so you won’t get wavy outlines.” “If your hand’s not too steady, try a tripod,” says Audrey Hepburn, “and click the shutter with a cable release. A tripod’s handy, too, if you want a full-length shot.” Why don’t you try it?

“Look at me!” says Mitzi Gaynor. “See? I’m really a thinker.” The 35 mm. camera shown with the title is the Kodak Pony IV.

“Do I see myself as others see me?” asks Bill Holden. “Not really. I’m much harder on myself and more critical.”

More pictures on page 76
No, the man of the family is not a tycoon. Yet, the clothes they are wearing will be as beautiful as any this Easter—thanks to the fun and ease of sewing with Simplicity Printed Patterns. Without being extravagant, your whole family can have more clothes, better clothes, in the latest fashions. You'll find them by the hundreds in this month's Simplicity Catalog on the pattern counter at your favorite store. Even if you haven't sewed in some time, you can expect beautiful results when you...

Sew with Simplicity

SIMPLICITY PATTERN CO. INC.
“Why do I look puzzled,” Jimmy Stewart asks, “even when I take the picture?”

“That’s me in my Auntie Mame mood,” laughs Roz, “but I have my downs, too.”

“Everybody says I look like a gamin,” says Audrey Hepburn. “Well, maybe, but are you sure a camera never lies?”
WAVES AND CURLS CAN NOW BE SHAMPOOED INTO YOUR HAIR!

THIS NEW PROTEIN WAVING SHAMPOO

CONDITIONS AND CURLS WHILE IT Cleans!
LONG LASTING! GUARANTEES ‘NATURAL’ WAVES FROM SHAMPOO TO SHAMPOO! NO MORE PERMANENTS! NO MORE NIGHTLY PIN-UPS!

it’s wash ’n curl
by Lanolin Plus

The wonders of Wash ’n Curl
Exclusive formula contains proteins (so necessary to life itself) plus miraculous lanolin! Proteins beautify and benefit hair, add “body,” softness and sheen while protecting natural oils during shampoo. New conditioning agent stems from the very heart of water-soluble lanolin.

WAVES AND CURLS! Wash hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set. Guaranteed for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children’s fine, unruly hair—or your money back!

Imagine YOU actually waving and curling your hair as you wash it! Whirls of wished-for curls! Wonderfully obedient, silken-soft waves that last and last, thanks to Wash ’n Curl, the exciting new kind of shampoo!

From now on, no more fussing with extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers or hair spray sets. Forget about expensive permanents and bothersome nightly pin-ups. All you do is shampoo with Wash ’n Curl!

You see, Wash ’n Curl has a special way with hair. This golden liquid is an exclusive blend of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that gently conditions, curls and cleans at the same time! It’s the first perfect all-in-one shampoo! Try new Wash ’n Curl today. You’ll see.

If you want beautiful curls and waves tomorrow... shampoo your hair today with wash ’n curl WAVING SHAMPOO

Another beauty ‘plus’ by LANOLIN PLUS, INCORPORATED

On sale at cosmetic counters everywhere

$1.50 + TAX

(Also available in Canada)
A BOY + A GIRL

Continued from page 63

lazily, thinking Norma looks cute when she puckers her forehead.

"I was thinking, Will, maybe all of act-
ing is like looking for a four-leaf clover. I mean, maybe I should be thinking about a home and a family like other girls. Oh—I dunno. Maybe I'm just feeling like a little girl today."

He felt a sudden urge to slip his arm protectively around her shoulder. "I never thought you cared about those things . . ."

Then came the time when he did lose her when I dream of being famous. And times like now when I feel lost, not really know-
ing which is best," she sighed.

He jerked his head in surprise. "Hey, you look cute like that. Real pretty."

"Oh—Will."

"No, I mean it."

"Thank you," she whispered shyly.

He gazed into her eyes. "And you smell good, too—as good as a fresh breath of this spring air. Why have I never noticed it before?" he concluded flambouantly.

She smiled softly at him.

"You hungry?" she asked at length.

"Ravenous."

"I kinda thought you might be. She started digging into her pockets. "So I brought along a couple of candy bars . . . the ones you like—with nuts."

"Thanks. Hey, what are you doing now?"

"Oooh . . . digging up the grass and replanting it, 'cause some of the blades are crooked."

"You're so funny. What were you like as a kid?"

"Oh, I was a very serious child," she announced, putting on a grave expression. I was determined to become a great actress. No time for such childish pastimes then."

"She thought for a moment. "Yet can you believe that I never got to see a movie or a play until I was ten!"

Then Will said, "I guess I was just the opposite. What you might call a juvenile delinquent. Oh—I never got into trouble with the police, but I was pretty wild. Did crazy things like dropping stones on cars and spending afternoons racing up and down the halls of big hotels with other guys just for the fun of it. But when the kids in junior high elected me class presi-
dent," he finished, majestically, "I began to have responsibilities . . . so I had to live up to them.

"You like to lead, don't you, Will? And think of all the kids who look up to you now that you're Sugarfoot. My hero, too," she teased. "Say," she suddenly looked around. "If thought you were going to bring your guitar?"

"I don't seem to have time to practice any more. I'm kinda rusty, so I thought . . . maybe another time," he added hastily. "And you'll teach me?"

"If you're good," he joked.

"Oh—I always very good," she teased. Will took a long look at Norma. She had lovely eyes, she's so natural . . . he thought warmly.

He was going to tell her, but instead chuckled, "You've a tiny leaf stuck right on the top of your head." He gently plucked it out and looked her. No . . . just the one," he assured her.

Then suddenly they heard sounds of shrieking and laughter.

"Hi—what's all this?" Will said, startled.

"The Indians are upon us!" laughed Norma. "To my rescue, Sugarfoot!"

Then from behind a tree appeared two small feet; then a tiny head which darted away as fast as it appeared. "Hands up!" screamed a voice.

Norma and Will looked at each other, giggled, sat up and put their arms in the air. A boy, about nine years old, walked slowly up to them, as though measuring his steps.

He looked at Will. Then at Norma. Then back at Will. "I know you," he ex-

claimed. "You're a cowboy."

"Sugarfoot's the name," prompted Will. "Really?" His eyes opened wide. "Say, are you really Sugarfoot?"

"That's me. In person."

The boy squealed, turned, and shouted at the trees. "Hey, you kids. Guess what I've found?"

Then, seemingly out of nowhere came one, two, three, then all at once a whole crowd of children.

"It's Sugarfoot, Really Sugarfoot," screamed the little boy.

"You look different on TV," decided one girl.

"Can you show us how to shoot—bang bang?"

Then the first boy looked at Norma and asked, "You in Sugarfoot, too?"

"I was in one episode, but not usually," she told him.

"And that your scooter?" he asked them, pointing to the machine.

"That's right," Will said.

"Can I have a ride? He had a mischevious look in his eye."

Will lifted himself from the ground and looked questioningly at Norma. She nodded her approval. "Okay, fellas, hop up," he said.

The boy squealed with delight.

"What about you?" called Will, turning to Norma.

"Don't worry about me. I'll run along by the side," she said. Will grinned. That's nice of her, he thought.

"I just as far as the playground. It's only the other side of the trees," the boy was telling Will.

They were off down the road, the other children following, Pied Piper fashion. Two minutes later they had reached the playground.

The boy hopped off. "Thank you, Sugarfoot, sir," he said.

"And thank you," Will replied.

He looked around for Norma and noticed her talking to two small girls in one corner of the playground. He walked over.

"Will, I want you to meet Linda and Suzie."

"Hello," she said, kindly.

"What about us all going on the slide," Norma suggested. "And quietly Will thanked her a thousand times. He hadn't had a clue what to say to the girls.

They chased each other down the slide . . . and laughed as they ran in and out through the seasaws while each child vied for the chance to be nearest to Norma or Will.

"Say—this is great," screamed Norma.

"We should do it more often," shouted back Will. "Didn't know you were so much fun."

Norma laughed happily.

Then, a short while later, she leaned against the side of the slide, breathing heavily. "Will—I'm exhausted. I'm not as young as I used to be," she joked.

He could never to where she was standing. She looks just like a spaniel who's run all the way home, he thought. She's pretty and fun. He put an arm around her waist. "Shall we call it a day?" he said softly.

As they stood back to the scooter, a little boy came running up. "Is she your pal?" he asked.

"A pal?" Will winked at Norma. "Maybe this morning, but not any more . . ."

SEE WILL AS "SUGARFOOT" OVER ABC-TV, ALTERNATE TUESDAYS, AT 7:30 P.M. EST. NORMA'S IN THE "TALES OF TEXAS JOHN SLAUGHT-
ER" EPISODES OF "WALT DISNEY PRESENTS," FRIDAYS AT 8 P.M. EST, OVER ABC-TV.

HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 10

undresses. Husband Aaron Spelling wouldn't object to this if only he could teach Carolyn to remember to pull down the shades. . . . Nothing I see or hear about Jayne Mansfield amazes me. . . . I think Sandra Dee looks more like a younger edition of Lana Turner than Lana's own daughter Cheryl. Somebody must agree because Sandra plays Lana's daughter in U-I's "Imitation of Life." . . . Wouldn't it be a scream, as we used to say, if Pier Angeli pulled a Debbie Reynolds and came out with a hit record while her about-to-be-ex-husband, Vic Damone, couldn't sing himself onto the hit parade? . . . To me Kim Novak looks better without all that makeup on. . . . Diane Varsi went into hiding last week and not only couldn't her studio find

What'll the neighbors think of Carolyn?

her, but she couldn't find herself. . . . I don't know of a more promising and sexier screen (movies or TV) bet than Barrie Chase, the dancing Brigitte Bardot. . . . I'm fascinated by Marlon Brando as a director. He directed a few scenes on a horse for his western, "One-Eyed Jacks," and was immediately dubbed "Megger on Horseback." . . . Will I ever see a movie in which Maria Schell doesn't smile? (Remember I only ask the questions.) . . . But Lancaster's acting price is now one million dollars a picture, and now Burt can't afford to hire himself as an actor for his own independent movie company. . . . During an interview, Arlene Dahl explained: "I have no beauty secrets. I don't do anything to be beautiful, except be myself." That's Hollywood For You.
and occasional columned hotel residences.

Tebet asked handyman Joseph DiSantis if he'd seen Inger over the weekend.

DiSantis told him he hadn't.

"I'm . . . I'm afraid something's wrong," Tebet told DiSantis nervously. "Would you mind going over and ringing her bell?"

DiSantis said he was midst of sitting down to dinner with his wife and two daughters.

"Please, Tebet begged. "I'm terribly worried. And if she doesn't answer I want you to use your passkey to see if anything's happened. I can't figure out why she's not answering the phone."

DiSantis, a husky fellow, grey-eyed, with curly brown hair and a mole on his cheek, changed from his comfortable house-slippers into his shoes and walked next door to Inger's apartment building with its white paneled doorway. He rang the downstairs buzzer. No answer. He let himself into the mirrored lobby with the large-lettered Happy New Year's greeting sprayed all over the looking glass.

Upstairs DiSantis saw a cardboard tag from Western Union hanging on the brass doorknob of Inger's apartment. Under her door the Western Union messenger had slipped a telegram and a yellow envelope stuck out from the carpeted floor.

DiSantis rang Inger's bell. No answer. He knocked. No answer. He banged, against the hard wood of the door. No answer.

Should he or shouldn't he intrude on Inger's privacy?

Shouting "Miss Stevens . . . Miss Stevens! . . . Miss Stevens!" at the top of his lungs, he banged against the door. Still no answer.

He took his aluminum ring of master keys from his back pocket and entered her apartment.

She was home. All the lights were on.

He called her name again. There was no reply.

In the foyer there was a clutter of cardboard cartons and wooden crates, all of which had arrived yesterday from Hollywood with Inger's furniture and knick-knacks. Many of them were unopened. The new apartment, decorated in soft tones of beige with white accents, was littered with Inger's unpacking.

Off the hallway, the bedroom door was slightly ajar.

DiSantis heard a slow, heavy breathing, as if someone were suffocating.

Calling her name loudly once more, he waited a minute before throwing open her bedroom door.

There she was, flung across her double bed with the gleaming brass headboard, her blonde hair mussed and wrinkled, a thin pink nightgown twisted around her. At the sight of her, the bed and slender legs dangled limply.

Stunned, DiSantis ran toward her. Her cheeks were black and blue. His first reaction was she's been beaten. Looking closely at her face, he saw the dark marks were tear-traced streaks of mascara and eyeshadow.

Suddenly, in that next instant, DiSantis heard a quick, light的脚步 toward the bedroom doorway to see if someone were hiding in the living room.

Slowly, cautiously, he walked into the front room and stood with his back to the fireplace, waiting for the person to emerge.

But, in a moment, when he heard the rattle again it was the clatter of the Venetian blinds knocking together from the cold night winds.

He tiptoed, on guard, through Inger's apartment for a check but found no one.
Inger's breathing was growing shorter, and he went to pick up the telephone. But he decided against it, thinking there may be fingerprints on it... DiSantis locked Inger's apartment, ran next door to his own and dialed police headquarters for help.

"There's been an accident," he said. "A young girl who's just moved in here. Her breathing, it's all choked up, and her life... her life, it's in danger..."

Inger hung up, and his friend, David Tebet, who lived downtown immediately from his East 55th Street residence. The mystery of Inger Stevens had only begun.

Patrolmen John Weigel and Raymond Beyer of the 13th Precinct were the first to respond to the emergency call over the police prowl cars. The patrolmen administered oxygen to the lifeless Inger lying on her new double bed, and summoned emergency services at once.

Inger, gagging for air, was carried out on a stretcher to the ambulance that rushed her, sirens-sounding, to Columbus Hospital where doctors reported she had only a 50-50 chance to live. Apparently she had swallowed a "caustic"—possibly cleaning fluid. Her stomach was pumped immediately. It would be a matter of days to see if she would live.

With each new morning of Inger's battle with death, the rumors were rampant between the East and West Coasts.

One Hollywood writer reported in her syndicated newspaper column, "...The rumored suicide attempt of Inger Stevens was a shock... All of us who know and like her are very sorry she was so unhappy and that the inevitable happened. But her state of mind is a romance with a well-known actor. If Inger recovers, she is so young, so pretty, and so much to live for, she should forget about all this unhappiness. Her friends are ready to help her..."

Over at the Paramount lot in Hollywood, James Stevens, a studio executive, soberly reflected on Inger's mystery. What plagued her? I don't know. What torments Inger? I doubt if 'torment' is the right word. Maybe 'moody' is a word that suits her more.

"She was fond of Bing Crosby. He gave her a big boost on her way to stardom when she played opposite him in 'Man on Fire.' Inger tends to prefer older men. She finds them more intellectually charming, and I'm sure this is due to the influence of her father who's a professor. She's grown up in the atmosphere of education and learning."

"Were she and Bing in love? I don't know. I do know that many of their friends—or perhaps I should say many of his friends—seemed to think it would have been a very good thing if it had worked out, if they had gotten married. Many people thought Bing and Inger were ideally suited. They seemed very much in love.

"You know her name was also linked with Tony Quinn in a romantic way while he directed her in 'The Buccaneer.' But I honestly believe this was nothing more than a teaching relationship. Inger wanted to learn all that she could from him."

"Inger's often said she didn't have time for romance, that she liked to work more than anything else. When she left the studio, she went home to her own very private world. She took a house up in the Hollywood hills and had the phone removed. There was no telephone. Inger just couldn't stand telephones."

Inger's ex-husband, Anthony Soglio, an actor's agent in New York, to whom Inger was married for six months, said, "Inger called me recently for a luncheon date, and she had to be pretty lonely to call me. We often used to discuss her unhappiness during our marriage. It isn't a recent thing with her. We often tried to work out those things that would make her a completely happy person. Professionally, of course, she had nothing to be unhappy about because her career was going very well."

David Tebet, whose anxiety and concern over Inger's telephone silence saved her life during that near-fatal weekend, commented, "Inger was sorry she couldn't spend the Christmas holidays with her family. I've known Inger five or six months, and she was delightful. She wasn't sad. She enchanted everyone she met with her honesty.

'I've heard it wasn't a caustic she took. The hospital tests showed she swallowed barbiturates.

'True, she was exhausted from her cross-country tour in behalf of The Buccaneer.' She made personal appearances in sixteen cities all in eighteen days. She came back just in time for Christmas, and she wished she'd had a little more time to do her shopping.

George Firth, an actor friend of Inger's with whom she met on the Friday afternoon before her accident to discuss a scene they planned to work on at the Actors Studio Workshop, confided, "Everyone's so busy making hasty judgments about Inger, and all I can say is that there's an old Indian proverb which goes 'You can't really judge a man unless you spend a day walking in his shoes.'"

"Inger was not happy with Hollywood. She didn't want to be a film heroine. She wanted to prove herself as a New York actress on the Broadway stage.

"Inger's a lonely girl. I saw her one night at an off-Broadway theater, the Cherry Lane in Greenwich Village, and she was with a group of much older people. Then I heard she spent New Year's Eve with older folks, and all I kept thinking was 'Dear Inger, she's a Cinderella without a Prince Charming....'"

Over at 24 Gramercy Park, Joseph DiSantis, the handyman, reported, "Some of the newspapers are hinting Miss Stevens took ammonia. The police found an ammonia bottle in her apartment that was half-finished. Now all that ammonia talk is a lot of hooey. Everyone keeps a bottle of ammonia under their sink. If she'd taken the ammonia the apartment would have reeked from it, and I never smelled any odor. Anyhow the ammonia bottle was tightly capped. And it was in the bathroom, not in her bedroom."

"There were roses in her bedroom, and the police couldn't find any suicide notes. Sure, I've been criticized by some of the tenants for breaking into Miss Stevens apartment. They asked me to see Mr. Tebet. I knew he was her friend. I'd done favors for him and Miss Stevens before. When she was in Hollywood he told me we would have a room installed."

"I'll all know if I hadn't gone in, she'd have been dead by morning..."

The Columbus Hospital at 227 East 19th Street where Inger was hospitalized was founded by Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini in 1891, and is now staffed by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. In the dim light of a close-up frame on the silver letters on the marquee of the tall grey stone structure looked cold and steel like knifeflades. Inside the warm hospital was scrubbed and immaculate. White dime-store Christmas trees, leftovers from the holidays, decorated the four corners of the lobby.

Mother Mary, in a flowing black habit and tight rounded bow pleated bow under her chin, told me visitors were not allowed to see Miss Stevens. Only her doctor, the psychiatrist, could grant permission. So I was permitted to see her where Inger's younger brother, Carl Stensland, a student at Columbia University, and David Tebet, her friend. Had Inger seen our friends?"

"With Inger's replace of the place's faith," Mosher Mary told me, fingering the silver crucifix on the front of her habit. But one of the secretaries in the hospital's administration office told me Inger was not a Catholic.

Before I left the hospital I passed the Chapel at the end of the corridor. Two nursing Sisters in their neat white habits knelt beside the altar and poured a scent of burning candlewax hung heavy in the air. The painted plaster figure of Jesus blessed the congregation from the wall behind the lace-covered marble altar; and to the left the altar a shrine that to Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini flickered with moving shadows from the candleflames of the red vigil lights.

Here was peace and prayer. Upstairs, on the sixth floor, Inger was lying in her buff-walled hospital room, recalling what thoughts, what anguish... ?

Leaving the hospital, next stop was the 13th Precinct at 22nd Street where the patrolmen, in their brass-buttoned navy blue uniforms, were marching out of the rundown precinct building, two by two, holding their wooden daily sticks at their sides.

The shift was changing; it was four o'clock.

The handsome blond sergeant at the first-floor desk directed inquiries to the Detective Squad on the second floor where a deep-voiced detective, his blue eyes baggy and tired from overwork, said: "Yes, I saw Miss Stevens on Monday, she was unconscious, and now her doctor refuses to permit me to see her. He says we might excite her and cause a relapse of some sort.

"So far, our investigation shows a crime was not committed. No, suicide isn't a crime. Since Miss Stevens hasn't told us her story, we can't say it's a suicide."

"One of our jobs is to notify the next-of-kin, and we have. The doctors are certain she's all right now, and she's past the crisis. Check with me later in the week, and I'll let you know if I've seen her."

A check was regularly made with the hard-working Detective all week long.

 OSCAR loves? 

You can find out when the ACADEMY AWARDS are televised

Monday, April 6, 10:30 P.M. to 12:30 EST. Over NBC, TV
When Inger and her younger brother, Ola, came to America, she was ten years old. Their father, a scholar working on his thesis at Cape Cod, couldn’t meet them and when their boat docked in New Orleans, her father wasn’t there; Inger never forgot her fear of being stranded, unwanted. She wore a tag around her neck with her name on it. She hated the tag because people pointed at it. It told everyone she was a foreigner, so she pushed it down inside her dress. She and her brother were put on the train for New York by a Salvation Army officer, and Inger was terrified of the passengers discovering she didn’t know any English. In her child’s handbag were twenty-five cards bearing the English and Swedish words to cover Ola’s and her basic needs—“Hungry,” “Water,” “Bathroom.” But Inger refused to use them for fear people would think she was “odd.” She bought a ten-cent American magazine, pretending to read it while she was traveling so everyone would think she was English, and she clutched on to the magazine for days, even after she got off the train. Even today, she frequently mentions this experience.

In New York, Inger grew dizzy from its hugeness. “It was like a city of revolving doors,” she told friends. “I just couldn’t get used to switchblade knives and big purple skirts and thick smears of lipstick. It was so difficult adjusting to people. Anyhow, my English was broken, and I was ashamed of it. That’s why I guess I never had a close girlfriend. Besides I had so many chores to do. My stepmother was a teacher, too, so she had to leave the house early every morning with my father. The two of them would go off to school, and we had to fend for ourselves.”

One day, in her early teens, Inger met a policeman at a school crossing who looked down at her and said, “You!” and he laughed. “You're a foreigner!” “How... how can you tell?” Inger asked, on the verge of tears. “Look,” he pointed. “Look at your shoes. You have square toes.”

Inger ran all the way home, crying hysterically. Her stepmother (her mother and father had divorced) told her there was nothing wrong with her shoes. But, from then on, Inger despised them and she walked extra blocks every day to try to wear them out.

When Inger’s dad, Mr. Stensland, changed teaching positions, the family moved to Manhattan, Kansas, where Inger had to try to make new friends all over again. A step-sister, Lucy, was born, and Inger’s chores at home increased to such an extent she had to turn down a chance to play a leading role in the high school operetta.

With her high-schooling behind her, Inger came back to New York with $39.50 in her purse. She was going to be an actress, but she took odd jobs as a movie usherette, garment center model, Latin Quarter chorus girl to support herself. Soon she met, married, separated from and divorced Tony Soglio. But all the time, Inger studied and hoped she would someday reach her goal of being an important actress.

Hollywood discovered her. Inger was constantly on the go between California and New York. Finally, in December, Inger had, in her own words, “come back home to live again in New York.” Returning from her Hollywood success, she rented a $250 a month unfurnished apartment where she was going to “grow and have a comfortable life, maybe even learn to make blueberry soup which I loved when I was a girl in Sweden,” Inger told friends. Then she added, “I’ve never ever had a real home of my own. Now, I can afford to have it.”

Her home was the four-room Gramercy Park apartment, four rooms all to herself in crowded but lonely New York, four rooms with no one to turn to in a moment of despair.

The following week, the Detective assigned to Inger’s case at the 13th Precinct said he hadn’t been able to see Inger. The doctor refused him entry into her hospital room.

“We can’t keep beating our heads against the wall,” the Detective said. “We hear she’s improving which is good news. I’ve tried to reach her doctor by phone, but I’m not able to get through to him.”

Inger’s psychiatrist, Dr. Saul Heller, was reached by telephone at his East 61st Street office, but his sharp-voiced receptionist refused to put the call through to him.

“Her fans are interested in knowing how she is,” she was told.

The receptionist spoke so quickly her words were unintelligible. Then she clicked the telephone.

Inger’s mysterious brush with death can only be unraveled by Inger. Perhaps the next few months will tell. Or perhaps ... we will never know.

Perhaps all Inger’s fans can do is to quiet their questions and to try to understand that a young girl’s heart can break ... so very easily. Perhaps all her friends can do is to fill Inger’s four rooms with new memories happier that those that propelled her so close to tragedy. Perhaps all anyone can do is to give Inger someone to turn to. Perhaps that’s all ... and everything.

The End

INGER’S IN PARAMOUNT’S “THE BUCCANEER.”

for the
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look well in LEWELLA

she said. “Fingermarks show up so easily on the white.” She smiled at me again and I was melting like the snow outside when I noticed three men sitting on a white-carpeted suspended staircase.

“Oh, I see,” I said weakly, and I walked—on wobbly legs, with the triumvirate who were de-shoeing them. The man on the lowest step moved over to make-room for me.

“Hi,” he said. “Did Joan tell you could take our socks off, too, if you wanted?” Look at her, she’s absolutely barefoot!

I looked. She was wearing a scooped neck black dinner dress with its waistline marked with a gossamer scarf whose long ends billowed and trailed after her. Her chunky gold bracelets and necklaces jingled as she walked barefoot over the soft, deep-piled white carpet. She’s magnificient, I thought.

What other woman could manage to look so beautiful and elegant and, yes, statuesque without the help of a pair of high heels?

I thought I’d left on my socks—in the hallway, next to a pair of pointed-toed, red-silk slippers. Then, enjoying the tickling sensation of the white carpet beneath my bare soles, I entered the living room. Al took my elbow and I staggered after Joan’s smile and that’s how we somehow circled the room and got me introduced to the other guests. There were four of them, all of whom I knew and most of the men seemed to be important business executives, like Al himself.

And what a room! Brilliant white with a few burnished golds that made me think I was in California.

“Does it really remind you of California?” Joan asked. “Good, then it’s a success. Even though we’re on the thirteenth floor. Your apartment building, I wanted the light, open feeling of California.”

The sofa, upholstered in a bright, sun-yellow silk, must have been at least fourteen, fifteen years old, and the walls of the living room were completely mirrored. The room looked double its size, and it was enormous to begin with. Sixteen people patterned on that incredible white rug hardly fitted it all.

“Now,” Joan said, “what will you have to drink?”

Oh! I stumbled, a bit awed and flustered, “anything will do.”

“But dairy, she explained, “you can have anything your heart desires.”

“Scotch and soda,” I murmured, “if it’s not too much trouble.” Joan smiled her marvelous smile, and with her wide sash trailing after her like a cloud, she seemed to float towards the small cubicle off the living room, where I could still see her mixing my drink at a sidetable.

I was looking around for Joan’s Oscar when her adopted daughter, Christina, came downstairs. Joan poked her head around the alcove. “Everybody,” she called out, “I want you to meet my Tina.”

Then she laughed. “Al! would you do the formal honors?”

As nineteen-year-old Tina took Al’s arm, she was beaming with a smile very like Joan’s. I’d followed her poofy-like hair all the way around the room when Joan returned and handed me my drink in a tall crystal glass.

Then she walked toward the center of the room and with great style sat majestically down on the white pouf. Just watching Joan sit can be an experience.

She pauses for a moment, holding herself very stiff, glances at everyone to see that all’s well, then slowly—but so slowly you can hear the seconds ticking—she lowers herself into the seat.

Joan’s airy sash fell over the rear of the pouf and onto the floor. Then, with a nonchalant flip of her head, Joan said, “Al’s taking me off to Texas for the next weekend. Or maybe I should say, I don’t like him going alone so I’m going with him!” While my friend from the staircase was busy laughing, I out-maneuvered him for a seat near Joan.

“It’ll be good for her,” Al was saying.

“She’s been working so hard. The other night, Al went on, “we were up till three in the morning because Joan just wouldn’t settle for less than perfection. She had a bunch of writers up here, going over the TV scripts with them, helping them decide what scenes needed changing, what dialogue wouldn’t play. And they couldn’t believe it. They told me when they left they never had any actress ever take the time to work with them like that!”

“Al—really!” Joan laughed.

“Say, Al,” one of the guests said, “I’ll bet that’s why you told me you were sort of tired at lunch the next day. Joan, I’ll bet he stayed up every last minute with you.”

“He sure did,” Joan answered. “And he loved it!” She took a sip from her long glass of vodka-on-the-rocks. “You know, if I ever felt my work was getting in the way of my marriage, believe me it would go right out the window.” She smiled over at her husband. “I love Hollywood, but I love my husband more! Luckily, Al gets fun out of being part of show business, too.”

Joan got up again and walked over to us, pointing to the long walnut coffee table where there were tempting platters of hors d’oeuvres.

There was a quiet pause while we sampled the different hors d’oeuvres. Then we all heard Tina’s voice explaining to one of the guests about the difficulties of show-business today and how hard it is for a young person to get a lucky break. Tina was saying how she had performed at an off-Broadway theater which was actually no more than an old rundown Slavic meeting hall, and had been happy to get the experience.

“Is it so discouraging,” Tina said sadly, “You make the rounds of producers’ offices and casting agents and everyone says, ‘Don’t call us. We’ll call you!’ And then they never do. It’s such a struggle to get a part, even a small one. Everyone says it’s worse now than it’s ever been.”

Then Joan teased, “We had to struggle too, the older generation, I mean. We even used to work for nothing.” The bantering note had gone out of Joan’s voice and she went on thoughtfully. “When I was in my teens I left Kansas City for Chicago, and I did as a chorus girl. I went to a producer’s office and it was full of pretty girls, all slim and terribly chic. And there I was, chubby, scarred, and not pretty at all, watching the pretty girls file into the producer’s inner sanctum, one by one. I got panicky. I didn’t have any money. What was I going to do? If he saw all those lovely girls first I’d be out of luck.

“I had to think quickly. When you need money your mind really thinks! I mus- tered up all my nerve and rushed to his desk, said, ‘Excuse me. Don’t say, cry out loud. Don’t be ashamed. I’ll bet, you haven’t had a decent meal in days!’”

They took her out to dinner, Joan told us, and then gave her a night-club job where she sang.

“When I worked those night clubs, I weighed a hundred and forty-five pounds! Baby-fat, all of them. Then I went to New York and starred myself. And you know, Joan and I, it wouldn’t be easy to diet when you’re broke and looking for a job. But it isn’t Spaghetti, after all, so sating, and so much cheaper than steak. But I remember Jack Oskie and I would ride up Riverside, one for store and one along Fifth Avenue window-shopping, dreaming of paychecks, dreaming of the day when we’d be polished performers. We knew we had to fight for it and we were willing.”

“I’m willing to fight, too,” Tina said.

“I know you are,” Joan smiled at her, “but then I keep getting the feeling that no- body’s going to take care of you,” Joan sigh- ed. “Everybody wants a shortcut, and I’m afraid there aren’t any, honey. Most of those kids in the movies now—they’re here today, gone tomorrow. Nobody stays up to the same old days. Nobody wants to fight!”

We listened to her, all of us hypnotized by Joan’s throaty voice. I looked at her. This was a star—that magic quality was in the way she looked, the way she held herself, the way she spoke. Yet I couldn’t help thinking about Joan’s life and what she had fought and struggled.

Joan had struggled. It had been no overnight success that brought Joan to the top. It had been a hard climb and I remembered, too, the terrifying words she had written that had been pinned on her and that had forced her to begin the climb all over again. I looked at the way Joan held her head, straight and bright-eyed, and that sort of courage was something to be proud of.

I looked around the room again, but I still couldn’t find the Oscar Joan had won—in 1946. Well, she must have some very special place planned for the thought, I thought, remembering the stories I’d heard of how she treasured it almost above everything else.

I knew the stories must be true, for Joan had fought so hard to get there, with all those other Oscar’s out for. It must have been awful for her, I thought, to
A new voice cut through my thoughts and I looked up to hear a brunette woman whose red dress matched the shoes next to mine, saying, “Joan, I’m just dying to see the rest of the apartment. Could we have a tour?”

“Oh, I love showing people through the place,” Joan said. “Maybe, though, the men wouldn’t be too interested. I guess we can leave them here with Al.”

“Hey, no fair,” I said.

“Well, I’d like to have you along,” Joan said. “I just didn’t think you … All the men who want to come are welcome.” Then, when all fourteen of her guests stood up and started to follow her into the dining room, Joan laughed, half with surprise, I guess, and half with pleasure.

“We used to have eighteen rooms, all rather small,” Joan explained, “so we remodeled the place into eight large, sunny ones.”

“What an unusual table!” one of the guests exclaimed, running her hand over the inlaid gold and silver discs of the first diamond-shaped table I’d ever seen.

We moved on to her kitchen which was immaculate. It could have served as an operating room in a pinch. In a corner, one of Joan’s French poodles waited for her to call him. “Here, Masterpiece,” she called and he bounded over to her to have his ears scratched playfully. When Joan told him to sit, he obeyed her instantly.

Then she led us through the hallway to her writing corner with its carved desk and chair. A sheet of her silver-monogrammed letter paper was centered on the white desk pad.

Upstairs, she took us into her bedroom which is the most feminine room I’ve ever seen in my life: all pink and white with one wall covered with soft drapes. “That’s my garden,” Joan laughed, pointing to a collection of tall rubbery plants in the far corner.

“Oh,” she said excitedly, “I must show you the bed!”

And with a wonderful carefree abandon-ment, Joan stretched out on the pink bedspread. Leaning over to one side, she turned a knob, and the head of the bed noiselessly rose to a forty-five degree angle, the way hospital beds do. Then she fiddled with another knob and the lower part of the bed rose to a sharp angle. Now both Joan and the bed were in a V-position.

She’s a good sport, too, I thought, as we stood watching, and laughing as she jerked back and forth.

Toying with the knobs, Joan returned the bed to its normal position. “I want you all to see my view,” she said. “It’s my California in New York.”

Joan walked toward the curtained wall, paused for a long moment to heighten the dramatic effect, then parted the curtains in the middle with one hand and whispered, “Look!”

Outside, the snow sparkled in the air; millions of jewel-like snowflakes glittered all over Fifth Avenue and Central Park—probably the last snowfall of the season. The island of Manhattan, with its own island of park at its heart, lay spread out before us.

“Beautiful, isn’t it?” she whispered.

We stood there, all of us, watching quietly, and, for the first time that evening, I realized Joan was just one of us, a simple human being awed by the beauty before her.

“What about coffee?” Joan asked, breaking the spell. We nodded and she led the way back to the living room, then glided out towards the kitchen.

It was Al’s turn to take the stage. “She’s a wonderful woman,” he said. “You’ve no idea what she does for people—and she’ll never talk about it. She probably wouldn’t like my telling even you, but did you know she’s been financing eight beds in the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital for more than twenty years? They’re for show people who aren’t able to pay their own way. Well, one day, when she went down on a visit and found a plaque had been put up commemorating her generosity, she ordered it to be pulled down immediately.

“She looks after the beds with her own doctor who takes personal care of the patients.”

Soon we had our coffee and not long after that it was time to leave. Then I found myself back in the hallway and almost couldn’t find my own plain black shoes. The red-silk landmark I’d parked them next to had already departed.

It had been a most unusual evening. As I left I thanked Joan and Al, shook hands with the few guests who were still putting the final knots to their shoeaces and walked down the hall to the elevator.

Just as the elevator man swung the doors open I overhead Joan’s dramatic voice saying, “Oh, Al, look! Someone’s left fingerprints on my bed!”

“I wonder who could have put them there,” I heard Al say just before the door shut.

Everyone in the elevator had heard and somehow I felt they were all looking at me. Gosh, I thought, did I do it? Am I the one who put the fingerprints on Joan Crawford’s wall? I stuffed my hands into my coat pockets and hoped hard that it wasn’t.

The End
FIRST LOVE

Continued from page 68

gracefully, and was so poised that I got the impression she must be a dancer, or maybe a movie star. December 31st she was wearing a black leotard that really showed off her figure. And she had the most striking big brown eyes. I wondered how come I hadn't noticed her before. My friend put his arm around her and I thought to myself, so that's his girl. Then he said, "Ed, have you met my sister?"

"No, I haven't," I gulped.

He pulled her over with me and we talked for a while. She told me she was studying ballet. Before we said goodbye that afternoon I'd asked her for a date and she'd accepted.

I left the gym and practically trotted all the way home. I kept whistling and couldn't help noticing that the late evening sun was shining red. During the next three days I looked for things to occupy my time so that Wednesday, the day of our first date, wouldn't seem so far off.

Wednesday finally came. I remember pulling up in front of her house in my beat-up old car and I may have seemed beat-up to everyone else, but to me no limousine was as beautiful.

I took her to Loew's 86th Street, and we sat in the balcony. During the second picture I got up enough courage to hold her hand.

After that first date we began seeing each other occasionally, mostly the hour or four times a week and twice on Sundays when we'd meet at the gym and then go out afterwards. We never went to any spectacular places on our dates, just to the movies with a stop at the Orange Room afterward for something to eat—the Orange Room, that's a term of endearment we New Yorkers have for Nedicks' Hot Dog Stand.

Sometimes I'd go over to her house and we'd dance and listen to records, or we'd take long drives and usually wind up in the Bronx near the Cloisters, a popular parking place for those who enjoy listening to music on the car radio and hold hands.

We never talked much about the future. We were young, and the future seemed like a long way off.

We began to talk less and less, and she talked away from each other and her house soon became a second home to me.

Eight-and-a-half months later, at the end of that year, I realized that for the first time in memory there was a special meaning. We were going to celebrate New Year's Eve together—our first.

When I picked her up that night she looked more beautiful than ever. She was dressed in a formal, with all sorts of sparkling things over her dress. On her wrist was a rhinestone bracelet and around her neck she wore a matching strand of shining stones. I'd given them to her for Christmas. She looked like a dream. I felt wonderful.

It was pretty mobbed by the time we got to the party. Soon we got separated in a crowd. I kept looking around for her. Then I saw her. She was standing in a corner talking to another guy. I went over; and when I'd reached her side I put my arm around her as if to say, "Hands off, buddy—she's mine!" She looked up at me and said softly, "Can we go outside and get a little air? It's so stuffy in here."

National Library Week
April 12-18, 1959
I supposed she was too busy going out on the town.

Every moment of every day I kept thinking more and more about becoming an actor—becoming a star. I started buying movie magazines, reading them from cover to cover, particularly stories on Hollywood's leading young men. I kept reading, hoping to find a clue on how you got about getting somewhere in Hollywood. My folks weren't exactly pleased. They wanted me to go to college and take a pre-med course and follow through and get my M.D. degree. No use putting it off, I thought. I might as well tell them now. My parents tried to discourage me by stopping my allowance in the hopes that I'd snap out of the haze I was in.

But nothing was going to stop me. If my folks didn't give me money, I'd earn some. I took a series of odd jobs, before and after school, driving an ice truck, delivering magazines. I took anything that could pay some money. With my first salary check I rented a tape recorder. I sat in my bedroom for hours at a time reading into it, reading scenes from plays I'd checked out of the library. Then I'd play it back and listen to myself doing the same scene over and over again. I tried to be my own teacher.

Four months passed. Then one night in April while I was in my room reading, the telephone rang. I said "Hello," and heard a feminine voice on the other end say, "Ed, is that you, Ed?"

I knew exactly who it was. I'd dreamed for months of this moment. When she'd call I'd be so happy and we'd get back together. I'd show her that I could be twice as successful as that other guy...

and that's the way I thought I'd feel until I heard her voice.

"How've you been?" I said, casually.

"Fine...I...Edd, that boy...well, it was just a passing fancy and...I—I'd like to see you...I'd like very much to see you..."

I swallowed hard and then said, "I guess I should be glad that things didn't work out with him...but I'm not...I'm sorry...because, well..."

"I'm afraid of getting hurt again."

I looked at her and I wanted to know what she felt that way. I had never stopped feeling the way I did..."I love you but I'm afraid to get hurt again..."

I wanted to tell her but I couldn't say it. She finally said, "Well, goodbye, then." I said, "So long."

She called me a few more times after that. Each time I heard her voice I felt worse. But I wouldn't give in. The last time she called I said, "Look, seriously, it's much better if you go your way and I go mine." She hung up.

I imagined myself pretty worldly. I'd grown up a lot in those few months. Yet down deep I knew I was still a kid. She had been my first girl, and I'd taken it pretty hard. I guess when you get right down to it, I just didn't want to be hurt again and I knew that feeling the way I still did, she could hurt me.

Four years and a dozen odd jobs later I really got my start in show business. By then I'd done a few bits on TV, carried a spear on stage in a local production of "Hamlet," and been in summer stock and learned just about everything I could. For a long time I'd been planning to go to the West Coast. I broke it to my folks gradually and when the day came they were wonderful. They wished me luck and told me never to be too proud to ask them for anything. They wanted so much to help me, even in acting.

I got in my car and started driving. Now the time! I would keep going until I couldn't drive any further and then I'd be in California. About a week later I got to Hollywood.

I did see her again—not too long afterwards. It was just before anything really big happened to me. I got a phone call one night. She was in California appearing in a night-club act. We met for cocktails. We talked. It was a pleasant evening. In some ways we were like strangers, worlds apart. In others it was like we'd never stopped seeing each other. We had a few laughs, then said goodbye.

I never saw her again. I did get a letter from her, though, about a year and a half later. She wrote to tell me she had settled down back East. She'd married and was expecting a baby. No, she didn't marry an actor; her husband was a business man, she told me, and they were very happy.

She said she'd seen my name in a movie magazine advertising "Darby's Rangers," and she had to write and let me know how very proud she was of me. When I read her letter I could tell she sincerely meant what she'd written. I had no feeling of bitterness, no regrets about what had happened between us. She had been my girl, my very first girl and because of that I'll never completely forget her. And I've so much to thank her for because if I hadn't known her, if she hadn't passed by for someone who represented all the glamour I still lacked, I'd have done what my parents wanted me to do, maybe I'd be spending my time in a hospital ward taking temperatures. And I don't think I'd have really been cut out for that type of life.

—As Told to MARCIA BOBE

SEE ED IN WARNERS' "UP PERISCOPE" AND ON "77 SUNSET STRIP," SEEN FRIDAYS AT 9:30 P.M. EST OVER ABC-TV.

SEE SOFT, SMOOTH RADIANT SKIN RETURN

Clear blemishes faster than ever
this exciting new Cuticura way

Just lather-massage your face a full minute morning and night with Cuticura Soap. Very soon you'll discover the special magic that has made this uniquely superemollient, mildly medicated soap the complexion secret of lovely women all over the world.

Years have proved, as Cuticura helps clear up your skin, it softens, brightens—helps keep it young.

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3 Cuticura Medicated Liquid for daytime use cools and refreshes your skin, helps keep it antiseptically clean, removes excess oiliness, checks bacteria, dries up pimples fast, speeds healing.

But at drug and toiletry counters. In Canada also.
Her Stolen Moment of Sin...

THE radio program “My True Story” gilds no lies, It deals frankly with the emotions of real people—their loves and passions, their hates and fears. Listening to these stories you may recognize some of the problems that are holding happiness back from you. So be sure to listen. Every story is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine.

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING TO

My True Story

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

She made a teenager’s worst mistake. Read “We Never Meant To . . .” in April TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.

I was ready for another question when the assistant director came over and said, “Okay, Brigitte, back to work.” I suppose I’d have any ambitions to be an actress I would have lost them right then and there. I never realized how hard it was to make a movie. Everything takes so much time. There are so many tiny details that the average moviegoer never is even conscious of. It took fifteen minutes until they were ready to start filming. The scene was a hard one. It must have been, because they kept doing it over and over and over.

It was almost six o’clock. Debbie had told me that she’d been up since five that morning, and arrived at the studio a little before seven a.m. Now, almost twelve hours later, she was still going strong.
After that last scene, I walked Debbie back to her dressing room. There were at least a dozen people waiting to see her, all asking questions of one another, all demanding immediate answers. Patiently she took care of as many as she could. The phone kept ringing. Debbie seemed calmer than any one of us around her. Then she went inside and made a quick change. A few minutes later out came Debbie in capris and a cotton skirt. Seeing her dressed this way, I noticed how relaxed she really was. It was a very nice evening.

Debbie walked me across the set to the exit. On the way she had her sign my autograph book. She wrote, "To Pam, a very sweet girl. Love, Debbie Reynolds." There was a small box to take care of before I left. I extended an invitation to Debbie to come to our high school on June 6th, to be the guest celebrity at our annual dance. She accepted, saying, "June sixth? Why, who knows if I'll even be alive on June sixth?"

The disappointment must have stuck out all over her face. "Oh, I was only kidding. That's just an expression. Look, Pam, it would be easy to say I'd love to come. But I never like to make promises. People will be counting on me unless I say so. Can I keep that? That's awfully far ahead. I really have no idea what my schedule will look like in June. But I can tell you that if it's possible I'd love to come. Then if you tell you what she went on, "I know it's pretty hard to get through to me sometimes. Here, lend me a sheet of paper and a pencil."

She gave me the paper and pencil and watched her scribble something.

"This is my folks' home address. If you write to me there then I'm sure to get it the same way why don't you drop me a note around the third week in May? By then I'll surely know what I'm doing on June 6th. Besides, her eyes twinkled, 'that will still give you two weeks to invite someone else if I can't come'."

I was sixty-three as I walked across the almost deserted studio lot and down a side street toward the dressing room and our car where Mother was waiting. I thought of all the things I had wanted to say to Debbie but was unable to because I felt shy about them. I think I might have just liked the way she made me feeling. I'm sure Debbie Reynolds fans who admire her some much and want to let her know their feelings. I could never have said to Debbie's face all I've said now. I wouldn't have the nerve to tell her how important it is to girls like me, just entering our teens, to have someone like her to look up to. I wish I could have told her how much I loved her when she made her movie in 1942. I met her after seven years of reading about her there wasn't any disappointment.

Wonder if Debbie realizes that to a lot of us the word fan mean things as well as admiral, or that her fans, people like me who've looked up to her for years, are capable of feeling hurt when she feels they are? Does she have this slip picture of her and her darling childhood and put them in our wallets or on our dressers right next to pictures of her own family? I feel there are so many girls who would have loved to have seen her on our television. I wish Debbie that just by telling my story I hope they've been able to feel like maybe they were almost there.

"As told to Hope Marshall"

DEBBIE'S IN M-G-M'S "THE MATING GAME" AND HAS RECORDED THE TITLE SONG FOR THIS MOVIE. SHE IS CURRENTLY IN "THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH" WHICH WILL OPEN IN 20TH'S "SAY ONE FOR ME" AND IS NOW FILMING "THE RAT RACE" FOR PARAMOUNT.
call each other up on the telephone and talk about things—silly things like how we'd act if we were twelve years old again or supposing it were the end of the world—while I'd ear-drum both collection shaggy dog stories, and we'd go on for hours on the phone. My mom used to moan like mad, "Tommy," she'd yell, "get off the phone!" I should do it for ten minutes and then call back. Joan had I too much to talk about.

Then came that spring afternoon. I picked Joan up from her home-room at Holloway. We walked over to the drugstore and she told me the news. Her folks wanted me to go home with them after church on Sunday and have dinner with them.

"Gez, Joan," I said, "I . . . I don't know . . . I took the straw out of my Coke glass and began twisting it.

"If you don't come, Tommy, they're going to be very disappointed," she said. "Mom thought if you couldn't make it this Sunday, next Sunday would be all right." "It's . . . it's not that . . ." I said, fidgeting with the straw in my mouth.

"Oh, Tommy," Joan answered in a schoolteacherish voice, "they're not going to eat you." I . . . I guess not," I admitted. I didn't want to tell her how scared I was. Already there was a prickly sensation at the pit of my stomach and I could feel a thumping in my throat.

She told me that her older brother, Oliver, had moved home from college for the weekend, and I'd enjoy meeting him. He was a real brain, she added. Of course, that scared me all the more. But I didn't tell her.

Sunday rolled around. All I told my mother was that I was going over to a friend's house for a visit. I just couldn't tell my mom the truth. It's great when it comes to giving me confidence about school or a show that I'm doing. But she never could understand when it comes to girls. I've been wondering if all moms are this way.

After church, I took the bus to Joan's. When I got there, they hadn't gotten back yet. Joan's folks were Presbyterian; Mom and I thought it was too formal. I peeked through the front door with its large, lace-curtained windowpane. I couldn't see a creature stirring, not even Joan's poodle, Muliuk. But I heard the house to sneak a cigarette. No sooner did I inhale the first hot taste of the tobacco than I heard a car stop and the clattering of feet on the front walk.

Everyone apologized to me for being late. "But didn't Oliver let you in?" Joan's mom asked. She was tall and round-faced, and she wore rimless eyeglasses.

"I . . . I didn't ring the bell. Just knocked.

"He's probably still asleep," she decided. Joan looked very pretty that day. She had on a blue print dress that brought out all of her eyes. But she was very shy, more bashful than I've ever known her to be.

All she said was "Hi.
Her father nodded to me to go inside. Joan's mom told me that Margaret and her husband Bob were coming over. Margaret was Joan's older sister. She and Bob had been married a year.

While Joan's mother bustled through the house, Joan's father and I went into the living room. It had rich maroon draperies and overstuffed maroon furniture. I noticed a framed portrait of Joan on an endtable.

"Sit down," Joan's father said in a gruff tone. He was tall and lanky, a typical schoolteacherish type.
father huffed. "Sing something different!"
Then, the most awful thing happened. I
couldn't think of anything to sing. "I...
I don't know what to sing..." I said. I was
so embarrassed.
"Oh now, Tommy, don't be modest,"
Joan's mom said. "Anything'll do."
But all that came into my head that
moment was "Hey, Good-Lookin'," and I
knew that wasn't the right song to sing.
But every other song I ever learned
came back to me. So finally I started singing...

"Hey, good lookin',
What you got cookin',
How's about cookin' something up for
me?"
When I'd finished Joan's mom applauded
along with Joan. So did Margaret and Bob.
Everyone else thanked me. But Joan's
father had a sullen expression.
I wanted to tell him that singing meant
more to me than anything else in the
world, but I kept quiet. Then Joan piped
up, "Dad, Tommy hopes to be a singer!"
"Huh," her dad said. "You can never
make a living that way. Some good busi-
ness courses in school..."
"Now, now, Andy," Joan's mom said.
"After all, everyone can't be like you. You
enjoy being a businessman. But Tommy
has other plans."
When older folks have their minds set on
something, it seems you can't change them.
So I didn't say anything. I just waited a
little while longer and then told Joan I
had to get back home.
"You want to walk to the corner?" I
asked her.
"Sure," she smiled so sweetly I think
she understood.
I said goodbye to everyone. Although
the whole dinner business lasted only a
couple of hours, it seemed more like a
week. Was I relieved when I stepped out
on the front porch and breathed fresh air?

Joan and I walked to the corner. The
trees were in bloom, and there was a
wonderful smell of spring in the air.
Joan waited with me while I caught the
bus. I thanked her for everything. She said
she felt terrible about her father. He was
so hard on me. But that's the way he
sometimes was with company. He didn't
mean it.
When the bus came, I told Joan I'd see
her in school. I saw Joan again, but after
that things never went right for us. I re-
member feeling sorry every time I called
her on the phone. I was always afraid I'd
get her mother on the line and I sure felt
like an idiot remembering the fool I'd
made of myself. Joan felt funny too. I could
tell.
Whenever I think about that day I get
mad. Because now I know love isn't all
simple—it needs planning like everything
else. Maybe that's why I'm telling you all
this, because maybe... maybe if we'd
put some thought into that dinner instead of
rushing headlong into it like two kids,
it would have all been very different.
We didn't lose a great romance but it
would have taken only a little thought to
make it all go right. I wish we'd planned
it—the things we would say, the things
we would do. Maybe if Joan and I had
talked sensibly to her folks about our
school play; maybe if I'd gone there pre-
pared to sing a song instead of being
fidgety like a two-year-old; maybe if Joan
had just told me a little more about her
folks or I'd asked her a little more about
them—maybe.
But I know. All the maybe's in the
world don't always make a right. But sometimes,
at least I like to think so, maybe they can
help, maybe.

THE END

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some high grass and followed the winding bank of a narrow stream. It was very quiet. Then the lonely screeching cry of a wild bird broke the stillness.

Remember that winter. Remember, we used to say that that was winter... just that one cry representing it all.

"Yes, Dick, I do."

"There's the bridge," she whispered.

"It looks lonely," Dick laughed, somewhat self-consciously. "Do you think it missed me? I mean, it's been so long since we were separated..."

There was no answer.

Looking now at the bridge Dick began thinking back to the first time they had crossed it. Dick was no more than fourteen and Joan had turned sixteen. They had run along the tracks and walked over the wooden plank bridge with a rise in the center. And their footsteps began to make deep resonating echoes as they reached the top of the incline. Joan had kicked over the guardrail which led to the bottom and behind a high wooden waist planks, with a rise in the center, and their footsteps began to make deep resonating echoes as they reached the top of the incline. Joan had kicked over the guardrail which led to the bottom and behind a high wooden plank bridge. She had laughed, ran a hand over her waist, but her laugh was so much, and Dick had turned to Joan. "Let's take that walk down by the tracks and over the bridge to our little bridge," Joan had laughed, smiled rather wistfully, and said, "Yes, let's."

Dick kicked a stone. "The kids are looking well," Ruth Ann gets prettier every day and Mike... Mike insisted on showing her off. He was the only boy who had ever shown... that hula hooping this morning. It was so funny."

"Yes, they are looking well. They miss you, Dick."

Dick looked at her. She's so different now, he thought. We used to laugh and be so happy when we came here as kids. I used to jump on the tracks... And suddenly a mischievous look came into his eyes. He darted over to one side and hopped up onto a track and wobbled along. Joan looked at him, startled.

"Come on, Joan, for old times' sake. That game we used to play... see who could stay on the longest. Hop up on that other track."

"Oh... Dick... you're..." she tried to say, but then she laughed. "Well, all right then!" And he felt good.

She put her right foot up onto the parallel track, carefully placed the left one in front of the right, and with her arms outstretched to keep balance began to move slowly forward.

"Oh... Dick... I can't!" she giggled.

"Who used to win most of the times?"

"Me..."

"Oh... I'm falling!" Dick grabbed her arm as she came tumbling off.

And they laughed. Dick held her hand tight and suddenly he could feel the pressure of her holding his, not trying to pull away.

They walked on again, but this time hand in hand.

They crept up the tracks and walked over the crusty fields, then clambered through Dick sighed. "Acting's become a part of me now, Joan. I want you so much to understand that. And it doesn't mean at all that I don't still love you... and the children... and you..." Dick held you, Joan. Perhaps now more than ever."

And "I think, Joan, I think maybe I've finally come to a realization. I think I've found a way so that I can act and yet we can still be together... and... it'll mean you won't have to go back to the life you hated in Hollywood."

"It saves... but what is it?" Joan looked curious.

"It's this, Joan. Remember the past few weeks I've been in New York? Well... I've been thinking about my career... I was thinking a lot about us. And one day, when I felt asked me to go visit his friends in Westchester, an idea hit me."

Joan," he said triumphantly, "Westchester's the place. Westchester or Connecticut. It's so much like here. We can live here. We can still work."

"I've always been interested in Broadway—remember I told you—and while I was in New York they offered me a part."

"Oh... Joan. It's so much like Waterloo in New York. You've no idea!"

"I saw a house that looked exactly like ours here. And some of the streets made me feel I was right here. Too. I know you'd love them."

Then Joan another thing. "There was a low, pleasant tone in his voice."

"I want to... very much." She paused for a moment. "Those letters, remember those letters, Dick. The ones we got from the children."

Dick said, "I've been thinking..."

She must have been better, too, maybe seventy-five or eighty. She said that for a man to be contented and successful, he must be happy in his work. She's seen a lot of life, Dick. And I don't know why, but her words seemed to stick."

"It's acting everything to me now, Joan. I just can't give it up. And so many people have begun to show an interest in them."

"It's not a wild dream anymore. It's my life."

She stared back into the water. "It's been lonely here, Dick... you don't know how lonely."

"I've missed you, too... I've missed you so much," he said softly. "And I understand, darling. I understand your fears for all of them. And I know you'll be happier in Westchester than Hollywood... everyone there's got more time for each other. They're not so big-town like in Hollywood. They're people... people like us. Small-town people like Dick. We've got two children to think of now."

"I'm sure I'll make it... but take the gamble with me, Joan. We took it when you were young, before. Stay with me, Joan... please."

"Oh... Dick. I want to. Maybe it could be all right again."

"I know it will be. We'll move in June, some time."

"I won't be interrupted in school and it's near enough so that you'll be able to come home here whenever you want.""It's swell... good."

Suddenly they found themselves looking into each other's eyes the way they used to in the old days—smiling, happy. A tear began trickling down Joan's cheek. Dick wiped it away with his own, and they kissed. The End
and fountain. She waved at the two chauffeurs who had parked the limousines across the street, making broad pantomimic gestures as if to say, "See, the sun's out. In London during the rainy season that's a miracle, a good omen." Then she disappeared into Caxton Hall.

Inside the building, she blinked her eyes to get accustomed to the darkness. The long hall leading to the registry office was dimly lit—this was the first time it was open on Sunday in many years. Her friend, the woman who had entered the building just before her, appeared out of the gloom, took her arm, said, "This way, Ingrid," and guided her down the corridor. At a door marked Registry Office they stopped. Through the glazed pane they could see blurred shadows and over the transom came the indistinct fuzzing of male voices. Ingrid took a compact from her small purse and dabbed at her cheek with a powder puff. Satisfied, she reached to open the door. "Wait," said her friend. "Do you have something borrowed with you?" "Why, no," Ingrid answered. Her friend took out a handkerchief and slipped it into Ingrid's pocketbook, saying, "I took it along because I know I'm going to cry."

The registry door opened and the good-looking man in the dark gray suit stood in the doorway. "I saw your shadows there," he said, "and I thought you might be photographers. But it seems we may have given them the slip."

"Lars," Ingrid answered. "I feel like we're all playing in one of those spy movies. The reporters and photographers are enemy agents, and we're..."

Lars Schmidt interrupted. "...and we're holding up the Superintendent Registrar who was kind enough to open up this office on Sunday just for us."

Lars introduced Ingrid to the official who shook her hand and then said, "All the forms have been filled out. All you have to do is sign your name here, and have your witness sign on this line below."

Lars gave her a fountain pen and she wrote her name at the bottom of the form: Ingrid Bergman. Then her friend signed her own name. And the ceremony began.

As the Superintendent Registrar read the age-old ceremony, a little sunlight filtered through the windows of the registry room and warmed the plain office. When Lars Schmidt put a simple gold band on the third finger of Ingrid Bergman's left hand, the ring glinted and gleamed as the sun touched it. And while the Superintendent Registrar was saying the final words of the ceremony—...and so on this twenty-first day of December, 1958, I hereby pronounce you man and wife—light really blazed.

Only this time it wasn't the sun. It was flash bulbs going off in rapid succession. A photographer had sneaked into the office and was snapping pictures.

For a moment, Lars and Ingrid ignored him as they kissed and embraced. Then Lars said, "The enemy agent has arrived."

"What shall we do?" Ingrid asked.

"Let's smile for him," Lars answered. "After all, he did get early in the morning, and on Sunday, too."

The wedding party left the registry office...
and went towards the front door. Just before they reached the street, Ingrid turned to her friend, the woman who had been weaving throughout the ceremony and gave her back her handkerchief. "Here," she said, "wipe your eyes. Don't be so sad. I couldn't be happier." Then Lars and Ingrid Schmidt walked out into the bright sunlight.

This time they did not get into separate cars. Ingrid and Lars climbed into one limousine; her friend and Lars' business associates entered the other. Across the street, the photographer gunned his sports car and started to follow them.

The chase was brief. Lars Schmidt's chauffeur was skillful and nerveless. He soon left the photographer's car far in the lurch.

At Westminster's Swedish Church, the limousine pulled up to the vestry entrance. Inside, the Vicar, Reverend Sven Brander, was waiting for them. He pronounced the benediction and gave the Church's blessing to the union of Ingrid Bergman and Lars Schmidt.

When they returned to the street, Lars helped Ingrid into the car. Then he bent and kissed her hand, just beneath the wedding ring, and said, "Wait a moment. I'll be right back." He went up to a woman who was selling flowers in front of the church, pressed a bill into her hand, and returned with an entire tray of violets. Ingrid took one bouquet, held it up, and buried her face in it. When she raised her head, she was crying. She fumbled in her pocketbook for a handkerchief, realized she had returned it to her friend, and reached over and pulled Lars's out of his vest pocket. He whispered something to her, she laughed, and the car pulled away.

At a swank London hotel the other members of the wedding party were waiting in a private dining room for Schmidt. And the photographer, the same one who had crashed the wedding, was waiting there, too. "How did you get here?" Lars asked.

"I followed the wrong car, the other car," he answered, "but I guess this is just my lucky day."

"Looks like it," Lars answered. "Well, if you can't lick them, join them. Won't you be our guest for lunch? But no pictures while we're eating. All right?"

"Fine," said the photographer, "I'm hungry."

And he had plenty to eat, as did all the rest. Lobster and turkey salad and Swedish cheese and bottles of French champagne. And when the wedding luncheon was over, Lars invited him to accompany the airship on its flight. He took the luncheon and a fresh limousine. "Just as far as the airship," Lars emphasized, "not to Paris. We don't want you following us there."

"I may be there before you," he said.

"Oh no you don't!"

In Paris during their two-day honeymoon, they managed to dodge photographers—the persistent one who had tracked them down in London, and all the others as well. But when they went to the home at La Grange aux Moines (Harvest Barn) near the village of Choisel about 25 miles from Paris, things began to go badly.

After her first joyful moments of reunion with her son, 9-year-old Robertino, and her twin daughters, 7-year-old twins, Ingrid discovered that her most dependable servants, Jeanette and Pierre, had left her without notice. The nursemaid was still there, but the house was quite a mess and something was missing by a bit. So Ingrid, without unpacking her bags, began to straighten up. And Lars, not to be outdone in the emergency, went into the kitchen and began to cook dinner.

When the cooking was well under way—and the house was beginning to look livable again—Ingrid and Lars gave the children the presents they had bought for them in Paris and London. And then the entire family took a short walk around the estate.

First they visited the stables and Lars gave a piece of sugar to Robertino's special horse. Then they went past the herb garden and the vegetable garden, and the flower garden, past the tennis court he was building for Robertino, turning the day that Robertino was born.

The day that Robertino was born... February 3rd, 1950. Four months before her divorce became final from Peter Lindstrom, the day she married Robertino's kinsman, the Sonnini's son in Rome. And the same photographers and reporters who had followed her and her lover to Stromboli, after she had left her husband Peter and her child Ingrid, in Rome, had followed her down and outside her apartment in Rome during the eighth and ninth months of her pregnancy, wouldn't even leave her in peace for a few hours now that she was actually having her baby.

She heard screams and shots, and one of the nuns told her that a photographer had tried to scale the walls of the Villa Margherita. Ingrid had fled to the Embassy, heard scuffling in the hall and shouts, and another nun told her that a reporter had disguised himself as a doctor and had tried to get to her room. And then she heard nothing at all as they wheeled her into the delivery room, nothing until the doctor leaned over her and said, "It's a boy."

But later she heard yells, and screams, and the sound of feet running up and down the corridors of the hospital. Two hours after Robertino was born, the mob of people outside the walls had battered down the front gates and poured into the hospital halls. Photographers had raced through the rooms, hunting for her. The nuns had formed a human wall outside her door and that alone had stopped them from breaking in. That—and the Cenabums, who had finally got the mob under control.

During the remainder of the time she had remained at the hospital, armed guards stood in front of her room day and night. She watched them through her window. She visited them in their quarters. And in a building across the street photographers took turns in training telescopic cameras on her room, hoping to get pictures of her and her baby....

The memory faded as she saw Robertino and his sisters standing in the doorway of their home. Ingrid dropped on her knees and threw her arms around her children. The litle girls began to cry. Robertino squirmed uncomfortably for a moment, and then he dropped his head and pouted and cried.

In the excitement, they had all forgotten for a moment that it was Christmas eve.

The next morning the children were up bright and early and Ingrid and Lars quickly took some pictures. One of the children was pretending that Robertino had given his mother a camera, and she laughed and cried as she held it. She insisted that she take their pictures. So soon the whole family was out in the snow, gathered around the little Lars, the Robertino and Isabella and Isotta together. Out in the sunlight, with the huge wall protecting them from the outside world, all was peaceful, all was well. She laughed and ran away the picture.

At noon Roberto Rossellini's chauffeur arrived and the children were taken to Paris to spend the rest of the holidays with Robertino's parents. The arrangement between Roberto and Ingrid, but as usual when she saw them drive away, she had the terrible feeling, for a fleeting second, that she would never see them again. She said to them, "Goodbye, boys. They'll be back in a week. Don't worry. Let's go in. I have to cook lunch."

It was always the children who suffered most. Ingrid thought. First, it had been Pia. Now, would it be Robertino and her twins, Isotta-Ingrid and Isabella?
Two days later, on December 27th, Lars and Ingrid Bergman flew into New York to pick up the evening paper. There in headlines was the news: Roberto Sues For Custody Of Ingrid's Children. Ingrid turned white. She had not been served any papers, she had not been told why Rosellini had turned to the courts. Under the separation agreement, she had custody of the children and their father was allowed visiting rights. That was all.

And now this, with no warning! Impossible!

Lars read the news story to her. Rosellini was claiming the children on "moral, religious grounds," he contended that "for a long time Miss Bergman has been living together with Lars Schmidt." He maintained that both Miss Bergman and Mr. Schmidt reared the children "in the Catholic Church," and he recalled that under the terms of the decision giving custody of the children to Miss Bergman they "were to be educated in the Italian language at least until they were 18 years of age." Now that Bergman and Schmidt lived more than 25 miles from Paris, he went on, "it would be really impractical as well as a sacrifice for the children to have to ride every day to and from the nearest Italian school, which is in Paris.

Rosellini had agreed to reside permanently in Paris. He is willing, he said, to allow Ingrid Bergman to spend one month each summer with the children, and expects her to contribute one-half the expenses of their maintenance.

"One month," Ingrid said, "one month.

And that's all she said. All the way home Lars tried in vain to comfort her. But she sat next to her, staring blankly ahead . . . at nothing. It was only when they entered the gates of their estate, when they were safe again behind their protecting walls, that Ingrid Bergman's tears flowed down her face as she said, "It always happens at Christmas," and again Lars knew, without her having to tell him, exactly what she was talking about . . .

It always happens at Christmas . . .

It had been just one year earlier, Christmas 1957, that Ingrid had decided to reunite with her estranged husband, Roberto, for just one day, perhaps forever. Then the children would grow up, they entered the gates of their estate, when they were safe again behind their protecting walls, that Ingrid Bergman's tears flowed down her face as she said, "It always happens at Christmas," and again Lars knew, without her having to tell him, exactly what she was talking about . . .

It always happens at Christmas . . .

A little more than a month earlier she had left Robertino, Isotta and Isabella in Rome in the care of Roberto's younger sister, Marcella Mariani, and had flown to London. Ingrid and Lars had been seeing each other off somewhere for a rendezvous with the "other woman," Sonali Das Gupta. Neither Ingrid nor Roberto had told the children about their separation, and to help ease the wretch of parting, she had left behind a mountain of toys for the youngsters. In London, she had been desperately looking for a home for an Italian film. But, having acquired a legal separation, Rosellini had insisted they be given an Italian education.

On December 23rd, she flew in from Paris and was met at Rome's Ciampino Airport by the three children and their Aunt Marcella. As she came down the ramp, the youngsters broke away from their father and ran to Ingrid. "Our Christmas, mamma," Ingrid dropped to her knee to kiss her, and swung the three children up in her arms. And then they all drove "home."

On Christmas eve, she took the three of them to a neighborhood party for two hours. But on Christmas day, their celebratory program was curtailed when the children's presence was needed at the Christmas Eve service. The threeChristmas was strictly a family affair. Roberto and Isotta were the perfect father and mother—helping Robertino run his electric train and oohing and ahhing when the twins proudly promenaded their new Parisian dolls. The pink elephant was a huge success. The day was ended with a special Christmas Eve dinner. After that, the children's parents were separating because his father "loved an Indian woman more." The boy had told his sisters that "Mama and Papa are having trouble because of some Indian lady, but we must play that we don't know about it." So the children had put on a perfect act, never letting their parents know that they knew.

But, before Christmas, she discovered the truth, how they had covered their confusion and pain with laughter and love, she thought her heart would literally break. And their "good night" tears; now they took on added meaning. She brooded over the children who suffered most . . . Robertino, Isabella, Isotta . . . and long ago, Pia . . .

Ingrid looked at Lars and repeated, "It always happens at Christmas." And then she hid her head in her hands.

Lars went to the telephone: First he called sister walla, in London. Then he told her, and the most sedative to his wife, then he phoned lawyers and newspapermen. The counter-attack to Rosellini's suit had begun.

On January 21, Ingrid Bergman faced Rosellini in court. Although they had spent the day together for the sake of the children on Christmas day, 1957. Both of them appeared before Judge Rene Drouillard of Paris, France.

Bitter and wan after the encounter, Ingrid said: "Out of spite and jealousy, Rosellini wants to get my children away from me. He won't get them.

For his part, Rosellini said that he did not wish to deprive Ingrid of the children. He said he was not resentful but was "just a father who wants to give his children what he believes is best."

Three days later, on January 24, 1959, the telephone rang at the Schmidts' home near Choiseul. Lars in the living room and Ingrid in the bedroom. She had him up at the same second. It was their lawyer in Paris. Judge Drouillard had just handed down his decision. He had awarded temporary and conditional custody of the children to Ingrid Bergman.

Upstairs, the telephone gently clicked down. Downstairs, Lars listened to the legal details: Rosellini might have the children for six months, but he cannot continue to attend the Lycee Italian in Paris; and so on and so forth.

But now even Lars wasn't listening. For Ingrid was by his side, and although there were tears in her eyes, she was laughing. He hung up the phone, and together they walked out into their garden.

"Remind me to call the Mayor," he said, "and tell him to change the population figure at the town hall. Up until now it's been 275; from now on it's 280."

Again Ingrid laughed . . . and Lars laughed with her.


Ingrid Bergman stars in "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" for Twentieth-Century.-
“I have it. They gave it to me for a souvenier.”

“Golly! Can I come over tonight anyway? Just to see the bullet?”

“Oh, no ... you can’t do that. Don’t come over. I mean ... well, you see ... I’ve got to have plenty of rest. I’m not allowed to have any visitors.”

“Gee, Sandy, that’s too bad. Do you think you’ll have a scar.”

“Oh, no. Well, maybe a little one.”

“You could always have plastic surgery.”

“Ugh! I don’t really think there’ll be a scar. At least not one you can see with the naked eye.”

“How long do you think you’ll be in bed?”

“About two weeks. Oh, here comes Mother. She’s going to change the dressing on my wound. I have to hang up now.”

“Is it all right if I call you tomorrow?”

“Oh, yes. Gosh, if it wasn’t for the telephone, I don’t know what I’d do with myself. Well, bye now.”

I hung up the phone. Mother had only come in to bring me a cup of chicken bouillon and the afternoon papers. I let the bouillon cool a little on the round white table next to my bed and I plumped the pillows up against the quilted headboard, pulled my blue blanket up around me and began turning the pages of the first paper.

Then that fat black headline jumped out at me. “Sandra Dee Down With Mild Case Of Mumps.” I could actually feel my face turning red, but Mother just laughed.

“You ought to know better than to make up such a story,” she said. “Everybody knows what good care the studio takes of its players. That sort of accident could never happen.” I’d only said it so he wouldn’t know I had anything so humiliating as mumps, and there it was, smack in the headlines. Now everybody would know I had the mumps.

Mumps! Gosh, I remember I could hardly believe the doctor when he told me ...

I’d gotten back from a publicity appearance in Texas on a Monday and the very next day I climbed in my car and drove down to the Universal studios to have my hair and makeup done and then pose for some publicity pictures. When I walked into the makeup room with its brightly-lit wall-wide mirror and the counter shelf under it filled with pots and jars of every kind of makeup, Barbara Gayle, my stand-in and my very best friend in Hollywood, was already there. She was trying on a false goatee and it looked a scream wagging up and down on her chin as she said, “Hi, we’ve missed you.”

“Me, too,” I said. “Who’ve you been dating while I was gone?”

“Well, you know that cute boy I met at U.C.L.A. He ...” Suddenly, Barbara stopped and looked at me. “Say, Sandy, haven’t you put on some weight?”

I laughed.

“Seriously, Sandy,” Barbara insisted, “you have put on weight. At least your face looks fuller, even if the rest of you doesn’t. You’re so lucky. Me, I always show it first in the hips.”

I couldn’t say a word, cause the makeup man was painting my mouth with a lipstick brush. But then he stepped back, looked at me critically. “Sandy, your face does seem a little puffy,” he said. “Do you have a toothache.”

“Uh-uh.”

“Maybe you ought to drop by and see the studio physician?”

It was beginning to sound like a conspiracy, but I went over to the doctor’s white wooden bungalow at the other end of the lot anyway.

“The doctor will see you in just a few minutes,” the nurse said. “Won’t you have a seat?”

I sat. Why do doctors always paint their offices green? I wondered. To match their patients’ faces? And why do they stuff them full of leather couches? Mother and I recently redid my bedroom, covering the old openwork headboard with padding and then quilting it over, so I’m full of decorating thoughts these days. Matter of fact, we just bought a new house and right now I’m in the middle of trying to talk Mother into doing it blues, silver, orchids and little touches of pink, to match the hotel apartment I loved so much in New York.

Finally, I heard the rustle of the nurse’s starched uniform and I looked up from a magazine—it was last month’s, the way they always are in doctors’ offices. She opened a door and beckoned me through it. The inner office was green, too, with diplomas hung neatly in thin black frames on one wall and an oxygen tank, also green, leaning in one corner. The doctor was seated behind a big carved-oak desk.

“Doctor, there’s nothing wrong with me,” I said quickly, “but they keep teasing me that my face looks puffy.”

“Umm,” he said. He looked at me—stared in more accurate—then he felt my forehead.

“Any pain in your neck or around the jaw?” he asked.

“No,” I said. “Where do you mean exactly?”

“Behind your right ear?” I reached up with my hand and touched

Take a tip from Sandra Dee. Let floral, stripe and plaid bed linen pep up your morale! For instance: Pepperell scatters roses all over a white background in their Bridal Rose cotton blanket ($4.95) and matching percale pillow case (98¢ each). You can set them off with a solid pink, blue or yellow percale sheet ($2.98). Cannon’s dream-bait, Candy Stripe, comes in a woven cotton blanket ($4.98), matching percale sheet ($3.49) and matching percale pillow case ($1.19 each). Fieldcrest’s blue-and-green plaid dresses up a bed when you combine a matching set of cotton printed blanket ($5.95), percale sheet ($2.99) and percale pillow case ($1.25 each). Stripes or plaids can be mixed ’n’ matched with solids. (Prices are for single beds.)
the area he mentioned. "Here? Why . . . no . . . absolutely not . . . ouch!!"
After I yelped, he poked and prodded some more, and
"Sandara," he said, "we'd better get you home. You have the
mumps.
I just looked him straight in the eye
and said, "Oh, I know only children are supposed to
get the mumps. I've been in bed four
days already, and I've got another ten
days to go. And I haven't been to the
movies for four weeks. Oh, The longest
ever. What? Oh, yes, I've seen just about
every last show they have on TV. . . .
You did? Well you'll never guess what
happened to me. I finally got to meet Rock
Ameche hadn't invented the telephone I
don't know what I'd do.
"Oh, here's Mother. More bouillon I
think.
"Mother, I'm talking to Lorna. Want to
say hello?" Mother put the cup down, said
Hi to Lorna and then started to leave.
In the doorway, she turned around and
started to mumble something to me.
"What? Hang on, Lorna, Mother wants
to tell me something. . . . Oh, she says I
should remember we're talking long-di
stance.
You know, I got sick. I've always thinking about what good friends
I had in New York and moaning around
about how I didn't know anybody out
here, and then the telephone's been ringing. I've got a lot of
good friends out here, too.,
You should see all the flowers people
have sent me. Mother says the next bunch
that are delivered better come with its
own vase. The best things though are
the funny gifts. Someone sent me a round
squatty hand mirror shaped like a cocoa-
nut with a piece of the mirror specially
designed for mump patients. And
someone else, that nice girl from the studio
that I told you about, sent five yards
of red and white polka dot flanne

to warm my neck, plus the biggest
pair of sunglasses ever, all trimmed with
rhinestones. And one of the boys I had
to break a date with sent me a Frank
Sinatra album, plus he had my
bedjacket, a pair of pants, and
a red and white polka dot flanne

to warm my neck, plus the biggest
pair of sunglasses ever, all trimmed with
rhinestones. And one of the boys I had
to break a date with sent me a Frank
Sinatra album, plus he had my
bedjacket, a pair of pants, and
a red and white polka dot flanne
leather waistcoat, a picture of a girl
with the size of a melon and a new title."Mum to Have Mumps By,'
"She's pointing to her watch. Oh, I know . . .
It's all right.
Mother, I know it's long distance.
I'm timing myself. It's only been eleven
minutes. I just want to fill Lorna about the
songs on my new album. . . . It had all
different sorts of 'phony' selections printed on
the jacket, like 'I've Got You Under My Skin,'
'You Go To My Head,' 'Catch a Falling Mump'
"Don't you tell me what you're going to do
right now. Oh, yes, 'Sandy, the Red
Faced Starlet.'
"Oops, Mother's waiting in the doorway
again. . . . What, Mother? . . . Mother says
I don't hang up. I'm going to bankrupt
her.
"I'm reading "Crime and Punishment"
by Dostoievski. Yes, it is kind of deep, but
real great. And I've got a whole stack
that Mother brought me, "The Last Hur
rah," "The World Outside" and "The Suc
cess.
"Gosh, Lorna, you should look the
shape of a mirror. Oh, Mother's got
big scissors. I think she means to cut
the telephone wire. Well, I'll call you tomor
row.
"After Mother clamped down on the
telephone I worked out a schedule for
myself, reading, watching TV, telephoning,
playing solitaire-and sleeping-just
to keep busy.
"Try to get a little rest, dear." Mother
would say. "You mustn't tire yourself."
Tire myself! I had to invent the most
energetic of dreams, like chasing
Johnny Saxon clear to Pasadena, just to
feel tired enough to sleep for forty winks.

WHAT BOYS THINK OF YOU

Here—at last—a revealing outspoken re
port on what boys really think about girls!

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ing to be there, overbearing the things
boys rarely admit to girls. Be the first
girl in your school to get TEENS TODAY.
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PARTIAL CONTENTS (FIRST ISSUE)

WE ASK FOR A FIRST DATE BECAUSE . . .
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THIS IS WHAT WE THINK OF FLIRTS
SURE, WE LIKE TO NECK . . .
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THIS IS WHY WE QUIT GOING STEADY
WE FEEL THIS WAY ABOUT LOVE
WHAT WE THINK OF ENGAGEMENTS
THIS IS THE KIND OF WIFE WE WANT

TEENS TODAY IS: A mammoth bull sessio
with one thousand boys. And you're go
ing to be there, overbearing the things
boys rarely admit to girls. Be the first
girl in your school to get TEENS TODAY.
housewife in the very latest supersonic, power-steered, ultra-fidelity cleaning brush. And then there was the time when I could never be sure my paycheck would cover the shoe leather I wore out working the mail round to all the offices at a radio station.

That last job, now... boy, I really had to hustle to get that one. I was a junior at A. E. F. High School in Flushing (yes, Flushing, New York, and I'd already decided that radio was for me.) I'd played around at being a deejay in the little phonograph I had at home and now I decided to go down to New York City and get myself hired for real.

I must have sat in the waiting room in every station in town—and that's a lot of stations. In almost every case, they did give me an interview.

"What experience have you had?" they'd ask.

"None," I'd answer. "That's what I'm looking for—experience."

"That's fine, son," they'd say. "Come back and see us after you've found some."

It seemed you needed experience to get experience. You know what I mean? I remember that vicious circle that left me just where I started. I went round on that circle for three years till somebody finally hired me. I was majoring in radio at Syracuse University when... well, I've already said that mailroom job. After a while, they let me do some announcing and soon after that, there I was—a deejay.

What started me remembering all this was a gab session we had just before "Bandstand" went on the air. Jerry Granahan had just sent around his new Sunbeam record, "I'm Afraid You'll Never Know," and I was telling the gang about it.

"Gee, Dick," said one of the girls, a pretty little blonde with a ponytail, "remember his other record? "Please, No Chemise?" You know, I liked the chemise better than the Empire look, didn't you?"

"Oh, no," moaned one of the fellows. "Let's talk about something important."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Boys!" a girl in the last row shouted.

"Love!" someone else suggested.

"Senior girls!" piped up one beauty in the back, "never seem to have anything on their minds but boys!"

"What else is there?" my blon directory asked.

"Well, now," I suggested, "there are lots of important things to think about. There's money, for instance.

"Man, that's nice stuff," a tall freckled fellow said. "At least I got it.

"I'd sure like some," a sandy-haired, laughing-eyed girl agreed. "Where can I get it?"

"Maybe the Coasters had the right idea," I suggested, "when they made that record, 'Get a Job.'"

"Golly," she said, "would I give me a job?"

"What's wrong with you?" I asked.

"Well, I have no experience in anything.

"Think again," I suggested. "There must be lots of things you can do. For instance, do you like animals?"

"Oh, I love them."

"Did you know that Tony Perkins used to earn money in New York as a dog-sitter?"

"Honest? Gee, I could do that."

"There are probably lots of things you could do. Why don't you... ?" At this point, Tony Mammarella, my producer, caught my eye and I knew the kind of story I'd been trying to do it for quite a while. "Ooops, I'm sorry, gang. It's time for me to get this show on the air. But, say, I've got an idea. Any of you going to be in New York Saturday morning? A half dozen hands shot up. "Well, I'll be in New York for my Saturday night show. I'd love to go on with this talk, if you're interested."

"We've got a sandy-haired friend. She'd been one of those who'd raised her hand."

"Well, how about meeting me up at the Photoplay offices? I'll bring the Cokeys."

When we met on Saturday, there was an eerie quiet about the offices. Saturday being a non-working day for the Photoplay fellows, we pulled a bunch of chairs around a long rectangular walnut desk, unwrapped the Cokeys and the little packages of cookies I'd brought, and what with the rustling of paper, the scraping of chairs and then with everybody talking all at once, the office stopped feeling so strange.

I've been thinking about what you said the other day, Dick, and I should come up with something. You know, there must be lots of jobs that even I could handle. But how do I find out where they are?"

"Anybody have any ideas?" I asked.

"My school's employment office," said blonde Pat, "and I bet yours does too."

"There are the want-ads in the newspapers," Jack offered.

"Any time I've gone to employment agencies," said Chuck, "Most of them charge a fee, but there's also the State employment offices. They're for free and they know about lots of jobs.

"Let me tell all of you," Carole said, "that it really pays to advertise. Tell everybody you know you want a job and you'll be surprised what sort of jobs people have heard about!"

"Another thing not to miss up on are the personnel offices of the larger companies," Stan said.

"Stan's got a good point there," I put in. "It's a great idea to think first about the kind of work you want to do and are suited for and then look up all the different places that might be able to use you. For instance, if you've got any typing or steno at school, you ought to get a list of different business firms, banks, libraries, hospitals and so on.

"Oh, I've crossed the desk for another little pack of peanut-butter cookies. Then, as she was unwrapping them, she said, "But I don't know how to type."

"Oh, you can get a job in an office if you wanted one," Carole said. "You could be a receptionist or operate a switchboard or file or clip papers or almost anything.

"Office for me," Chuck said. "Come summer I want to be out under that sun."

"Me, too," Pat piped. "A girl I know is going to work this summer as a fishing guide. I'd like to do something different like that."

"Gee, that sounds great," Chuck said. "I've got applications in with the Y and with the department store. If things work out, I'll have me a job as a recreation assistant. Imagine getting paid for playing baseball! And, Pat, they take girls, too, to teach the younger kids how to swim or dance or make all sorts of things."

"Another kind of job you can get," Jack said, "is like the one I had last summer, waiting on tables. The great thing about
drawbacks, at the training I'll need and then evaluate it all and come to a decision based on the facts.

Chuck, a tall, thin boy whom I'd only seen once or twice at "Bandstand," had been sitting quietly through all the talk. Now he ran a hand through his crew cut and spoke up. "Joan's lucky, she knows what she wants. But what do you do when you just can't make up your mind?"

"See the same vocational counsellor Joan's going to," said Jack.

"And experience as added. "For instance, why not take a job clerking in a store, to see if you like seeing and meeting people all day long?"

Then you can look for a job where you work quietly and mostly by yourself," said Carole, "and see which one you like better. Then at least you have a clue."

"Gosh," Joan sighed, "you sure are going to keep me waiting.

"And me, too," Chuck laughed.

Oh, and that's only the beginning," I warned them. "But the kids are giving you good advice. Whether you want to be a singer or a schoolteacher, a doctor, lawyer or fire chief, you'd better start thinking about that future job as early as possible.

"Once the decision is made, and you're sure of what you want to do, then you've got to make up your mind it takes work to become good at your work. Patti Fage cer- e-

s a successful writer, and so do Tony Bennett, Johnny Mathis, Perry Como. No matter who you name, you'll find that they started at the bottom of the ladder and worked and worked until they hit the top. And you can guess why they stay there. They are still working hard.

"Gosh, Dick," said Pat, "getting a job in this business is shaping up one."

I guess. But I don't really know much of that applies to me. I'll let you in on a secret. My steady and I, we'll probably have married soon as both of us have graduated. She's going to be a wife and then someday a mother.

That's about the greatest job there is," I said. "But let's look at it this way. What would you do if you were married until, say, a year after graduation? Why spend eight hours of every day of that year doing something you don't particularly care about when, with a little thought, you can be doing something you do care about?"

And dig these census figures I saw in the paper-ah, here's the clipping: There are one and a half million more women than men working today and by 1980 there'll be three million more. I'll bet an awful lot of 'em are married, too. If your husband's just starting out in his career, you'd probably welcome an extra paycheck, especially when you're newly-married and in the middle of buying all that furniture. Your paycheck might be the difference between buying that little house or staying behind in a tiny rented apartment, between having a car or doing without wheels. In that case, you might as well get a kick out of what you do to earn that paycheck.

"Well, my steady and I do have a big yea for a T-bird built for two," Pat admitted. "Maybe it is off to work I go."

I looked at my watch. "I don't know what you're thinking, but I'm not."

It's off to work I go and that's for sure. Why don't you all come along to the show? I'll use my influence and see if I can't get you in.

I'll see you right here next month—DICK.
TAB HUNTER

Continued from page 71

stopped at the toy counter. "Here's a cute autograph hound," he said, picking one up and waving it at me. I had told him I didn't like the one I had. This was the saddest-eyed basket hound I'd ever seen. "Did you know," Tab laughed, "the basket hounds eat, they have to have their ears clothes-pinned together so they don't drip into their food? Do you like him? He's yours." Before I knew it he handed it to the sales lady who promptly asked Tab to sign one for her daughter. I really felt "on the inside" being with Tab then.

When we left the store (me clutching my basket hound under one arm), it was freezing out. "Let's have some tea at the Plaza," Tab suggested.

We arrived breathless and panting from running all the way up Fifth Avenue. Tab introduced me to his favorite way of drinking tea—with honey! (It's good.) We talked about his horses and how we both loved Cape Cod in the summer and all of a sudden Tab said, "Say, how about having dinner with me?"

I was speechless and flattered, too, because I had overheard him talking about another date for dinner and the opera with some movie people.

"Yes, I'd love to," I managed to say. "If you'll give me half an hour to change my dress at my cousin's house, and I'll call my folks." Luckily, I'd brought in a dressy dress which Photoplay had made for me and my little fake-fur jacket, and my Dad said he'd be glad to drive in from Chatham, New Jersey (where we live) to pick me up whatever time I said.

Tab arrived at 6:30 o'clock and we went to the Hotel Pierre for dinner. That's when the biggest surprise of all happened. We'd finished our lamb chops (Tab had ordered two for him and one for me) and our salad, when he pulled out a small box. "It's not for me, Karat, but I thought you might keep it to remember me by.

I opened the box and inside was a lovely gold bracelet with a heart-shaped charm which said on one side: "To Lucky From Tab" and on the other, "Photoplay Contest, January, 1959." Tab slipped it on my wrist and, for the first time all day, I didn't have to wonder what to say. "Would you like to dance?" Tab said, noting my confusion. But then since there wasn't another soul on the dance floor, we agreed we'd feel too self-conscious.

Over coffee, I looked at my watch and realized that the day and evening had flown by and that my parents were due any minute in the lobby to pick me up.

"Would you like to meet my family?" I asked, feeling like we were old friends.

"Look, Mom," I said, before I remembered introductions. "Look at what Tab gave me." Mom thought it was very pretty and both she and Dad agreed that Tab was so natural and unaffected, they could hardly believe he was a movie star.

Then we said goodnight and I started to get into the car right outside the lobby. I told Tab that I'd wear his bracelet forever. "Just remember, Tiny," Tab grinned, "when I call you this summer in Cape Cod, that I'm the guy who gave it to you."

—LUCKY KOCH

The second prize in Photoplay's Tab Hunter contest has been awarded to: Miss Joan Nave of Duluth, Minnesota, who wins a Necchi Mirella portable sewing machine like the one shown above.

flown by and that my parents were due any minute in the lobby to pick me up. "Would you like to meet my family?" I asked, feeling like we were old friends. "Look, Mom," I said, before I remembered introductions. "Look at what Tab gave me." Mom thought it was very pretty and both she and Dad agreed that Tab was so natural and unaffected, they couldn't hardly believe he was a movie star.

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—LUCKY KOCH

SEE TAB IN COLUMBIA'S "THEY CAME TO CORDURA" AND PARAMOUNT'S "THAT KIND OF WOMAN." HEAR HIM ON HIS WARNER BROS. RECORD OF "APPLE BLOSSOM TIME."

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Simplicity Pattern Shown Layouts may be obtained through local dealers. To order by mail, send money, size and pattern number to Simplicity Pattern Co., Inc., Dept. PII, 240 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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Plus

Edward Byrnes-Teen-Age Rage
Kathryn Murray-Dancing Grandma
Johnny Desmond's Life Story

all in the April TV RADIO MIRROR at all newsstands
He looked up at the windows, Mom! He almost said the word out loud as he saw her face smiling at him through the dusty glass... still with that same old look he remembered from way back. Then she shook a finger at him and he suddenly felt like a little boy again.

Nick went around to the front of the bus and waited as the passengers came down the steps, one by one. Then as his mother came to the head of the steps, he put a hand up to help her. And as he did so, he was struck by how tired she looked and how much greyer her hair had become.

"Nicholas... my Nicholas," she choked, holding back her tears. It had been more than eight years since they had last seen each other.

"Did you have a good trip, Mom?" he asked.

She nodded and stood back, staring at him. "Let me look at you!" she cried, her Jersey accent sounding suddenly so familiar. "You've lost weight. You've not been eating well. ...I know you haven't."

She stopped abruptly and suddenly her face became soft. "My boy a star, a real star," she whispered.

"Aw... Mom."

Nick looked at his mother. "It's good to see you, Mom."

She looked questioningly over at a pile of baggage which stood by the bus. "You show me which are your bags and we'll get along home," he said.

"These two, the tan, and the green," she said, pointing to them.

Nick picked up the cases and they walked across the concrete. "Gee... Mom, they're heavy. What have you got in them—bricks?" he laughed, and pretended to stumble.

They reached the parking lot and Nick, walking just a little ahead, guided his mother to the car.

"It's this one over here," he said as they came to a low-slung, up-to-the-minute model.

"Such a beautiful car, Nick," she answered overawed.

He put down the suitcases and opened the door to help her in. Then he piled the bags onto the back seat.

"So tell me," he said, as he started the engine, "how's Dad... and Andy?"

She smiled across at him. "I'm afraid your father's as acerbic as the day before. She said slowly, "but thank God he's well. And Andrew... he's such a fine doctor now. We're so proud of you both..."

Nick's thoughts raced back over those early days with his family as he drove slowly through the wide Los Angeles boulevards, pointing out the sights as they passed by. Then he turned the car uphill towards his apartment building. Suddenly there it was ahead, looking like a Swiss chalet with its wooden frame set into the side of a mountain in the Hollywood Hills.

"That's it, Mom," he said proudly, pointing ahead.

"Why it's beautiful, Nick."

And as they turned into the narrow winding road which led up to it Nick slowed, and leisurely coasted down to the front of the house. "It's lovely, isn't it?" he said softly.

His mother nodded and smiled. Then as they stopped Mrs. Adamshock fumbled for the handle of the door. "No... let me. I'll open it for you," Nick scolded, hurrying out from the driver's seat and around to the other side.

Nick took a key from his pocket and opened the front door while his mother stood anxiously beside him. Then, as the door swung back and she caught a view of the charming modern living-room crammed with dozens of curious little knicknacks, she gasped.

"Oh... Nick," she sighed at length. "Just like your letters."

"Those letters," he began, "I've been wanting..."

But he stopped and seemed to change his mind said, "You must want to look around; of course you do. Here, come inside."

And she followed him through the house as he showed her first a framed copy of his first movie contract which he kept proudly over his bed and then pages of early fan magazine stories which he had pasted at the bottom of the shelves of the built-in kitchenette and walls of the living room. In one corner were photos of himself with James Dean and Elvis Presley and on low coffee tables were his letters from Ciro's, Rommel's, and all the many many wonderful places she'd read so much about.

"Oh, Nick... It's just so wonderful," she said, as he left his small but compact kitchenette and walked back towards the living room.

"I'm glad you like it, Mom," he said, rather selfconsciously. Then he motioned her towards a chair. "Now you just relax here and I'll fix some coffee. You must be tired."

"Now Nick," she scolded. "I'll do that...

"No, next time—in fact I expect you to cook for me of the rest of your stay!" he joked.

When the coffee was ready Nick came to sit beside her.

Now, darling," she said, "I want to know all about Hollywood... about your pictures."

"What's happening, Nick."

"Because all I know is what you have written and what I've read in the papers."

"Well, Mom..." he began, then he stopped short, picked up a spoon and stirred the coffee thoughtfully. For a moment neither of them spoke.

Suddenly a look of alarm flashed across Nick's face as he saw she was taking a tiny bundle—a bundle of letters—from her purse.

"I've brought you some of your old letters, Nick," she said. "I thought you'd like to see them." And she began untying the narrow string which held them together.

"Aw... Gee, Mom. Those letters... Oh, well, I guess I'd have to tell you sometime."

And he looked down at the patterned envelopes. Those old letters—the early ones. I didn't want to worry you... so I guess I just made them up."

He hurried over the last few words.

"They aren't the same?"

"Well, not exactly, Mom," he said softly."

But... but...

"She looked puzzled and lost. Then she said slowly, "What really happened, Nick? You can tell me. I want to know."

He began to tell her.

And she passed him the top letter from the pile.

He looked at the scrawled handwriting and the crumpled corners of the paper. She's kept them all these years, he thought. He began to read it again.

The letter was dated February 15, 1950.

"Dear Mom, Pop, and Andy. Since my last letter I've found a job. I'm working for Warner Bros."

Nick looked up and suddenly he felt the way he used to when he was a small boy and had done something wrong. Then he said slowly, "I guess I can tell you that story now, because in a way it was funny."

"You see, Mom, it was sort of true. I did..."
Have a job with Warner Bros. . . . as a combination stuntman and an extra in their movie house in town. I got the grand sum of twenty-five dollars a week but I didn’t want to tell you because . . . you see, with rent ten dollars a week and the money I’ve been spending on transportation it didn’t exactly leave me rich and frankly I was scared.” Nick noticed she had her eyes focused on her lap and was sitting very still, her feet tucked in the chair.

“I was so sure I was going to be discovered,” he went on. “It was only a matter of time. I had it all planned. My job was to be a stuntman and when I decided that if I saw anyone famous, I’d tell when they gave me their stab and pretend to drop it. Then I’d start doing a Jimmie Cagney, I think. I had Hollywood in mind, in any case…"

Din. I was so sure of one of them would say, ‘Hey kid, you’re terrific. Here’s my card. Be at my office first thing in the morning.’ Well, after two and a half months of getting rooted nowhere, I didn’t have the feel of an ‘A’ and an ‘I’ and the rest of the letters I needed and climbed the ladder. Then I put my name up in big letters across the front of the theater. I was using my real name, Mom, but really—Adamshock—what could you do with that. It’s so long it would have turned the corner of the marquee. So just like a Jimmie Cagney I used to sometimes back home. He noticed her mouth curl up slightly in a smile.

“I was so sure they’d know me after that. But what actually happened was that a couple of kidlows went to the manager and said, ‘Who’s this Nick Adams?’ Well, the manager took one look at me and told me politely to hang up my uniform and try my stunts elsewhere.”

“That was it, Nick. I wondered sometimes . . .” And she began to unfold another letter. “What about this one, Nick? What about all those wonderful places you told me about before?”

Nick took the letter and began reading. “. . . don’t faint,” it said, “but in three hours I’ll be out on the town. I’m going to Romanoff’s and then to the two biggest nightclubs, Ciro’s and the Macambo.” He looked up.

“I did go, Mom, but not exactly in the way I told you. I met a pal who said he’d show me those places and we did actually go. But I think I just managed to see in when the door opened and people came in or out. Remember how I wrote you in that next letter that I’d seen everyone from Clark Gable to Shirley Temple? I did it because I knew you’d be excited. But what really happened was that I read all the Hollywood gossip columns the next morning before I sat down to eat and I realized that because I know how you follow every word of those movie columns, and I couldn’t let you catch me in a lie.”

He finished speaking and he noticed his mother begin reading through yet another letter. “And this one, Nick. The one where you told us you had all those important interviews.

Nick lit a cigarette and took a deep draw.

Four months had gone by that time, Mom, and I couldn’t let you know I’d got a job in an agency for more than a hundred casting agencies by that time and most of them wouldn’t let me past the receptionist. I was a nobody with a new face that wasn’t in demand and I decided I’d rather get to be an ‘old face’ if I didn’t get a chance to be a new one. They gave me one answer: ‘Keep trying.’ He began fiddling with an ashtray on the table beside him.

“I had no money saved, no job, and only my little ‘reserve sinking fund’ which was sinking very fast. I felt like forgetting the whole thing that day and telling you I was coming home. But how could I, Mom? After all those things I’d said. The whole town must have thought I was on my way to becoming famous. No, Mom, I just told them I’d have laughed at me.” Nick shrugged his shoulders. “So I kept on trying and trying…”

“You could have come home . . . you know that. No one would have laughed, son.”

Mom said we’d have understood. But that wonderful new apartment you said you moved into that first Christmas. And the new contract!” Her voice was full of love.

“Mom,” he said quietly, “I guess I guess I’ll never know how I ever had the nerve to write you all those lies! But after ten months of going nowhere I didn’t care anyway, said it was the blackest period of my life. Sure I got a contract—for a Pepsi Cola commercial. But all I made was thirty-five dollars and a bottle of soda pop. I worked in my car. I worked in my car, I worked in my car. I worked in my car…"

That new apartment, that was really letting my imagination run away with me. Mom, the place was awful. I saw an ad for a handymen and I was so down and out I took it. I worked on someplace to water the lawn and take out the trash and feed ten cats when she was away. I said I’d take the job but that I couldn’t afford to buy fuel for the car. I worked in a place where they took a tip off me. I felt lower than a rat, stealing their food. But I hadn’t eaten in two days.”

Nick looked at his mother’s face. She seemed sad. Then he said gently, “I’m sorry, Mom. But I just couldn’t tell you all those things at the time. I had such big dreams.”

“The car, Nick. That wonderful sports car you carved a note about?”

H e took another draw on his cigarette. “That was a lie too, Mom. And I felt pretty bad about telling you about the car because I did tell you how worried you were when you thought of me driving around in it and asked me to be careful. That woman I told you about the rich one that was part of the party I told you about was mad with her new sports model because all those gears made her nervous and who wanted to sell it cheap? She didn’t even exist, Mom. What really happened was desperately needed something to get around in so I bought a 1938 pickup truck that I saw on a lot advertised for two hundred and thirty-seven dollars. I gave the man the last fifty from my sinking fund and the payments were fifteen a month. But I couldn’t pay and after two months they
came and took the truck away from me.
You bought something without money.
I thought I could pay...I thought,
maybe my break would come that month,
Mom, I wasn't trying to steal, honestly I wasn't.

But that letter; her voice was rising,
that letter you sent from Honolulu...that
couldn't have all been lies!

"No, Mom, that was the truth. That was
the first time I really told you the truth."

"I have a lot to say, Mom. I feel
could... could I see it?" And
he watched his mother look through the small
package until she came to one letter dated
August 31, 1864. She handed it to him. He
carefully unfolded it,

...Dear Mom, Pop and Andy: I guess
you must be surprised to see a letter from
Hawaii and also be wondering what's been
happening to me because it's now quite a
while since I last wrote. Well, so much
has happened I hardly know where to begin.

First, I am overjoyed to be able to tell
you I have now finished sea duty in the
Pacific. A sailor's life was getting me
down! Well, as soon as I came off sea
duty, the Navy assigned me to a radio
station near Honolulu. On account of my
training as an actor. It was at the station
that I heard about the film part...the part
I'm working on now, here in Honolulu.
I'd heard that John Ford was doing 'Mis-
ter Roberts,' a play I've always wanted to
see. So I put on my best uniform and my
ribbons and went down to the studio. I got
by the gatekeeper by saying my clothes
were fromWar, and I was one of the sail-
ors in the movie.

Then I managed to get to Ford's office.

PAUL NEWMAN
Continued from page 51.

I liked it. Now let's see if you can do
well in another role. Take the way to
Paul a seat he expected for a second by my
desk. 'I'm Paul Newman,' he said. Hi ya,
partner? Then he grinned and went on.

Tom looked out again at the high school.
"Wish it were?' he thought. "Or I'd take
you inside and show you around. I
guess it's nothing special—classrooms, gym
—just like any other high school. But the
auditorium—that's something special...or
at least it's something special for Paul and
me.

"You see, after that session in the
French class, Paul and I became pals and
I got to know him pretty well. I never
could figure out why they call him a
deaf. He was full of fun, yes. Not afraid
to tell you straight what he felt or
thought, a very easy going fellow. But
even he could be a heckuva nice guy. And
the girls all seemed to like him. All, that is,
except one—the prettiest girl in the class.
I don't know whether Paul was stuck on her
or not, but she treated him as if he didn't
exist. You know, the cold, 'go along little
boy and play' kind of freeze.

One day I teased him about it, and
I touched his shoulder. No, he didn't
blow up. He just looked at me—face as
grim as I've ever seen it—and then he
said, 'I'll kiss her before the semester is
over.' You're crazy,' I answered, 'it'll never
happen.' 'Betcha a two-bit watch,' he
said. 'Okay,' I replied, before I knew what
I was saying. Then I added, 'But how will
I know if you do? How will you prove it?'
'You'll know,' he retorted. 'Brother,
will you know?'

'So that was that. I didn't see much

of Paul all spring. Beer was out 'cause
they were really piling on the homework.
Besides, there was a girl I kind of got
interested in myself. I vaguely heard
that Paul had tried out for the Senior
play and had gotten a part good. Then
one day two tickets for the play came
to through his mail. I was going to
go anyway, so I was in a little quandary.
They were box seats, the best, and in
the envelope was a little note: 'Complaints
of Paul Newman. Be there.'

The play was Philip Barry's 'Spring Dance.' Paul
played a cut-up character, and he was very
good. The girl I was with said he was 'very
cute. The best character in the school
—the one who'd been giving Paul the cold
shoulder—was playing the feminine lead.
There's a point in the play where Paul
was supposed to give her a peck on the
cheek. But when that point came he
took her in his arms and really kissed
her. Somehow he swung her around
so that he was facing the audience—what
you could see of her—and her back was
away from us. He unloosened one of his
arms, put his hand above her head, and
made a circle with two fingers, the sign of
victory. And he shook those fingers right
at me.

Tom grinned. 'Now you see why that
auditorium has a special meaning for me—and
for Paul."

'But if we're going to visit some of the
other people who can give you the straight
dope about Paul, we'd better get going.
Sure, Shaker Heights is just a suburb of
Cleveland, one—spread out over
for miles—and it takes time to get around.

We drove along wide streets. There
were few stores anywhere, just well-kept
private homes. On a lawn, two boys
were tossing a football back and forth. 'Like
Paul and I used to,' said Tom.

We came to a corner, and Tom cried,

I knew Ford had been in the Navy and
also that James Cagney was in the picture.
So before Ford could get a word in I
did an impersonation of Cagney and then fol-
lowed it with Cary Grant and Marlon
Brando.' Nick paused for a moment, then
read on.

"...I was afraid that if I stopped ac-
ting Ford would kick me out. Anyway,
finally he lifted his eyelid and said to
another man who was in the office, "Spunky
little guy, isn't he? Then to me, "Square
that hat," I pulled my cap from the back
of my head into regulation position.

"Ford snapped, 'You've got your ropes
upside down.' I told him that I thought
he was wrong because I'd looked in the
book. So he laughed and said, 'Sign him
up.'

"So folks, that was it. They wanted
sailors and they got me—direct from ac-
tual sea duty. I even got to shoot the film
and they seemed very pleased with my work. I've even spoken
to Cagney himself!'

Nick broke off from the letter. He
smiled softly at his mother and put his
hand on her arm.

"From then on, Mom, they were true...all
the letters. I didn't need to lie any more. Even the parts about my being
friends with James Dean and Elvis
Presley. It's all quite true."

Mrs. Adamshock didn't speak for the
moment. Then she smiled at her son,
looked admiringly around the room
and said, 'Don't worry, Nick. We're so
proud of you now, so very proud.'

—BEATRICE MARCH

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GROSS COPY CO.
4204 Tease Kansas City 10, Mo.
Hey, wait a minute. Turn right here. We're on Brighton Road. I'll show you Paul's house from a double-date to see a play.

"This was the first time I'd ever driven my family's car alone. And I was scared. So we gathered up on the way to Paul's house and went to Brompton Road instead of Brighton Road where he lived. When I got to his place, he was piling up and they were stuck in back. Paul was just satisfied and didn't seem to tell them what the score was. But he didn't take his eyes off the steering wheel and the road for a moment. Just kept going.

"During the play itself, of course, we split up and Paul sat next to one girl and I sat next to the other. When we went to the checkroom later to get our coats, Paul said to the 'Look, Celeste Beckwithe, went sort of silly if we both sit in the front seat again on the way home. Why don't you get in back, and I'll drive. Okay?'"

I accepted and walked back to our car, and started for our next stop, the house of Paul's uncle, Joe Newman. As we drove along, we asked Tom why he had thought of me and knew about Paul Newman and his life. "Easy," Tom answered, "because he has so many things to talk about—things he is interested in besides himself. Books and movies, children, family, friends, people. Other people—people, their hopes, their fears, their troubles.

I take it, for instance. He helped me, although I didn't know it. You remember I told you about our Senior play, about how he got to kiss the girl. Well, after that the semester was over. Paul and I signed each other's yearbooks, wished each other luck, and that was that. Paul and I said something about keeping in touch—"you know the sort of thing—but he went his way and I went mine.

"One spring—I think it was in 1950—I saw Paul again. We had both been home to Shaker Heights for Easter and we were out for a picnic. Tom was waiting for a plane: Paul was going back to Woodstock, Illinois, where he was appearing with the Woodstock Players; I was returning to New York."

"Over a cup of coffee, Paul filled me in on what had happened to him since our high school graduation. He'd gone to Kenyon College, but then Uncle Sam had called him up. He went overseas and served as a radioman third class on a naval torpedo plane and had seen combat action in the Pacific from the time he was 18 until he turned 20. He'd returned to Kenyon, but found majoring in economics dull, so he started to act again and appeared in a dozen college shows, playing the lead in eight. After graduating he'd done summertime with the Woodstock Players for forty dollars a week, and loving every minute of it.
"I told Paul I'd also been bitten by the acting bug. But while Paul was getting some recognition for his work with the Woodstock Players, I was floundering. In desperation, I'd taken a job making clothing labels for the Cleveland Pant Factory and was working from 7 A.M. to 3 P.M., and at odd hours, and during my lunch period, I was trying to get a footloin on Broadway. And I told Paul that I was fed up, that I was just tired of giving up the ghost and settle down in some nice, solid, dull business.

"Paul almost flipped. Then he lectured on how the theater was the greatest thing on earth and that I shouldn't quit. A real pep talk. He made it sound as if I'd told him I was deserting the army in war-time. I recall one thing he said: 'We can't all make an astronaut, but there's so much more. Directing. Scene designing. Teaching. Anything's fine, as long as it has something to do with the theater.'

"Well, I got what Paul said and what Paul said and Paul came home to Cleveland to help out his mother by taking over his family's sporting-goods business. As a boy, the fact that his father owned a sporting-goods store had made Paul the envy of all the other kids; but when he had to take over the business himself, he didn't like it. He didn't like that heart wasn't in it. Acting was in my blood, and nothing could get it out." After two years of selling tennis racquets and blowing up basketballs, he called it quits and went to Yale to take graduate work.

Joe Newman pointed out that Paul's family didn't stand in his way when he wanted to be an actor. The Newman home, when Paul was growing up, actually had a theatrical atmosphere. Paul's father liked to read aloud to the family and Paul loved to listen. Then there was the father's brother, who had his wonderful displays—Paul used to stare at it for hours as if he were looking at a stage set. Not only his father, but other members of the family as well had a creative flair. One of Paul's aunt's wrote plays, and Paul's children's stories, and his uncle, Aaron, ran the sports show at the Cleveland Auditorium. And regularly the whole family—father, mother, brothers, uncles, cousins—aunt's went together to City Club shows and Playhouse productions.

With this background and encouragement, Joe Newman, I was surprised to find that Paul worked hard and he did not become an actor. Instead, he returned to Cleveland and opened a sporting-goods store. He loved the business.

"I think that's the surprise only that Paul's remarkably good actor, and that's the opinion of a very critical man.

After we left Joe Newman's, we decided to get a bite to eat. I knew the place," Tom said, "Buden's Delicatessen. That's one of Paul's and my old hang-outs. In fact, that's where we took the kids after that French play double-date.

"What will it be?" asked Danny Buden, the proprietor.

"What do you suggest?" we asked.

"How about the menu special?—it used to be Paul's favorite.

We each ordered a "Buden Special," not knowing what we were going to get, and it turned out to be a gigantic sandwich of glazed ham, swiss cheese, cold slaw, and special dressing. All of us left some of it on our plates.

"You're sissies," Danny said. "During the two summers Paul worked for me while he was in high school, he'd walk two specials a day."

Danny told us that Paul disliked working in the delicatessen as much as he disliked working in the sporting-goods store. Not that he didn't do his job well. He did—unpacking cartons, filling up shelves, checking stock, carrying out packages, and making deliveries. But he was an actor all the time, making funny faces, really hamming it up—like he was somewhere else, dreaming of his name in lights.

Our last stop was at the home of Jim Newman, Paul's cousin. Just before we went into the house, Tom told us about the time Paul had been when a special premiere of "Long Hot Summer" had been held in Paul's hometown. "Paul's mother and his brother—Arthur, were right there in the front row," he said.

Jim Newman explained that he hadn't really gotten to know his cousin until nine years after Paul graduated from college, but then they had made up for it in a hurry. He recalled one night in particular, a night that Paul had come over to the house. Although it was mildwinter, he was wearing a crushed maroon, a shirt, and walking shorts. He insisted on making dinner on the outdoor grill—his own favorite, of course: steaks, hamburgers, hot dogs, corn on the cob, celery salad, and artichokes.

"After we dined ourselves, we went into the living room and he began playing boogie-woogie on the piano. Very, very good, too."

"Followed by charades. A friend of ours, Bon Ellenstein, introduced Paul to charades and he was a real bug on it."

"At the six o'clock Paul suggested we take a moonlight swim at one of the beaches. He was always taking us for moonlight swims. He'd become so involved in the charades that he'd forgotten it was midwinter and that there was snow on the ground. We didn't go swimming that night."

"Jim's expression became more serious. "No, that's when Paul was charmed, moonlight swims and popcorn," he said. "Paul was always sensitive to what was going on around him. Not only to his friends and family and town, but to the world at large. I remember one time when he suggested that we pack some food and clothes, go East, pitch a tent somewhere near the ocean, and figure out how to live the life of the world. I'm sure if I'd have said yes, we'd have gone. . . ."

"We shook hands with Jim and his wife and revealed one or car. I'll guess Jim put it in a nutshell when he said 'I sure miss him.' Tom said. 'That's how all of us in his hometown feel. We want him to come home for a visit . . . soon. When you see him tell him that for all of us.'

"The End"

Paul Newman's in Warners' "The Philadelphians" and in 20th's "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," with wife Joanne Woodward. Joanne can also be seen in 20th's "The Sound and the Fury."
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1 Kelly Curtis' new sister (see picture)
5 Film studio
7 A prefix meaning In
8 Star of "Fiend That Walked the West"
10 Brains .......... Brown
12 Howard Duff on TV
13 Meaning New
14 Strange
17 On the top of
20 Supporting actress in "Gidget"
21 Rock 'n' roll vocalist
23 Nat and Bob's best man (init.)
24 "The Divine Sarah" (init.)
25 TV's Ellery Queen

DOWN
1 Star of "Home Before Dark"
2 Character actress ........ Revere
3 That is (Latin)
4 Co-Star of "Raintree County"
5 ............. Merkel
6 Belief
9 Farewell (Spanish)
11 Grief
15 A hill of sand
16 An affectionate salutation
17 Film notices
18 Joe Hardy in "Damn Yankee"
19 An engagement token at college
22 Nor (Scot.)

SOLUTION IN NEXT MONTH'S PHOTOPLAY

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE STARS?

1
2
3
4
5

ANSWERS ON PAGE 93
White...floating...pure...
gives skin a clear, fresh look...That Ivory Look

This young beauty’s face shows what Ivory can do for your complexion. Gentle enough for a baby’s skin... Ivory Soap is white, the color of purity. Has the clean, fresh scent of purity. And no tight, dry feeling after washing. Regular Ivory care leaves your face soft and glowing, bright with a clear, pure look.

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ELVIS! latest color pinups

PHOTOPLAY

MAY 25¢

In “other” side of the story...

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says EDDIE FISHER’S mother

first portrait of the Curtis family
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Always reach for Listerine after you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine

...Your No. 1 protection against bad breath
PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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EXCLUSIVE

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COVER: Color portrait of Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh and their children by Globe

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Fabian’s got you earmarked, girls!

Fabian’s New Fad

Lend an ear, he’ll tell your fortune

What do your ears say? If you don’t think they talk, you’ve a lot to learn from Fabian. He phoned last week to say there’s a new fad in Philadelphia. They call it Ear-ology, not to be confused with either Phrenology (skull study) or Palmistry (ask any Gypsy).

Still a baby science, Ear-ology doesn’t pretend to have figured out a meaning for the shape of all your aural organs (one ear has more parts than a grandfather-clock), but the idea that ears were made to do more than hear with is anything but new. Originally, all they did was keep the body in balance; then prehistoric men started making signs at one another and started grunting. Suddenly a new and wondrous use dawned for those blobs.

Now the Philadelphians have done them one better—they’re reading ears, and this is the dope: Small ears reveal honor-student intelligence: large ones, prey power and strength; Dumbo-sized ones show force, pride and football scholarships. If your ears are flat, you’re a cool chick, calm as a mountain; if they stick out, beware! You love a good fight!

So peer in your mirror, at Fabian’s invitation, for a quick personality check. But don’t worry if those flappers stick ‘way out to there. Remember, that’s why Clark Gable flunked his first screen test!

FEBRIL’S NEW FAD

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Gopher Follow-up

Tommy Sands and I were shooting the breeze awhile back about gophers (in Tommy’s language, a gopher’s a gal who goes for guys), and we pondered the idea of having a Gopher Club.

Well, Gophers, you’ve done it. You’ve voted all the way for it.

“Sure, I’m a Gopher,” says Sharon Kilderry of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. “What normal, civilized, human and American girl isn’t? I’ll join your (and Tommy’s) club any ole time!”

Tommy and I are putting our gopher-observing heads together to figure out the best way to organize Gopherdom—but we need your help and encouragement. So, keep the mail coming!

(continued)
NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO...

puts *Spring* in your curls

puts *Springtime* in your hair

makes hair easier to manage

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

Look for TWICE-OVER® with stitched
broadcloth cups—in this dreamy package!

THE MONTHLY

turntable vox po

ALBUM OF THE MONTH:
WWW I LIKE MEN with Peggy Lee. We make no bones about it—
This is prejudiced voting. Any gal who likes men is tops by us—
Peggy wins. There are great songs in this Capitol album, sung in three
Peggy Lee styles: Peggy-the-Fres and Peggy-the-Sugar and Peggy-the
Spice. But with all of them Peggy the Singer lets go and gives men
rousing ovation. Jazz fans will g
for Peggy's rendition of "I'm Just
Wild About Harry." It's a smash

WWW JIMMIE RODGERS: Hi:
GOLDEN YEAR. Hugo Peretti Or
chestra. Here's a round-up of Jimmie's wonderful hit recordings from
the exotic "Bimbombe" to the first record that made him a young sing
ing idol, "Honeycomb." Jimmie
sings with ease and polish, as he
plucks his big-boy guitar and play
some of the sweetest and janglies
music around. A Roulette album.

WWW BILLY THE KID and RO
DEO. Morton Gould and Orchestra
Billy the Kid's a cowboy ballet, an
with cowpokes being the TV rage
this might be called pop music.
There's a trailblazing sequence
street scene and rodeo interludes
mood music depicting card game
by the campfire; Billy's capture;
reminiscence over Billy's death and the
finale. Rodeo's on the flip side of
this RCA LP. It's a love ballet, a
musical tale of a cowgirl-tomboy
who turns into a woman when sh
gets her man.

WWW JONI JAMES SINGS SONGS
OF HANK WILLIAMS. Hank wrote
"Your Cheatin' Heart" for dark
eyed Joni; and when Hank died of
a heart attack one New Year's Day
a few years ago, Joni was in the
recording studio rehearsing Hank's
song. Joni says she's always wante
to make an album of Hank's country music as a tribute to him. Now, in this M-G-M collection, her wish comes true, and her rich voice sings out with many of Hank's favorites—"Jambalaya" and "Hey, Good Lookin'" and "I Can't Help It If I'm Still In Love With You."

**THIS THING CALLED LOVE.** Tommy Sands. "This is the romantic side of my singing personality," Tommy says. In a smooth and mellow voice, Tommy sings "You're Driving Me Crazy!" and "I Only Have Eyes For You!" and "That Old Feeling!" He's included a couple of jump numbers for the jivey crowd; but this Capitol album introduces a new Tommy—the love balladeer.

**JAM SESSION** with Sidney Bechet and Muggsy Spanier. Bechet's the only jazz artist in the world to have achieved fame through the use of the soprano saxophone, and Spanier is a hot cornetist who's played everything from jazz to ragtime. Here are the two of them, playing jazz from the forties; and this is sweet jazz, the kind you'll listen to for years. And you'll practically taste the jam in their jars on this Rondo-lette album-cover.

PETER AND THE WOLF with Peter Ustinov. Have you ever sat down at the piano and made the bass notes growl like a lion or the treble notes twitter like a bird? Well, a modern composer, Prokofiev, decided to weave these crazy improvisations into a story. And on this Angel album of Prokofiev's instrumental variations, the comic Peter Ustinov serves as guide. Birds are flutes and ducks are oboes, a cat is a clarinet, a bassoon plays a grandpa, wolves are horns and hunters are the full orchestra with their gunfire bellowing from the kettledrums.

*in my maidenform* bra!

And what's supporting me? TWICE-OVER*—world's most exciting elastic bra—with doubled elastic all the way around the back. Feels, fits, looks like no other bra. Marvelous Maidenform TWICE-OVER*—now in two exciting editions! A, B, C cups 3.95—D cup 4.95

Now! A brand new TWICE-OVER* with embroidered nylon cups!
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

We promised heart-throb recipes, and here's another:

Pat Rose, all honey-blond hair and light-blue eyes, is one of Tony Perkins' regular New York dates, and she told me Tony's got a passion for a TV snack he calls a "Cheese-on-the-Run" sandwich.

Here's Pat's recipe for it:

Fry two slices of bacon fairly crisply and place them between two slices of American cheese. Then place the cheese between two slices of rye or whole-wheat bread. Butter both sides of the bread liberally on the outside. Lay sandwich in a frying pan over a medium flame and toast it, pressing it lightly with knife or spatula to speed up the cooking. Turn over once or twice till the cheese starts running. Serve in a jiffy—while hot!

The recipe is quick and easy—like its name. Some night, when you come home from seeing one of Tony's movies with a touch of hunger in both tummy and heart, you might whip it up just to bring him nearer to you. But—one at a time, ladies; Tony likes that rare combo: a good cook and a trim figure.

Friendship Jingle Winners

Frankie Avalon and I huddled in the Photoplay offices, burning the midnight oil as we pored over the thousands of wonderful Friendship Jingles you sent in for our contest. It was a joy to see how many fine, true thoughts you all had on the subject, and how simply and beautifully you expressed them.

After long consideration, debate and reconsideration, here's the jingle we appreciated most of all. It comes from Joyce Patterson of Marshall, Missouri, who'll get Frankie's friendship ring (it's by Coro) for this:

At the dance sat pretty Sue,
Just not knowing what to do!
All the kids were having fun.
Sue! To have some friends—be one!
A runner-up, who'll receive a personally autographed picture of Frankie, is Marilyn Meyer of Chicago. Her jingle:

BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

Edd Byrnes goes for a girl with an air of mystery, someone who can keep him guessing. (Hollywood spies insist he's itching for a date with Kim Novak.)

. . . Mark Damon tells me the best way to get over a broken romance is to talk about it. Bleeding hearts bleed longer without first aid from friends. . . . Hugh O'Brian called to say he got a glimpse of the Paris spring fashions when he was in Europe, and he's all for the return of the "natural woman." Hugh added: "The new fashions put everything where it belongs." Only last summer, it was Hugh who thumbed-down the chemise. "How can it last?" he said. "Unless it's fitted perfectly, it looks like a bag of hot air!"

Warning! The last thing to talk about with Phil Everly during an evening-out is show business. "I like my dates to be relaxing," Phil says. "When a gal starts pumping me full of questions about how to get a recording contract, that's the end of my good time." . . . Ditto for S. Mineo. "On a date," Sal says, "I'd like to discuss the girl. I find her more interesting than myself. One thing I don't want her to do is discuss my career."

David Nelson likes to give a girl small flowers on a first date. "And I like for the girl to let me do things for her—honest. It makes me feel like a man." . . . Tony Perkins' pet peeve: "I hate rhinestone tiaras and chunky necklaces," he says. "I love for girls to dress simply—small earrings, a shirtwaist dress, maybe a string of pearls and a pair of spotted white gloves." . . . Rick Nelson likes girls to appear older than they are. "Older girls," he admits, "don't overdo the 'cute' bit which embarrasses me . . . Johnny Saxon likes a girl who can keep a conversational ball rolling, but at the same time, he says, "I like for girl to understand my silences!"
"No other beauty soap quite so gentle"

says Dolores Michaels

Gentleness is everything when it comes to skin care. Beautiful women the world over know this. And like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, they also know that Lux is all gentleness . . . from the soothing lather . . . to the subtle fragrance . . . to the soft pastel shades. Discover for yourself how much the natural gentleness of Lux can mean to you. Your complete delight with Lux is guaranteed by Lever Brothers or your money will be refunded in full.

That’s the beauty of LUX
I Visited a Film Studio

While I was in California this summer I was invited to visit the Twentieth Century-Fox studios by a friend of my aunt who is a film editor. On the way there we saw France Nuyen and then, while we were having dinner, I saw Pat Boone (I got his autograph). I also saw Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman and got their autographs, too. We got onto the set of “Mardi Gras” and there I saw Shevee North, Tommy Sands and Gary Crosby. After that we drove around the lots and saw where they were making other movies and scenes. Gosh! It was huge. And I bet we didn’t miss one square inch. Then we drove home and I thought that this had been the most wonderful day of my life. I’ll never forget it, not ever.

Barbara Moley
Marquette, Mich.

Rock ‘N’ Rollers Deaths

I was absolutely stunned to read of the death of Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and The Bopper. It was a tragedy and they were all so young. Why should people who have given up so many hours of happiness have to die like that?

Susan Walton
Dallas, Texas

We want to thank everyone who has written to us about the crash. Unfortunately we haven’t the space to print all the letters but we have been asked to let you know that their families and friends appreciate your concern very much. See our story on page 64.—Ed.

To Dick Clark

I read your article “The Ten Most Sure-Fire Ways To Lose a Valentine” in the March issue of Photoplay. It was a very good article, but believe me it isn’t always the girls. It really makes me boil whenever there’s an article about dating and the girls getting blamed for making the goes. I don’t ever think there has been an article about fellows and their goes. And boy, they sure can pull some!

Now come on, Mr. Clark, and give us gals a break.

A Disgusted Gal
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Disgusted: Thanks for your letter and watch for next month’s issue of Photoplay in which I give girls a chance to talk about their pet peeves about boys—Dick.

Do you agree they’re look-alikes? Can you guess which one is Shirley Temple? Shirley’s at bottom, Arleen’s at top.

Look-Alikes

Here is a double for Shirley Temple. Don’t you think so? Everyone tells her so. She is Arleen Kaitis of Brooklyn, New York.

A Reader
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Patti Page and Eddie Cochran Fans

Our Patti Page fan club, Chapter 1001, is a local organization and we have a little over 60 members. We charge dues of only fifty cents and feel it’s well worth it for the fun a member has. We give dances and have monthly meetings, etc. We give membership cards, photos of Patti and club buttons for entering into our club. Our President is Leon Smith and can be reached at 2296 N. Belsay Road, Flint 6, Michigan.

Fred Colby, Publicity Mgr.
Flint, Michigan

...I am the President of the Eddie Cochran Fan Club and would appreciate your listing my address for those who wish to join.

Patt Boyd
3039 Redington
Toledo 6, Ohio

Sis Says Thanks

I’m Johnny Saxon’s sister and I have just finished reading George Christy’s story about my brother and grandfather in the March Photoplay. I must say it is a fine story and I want to commend the writer for telling such a beautiful story.

Dolores Orrico
Brooklyn, N. Y.
vive la différence!

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

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

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

REGULAR SPRAY NET

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

SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET

gowns and accessories by Saks Fifth Avenue

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NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely... Gently!

Palmolive's rich lather contains—
No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

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

Who Was the Bat Girl?

For two years, my husband and I have been at odds about the movie "Artists and Models" with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, because we can't agree on who played the "Bat Girl?" I believe it was Shirley MacLaine and he insists it was Jeanmaire. Am I right?

Mrs. Albert A. Fletcher
Aurora, Colorado

Right you are, Mrs. Fletcher. Shirley MacLaine was the "Bat Girl."—Ed.

More than just stars

I really enjoyed your story on Rick and Dave Nelson. It was a personal glimpse into their life that made me realize that they're more than just stars—they're people, too, and very nice people at that.

Diane Dunsmore
Van Nuys, Cal.

"Tony and Janet"

Tony and Janet, are the ones for me. Add their daughters Jamie and Kelly Lee. They make a perfect family. Their fine performances, I always see in "The Vikings" or another movie. Hope they add to the family tree and wish to see them still together in the year 2003.

A Movie Fan
Montreal, Canada
Can't We See Them Every Week?

I'd like to say how much I enjoyed watching the stars receive their Photoplay Gold Medal awards on the Steve Allen show, particularly Debbie Reynolds who looked so lovely and was so thoughtful when she thanked us all for believing in her. I voted for Debbie and was really pleased to see her win. Tony Curtis was great, too, and so funny. I wish they were on the show every week.

Shirley Small
Bronx, N. Y.

Happy Birthday

I have a friend who is absolutely mad about Wayde Preston. Her birthday is coming up, so I was wondering if you could print a picture of Mr. Preston that month in your magazine. I know that Barb would be just too thrilled. She has been collecting pictures of Wayde Preston for nearly two years.

Marilyn Durham
Woodbricke, Ont.

Tell Barb to turn to page 41 and she will find a picture of Wayde Preston. By the way, wish her a happy birthday from all of us at Photoplay—Ed.

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


ACADEMY AWARDS SCORECARD

Don't forget: Monday, April 6, from 10:30 P.M. to 12:15 A.M., over NBC-TV. See How Your Votes Compare with Oscar's.

BEST ACTOR
☐ Tony Curtis, "The Defiant Ones," U.A.
☐ Paul Newman, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," M-G-M
☐ David Niven, "Separate Tables," U.A.
☐ Sidney Poitier, "The Defiant Ones," U.A.
☐ Spencer Tracy, "The Old Man and the Sea," W.B.

BEST ACTRESS
☐ Susan Hayward, "I Want to Live!" U.A.
☐ Deborah Kerr, "Separate Tables," U.A.
☐ Shirley MacLaine, "Some Came Running," M-G-M
☐ Roz Russell, "Auntie Mame," W. B.
☐ Liz Taylor, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," M-G-M

BEST MOVIE
☐ "Auntie Mame," Warners
☐ "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," M-G-M
☐ "The Defiant Ones," U.A.
☐ "Gigi," M-G-M
☐ "Separate Tables," U.A.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS
☐ Peggy Cass, "Auntie Mame," W.B.
☐ Wendy Hiller, "Separate Tables," U.A.
☐ Martha Hyer, "Some Came Running," M-G-M
☐ Maureen Stapleton, "Lonelyhearts," U.A.
☐ Cara Williams, "The Defiant Ones," U.A.

BEST SONG
☐ "Almost in Your Arms," "Houseboat," Paramount
☐ "Gigi," "Gigi," M-G-M
☐ "To Love and Be Loved," "Some Came Running," M-G-M
☐ "A Very Precious Love," "Marjorie Morningsstar," W.B.

BEST DIRECTION
☐ "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Richard Brooks, M-G-M
☐ "The Defiant Ones," Stanley Kramer, U.A.
☐ "Gigi," Vincente Minnelli, M-G-M
☐ "I Want to Live!" Robert Wise, U.A.
☐ "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness," Robson, 20th

BEST COSTUME DESIGN
☐ "Bell, Book and Candle," Louis, Col.
☐ "The Buccaneer," Jester-Head-Jensen, Par.
☐ "A Certain Smile," LeMaire and Wills, 20th
☐ "Gigi," Cecil Beaton, M-G-M
☐ "Some Came Running," Plunkett, M-G-M

Save This For Your Scrapbook.

For store and free figure beauty booklet write Olga, Dept PH59, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Cal.
fashion memo from the editor

Hi! Lots of you have written to say that you’d like more fashion news and fads in Photoplay, so in this space every month we’ll be giving you all the scoop on what’s happening in fashion.

This month the big news is in SHOES—so let’s heel ‘n’ toe into spring and summer with some of the highlights to watch for.

Big news in flats: the lightweight leathers. So soft, you can bend them double—so colorful, you can be the brightest spotlight at your Friday night party in vivid pink, bright blue, salad green. By Sandler of Boston.

Toes are tapered or pointed or squared . . . often laced and tied, sometimes bowed . . . adding up to a delicate look. By Vitality Shoes.

Heel height going down! The most popular new idea in heels is the mid-heel—whether it’s called “Squash,” “Spool,” or “Louis” heel, it means a neat and ladylike heel height to flatter your legs. By Sandler of Boston.

Straps are here in a big way and anything goes, from the T-strap, to high-riding straps. Some are even diagonal. Remember that a horizontal line crossing your foot makes it seem smaller! This shoe by Connie.

Well, that’s all for this month. I’ll be back next month with another fashion flash. Meantime, be sure to write me—I’ll be looking forward to hearing from you with your fashion ideas and questions. So long for now,
“I lost 25 pounds in 30 days without dieting”

says ELOISE McELHONE, TV Personality

“I took REGIMEN TABLETS, and never felt better.”

“My doctor recommended that I lose weight—but I couldn’t stick to a diet. Nothing helped—not expanding pills, reducing candies, not even expensive salon treatments.

“Then I discovered Regimen Tablets. Without a diet or super will power I lost 25 lbs. in 30 days—-inches disappeared. I went from a size 18 to a perfect 14 in just 4 weeks. I felt satisfied with a fraction of the calories I used to eat, and my weight came tumbling down!”

ELOISE McELHONE, New York City

Now, a completely new drug combination! Available without doctor’s prescription for

NO-DIET REDUCING with REGIMEN TABLETS

CAUSES YOUR BODY TO LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! IT’S SAFE . . . AUTOMATIC!

GuARANTEED

So start reducing the Regimen Tablet way today. You may not lose as much weight as Miss McElhone—but you must be delighted with your weight-loss as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or pay nothing!

3-WAY ACTION MAKES IT EASIER AND FASTER TO LOSE WEIGHT!

Regimen Tablets are aspirin-like, easy to take, and work 3 amazing ways for fast, effective weight-loss.

1. They suppress your appetite; you eat the foods you like, without overeating.
2. They force you to lose weight automatically by removing excess “fluid weight”.
3. They start traveling quickly thru your blood stream . . . and you lose the tremendous urge to eat! No super will power. You feel completely satisfied on far less than your normal intake—yet you lose weight faster and easier than you thought possible!

CLINICAL TEST PROVES REGIMEN TABLETS FOR “NO-DIET REDUCING”

A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted diet, while another group ate without restrictions. Both groups took Regimen Tablets daily. In just 6 weeks, the “No-Diet” group had actually lost more weight than the severe 1000-calorie diet group. This is clinical evidence that with Regimen Tablets you can eat the foods you like and still lose weight!

Regimen Tablets

10-day supply, only $3
20-day supply, only $5
(You save $1.00)

Available At All Drug Stores.
Debbie breaks out of a triangle:

In a plain tailored suit, Debbie Reynolds sat primly in the witness chair of the Los Angeles Divorce Court and told Superior Judge Roger Alton Pfaff, “Interest in another woman broke up my home. My husband Eddie Fisher asked me to get a divorce.” Debbie’s secretary, Camille Williams, verified the statement and ten minutes later, without mention of Elizabeth Taylor, Debbie emerged a free woman.

Shortly afterward, she was off to Spain to make “It Began With a Kiss” with Glenn Ford, telephoning home every day to talk to little Carrie and baby Todd and warn her parents not to spoil them too much. And reports are that, except for missing the children, Debbie has never been in better spirits... In My Opinion: Dean Stockwell’s the best of the young dramatic actors. Wait till you see his work with Brad Dillman in “Compulsion.”... Count Carol Lynley as the most practical, feet-on-the-ground lass among the new teen stars. Neither pretty clothes, dreamy boys nor good-time dates can distract Carol; she’s the youngest student of abnormal psychology at UCLA!... Sal Mineo got so hot on drums for his Gene Krupa role,

**Scoop:** “What happened to us?” TV’s handsome “Lawman” Peter Brown sat in our parlor and for the first time broke the silence surrounding his separation—five months after the wedding—from Diane Jergens.

“I dig marriage; I believe in it. At 23 I still think it’s the greatest institution in the world. Then, why?”

He wandered about the room, lost in bewilderment. “Sure, we quarreled, but never bitterly. It was Diane’s independent mind that won me to her in the first place. But I had to keep my own identity.” Suddenly he almost shouted: “Look, every man in this town is looking for what I thought I had—to love and be loved, and still stay himself. I tried... and lost.”

Before Peter arrived, I’d quietly phoned Diane. “Miss Hamilton, I don’t know how to explain our separation,” she said. “I can’t find the words for it.”

“Everyone in this town is looking for what I thought I had,” Peter Brown
told me. “You've got to love and be loved. I tried . . . and I guess I lost.”
It's Set Time: Sophia Loren backed into an open gas jet, Fess Parker stomped around in six feet and Clark Gable made the prize "boo boo" of all time the day I gave the movie sets a whirl. On the "Heller With a Gun" set Sophia's ostrich feather headdress went up with a pool when the plume and an old-fashioned gas light got too cozy. Such excitement! Robert Darin grabbed the flaming mass from Sophia's astonished head while actors Tony Quinn, Steve Forrest, Eileen Heckart and Margaret O'Brien stood with their mouths hanging open. Only Indian chief Yowlachie remained stoically calm, as if it were part of the story, which concerns the adventures of a second rate traveling show troupe in the rugged west a century ago. Margaret, the troupe's "Baby," upset the chief's frozen-faced composure in a scene where she stealthily lapped up the dregs in his brandy glass. Everyone broke up, including director George Cukor. Sophia tells me she acquired her new slim figure on Italian food only, "Not the starches," she assured me. "Only the proteins," Who ever heard of Italian proteins? Speaking of Italy brought to mind the troubles of Fess Parker, whose name had to be changed to "Fier" over there because "Fess" means "Dope." Still in trouble through no fault of his own, I heard director Frank order him, "Take your shoes off," as I sneaked onto "The Jayhawkers" set. "We can't get all of you on camera," Poor Fess. While Barry Coe sat on the sidelines and grinned, Fess emoted in sox and cold feet. A chat with Fess between takes proves again what an unaffected, soft-voiced, young bachelor he is. "By golly I'd like to get married if—" he confesses. The "if" is a nice, intelligent girl who would enjoy making a home, appreciate a hard working husband and love children. Any volunteers? Line forms to the right, gals!" Briefies: Roz "Auntie Mame" Russell did it again! After her footprint-planting ceremony in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater Roz had the paparazzi in hysterics attempting to fit her own fair-sized tootsies first into the large prints of the late Tom Mix, then into the dainty ones of Mary Pickford. Roz were the first "dogs" to be immortalized in the cement of this tourist mecca in over two years. . . . A simple marble bench will mark the Hollywood grave of Tyrone Power, who died before the cameras in Spain last November at the age of 45. The bench is being carved at the request of Mrs. Debbie Power, who hopes the weary in heart and soul may find it a comforting retreat. Ty would have liked that, I'm sure. . . . Closer than ever these days are Lana Turner and her Cheryl, who've chatted with me at every showing of Lana's extraordinary film, "Imitation of Life." Never has this star looked so beautiful nor performed with such depth of feeling. . . . Those Hargitays! With each body-building course they sell, Jayne and Mickey include free dumbbells—pink for girls, blue for boys.

Ever watched yourself on a home movie? Even Marilyn Monroe was surprised when she watched her latest movie, "Some Like It Hot," Husband Arthur Miller was calmer.

Once-Overs: Rick Nelson has bulls on the brain, and come the first gap in a busy schedule, he'll tango off to the Land of the Matadors and catch a glimpse of the real thing, Olé! . . . Debbie Reynolds gave Bob Wagner a raised-eyebrow look after he and Nat double-dated with Liz and Eddie. . . . A studio producer told me Diane Varsi showed up for an interview in Levis and bare feet. Sometimes it seems that, in her efforts to jump off the bandwagon, the young lady would grow a beard, if she only knew how. . . . They call May Britt "Angel on a Bicycle," after her 500-mile marathon from Stanford University (where husband Ed Gregson is studying law) to Hollywood, pedaling every single mile—really. . . . For Mickey Rooney, it's off with the old love (his fourth wife) and on with the new (Barbara Thomson); for a little man, Mickey sure takes the lion's share in love. . . . Elizabeth Taylor has rented a Las Vegas ranch in order to be near Eddie Fisher while he fills an April nightergy stint, taking with her, maybe, the 27-diamond-studded birthday purse—a gift from Eddie.

—Sara Hamilton
Have a breath of Paris about you—every day!

A once-in-a-lifetime special! Whichever way you enjoy your deodorant; luscious roll-on lotion to roll your perspiration worries away; or convenient, fabulous stick that applies dry to keep you dry—

you’ll prefer Evening in Paris, the only deodorant in the world that protects as it glamourizes with the lingering, exciting fragrance of Evening in Paris. Created in Paris, made by Bourjois in USA.

2 FOR $1 SPECIAL
REGULAR $1.50 VALUE
Ever wonder what fellows say about you when you’re not around? Let’s eavesdrop . . .

“GIRLS, YOU’RE WONDERFUL, BUT...”

Ever been at a dance or a party when all the fellows put their heads together and start gabbing away like mad? Suddenly one of the girls draws a bead on the circle and just drifts into hearing range. Then there’s a lull in the chatter, and the next thing that strikes your feminine ears is idle banter about baseball, track or the movies. Soon the guys start edging away and you wonder “Just what were they talking about?”

I’ve noticed it myself on “American Bandstand.” Three or four of the boys will be in a football huddle, and when a girl tries to join in it’s just like the referee blowing the whistle.

The reason I noticed it? . . . Well, last weekend at one of our record hops, the matter was raised by a pert little redhead who had played the feminine role in one of these between-record dramas. She was still a mite dazed when she bumped into me. “Is it me?” She asked. I assured her, and I assure you if it ever happens to you, “No, it’s just that they are talking ‘Boy Talk.’”

And what do boys talk about? Girls.

That’s the secret of these excited gatherings with the side-long looks. You might think that Joey, Bill, Paul and Tony tell you everything, but let me guarantee that they don’t. For instance, when they show up for a date they’ll tell you that you look pretty. They’d never tell you if you were wearing too much makeup. Or while they might compliment you on your new plaid skirt, they’d go barefoot through the snow before they’d tell you it was too short.

Of course, tomorrow in the corridor between classes, Joe can tell Bill and Paul and Tony. But that’s their little secret and it’s not to be shared with girls.

This isn’t any surprise, is it? I mean that boys notice those things. They do and they talk about them. Perhaps the main reason they don’t talk about them in front of girls is that they don’t think the girls would take advantage of this good advice, freely given. Would you?

Just for fun, suppose we take a short stroll around the dance floor. You be invisible and maybe they’ll think I’m all alone.

Here’s a likely looking group, and what did I tell you—they are talking about you. In fact, I believe they’re talking about makeup (a lot of boys have very serious thoughts on that subject). That’s Bill Horneff of Philadelphia saying, “A
good-looking girl shouldn't have to use much makeup. In fact, some girls can overuse it to the point where it can look like their faces are chapped.

Francis Tomasetti agrees, “I don’t like too much makeup, it hides a girl’s beauty.”

Kenneth Murphy adds, “A girl should be at least seventeen or eighteen before she goes in for real heavy makeup. When they start too young it just looks wrong on them.”

James Salter, from Wheaton, Maryland, chimes in with, “That happens when a girl starts trying to act a lot older than she really is, and that’s bad anyway.”

Wait a second, fellows. I think Bill Roth from National Park, New Jersey, has a word he’d like to shoot out. Bill, the floor is yours: “I don’t really think the fault is the makeup, it’s that a lot of girls don’t know how to use it.”

Tim Bowers, Martinsburg, West Virginia, seconds that and comments, “Some girls just follow the crowd on this. If one girl wears a lot of makeup all the rest of the girls think they should, too.”

The discussion goes on, but you sort of get the drift, don’t you? Boys do notice things like makeup, and they notice how you use it. There are other things that they notice, too.

“Those short skirts...” That’s Tony Porrini speaking. “A girl should make sure to choose the right length.” Bill Horneff pipes up, “Some girls look real great in them.” But Tim Bowers points out, “Some do, but a lot of girls choose the wrong length and it just spoils their appearance when they do.”

How about you? When you wear short skirts—because they are in style—do you first find the right “shortness”? Boys notice those things.

What was that you said, Tony Ricciardi? You don’t like pony tails either? Why not? “Well, when you’re out dancing they can be pretty annoying,” Tony explains. “When you’re listening to that dreamy music, just gliding along, and then all of a sudden she turns her head and you get boffed by the pony tail.” The murmur you hear in the background must mean that some of the other fellows know just what Tony means.

Joe Wissert has a thought on hairdos: “Most girls don’t look right in those short hairdos. Instead of just cutting it and piling it up on top, I think a lot of girls should try the styles in private and then settle on the one that fits them best.” And then they can go to the other extreme and that’s what Bill Horneff means when he warns, “I don’t like the short hairdos either, but it doesn’t look right either when it’s too long.” Undecided? No. not these boys. They just think that if you’re going to let you hair down, go ahead—but stop right around the shoulders.

And while these “gentlemen prefer blondes”—and adore brunettes, redheads and what-have-yous as well—they have some words of caution for the girls who bleach their hair. “Don’t pour it on.” Bob Nilsson of Massapequa, Long Island, warns, “It just makes hair look like straw.”

That’s a pet hate of quite a few of the fellows. The crowd agrees that a dark-haired girl can goof when trying to bleach her hair. “If she’s going to bleach her hair anyway, let her go ahead.” Bill Roth advises, “but be sure to make a good job of it.” Tim Bowers chimes in with, “It can look okay if the girl has light hair to begin with, or is an off-blond.”

I’ve heard that subject warned over at many a record hop and the chief complaint boils down to the idea that too many girls who do bleach their hair don’t keep after it enough. The concensus seems to be that it’s perfectly okay to bleach, “but keep a check on it.” And here’s a tip: The boys all get up in arms when you’re blonde on top, and dark brown or black at the roots!

(continued)
While you might get the idea that the boys are a little critical of you girls when they're together, let me assure you that many of them think you're just as tough on each other. Bob Nilsen threw out the bait, "I think girls can be a bit too critical of other girls." John Curcio of Freehold, New Jersey, and Joe Thompson of Philadelphia both agree that "seventeen girls are a bit too critical of boys also." Ted Smith of Philadelphia squared the circle with, "Sure girls do tear up other girls, but fellows are just as guilty."

It's the idea that at least we've found a fault we share in common, but way over on the other side of the dance floor I hear a voice whisper, "Guys never do that, oh no?"

But let's move here on this side of the dance floor and lend an ear while some of the fellows reminisce about those "little" things that can turn a date into an arm's truce. Denny Dziena of Philadelphia is telling a friend, "I'll never understand girls. They have the craziest dispositions. Some just seem to get mad at anything and no matter what you do you're always wrong. Sometimes they have a reason, but other times, no."

Tony Riccardi knows just what Denny means. "For instance, you're walking along the street on a date, and you say hello to another girl. Boom! You're in trouble. Even if you know the other girl real well."

Tony Porini thinks this is bad, but it's even worse when, as Ed Kelly agrees, "You have a misunderstanding with one girl and all of her girlfriends get mad at you."

How do you get out of that one?

The system Tony Porini uses makes sense. "The best way is just to ignore it and work it out with your girlfriend."

And girls, if you're the type who thinks she's made a fool of you, knock off that complaint by laughing at everything he says, forget it. "Giggling at everything you say, even when you're not trying to be funny, can ruin an evening," according to John Curcio. And John knows any less as bad as his pet hate: "You are out on a date with one girl and all of a sudden she starts talking about her other dates." Ken Murphy would add another topic. "When all they can talk about is their girlfriends."

Maybe the girl doesn't realize she's doing it, and then again it could be just a little act she's whipped up, hoping to arouse his interest. Either way, both of those subjects don't pluck the heart strings of the fellows. Frank Masciulli spoke for most the guys when he commented, "It's silly."

It might be, but Ed Brady of Hyattsville, Maryland, has a different opinion, "Some girls might just be doing it as part of an act, a thing, he adds, "trying to make their image, get a more individualistic, would be the best way to get out of those ruts."

That's a point that many fellows all seemed to be agreed upon. Jimmy Seale, of Philadelphia, put it into words when he said that girls run around in crowds too much. According to my spies, you girls get mad when your best boy decides he'd like to go out with this girl and then he's supposed to be understanding when you want to go out with the girls. If it's news to anybody, he doesn't understand at all. I think "too posseusive" would be the words you can overhear as you fly by.

But getting back to that crowd instinct, Jimmy Seale says, "it's really tough on you to a dance when you don't know too well and then she spends most of her time chatting with her friends while you're just left to wait."

"Wait till they start whispering together, though," Tim Bowers tells us. "Then you are really in trouble."

Try to keep that gets me," George Barford, of Oakford, Pennsylvania, declares, "is when you stop in afterwards for a soda, and it's been real nice up to that. But when the rest of her girlfriends pour in, and you're out in the cold. It's a real lonesome feeling."

"I really burn though," Bill Roth adds, "when you are driving along getting advice on what to do or say. It's even worse when she doesn't have a driver's license herself."

"Sure that can be miserable," That's John Curcio speaking. "But what if you don't have a car? A lot of girls won't even give you a chance for a date."

Joe Thompson has a thought on this. "A lot of girls fifteen years old or even sixteen think it's better to go with guys eighteen or twenty because they have cars."

Most of the fellows will go along with that, and some add "and more money too."

But all of them agree honestly report that most of the fellows think you girls are okay when it comes to matching entertainment with their wallet. And most of them seem to agree that when you ask out on a date, they pay the way, and gladly. "I wouldn't feel right if the girl paid," seems to be their motto.

The best way to start a date, though, is to keep it once you've made the engagement. A pet hate of Paul Abrams of Phila-delphia is "A girl standing a fellow up at the last minute."

I can hear those "me too's."

And when that date is over, how about a good-night kiss? Well if it's the first date the fellows are pretty divided on that question. A few think you should give them a polite "No." But please make it polite. Don't get all upset and think he is the worst guy in the world—just for trying. Jim Salter speaks for many boys when he says, "We don't think anything of the girl who lets you kiss her on the first date, but we have more respect for those who don't."

I must surprise you to know that most of the fellows feel they can tell whether you're going to say "Yes" or "No" before they even try for that one good-night kiss. But how far ahead do you make up your mind anyhow? And do you ever change it?

Now how about over here . . . oh-oh, they saw us coming. That's about all of the g请您查看更新上的内容。
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I was in a huddle with Sandra Dee just before she appeared on Steve Allen’s TV program to accept her Photoplay Gold Medal Award. Suddenly, Sandra got up from her chair backstage and said, “Excuse me. I have to walk around. I’m nervous.” “Why?” I asked. “You’re used to appearing before people.” “Yes,” Sandra gasped, looking to associate director Nick Vanoff for support. “But I never got a medal before.” . . . Debbie Reynolds, wearing a beautiful dress and a radiant smile, looked great as she came on stage to get her “most popular actress of the year” award. Wasn’t this Debbie’s first TV appearance since way back when she was on Eddie’s show? . . . The youngest award winner, David Ladd, 12, was the only performer who didn’t read the cue cards. Explained David, “It’s easier for me to remember than read.” . . . Edd Byrnes, the hipster parking-lot attendant from “77 Sunset Strip,” just gaped at David Ladd—who sat still just long enough to eat up an entire weekly allowance of 70¢ on candy, Cokes and cookies. . . . Dave Nelson, who was kept away by a sponsor conflict, picked up his award on his own “Ozzie and Harriet” Show. . . . After the program, there was a cocktail party for the winners, their friends, relatives, agents, Steve Allen and his gang. . . . For many, it was the first look at Debbie since. . . . Who said: “I accept the theory Rick Nelson was written by Elvis Presley.” (Well, the speaker wasn’t Rick!) “Eddie Fisher believes he’s Frank Sinatra.” Mort Sahl said, “but doesn’t he know that first he must be Peter Lawford? That there’s no short cut to greatness.” . . . Mike Curtiz told me that it takes a genius to recognize a genius—and that’s why there are so many in Hollywood. . . . I hear that Arlene Dahl rinses her hair in champagne. . . . I wonder if Louis Prima and Keely Smith sing to each other at home. . . . Although Robert Mitchum acts as if he’s falling asleep, I understand he sometimes sleeps with his eyes open. . . . Starlet Googie Schwab told me: “Intuition is the private property of females. It tells girls they’re right when they’re wrong.” . . . Rossano Brazzi said that no woman can resist him if he sets out to charm her. Well, could you? . . . I often wonder if Grace Kelly secretly wishes she were a movie queen again instead of a princess. . . . Go buy Mike Nichols’ and Elaine May’s Improvisations on an LP record, and if you don’t laugh the joke’s on me. . . . Barbara Nichols (no relation) recently asked me, “Why are all jockeys so small? Don’t they think a regular size man can ride a horse?” Well, have you got an answer? . . . I like Tony Quinn’s line in “Black Orchid”: “If someone shouts at me, I shout back. It saves getting heartburn.” . . . And That’s Hollywood for You.

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Instantly, your hair takes on a new, glorious, silken-soft luster, full of exciting, dancing highlights! At last you enjoy the springy, natural-looking curls and waves you've longed for! Obedient curls and waves that last from shampoo to shampoo, thanks to Wash 'n Curl!

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For free booklet (mailed in plain envelope) on doctor-approved methods of douching, write to: “Lysol,” Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. TSP-559.

get more out of life—go out to a movie

What’s on tonight? You’ve got to go out to see the best! Look for these new pictures at your favorite theater.
Rio Bravo

Warner Bros., Technicolor

The action smashes at us hard all the way through this big, bold western. Then, time out! Rick Nelson strikes up a few chords on his guitar, and sheriff John Wayne stands by while his three deputies relax with a little music. They're a funny trio. The townspeople think Rick's just a brash kid and Dean Martin's a no-account drunk and Walter Brennan's an old fool. But we (and Wayne) know better. Let 'em sing—they've earned it. And we need a breather, too! When Rick isn't harmonizing with Dean on "My Pony, My Rifle and Me" or soloing on "Cindy," he's right in there proving he can be a fast gun—and a good actor. So is Dean, who shows his offscreen pal Sinatra that more than one singer can take you inside a man's character and make you understand him. In fact, the movie's loaded with familiar faces. Ward Bond is the trail boss, just as we know him on TV, but John "Lawman" Russell turns heavy—he's a gonna spring his killer brother out of Wayne's jail, he sweats. No, they didn't leave out the love interest. She's a saucy newcomer, Angie Dickinson (shown bottom left with Rick and John).

Some Like It Hot

U.S.A.

All of Marilyn Monroe's imitators better take cover right now, because the original is back again. MM's really something special in this gay, fun-loving role. Marilyn thinks her chief pals in an all-girl dance band are fellow females, but they're really Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, pretending to be a pair of flappers such as the crazy 'twenties never saw, teetering on high heels, patting nervously at cloche hats and boyish-bob wigs. Tony's a pretty brunette; Jack's a hearty big blonde (Top left with MM). A situation like that could get a little zany—and it does, but delightfully so—thanks to Billy Wilder's slick direction. What are the boys doing in those girlish get-ups? Running away from George Raft (who looks the way a gangster oughta look. He knows—but then why tell you the plot). Go see this rollicking comedy; in fact, go see it more than once in order to catch all the clever dialogue drowned out by audiences howling with helpless laughter. [Continued]

Imitation of Life

Eastman Color

Rarely does the screen see a drama so filled with intense emotion. Mark this film down as a record-setter. Every scene will play on your feelings—and it'll please.

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

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

Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here... Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is Arrid Cream America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of exclusive Perstop*, Arrid Cream Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

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

It's 1 1/2 times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, Arrid with Perstop* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get Arrid Cream Deodorant today.

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BRENDAN O'KOUNOVSKY,
Sophomore, Minot High, Minot, N. D.,
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in high school, I was miserable when
my face broke out. Nothing did much
good, until I tried Clearasil. In almost
no time, I could really see a big
improvement, and so could my friends.
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Brenda Jo Kounovsky

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pimplies... works fast to clear pimplies!

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MOVIES

(Continued)

your eyes, too. Lana Turner never looked
slacker or more beautiful; Sandra Dee’s
cuddly and winsome and John Gavin’s not
difficult to look at either. The settings are
lush, and the clothes are dreamy. But you’ll
have to watch all these through tears if your
nose’s not handy. One minute, you’re with
Lana while she choices between John and a
glamorous theater life with Dan O’Herlihy,
a playwright. The next, you look deep into
Juanita’s heart and see a lonely teenager
confiding her first love in Juanita Moore,
his mother’s housekeeper and friend.
Juanita’s a warm and wonderful new per-
sonality. As her daughter, Susan Kohner
has the picture’s most demanding role—but
it’s sure to be the most talked-about, and
Susan gives it plenty of fire. This girl, light-
skinned, wants to escape from her mother’s
Negro world. The end of her story is one
of the most moving climaxes you’ve ever
cried through.

Compulsion

In the 1920’s, America was horrified
by the Leopold-Loeb case, but the powerful
drama suggested by that crime is more
than just a shocker. Two brilliant, rich
young students (Bradford Dillman, Dean
Stockwell) commit a “perfect” murder.
Why did they do it? How are they caught?
What will society do to them? As the
movie asks and answers these questions,
it probes the darkest, most hidden parts
of a boy’s mind. The killers are frighten-
ingly real; sometimes you almost feel sorry
for Dean, who’s the weaker one, just as
fellow student Diane Varsi does. Yet
we want them brought to justice. What is
justice? Orson Welles moves ponderously
onto the scene to tackle that last question,
in a stunning courtroom finale that will
fill your thoughts for a long time to come.

The Shaggy Dog

Wait Disney introduces his TV
favorite Annette Funicello to movies in
a happy romp that should tickle your funny-

The Mating Game

You’ll love Debbie Reynolds—we
predict—in this daffy, wonderful farce.
Twinkling, sparkling, bouncing around
with a hoyden’s high spirits, she works
hard to keep the laughs coming—and they
do. With Paul Douglas as Pop and Una
Merkel as Mom, Debbie’s folks are a cross
between the Kettles and the wacky family
in “You Can’t Take It With You.” Income
Tax? These innocent farmers never heard
of it, until along comes Internal Revenue
agent Tony Randall, who’s a lively match
for Debbie and somebody you’ll want to
see around a lot more. Clowning away to-
gether, these two (below left) manage to
find some time to slip some romance in
between the chuckles. You’ll like that too.

Gidget

COLUMBUS: CINEMASCOPE.

COLUMBUS COLOR

Ann-Margret stars. In her biggest role so far, Sandra
shows what happens when a very little girl tries
to out-boy the boys on the beach (James
Darren and Cliff Robertson), where almost
all the fun goes on. If your swimsuit isn’t
your best friend, how do you make a beau
out of a pal, with loads of well-stacked
competition decorating the sands? In one
hilarious scene, Sandra tries chest exer-
cises, but finally has to resort to playing
Cliff against Dean, whose dreamy croon-
ing, like the whole picture, is a surprise
and a delight.

(continued)
Lovely Screen Star JEANNE CRAIN, and her charming daughter, Jeanine, use Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Why don’t you and your daughter try it, too?

Try new Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo
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JUST SHAMPOO... SET WITH PLAIN WATER... AND HAVE LIVELY, NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS!

Wonderful new Lustre-Creme leaves hair shining clean, yet so easy to manage, any hair-style is easy to set. Curls are springy, waves smooth without annoying flyaway ends, even right after shampooing. All this, thanks to Lustre-Creme’s exclusive new non-drying formula!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
Sleeping Beauty—Technicolor, Technicolor

Off we go again into Walt Disney’s wonderful world of fantasy, with a cartoon version of the beloved fairy tale that’s sweet, funny and scary by turns. Hits of the show are the three good fairies, who look like everybody’s favorite, fussy little old maiden aunts. But the bad fairy’s spells give Walt’s magicians their best chance to conjure up spectacular effects—real nightmare stuff. The legend lits to Tchaikovsky’s familiar ballet music.

A Cry from the Streets—Tudor

A lot of lovely, touchingly real youngster—some actors, some amateurs—highlight a nice British movie about an orphanage. Max Bygraves, popular singing comedian, switches to drama as a TV repairman who gets interested in the kids—and in pretty social worker Barbara Murray. Already heard over here, his song “You Gotta Have Rain” makes a charming interlude. The story’s on the sentimental side—but there are touches of the sordid.

The Trap—Paramount, Technicolor

This so-so suspense yarn lets several good players go to waste. Our hero (it finally turns out) is lawyer Richard Widmark, who’s gotten involved with gangland. Tina Louisa looks blank but nice as wife of neurotic Earl Holiman, Dick’s kid brother. At least some excitement boils up when these three get to charging around the desert with capture mobster Lee J. Cobb. As co-producer, Widmark wished this one on himself.

First Man into Space—M-G-M

You have to be really mad about all movie monsters to enjoy this not-very-scientific bit of science-fiction. The monster’s a reckless roller-jockey who comes back to earth encrusted with meteorite dust and bleeding for blood. Marshall Thompson has to chase the creature gently—because it happens to his brother!

Night of the Quarter Moon—M-G-M, Cinemacope

In this film, inter-racial marriage is too controversial a theme for the cheaply sensationalized treatment it gets here. You can’t blame the actors; they all go at their work earnestly. Julie London has some dramatic moments as the one-fourth-Negro girl who marries socialite John Drew Barrymore; Anna Kashfi and Nat “King” Cole are sympathetic as her cousins.

CASTS OF CURRENT FEATURES

CITY OF FEAR—Columbia. Directed by Irving Lerner: Vince Kyber, Vince Edwards; Chief Jensen, Lyle Talbot; Lt. Richards, John Archer; D. Wallace, Steven Ritch; Joes, Patricia Blair; Croma, Joe Melt; Hallen, Sherwood Price; Jeane, Cathy Browne; Sgt. Johnson, Kelly Thordsen.

COMPLIANCE—20th, Directed by Richard Fleischer: Gene Kelly, O’Brien, Ruth Evans, Diane Varsi, Judd Steiner, Dean Stockwell; Astris Strauss, Bradfordill Dana, Horn, Ford, Edna Best, Bill Cohen, Jack Jnr.; J. Richard Anderson; Lt. Johnson; Robert Simon; Tom Lyon; Edward Brownlee; Clinton Robert Horton; Mr. Stinson, William Graff; Mrs. Stinson, Louise Lorimier.

Cry from the Streets, A—Tudor, Directed by Lewis Gilbert: Bill Lother; Max Bygraves; Ann Fabel; Barbara Murray; George Murray, Colin Pettersen; Barbie Taylor, Donna Wilson; Mrs. Ferrer, Kathleen Harrison; Don Ferrar, Sean Barrett; Gloria Murray, Eleanor Summerfield.

First Man into Space—M-G-M, Directed by Robert Day: Chuck Prescott, Marshall Thompson; Tia Francesca, Marla Landis; Capt. Richards, Richard Arves; Chief Wilson, Bill Naay; Dan Prescott, Bill Edwards.

GIDGET—Columbia. Directed by Paul Wendkos: Janice Comer, Carol Ohmart, James Darren; Kahehnum; Chief Robertson, Russell Lawrence, Arthur O’Conell; Dorothy Lawrence, Mary Waller; Roger Taylor; Betsy, Tom Laughlin; B.L.; Sue, George; Hot Shot, Robert Ellis; Mary Lou, Jo Morrow; Nan, Yvonne Craig; Patty, Patti Kane; Wakiibi, Doug McNeil; Lord Byron, Burton Metalace.

Imitation of Life—U-I, Directed by Douglas Sirk: Lora Meredith, Lena Turner; Steve Allen, Frederic, Evelyn Perske; Susie, Summer Dean; Sarah Jane, Susan Kohner; Annie Johnson, Juanita Moore; David Edwards, Dan O’Herlihy; Allen L烘; Robert Alda, Motion Muste; Herbert; Sarah Jane (age 8), Karen Dinner; Sissie (age 6), Karen De Witt.

Mating Game—The—M-G-M, Directed by George Marshall: Marjorie, Debbie Reynolds; Lawrence, Tony Randall; Pop Larkin, Paul Douglas; Marla, Maureen; Uno Merkell, Wendell Berthashek, Philip Ober; Rev. O’Herlihy, Douglas; Anthony, Moses Lane; Chief Goths, Trevor Bartlett; Barney, Bill Smith.

Murder by Contract—Columbia. Directed by Irving Lerner: Claude, Elwood Edwards; Marc Philip Pine; George, Herschel Bernard; Billy Phillipas, Captive For The Sake Of; Michael Granger; Ex-Maid, Frances Osborne; Girl, Cathy Barry.

Night of the Quarter Moon—M-G-M. Directed by Hugo Haas: Ginny, Julie London; Chuck, John Drew Barrymore; Cy Robbins, Not “King” Cole; Maria Robba, Anna Kashfi; Lass, Linda Boreman, J. Rhodes, James Moorehead; Singer, Cathy Crosby; Hotel Manager, Ray Anthony; Sgt. Brugan, Jackie Condon; Things, Richard Page; Target, Richard Korsch; Bob, Robert Warner.

Rio Bravo—Warner Bros. Directed by Howard Hawks; John T. Chance, John Wayne; Duke Martin; Colorado, Dick Nelson; Feathers, Angie Dickinson; Stumpy, Walter Brennan; Pat Wheeler, Ward Bond; Nathan Biddle, John Russell; Carlos, Pedro Gonzalez-Gonzalez; Convo, Esther Rodriguez; Joe Biddle, Claude Akins.

Shaggy Dog, The—Buena Vista. Directed by Charles Barton; Wilson Daniels; Fred Mac Murray, Frieda Daniels, Jean Hagen; Willy, Howard Bingham; Kwei, Annette Funicello; Buzz, Tim Considine; Merle, Kevin Corcoron; Prof. Pincollo, Cecil Kelly; Stefano, Jacques Aumou identicals; Attila, Alexander Scordi; Francesca Ardura, Robert Shafer.

Sleeping Beauty—Buena Vista, Supervising Director, Robert McKimson; Voices, Ray Costa, Taylor Holmes, Barbara Jo Allen, Ed Producer, Robert Warner; Bill Thompson, Barbara Luddy, Veron Kelton.

Some Like It Hot—U-I. Directed by Billy Wilder; Sugar, Marilyn Monroe; Joe, Tony Curtis; Jerry, Jack Lemmon; Spats, George Raft; Maiali, Thelma Ritter; Osgood, Dan O’Herlihy; Bangor, Nehemiah Persoff; Tothicket, George B. Stone; Paradio, Edward G. Robinson, Jr. The—Paramount, Directed by Norman Panama; Ralph, Richard Widmark; Massonetti, Lee; J. Cobb; Linda, Tina Louise; Tippy, Earl Hendon; Anderson, Carl Bernett; Davis, Lorin Green.

NO NAME ON THE BULLET—U-I, Cinemacope, Eastman Color; Unpretentious, entertaining western that has a sense of humor. Hired gun Audie Murphy must have come to town to kill somebody. But who? (F) April

Remarkable MR. PENNYPACKER—20th, Cinemacope, De Luxe Color; A Vienna musical comes to America in spite of Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, David Nelson, (A) April

Separate Tables—U-A, Deborah Kerr’s a revelation as a timid spinner at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller, (F) January

Sound And The Fury, The—20th, Cinemacope, De Luxe Color; Emotional filled with a mixed-soup Southern family features splendid work by Joanne Woodward, Yul Brynner, Margaret Leighton. (A) April

Tempest, Paramount, Technicolor, Technicolor: Scenes of sweeping spectacle are the chief attraction in an epic of 18th Century Russia. Tough, tough Van Helfin leads a revolution; young lovers Geoffrey Horne and Silvano Manganaro oppose him. (F) April

Up Periscope—Warners, WarnerScope, Technicolor: Brisk World War II thriller. Bill Forsythe is a superduper ace of refugees including Deborah Kerr and her lover, Jason Rorbak, Jr. (A) March

Never Steal Anything Small—M-G-M, Technicolor: Peculiar movie mixing music with burlesque waterfront melodrama is saved by Jimmy Cagney, with an assist from Shirley Jones. (F) April

MOVIES continued

Now Playing

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**THE ART OF DATING**

by Dr. Evelyn Mills Duvall

...
From this very moment...

**Fresh New Beauty begins with Zest**

...that radiant, glowing clean, naturally lovely look!

And now Zest brings you an extra glamor bonus with this special offer of

**CEIL CHAPMAN'S CEIL BLEUE PERFUME!**

($1.50 value—yours for just 25¢ and 2 Zest wrappers)

The first touch of Zest’s gentle, smooth lather leaves your complexion radiantly aglow—free from dulling soap film. And Zest washes away skin bacteria to protect your complexion—gives it a fresher, clearer, more naturally lovely look. Discover the fresh new beauty of Zest now and get the fragrant bonus of Ceil Bleue Perfume—America’s own fashion fragrance.

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**SPECIAL OFFER**

Perfume, Department E-4
P.O. Box 52, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

I have enclosed two Zest bar wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to help defray expenses. Please send me my flaconette of Ceil Bleue Perfume.

(Enclose now)

Name: _____________________________
Address: ___________________________
City: ___________________ Zone: _____ State: __________

Offer good only in continental United States and Hawaii. Offer expires Sept. 30, 1969. Be sure to place sufficient postage on your covering and allow three weeks for delivery.
why is DEBBIE blowing her top?

Extra! ELVIS ELOPES (See Inside)
Hurry, we told Debbie, just come as you are. She arrived wearing a bulky striped sweater and slim pants. “Let me see,” she said breathlessly, “let me see.” “We-e-ll,” we said, “maybe you’d better sit down first. Why don’t you take this chair? It’s the most comfortable one.” “All right,” she said, looking a little puzzled. “Now can I see it?” We showed it to her—and that’s why Debbie blew her top. We were kind of afraid that would happen. Jerry had flipped his wig and Cary had lost his head. Debra had shrieked and Deborah just shrank. Frankly, we didn’t blame Debbie—or the others—one bit.

Cary Grant: Is it animal, vegetable or mineral? It’s smaller than a breadbox, but what is it?
Debbie Reynolds: Eeek! Where did you ever dig that up?

Debra Paget: Ugh, take it away, puh-lease! I can’t stand it.

Deborah Kerr: Ooooh, after that first peek I don’t dare look again.
8 record album gifts

For the boy in the blue suede shoes—size thirteen.

For the boy whose smooth line you keep falling for.

For the hi-fi fellow who just can't carry a tune.

For a stereo record fan—sounds of a washing machine.
for the boy who has everything

TONY PERKINS SINGS SOME SONGS I TAUGHT MY MOTHER

For the rebel who's sentimental but won't admit it.

THE LEMONS

For the feller who tries but just can’t—SPEL.

MELOHOP

with Jerry Lewis

FEARECORD

For a dancer who's light as a feather—on your feet!

TOMMY SANDS sings a group of 8-MINUTE SONGS FOR EGGHEADS

Love Songs for a boy who can't break out of his shell.
Extra police were rushed to keep crowds away when the news broke of Elvis' elopement. But teenagers, anxious to meet his bride, broke through police barricades.
Elvis Presley is married. He eloped while on a three-day pass from his camp in Germany and his bride is a twenty-year-old attractive brunette he was known to date before being drafted.

The ceremony was a quiet one, performed by the mayor of the small town three miles from the camp. Only American to attend the wedding was Hank Theobald, a close friend of Elvis, who acted as best man.

Hank told me: “Elvis and Ruth are very much in love. They had been seeing a great deal of each other until he was sent over here and ever since have been writing almost every day. They decided to get married quite a while ago but wanted to keep it secret so that they both would have a chance to find out if they were sure of themselves.

“Ruth came over to Germany just a week ago and while she was traveling Elvis was like a cat on hot bricks worrying that she was all right.

“I’m pretty sure no one else knew about their plans. Elvis was so concerned that it all be kept very quiet, so that they might spend the first few days of their married lives quietly together without being pestered by photographers.

“Ruth is a wonderful girl and I’m sure they are going to be very happy. She looked absolutely radiant at the ceremony and so pretty. She had on a cute striped blue dress with a tiny hat and was carrying a tiny white bouquet—lilies-of-the-valley, I think.”

Then Hank explained, “They met each other a long while ago—even before Elvis became famous. I’m not sure if they went to high school together but I think Elvis did mention it.

“You don’t know how difficult it was to keep the wedding secret,” he added. “I was more flustered at times than they were. But now I’m sure everyone’s thrilled that they’re so happy.” (Continued on page 97)
Elvis married? It really isn’t true.

All shook up? We’ve been April Fooling you!

A-l-o-n-e and still a-v-a-i-l-a-b-l-e is your El.

And ’cause you’re a good sport and take a joke so well—
Here's ELVIS...

Just for you
When I arrived at the party, I noticed a streamlined white horse parked outside. I was sure it meant I'd see James Garner at the party, but when I spotted Tab Hunter I realized that the '56 model horse was his. "Hi," he said, "I'm here with a blind date . . . Frankie Avalon set it up for me. She's kinda cute, but what a funny name—Zsa Zsa." I spotted Diane Varsi cha-cha-ing with Gary Crosby. Diane was wearing a bright red brocade sheath dress and she told me she's bought an entire glamor wardrobe, shipping her old blue jeans and torn tee shirts.
to the Actors Studio in New York. The only thing Diane couldn't part with are her favorite tennis shoes which she claims are the greatest for dancing. Be the first in your crowd to follow this new trend. . . Rick Nelson came over to claim the next dance with Diane and confided to me that he's thinking of giving up singing to go into nuclear physics. He got the idea from the picture he just finished, "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to the Moon," with Rick as Pa and Tina Louise as Ma. . . David Ladd was sharing a plate of imported (Continued on page 87)
TY HARDIN says:
"Whether he's running a country
Or in a corral—
Behind each guy who's made it
There's always a gal.
Now my one, I'll tell you
Has huge soulful eyes.
To gaze into them makes
My temperature rise.
I need her, I need her,
We can't be divorced
And when we're both old and gray
I'll still love my horse."

WADE PRESTON our hero
(Known as Christopher Colt)
Says his love for his horse
Once gave him a jolt.
"We were friends, good friends,
And we'd talk man-to-man.
Sharing our troubles
As only two guys can.
Like a buddy, he was,
Nothing too good for him—See?
But it gave me a shock
To learn that he was she!"
What are these 5 stars looking at?
Continued from page 35

...and we fooled the stars—and you—on other things too...

WE'VE BEEN April Fooling You FOR 14 PAGES

Did you guess we were April Fooling you? We left some clues for you to follow. Like the wrong spelling on the Lemon Sisters record album... or the A. Prill Fuel byline on the Elvis story. How many others did you spot? And now that you're in on our secret, why not join us, too, on our special project? Resolved: To go April Fooling all month long. Let us know if you're in favor of it.
March 22, 1958...
MIKE TODD DIES IN PLANE CRASH
one year later...
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIZ NOW?

April 4, 1958...
CHERYL, 14, SLAYS LANA'S BEAU
one year later...
HOW LANA AND CHERYL FIND THE STRENGTH TO GO ON
Ducking photographers and curious crowds, Liz takes her children to a secluded section of the California shore for a day's fun on the beach. This was one of the few outings Liz made from her home in Copa De Oro Road.
TO LIZ NOW? by RONALD J. BROOKS

The tree-lined drive they call Copa De Oro Road extends north from Hollywood in long sinuous curves. It lies in the gently rising foothills of the exclusive Bel Air district and is a street flanked by spacious estates, each set back a hundred feet or more from the road and each protected by towering hedges and shrubs. Seas of lawns span the distances between the luxurious homes.

No one has a neighbor in Copa De Oro Road. The homes are Spanish style, mostly of white stucco. But one is of rose-pink stucco and has a shingle roof different from all the others. This was the house I was visiting that early spring afternoon.

As I drove towards it I glanced down at the notepad which lay on the seat beside me. Perhaps today, I thought, looking at its crumpled cover, I would at last find the answers to all the questions I had stored inside of it since I had first marked the words "Liz Taylor" on the cover those many months ago when I'd been assigned by Photoplay to do a story on her.

I looked at my watch. It was just five minutes before eleven o'clock, five minutes before the hour set for my very first personal interview with Elizabeth Taylor.

There was an eerie quietness all around. Not another car came into sight as I drove along, nor did I pass anyone walking. Two gardeners, working on the carefully-tended lawns of one of the homes, provided the only visible life on Copa De Oro Road.

I took a quick glance back at my notebook, then, as my eyes followed the winding road ahead, I thought about the latest notes I had taken, only a day before. They contained a detailed account of Liz Taylor's horoscope. Carefully noting the hour, the day, the month and the year in which Liz was born, the astrologer had given me a wealth of information about Liz's character and personality, explaining why she believed Liz did the things she did, and what lay ahead. And I planned to ask Liz if she thought the astrologer's points might be true.

My thoughts were brought sharply back to the present as, to my left, I suddenly caught sight of a pink stucco home, which I knew belonged to Elizabeth Taylor. The moment had finally arrived.

Gently I pressed my foot (Continued on page 80)
After Lana Turner slipped the small card out of the surprise gift,
A shiny black limousine pulled up in front of the fashionable Luau Hawaiian restaurant in Beverly Hills. Seconds later the chauffeur got out and walked around the car to the curb side to open the door.

One after another, three women stepped out. The first was a well-groomed elderly lady with greying hair, the second a slender blonde, and the third a tall, dark-haired young girl.

At the door they were met by the maitre d’hotel who, with the slightest movement of his head, beckoned the young girl aside and whispered, “It’s all ready, Cheryl—just as you planned.” Then, his voice resuming its usual deep professional tone, he said, “This way, please—” and led the three women into the dimly-lit restaurant.

They followed him closely as he wound his way in between the small round tables until suddenly, from a dark corner, came the sound of (Continued on page 93)

by CHARLOTTE DINTER
Tony Curtis held little Jamie in his arms and thought—

IF ONLY
MY DAD
COULD HAVE LIVED
TO SEE YOU

Out of the blue it came, the day they told him would come, the day he would cry.

The April sky was starless, with the first glow of dawn, a rosepink radiance, rising out of the shadowy California foothills. A light wind carried the scent of wet earth from last night’s spring rain in its trail.

Standing by the wide bedroom window with the ruffled drapery curtains, Tony Curtis, in his striped pajamas, stared blankly at the gnarled willow trees on the front lawn. He couldn’t sleep. Looking over at Janet in the big bed, her curly, spaniel-like hair framing her soft face, the shiny satin coverlet rising with her every draw of breath, Tony decided not to wake her. Much as he loved her, much as he wanted to share everything with her, he knew this was something he had to face alone, something only he could make his peace with.

He closed his eyes, and low sobs choked his throat. They were dry sobs, more like a rasping. There were no tears; yet it was crying, a man’s crying. Tony, weary from sleepless tossing, dressed in a bulky wool sweater and a worn pair of khakis. In the long hallway of their new home, he passed the first nursery, and was drawn into it. There she was, round-faced and (Continued on page 95)
FRANKIE AVALON—

Sure, my name’s in lights and people make a fuss over me, but sometimes . . . even in the middle of a crowd . . .

I feel sort of shy and all alone

And if it hadn’t been for girls, I guess I’d still be hiding myself under a bushel. Gee, but I was scared when I was a kid—scared of meeting people, scared of going places . . . almost scared of my own shadow! Who helped me get out of myself, out of that lonesome, let-me-alone world I lived in? Girls! And dating.

Now don’t misunderstand me. I’m not saying I was a dating whiz, or full of clever (Continued on page 91)
Sometimes, when I'm up there onstage, I wonder if somewhere out in the audience I can find a new girl to help me.

I still can't believe it's me, a shy guy from a plain family, singing with all the big stars on Alan Freed's Big Beat shows.

I don't think I'm a moody person or a sad one, but sometimes, as I walk along the busy streets, I get that old feeling.
Say—that little girl looking in at me through the window, she's real cute. I guess she wonders why I'm all alone.

When Mom used to have friends over I wanted to hide in my room. Not now—but I still like being alone at times.
A crowd of fans like this used to make me want to run as fast as a frightened rabbit—but I'm improving.

I used to sit alone in my room for hours just playing on that trumpet. I still do. I guess it's like a real good friend.
Far away from Mel... from home...

Audrey Hepburn lay painfully in bed, praying—

“please, God, help me walk again”

A shaft of Mexican sunlight suddenly squeezed its brilliance through a narrow slit in the drawn curtains, splashing light into the small bedroom. The thin, waif-like girl, lying flat on her back, smiled weakly, turning her head slowly to look at the pattern the sunlight had formed on the edge of the bedclothes.

As she turned, a stab of pain cut across her back and she gave a small cry of pain, letting her head fall swiftly back on the white pillow. She could not move.

Below, in the colorful city street—

the one they called the Street of November the Twentieth—she could hear the (Continued on page 95)
This is the story
Eddie Fisher’s mother
wanted published . . .
the first exclusive interview
telling “the other side”

DON’T BLAME LIZ!

by KATE STUPP, Eddie Fisher’s mother

I’ve never been prouder of my son Eddie than I am today, and though today Eddie’s future is marked by an obstacle, I have faith that he will surmount it.

“Walked out on his wife and children,” are the words pronounced against him. Ugly words. Hurtful words.

Do I apologize for what he’s done, or even for his divorce? No. Divorce is failure. Someone once said that marriage is a house that has to be rebuilt every day by both partners. One alone can’t rebuild. If the house falls and crumbles to ruins, both partners are responsible.

Any honest person who’s had to settle for divorce feels the sadness of his or her share in the failure. I myself am divorced from Joseph Fisher, the father of my four daughters and three sons. And only in my second marriage to Max Stupp have I found the meaning of happiness.

Last fall, the day Eddie moved out, away from Debbie and their two little ones, Carrie and Todd, he telephoned me long distance from the coast. He’s always been faster with a phone than a pen. But there’s been regular, dependable communication whether he’s been in California, New York, London, Korea or (Continued on page 82)
"I've never met Liz, except over the phone, but she seems so warm . . . so friendly . . ."
ANNETTE FUNICELLO: Did you ever ask yourself—

WHY DID I EVER
With a quick, restless movement, Annette flopped over on her back on the pale green quilted coverlet and stared at the shelves on the wall above her bed. Sharon’s invitation to a party that weekend was propped up on the lower shelf, between the picture Guy Williams had given her when she did “Zorro” with him and the two throw pillows she’d gotten for her last birthday, the ones that had “Dangerous Curves Ahead” and “I-GO-4U” printed on them. “Please bring a date,” the card said. But it didn’t say where to get one.

Annette looked over at the white phone on the night table next to the bed. Should I call him, she wondered. We’d have so much fun . . . just like we used to . . . but what if it’s like that last time . . . what if he . . . Annette frowned at the figures on her wallpaper, couples dancing two by two . . . two by two. Why doesn’t someone else call? she questioned. Lots of boys used to call me. How did they ever get the idea I was someone’s girl . . . taken . . . out of circulation? She burrowed (Continued on page 88)
At 17, **RITCHIE VALENS** and his friends Buddy Holly, 22, and J.P. (Big Bopper) Richardson, 24, are dead. Yet in the town of Granada Hills, California, Donna Ludwig, his 16-year-old girlfriend, is listening to his latest album . . . and in nearby Pacoima, his mother, Mrs. Concepcion Valenzuela, is also listening . . . and in towns and cities throughout the United States, his friends and fans are listening . . . listening. And for them all, one song that Ritchie is singing, “We Belong Together,” has a special meaning . . .

“You’re mine,  
And we belong together  
Yes, we belong together  
FOR ETERNITY…”

*(Continued on page 84)*

From left to right: Family and friends gather around Mrs. Valenzuela as she mourns her son . . . Ritchie Valens, he had so much to live for . . . Donna Ludwig, the young girl that Ritchie left behind him.
Join the Safari to the sea in this exotic Moorish paisley over-print on hand screened lastex... Junior and Misses sizes... About $13.00

Bra: Preshaped contour uplift made of pelon, for the look of natural loveliness.

Fetchingly draped for feminine allure in solid color lastex... Black, Red, Blue, Yellow... Junior and Misses Sizes... About $11.00

TRAVEL and FASHION: Tuesday Weld and Mark Damon tell you—

how to leave home...

Tuesday travels in a white wool-and-mohair coat (Simplicity 2938)
for Hollywood...

Left for Beverly Hills and stars' homes. (This is Debbie's house.)
...and not look like a tourist

Don't miss:

Grauman's Chinese Theater: The world famous movie house where footprints of the stars are immortalized in cement. At 6925 Hollywood Blvd.

Farmer's Market: The unique shopping center at 3rd and Fairfax, with more than 160 stalls and shops, catering to tastes for food (gifts and clothes, too) from all nations.

Disneyland: This lies several miles southeast of Los Angeles (loads of transportation, so don't worry) and is really a whole day's outing. Its Fantasy, Tomorrow and Adventurelands are so well-known there's nothing more we can say except—see it. Grownups enjoy it too.

Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town (just before you get to Disneyland): A fascinating relic of the Lone Ranger's day with an authentic gold mine and also a fine restaurant. Spend a whole afternoon there if you can—it's well worth it. Bring your six-shooter along...

Marineland: A must even if you're not a fish-lover. Huge and awesome creatures from the deep to delight the eye as well as incredibly lovely tiny ones. A colorful drive out there, it is located on the Pacific Ocean between Redondo Beach and San Pedro.

You might also take in the attractive grounds and buildings of U.C.L.A. . . . Chinatown, if you haven't seen the one in New York or San Francisco . . . and the Pantages Theater at 6233 Hollywood Boulevard where the Academy Awards are presented each year.

On the town:

Romanoff's (restaurant of the stars), at 140 So. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills. Expensive.

Dino's, Dean Martin's restaurant (you've seen it on "77 Sunset Strip") at Sunset Strip. Very good food.

Luau (exotic Cantonese food), at Rodeo Drive. Expensive.

Brown Derby (also meeting place of stars). On Wilshire at Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Very high prices.

Moulin Rouge (for night-club fun) at 6230 Sunset Blvd.

Cocoonut Grove (in Ambassador hotel) for top entertainment and dance. But if your purse cannot cover these, we suggest you try some of the new coffee houses. These Coffee Houses are favorites of the stars.

Unicorn, on Sunset Strip, where you can play chess, checkers, and spend a whole evening over one coffee.

Chez Paulette, also on Sunset Strip: frequented by celebrities such as Marlon Brando, Mort Sahl, Tuesday Weld—the most sophisticated and most likely place to see the stars.

Via Veneto, on Sunset Strip, where in good weather they have dozens of tiny tables outside on the street (like in Paris) where you can watch the world go by.

Positano, off the beaten path, high in the mountains above Malibu Beach (Diane Varsi loves it) where on weekends they have plays, poetry readings, discussion. The Aware Inn on Sunset Strip falls between the two. It is a restaurant which specializes in organic foods. Open only for dinner (5 p.m.—10 p.m.). Nick Adams and Mark Damon go there.

You might like to know:

That there are many bus trips and tours. Information about these supplied by leaflets obtainable in every hotel and by any travel agent. . . . that studio tours and tickets to TV shows are available by writing to the Guest Relations department (for tours) and Ticket Department (for tickets) of any studio or network. Best tours of film studios are conducted by the bus tours. Addresses of major TV studios are: CBS-TV, 7800 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.; ABC-TV, Prospect and Talmadge, Hollywood, Calif.; NBC-TV, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.

Write in advance for tickets . . . that detailed information about hotels, etc., can be obtained by writing to The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Calif. . . . that, as a reminder, no one dresses formally at all, so keep your clothes very casual . . . that you mustn't forget a camera because we guarantee, despite the skeptics, that there are always loads of stars to see.

Where to stay:

Beverly Hills Hotel (very expensive). Perhaps the most gracious of them all. Watch the stars in the lobby.

Beverly Hilton (very expensive). This ultra modern sweepingly designed hotel has everything, from pools to shopping.

The Ambassador (less expensive), further in town; is very centrally located.

The Biltmore (moderate). In downtown Los Angeles, is magnificently located in the heart of town.

The Hollywood Plaza (moderate), in the very center of Hollywood is a fine, up-to-the-minute hotel with gardens, clubs and pools. They guarantee sundrenched rooms!

Ben Alexander's Dream House Motel (very moderate) is also centrally located in the heart of Hollywood.

Hollywood Highlander Motor Hotel (very moderate), is one of the newest. Complimentary breakfast served by their pool.

Sunset Highland Motel (very inexpensive) is ideal for the tight budget. Right in town.

Tropicana Motor Hotel and Apartments (very moderate) is just a little way from the center of town. Ideal for groups or families. You can save on meals.

Cloud Motel (moderate) in downtown Los Angeles.
Max Factor captures the Orient's most precious color

PINK JADE

Wear it like the rare and exotic jewel it is... PINK JADE...

Glorious new color from the East! Wakes up your lips as Spring awakens your heart. Incomparable achievement in color by Max Factor, master of make-up artistry for 50 years.

In both Hi-Society and Hi-Fi Lipstick—PINK JADE comes in creamy-moist Hi-Society or long-lasting Hi-Fi Lipstick. Both fit the Hi-Society oval mirror case from 1.50¢.

With Pink Jade try new Green Jade Creme Eyeshadow Stick...1.25¢ and Jet Gray Mascara Wand...1.50¢. *Plus tax
Tuesday’s checked suit is of woven Arnel by Triplex worn with white over-blouse, Simplicity 2934. Her lightweight luggage is by Samsonite.

To get the most out of your bagful of clothes, key your wardrobe to a color scheme (Tuesday’s is black, white, and black-and-white) and travel in no-iron fabrics. And to get the most out of your budget, try sewing it—like this Simplicity travel wardrobe.

A. 2973—Neat black Jamaica shorts to wear with your switch-off blouses.

B. 2958—Low-backed checked dress for after-five through dancing hours.

C. 2915—High-waisted black sheath with its own little jacket for late day.

D. 2934—Repeat of suit blouse shown above; this time it matches the suit.

E. 2260—White pleated skirt can take either blouse plus your suit jacket.

F. 2954—All-purpose shirtdress to go sightseeing, lunching or shopping.

Tuesday Weld’s white coat (2938) in Lebanon’s wool and mohair (see page 67) goes smartly over every dress. Hats by Amy, Coro jewelry, Ingbor purse, Jacqueline shoes.

For back views, see page 90.
Wild new brilliance at your lips:

stays bright longer because there's more color in it!

Nothing timid or tame about it: brilliant new Cutex Sheer Lanolin Lipstick brings more beautiful color than ever to your lips...color that stays bright and glowing, keeps its fresh just-put-on look...long after other lipsticks fade away, change color, go flat, dim, dull!

The secret? Exclusively Cutex. Only Cutex puts more actual coloring into every lipstick...to put more stay-bright color into every shade! From the softest, palest, lightest pink to the wildest, richest, ripest red...there's nothing more exciting, more alive, more beautiful on you than Cutex Sheer Lanolin Lipstick. Don't do without it one minute more! Only 79¢ plus tax.

Sheer Lanolin Lipstick in the new designer's case

NORTHAM WARREN. NEW YORK
plan a smooth getaway

YOUR TRAVEL CHECKLIST

CLOTHES MAKE THE TRIP
☐ 1 suit
☐ 2 blouses
☐ 1 extra skirt
☐ 1 daytime dress
☐ 1 afternoon dress
☐ 1 party dress
☐ Bermuda shorts
☐ Slacks
☐ Bathing suit and cap
☐ Beach wrap
☐ Beach sandals (to double as bedroom slippers)
☐ Bulky sweater (to double as evening wrap)
☐ Travel coat

ACCESSORIES
☐ Crushable travel hat
☐ Pearl necklace and earrings
☐ Your favorite pin and bangle bracelets
☐ Belts
☐ Gloves
☐ Scarves
☐ Sightseeing shoes
☐ Dress shoes
☐ Large travel handbag
☐ Small evening purse

UNDERCOVER
☐ Extra slip
☐ Petticoat
☐ Strapless bra
☐ Extra daytime bra
☐ Extra panty girdle
☐ Panties
☐ 3 pair of stockings
☐ Travel robe and pajamas

BE A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE
☐ Makeup foundation
☐ Face powder
☐ Lipstick (several, with at least one pale, pale color)
☐ Eye makeup (the works)
☐ Nail polish (And don't forget polish remover, emery board, nail scissors.)
☐ Eyebrow tweezers
☐ Cleansing lotion or cream
☐ Cleansing pads (for oily skin)
☐ Moisture lotion (for dry skin)
☐ Your favorite toilet soap
☐ Hand and body lotion
☐ Suntan lotion
☐ Cotton balls
☐ Facial tissue
☐ Toothpaste, mouthwash
☐ Deodorant
☐ Cream or lotion hair remover or electric shaver
☐ Wash clothes
☐ Shower cap
☐ Shampoo
☐ Bobby pins, clips, rollers
☐ Hair spray
☐ Hair dressing
☐ Brush and combs
☐ Electric hair dryer (this takes up space, maybe—but what a time-saver!)
☐ Perfume and toilet water

FOR STAR GAZING
☐ Camera, binoculars
☐ Lots of film (especially color)
☐ Autograph album
☐ Pen

FOR YOUR MIND
☐ Travel diary
☐ Letter paper and envelopes
☐ “Amy Vanderbilt's Etiquette” (paperback)
☐ “Ballad of the Sad Cafe” by Carson McCullers (paperback) and one other book

... AND DON'T FORGET
☐ Reservation confirmations
☐ Traveler's Checks (and a list of their numbers)
☐ Insurance policy list
☐ Identification
☐ Sewing kit
☐ Safety pins
☐ Sun glasses
☐ Address book
☐ Medical kit (vitamins, aspirin, motion sickness pills, band-aids)
☐ Umbrella
☐ Clothesbrush and shoebrush
☐ Extra set of luggage keys
She married a millionaire? No, he married a woman with flair!
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Going by plane:

You can be airborne Tourist or First Class. You'll save loot on Tourist, but you must buy your own meals and your seat may not be reserved as on First Class. Ask Reservations about saving money on weekday excursions, family or stopover plans.

The airlines provide a limousine service to shuttle you and your guests between the airport and city terminal for a reasonable fee. Find out what time the limousine leaves the terminal to meet your particular flight and then allow yourself enough time to have your luggage (40 pound limit) taken care of. Wherever you go in the airport, you and the airlines are in touch by means of a loudspeaker which tells you of flight delays or notifies you when and where to board your plane. Report promptly to the specified gate and show your ticket. If traveling with unreserved seats, be an early bird. You can choose the best seat—an unobstructed view from a rear seat or less motion up front.

Going by train:

Coach is easiest on the budget. You get a seat and the use of the general washroom. Dining-car service is open to all. Pullman or First Class begins in price with an Upper Berth that is converted from your seat. A Lower Berth works the same way but costs a little more. Then, increasing in cost and luxury, but offering the privacy of your own room, toilet and washstand, are: Roomettes, for one person only; Single Bedrooms, for one; Double Bedrooms, for one or two; Single Compartments, for two; Double Compartments, for four or five; and, most spacious, Drawing Rooms for two or three. Don't forget to ask Reservations about off-season rates, stopovers, scenic routes.

When you check the departure time of your train, ask how early you can board it and whether certain cars are set aside as "smokers" or "non-smokers." You can choose your seat in either. Ask Information or your porter which gate your train leaves from and have your ticket ready to show to the conductor at the entrance. The porter will carry your bags into the car, place them on the overhead rack and help you adjust your seat. The tipping rate: 25¢ for each bag. Sandwiches and beverages are sold in the Coach and make a cheaper meal than a dining-car dinner. The dining-car waiter receives the standard restaurant tip—15% of the bill. Frequently the train stops at stations long enough for passengers to get off, but watch your time carefully. The Pullman Porter will make up your berth at night. For this and other services tip him 50¢ per night at the end of your trip. Unless you have a private room, you'll be sharing a general washroom, so don't take too much time. Wear a robe over your pa-

Follow Tuesday's and Mark's travel tips for a headstart to a happy ending.
plan a smooth getaway

Jamas or gown. If traveling a long distance by Coach, you'll be more at ease in a loose top and full skirt.

Going by bus:

The old gray bus ain't what she used to be. She's streamlined as a jet, with foam-rubber reclining seats comfortable for sleeping; on-board restroom facilities; individual air-conditioning blowers; foot rests; lots of leg room; and wide windows.

Arrive early enough to have your ticket processed and your bags stowed away well in advance of departure time. Before boarding, find out how long till the first food stop. You may want to fortify yourself before the bus pulls out. Keep your overnight case with all the cosmetics, toilet articles, spare sweaters, slippers, durable snacks (no sticky chocolates) and books that you'll want during the trip. Your other suitcases travel in the baggage compartment. Your bus will make regularly scheduled stops for sightseeing and meals.

How to live in a hotel:

Making the Reservation: The earlier you make a hotel reservation the better your accommodations will be. Ask if they operate on the American Plan, which includes meals, or the European Plan, room only. Resorts usually ask for a deposit on reservations, and you should check this.

Hotel Etiquette: As you drive up to your hotel, a bellboy will be waiting to take your bags from the cab and show you to the Main Desk. Sign register with your full name and address. The clerk will hand your key (tagged with the room number) to the bellboy who will take you and your bags to your room. He will turn up the lights, adjust the windows, show you special features of the room and wait for a tip of 25¢ per bag.

During your stay, Room Service is your personal genie. Just call for food, valet service, a TV Set—anything. All of these services will be charged to your bill, but tip for each as it is delivered. A quarter is adequate for any normal request. Return your room key to the Desk whenever you leave the hotel. This indicates that your room is free to be cleaned and that phone calls should go to the Desk.

It is courteous to notify the Desk at least a day in advance, if possible, that you plan to check out. Most hotels ask you to be out of your room by noon, but if you're not leaving town until later in the day, ask if you can leave your bags at the hotel.

How to dine out:

It's wise to make a reservation at the more popular expensive restaurants. When you call, ask for the headwaiter and say you would like to make a dinner or luncheon reservation, specifying the time and number of people. When you arrive and are ordering, notice if the menu is "à la carte," which means you pay for each item as listed on the menu, or "Luncheon" or "Dinner" where all courses are included in the price. Remember that lunch menus are cheaper, so eat at famous restaurants then.

Don't let an array of silver throw you. Just follow the old rule and work your way in from the outside.

In more expensive restaurants the waiter will bring your check to the table on a plate. Then just put your money and the check back on the plate and wait for the waiter to bring your change. Leave his tip (20% of the bill in really fine restaurants; 15% in others) on the plate.

Have a happy ending:

There may be a time when a boy on a train or bus asks you to join him for dinner. It isn't a regular date, so go Dutch treat. If the seat next to that handsome stranger is empty, smile sweetly and sit in it. Forget the weather as a conversation starter and try "Is this your first trip to Hollywood, too?" At the beach, you don't always have to wait to be introduced. Swim out to the float if that's where he's catching the sun. Or ask a mutual friend to introduce you at a party. At a hotel, say goodnight to your date in the lobby. Beware of wolves. You can spot 'em by their too-ness—too quick to put his arm around you, too anxious to get you to stay out too late.

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LIZ TAYLOR

continued from page 49

down on the brake and slowed to turn into the combed gravel drive which led up to the house.

I parked just a little to the side of the building and as I climbed out I noticed a dirt-stained Rolls Royce, probably Mike Todd’s, standing in front of the garage. It had muddy puppy-paw marks smeared over the door, looking oddly out of place in that well-kept setting.

Collecting my notepad from the seat of my car and making sure I had a pen clipped to the inside pocket of my suit jacket, I pushed the door latch and stepped into the garage front door. But the stillness which surrounded the estate and the forgotten look which that Rolls had about it, made me feel very uneasy.

I pressed a finger on the bell. Above, and all around, the shuttered windows only added to my uneasiness.

Then the door opened. A middle-aged woman with a slightly worn but extremely figure stood before me. “Yes?” she said sharply.

“I have an appointment—with Miss Taylor,” I said.

“Well when?”

“Now. This morning. Eleven o’clock,” I answered.

“Well, wait a moment, please,” she said, and pushing the door ajar, she walked away. I could hear her footsteps echoing down the hall.

I looked around at the wrought iron grill-work on the front of the house. It was quite magnificent.

I could hear the footsteps again. The door opened a second time. But the woman seemed more subdued as she said, “I’m afraid Mrs. Taylor is preoccupied today, but I’ll have her informed when you arrive.”

“I’m sure the woman must have seen the look on my face by now. The door shut with a bang across my face. “Yes...yes. Of course, I understand”—I mumbled and turned slowly to walk back toward my car. I kicked a pencil in the dust as I went and listened to it click-click as it hopped along a few feet and then lay still again.

As I took my car key from my pocket and opened the door, I found myself looking around at the driveway, at which point I began to think of what story I had on Elizabeth Taylor—any story. Because after being on the story for now a while, this had been the closest I had come to speaking to Liz herself, although I had watched her close box on the few occasions she had gone out, five times in all...

I flipped over the first page of my notepad, the page on which I had been scribbling the jotting November 14, 58. It was the first time...

I remembered that day, I remembered it quite clearly. It had been cold and damp and I’d arrived at the U.C.L.A. medical clinic late in the misty afternoon, just after Liz brought in her choking feverish baby. Her eyes were wide with fear.

Beside her in that scrubbed hospital corridor Eddie talked quietly to her, speaking in hushed tones. There was a soft, comforting murmur and although I could not hear his words I knew he was helping to quiet the fear she felt twisting inside her. A white waste-covered cloth approached the baby from the side and from where I stood I could hear her voice rising as she spoke. He rested a hand reassuringly on her arm, then suddenly the life seemed to seep from him and he lay limp on the long hard hospital bench behind her. She took a handkerchief from her coat pocket.

“Two courses, warming briskly side by side, passed by him over the open sound of the tattoo of their feet on the polished floor I caught the words... “that poor woman... and her child with pneumonia.” And later, when the hospital officially confirmed the diagnosis, I knew for certain that they had been talking about Liz.

She would pass quite close to me every time I came to the hospital where I came each day for the next four days. Her feet almost dragged along the corridor and the shadows were deep under her eyes.

Seventeen days later, on December 1, she carried Elizabeth Frances home. She was going to be well again.

I turned the page of my notepad. A few routine jottings took care of the weeks that followed—until the day before Christmas. Liz and I were in the middle of Christmas shopping I had heard that Liz would be at the studio to watch Eddie Fisher rehearsing and I had rushed over there.

After getting lost amid the labyrinth of offices, studios and dressing rooms, I finally came across Liz, sitting quietly and intently in a darkened control booth. The show had started and her eyes were fixed steadily on Eddie.

She wasn’t bothering anyone. In fact, no one seemed to be taking any particular notice of her. I believed it seemed to be trying to act as unobtrusive as any other outsid er who might be allowed into a studio during a show.

But just beyond me I heard a woman whisper “I haven’t done that yet,” she said, “for the love of God...” “Yeah,” answered another. “Running after another woman’s husband. Can’t she leave him alone!”

Liz looked him and even too subdued, almost a shadow of the dynamic person she is, as she left the control booth when the show ended. And she and Eddie slipped away so quietly I almost missed seeing them leave the studio.

The flickering of movement in my driving mirror cut my thoughts short and, looking over my shoulder, I saw a van drive up behind me and park. The driver got out, walked to the rear of his car and collected an armload of dresses which, staggering a little as he went, he took up the driveway to the house.

A side door opened again. Maybe she has her clothes brought to her home now, I thought, maybe she is scared even to go out shopping.

I turned the page of my notepad to yet another entry. The day after the beginning of January when the headlines had screamed: Liz Taylor in Menninger Clinic.

I remember opening the newspaper that morning in my heart absolutely startled, with my surprise turning into a sheer shock when I learned, later in the day, that the rumor was false. All the time, while the columnists were writing and the presses pounding, Liz had been quietly resting quietly at home at Copa De Oro Road. She had never so much as gone out to pick up the afternoon papers.

Several days later, Liz arranged a special outing with Eddie to Chasen’s, the famous Hollywood restaurant, to meet the newspapermen so they could actually see she was not the clinic. I arrived at the restaurant early that evening, before any other press people, and from a small table near the entrance, I could watch the two of them having dinner at a corner table. Liz seemed thoughtful and preoccupied while Eddie was evidently trying to cheer her up and make her smile.

Later, when most of the news writers had arrived, we went over to their table. Liz seemed sad and the smile she wore for us seemed forced. “It’s cruel and terrible to imagine that I’m mentally disturbed,” she said softly. But I could tell by the way the newsman asked only a few questions and hurried away quietly that they too understood her feelings.

It must have been Eddie who later that month decided to spend the children for a day to Disneyland. I am sure she was not sufficiently confident at that point to decide herself. And she must have known the wave of publicity that it would cause.

When the news broke that they were there riding on the carousel with Liz’s small sons, Michael and Christopher, the crowds rushed to see Liz—a smiling but unruffled Liz—had on a pink sweater with a matching skirt and she wore black stockings with low-heel pumps. Around her head was a black chiffon scarf, and she was dressed, kept joking with her and the boys.

But as the carousel slowed and stopped, the smiles on the faces of both Eddie and Liz faded as a surge of tourists, many with cameras, crowded in.

“This way—this way,” I heard Eddie scream as he fought for a passage through the people. Eddie held on tight to Michael while Liz followed behind with Christopher.

And I heard Liz say, “I wanted so much for it to be a good day—for the boys’ sake.”

“Don’t worry,” Eddie said, “it will be.” And they hurried on to another section of the park, each little boy hugging tightly to the colored package he had won.

The next day, Liz was at a special preview of “Some Like It Hot,” the new Marilyn Monroe-Tony Curtis movie.

I was standing on the sidewalk, talking about the picture, when I noticed a couple of press agents breaking a path through the crowds. Minutes later, a car swept up and Eddie and Liz dashed out and raced to the curb.

I heard a woman’s voice say, “There’s Liz Taylor!”

“Eddie Fisher’s with her,” another shouted. Then, with the force of a surging wave, the mass moved in and Liz and Eddie had to fight their way over the last few yards.

They looked mad. And I’ll bet the crockery on the floor was dueling between those two,” I heard someone say.

In the theater lobby I recognized one of the men I’d interviewed, a friend of both Eddie and Liz. He waved to them and then he turned to see what had just happened. Then he looked at the surging crowd and at the ring of press agents protecting her and the smile faded. She looked helplessly at Eddie and he squeezed her arm. It was obvious how, even in the center of all those people, there was something very alone about the two of them.

Suddenly I was brought sharply back to the present as a jolt of crunching feet...
on the gravel path. It was the delivery man, returning with a smaller bundle of dresses than he had gone up with.
I rolled down the window beside me.
"Hey," I shouted, "can you come over here for a minute?"
He waved back in acknowledgment, left the dresses in the back of the van, and walked towards me.
"Say," I began, offering him a cigarette, "what's it like up there? They all seem so shut off from everything."
"Thanks," he said, taking a cigarette from the packet. Then, as I offered him a light he added, "Yeah—I guess it is. She's so quiet, so serious these days... not at all like she used to be when she came down to the store."
He looked at his watch. "I'm afraid I can't stay here talking—I'm late already," he said and hurried away.
Looking back at my pad, I'd gone through all my notes—all of them except for those from Mrs. Tausig, the astrologer.
"...Liz is born under the ninth degree of Pisces," she had said. "And this shows a character of great self-will and perseverance. But from the way her planets are arranged one would expect to find a person who might let her emotions rule her head."
"She is a highly emotional person who needs people around her all the time and she takes strength from emotion as others take strength from food." There was a gap here, then the notes went on, "I would say she gets depressed very easily and depression could have been a cause of her having put on so much weight recently."
"Liz is not a disciplined person and is probably a very untidy housekeeper. She is undoubtedly indulgent, but she is extremely strong—stronger by far than Eddie Fisher. And I would say that because of this their marriage could not be either happy or long-lasting. Mike Todd was the only man in her life whose iron character really matched her own.
"Physically, Liz is lazy; she admits this. "She is not a practical person, especially with money; few people are who are born under signs such as hers. She is very creative, however, but quickly bored and is forever looking for new experiences."
Of the future, Mrs. Tausig says: "I see her going to even greater heights both as a very beautiful woman and as a fine actress. She will reach a peak at forty..."
But was all this true? Yes, I believe so. Being as near to Liz as I had been over the past six weeks I sensed a great deal of truth in Mrs. Tausig's words. And suddenly—suddenly I knew that I'd found out what I'd originally set out to learn: what sort of a person Liz Taylor is today.
I closed my book. All around me the street was quiet, as quiet as it had been when I'd first driven up it more than an hour ago. I looked back up at the house with its big shuttered windows seeming as final against the outside world as the moment I'd first seen them.
It was a lonely scene—that one of the shut-away home. And as I turned the key in the ignition and started off slowly down the road, I thought of it and knew that the Liz of today was as alone and cut off from the world as her house in Copa De Oro Road.

THE END

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BE SURE TO CATCH LIZ IN M-G-M’S "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF" IF YOU HAVEN’T ALREADY DONE SO. PRESENTLY BEFORE THE CAMERAS ARE U.A.’S "TWO FOR THE SEEWSAW" AND METRO’S "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER."
DON'T BLAME LIZ

Continued from page 60

Washington. A long-distance call means something to him. It's one of the wonderful things his success made possible.

"Mom," he said desperately, "all I can say now is that I tried. Believe me, I tried."

He talked to me about the children—dark-eyed Carrie and little Todd, who's Mike Todd's namesake. "Debbie's and my two responsibilities," he said. Responsibilities too great to be forgotten for an instant, no matter how terrible the confusion.

"Debbie loves our kids. And I love them. But what are we to do?" Eddie didn't say it in so many words but across the distance of miles I knew the anguish in his face, the expression in his eyes.

I've never forgotten the expression in his voice the night he called to say, "Debbie's just presented me with a baby daughter!" He almost sang it. And he's never sung a more tender song.

He's proud of his children. He's never wanted anything more than he wants the best for their welfare and happiness. Eddie is a laughing, affectionate, responsible father.

During the conversation on long-distance, he mentioned Elizabeth Taylor only briefly. But after he'd said, "Good night, Mom," and hung up, I thought, He was trying to tell me that this split-up with Debbie would have happened if Elizabeth had never been born.

I believe Elizabeth had nothing to do with the separation. Circumstances had dragged her unhappily on stage after the finale.

These are my thoughts. For a long time I'd been worried about Eddie and Debbie but asked no questions.

Eddie has never lied. My seven children got into as much mischief as any other children but they stood up, told the truth and took their medicine.

That night last fall, when all the headlines screamed of "another broken marriage" in Hollywood, my memories whirred and mixed together. . . . there was the first time I'd seen Debbie, when she and Eddie were engaged. . . . I can see her now, sitting on the arm of the big chair in the living room of our house on Roosevelt Boulevard. It was the first time I'd been able to welcome her into my home. And I was proud that every room was clean and shining. Eddie looked toward the dining room and his eyes settled on the silver tea set. He told her, "I gave that to Mom." He was so proud.

The moment was warm—everybody looking at the tea set and smiling. Then I heard a girl's voice say, "It's a beautiful tea set, Eddie. You're sweet to your mother, and to everyone." But she added, "I hope he'll do as well by me."

He will, I thought. My son loved Debbie. He was crazy about her.

I remember their wedding at Grossinger's in September, 1955. On that day I suppose I felt my maternal share of happiness, sadness, and a bit of fear that with such a pretty, like around, Mom might be forgotten now and then.

After the ceremony I put my arms around Debbie and hugged her. She was Eddie's wife, my daughter, the right girl, the one Eddie loved and wanted. I told her what a radiant bride she was, and how proud I was. I said, "Darling, I want you to be happy with Eddie. You love each other and I love you both. I'll never interfere or bother you—I've never done it to the others, not to anyone—but if you ever need help or encouragement or a friend, you know who's here."

She was young, a bride, and so sweet and happy. But together they were also grown up, intelligent people who knew that the definition of marriage is serious and long-term.

For a long while I was hopeful for them. That first time when Debbie had come to Philadelphia, I reasoned that it had been hard on her to meet her future in-laws all at once. "She really isn't cold," I defended. "You'd be stiff and stand-offish too if everywhere you turned, people were endlessly applauding your future husband and talking about old times before you knew him."

Eddie phoned Philadelphia from California every week. "Oh, Debbie's fine," he'd answer. I always asked, "She's right here. But tell me, how are you? How's Max? How are Netti, Bunny, Janet, Miriam?" He'd ask about each one.

I wished and wished for Debbie to take over the phone for a few words. Just a "Hello, Mom! Your grandchildren are in bed but they send you a hug."

To hold it against her would be a wrong on my part. Some people are just that way—as distant as the 2000 miles between those phones.

I have been asked, "Did you see the break coming?" Did you know they were having trouble?"

Yes. But until now I've kept still. It's been enough to be disturbed and worried inside about the loneliness I sensed between them.

Every time Eddie would come to New York he'd act like everything was fine. He'd call. He'd say, "Mom, come on up here. Bring Sarah." Sarah's a friend of mine. She's known Eddie since he was a baby. Sarah's husband and Max, Eddie's brother, would go along with us. Eddie would arrange hotel accommodation, present some of his clothing, and do everything to make us enjoy ourselves every minute. He took me to Carnegie Hall to hear Van Cliburn.

A bout a year ago, when I went to New York to see Eddie, Debbie was with him and I was anxious to see her. During my visit they strained to act happy. I could see it in the small talk, in their separate acts, and do everything to make us enjoy ourselves every minute. He took me to Carnegie Hall to hear Van Cliburn. I was asked, "No? How can I? I don't even know her. But I do know that my son believes she is as beautiful inside as outside. He believes in these qualities and these means a great deal to him. I believe in my son, his honor, his generosity, his talent. But I believe he honestly couldn't make a go of it with Debbie. Liz had nothing to do with this. It doesn't happen only in Hollywood. It happens in the house next door, on the next block, in New York. It's life. I'm not one to ever try to pass judgment on life. Yet I believe that in the years that I have known him, I have believed in his truth and that is: that no man walks away from a truly happy life with his partner in marriage. No matter how beautiful and magnetic the 'other woman' in the case, he won't be tempted for long. Not if he's secure at home in his wife's understanding, her laughter, warmth, and love. I am talking about decent men who are sensitive to the love of their families. But I can hardly reach into the hearts of people, even if one partner is your own child.

New Year's Eve Eddie telephoned from New York to wish us a good 1959. Elizabeth was with him, too. She said to me, "I'm thinking of you. I'm hoping you are well."

Another time recently Eddie called from California. Elizabeth came on the phone again. "Hello . . . How are you?" she said. "When are you coming out? You know we're counting on seeing you in Las Vegas in March? Eddie wants you in Vegas then, and so do I. Don't disappoint us."

"I'll be there, dear. Thanks." After I'd hung up I thought she sounded not at all like the woman I have you believe but rather like any warm-hearted girl. She sounded kind, generous and considerate. And I appreciate and cherish the offer of friendship.

The last time I spoke to Eddie—a few evenings ago—he sounded more like his old self—the boy I've known thirty years. Yet there's a different wife. He's older, wiser, mellowed, a richer mixture of himself. He's taken his wounds standing up and he hasn't attempted to whitewash himself by blaming anyone but himself.

There's very, very proud of my son Eddie than I am today.

AS TOLD TO MARTA ROBINET
THE HORSE IN MY LIFE

Continued from page 45

PETER BROWN who's gained renown
As Deputy John McKay—
Says that having a horse is nice
But sometimes it doesn't pay.
"When I became an actor
The folks back home all said—
Your wife and you'll have a mansion
And sleep in a satin bed.
But though now I've seen
from coast to coast,
Doing the best I'm able—
With a four-legged gal,
they'll never pay,
I've a house that's really a stable."

WILL HUTCHINS as Sugarfoot
In the show of the same name—
Thanks his horse, thanks her lots
For adding to his fame.
"You guys who knock at horses—
Here's one thing to know—
If you didn't have
your handsome steed
How'd you get where you go?
Look at me and the horse I ride—
So close—we're almost gruesome.
Even Sara Hamilton's linked us
As Hollywood's 'steadiest twosome.'

JIM GARNER and JACK KELLY,
Bret and Bart Maverick—
Find out from their naps
That they always got 'a kick.'
"How they learned,
we'll never know,
But our horses read 'n' write;
Sometimes we hear them typing
In the middle of the night.
They're writing our scripts,
And they're very, very smart.
Because they've cut out
our best lines—
Taking the best part.'

JOHN RUSSELL, that marshal
Of Lawman fame
Loves his horse, so they say,
He gives her the best
that she could want
And sees her every day.
He loves his horse, he really does,
Even her constant neighs,
But there's one thing
he's worried about—
His contract—and here's what it says:
She can use his dressing room any time
And also the hot water,
So now she's wearing his silk shirts
Though she definitely hadn't oughta!

Ty Hardin, Wayde Preston,
Will Hutchins, Jim Garner,
Jack Kelly, Peter Brown and
John Russell group around and sing:
"Whether he's running a country
Or in a corral—
Behind each guy who's made it
There's always a gal!"

5. Alan Ladd
6. Esther Williams
7. Elizabeth Taylor
8. Frank Sinatra
9. Rory Calhoun
10. Peter Lawford
11. Burt Lancaster
12. Dale Evans
13. Gene Auer
14. Roy Rogers
15. Death Day
16. Perry Como
17. Bill Holden
18. Gordon MacRae
19. John Wayne
20. Audie Murphy
21. Janet Leigh
22. Farley Granger
23. Guy Madison
24. Vic Damone
25. Dean Martin
26. Jerry Lewis
27. Tony Curtis
28. Debbie Reynolds
29. Jeff Chandler
30. Rock Hudson
31. Debra Paget
32. Dale Robertson
33. Marilyn Monroe
34. Marlon Brando
35. Tab Hunter
36. Robert Wagner
37. Russ Tamblyn
38. Jeff Hunter
39. Charlton Heston
40. Julio La Rosa
41. Lucille Ball
42. Jack Webb
43. Richard Egan
44. Jeff Richards
45. Jean Simmons
46. Audrey Hepburn
47. Gale Storm
48. George Nader
49. Ann Sobern
50. Eddie Fisher
51. Grace Kelly
52. James Dean
53. Sheree North
54. Kim Novak
55. Natalie Wood
56. Dewey Martin
57. Joan Collins
58. Tyrone Power
59. Sal Mineo
60. Shirley Jones
61. Elvis Presley
62. Tony Perkins
63. Clint Walker
64. Pat Boone
65. Paul Newman
66. Don Murray
67. Pat Wayne
68. Anita Ekberg
69. Corey Allen
70. John Payne
71. Lawrence Welk
72. Larry Dean
73. Buddy Merrill
74. Hugh O'Brien
75. Jim Arness
76. Sanford Clark
77. John Saxon
78. Dean Stockwell
79. Warren Berlinger
80. James MacArthur
81. Nick Adams
82. John Kerr
83. Harry Belafonte
84. Luana Patten
85. Dennis Hopper
86. Tom Tryon
87. Tommy Sands
88. Will Hutchins
89. James Darren
90. Ricky Nelson
91. Parson Young
92. Jerry Lee Lewis
93. Ferlin Husky
94. Dolores Hart
95. James Garner
96. Everly Brothers
97. Erin O'Brien
98. Sandra Dee
99. Lili Gentle
100. Robert Gulp
101. Michael Ansara
102. Jack Kelly
103. Darlene Gillespie
104. Annette Funicello
105. David Stollery
106. Tim Considine
107. Nick Todd
108. Johnny Mathis
109. David Nelson
110. Shirley Temple
111. Pat Conway
112. Bob Horton
113. John Payne
114. David Jansen
115. Dick Clark
116. Yvonne Craig
117. Carol Lynley
118. Jimmie Rodgers
119. Guy Williams
120. Frankie Avalon
121. John Gavin
122. Lee Remick
123. Diane Varsi
124. Joanne Woodward
125. Todd Rundgold
126. Paul Anka
127. Peter Brown
128. Ed Byrnes
129. Joni James
130. Jock Mahoney
131. Jim Francisco
132. Hellen Zanbyl, Jr.
133. John Smith
134. Lloyd Bridges
135. John Russell
136. Gene Barry
137. Chuck Connors
138. Goo. Montgomery
139. Craig Stevens
140. Steve McQueen
141. Conway Twitty
142. Ty Hardin
143. Charles Bronson
144. Fabian

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P
I saved my MARRIAGE

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

Tune in Every Morning to "MY TRUE STORY"

National Broadcasting Company

How far would a girl go just to stay one of the crowd? Read "Nice Girls Not Wanted" in May TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newsstand.
There was no music at the house of Ritchie's mother, Mrs. Concepcion Valenzuela, at 13428 Remmington Street, in Pacoima, California, in the house that Ritchie had bought especially for her. Shades were drawn on the windows that were bordered beneath by rows of holly bushes. And although the sun was shining brightly, a shadow had fallen across the single turquoise shutter at the sheltered entrance way of the pink stucco house.

The street was choked with cars. Hundreds of youngsters lined both sides of the street, standing clustered in hushed and silent groups. As soon as one group left the house of mourning another group of a dozen or more would move quietly forward and enter.

There were students from all of the junior high schools and high schools from the northern portion of San Fernando Valley. There were others from more distant parts of Los Angeles. And there were neighbors from up and down the street and around the corner.

Inside the house was Mrs. Concepcion Valenzuela, Ritchie's mother. Her face was heavy with sorrow, but there was an immense dignity, a courage in her bearing that showed she had met and coped with death.

The young people passed before her to pay their respects.

"Lo cierto me lo dijo."

"I was so proud of him. I am so proud of him," Ritchie's mother said.

She remembered Ritchie as a little boy. "When he was such a little boy, only four years old ... and he had a toy guitar. He used to drag it around the floor behind him. ...

"He was always singing and playing. He had the music in him," she went on. Then her eyes misted as if she were seeing him again, as a toddler there on a living-room floor.

Or perhaps she was remembering Joseph Valenzuela, Ritchie's father, who had died in 1951 from diabetes—but not before he had proudly told his wife and neighbors that his ten-year-old son would someday be a fine musician. For it was his father who was the first to give him music, not the insistent rhythm of rock 'n' roll, but the exciting melodies of the Latin heritage they both shared. On his guitar, Joseph Valenzuela would pluck out the bright chords of the samba and the rancha, and his round-faced, saucer-eyed, curly-haired son would sing along with him, making up his own words when he didn't know the right ones. And sometimes he'd accompany his dad on the harmonica, or on his little toy guitar.

There was the day, when Ritchie was only six, that his mother and father had come out of the dime store to find him surrounded by a big crowd. Scared half to death, they pushed though to find him playing his harmonica while his dog, Bondy, howled. This was Ritchie's first public appearance, although the dog was definitely the star!

Things were rough after Ritchie's father died. It was hard to make ends meet on the $140-a-month pension he had left. Mrs. Valenzuela married again and then divorced. She hired out as a housekeeper to help provide for her family.

One day in January, 1957, when Ritchie should have been in Pacoima Junior High, he went to his grandfather's funeral instead. When he was away, a transport plane collided with a Navy plane and the transport plunged onto the schoolground, killing the crew and several of Ritchie's playmates, kids with whom he'd have been fooling around if he hadn't been at the funeral.

From then on Ritchie had a fear of airplanes. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Ernestine Reyes, of 13812 Judul Street, Pacoima, had driven him to the airport two weeks before, at the start of his public appearance tour which was to end in tragedy. She had told Ritchie's mother, on her return home, that he had said he wished he didn't have to fly.

Mrs. Valenzuela brushed at a strand of hair, graying at the ends. There hasn't been enough time," she said. "He wanted to take me on a vacation. He called me from Hawaii when he was there. He wanted me to go there with him on a vacation."

"No, there hasn't been enough time. We had so many places to go ..."

Then she spoke of the school assemblies Ritchie used to play and sing at, and of his first big appearance at the Pacoima American Legion Hall—the appearance that really launched his career.

In January, 1958, the $65 mortgage payment came due on the Valenzuela family's squat little clapboard house at 13327 Gain Street. Ritchie's mother didn't pay it; instead, she called the Legion Hall, and they rented the hall to her for one night for $87—including a cop and the janitor. ...

"He could sing so well, so beautifully," she remembered. "I wanted him to have a chance and he wanted it, too."

Well, it seemed that the people of Pacoima wanted to hear Ritchie, too. They paid $2 a couple and $1.25 stag to listen and dance to the music of Ritchie and his combo. "The Silhouettes," and the Valenzuela family made a profit of $125. Ritchie's mother took tickets and their next-door neighbor, Angela Hernandez, checked coats and sold soda pop. And when Ritchie would sing—not just rock..."

---

You can have a nicer skin if you

Wash your face the right way

Perhaps you think you already know how to wash your face. But if you have pimples, blackheads, dry or excessively oily skin, such skin problems usually indicate improper cleansing.

The right way to wash your face starts with the right complexion soap. Even if your face is oily, avoid drying soaps or detergents. They may cause lasting damage. A complexion soap prized all over the world and highly recommended by many doctors is Cuticura Soap. This superfineollient soap is never drying. It leaves an invisible medicated film that helps keep the skin soft, fresh, smooth and satiny, helps both clear up pimples and protect against them.

Lather-massage face and neck morning and night a full minute. Rinse until all feeling of slickness is gone. Eight to ten splashes may be enough. If your face is shiny after washing you need to rinse more.

For normal skin use warm water and cool rinses. For dry, delicate skin use cool water only, except perhaps at bedtime when you might try the warm-then-cool routine.

To control excess oiliness, wash your face as often as possible, three or more times a day. Use hot water. Rinse with warm, then cool water.

Do the same for blushed skin, but lather gently. Avoid picking pimples and squeezing blackheads. And never try to cover them under heavy, chalky make-up. Nothing is less attractive. Instead, use softening, healing Cuticura Ointment nightly. It improves your skin as it quickly relieves pimples, blackheads and dryness.

To get phenomenally fast relief from pimples and keep your skin cool, fresh and antiseptically clean, use new Cuticura Medicated Liquid in the morning and during the day. This greaseless, invisible fast-acting formula curbs oiliness, checks blemish-spreadng bacteria, dries up pimples fast and speeds healing.

This combination of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Liquid is "the full treatment" which has worked wonders for thousands. But whether or not you have a skin problem, you can have a nicer skin by washing your face—with Cuticura Soap!
A. On everyone's lips: Revlon's 'Color Unlimited' lipsticks. 12 luminous new shades, plus 'White à la Carte.' In Futurama case, $2.00*; refills, $1.00*.

B. Mother's Day present with a happy future: Ronson hair dryer features hood to set pin curls, extra attachment to comb hair dry. Pink, yellow, blue, $19.95.

C. The fragrance perfect for beginners, present perfect for Mother's Day: "Chanel No. 5" in new gift set—purse perfume flacon and spray cologne. Both, $10.00.*

D. Coloring the facts: Lady Ellen Klippers hold pin curls firmly yet gently (no breaking hairs), now come in six fun and fashion colors. Card of eight, 29c.

E. French Flair by Coty combines convenience of pressed compact make-up with the soft flattery of loose powder. Twelve shades: golden metal case, $1.50.*

plus tax

'roll but also the sambas and rhumbas his dad had once taught him and the Mexican folk songs his mother had sung to him when he was a boy—the couples stopped dancing and crowded around the bandstand to listen.

There were more dances—two, three, four—all successful, and the printer who printed the dance tickets—someone named Douglas—Mrs. Valenzuela couldn't remember his full name—suggested to her that Ritchie go see Bob Keene, of Del-Fi Records.

With his first recording, Ritchie was on the way up. Overnight, there were engagements all over California. Then came Canada, Honolulu, New York.

And a few weeks before Christmas in 1957 he made the down payment on the pretty pink stucco house on Remmington Street, and the whole family—mother, Connie, 3, Irma, 6, Mario, 2, and Ritchie, moved in.

Mrs. Valenzuela's voice broke for a moment and then she went on. A few days before the crash Ritchie had called her from some place in the Midwest. "Mom," he'd said, "it's like an iceberg here. I sure wish I was back in Pocaima."

"Is there anything else I can tell you?" Ritchie's mother asked.

There was nothing else.

She turned away and walked slowly from the living room. At the door to the bedroom at the back of the house, she turned for a moment and said, "He was a praying boy. He was always a religious boy. He always used to go to the church and light candles." Then she closed the door gently behind her.

A cousin, Mrs. Vera Villafana, had prepared coffee and cakes for the friends of Ritchie who had come to comfort his mother. She said that the funeral services for Ritchie would be held at St. Ferdinand's Church in San Fernando, and that he would be buried there where he said, "I want to be with the people I love."

Outside of the house, the sun was still shining brightly. Across the street, a car radio was playing softly. A few girls and fellows were standing around the car, listening. It was playing "We Belong Together." One of the girls said, "Why did it have to happen to him? He was such a great guy?"

Why did it have to happen to Ritchie? Why did it have to happen to Ritchie? That's what the youngsters asked each other over and over again at Alan Freed's Big Beat session on the afternoon following the tragedy. Alan himself sat in his office before he was to go on the air, just staring at the ceiling. "They were great kids," he said, "great kids. The Bopper, Buddy, and Ritchie. The best.

Then he looked at a speck of dirt on his desk blotter and ground it with his hand.

"That Buddy Holly," he said, "we toured together for forty-four days. He was a bug for living. Ritchie hated it. The Bopper just slept and didn't care one way or the other. But Buddy—if you tied two orange crates together, put a wing on it, and said it would fly, he'd climb in and take off. He always wanted to get somewhere ahead of the others."

"Crazy, isn't it, that his new hit is called 'It Doesn't Matter Any More.' I know it matters to me and to all those kids who loved him... and to his wife, Maria Elena. You know he's been married less than six months."

Alan went on. "That Bopper, he's something. See, I keep saying is instead of was. I can't believe he's gone. Not that happy, happy guy. I once asked him why he left his safe, sane job as a decky in Texas to go on tour, and he answered, 'Cause it's a ball. 'Cause I'm getting to see the country. I'm a traveling salesman. I'm selling 'Chantilly Lace.'"

He got up, walked slowly around his desk, and then sat down again. He took out a handkerchief and wiped the smeared dirt off his hand.

"The Bopper wasn't very religious—in fact I never knew his religion—but I know that he once went to church with Ritchie Valens. It happened last Christmas. The Bopper and Ritchie were both on my Loew's State Christmas show in New York. Ritchie had just bought his mother a house and he hated being away from her at Christmas. Sure, he found New York exciting. But he was also homesick. He'd walk around and stare at the buildings and then come running back to his hotel. It was too much for him."

On the night before Christmas he kept talking about his mother and how much he missed her. And he said he was going to Midnight Mass to say a special prayer for her. He asked the Bopper if he could come along. And I never saw anyone so pleased as the Bopper was. I guess the Bopper was homesick himself. Anyway, off they went to the church."

"They page stuck his head in the office. "You're Alan Freed," he said.

When Alan walked into the television studio, the boys and girls flocked over to the man who had known Buddy, Ritchie, and Valens. Some of them were crying and they talked quietly, soothingly to them.

On the show itself, Alan didn't play any of their records. "This isn't the time for it," he said. "I just learned they took that plane instead of the bus in order to save some time. For what? Buddy wanted to get a suit cleaned. Ritchie wanted a haircut. And the Bopper just wanted to get some sleep on the plane. And he said, 'Hey, if you can't sleep on a bus, and Ritchie... Ritchie flipped a coin with someone else to see who would get the fourth seat on the chartered plane. Ritchie called 'Heads' and it came up 'Tails.' And he said, 'What do you know? This is the first time I've ever won.'"

The phone rang again and Alan answered. "That was my daughter," he said. "She's thirteen. She can't stop crying. Just before our Christmas show—the one I told you about, the one the Bopper and Ritchie were both on—she broke her arm. And now, and he said, 'What do you know? That's the first time I've ever won.'"

"I guess I got to know Ritchie best when we made our movie on the coast, 'Go, Johnny, Go.' His only comment when we saw the screening was 'I'm not much good but I hope my mother will like me.' That's the sort of fellow he was." Alan went over to the record player and clicked a switch. He pulled an album out of the pile of the floor, slipped out a record, and put it on. The voice of Ritchie Valens—strong, young, alive—sang out:

'You're mine,
And we belong together.
Yes, we belong together.
For Eternity...' The End
peanut butter canapes with Tuesday Weld. David's only twelve and Tuesday's fifteen but he told me that he thinks he looks more like fourteen and that she looks younger than she really is. He doesn't care if she is an "older woman," he's going to be doing some serious thinking about her just as soon as his father, Alan Ladd, ups his twenty-five cent weekly allowance to a more substantial sum... Pat Boone, who's in town for a lecture he's giving at Hollywood High on "How To Keep White Bucks Clean," was chatting with Conway Twitty, who told me that he's tired of the flip comments about his name. He's thinking of changing it next month—to F. Conway Twitty. Doris Day finally admitted that those famous freckles of hers aren't for real! She puts 'em on every morning with an eyebrow pencil. I'd never have known, even though I was sitting close up to her.

Shirley MacLaine had been signed to play Yul Brynner's identical twin in what's sure to be an Academy Award contender. The studio's big problem on the picture is: Should Yul grow hair or should Shirley get a bald cut? What do you think? And speaking of topknots, you'll positively flip when you see Kim Novak's latest shade. She's kept only a slender center part of lavender and the rest... well, you'll just have to see it for yourself. I was on my way to join John Saxon, who simply refuses to shave the beard he grew for "The Big Fisherman," when I tripped over Russ Tamlyn. Know what? The star of "Tom Thumb" really is five inches tall...

Dennis Hopper and Dean Stockwell are feudng over who is really the king of the beatnicks. The whole town is divided into Hopperites—who wear black leather jackets and knee-length hip boots engraved with a profile of Dennis—and Stockwellites—who wear white shirts with canary yellow stripes and tattoo pictures of Dean on their wrists. They invited me to a duel at dawn in front of the Postino coffee shop. It'll be old Marlon Brando scripts at twenty paces... Jili St. John told me that she and Lance Reventlow are switching careers. She'll race a twin-engine Scarab next weekend in the local Hollywood drag races and Lance will act... Sophia Loren finally confessed that she was really born in Brooklyn and Fabian told me that he's from Pennsylvania. Frankie Avalon in town for the lead role in a new musical version of "Oedipus Rex," whispered to me that I hadn't fooled him one inch. He knew all along I was just April Fooling. Did you? The End

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Solution for April Crossword Puzzle
I've known about big Westerns. Okay? Never did barbecue.

Annette stood, straight and bright in her red bathing suit, at the tip end of the diving board. She was poised, just ready to jump when—Wham! Something hit her from behind and she fell into the water with a loud splash. Dazed, she came to the top and began swimming slowly toward the side of the pool. Just then a brown crewcut popped out of the water beside her. The eyes that went with the crewcut were blue, dark blue, and they were edged with thick lashes. Right now those eyes looked very worried.

" Gee, I'm sorry! I never meant to push you! Honest! The guys were just horsing around with me and, before we knew it, we were fooling on the board."

"I'm okay," she answered, taking a big breath and shaking her head a little, "You just knocked the wind out of me." He had jumped out of the pool and held out a strong looking tan hand. "Thanks," she said, and then she didn't know what else to say. The boy just stood there, staring at her. She felt her cheeks grow warm with embarrassment and she lowered her eyes. Finally she said, "Oh... I don't think we met. Doreen didn't really have a chance to..."

"Oh," he said quickly, helping her out, "I'm Sandy Howland. But I know who you are," he continued. "You're Annette Funicello. I see you on the Disney show all the time. In fact... you know what... I thought you were just terrific in 'Spin and Marty.' I wanted to meet you an awful lot! So I'm glad this happened... since you didn't get hurt, I mean. Well, he finished, suddenly shy again, "I'll see you later, I guess." And he walked away.

Annette's eyes followed him as he went back toward the others. He left in such a hurry, she thought, almost as though he wanted to get away from her. It was a pity because there was something so nice about him, a kind of naturalness or honesty. Yes, she liked him, she decided, snatching off her bathing cap and fluffing her feathered out around her happy face. "I'll have to freshen up my lipstick," she reminded herself.

One hour passed—and then another. But Sandy did not talk to her again. She danced with other boys, and as she whirled around, she searched for him, letting her black eyes inspect the little groups sitting around the edge of the patio. Once in a while she saw him, not dancing, not even talking to other girls, just standing around with two or three boys, their hands shoved inside the pockets of their fresh khakis. It was nearly time to go home before she felt someone tap her lightly on the shoulder.

"Sure you're not mad about getting knocked into the water that way?"

"Sandy?" Annette's tiny hand flew to her face in surprise. "Of course I'm not mad. It wasn't your fault." Just then Doreen put on the record for the last dance. Sandy threw his weight to the outside of his feet and rocked back and forth on the edges of his white bucks.

"I'm a lousy dancer," he began, "that's why I didn't ask you before. But if you'll be patient with me, maybe we could give this a try."

"What makes you think you're a bad dancer?" she asked after they had taken a few graceful turns around the patio. "You seem fine to me."

"Gee... the truth is... I never danced this well before. You're so light... almost like a little doll."

She laughed. "It's funny that you'd say that. My father calls me Dolly 'cause I was always lots smaller than the other kids my age.""

"You know," Sandy began after a few minutes of comfortable silence, "this probably sounds pretty silly. But... did you ever go steady with anyone?"

"No. I know lots of the kids do, but going steady never made much sense to me. There're so many interesting people to know..."

"Maybe you're right. But," he argued, sounding puzzled, almost disappointed, "I still think it's wonderful for two people you really get to know each other and share everything they do."

"It is wonderful," she answered, "but I think that can happen even when two people aren't going steady."

Sandy grimaced at her, a big grin that seemed to say thank you, thank you for agreeing with me, even just a little. Do you think I could call you sometime?" he asked just as the last notes of the record died away. And inside Annette, something seemed to collapse for relief, relief and happiness. Sandy did want to see her again.

On their first date, they laughed together at Jerry Lewis in "The Geisha Boy." Other dates—horseback riding, tennis, bowling. Sandy began dropping in at the Funicello household almost every Saturday afternoon.

"Dolly," Mr. Funicello said, one Saturday, coming into the kitchen where Annette and Sandy were doing the dishes and silverware, "there are four young men outside who look like they might tear the house apart if you don't get out there and quiet them down.

"Is one of them Sandy?"

"Sandy—hum. Does he have a crew-cut?" her father teased. "I might as well admit it; one of them's Sandy."

"I went with him to wash off your nose first," her mother called after Annette.

"Hi—all of you," Annette shouted to the five boys who were standing on the porch. "What're you doing over here? I thought this was the day of the big game. Ouch!" She bent over to examine her bare foot. "Darn it! I've got a splinter. Be right back."

Instantly, Sandy's face turned white.

"You guys wait a minute... okay? Annette! Is it bad?" He dashed into the house after her. "Let me do it, Mrs. Funicello," Sandy urged, his face tense.

"I'm a first rate splinter surgeon. Honest!"

Surprised, Mrs. Funicello exchanged a quick glance with Annette's father. But she removed back good-naturedly and headed for the door.

"Here!" In a few seconds, he had it. He held up the tiny piece of wood, grinning proudly at the patient.

"It's not very Sandy's over," Annette announced with a laugh. She and Sandy went out to the yard where the other boys were playing "keep away" with Annette's younger brother, Joe. Annette felt more and more sure that Sandy was somebody very special. He had a sweetness, an air of wanting to really be with her. Even when he had to overcome shyness, he seemed honest about his feelings. And he began asking her for two or three dates a week.

"You know," she confided one day to her friend Doreen, "Sandy asks me out so often I don't seem to have time to see anyone else."

"Before you know it, you'll be going steady," Doreen predicted.

"Doreen! You know how I feel about that. See you at my party on Saturday!" she called over her shoulder as she left Doreen at the soda fountain.

For months Annette's friends had been looking forward to her sixteenth birthday party. At about six o'clock, they began to gather, filling the Funicellos' yard with cheerful laughter. "How about some croquet?" someone called. And soon there was a game going at the end of the yard.

"Gee, Sandy never takes his eyes off you!" Annette's friend, Sharon, said to her with a sigh that was almost envied. As they talked, Sandy was glancing toward the end of the yard where Sandy was playing croquet with the other boys. It was true. He kept watching her, his one eye never seeming to move, as she went back and forth from the house to the patio with trays of hamburgers and rolls. "You're prettier than any picture I ever saw," he whispered after he came to help her with the last tray of sandwiches. Her sweet smile was her answer. And it was the only one he needed.

After they had eaten, the hayracks ar-ranged—big luminous wagons piled high with sweet-smelling hay and drawn by gentle old horses. "I want the front! I want the front!" someone yelled.

Big Awards Issue!

TOP STARS and PROGRAMS
As Voted By
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“But the back’s better!” was the answer. Yelling and shouting, they climbed up onto the hay, scrambling, tumbling each other while they looked for their friends in the dark. Annette and Sandy curled up in the back of the wagon near their special friends, Doreen and Sharon and their dates, and Terry Ralston. Annette and Sandy exchanged a long look of contentment. She smiled to herself as the hayrack swung slowly down the road. It rocked with a peaceful motion almost like a cradle.

“You know, Sandy . . .” it was Paul Carlson, Doreen’s date. He was always full of jokes. “I never have been able to figure out what you did to deceive Annette. She looks pretty special to me.”

It was not so dark that Annette couldn’t see Sandy’s face. For a brief, terrible second, he looked absolutely foolish. He took Paul’s teasing seriously—and there was no answer. Annette glanced at both of them quickly and then—“It’s because Sandy’s pretty special herself,” she shot back. “But thank you anyway.”

Just then the hayrack jolted to a stop beside a wooded area over which the full moon seemed to grin like a jolly man. “How’ll this do for a fire?” the driver called. They all agreed that it was perfect. Sandy jumped down and took the marshmallows out under the driver’s seat while the other boys went off to pick up firewood. The girls shook the hay out of their hair and freshened up their lipstick with the help of pocket mirrors and flashlights.

Watching Sandy show the boys how to build the fire made Annette feel proud. She hadn’t been wrong; Sandy was special, very very special. And he didn’t have to tell her how much he appreciated what she said to Paul Carlson. Each time his eyes met hers across the firelight, they seemed to say thank you, thank you and perhaps much more.

Soon, the fire was blazing, sending up curling tongues of flame that lit the faces of the couples who formed a circle around it. “Let’s sing,” someone suggested. “How about ‘Mandolins in the Moonlight’?”

Their voices joined and rose in one song after another until, finally, only four or five people were left singing. A peaceful quiet fell over the group as the fire gradually crackled and shrank away into nothing more than a few glowing embers. “I guess it’s time to go,” Annette said finally. She pulled herself reluctantly to her feet. “Aaw, gee! So soon!” several voices murmured. But they got up anyway, making rustling sounds as they walked back to where the hayracks waited at the side of the road.

When they got to Annette’s house and the others had gone home, Sandy asked if he could stay for a few minutes.

“Of course. Here, let’s sit on the swing,” Annette suggested. “Wasn’t it a beautiful party, Sandy?”

“It sure was,” he was staring into the distance, hardly aware that he was pushing the swing slowly back and forth with his foot. “I want to ask you something,” he said. Seeing her nod as if to say “go ahead,” he began: “This is pretty important to me, Annette. I’ve been doing a lot of thinking and I feel that . . . I felt that I was all right and began pushing the swing a little faster. Well . . . I’d like to go steady with you.”

“Oh, Sandy!” she answered, laying her head back against the swing and taking a long breath, “I don’t know what to say.” She looked at him. “You know I like you very much. Well . . . more than I ever liked anyone else.” Raised a few seconds, the only sound was the creaking of the forlorn, old swing. “But—” She shook her head...
Tuesday Weld's

TRAVEL WARDROBE

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BACK VIEWS:

—and head slowly from side to side. "I just can't decide." She waited—but Sandy didn't seem to know what to say. "Maybe," she suggested, "I could tell you after next week—at the prom?" "It'll be a rough week for me," he said, standing up. "At the end of it. I'll either be the happiest guy in Studio City or the most disappointed one." And they said goodnight softly. Annette watched him go down the walk and get into the car. She liked Sandy so much ... and yet, she didn't really want to go steady. How could she decide?

The dress Annette got for the prom was green, mint green—satin, the tiny, yellow roses buds Sandy brought her were perfect. "What happened to my Dolly with bare feet and mussed up hair?" her father asked when she came down the stairs carefully, ever so carefully on high heeled pumps. As for Sandy, he could only say "Wow!"

As they were leaving, there was a phone call for Annette. She took it in her room and was back in a few seconds. "Ready?" she asked, thinking how handsome Sandy looked in his white dinner jacket.

Sandy nodded. But when they got outside the house, he stopped and turned his tense, white face toward her. "Who was that on the phone? What did he want?" he demanded. She thought he sounded timid—as though he thought he shouldn't ask but couldn't help himself.

"Who was it?" she echoed. "Well, if you really think it's important, I'll tell you." "I'm sorry," he said. "Let's forget it."

They both tried to forget about the phone call. "It's going to be a beautiful night!" Annette whispered as they entered the gym. The room was aglow with frosty paper lanterns. Strips and strips of gay crepe paper looked like clouds above them, while a whole constellation of stars spilled down from the ceiling. Annette hadn't been so excited since she was fourteen and went to the Foreign Press Awards in the Coconut Grove. "My first prom!" she mumbled as they swung around the glossy dancefloor. "And I'm so glad I'm here with you!"

"You're glad! Annette, you're the prettiest, the liveliest, the most wonderful girl I know! I keep pinching myself to make sure you're real!" And he gave her a proud, tender look that made her feel like singing.

But as the evening went on, Annette found she couldn't get the phone call out of her mind. Would going steady be like that? she wondered. Would she have to tell Sandy everything she did? Of course, she had always known he was jealous—but that was one of the things she liked most about him in the beginning.

She could see the other dancing couples, some of them trading partners, getting to know lots of people. "I want to do that, too," she realized as she waltzed them.

"Hey, wake up!" Sandy gave her hand a little shake. "It's intermission." Hand in hand, they wove their way through the little group of laughing couples still standing on the dance floor. Annette could almost see Sandy's chest swell with pride when he introduced her to some boys who had graduated a couple of years ahead of him. One, Jim Norris, was tall and wiry, not boy with clear grey eyes and a teasing smile. He looked a little like Tab Hunter, Annette thought, mischievous, but serious too. He liked her. That evening he asked her to dance, she said "yes." It wasn't until later that she thought of Sandy!

"Have you ever grown up since you were twelve and I first saw you on the "Mickey Mouse Club"? Tom exclaimed. "Tell me about making 'The Shaggy Dog.' You must have quite a schedule to keep up with." Tom's interested manner, his quick smile made him very likable. Annette was sorry when the dance was over and he took her back to where Sandy was standing alone, watching them. He suggested going home right away.

They made the long drive in complete, painful silence. What hurt Annette most was that Sandy, who had always been so much older, didn't even look at her. Her hands began to tremble. How was she going to tell him she could not go steady with him? And she felt stiff, almost numb. Already, a kind of loneliness came over her into an imaginary corner where she would have to sit alone.

It seemed like a week before they reached her house. Sandy got out of the car, as carefully as ever, and just sat there, without a word, waiting for her to begin. She took a long breath. "I guess you won't be surprised?" She heard her own voice as if from very far away. It was faint and weak behind the gathering pressure of unshed tears. "Well, Sandy, my answer to what you asked me last week ... it's no."

Of course, he would not look at her. But she had to make him understand! "Sandy," she added softly, "as far as I'm concerned it doesn't mean we can see each other anymore."

"You're not going to have me for a friend?" he asked, turning his unhappy face even more sharply away from her. "If you really liked me, you'd want to go steady with me."

There was no answer.

"If I didn't catch you very much," she began, suddenly feeling tired from the effort of trying to make him understand, "if I didn't like you very, very much, Sandy, I wouldn't go out with you at all."

But her words were wasted. She couldn't break through his terrible, hurt silence.

In a flash, she felt a new understanding of Sandy. "You can't force people to love you," she thought. "You can't get people to like you by cutting them off from the rest of the world."

And that was how it ended, Annette remembered, as she still lay, face downwards on the bed in her room. Lying there, she thought, they realized that they couldn't take the chance that it might happen again.

She sat up and brusquely cut a curl that had fallen across her forehead. After all, there was to do. Other boys had stopped calling. Sandy had asked her out so often; she was usually busy when they tried to date her anyway.

Her eye fell on the small, white card in her dressing table drawer. "Please bring a date." Was it really a choice between asking Sandy or staying home? Hadn't Sharon said something about her boyfriend's cousin not having a date? Why not? Annette stood up and straightened her red capri pants with a decisive gesture. She caught sight of her own face in the mirror. It surprised her. For the first time, she seemed to look happy. She walked over to the white telephone and dialed Sharon's number.

"Hello ... Remember what you said the other day about Terry's cousin—from San Francisco? He's good! ... I might not like him a lot, but that isn't the point ... Gee, thanks, Sharon ... It makes a big difference to me ... You know what? ... I called him last night. He sounded almost happy. He walked over to the white telephone and dialed Sharon's number.

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conversation like the stars on those TV panel shows. I was shy, but girls drew me out, helped me get over my shyness. I'd play music on my brass trumpet—"Tenderly" or "Blues in the Night" or "Put the Blame on Mama, Boy"—and sit in my wallpapered room and look out the window at the buckeye trees in the back yard. The neighbors would complain about my trumpet playing, but I couldn't help it. I just had to play.

Moms never do. Kids don't understand how kids feel, do they? Oh, they try all right, but they never manage to tune in completely.

But girls, they're different. They understand.

The first girl I want to tell you about is Mary Jo. I was nine years old (my birthday's September 18, 1940) when I met her. That summer she came to visit my grandmother on Croskey Street in Philadelphia. I was still Frankie Avalone then. One day one of the gang asked her to play Giant Steps with us. She said she was teased. We'd asked and she'd said she'd love to. And she was wonderfully friendly with everyone, and so nice. Well, Mary Jo played with us every day. She had short, dark hair cut in bangs and big breasts. We played Giant Steps or Go-Stop, and then we'd sit on somebody's front porch and talk about movies and TV stars.

Always at these front porch bull sessions, I'd listen to my friends. I never wanted to say what I thought. But Mary Jo was always interested, and she'd ask me, in a soft way, "Frankie, what do you think of Doris Day?" And I'd nod my head to agree she was great. Then Mary Jo would smile and ask me something else, and before I knew it, she had me talking.

Then one July day, my Aunt Betty said, "Hey, Frankie, why don't you take Mary Jo around the corner for a pizza?" I stopped dead in my tracks. "What?" I said.

Aunt Betty suggested the date again. I stuttered something back to her and then ran upstairs to my room. Alone with Mary Jo! I wouldn't know what to do or say.

But I couldn't stop thinking about it. I wanted to take Mary Jo for a pizza, but I was afraid she wouldn't want to go with me. I kept wondering what we'd find to talk about, just the two of us, and I got nervous.

But my Aunt Betty, who's pretty and full of life, asked me again. I told her I'd like to take Mary Jo to the pizzeria, but... and she said, "Okay, Frankie, I'll arrange it."

Well, the next day came and all too soon the sun started to go down over the house tops. Before I knew it it was after supper; the time I'd promised Aunt Betty I'd pick up Mary Jo and take her around the corner to Tessie's Pizza Parlor. I was all dressed up in a brand-new white shirt and my white summer pants which made me feel fine. That afternoon so there'd be a fresh breeze.

My sister Theresa, who's a couple years older than me, my dad, who had come home tired from work at the machine shop, my mom, and my aunt, all smiled and proud-eyed—everybody came out on the porch to watch me walk over to Mary Jo's.

Outside, on the street, the kids were all in their bathing suits and splashing each other with the water from the fire plug. On not summer days the Police Athletic League would come around and unlock the fire plug for us all to have some fun. Oh, how I wished I was with the rest of the kids, getting wet.

When I got to Mary Jo's, she was waiting for me on her grandmother's porch, all dressed up in a pretty pink dress.

Then the two of us walked to Tessie's Pizza Parlor, and we sat in a booth and ordered a slice of cheese. We didn't say very much to each other. Mary Jo must have felt sort of funny, too. When we finished the pizza, I said, "You want to go walking a little bit?" and she said okay.

The two of us walked along another street so that no one we knew would see us, and we watched the red sun fade in the spring sky. We still didn't talk much, but it was nice being together, just Mary Jo and me. When the shadows started falling I figured it was time to bring Mary Jo home. We said goodbye by her porch steps. Then I ran to the fire plug. But it was turned off. I wanted to put on my bathing suit and jump in the cold water. I was so happy. Our date was a success! Mary Jo said she had a good time.

Toward the end of the summer, one of the neighborhood kids had a party, and all of us were invited. It was on a Saturday night, and everyone talked about it all week long.

There were Cokes and ham sandwiches and potato salad—and a game called Post Office. I'd heard about it, sure, but I'd never played it, and I tried desperately to get out of it. But one of the fellows pushed me into the hall to kiss Mary Jo. I just stood there in the dark trembling, and then I said, "I don't know how to kiss," and Mary Jo said, "I. . . . I don't either." So we promised we'd tell everybody we kissed, even though we didn't.

Then Mary Jo told me that her visit to her grandmother was over and she would be leaving on Labor Day weekend. On the Sunday before she left we had another pizza date at Tessie's. I told Mary Jo I wished she lived in Philly.

"I wish I did, too," she said.

We took our little walk again and watched the sun duck behind the treetops in the yellow summer sky. When I brought her back, the two of us stood on her porch, saying goodbye over and over again. She promised she'd come back to Philly, but, of course, she didn't.

I said, "Mary Jo, if you close your eyes, I'll see mine, and we'll pretend we kissed."

"All right," she said.

So we closed our eyes, and suddenly we were drawn together—just like in the movies—and I kissed her quickly on the cheek. To this day I don't know what happened to my shyness. There was some strange force—like a magnet—pulling me, and I just had to reach over and give her a little peek.

"Gee, Mary Jo," I said, "I'm sorry."

"Frankie" she whispered. "Don't be sorry. I wanted you to kiss me."

Oh, I felt good all over, and I walked home with my hands in my pockets wondering why Mary Jo had to go now when we were really getting to know each other. That night I went to sleep thinking of her, and at two a.m. early, I ran to my mother's bedroom window to see if Mary Jo's father's car was still in her grandmother's driveway.

But it was gone, and I moped around the house all day.

Shortly after that I started playing the trumpet. At first I couldn't make a sound, not even a flat noise, when I blew it. My sister was better than I was, so I would watch the way she put her lips up to the mouthpiece and I'd imitate her until one

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day, finally, there was this funny purrrrrr, and I jumped up and down and yelled, "I can play it! I can play it!"

I locked myself in my room that afternoon and practiced for five hours until I learned how to play "Peanut in the Nickelodeon." Studying the trumpet and keeping up with all my school work in St. Edmund's School was a real test for the young trumpet teacher. Mrs. Bishop, who was with the Philadelphia Oratorio Society, kept encouraging me so I didn't want to neglect it. And that was around the time I saw "Young Man With a Horn." In the film, Dennis Morgan had played the trumpet, and he was out of this world. I saw that movie three times, and I made up my mind to be a musician. I played with a couple of local neighborhood groups and four pieces in addition. And at home we'd all play together. We're a musical family. My father plays the piano, and my sister can make mighty sweet music with an accordion, and my mother—well, she's in the mood or she claps time to whatever we play. Last summer, when anybody visited our house, they'd have to listen to our rendition of "Volare!" Man did we go wild for it!

Well, when I was almost eleven, I won a prize—a refrigerator on the Whitehurst Show. I just couldn't believe my trumpet in my room was a prize. About a year later, I went on the Jackie Gleason show, and Jackie asked me to do a little tap dance. I didn't mind that, but I began to grow more and more shy because everyone made such a fuss over me.

But when I met Sandy, she gave me a boost. I was twelve or thirteen, and Sandy lived a couple of blocks away from me. Her girlfriend, Phyllis, came up to our school and said, "Frankie, can I let you in on a secret?"

"Sure," I told her.

"Promise not to tell?"

"Promise!"

Sandy... she likes you!" Phyllis blurted and then she turned around and ran down the street without looking back.

Now what was I to do? I liked Sandy, too, but I wasn't ready for her.) I had brown hair and a slow smile. I don't like flashy smiles, the kind that are so big the person's teeth look like headlights.

I started hanging around the street more often, but I didn't want to be a giggle. But I'd sit on the front porch steps and listen to a dance program on someone's portable radio or else talk about records and rock 'n' roll. Sandy was a big fan of the band, and she had a way of making me feel comfortable if she asked a question. She never pointed a question directly at me. She'd say, "Hey, I wonder what that means?"

and she'd get me to speak up.

We began seeing each other pretty often that way; and somehow—I don't know how these things happen—word got around the neighborhood that I was seeing Sandy, and we never dated, not even once. Not that I minded. She was so easy to get along with.

One day I asked her if it bothered her that I was seeing other girls sometimes. She said yes, but I was going together, and she said no. So I got up my courage and bought her a friendship ring to make the rumors true.

We started going to the movies every Saturday. I was going to the beach sometimes. I'd put my arm around her. All the other fellows did with their dates. Some of the fellows even kissed their girls. But I never kissed Sandy.

We saw each other every day that spring, even if it was just for a little while. We'd have Cokes or grape rickeys at Humphrey's (now it's called Chez Joey) or we'd eat a pizza at Tessie's Pizza Parlors. In May her parents decided to spend the summer in Wildwood-by-the-sea, and by midsummer Sandy wrote her girlfriend Phyllis that she had found a new boyfriend. When Phyllis told me the news, I didn't see any of the gang for two weeks. My mother scolded me for being so moody, but I couldn't help it. I didn't want to talk about it. I was up in my room most of the time, trying to study my music but I just couldn't concentrate. My heart felt as if it was going to burst. All I had to do was just think of Sandy, and I'd hear her heartbeat getting louder and louder.

When Sandy returned from Wildwood, she came over to say hello. We were sitting on the front steps of her house, and it was a hot July night in late August.

She tried to tell me she still liked me, but I couldn't believe her. I felt cheated. But she did look very cute with her sunburn, and I thought she was love this time around. I don't know why. I was so quiet, and finally I blurted out, "Gee, Sandy, why don't you level with a guy?" And I ran inside. I just didn't want to talk with her anymore.

I went to all the school hops that year in Vare Junior High in South Philly. I wanted to get over being shy, and I made myself dance with different girls. I found a very sweet girl with a personality that counted. If he was fun to be with, that's what a girl cared about. So I tried to forget Sandy, and I started dating Annette Cella who went to St. Monica's and was the talk of the town.

How did we meet? Well, St. Monica's always let the students out earlier than Vare Junior High, and every time Annette passed our school on her way home, she'd wave at us through our art class window. She waved every day until finally I got enough courage and I waved back. My owl-faced English teacher yelled at me, but I didn't care. I wanted Annette to love me.

One day the girl who sat behind me gave me Annette's picture. She said she was a friend of Annette's, and Annette had asked her to give me the snapshot. I looked at it, and there was Annette exotic with tumbly dark hair and high cheekbones. She was slim as a whistle, and I liked that too. I don't like if girls let themselves go and lose their figures. I liked her face when she smiled, like a plate of spaghetti or a piece of chocolate cake. But I've learned. If you want a normal weight, you have to say no.

Annette's girlfriend, the one who gave me the snapshot, was named Barb. She and I used to be friends. We dated. We got along at first, but after a while she became bossy and I began feeling shy.

And there was something else that bothered me. I went on a kick, some silly starvation diet, and she got too skinny. No fellow likes a girl to look as if she's missed a meal's worth. When Annette came home and we were alone, she and I talked with Sis, I told her how I felt. We were in the kitchen having a snack. Mom made hero sandwiches (you take a loaf of Italian bread, slice it in half and fill it full of one foot of cold cuts, cheese and cut it up into two or three sections), and we sat around the table, eating and talking about opera.

I was telling them I don't always understand the opera. Well, they thought I was much "feeling in them... that's why I love them, especially anything by Puccini. Soon we got to talking about Frank Sinatra who I think's the greatest, especially the album he sings from his heart. I had just finished my first recording of "Cupid" around that time, and I told Annette and Mom and Sis how awful I thought my recording was.

Annette told me to come off it, to quit knocking myself.

And I said, "You know something? I wish you'd stop dieting and eat some of this hero sandwich. You're skinnier than a toothpick!"

Boy, did she get mad! She got up and started to chase me around the kitchen. Finally she landed a derringer and slapped me with it.

But, just the same, telling her did the trick. She got my message and went off that night and acted bossy again. Sure, she was mad at me for a couple of days, but then we made up and went together. One thing about Annette: She understood my silences. When we sit and talk about family life, I'm never cross or angry with me for not talking. And if I wanted to play the progressive jazz of Gerry Mulligan and Shorty Rogers, she was willing to listen even if it wasn't quite up her alley.

We had a good time doing simple things—like going over to her house to do homework. Those were some of my favorites. Once when she missed my hair, I told her to never do that again. That's one thing I hate. And she never did. Although she threatened to... We'd spend much of the weather was good; and the two of us flipped for Marlon Brando, Tony Curtis and Susan Hayward movies! Both of us were bug-eyed when we saw "The Strange One." With "Golden Arm" with Frank Sinatra and that's when I decided Frankie was my favorite actor as well as singer. We loved the Looney Tunes and Donald Duck cartoons; and one day, when we were watching "De De Dinah," I found a stray collie dog I took home with me. Annette named him Stumpy, and he followed us everywhere. Now I have another collie, almost a year old, and I call her De De after her first hit record, "De De Dinah."

Then, one night that summer, she told me the news that almost broke my heart. "We're going to move," she said. Her father had a new job in Atlantic City.

Before I knew it, it was goodbye-time, and I was seeing her off on the bus.

We said we'd keep in touch, but the way things turned out, we couldn't. I started to me go places all over and then I heard Annette had another boyfriend—one with carrot red hair! Always the luck, I thought. Soon as a girl moves away, she finds another guy!

So I've been running here and running there ever since, singing at rock 'n' roll places just about every week, hopping planes and trains, and then I found myself appearing at Clubb Dick Clark on His American Bandstand and on his Saturday show.

And I've had my eyes peeled for a girl that's going to give me another boost, that's going to help me climb another step on my shy-guy ladder. I say it's the girls who help a guy the most. Girls give a guy a chance; they don't rush things.

Well, lately I've been seeing Angela Curcio, who's got bright blue eyes and light brown hair like Stephen Foster's Jeanie. I met her on a picnic a few summers ago, and we've been seeing each other.

But mostly when I have time to myself I drive along the side streets of South Philly and sometimes I think about Sandy. Sometimes I think of the other girls who liked me for what I was—a shy guy from a plain Italian family in Pennsylvania.

And all I can say is—gee, how can a guy get along without girls, huh? The End

BIG FRANKIE ON CHANCELLOR RECORDS.
hush-toned voices singing, "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Lana, happy . . . ." The woman fell back a step. She put a hand up to her blonde hair. "Oh, no," she whispered, "... for me?" She began to laugh. Her arms went around Cheryl, standing just in front, and hugging her very tightly she said, "Oh—honey, oh . . . ."

"I wanted to surprise you, Mother," Cheryl softly said, guiding Lana towards the table. And as she turned through the dimness, they saw the laughing faces of some of Lana's oldest friends—there was Del Armstrong, the producer; and by his side Glenn Ross, her long-time personal agent; Helen Young, her hairdresser; Wilma Dunne, the well-known Beverly Hills dress designer who had created Lana's dresses for many years; and, sitting at the back stirring a long drink vigorously with cocktail stick, was Fred May, one of Lana's closest friends.

"Well, darling, are you happy?" the elderly woman asked the newcomer Lana as she joined the group already at the table. "Oh yes—Mother!" answered Lana, smiling. "And I'll bet you were part of this too," she added, looking at her daughter.

Cheryl showed her mother to the head of the table, slipped off her coat, and sat quietly and poised by Lana's side while the other guests joked and laughed over the sudden appearance of their newcomers. She listened as she looked down at her smartly-styled dark blue silk dress, smiling as she remembered the remark she had overheard just a moment ago—"Cherry's so gracious . . . and she's grown into such a beautiful young woman." One of the guests had said it to her grandmother.

"I see you're on time this evening, Lana," Del Armstrong said as the waiters began serving the hors d'oeuvres of shrimp egg roll and Balmiki, a type of marinated beef.

Thanks to Cherry—she's the punctual one of the family," joked back Lana, smiling proudly at her daughter.

Cheryl had been particularly punctual that evening. She had walked her first since that frightening dark April night when she stabbed Johnny Stompanato. The school was a new one for Cherry, Beverly Hill High, and was just around the corner from her grandmother's home where she was living.

It had been a lonely walk to school. Her mother couldn't be with her. After the trial the court had made Cheryl its ward, saying Lana could only see her once a week. Cherry sighed. Her mother and father were still fighting over her, fighting as they had been ever since she was a baby. She turned into the huge grounds which surround the two-and-three story brick building of the school itself. She felt lost, alone.

Then Cheryl noticed a group of girls whispering and pointing from a corner as she walked through the main hall. Though embarrassed and feeling strange, she went up to them. "Hey girls, who might I find the principal?" she asked.

They giggled. Then one said, "You're Cheryl Crane, aren't you?"

"Yes, that's right," she answered, wide-eyed.

They laughed again. Then the tallest one said, "Go to the end of corridor and turn right. This sent them off into peals of laughter that followed her down the hall.

When Cheryl found that the principal's office wasn't at the end of the hallway, she knew the reason why.

"I often used to see her wandering around all alone, a tenth-grader said, several weeks later. "She was like a lost ghost. Sometimes I thought I'd go over and ask her if I could direct her somewhere but I kind of didn't want to be seen talking to her. There was that sort of feeling around— you know."

Most of the girls felt that way. Some had been warned off by their mothers. Someone even said the idea of talking to a girl 'who'd killed a guy.' And the only people who spoke to her were the teachers. She ate lunch and studied quite alone.

But now, as Cheryl looked around the happy birthday group, it all seemed so far in the past.

... "I can see Cherry knew what I like— Lana's voice could be heard over the chatter of the party, as the waiters served the next course of specially prepared chicken with peas and chestnuts and pressed duck. Lana turned to Cheryl.

"Must have been all those Chinese meals we used to have on Sundays," she whispered.

But those meals had been very different. There had been the time they had gone together to one particular Chinese restaurant—the one where Cheryl had learned first about her mother's favorite dishes. But instead of laughter and relaxation there was tension and strained conversation.

"Are you sure you're well?" Lana had asked for practically the hundredth time that day.

"Yes, Mother," Cheryl looked down at her plate, breaking the awkwardness by eating almost continuously. "... first a little of the egg roll, then shrimp, then some fried rice, then the movie-going?" she asked long into length.

"Fine, honey. And everyone's been so kind. But I get so tired, although I wouldn't want to be without the working. I don't do much these Chinese days, except think and worry about you . . . ."

Cheryl dug her fork deep into the rest of the egg roll. What could she say? Could she tell her about the things she loved and worried about her too? And could she tell her about school and the loneliness . . . .? "How is school?"

"A little better, Mother . . . really."

But she had no words for the other kids. Cheryl always sensed them staring at her, and pretty often she was right. They were also talking about her.

One day a group of girls paused in front of the mirrors in the girls' locker room to talk. One of them told the latest joke about Cheryl.

Even before they laughed, they heard the gasp behind them. Cheryl, early for gym class, had been standing not ten feet away. At the sight of her face, the laughter disappeared.

"I never felt so low in my life," one girl said later. "Until I saw how she looked, I'd sort of figured—well, that she didn't care. Like she didn't have any feelings. You know, after all that happened to her, she had to go to school every day—you get the feeling nothing bothered her. But when she turned around and ran out of that room, well, I just wanted to go down there and say, 'Gee, I'm sorry. I was wrong.' After that, well, the bunch of us had to make it up to her somehow. And we figured the easiest thing we could do was just kind of make her feel at home.

It began like that. A couple of girls catching up to Cheryl as she ran down the lawn away from the gym, not apologizing.
behind the scenes

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not knowing what to say—but suddenly there, beside her, handing her a notebook she had dropped, starting to talk, a little breathlessly, she began to laugh.

And Cheryl, staring at them with hurt, frightened eyes—and then, slowly, beginning to laugh at last.

When they left her, feeling regret—and then promised to save her a seat at lunch. For the first time that day, she ate her sandwich and drank her glass of milk as part of a crowd. And the curious eye that helped her were met, for once, not by her own shy ones, but by those of the girls around her—defiant and unafraid.

All it took was that. Within a month she knew half the girls in school. They walked her home, they traded notes with her, borrowed her clothes, and found to their surprise that they didn't have to think of Cheryl as a curiosity column items that hinted at a lot to offer in friendship, a good sense of humor, a tremendous amount of generosity, a sympathetic ear. It got to the point where one schoolmate complained to a reporter, "Cheryl? Why, she's the most popular girl in school. If you say anything bad about Cheryl, you can't get a date with any girl in the place."

And as for filling in to replace fiction, the stories, the jokes died down. What was there to say about Cheryl really? That she was a quiet girl who usually sat in the last row of the classroom, that she didn't spite her new friends, still shy, still withdrawn. That, as the boy said, once the girls took her in charge, they looked out for her just fine.

Cheryl had never had friends of this sort before. These were not the girls who had gone to private school with her, a little too rich, a little too spoiled, a little too house for real friendship. These were not the girls she had met in the few weeks of school she had gotten in the dozens of cities, the foreign countries she had visited with her grandmother. Lana Turner, a friend, had heard that Lana Turner's daughter was staying for just a few weeks, who regarded her as an object of curiosity to be pointed out, information about Gregory Peck and the droop of the permanent pleasures. These were girls who were used to living in one place, to going home, and at night to their parents and families, who were used to be met with movie stars because the town was full of them even if their kids seldom went to the same schools. These were normal, average girls, interested in telling their friends, slowly, Cheryl began to imitate them, to dress like them, laugh like them. Her tongue became accustomed to the give and take of their chatter. She stopped stopping to hide her gestures because less awkward because she no longer felt stared at whenever she moved.

And the bad dreams began to disappear.

Lana, seeing it happen, told her mother that the thing was beginning to lift from her heart. She almost burst with happiness that day Cheryl told her she had been invited on a picnic one Sunday. "But of course I'll tell them, that's my day with my mother."

Steve Crane, watching this closeness grow, called off his suit for Cherry's custody.

"She's got the right to be doing so well," he told friends. "As long as she's happy, it's all right with me." And Cheryl no longer felt that her parents were tearing her to pieces in their battle for her custody; she no longer felt to talk to a woman, or be a friend, or be a child.

She even began to date. She had been a little too tall, a little gawky at the time of the tragedy. Now, with her sleep less troubled, she was beginning to fill out in all the right places, to grow up, to know how to wear clothes. Some of her dates were arranged by her girlfriend in school, but more and more boys were being automatically attracted to Cherry, to her dark good looks, her graceful walk.

In December she went to New York with her father to meet his new fiancee, Helen DeMarce. Lana, who, a few months before, had viewed Steve's announcement that he was going to marry Coco, had been afraid it might be part of a plan to convince the court he could provide a real home for Cherry—no longer protected by her mother. She choose were met, for once, not by her own shy ones, but by those of the girls around her—defiant and unafraid.

Then, after they drove to Cherry's grandmother's house Lana took time to admire the scrapbook of clippings Cherry had made from the trip; the photographs and menus. And they laughed together over the little possibilities. Steve Crane was so attentive to his daughter that her fiancee was probably jealous. For the first time in a year, she and Steve were together without strain, without guilt, with a return of the wonderful closeness they used to share. For Lana, work and quiet and old friends had healed her own heart—but seeing her daughter happy was beginning to bring back real joy to her life.

Then, that day, when Cherry called Lana to suggest that she go to dinner with her, Lana thought of the Luau. Lana didn't even hesitate. The Luau belonged to Steve Crane—a few months ago she would have starved to death before eating in there. There were usually reporters around on the lookout for celebrities—a few months ago she would have avoided being seen by them, would have protested violently against publicity, for her daughter. But now, she told her daughter cheerfully, "You want to pick me up or shall I come by for you..."

But Lana had expected a quiet dinner for three—not this wonderful surprise. The waiters handed round rum drinks, served in hollowed out pineapples, and brought a glass of milk for Cherry. And as they ate, a tall young man slipped a large box, wrapped in colorful palm-tree patterned paper, under Cherry's chair. Then, just as Fred May was about to open it, a manager of the Luau slipped the box from under the chair and placed it in front of her mother. Lana gasped.

"It's for you...Mother. Open it."

"Quiet, everyone," called Fred.

And they all set down their drinks and began to unwrap the paper, unclasp the box and draw out an Hawaiian hat, gaily decorated with brilliant tropical flowers. "Oh...Cherry...honey..."

"There's a note too, Mother," said Cheryl, peering into the box. Lana found it tucked in a corner of the hat, and after she had slipped the small card out of the surprise she handed it to Mary and read: "To my mother...Thank you for everything—Cheryl."

Fred lifted his drink. "Lana," he said, holding it high. "And our esteemed hostess," he added, turning to Cherry.

"To Lana and Cherry," chanted the others. And they drank.

The dishes were swept away, the desserts arrived, and the coffee. And then Lana noticed her daughter looking at her watch and seemed someone remark, "Curfew time, huh, Cherry."

And she said, "No, her sleeping nod. "I have school tomorrow, you know," Cheryl said. This time there was pride in her voice as she said it. The pride of a girl who had lost the place she had had at last.

Down the table, Lana's eyes met Cherry's, and the look they exchanged was one of love and understanding. The End

LOOK FOR LANAS IN U-'6S "IMITATION OF LIFE."
Sitting there in the chilly gin, Tony drew deeply from his cigarette. There he sat, alone. Blackbirds rustled through the treetops, their forlorn calls like echoes in the April wind. Sitting there on the cold rock, with the sun streaming through his throat, Tony peered up through the dark branches of the trees—their thin, spidery twigs looking like pencil strokes across the morning sky, and he asked the Lord for help, for comfort. What was he to do? For four months now his father had been dead; and all the wishing and hoping and praying couldn't bring him back. He went to bed that night in the dead, brown California earth, entombed in the blackness of a narrow coffin—not longer breathing, no longer able to dream and say, "My boy, take it easy. Don't take everything serious."

He had been a short, dark-haired man with warm brown eyes, a thick nose and a kind, patient smile. Never demanding. Never having been told to manage himself firmly understood.

There was a day, a lazy afternoon during a summer of long days, when Tony—his name was Bernice—woke up snoring and hankering for a piece of candy. That day he stole a licorice stick from the corner candy store in New York. How old was he? Nine or ten. Tony remembered that every few minutes the storekeeper looked; he had been busy frying franks—frying franks—on the grill. Tony’s mouth watered for some licorice, but he didn’t have a penny, and making sure the old man wasn’t looking, he stole the licorice stick from the counter.

Those were the poor, starved days of the depression, the days when Tony and his mom and his brother starved to death from apartment to apartment because they couldn’t pay the rent. Then, that year, they moved into a condemned building, all boarded up with wooden planks scribbled with swear words. No one was really allowed to live there. But his father fixed up the front for his tailor work, and Tony’s mom fixed up the back into a comfortable room for all of them to live in.

That day, when Tony went home to their condemned rooms with his licorice stick, his father was sitting in the front room, sewing a pair of trousers, a yellow tape measure hanging around his neck. Tony stood in the doorway, looking at his father, leaning on his needle and scissors. His father glanced up, smiled, then continued with his work.

Greedily, Tony took another bite from his licorice stick and loudly said, "What tastes so good, my boy?" His father asked, not looking up. "Licorice," Tony mumbled between chews.

"Candy?" his father asked softly. "Uh-huh," Tony said.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Over . . . over . . ." Tony said, a little wary. "I found it."

"At the candy store?" his father repeated. Then, he stopped working and looked up. But who gave you the money?


"Tell me," his father said gently but emphatically. "How did you get it?"

Tony asked, "Where did you find it?"

Then Tony, frightened and nervous, burst out, "I . . . I stole it. I wanted it so much!"

"Who taught you to steal?" his father asked.

"Nobody," Tony said. "I just took it. I was hungry, and I wanted a licorice stick."

"Then why didn't you come and ask me for a penny?" his father said.

"Because you don't have it. You never give me any money. You can't. I know you can't because we're poor!" Tony yelled.

His father looked Tony directly in the eyes, then said, "Come. Come with me."

He took Tony to the candy store and told the candy store owner about the stolen licorice stick. "Here is the penny for it," he said, and Tony's father placed a tarnished coin on the marble counter.

"If ever," Tony's father told the white-haired old man, "If ever you ever see a boy steal anything again, I want you to let me know!"

They started walking home in the waning light of the afternoon, and Tony was embarrassed, ashamed of himself. "Why . . . why did you bring me back like that . . .?" Tony said. "You made me feel so funny."

"Because I wanted to disgrace you," his father said softly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for stealing." Then, outside their home, his father took him by the shoulder and said, "Our name is Schinnerer, and it's a name we'll honor, and don't let it ruin you or your brother. We may be poor, but we're honest. And the next time you do this I won't be so easy on you."

The next day, my son . . ." but he never said it again.

They walked into the back room where his mother had prepared a dinner of boiled potatoes and salaami. His father never returned; he walked out and died again—never told his mother or anyone.

And Tony never stole again.

Tony rubbed his cigarette butt in the moist earth and flicked it past a tall tree trunk. The sun rose in the white April sky, a strange, cold ghost of a God. Tony’s heart cried out, help me . . . help me understand this mystery of life and death.

Sobbing spasmodically, Tony recalled the day when he came home from school, his nose bleeding, his stomach hurting.
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from the fight he'd had with the new boy who came to town. The blond kid was tall, heavily built, and he talked out of the side of his mouth.

After school, Tony had been speaking with a couple of his friends about playing a game of football later. The new boy had been standing in the hallway listening to them taunt Tony about volley ball being a sissy's game. Then, pointing to Tony, he said, "Hey, you, where you over there. Is it true you're a Jew boy?"

Tony didn't answer him.

"What's the matter?" the new kid continued in a surly voice. "Where I come from those are fighting words! Or are you yellow? Maybe the little Jew boy's afraid to fight!"

"I'm an American," Tony said. "I was born in this city. So go pick a fight elsewhere!"

"Don't tell me what to do," he screamed. And he swung out at Tony, hitting him on the jaw. Tony was stunned. The new kid hit out at him again.

"Come on, Tony," the other fellows yelled, egging him on. "Don't let him get away with it. Fight him!"

Tony lunged at the new kid with tight, trembling fists.

"He called me a Jew," Tony told his dad that night. "He said I was a sissy Jew boy." Tony's mother washed his face with a damp cloth, then Tony said, "Don't let someone like that scare you! He's so stupid he's not worth fighting with!"

"But I had to fight him," Tony said. "He said all these terrible things. He had it in for me. He always got the best of me. They wanted me to win. But I lost."

Tony's dad sat across the oilcloth-covered kitchen table, staring off into the distance. "You are a Jew," he said, "and you have nothing to be ashamed of. Your heritage has deep roots. We are good, God-fearing people. We're the ancestors—our ancestors—have given the world the Bible, and the freedom of the word of God. Why should we throw away something that has given us a way of life rich in beauty and love for our fellow man? And, isn't the only way to be a Jew?"

"Aren't you proud of them? Their blood has come down into you!"

"But what is a Jew?" Tony asked, leaning across the table and looking into his father's eyes.

"A Jew is like any man," he said. "He is a human being with a heart, someone with feelings, someone who wants to love and be loved. It's in all the hearts of people! A Jew is different than a Greek or an Italian or the Polish man who runs the butcher's shop across the street. And yet each man is different for what he is. Wouldn't it be a dull world if everybody was the same?"

His mother, standing beside his father, cried. Dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief, she said, "Tony ... oh, Manny ... that is beautiful!"

Then she lighted a fire under the kettle on the big iron stove, and they all sat around the covered table in the warm kitchen.

Tony, after he had had his tea, went over to his father and put his arm around him and said, "Dad ... I ... I love you," and he hugged him. Then, he ran into the bathroom, gripping the water so full of love, for being so proud of his father who, even if he were only a tailor, seemed to know so much.

This is what I must teach my children, Tony told himself as he sat on the wide rock in the shadowy glen. They must never be afraid of what they are. You must know I am not ashamed, that I am proud to be my father's first born in America. . . .

Tony lighted another cigarette, inhaling its heat, and he remembered the day of his Bar Mitzvah, his formal coming of age when he was in his early teens. After a Jewish boy is Bar Mitzvahed, he is considered a man. His father made him a green checked suit to wear on this eventful day. The young Tony was thrilled with his prayer service. He recited them at the Temple on his Bar Mitzvah day.

"Boy," his father said afterward, knowing that to the Mitech this was what makes me happy, all of us being together as a family, all of us holding on to our customs and loving each other. This is all I ask from life. To see us together. "May you again call this now," his father said, "but the day will come when you will, when you have a family of your own. Tonight, my son," he added, "we will say our prayers together. Tonight you are a man!"

This richness of life, this love of family . . . his father had given it to him. Didn't he and Janet celebrate birthdays and anniversaries and other holidays, and wasn't the beauty in family ritual. Rising, Tony looked up to the ghostly morning sky, and the sobbs quickened in his throat. Tony, bottoming, his back, his tears spilling out of his eyes. After he had held in his heart through all these months, stepped into his car and drove to the cemetery where Emanuel Schwartz was buried. He walked to the new grave, the damp earth glistening, the spaded mounds of earth.

As long as his spirit lives on in me, Tony told himself, he can never die. And I will pass on his spirit into the hearts of my loved ones, and they in turn will pass it on.

Oh, Father, Tony's heart cried out, if only, if only you could have lived to see our baby David."

Finally, the tears that had been held back for days, the tears that ached for months to be released, the tears that gripped him, the moment he heard of his father's unexpected heart attack welled up in him, and he began to cry softly, whimpering at first like an animal. The hot tears streamed down his cheeks, as he realized that he, unlike his father, had a heart, and he knew that for a moment, fleeting and rending, he had made a peace with death. Like a sudden falling star, a flash, pinprick in the sky, this light of light within, an inspiration, a divine radiance from God. Crying, Tony bowed his head and whispered a soft prayer over his father's grave, the prayer he remembered from the days of his Bar Mitzvah. Then, with the burning tears down his cheeks, he stepped into his car and drove home.

—Evan Michael}

JANET AND TONY ARE IN U-I'S "THE PERFECT FURLUGH". TONY'S LATEST ARE IN U-I'S "OPERATION PETTICOAT" AND U-A'S "SOME LIKE IT HOT."
Okay! We April Fooled you, on page 38.
Now here's a true story about Elvis.
He was one of the nicest guys I ever knew,
but El was always getting in trouble...

ELVIS WAS MY BUDDY IN THE ARMY

by MARV SCHNUR,
formerly of the Second Armored Division

I guess we were all pretty curious to find out what it would be like having Elvis on base—whether he'd have a private room, whether he'd arrive in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac, whether he'd be greeted by the divisional commander and have special privileges. And I guess if we'd been told the President himself were arriving, it couldn't have created a greater stir among the fellows.

Oh—some of these sort of privileges did seem far-fetched, but we'd all heard so many outlandish stories about what happened to celebrities when they became famous that we were expecting just about anything.

And in many ways we weren't disappointed.

I remember the day he arrived. I'd been working in one of the offices when suddenly I heard a lot of screaming and shouting. I looked out of the window and sure enough, there was Elvis. At that point I couldn't actually see him, but by the hollering of the teenagers who were jumping up and down by the bus as it rolled past them into the base, I knew it could hardly be anyone else—and we all knew to expect him that day.

There were cameras, radio and TV announcers, newsreels, and I guess all of us would have liked to have stood around watching if we hadn't felt it was rather stupid to stare at a guy who, after all, was just another trooper.

No Cadillac, that was evident, or an official reception, but we were all curious to know what his duties would be and some fellows, who hadn't been too lucky themselves when they first arrived, took a sour grapes attitude even in the fun. "He won't get KP," said one. "Don't think they'll even let him get his uniform dirty in case Unle Sam's army won't look neat and tidy," grumbled another.

"Cut it out," I told them. "At least give him a chance."

Elvis looked a little bewildered as he got down from the bus and was ushered past us with the rest of his company. He was in the Second Armored Division, like me, and I'd been told he was going to be a truck driver with us. He seemed a nice enough guy and certainly not out to make a snow of himself. He couldn't help it by watching him even for a few minutes.

When he got down from that bus he could have easily taken advantage of the situation to draw attention, but instead, he fell into line like the rest.

Those first few weeks I didn't see much of Elvis as he'd been assigned to another part of base and was out on exercises most of the time. Yes, they were letting him make full use of his Uncle Sam suit.

Then one day, I'm pretty sure it was a Sunday morning, I'd gone to the snack bar to get some coffee when I noticed a large line-up at one of the tables—almost halfway across the room, in fact. I didn't know at first who it was and then a buddy of mine said, "Say—ain't that Elvis?"

But the boys at our table weren't really taking much notice of him. They'd been the ones who'd taken the stand that he was just another GI like anyone else.

We must have sat around laughing and joking until almost eleven o'clock—it had been about nine-thirty when we'd first come in—and all that time Elvis was writing out autographs on napkins and pieces of paper guys were handing him, writing without a break. I think they were asking out of curiosity more than anything else.

I must admit I was curious to meet Elvis and had been admiring his patience through all the fuss. I had a niece back home who'd been asking me for weeks to get Elvis' autograph for her so I figured this was as good a moment as any—though I felt pretty stupid asking for it.

I fumbled in my pockets and found a calling card which seemed pretty suitable and, stubbing out a cigarette, I got up from the table and walked across the room towards Elvis. He had his head bent over and was writing away a minute or two. I said, "Ge—you've got a lot of patience, and he grinned and said, "It's something for them sisters back home. If it makes them happy, why not?"

I put my calling card on the table. "Like me to say anything special on it?" he asked.

"No—just write your name. I think that's all she wants," I said. Then I thought for a moment and added, "Oh—you might just say 'To Linda.'"

"OK," he said and flourished his signature across the card.

As I walked over to my table I looked back and noticed that he was writing so fast that his ballpoint pen kept drying up and he had to keep shaking it to keep the ink going. From time to time, he would stop and stretch his arm and then continue with the autographs.

"I don't envy the guy who spends his Sundays that way," I told the boys when I got back to the table.

"Well—it's better than shining boots," countered one whose boots never seemed clean no matter how many times he polished them.

And we all got up and left Elvis alone.
I was on guard duty, a few days later, when I next saw Elvis. I happened to be talking with the other punishment that four anyone who had a driving violation, whether on or off duty. And I guess it wasn't a too good a thing to happen to someone whose actual job it was to drive for the Army. Anyway, I had to go to NCO school and had his lessons. But I wondered if they'd had any effect, because I remember something red flashing past me at very speed on the highway camp some weeks later—and it looked very much like a Lincoln convertible. The trouble at the NCO's club was around, but the thing we all wanted to get in there and I was fortunate because my rank was a Specialist Four and that entitled me to belong.

But Elvis was still a private. Anyway, one night just as I was wondering, we'd all heard that a band was coming down to play and that Elvis used to sing with them. He was very eager to see the boys in the band and I think he was given permisston for him to get into the club that night. On Saturdays there was usually a dance for the officers and their wives or girlfriends, and each week we hired a different band.

I was already in the club—long before Elvis arrived. I was sitting in the dining room section, just near the door, having a little meal, when suddenly—I'm not only wasn't the door swung open and Elvis came in. He was with some other friends and we all said "Hi" and then they went over to the bar where they were playing. He told us he was anxious to speak with the boys of the band as it had been a long time since they'd met.

We went on eating. Then about five minutes later we started home. It didn't seem like the usual laughing or joking that comes from the bar. We got up and went through to the next room. We didn't see him anywhere, we were both surprised. It was as though the place had been raided. Chairs and tables were upside down, people were on the floor. The women were yelling and some were crying.

Someone pushed me to one side. I looked around. It was the head of the club room—and he was dragging out, screaming, "Get out of the way!" I noticed Elvis' tie had been knocked to one side, that his sleeve was torn, and his usual calm expression had changed to one of fury.

There was很大 a happy place on the arm. I turned around. It was one of Elvis' buddies.

"What happened?" I yelled, above the noise of the crowd.

"It's the girls," he screamed back. "They went out Elvis was here they made straight for him, practically tearing off his clothes throwing his autograph. They had to ask him to leave—but he couldn't get away and in the end they had to escort him out."

Well, after that, there was only one topic of conversation—Elvis at that night.

I guess, though, in the main, we were all pleased to have him on base. I know it made my last weeks there far more interesting. As long as I was able to say to my buddies, I couldn't help thinking about Elvis—about how I'd miss all the fun I'd had at the same camp with him. And as I passed his bright red convertible, I would try to collect my own car from the lot, I couldn't resist stopping to give one of the wheels a friendly kick before driving off for the last time. I kind of missed having him around when I got to my new base.

The End

If you haven't seen Elvis rock in M-G-M's "Jailhouse Rock," yet, you may be lucky enough to catch it in your neighborhood.
excited cries of the street vendors in the market opposite, the angry tones of two men arguing hotly in Spanish over the impatient honk of a car trying to get by.

"They're busy people. . . happy people. And these mad things must have had a fight to form the word and as it did so her body tensed itself until she was crippled again with an agonizing pain.

Then, as she lay there, she heard the sound of a great door by her side opened very very slowly.

"Ente . . . no esta dormiendo," whispered a woman's voice, as two men, both dark-haired and shawl-skinned, walked softly into the room. One was clean-shaven while the other wore a heavy beard.

"Audrey, are you feeling better?" asked the clean-shaven one in a pleasing Spanish tone, as he bent his head and she lifted her hand to feel her pulse-beat.

"Am I going to be able to move, doctor?" she asked.

"Very soon, we hope," he said, putting her hand back, placing it gently back down on the blanket. Then he walked towards the window where the other man stood reading a chart, and they began speaking in low tones that she could not make out. I've never been here before, she thought to herself, as she watched the bearded one, and she smiled as she noticed him gesticulating with his hands the way many Mexicans do down at a level that Macaco, Dr. Hernandez's assistant? Isn't he the one who drove me in the station wagon?

... muy mal . . . la espalda . . . permanente . . . could only understand a few words and yet . . . permanente! Surely it could only mean one thing. For a second a look of fright came into her eyes and her mind began forming horrifying images. When she turned towards the doctor, turned and came back to her bedside while Macaco slipped outside carrying stretcher equipment which had been stacked in a corner.

She watched him as he crossed the room and kept saying to herself, "You must be brave. Don't let him see you're afraid. Ask him now—ask him what's really wrong." Any boy of sweat started forming on her forehead.

"Doctor," she began slowly, "I want you to tell . . ."

He interrupted softly, "You must not talk. You must rest and then you will be better more quickly. Try to sleep and soon your husband will be here," he smiled.

"He said he'd be here by now . . ." she murmured.

"Don't worry," he assured her, speaking softly. "He'll be here, just as soon as he can." The doctor patted her hand again, reassuringly. He hadn't wanted to worry her with the news that Mel's plane had been grounded in the north of Mexico after running out of gas. Mel had only just called to tell him, saying that he would be sure to be there by early morning—and not to let Audrey know he had trouble.

The doctor stood up and turned to Audrey as she lay still. Gently he slipped a thermometer in her mouth and a few seconds later took it out, looked at it, nodded his head and then stepped quietly from the room.

As he left the room, shutting the door softly behind him as he went.

I was too painful to move, but Audrey found that just by the slightest tilting of her head she could see almost all the way around the room. And from that uncomfortable, horizontal position, she first rested her gaze on the ceiling—the smooth, white-plastered ceiling, then on the brightly colored flower-patterned wallpaper opposite and finally on the little rose-buds which decorated the long-sleeved flannel nightgown that had been tied to her against the bitter night cold which swept into Durango, the city where she lay, even after the hottest summer days. For they were high in the mountains.

She tried to move again. She felt too warm. Her fingers searched for the tiny electric bell which had been placed near her right hand. But as she was about to press it she changed her mind. There's obviously nothing they can do, she thought.

She turned her head from side to side, feeling as though she had been lying there for an eternity, but there had disappeared. She thought back over the hours to the early afternoon. And then the morning . . .

Was it only this morning, merely a matter of hours ago, that she had awakened early, gotten out of bed, in this very room, to dress and be ready in time for the station wagon to pick her up to go out to the set? The same routine now for the past three weeks, ever since the company had come down to Durango on location.

At six o'clock the driver had called for her at the small modern two-story house the studio had rented for Audrey. As she climbed into the station wagon on her way to Audey Murphy, sitting huddled in a corner, who opened one eye sleepily and acknowledged then it closed tightly shut again.

The driver turned and went on to the Casablanca Hotel, about two blocks away, to pick up one of the main technicians before going on to the Mexico Courts Hotel to call for Lillian Gish, Charles Bickford and Johnny Saxon.

The location was about an hour's drive from Durango and they bumped along the road that morning at high speed—late, as usual. Packed tight inside the station wagon they had been a gay crowd, laughing as Johnny Saxon mimicked two small Mexican boys who had been hanging around the set day after day insisting they be put into the movie. Even Audrey Murphy woke up at this point to join in the fun.

"Look!" cried Lillian Gish as they passed wild geese flapping through the air.

"Say—here comes your favorite village, Audrey," said Johnny, a moment later, as the car sped downhill to a remote Mexican-Indian settlement where Indian women by the roadside waved and they all waved back.

On the hill climbed the car to a chapel which had been built there as an electric storm reforms itself in the rock of the mountain that had taken on the silhouette of the Virgin Mary. "It gets lovelier every day," Audrey said softly to Lillian Gish, and she nodded in complete agreement.

Then suddenly they were out again in more dry open land until there in front of them stood the multitude of boxes, bins, wagons in the maze which had made up the set. "Your favorite village," quipped Audrey to Johnny.

The car pulled up by a mountain, a man-made one of steel which scenic men had covered with some of the inside of which had been wired as a miniature Hollywood stage to use for interiors such as the pioneer home where many scenes were shot. They were the same movie of the early west, and had chosen Mexico for location, because Texas is now covered with telegraph poles and railroads which would have ruined the outdoor shots.

"Six o'clock trip at six this evening," joked the driver as one by one they tumbled out of the car. It promised
Audrey screamed. She had nothing to hold onto and slid helplessly, over his head and down on the hard, crusty earth.

She lay still, unconscious.

Away back by the cameras, Huston, with Burt Lancaster by his side, and almost the entire cast, waited for them to arrive in stunned silence. Then Huston and Burt rushed forward with three wranglers who knew the horses well, shouting to the others to keep back.

They told the doctor screamed Huston as he ran. And a few minutes later rushed Dr. Hernandez, a Mexican physician assigned to the set.

The doctor knelt down beside her. She opened her eyes and tried to move but yelled out as a knife-like pain lashed out across her back.

"Lay still," he said gently, and turning to a man standing near him, said sharply, "A stretcher—quick!" There was an urgent tone in his voice.

...Mel... please don't tell Mel," she murmured.

"Don't tell anyone... I want to tell it to Mel... I... I want to tell him..." And as she spoke three men arrived with a stretcher and gently they lifted her onto it.

"Don't worry," Harry Hecht, the producer, assured her, "No one will know until you have spoken to your husband. That I promise."

... and everyone, what's going to happen to all of... me will it be, doctor, before I'm well again?" She looked up at him.

"It is your back that seems to be hurt," he said. "And your ankle. But you will be up and around in a week. If we must examine the injury and then I can tell you."

... and tell Mel. I must tell Mel," she murmured again.

"That's good. That's very nice," said the doctor, taking the opportunity of insisting she lie as still as possible and rest until Mel arrived. Then he collected his bag and instruments and quietly left the room.

"I hope it will be only a few weeks," said Burt, taking one. "I'd have to hear of her become another Susan Peters. They had all heard of Susan Peters—the young actress who, more than twelve years ago, was injured in an accident and never walked again.

Audi gave Burt a friendly pat on the back. "Cheer up," he said. "She'll be all right. Cook and let's get the car and say hello before they drive her away." And the three of them walked towards the station wagon.

"Hello," Audrey smiled as they peeped inside on the tailing occasion. "Want to join me?" They laughed.

"Say, that's a great idea," joked back Audie Murphy. "What about a place called Durango. Heard the weather's great over there."

Audrey laughed. "Ow!" she screamed a second time. "Don't make me laugh—it hurts." Then minutes later the laugh turned to a yawn as the sedative the doctor had given her began to take effect.

Sleep... lying in her bed, Audrey sighed. Sleep then but not now. She looked over at the window. It was already quite dark out. Soon Juanita would be back with the bowl of soup and tell her to try to sleep. But it was so hard to sleep, very hard. Mel would come soon. But seemed so far away when all you could do was to lie on your back and cool off.

It had been wonderful, though, speaking to him, and hearing his deep voice at the other end of the line. They had just brought her back to the house and set her in this hospital bed which went up and down like a seesaw, just by pulling a lever at the side, when the telephone by the bed rang and she had been told that her call to Los Angeles was coming through.

...Hello, Mel," she seemed so far away, a faint shadow of a voice in between the crackling on the line.

"Hello, Mel," they tell you're sick and in pain, darling. Be brave and rest quietly and I'll be right there. We're taking a plane out tonight and bringing a doctor, so... but his voice drowned under the whistling and crackling of the wire. "I'll be there..." came through clearly.

"Don't worry about me, darling," she cried. "I'm all right. But as she spoke, her face began running down her cheeks. And gently the doctor took the receiver from her trembling hand.

"He's coming here... soon..." she told him. And a wonderful smile spread across her face, and then disappeared.
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JUNE, 1959

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NOW PLAYING

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

BLACK ORCHID, THE — Paramount: Warm, sympathetic, wellacted story of courtship problems in two generations — Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, Ina Balin (as Quinn's daughter) and Mark Richman. (F) April

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

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

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

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

SEPARATE TABLES — U-A.: Deborah Kerr's a revelation as a timid spinster at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Butch Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller and Gladys Cooper. (A) January

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

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

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

SOUND AND THE FURY — 20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Emotion-filled visit with a mixed-up Southern family features splendid work by Joanne Woodward, Yul Brynner, Margaret Leighton, (A) April

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

YOUNG LAND, THE — Columbia, Technicolor: Finally released, this forceful western proves worth waiting for. Pat Wayne's every inch the lawman. (F) August '50
Who and why and what the hell am I? he fumed...

AND WHEN THE ANSWERS DIDN'T COME THERE WAS ALWAYS ONE PLACE HE COULD GO...

Paul Newman as one of today's angry young moderns breathing hot for a claw-hold in the world!

"The Young Philadelphians"

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SCREENPLAY BY JAMES GUNN • FROM THE NOVEL BY RICHARD POWELL • DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.
"It’s funny,"—Carol Lynley looked up at me shyly over luncheon on Twentieth’s “Holiday for Lovers” set—"but nobody believes me when I say I have to think up new ways of stretching my wardrobe, even if I am in the movies."

“Well I believe you.” I reassured her. “Got a favorite trick?”

“Always have had: shirts, shirts and more shirts. I even used to steal my brother’s; now,” she grinned, “I’m on my own!”—Pam Law

Above: A sweet-as-honey cotton broadcloth shirt covered with bumblebees. Monocle, $3.98.

Left: Here’s Carol in a roll-up sleeve pullover of subtly striped cotton. White Stag, $4.95.

Above: A middy for a perfectly sporting summer. Drip-dry cotton broadcloth. Macshore, $2.98.

Right: Blouse idea that’s feminine-not-fussy, in Dacron and cotton. Ship ’N’ Shore, $3.98.
Creating a home together, you choose the possessions you'll cherish for a lifetime. You choose your silver . . . you want the finest right from the start, and even the finest is now so inexpensive to own. As modern as your life today, as timeless as beauty itself . . . your pattern is SILVER FLOWER.*

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Remember the first time you had "special" guests for dinner? They noticed the pride you took in your home. No "make-do" tableware for you . . . you'd begun with the best, knowing it would give you a lifetime of carefree beauty. Enchanting, feminine (like you), your pattern is WHITE ORCHID.*

**"SAME TABLE...**
**DIFFERENT SETTINGS"**
Send 10c in coin to Box T-14, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y., for your copy of this full-color booklet. Here are many wonderful ideas to help you set beautiful, interesting tables.

Friends love to come to your house . . . they like the individuality they see in your home . . . the striking design of your silver . . . the carefree way you entertain. You know your silver can be carefree, too. That's why you use it, love it . . . every day, at every meal. Your pattern is SOUTH SEAS.*

You show your romantic nature in your love of beauty, in the joy you take in making your home so warm and wonderfully gracious. Your silver shows your love of beauty, too . . . it expresses your own good taste, and says so perfectly how very much you care. Your pattern is BALLAD.*

**COMMUNITY**
**THE FINEST SILVERPLATE**
I decided one gloomy afternoon at the orphanage in Nottingham, England, that I would one day go to America and meet Doris Day.

You see, when you grow up in an orphanage you grow up making believe. You make up stories about your parents, who they are and why you're there. That way you can be anybody.

That dreary afternoon my friend Sister Frances salvaged Photoplay from a Christmas charity package and gave it to me. From the time I opened it and saw the smile of Doris Day, I was incorrigible. I went truant to see her films, even taught "My Secret Love" to the tots in the nursery, where I was a student governess.

As soon as I qualified for employment, I went to London and joined the Doris Day fan club. There I met Betty Grimes, newly arrived from Ireland. We began a savings account.

Three long years later, we were ready to fly to New York, and after months of scrimping in the East, we had our bus-fare to Los Angeles.

Once checked into the "Y," we pored over phone directories until we saw "Mrs. Alma Day." Could she be Doris' mother? She was! (And during our visit I pretended she was my mother—an old orphanage knack!)

Somehow we managed to find work, and I watched for Doris everywhere.

Finally one day I was called to the telephone. "This is Doris Day Melcher. After what Mother tells me, I'd like very much to see you. Can you have tea with me at the Beverly Hills Hotel tomorrow? . . . Fine. See you!"

Radiant in a blue suit, she came toward us. "Shall we go find the patio?" she said, taking the lead and chatting away to help cover our embarrassment. For that I adored her.

In no time we were asking questions, about her life. . . . Terry, Marty, their home . . . hobbies, opinions . . .

Suddenly she asked, "How would you like to see a preview of my new movie? Can you get off from work? But how are you going to get there?"

"But Doris," I exclaimed, "we've already managed to come 6,000 miles to see you!" We laughed, but then I added glumly: "But who'll believe it?"

Doris took a postcard from her handbag. "Hello from Hollywood, California," she began to write. "I'm having tea with Joan Dawson—and it's been such fun meeting her—"

by JOAN DAWSON

The tea wasn't English, but Doris made Betty and me (left) feel right at home.
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!

SANDRA DEE, one of Hollywood's loveliest young stars, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her new hair-style shiny and easy-to-manage. Why don't you try it, too?

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Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water! An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
NO SECOND DATE

Jimmy Clanton Tells Why He Won't Call "Her" Again

"I'll tell you four things that really bug me when it comes to a date," blue-eyed Jimmy Clanton, sporting an overgrown crew cut, confided in my corner closet at the Photoplay offices where the two of us were discussing my favorite subject: girls.

"First," Jimmy said, "I get nervous if a girl's real flirty. After all, it's me that's taking her out—not all the other guys she's so busy flirting with. I'd like to know she's paying attention to me and interested in what I've got to say."

Next, Jimmy said, a girl's appearance is important. "I like a girl to look neat and nice, but one thing is definitely out: over-sassy clothes. They're just plain embarrassing, for my taste."

Third, Jimmy pointed out he doesn't go for a girl who talks too much. He likes a girl to go soft-pedal the conversation. "Now that doesn't mean," Jimmy added, "that I don't like a girl to talk. I do. But I don't like her to go on and on about every little thing that's ever happened to her. Let's face one fact: Lots of things we do are just plain boring—and should never be mentioned in company."

Last, but not least, Jimmy said, he likes for a girl to be on time. "If you set a date for eight o'clock and a guy breaks his neck to get there, then a gal should show a little consideration and be ready. Because it's just plain frustrating for a fellow to sit and wait after he's broken a speed limit to get to her on time. Of course, I think this goes for both parties. If a fellow can't make it, then he ought to call and tell her he'll be a few minutes late!"

BIG WHEELS
May is Bike Month, which means you can coast to the nearest bike repair shop and have your two-wheeler inspected for free. Pat Boone's chairman of the month and Annette Funicello is bike "Queen."

PONI TALES
Pretty La Verne Novak of the Poni Tails Trio wrote us from Cleveland about polishing up her acting technique.

"Where does a person go," she queried, "to study dramatics?"

I asked a number of stars, and all of them suggested it's best to start on a local level.

"Get in with a Little Theater group and try out for a part," Tab Hunter told me when I visited him during the "Meet Me in St. Louis" TV rehearsals. "Or study with a local teacher. If there isn't one in your home town, try a bigger city nearby."

Tab added, "Too many guys and gals make a break from home without realizing how much money it'll cost them, and before you know it, they run out of dough. Living in New York and Hollywood can be mighty expensive—even on the tightest budget."

"If I had it all to do over, I'd study dramatics in a college not far from where I lived. Or a school of dramatic arts. Then, if the bug bites, try the Big Time!"
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Please send me____Freshen-up Date Kit(s). For each, I enclose 50¢ in check____cash____money order____ and opening flap from either Teen-Age by Modess®, Serena® by Modess or Modess Belts. Check your choice: A (above), Cupids and Hearts____; B (above), Round-the-World____.

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TURNTABLE VOX POX

continued

FAD ALLEY

“She walks across the street like ten guys.” Sandy Frazier writes from Pennsylvania that that’s senior slang for “You just can’t help but notice her!”

Don’t go into hiding if a New England crewcut says, “Gee, you look so green and wrinkled.” It’s just his way of saying you’re as nice as a million bucks.

Latest New York news is to use “cha-cha” instead of “hey”—so reports Maggie O’Day. Samples: “How about a walk, cha-cha?” or “You want to go win-ning, cha-cha?”

“My morgen” is the expression used by midwestern gals for that special section of their wallet reserved for ex-steadies!

From deep in the heart of Texas Geri Wood writes, “Here we count boys instead of sheep if we’re searching for a little shut-eye.”

In Atlantic City some schoolgirls buy a pair of earrings together, end up wearing a single to show they’ve just become friends.

In Florida, sweaters and shorts at a party mean it’s a “slip hop”!

with her great selections on this ABC-Paramount album. Some of her love-a-dove songs; “June in January,” “September Song,” and “I’ll Remember April.”

“Hollywood Song Book” with Neal Hefti and his orchestra. Here are Academy Award winners from 1934-1957 in a Coral album every movie fan will cherish on a keepsake shelf. Know something? Most of the tunes have become classics!

“Bobby Scott Sings the Best of Lerner and Loewe.” This good-looking guy, just twenty-one, whose “Chain Gang” single skyrocketed a few years back, sings some of the songs written by the “My Fair Lady” team in a style that puts him in the front ranks of today’s balladeers. Verve.

“Bobby Darin: That’s All.” Bobby’s latest Atco album prompted Sammy Davis to cable: “You’re so good I hate you!” Sammy was teasing, natch. But he was right about Bobby being pretty topnotch. Here’s a new Bobby, singing “Mack the Knife” and “It Ain’t Necessarily So”—and, to my ear, he’s mighty groovy.

NOT MARRIED

When a columnist ran an item saying “Popular Singer Bobby Darin stitched to Jo Ann Campbell”—we got on the phone to Bobby.

“It’s not true,” he said. “I don’t know how that kind of item ever gets printed.

“Jo Ann and I did date last year,” Bobby went on, “and she’s such a cute little doll I was growing real fond of her. I guess it was Jo Jo who first realized that if we both wanted careers—and we both do—then it wasn’t going to work out for us. We talked it over and we switched from dates to being just good friends. That happened a week before the gossip item made its splish splash.”

Bobby’s very anxious to have everybody know he’s still a bachelor. “Maybe then,” he said, “all those gals who’ve been looking so strange when I ask for a date will begin to say yes.”

PAT BOONE’S JAM SESSION

“Jam Today” is the club based on a quote from “Through the Looking Glass.” Pat Boone mentions this in his popular book, “Twist Twelve and Twenty.”

“The White Queen,” Pat says, “tells Alice she can have some jam tomorrow and some jam yesterday—but never jam today.

“But I’ve always believed,” Pat adds, “that today is all we have. Tomorrow will be only another today when it arrives. So why shouldn’t we enjoy today to the fullest?”

Pat’s words inspired the students at the Hayestown Avenue School in Danbury, Connecticut, to draw up a set of rules for a “Jam Today” club which they organized.

Some of the rules:

1. I pray every day in my own way.

2. I respect others’ ideas even though I don’t agree with them.

3. I do all my work with a pleasant attitude, never with bitterness.

4. I help our home to be a “Happy Home Corporation” by discussing all my problems with my parents and getting their advice.

5. I always try to make new friends and keep the ones I have.

6. I have a home duty which I perform every day the best way I can.

7. I always ask myself about anything I do:

   Will it be against my conscience?

   Will it have a bad effect on others?

   Will it have a good effect on others?

Readers—what do you say?

KIM TELLS SECRET

“No sooner did I get the role of Betty Priesser,” Kim told me between shots in her latest movie, “The Middle of the Night,” “than I went browsing through the record shops to find the music that suited her best.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Well,” Kim explained, “they say every actor’s got a secret when it comes to developing a new character, and I guess that’s mine. I like to find the right music. Then I sit and study the shooting script for hours while the music plays. It helps me get into the mood of the character.”

For the role of Betty in “The Middle of the Night,” Kim said she selected “The Rites of Spring” by Igor Stravinsky. “It’s so fresh, so young, so right for a girl in love.”

For “Bell, Book and Candle” Kim listened to two albums: “The Sorcerer’s Apprentice” for the witch side of Gilian Holroyd—and Frank Sinatra’s “Swinging Lovers” for Gilian’s love-personality.

For her dual roles in “Vertigo,” Kim dug Gleason’s mood music.

Kim Novak’s got an acting “method” all her own. It’s music, with a different record to put her in the mood for each of her roles.
if you care how you feel

Jantzen

“curvallure” bra

if you need a small build-up for glamour and poise and complete confidence in yourself, you’ll find the answer in “curvallure”, the bra with Jantzen genius-type foam rubber insert that fills you out above the top of the bra, itself, boosts your bosom in a naturally lovely way, makes you feel divine. Only Jantzen makes it
...in nylon lace and sheer Dacron... bandeau with three-way detachable straps (639) in white, blue, red, pink, black 5.95... “daytime curvallure” (619) 3.95

WRITE FOR EXCITING FIGUREMAKING BOOKLET “HP” - JANTZEN INC. - FOUNDATIONS AND BRASSIERES - 261 MADISON AVENUE - NEW YORK
16 DREAMBOATS—CHAINED!

Here are eight dreamboats. Clip 'em—they're just enough to fill half the spaces in your "My Diary Locket."

Yes, that's right—all sixteen of them locked near your heart. When fellow columnist Dick Clark and I bumped heads in the hallway, we caught up on some small talk and I told him about this sweetheart of a gold locket I got in the mail from an admirer who said: "If you have sixteen different poses, please return pronto!"

Sure, a guy's flattered. But after I inspected this intricate piece of space-age design, I decided to give you readers a high-sign on it. It looks great to me; and I don't think of it only in terms of dreamboats for you missies. Seems to me like it might be a lot of fun to include a relative or two.

Still, I asked Vamp, my trench-coated, ladylike sp, to give the Photoplay files the once-over and to pick half the sixteen dreamboats you gals would love most to include in this Coro "My Diary Locket."

Dick, by the way, flipped over the locket, too. Have you seen it on his show?

All of which leads me to my roundup survey on fashion. Remember the feature in Photoplay a few months ago, with the "Mardi Gras" guys (Tommy Sands, Pat Boone, Gary Crosby and Dick Sargent) all sounding off about fashion gripes?

Well, I went a step further and interviewed a gang of seniors at the New Rochelle High School, and here's what they had to say:

Kurt Schmidt: "More sweaters, please. I like the neater fits—not the messy, sloppy ones."

D. Lee: "I like girls who wear hats."

Frank S. Wilson: "I dig the long, colored stockings with short skirts—and I love girls who wear bright colors."

Oliver Davis: "I go for the long blue or red socks, too. And I like plaid skirts with them."

William Thomas: "Only thing that bothers me are those doggone t-strap shoes. They look like they belong to the dark ages."

Please-Don't-Mention-My-Name (#1): "Gals look too much alike. I wish they wouldn't dress the same way everybody else in their crowd does."

Please-Don't-Mention-My-Name (#2): "I like a girl to look clean—and that's all. A guy doesn't really notice fashions that much if a girl's got a nice personality, and if she's got a great smile, well, that's it. I'm sold!"

Please-Don't-Mention-My-Name (#3): "I can't stand seeing snow (dandruff) on girls' shoulders. You even see it on bleached noggins, and with all the new products, there's just no excuse."

Girls—your beefs?

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

"A" YOU'RE ADORABLE. Gerry Granahan (Sunbeam) O.K.
I WANNA BE LOVED BY YOU. Marilyn Monroe (United Artists) .................. Ummmm
TURN ME LOOSE. Fabian (Chancellor) ............ Help!
FORGIVE THEM. Donna Hightower (Capitol) ......... Nice
THE WANG DANG TAFFY-APPLE TANGO. Pat Boone (Dot) .................. Yummy
LOVE ME IN THE DAYTIME. Doris Day (Columbia) .................. Any day, doll
THE FOX. Joe and Eddie (Capitol) .................. Racy
MY LOVE IS STRONG. Jimmy Clanton (Ace) .. Good Boy!
MY CUTIE'S DUE AT TWO TO TWO TODAY. Ja Da Quartette (Warner Bros.) .................. Kookie
DOES YOUR CHEWING GUM LOSE ITS FLAVOR ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT? Lonnie Donegan (Dot) Yes

BOOK NOOK

Did you know that some stars are too beautiful? They wear clothes so well they overpower the story, and the movie experts have to downplay their beauty!


"Loretta Young," Edith says, "is such a beauty we have to be careful her clothes don't take too much stage. Clothes, she adds, are Loretta's passion. "Her elegance on the screen merely reflects her elegance at home!"

"We have Clothes Clinics at Loretta's house. We sit in her dressing room and go over an entire wardrobe for a year."

One section I flipped for was "The Masculine Point of View," Yul Brynner says women's clothes are sometimes too self-conscious, too important. And a number of famous directors air their views. All of them, however, come to one conclusion: in selecting clothes, women should keep one thing in mind—MEN!

And, while we're on the subject of fashion, there's a new booklet out with the gayest, fe

mallest summer fashions bound to appeal to the men in your life. The catalogue is free if you write to: The French Boot Shop, Dept. 69, New Rochelle, New York.

Have you ever stumbled on the dance floor with a tricky mambo or a sugar push or a pendulum step? Well, here's the book for you—"How to Become a Good Dancer" by Arthur Murray (and it includes Kathryn Murray's dance secrets). There are plenty of simple instructions, breakdowns and diagrams to help you learn to dance in the privacy of your home—without a teacher!
Give your hair that extra-shine, too with today’s Halo Shampoo

That satiny-bright, satiny-smooth shine is always the sign of a Halo Girl. For today’s Halo, the truly modern beauty shampoo, has Extra-Shining Action.

♥ Halo shines as it cleans with the purest, mildest, modern cleansing ingredient possible. Halo leaves your hair sparkling clean, satiny-bright.

♥ Halo shines as it rinses with the fastest, most thorough rinsing action possible. Halo leaves your hair satiny-smooth, too—so manageable.

Brand-new beauty bottle, too. Everything about today’s Halo makes it so easy for your hair to have that extra-bright “look-again” look. Try it today.

Today’s Halo glorifies as it cleans... gives your hair that extra-bright shine.
I know that Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood are trying to act like movie stars offscreen. They recently rented the only house in Beverly Hills that has a swimming pool with salt water. . . . When you're listing the great letter-writers, put down the name of Elvis. Almost every good-looking dol I meet tells me she just received a personal letter from Presley. . . . Jack Palance has a voice like black coffee without sugar. . . . Frank Sinatra sings "I Could Have Danced All Night" so great that he makes it sound like a new song. . . . Quotable Quote from Tony Randall: "I've got the kind of face that looks as if I've already been waited on." . . . I'm sorry that Edward R. Murrow quit doing "Person to Person." I was going to watch him until he visited the wrong house. . . . The hip young man Mort Sahl is usually put down by girls and love. "Girls tell me I analyze too much. Why don't I follow my feelings? That's ridiculous. If I followed my feelings I'd be an outlaw."

I miss Lauren Bacall. . . . Sir Laurence Oliver is puzzled by our music and all the jazz that goes with it. "I can't understand a country where when their music is real hot it's cool." . . . Barrie Chase is an unfinished person who is as intriguing as an unfinished crossword puzzle. . . . I've had it with books and plays and articles about F. Scott Fitzgerald. He would have had it, too! . . . Tommy Sands is trying to be like Pat Boone, who is trying to get away from being like Pat Boone. . . . Quotable Quote from Doris Day: "Have you ever torn up a snapshot of yourself you didn't like? Can you imagine looking at yourself on the screen and feeling that way? I have." . . . 1959's Oscar derby will be exciting. In the winter book we have such entries as "The Diary of Anne Frank," "The Nun's Story," "Ben Hur," "Porgy and Bess," "Spartacus" and "The Last Angry Man," to mention just a few. . . . And Kim Novak had a niche built into her new home for an Oscar. . . . Now that Pamela Mason is on so many TV panel shows, I'm able to understand James Mason's behavior. . . . Starlet Googie Schwab told me why she's getting a divorce. "My husband is too changeable. A month ago I adored him. Today I hate the sight of him."

Sandra Dee and her young mother could go out on a double date. And they do! . . . Marlon Brando wasn't discovered by Lee Strasberg. It was Strasberg who was discovered by Brando. . . . Marilyn Monroe can afford to be late as long as customers hurry to the box office to see her. . . . I'd like to stroll around M-G-M with Norma Shearer if she'd comment while on the tour. . . . Yul Brynner is unique. He looks younger with no hair than he does with hair. . . . Quotable Quote from Susan Hayward: "Marriage should be made more difficult and divorce much easier." . . . Rock Hudson could give Emily Post lessons in politeness. . . . Efrem Zimbalist Jr. says he is pleased that the studio didn't try to change his name, . . . Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor usually spend Sundays doing laundry—their diamonds! That's Hollywood For You!
If you're the adventurous type you're up-to-date and sophisticated—you like to go places and do things. Made to order for the life you lead is new Kotex with the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric helps keep Kotex softer by far. And it protects longer, better—gives you perfect confidence when you need it most.

Special tips for you on grooming

Where others hesitate, you dare to be different. Take the simplest of fads like the Italian gondolier sunhat. Add your own flourishing touch with a pretty scarf tied around the band, accented with a cluster of flowers.

• To express your flair for color, be bold with this year’s fashions. Mix or match the pretty pastels...accent one vibrant color with another. Or give a whirl to the elegant one-color look.

• Jewelry, too, can express your individualism. Satisfy your expensive taste with one good decorative piece...a pin, a neck pendant, a pair of earrings. Let it be your fashion trademark.
The Diary of Anne Frank

Snow flakes drift through a broken skylight onto Millie Perkins' face as she looks at young Richard Beymer, and you see in her eyes all the sweet, puzzled yearning of first love. For the moment, she appears to be facing the world of every teenager. Then suddenly she isn't. She's Anne Frank, the girl whose tragic story won the sympathy of people all over the world. And the film becomes a drama of overwhelming emotion, calling on a person's deepest feelings: love of a sweetheart, love of family, love of life. The closeness of death sharpens these feelings, as Anne and her people are Jews, hidden from the Germans by Dutch friends in a factory loft in Amsterdam. Outside, they can hear the horns of Nazi trucks, the tramp of Nazi feet, the blasts of bombs. But inside life has to go on as usual. Anne's parents, Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber (top left with Millie), might be your own; Shelley Winters, your foolish next-door neighbor; Ed Wynn, the fussy old bachelor down the street. These aren't heroes and heroines out of fiction; they're warm, real, sometimes even funny people. And George Stevens' splendid direction shows in them the human dignity that is one of the most precious things in life and makes this a film to be remembered—especially at Academy Award time. FAMILY

Pork Chop Hill

Most of us know men who fought in Korea, and probably they don't talk much about it. This movie tells us what it was like, and the scenes are strong and convincing. Gregory Peck plays a hard-talking lieutenant, leading his men in an attack against an enemy-held bastion on Pork Chop Hill. But the men want to know why they have to fight, because at this very minute, peace negotiations are going on at Panmunjom, and this scarred, stony chunk of earth is hardly of any strategic value. Why should they die for it? And gradually we get to know the personalities of each one of them, as if they were our own boyfriends or brothers. It all happened just yesterday—but it could happen again tomorrow. Don't miss this! It's one of the most realistic war pictures ever made. FAMILY

Warlock

Give yourself a treat with the best western that's come your way this year. It's loaded with starpower. Everybody knows the marshal (Henry Fonda) is mighty fast with his gold-handled guns. But his deputy sheriff (Richard Widmark) is stubbornly ready to bring in some real legal law. And where does Anthony Quinn line up? Well... better keep an eye on him. For a change, there's excitement in the kissin' as well as the shootin'. Dolores Michaels is a lady, yet Dorothy Malone is no better than she should be, but each gal loves the excitement of a guy who's likely to get gunned down any minute. FAMILY

Green Mansions

Who's for romance? Come along with Tony Perkins on a jungle journey into a green wilderness where the strangest and loveliest wild creature is a sprite named Audrey Hepburn (bottom left with Tony). Tony plunges into the tropical wilderness, thirsty for revenge and hungry for gold—until he sees Audrey. Then the story turns into a tingling blend of love and mystery, with old-timer Lee J. Cobb guarding a guilty secret about the girl. And the background's as pretty as a romantic postcard from Florida. FAMILY

(continued)
they travel in the best sets!

since even sisters have different needs, no single hair spray
will do for both — different control demands two types!

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

one for firm control

Choose this for . . .
the world's only windproof, no-nonsense hair spray.

Wisps and stragglers blend into place.

sticky? dulling? flaky? Never!!!

one for soft control

Choose this for . . .
the airy sensation of each curl lightly captured.

Restyle with just a flick of your comb.

sticky? dulling? flaky? Don't even think it!!!

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MOVIES continued

Room at the Top
CONTINENTAL

This is a fascinating and extraordinary British film with Laurence Harvey and young Heather Sears (who gave such a fine performance as the deaf, dumb and blind girl in "The Story of Esther Costello"). Harvey does a searching job as a penniless young man on the make, selfishly determined to marry into money and social standing in an industrial town of northern England. Is Heather Sears, as the wealthy industrialist's highly-polished daughter, a bit of a bore? Oh well, she's pretty and rich—and useful. And Laurence can always amuse himself with a mature Frenchwoman (Simone Signoret), who's conveniently set herself up in the town. But his own emotions nearly double-cross him. A provocative movie with power and sensitivity, it's worth seeing twice. ADULT

Wild Strawberries
JANUS

Sweden gives us the pleasure of a movie that is pure poetry, mingling past and present, youth and old age in the story of a one-day car trip. We meet Victor Sjostrom, an elderly man for whom memory and reality have become somewhat confused. He begins to remember his own boyhood sweetheart when he's joined on his car trip by a saucy hitchhiker (Bibi Andersson) and her two quarreling boyfriends. At the heart of the film is the tragedy of emotional coldness. But there's nothing chilly about Bibi, a lively blonde who'd be right at home in Hollywood. ADULT

Al Capone
A.A.

The bad old days when the gangs ruled Chicago come roaring back to life in this fast, tough, true-life thriller about the gangster who's become a legend. Rod Steiger gives us a Capone who is not a monster but a man, though he's a pretty sorry specimen of humanity. Except for love interludes with Fay Spain (who has some most compelling scenes), it sticks strictly to truth and to business—the business of crime. All in all, a rogues' gallery of expert performances. ADULT

Alias Jesse James
UA, DE LUXE COLOR

Bob Hope says, "Are you a horse and over 21? Then you should go for this 'adult Western.'" It's Hope kidding the bluejeans off of every cowboy in the West. And if you're wondering how come a timid life-insurance salesman (Bob) ever came to be running around with Jesse James (Wendell Corey), you'll just have to see this wacky comedy to find out. Listen for Bob and luscious Rhonda Fleming harmonizing on "Ain't A-Hankerin'!" I think they've a hit this fine and funny follow-up to Bob's Oscar-winning "Buttons and Bows." Wait'll Bing hears it! FAMILY

NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!

PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—

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

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

V V V Catch this imaginative suspense movie and be among the first to spot a bright new talent—George Hamilton. He’s tall and dark, young and handsome, but he isn’t leaning on his good looks. A lot more is demanded of him here. Transferred to a California seacoast town, the Dostoevski classic seems as up-to-the-minute as the beat of the jazz score. And George gives you terrifying insight into the clouded mind of the college student who murders a mean female pawnbroker. It’s a complicated story, but it pulls you along every step of the path to the inevitable finish, while George is trailed by a patient police lieutenant (Frank Silvera) and a mocking fellow killer (John Harding). Only person the boy can trust is a pretty, sympathetic girl (Mary Murphy) whose way of life isn’t so pretty. There’s extra excitement in the picture because it proves that you don’t need big names to do a fresh, vigorous job of moviemaking.

The Eighth Day of the Week

Continental

V V V Young people fall in love on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain, too. So says an affecting Polish movie about life in present-day Warsaw, where the scars of wartime bombings still show and the housing problem looms large. For poor people almost anywhere, privacy is a luxury out of reach. That’s the dream of two young lovers, who only want a place to be alone together. As we follow them in their search, from the countryside to city ruins to a big department store at night, we get a pretty good look at another sort of beat generation. (Though the picture was actually shot in Poland, the dialogue is in German, with titles in English. It’s explained that the government got last-minute jitters and wouldn’t let the Polish-language version out of the country.)

The Naked Maja

U.S.; TECHNICOLOR

V V Lots of other kinds of color besides Technicolor are crowded into this tempestuous story of Spain 150 years ago. We get Tony Franciosa seething intensely, Ava Gardner looking wickedly beautiful. Goya’s paintings splashed across the screen, costumes swirling in a carnival, gunfire cracking as Napoleon’s soldiers march in to take over. All the ingredients for exhilarating entertainment are on hand, but the mixture obeys the historical-epic formula, and that often tastes slightly dusty. You can’t (continued)
FEMININE FRESHNESS IS YOURS anytime— anywhere

Because you use “Lysol” you’re assured of personal cleanliness. Positive you won’t offend!

Because “Lysol” ends odor at its source by killing odor-causing germs— it’s far more effective than any home-style douche, including vinegar!

Because “Lysol” is so mild it can’t harm delicate insides. “Lysol” cleanses gently, leaves you wonderfully fresh and clean! Try it.

Use “Lysol” brand disinfectant regularly. With “Lysol” you’re always sure of feminine freshness!

Now available—
Pine-Scented “Lysol” as well as Regular.

For free booklet (mailed in plain envelope) on doctor-approved methods of douching, write to: “Lysol,” Bloomfield, N.J., Dept. TS-659

MOVIES continued

blame it on the stars. They both give it a good try, Tony as Goya, Ava as the high-spirited duchess who allegedly posed for the nude painting referred to in the title. According to the script, there’s a blazing love affair between these two. But the film is in no danger of getting scorchéd. ADULT

The World, the Flesh and the Devil
M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ Hey! Where is everybody? Wandering through the streets of Manhattan, Harry Belafonte has no traffic problem. His problem is—no people. World War III has come and gone, and it looks as if practically everybody has been disintegrated— except Harry. A scared blonde is seen dodging into a doorway; Inger Stevens shows up to double the cast. Then Mel Ferrer sails up the East River in a battered boat and makes it three. A crowd. The idea is fascinating: three people (Harry, Mel and Inger, shown below left) alive among all the riches of a dead city. And explosive questions are raised: What happens to the color bar in so small a society? What to do when male outnumbers female two to one? It’s exciting to watch, and it’ll give you plenty to argue about afterwards. Science-fiction readers, however, will find the idea long familiar and the execution unrealistic. For the legion of Belafonte fans, there are songs worked smoothly and appealingly into the action. ADULT

The Wild and the Innocent
CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ Push away a mop of shaggy flaxen hair, dig away several layers of dirt—and there’s Sandra Dee, sweet and pert as ever. She’s teamed with Audie Murphy (below right) in a fun-filled ramble that gets a little distance away from the routine westerns. Audie’s been brought up in the backwoods by an old fur-trapper; Sandra’s been roaming the roads with her shiftless paw and maw and a whole passel of other young-uns. What happens when the pair hits a tough frontier town? That’d be telling, but we can say that sheriff Gilbert Roland and dance-hall gal Joanne Dru are in on the answer. FAMILY

Watusi
M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Good news for lovers of African adventure: Big game still jams the jungle and the veldt; the natives are still restless; and nobody’s pried the treasure out of “King Solomon’s Mines” yet. If you remember the movie of that name, starring Stewart Granger, you’ll be interested in this sequel, with George Montgomery as the son of the earlier explorer, still looking for the legendary riches. Taina Elg supplies the romance on the safari, though there’s a complication: She’s German, and George hates Germans. In a story that’s never stingy with its thrills, African-movie buffs will be pleased to meet up again with the Watusi, the rangy tribe that looks on a six-footer as practically a midget. FAMILY

Hey Boy! Hey Girl!
COLUMBIA

✓✓ How can she keep her face so straight? That’s what Keely Smith’s fans wonder. So it’s a delight to find that Keely can relax from that comic pose and come across as a warm personality, as nice and frank and friendly a girl as you’d want to meet. While Louis Prima plays himself in their co-starring picture, she carries a fiction role, as an orphan who is second mother to her kid brother (Kim Charney). Louis offers her a singing career and his heart, but little brother gets jealous. It’s a modest and winning story, with generous helpings of chuckles and music. The title tune’s a
"I lost 25 pounds in 30 days without dieting"

says ELOISE McELHONE, TV Personality

"My doctor recommended that I lose weight—but I couldn’t stick to a diet. Nothing helped—not expanding pills, reducing candies, not even expensive salon treatments.

"Then I discovered REGIMEN TABLETS. Without a diet or super will power I lost 25 lbs. in 30 days—inches disappeared. I went from a size 18 to a perfect 14 in just 4 weeks. I felt satisfied with a fraction of the calories I used to eat, and my weight came tumbling down!"

Eloise McElhone, New York City

Now, a completely new drug combination! Available without doctor’s prescription for

NO-DIET REDUCING with REGIMEN TABLETS

CAUSES YOUR BODY TO LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! IT'S SAFE . . . AUTOMATIC!

You pay nothing if you're not satisfied with your weight loss . . . as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week!

No diet, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New drug acts directly on the cause of your overweight.
It's true! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as 70 lbs. without cruel diets, without giving up all your favorite foods! Doctors know that the only sure way to lose weight is reduce caloric intake . . . to eat less. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose . . . and now, at last, there is a safe no-diet reducing drug combination for fat people, called REGIMEN TABLETS! Thanks to REGIMEN TABLETS, you must be satisfied with your weight-loss— as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or pay nothing!

3-WAY ACTION MAKES IT EASIER AND FASTER TO LOSE WEIGHT!

REGIMEN TABLETS are aspirin-size, easy to take, and work 3 amazing ways for fast, effective weight-loss.

1. They suppress your appetite; you eat the foods you like, without overeating.
2. They force you to lose weight automatically, by removing excess "fluid weight”.
3. They start traveling quickly thru your blood stream . . . and you lose the tremendous urge to eat! No super will power. You feel completely satisfied on far less than your normal intake—yet you lose weight faster and easier than you thought possible!

GUARANTEED

So start reducing the REGIMEN TABLET way today. You may not lose as much weight as Miss McElhone—but you must be delighted with your weight-loss— as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or money back. REGIMEN TABLETS are guaranteed safe for normally healthy people when taken as directed on label.

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A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted diet, while another group ate without restrictions. Both groups took REGIMEN TABLETS daily. In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet” group had actually lost MORE weight than the severe 1000-calorie diet group. This is clinical evidence that with REGIMEN TABLETS you can eat the foods you like and still lose weight!

Regimen Tablets
10-day supply, only $3
20-day supply, only $5
(You save $1.00)

Available At All Drug Stores.
MOVIES continued

honey! Probably you've already heard it, but it's twice as much fun to watch Keely and Louis do it up in style.

Count Your Blessings M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

It's a pleasure to spend a happy hundred minutes or so with two people as charming as Deborah Kerr and Rossano Brazzi (below left with Chevalier)—especially when everybody is so lovely and rich. The mansions they live in are simply smashing, as Deborah might say. The clothes are très, très chic, as Rossano might say—in this movie, he's supposed to be French. But with all that luxury, they've got troubles (mostly romantic). After an impulsive wartime wedding and nine long years of separation, a couple of married strangers have to get acquainted. Even their little son (Martin Stephens) is no help. In fact, let's face it, the kid's a bit of a brat! And there are a few things Deborah doesn't know about the ways of French husbands. But in walks uncle Maurice Chevalier to read her a kindly lecture. He's the wise old boulevardier again, just as lovable as he was in "Gigi." While glimpses of London and Biarritz liven up the background, it's Paris that shares star billing with Kerr, Brazzi and Chevalier. The City of Light (and Love) never looked more beautiful, a bright setting for this sparkling gem of a comedy.

Juke Box Rhythm COLUMBIA

Meet Jo Morrow and Jack Jones (below right), young newcomers you'll want to see more of. Jo—very definitely a girl—recalls at first glance the delicate blonde beauty of Princess Grace. But that's entirely intentional, because Jo's cast as a European princess on a U.S. junket. A lanky boy with a likable grin, Jack's the son of Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, screen favorites years back. He's inherited Allan's skill with a song, and he gets a chance to show it off in the pleasant course of a yarn about a stage musical that desperately needs backers. But nobody cares much about the plot; it just serves to bring in several popular combos (the Earl Grant Trio, the Nitwits, the Treniers), a dash of dancing and a light seasoning of Hans Conried's wacky comedy.

Three Strange Loves JANS

Flashes of interest in this brooding Swedish film are provided mostly by the talent of Ingmar Bergman. No, we don't mean Ingrid. This Bergman is a he, a director whose brilliance shines to better advantage in "Wild Strawberries" (also reviewed in this issue). The story, unnecessarily confused in the telling, centers on a former ballerina whose marriage is shadowed by memories of the tragic love affair that came first. Her problems are bad but those of her friends are worse.

Room 43 CORY

When the British are good, they're very very good (see "Room at the Top"). When they're bad . . . This thriller is all about the ancient institution that used to be called "the white-slave trade," and the plot might have been considered very hot stuff around 1910. Unfortunately, some expert players—Brenda de Banzie, Herbert Lom—are mixed up in it. Diana Dors also tries hard, as the one with the heart of gold. And a bit of strength is added by hero Eddie Constantine, a virile and breezy type. Eddie himself is an American who made good in French show business after the war. He should have stood in Paris.

Cashmere Bouquet Tale... scents and silken's every inch of you
...more lastingly... more lovingly than costly cologne

No cologne protects and prolongs daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Tale. Can't evaporate. Won't dry your skin. Will leave you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet, made of pure imported Tale, be your lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love
New improved Bobbi waves in *style-support* with the ease and softness of a setting

The lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.

Bobbi's curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".

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

Style-support...the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50.

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

- **40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS**
  for easy, over-all softness in major areas.

- **6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS**
  for areas needing extra body or "lift".

- **6 MIDGET RODS**
  for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.
New medicated acne stick

nips pimples in the “bud”

Acts fast to stop pimples from “blooming” and spreading... conceals and helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big ugly pimple. For now there’s a new kind of medication that acts fast to heal and dry blemishes in their bud-stage—or any stage. It’s Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps heal as it conceals.

Today’s most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does more to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—so fast—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new greaseless formula is so effective and so safe. Try Sentor Medicated Acne Stick—you’ll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING... EVEN SCARRING

1. Melts blemishes away—penetrates to dissolve “ick” pimple tissue.
2. Dries up pustules—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. Helps prevent scarring—helps heal tissue a safe new way—before permanent scarring or pitting begins.
4. Combats re-infection—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.

CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

AL CAPONE—A.A. Directed by Richard Wilson; Al Capone, Rod Steiger; Monroe, Pay Spain; Bugs Moran, Myron Vose; Schneider, James Gregory; Johnny Torrio, Nehemiah Persoff; Big Jim Colosimo, Joe De Santis; Keely, Martin Balsam; Mr. Bronicate, Raymond Bailey.

ALIAS JESSIE JAMES—U.A. Directed by Norman McLoud; Milford Forrester, Bob Hope; Duchess, Rhonda Fleming; Jesse James, Wendell Corey; Frank James, Jim Davis; Kansas City, Gloria Talbot; Tito Guerra; Will Wright; Ma James, Mary Young.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS—MGM. Directed by Jean Negulesco; Grace, Deborah Kerr; Charlie, Edmund O'Brien; Rosario Brazzi; Dee & St. Croix, Maurice Chevalier; Stig, Martin Stephens; Sir Conrad, Ronald Squire; Nance, Mona Washbourne; Albert, Patricia Medina; Hugh Frasier, Tom Helmore; Guide, Steven Geray; John, Lumsden Hare.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, U.S.A.—A.A. Directed by Denis Sanders; Robert, George Hamilton; Salty, Mary Murphy; Perc, Frank Sivera; Debbie, Marian Sebastian; Rele, Wayne Hefley; Peter, Lewis, Byron Morrow; Mrs. Cole, Toni Merril.

DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, THE—20th. Directed by George Stevens; Anne, Millie Perkins; Otto, Franck, Joseph Schillings; Mrs. Van Daan, Shelley Winters; Peter Van Daan, Richard Beymer; Mrs. Frank, Gus Huber; Mrs. Van Daan, Louis Jourdan; Margot, Janicke Frasse; Fritzi, Douglas Spencer; Mike, Dale Heath; Mr. Dussell, Ed Wynn.

GREEN MANSIONS—MGM. Directed by Mel Ferrer; Ritmo, Audrey Hepburn; Abel, Anthony Perkins; Willy, Lee J. Cobb; Rum, Susan Hayward; Kna-Koa, Henry Silva; Don, Peter Ustinov; Nehe-miah Persoff; Priest, Michael Pate; Cla-Cla, Estelle Hensley.

HEY BOY! HEY GIRL!—Columbia. Directed by David Lowell Rich; Lito Papa, Louis Prima; Dorothy Spencer, Keely Smith; Father Varees, James Gregory; Mama, Henry Slate; Buzz, Kim Charny; Grace Davison, Barbara Heller; Shirley, Ana Maynor.

JUKE BOX RHYTHM—Columbia. Directed by Arthur Dreifuss; Princess Ann, Jo Morrow; Big Mouth, Jack Jones; George, Robert Mitchum; Brian Dandley; Bubba, Hans Conried; Lelio Andrus, Kevin Boddy; Martha Mouton, Marjorie Reynolds; Aunt Margareet, Frieda Inescort.

NAKED MAIA, THE—U.A. Directed by Henry Koster; Duchess of Albo, Ava Gardner; Francisco Gayo, Anthony Franciosa; Manuel Godoy, Onaon Duza; Carlos IV, Guio Cervi; Maria Luna, Leah Padavent; Santiago, Massimo Serato; Inanna, Carlo Rizzio; Baya, Renzo Cesana.

PORK CHOP HILL—U.A. Directed by Lewis Milestone; Twenty-Two, Ernest Pintoff; Fortson, Harry Guardino; Lt. Kazell, Rip Torn; Pedenlson, George Peppard; Cpl. Jacques, James Edwards; Kern, Bob Steele; Franchini, Woody Strode; Lt. O’Hara, George Shihata.

ROOM AT THE TOP—Continental. Directed by Jack Clayton; Joe Lampert, Laurence Harvey; Alice, Signe, Simone Signoret; Susan Green, Heather Sears; Mr. Brown, Donald Wolfit; Mrs. Brown, Ambrosio Filipets; Charles Seuma, Donald Houston; Mr. Heybro, Raymond Huntley.

WARLOCK—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk; Gannon, Richard Widmark; Blotzapper, Henry Fonda; Morgan, Anthony Quinn; Lily Dallas, Dorothy Malone; Jesse, Dolores Michaels; Judge Holmmony, Wallace Ford; Abe MeCueon, Tom Drake.

WATUSI—MGM. Directed by Kurt Neumann; Harry Quatermass, George Montgomery; Erica Neller, Taina Elg; Dick Cobb, David Fararr; Umberto, Rex Ingram; Moloman, Dan Seymour.

WILD AND THE INNOCENT, THE—U.A. Directed by Jack Shier; Foncey, Audie Murphy; Stanley, Joan Drill; Road, Gilbert Roland; Mr. Forber, Jim Huskey; Rosette, Sandra Dee; Uncle Luke, George Mitchell; Chap, Peter Breck.

WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL, THE—MGM. Directed by Ronald MacDongall; Ralph Burton, Harry Belafonte; Sarah Cruandoll, Inger Stevens; Benson Thatcher, Mel Ferrer.
**Traditional Choice**

...through the years

Where in this world is a happier girl... for this is a day from a little girl's dream... the day it all comes true. And today, like brides through the years, she wears diamond engagement and wedding rings by custom—Keepsake Diamond Rings by choice.

The choice is traditional, for Keepsake is the most cherished of all love's symbols—a perfect diamond. Only a gem of this flawless clarity, fine color and magnificent cut can reflect a diamond's full brilliance and beauty. This is the center diamond in every Keepsake engagement ring—your treasured symbol of love forever.

Genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Rings are not sold by all jewelers—only by authorized Keepsake-Starfire Jewelers (listed in the yellow pages). Choose from many distinctively beautiful styles, each permanently registered and guaranteed for your protection. From $100 to $10,000.

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Special Offer for Teen-Agers!

**THE ART OF DATING**

Exclusive Keepsake Edition... Only 50¢

An expert guide to happy, successful dating to make your teens the best years of your life. This fact-filled book is written by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, famous author and counselor. Regularly $2.50 in hard cover, this book is yours in the exclusive Keepsake edition for only 50¢ at any Keepsake-Starfire Jeweler's store. If dealer is not listed in yellow pages of telephone book, write to Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 2, N.Y., for his name. Do not send money, please.

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Child's Dress by Paul Roberts
surround yourself with the very air of Paris.

YOUR NEEDLEWORK

Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlework, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ for each pattern for 1st class mailing. Send additional 25¢ for Photoplay's Needlework Catalogue.

"Sewing relaxes me after work," says Taina Elg, of M-G-M's "Watusi."

7024—Crochet directions for a 24-inch centerpiece and a 14-inch matching doily place-mat in No. 30 cotton.

672—Pert little characters to embroider on a crib cover. Directions and transfer of 9 motifs, 6-7 inches.

688—Pretty tie halter in sizes Small (10, 12), Medium (14, 16), Large (18, 20). Pattern, transfer. State size.

371—Pop her into a pinafore this summer. Child's sizes 2-10. Includes tissue pattern, transfer. State size.

Evening in Paris
EAU DE TOILETTE AND TALCUM
BOTH FOR $1.00
2.25 value

It'll cost you just pennies for the priceless opportunity to start every day and end every day wrapped in the exciting, enticing fragrance of Paris! You'll find it'll make all the difference in the world!

CREATED IN PARIS BY BOURJOIS • MADE IN U.S.A.
Oh to be a blonde now that spring is here!

To see how much fun life can really be . . . be a blonde, a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You’ll love the soft touch and tone of it . . . the sheer blondeness of it . . . the exciting way it lights up your looks! And it’s so easy! Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes!

New Instant Whip Lady Clairol is the amazingly gentle creme hair lightener that feels deliciously cool going on . . . works its magic in minutes, leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever! So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde, or mousey brown, don’t just sit and dream. Toss your hat in the ring. Be a beautiful blonde, it’s spring!
Peyton Place

I have a special favor to ask of you. I had saved the cast from "Peyton Place" which I treasured very much. Now I find that I have lost the cast. My mother is reading the novel and would like to compare the characters in the novel with the actors. Would it be possible to print the cast for me?

MARGE MORRISON
Kansas City, Mo.

We’d be delighted.
Constance .................. Lana Turner
Selena Cross ................ Hope Lange
Michael Rossi ................ Lee Phillips
Dr. Swain ................... Lloyd Nolan
Lucas Cross .................. Arthur Kennedy
Norman Page ................ Russ Tamblyn
Allison ...................... Diana Varsi
Betty Anderson .............. Terry Moore
Rodney Harrington .......... Barry Coe
Nellie Cross ................ Betty Field
Ted Carter ................... David Nelson

How Old Are We?

My girlfriend and I made a bet for next month’s issue that whoever loses has to buy Photoplay. I made a bet with her that Photoplay was first published twenty-five years ago. My friend says twenty-nine. Who’s right?

FRANCES SANCHEZ
Selma, Calif.

Photoplay first came out as a small newsheet devoted to the best in films in 1911, which really makes it about forty-eight years old. Wow!—Ed.

Let’s Brush Up on Vampires

I hope the following helps you Vampire fans brush up on the subject:

His powers:
1. The vampire is immortal.
2. He can transform himself into a bat.
3. He can become a wolf.
4. He can come in a self-created mist.
5. He can come as elemental dust on moonlight rays.
6. He has the strength of twenty men.
7. He can become so small, he can slip through a hairbreadth space.
8. He can come out or into anything no matter if it be soldered, welded or brazed.

His Weaknesses:
1. His power ceases at the coming of day.
2. He repels at the smell of garlic.
3. He wavers and sinks away at the sight of a crucifix.
4. The branch of the wild rose keeps him intact in his coffin.
5. If his native soil is destroyed, he is also.

How to Destroy a Vampire:
1. By firing sacred bullets at his coffin.
2. By driving wooden stakes in his heart.
3. By exposing him to sunlight.
4. By sterilizing his earth, by placing a Sacred Wafer or crucifix on his earth.

CHRISTOPHER HANSEN
Cheektowaga, N. Y.

Boy, you sure know a lot about Vampires. Sure you’re not... nah, couldn’t be—Ed.

Hats Off

Hats off to you and to the Dick Gardners for a wonderful story, "How We Put Love Back Into Our Marriage."

I’m sure there were many who read it and were as happy as I was for them and for their family. May the best things in life be yours, Joan and Dick.

MRS. L. R. EARNEST
Lamesa, Texas

Ricky Nelson

Ricky is a conceited thing, He really thinks he’s grand, His high opinion of himself, Is more than I can stand. He thinks he’s my dream come true, My only shining Knight, He thinks I’ll be his willing slave... And by gosh, you know, he’s right!!

ROSE PICAROCO
Elmout, N.Y.

(Continued)
Sta-Puf restores softness, fluffiness to all your loveliest washables

It's incredible how Sta-Puf® Rinse puts back the luxurious softness that today's detergents steal from fabrics. Towels fluff almost double in thickness . . . ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere. Diapers and baby things lose their irritating scratchiness, flatwork dries almost wrinkle-free with little or no ironing needed. Sta-Puf ends embarrassing "nylon cling" in undergarments, too. Get Sta-Puf today at your grocer.

A.E. STALEY MFG. CO., Decatur, Illinois
Here’s what Zachery looks like. Is this why he keeps out of camera range?

confidentially...

We have two Robin Lake Fan Clubs in Hilo. The one I’m in is Chapter Nine. June Kaneshiro is our President. Our Club’s name is “Rockin’ Robbins.”

JEAN NISHIKARA
Hilo, Hawaii

I am a Norwegian girl at the age of seventeen. My name is Divert Wiese. Some of my favorite movie stars are Natalie Wood and Elvis Presley and I have found many beautiful pictures and stories about them. I also like the Dick Clark stories very much. Well, I must confess that I also write because I hope someone can help me. You see, my favorite actor is Marlon Brando and I think it would be very nice if I could be a member of an American Marlon Brando Fan Club.

I just discovered Marlon Brando last year after having seen “The Young Lions” and “Sayonara.” He is a great actor and very handsome.

DIVERT WIESE
Old Brinchwe 3
Paradis, Bergen Norway

I am a Japanese girl. I am eighteen years old. My name is Hiroko Mizuuchi. I want best American boy and girls. Would you please introduce me to American boys and girls?

Hiroko Mizuuchi
628 Nishikasuga-Machi
Oita-City Oita-Ken
Japan

Do you know a girl (13 years old) who would like to correspond with me and like to give me her used Photoplays? I’d like it more if she is living in New York or Hollywood. Thanks a trillion.

NIE SIK HANG
6 Indramaju
Djakarta 11/18
Indonesia

We are two English soldiers serving our two years National Service in Aden, Middle East. Occasionally we receive a copy of your magazine Photoplay, and we think it’s one of the best of its kind.

We would like to know if it were possible, through your magazine, to get in touch with some of your American readers (preferably girls!), so that we could keep up with the latest film news, as there’s not much chance of doing so out here, as it’s pretty remote.

LER & EDDIE
T/2558001 DVR GRiffin L.
B PLX, 2 COY, R.A.S.C.
R.F.P.O. 69
Aden

Are you fifteen years old?
I am a Swedish girl, and I have many years tried to get a pen-friend in the U.S.A. So if you’re fifteen years old and if you like and are interested in clothes, films, film stars and other things a young girl can be interested in, then write to me. I’ll answer every letter. I don’t care where in the U.S.A. you live, just write. Perhaps my English is not so good, but I hope you understand what I write and I hope we’ll be real good friends.

Ase-Britt Nystedt
Gotzatan 18
Hallstahammars, Sweden

Dear all of you:
I am most eager to exchange letters with American students. I am sixteen years old and my hobby is motion pictures. I shall be counting the days till I hear from American students. I am very poor in English.

Masako Takamoto
913 Yashima-machi
Kumamoto, Japan

I would like to sing for people and make their blue days seem gay. If there is anyone looking for a new discovery, please give me a chance.

Tynette Paulsen
Galva, Iowa

Attention Eddie Byrnes Fans!
Are you interested in Kookie of “77 Sunset Strip”? Then Eddie’s the end. So do I. And that’s why I’m inviting you all to join the National Edward Byrnes Fan Club. For full information get in touch with me.

Elayne Beaver
755 Oaklaxd Pk.
Boro 57, N.Y.

I think Ricky Nelson is the greatest. Could you please tell me where I could write to him?

ANN Feldstein
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We suggest you write in care of Warner Bros., 5000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank, Calif.
By the sea or in it... leading California models wear Marina del Mar swimsuits. Finest inner-fit fashioning is why... shape-persuasion that will make your figure famous, too! See these and more at your nearest store. Write for free booklet, "How to Buy a Swimsuit." Marina del Mar Dept. P 10201 Anza Avenue Los Angeles 45
A Swell Guy

Even up here in Canada we hear of Mr. Hugh O'Brian's kind personal deeds. A friend of mine has a retarded child in the Del Mar Hospital. Hugh O'Brian, who happened to be visiting a friend in the same hospital, heard that this small child was going to have an operation and came down to see him. It helped this youngster and gave him courage when he needed it most. Don't you agree Hugh is a shining light in the galaxy of stars?

Isabelle MacWilliam
Aylmer, Ontario

Was It Judi?

Could you settle a disagreement? In the movie "Annie Mame," who played the part of the blonde, snob character of Annie Mame's nephew? My friend says it was Judi Meredith of the George Burns television show. I say no. Who is right?

Connie Smith
Albany, N. Y.

You're right, Connie. It wasn't Judi Meredith; it was Joanna Barnes.—Ed.

Recognition for Kirk

In the past few years I have written several times to tell you about the man I believe to be one of the most talented in Hollywood. He is Kirk Douglas, and it is my belief that until now he has never been given due reward for his outstanding contributions to the world of entertainment. In his recent film, "The Vikings," he brought yet another character to the screen with superb color and realism.

Carolyne Dunclay
Cottage Grove, Tenn.

We thought you'd like to hear that Kirk's just been voted the number-one box office star in England.—Ed.

Elvis You're Great

Elvis, you're the greatest, Your singing is the most, You're sincere and also wonderful, You're liked from coast to coast. Elvis, you're a dreamboat, Your clothes are very keen, You're the cutest living doll That I have ever seen. Your dancing is the coolest, Your acting's beyond compare, In fact, you know, I also think Your voice is very rare.

Louise Sagana
Honma, La.
Save as you start your dream set of luxury luggage—smart Streamlite by Samsonite!

Get three dollars off regular price on the glamorous Ladies' O'Nite Case!
Add matching pieces to complete your set. Classic-designed to stay in style. Keeps its first-trip look! Triple-strength construction, vinyl covering and binding keep it out of scrapes and scuffs.
Satiny linings and roomy pockets add to the elegance. Offer's good for a limited time . . . only during the month of May!

See your Samsonite dealer this week, sure!
SALE ENDS MAY 30!

SAVE $3.00 . . . at the Samsonite dealer's where you see this sign displayed.

Select from these 5 smart colors: Hawaiian Blue (shown), Rawhide Finish (shown), Crystal Green, London Grey, Saddle Tan.

'Tiger Lily'... new flower-flame red for your hair!

You'll be wild about... new flower-flame red for your hair!

Color-keyed lips wear WARM POPPY DuBarry Royal Lipstick

You may never say dye... but do color-and-glow with DuBarry Color Glo

DUBARRY Color Glo

First "foam-in" cosmetic hair coloring! won't rub off! won't stain! will wash out!

DuBarry gilds the tiger lily to bring you this new COLOR GLO flower flame that lights up every shade of hair with redheaded radiance. Gold-fired 'TIGER LILY' looks absolutely fabulous on brown... dazzling on blonde... sparkling on black. It surprises even red hair into brighter delight! For gray or silver hair—it's a dare. You have to wear it to believe it!

Why not? COLOR GLO is the brilliant new idea in hair coloring. Not a dye, not a spray, but fabulous color foam that won't rub off, won't stain, will wash out! Just foam it in after your shampoo and rinse. That's all. Brighten the life of your hair with 'TIGER LILY' COLOR GLO... today!

Seven highly flattering high-fashion shades.
$1.50 plus tax
1959 Yearbook of Rock 'n' Roll
It's funny the way an old cardboard box and a long-distance telephone call got together to turn me into a crystal-ball gazer. But that's how it happened.

The other day at home we were going through some of the souvenirs I had managed to scrape together in high school and college. Everything was there—class pins, keys, dog-eared textbooks, school pennants and papers, and the programs from graduations. Bobbie and I just couldn't help but make a comment about each old thing we re-discovered, and little Dickie just trotted about merrily examining them after we had put them into neat piles. It sure was a pleasant way to spend a cool Sunday afternoon in the spring.

Monday morning, the phone rang and it was Photoplay. (I'll confess I played hookey from the office that
week but, as I said, it was spring.) June's coming up, and graduation's ahead, I was reminded. "Say," I interrupted, "maybe we could have a little graduation of our own?"

Well, we've been kind of close to the music world these past few years, and although you in the audience are the real experts, we thought it might be fun to take a flyer into the future and see what else will be spinning besides this sturdy old world. So, while they're putting the little red ribbons on the diplomas, and the class of 1960 waits for the 59ers to head into the world, let's gather 'round this big wide crystal ball.

The first thing I can make out in this magic orb is a troop ship, and if you look closely you'll see that it's coming into New York harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, and now moving slowly into the pier. There are a lot of GI's on deck waving, and that dock just seems jammed with reporters, photographers, and there must be thousands of fellows and girls waving.

One soldier up on deck is shaking hands with all of his buddies, and there he is walking over to the rail to wave at the crowd. Gee, they're really going wild, aren't they? Hey, that's our Elvis... Yep, Elvis Presley has finished his tour of duty over in Germany, and here he is back in the States and all ready to take up just where he left off. Now you might say that was an easy one to see... Sure it was. And it's easy to see that Elvis' return will keep that "big beat" rockin' along on records. We can also predict that he'll take up his personal appearance trail, and you can bet there will be plenty of time for stopovers in Hollywood to make some more of those hit movies. But let's take a closer peek into that crystal ball and see if we can spot a rival who'll top Elvis this year. You know, it could happen.

We can sure see other stars hitting the trail by train or plane to California for film-work. It seems to be the thing to do these days, and don't be surprised if you bump into Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Bobby Darin, Johnny Nash, or Jimmy Clanton if you stop for a soda near Hollywood and Vine. Paul Anka postcards that he'll be there, too, and while I'm reading the card I have to check the postmark because you can never tell from what spot on earth Paul will be writing. He manages to divide his time and talents between here and Europe—and the biggest problem for Paul is to find the time to keep all of the people on both (Continued on page 94)
# THE JUNIOR CLASS: WHO'S LEADING THE CLASS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SINGER</th>
<th>VITAL DATA</th>
<th>PERSONAL LIFE</th>
<th>PREFERRED LIST</th>
<th>HIT DISCS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CATHY CARR</td>
<td>Born in New York's Bronx, 5'2&quot; and 100 pounds. Blonde and a newyork.</td>
<td>For Cathy there's been no business other than show business since she was six and began appearing on children's shows. After high school, she joined several bands, then went out on her own. A song, &quot;Ivory Tower,&quot; then catapulted her to stardom, selling over a million records in twenty-two weeks. For a spell, she concentrated her poised efforts on night-club audiences around the world. She collects records and has 3,000 of 'em to date.</td>
<td>&quot;Ivory Tower,&quot; &quot;To Know Him Is To Love Him,&quot; and &quot;First Anniversary.&quot;</td>
<td>Roulette Records.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUANE EDDY</td>
<td>Born on April 26, 1938 in Corning, New York. Six feet even. Brunette-haired. Married to Carole, they have a son going-on-one.</td>
<td>After Duane Eddy was born in Corning, the townspeople began wondering whether their famous glassworks would be shattered by his piercing guitar. Today both &quot;products&quot; are prospering. Ever since his family moved to Arizona, where Duane could twang in the wide open spaces, his hounding and driving music has become the guitar standard of the pop music world. He collects records and eats pizza.</td>
<td>&quot;Moovin' 'n' Groovin',&quot;&quot; Rebel Rouser,&quot; &quot;Ram Rod,&quot; &quot;Cannonball,&quot; &quot;The Lonely One,&quot; &quot;Yep,&quot; &quot;Jamie Records.</td>
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<tr>
<td>THE KALIN TWINS</td>
<td>Born in 1934 in Helena, Arkansas, as one of four children. Married, with three children. 5'10&quot;, 170 pounds, brown-haired.</td>
<td>Harold Jenkins couldn't decide whether to be a baseball player or a Baptist preacher, so Conway Twitty went out and became a singer! &quot;Harold sounds like a milkman,&quot; says Conway, &quot;so we changed it.&quot; He joined the Army and came out as a rock 'n' roll performer. On the road, he wrote &quot;It's Only Make Believe&quot; in seven minutes in the backroom of a Canadian night club. The boys like to sing, sing, sing!</td>
<td>Conway still likes to play ball in off moments.</td>
<td>&quot;It's Only Make Believe,&quot; &quot;Story of My Life.&quot; M-G-M Records.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONWAY TWITTY</td>
<td>Born in 1932 in Camden, S.C. A 178-pound, six-foot with brown eyes and black hair. Married to the former Mary Reay, and they have three heirs.</td>
<td>Brook is a songwriter who wound up singing his own material. Starting as a member of Bill Landford's spiritual quartet, Brook went on to writing such hits as &quot;A Lover's Question&quot; and &quot;Looking Back.&quot; Though his voice was as fine as those he was writing for, he had no success for three fruitless years. Finally, Clyde Otis was introduced to him and Brook began to bubble.</td>
<td>His only real hobby is songwriting.</td>
<td>&quot;It's Just a Matter of Time&quot; and &quot;Hurtin' Inside.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BILLY AND LILLIE</td>
<td>Billy was born on March 9, 1927, in Newark, N.J. He's father of two. Lillie was born on November 12, 1936, in Newburgh, N.Y. She's 5'11&quot; and single.</td>
<td>Leader of Billy Ford's Thunderbirds, one of the country's most unique and successful vocal groups, Billy is also one of the music industry's key talent scouts. Two weeks before he cut &quot;La Dee Dah,&quot; he discovered Lillie Bryant and signed her to work with the group. The two are now the Thunderbirds' featured singers. Billy polished up his talent with Caftie Williams' group.</td>
<td>Both are on constant tour and prefer to rest and renew old acquaintances during their non-moving moments.</td>
<td>&quot;La Dee Dah&quot; and &quot;Lucky Ladybug.&quot; Swans Records.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE FLEETWOODS</td>
<td>Barbaro Ellis and Gretchen Christo-pher born Olympio, Wash. Barb Feb. 20, 1940, Gretchen on Feb. 29, 1940. Gary Trexel, 19, Centralia, Wash.</td>
<td>Six months after their June, 1958, graduation from Olympia High School, this talented trio had won the music world. Having met in their senior year, the trio pooled their songwriting talents, wrote the senior class show, and then wrote a song called &quot;Come Softly To Me.&quot; A Seattle record distributor heard their demonstration disc and, within weeks, they had a hit.</td>
<td>Barbaro; Golf, bowling, cooking, Gretchen; Fashions, sewing, creative writing. Gary: Competitive auto racing.</td>
<td>&quot;Come Softly To Me.&quot; Dolphin Records.</td>
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### MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED?

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<tr>
<th>SINGER</th>
<th>VITAL DATA</th>
<th>PERSONAL LIFE</th>
<th>PREFERRED LIST</th>
<th>HIT DISCS</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>BILLY GRAMMER</strong></td>
<td>Born on August 28, 1925 in Benton, Ill., as one of thirteen children. 5'11&quot;. Married to high-school sweetheart for 14 years. They have three children.</td>
<td>Billy's been a prominent musician all his professional life, but not until he recorded &quot;Gotta Travel On,&quot; his first disc, did he catapult into the headlines. For a year-and-a-half he served as Jimmy Dean's featured vocalist and guitarist. A celebrity in the Washington, D.C., area since '47, Billy hopes to establish himself nationally. Billy devotes most of his spare time to his family, occasionally strumming the guitar for at-home concerts.</td>
<td>&quot;Gotta Travel On.&quot;</td>
<td>Monument Records.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>EARL GRANT</strong></td>
<td>Born in 1931 in Oklahoma City, but raised in Kansas City, which he considers his home town. 5'9&quot;, 145 pounds, brown-haired, single.</td>
<td>Earl was working for a Master's degree at UCLA, preparing to become a teacher, when he started to sing at a nearby nightclub, the Pigalle, to earn his tuition. As a result of Earl's early appearances, the Pigalle is today a large club—had to be enlarged three times during its Standing-Room-Only shows. Today Earl is a top singer with his own TV show in Los Angeles.</td>
<td>- Enjoy playing the organ and the piano.</td>
<td>- &quot;The End,&quot; &quot;Evening Rain,&quot; &quot;Imitation of Life&quot; and &quot;Last Night.&quot; Decca Records.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>LLOYD PRICE</strong></td>
<td>Born the seventh of ten children in New Orleans. Married to the former Emma Meredith, they have a son and a daughter. 5'10&quot; and brown-haired.</td>
<td>His million-selling record of &quot;Stagger Lee&quot; was really Lloyd's seventh consecutive best-selling disc. But because he presented it to a new generation of record buyers, Lloyd was called a new discovery. Not so. Before Uncle Sam called, Lloyd had recorded such songs as &quot;Lawdy, Miss Clawdy&quot; and &quot;Just Because.&quot; In the Army, after cutting five top records, he headed service band.</td>
<td>- Dates over his two children.</td>
<td>- &quot;Lawdy, Miss Clawdy,&quot; &quot;Oh, Oh, Oh,&quot; &quot;Restless Heart,&quot; &quot;Just Because,&quot; &quot;Stagger Lee,&quot; &quot;Where Were You (On Our Wedding Day)?&quot; ABC-Par.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>JACK SCOTT</strong></td>
<td>Born in Windsor, Ont., Canada in 1937 as one of seven children. Considers Detroit his home town. Dark brown hair, 5'10&quot;/160 pounds.</td>
<td>Jack had a crush on a beautiful high-school classmate and one of his best friends was sent to jail for fist fighting. To cheer up his friend, Jack wrote &quot;Leroy.&quot; To rebound from his crush for Jimmie Katchey, he penned &quot;My True Love.&quot; Jack had prepared for his break by singing in Detroit and running barn dances. Now in the Army, he hopes to keep on singing.</td>
<td>- An athlete, Jack's a fine swimmer and fisherman, but hunting is first choice.</td>
<td>- &quot;My True Love,&quot; &quot;Leroy,&quot; &quot;Bella,&quot; &quot;I Never Felt Like This,&quot; and &quot;Goodbye, Baby.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>NEIL SEDAKA</strong></td>
<td>Born in Brooklyn in 1939. Brown-haired, brown-eyed and 5'7&quot;. Single.</td>
<td>As a high school student, Neil wrote &quot;Stupid Cupid&quot; and &quot;Fallin'&quot;. To help out his family income, Neil also taught piano, performed with a band and worked as a camp music director. His aim was to make the grade as a concert artist—till a demonstration record he made to persuade someone else to record his songs got into the hands of the man who discovered Elvis!</td>
<td>- Songwriting is his top pastime, pressed closely by his love for swinging jam sessions with friends.</td>
<td>- &quot;The Diary,&quot; &quot;No Vacancy,&quot; and &quot;I Go Ape.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>DODIE STEVENS</strong></td>
<td>Born on February 17, 1946 in Chicago, Ill. Today lives in Temple City, Calif. She's an even five feet, 100 pounds light and blonde. Single.</td>
<td>Of Dodie, 13, Eddie Cantor says: &quot;She is the greatest young talent since Garland.&quot; At five, she won three contests sponsored by the Los Angeles Bureau of Music. At six, she was being coached by a prominent teacher and appearing at countless benefit shows. In between six and twelve, she was busily vocalizing. And at thirteen, she's on her way to the top of the hit parade.</td>
<td>- She likes to swim, then play a round of ping-pong.</td>
<td>- &quot;Pink Shoelaces.&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>JACKIE WILSON</strong></td>
<td>Born in 1936 in Detroit. Married and the father of a chorus of three. 5'6&quot;, 155 pounds, brown-eyed.</td>
<td>&quot;I just gotta sing,&quot; says Jackie, &quot;it's my life.&quot; He spends every possible minute in an effort to practice what he preaches. His dedication to the art of singing was discovered by Billy Ward of the Dominoes, and Jackie was signed as a starring member of the famous group several years back. Jackie left to try for solo success and he's now looking forward to movie-making.</td>
<td>- He loves to swim, then dry off and write a song.</td>
<td>- &quot;Lonely Teardrops,&quot; &quot;That's When the Heart Is All.&quot;</td>
</tr>
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</table>
Love to all my friends!

Annette Funicello

1959 Honor Roll
To all you cats—from the tiger

Fabian
Cum Lande,
cum love

Pat Boone
Double love —
Phil & Don
all about me

Wow, look at Charles Atlas. The folks always took Teresa and me to Atlantic City.

Me, in the first grade at St. Edmund's.

I was born September 19, 1939. Even 'way back then, I liked sweaters!

Guess I was eleven here. Before I got that trumpet, I was going to be a boxer.
The boys let me "sit in" till I got my own band.

Mom and I think Dad looks a lot like Guy Lombardo. (Dad has the mustache.) I was on Guy's show.

Dad's always helped me—whether it's music or motors.

I first sang with Rocco and His Saints. Can you spot me?
We have a new house, but it's in the good old neighborhood.

Sure wish Fabian and I had more time these days for sharing a soda and gabbing.

Here's me—today!
I miss you so this time of year
When summer days grow lazy and long . . .
Elvis, I miss you most of all
When I dream I hear our love song . . .

I'm Shari Sheeley and I'm nineteen. I wrote
"Poor Little Fool" for Rick Nelson and I've written lots of other songs, too. And then I got a message from Elvis Presley in Germany saying that now I'd have to write a song for him, too. Elvis didn't specify, but I don't think I could write anything but a love song for him. I guess I've been writing it in my mind ever since I (Continued on page 88)
you looked so cute and friendly but they rushed me away...
There was a knock at the door of my dressing room one night while I was on tour recently, and when I called “Come in,” the door opened very slowly and the prettiest little face with the bluest eyes I’ve ever seen peeped around. Her eyes were so wide open they looked like two round saucers, and she had beautiful long blonde hair the color of corn.

“Come along in,” I laughed. And she walked into the room followed by three other girls. I noticed that she was wearing a blue and white checked dress. My mom has one in the same material and calls it gingham.

Well, they all stayed for a while and we talked. Then, when the other girls left, she sort of stayed behind, wandering around and around the room and asking all sorts of questions.

It was in between shows, and she seemed so nice I asked her if she wanted to come over to our hotel afterwards. She looked at me in that wide-eyed way and nodded her head, yes.

“Do you know (Continued on page 99)

by RICK NELSON
as told to MARCIA BORIE
As I leaned toward the mirror, brushing on a new pale pink lipstick, I could see the reflection of a girl in a plaid skirt flipping through a movie magazine while she waited for her hair to dry. She was tiny, like me, and just about my age, around twenty. When she looked up, even though we didn’t know each other, we smiled.

"Say," she shouted—and I remember (Continued on page 85)
I was in the beauty parlor, putting on my makeup...

when someone casually mentioned his name

and then I knew I could never forget the day Tommy told me—

"I LOVE YOU...I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN"
BOB HOPE's fight against blindness... there are
Bob Hope sat staring at the frost-ed-glass hospital door in front of him, through which he could just make out the silhouette of the doctor, pacing up and down, evidently mulling over the charts and papers he held in his hand. The doctor paused at the door.

Bob clenched the polished arms of the chair, hardly aware of his own anxiety. “There’s so much . . . still so many things I want to see,” he thought to himself, as he waited for the doctor’s verdict.

He looked over at the black and white moon-faced clock high on the wall, watching the second hand as it moved very slowly around and around. Its ticking seemed unusually loud.

Then suddenly he shuddered and shut his eyes tight. He didn’t want to think any more, think what it might be like not being able to see the happy faces of his audiences when he cracked a joke because somehow he knew . . . you couldn’t make jokes at just a blur.

And he remembered the first time he’d seen the audience as a blur . . .

He had stood in the center of the improvised platform at Port Lyautey, in Morocco, looking out at sailors—hundreds and hundreds of them—gathered under the hot North African sun to see the USO troupe (Continued on page 96)
"Nobody ever carries my books to school..."

SANDRA DEE

"In Psych I learn more about myself, but where are the boys to practice on?"
There are forty chairs in my class," said Sandra Dee, looking around the little white bungalow where she goes to high school.

"—And she's the most popular, best looking, most intelligent, best dressed, most talented and best-all-around girl in her class," added her teacher, Mrs. Gladys Hoene. Then they both laughed.

The joke is, Sandra's the only pupil in her class. "Not so long ago, the other chairs belonged to Piper Laurie, Donald O'Connor, Deanna Durbin . . ."

"In a regular school," Mrs. Hoene put in proudly, "Sandra would surely be a straight 'A' student; she's very serious about her work."

Sandra made a face. "How can you be anything but serious when you're the whole student body?"

School begins at 9 a.m. "But sometimes," Sandra noted, "I have to report to Hair & Makeup at seven!" There she crams under the dryer, with not a chance of her copying anyone's homework.

And there's no gossiping, reading magazines under the desk or passing notes—and worst of all, no boys!

"The men I work with all call me 'B-F' (Baby-Face)," she admitted, "especially when they see me studying Civics (her least favorite subject) between love scenes."

"And you should hear the ribbing I take during lunch at the commissary, too. They're always asking, 'How does your football team look this year?' and 'Just heard you're at the top of your class—and the bottom, too.'"

"But it's not so bad, 'cause I love my teacher and I love French. Besides, I graduate this June, and the only thing I'll really miss is going to a Senior Prom."

We thought we caught a wistful look on her face as she buried it in a giant text, "Psychology for Living."

"The idea is good," says Mrs. Hoene, "and I like the surprise ending. But watch your punctuation, Sandra!"

"Mrs. Hoene is more than a teacher, she's a good friend. Imagine, at times we even play Rummy at our recess!"
what do Liz and Eddie
feel when they look at these pictures?

No matter how busy he is, the moment is bound to come when Eddie Fisher sits staring at the picture that has been in his rented house, on the piano, since Christmas—a large, color photograph of his son and daughter. There is a goose in the picture and a duck—not stuffed, but real live ones—and Carrie is bending toward them with one hand stretched out, a little tentatively, as if she were ready to snatch it back if anything went wrong. Beside her, Todd squats on chubby, unsteady legs, an expression of awe on his round baby features.

It was snapped by Debbie Reynolds on the set of “The Mating Game.” She gave it to Eddie for Christmas. There is no inscription across the face of the photo; Carrie and Todd were too young to write, and there is too little to say be- (Continued on page 90)

by CHARLOTTE DINTER
“why is it so tough to make a girl understand how you feel?”

JAMES DARREN:

“why is it so tough to make a girl understand how you feel?”

Marrying young,” James Darren spoke the words in a low, trembling tone, “it isn’t easy. It isn’t all hearts and flowers, the way you imagine it to be. A marriage doesn’t succeed just by being dreamy about it. A marriage succeeds only if you’re able to understand it, to work at it. Gloria and I weren’t ready for it. We were just babes in the woods trying to play house. But,” he added, “whether we divorce or not, I know this much. I’ll never stop loving her.”

He paused and squinted his eyes, trying to control the tightness that choked his throat. In six months, he had changed so much that it felt wrong to call him Jimmy. He was no longer the sheepish, shy boy whose eyes used to dart nervously around like a young pup’s. Now, Jim seemed to fit him more. He was thinner, more intense and yet it was more than that . . .

Outside the rooftop restaurant the drifting fog blanketed the winter-brown hills of Central Park. In a moment, he looked directly at me. “I’m going to tell you the story behind our break-up, everything that happened. I haven’t told it to anyone. I don’t know what’s ahead, but I hope—and I pray to God every day for this—there’s hope. I’m not giving up.”

While the late afternoon sun, smoky from the thick vapors of fog, fell over the skyscraper skyline of New York, Jim, anxious, heartbroken, an ache of sadness in his mellow voice, unraveled the events of his tragic marriage breakup.

From the start things had gone wrong, even before they married. But he believed it would all work out. God will be good to us, he thought. We’re in love, we’re young—(Continued on page 102)
Gosh, I almost died
when a voice on the phone said,
"This is Kim Novak..."

It wasn't the first time I'd come to New York in a lavender blouse with a precious address and a crazy idea that I'd meet Kim Novak. As president of The Lavender Flames, her biggest fan club in the East, I'd managed to pry the address from her sister Arlene at National Headquarters in Chicago. Then, at the last minute, I'd lost my nerve. . . . But there I was again, unpacking the same blouse in the same hotel with the same old dream, when all of a sudden her voice on the phone said it wouldn't be a dream anymore.

Me! Invited to a party at Kim's!
The minute I opened her door I felt at home. Even if it is a penthouse, it's not too fancy; just gracious and comfortable—like something I knew Kim would want. There must've been fifty fans (continued)

by FLORENCE TOUTKOUSHIAN
Age 18, Philadelphia, Pa.
come over...I’m having a party
I was sitting on the couch, right next to Kim, when the phone rang—and Kim screamed, "Golly, it’s my sister, Arlene . . . I’m an aunt!"
...I'm having a party
continued

of all ages buzzing about with cameras, drinking lavender punch as fast as Ella Mae—in a lavender organdy apron—could serve it. “If you don’t stop stuffing yourselves,” I teased, “you’ll be sick when Kim comes out.”

A small girl wearing big white gloves looked up suspiciously: “What kind of sick?”

“Nervous sick,” said I.

The small girl giggled and popped another cookie into her mouth. How could she? I was so excited I couldn’t touch a thing.

Finally she appeared, a vision in violet on a wave of sighs. Mary Anne Wrezeca, a cute brunette from (Continued on page 109)

Party’s over—so soon
It was born for the Paris collections—a new, blazing pink with a cool touch of the blues. Suddenly, it's the rage of Paris and the whole world! For this is that once-in-a-lifetime pink that gives a woman the warmth of flame, the sparkle of champagne, the indefinable something that men love. Sounds fantastic? It is fantastic! There's never been a pink like The Pink From Paris. Now in glowing Nail Polish, long-lasting Sheer Lanolin Lipstick, and new, creamy, Delicate Lipstick by CUTEX®.
The winding main street of the small college town of Bennington, Vermont, sloped sharply downwards as it reached into the clustered shopping center of the town. At the top of the incline and walking towards the stores—which were shadowed from the warm spring sun by the steep rise—came a bobbed-haired young girl in blue jeans and her small freckle-faced son. As they climbed over the crest of the hill and started downwards towards the stores, the boy gave his mother a friendly tug by the hand, making her run down the slope, unable to stop.

"No, Sean, no," she laughed, as her open sandals clip-clopped over the pavement and her light, empty straw shopping bag flapped back and forth in her other hand. "But it's fun, Mommy. I like it," he said. "Don't you?" He turned his tiny face around to look up at hers. "Yes, Sean. Yes I do—very much," she said softly. "Then why aren't we together like this—all the time?" "But darling we will be. I promise. Now you let go of my hand and I'll meet you by the candy store," she said, shaking off his grasp and (Continued on page 107)
It's the good, young summer time by the sea in this happy swimsuit duet.

Left: drape front, saucy side bow on woven madras stripe lastex in flame and blue.

Right: a background of "deep sea" color with black overprint on hand screened printed lastex. Green and Blue dominate. Both in Junior and Misses sizes... each about $11.

All Sea Nymph Swimsuits have pre-shaped contour up-lift pelon bras for your natural look of loveliness.

I may be young and I still go to school,
But when it comes to chicks, I'm no poor fool,
*I'm a man.
Like when I am walking along on the beach
Looking for pebbles and for some little peach
Who has waterswept hair and a bit of a tan,
And all this, you see, simply 'cause I'm a man.
I like my chicks chic when they go in the water,
Because to look pretty is what a chick oughter.
And so all you chicks, look sweet as you can,
And smile all the while and you'll catch this man,

continued
what sort of girl does a fellow day for?

continued

Left: Checkered knit maillot, $12.95; Right: low-back knit maillot, $8.95, both by Sea Nymph. Cap by Betty Darling Enterprises.
I was pushing my bare toes along on the sand
When I stopped for the pleasantest sight in the land:
Two girls wearing red and roasting hot dogs
Were catching all eyes in their neat little togs.
Now cooking, as everyone knows, is an art,
And also one way to a young man's heart.
So I paused in my pursuits because it seemed fit,
To notice that both the girls' swim suits were knit.
One had a cat's meow cap on her head,
The other was checkered in white, black and red.
Both of them looked cool as a pool.
I know, you see, 'cause I'm no poor fool.
In the background I heard a terrific male voice.
It was me on a record—a sensible choice.
I looked at the girl who was listening enraptured,
And right then and there my fancy was captured.
On second look, I noticed her suit shone with a sheen,
And that's 'cause, so she said, it was white bengaline.
Words can't describe the way that suit fit,
Nor the crazy buttons up one side of it.
She seemed far away, digging my song,
On a dreamy trip—wish I was along.

continued

White bengaline maillot, $10.95, Marina del Mar.
RCA Victor portable victrola.
what sort of girl does a fellow go for?

continued

Left: Woven boucle one-piece suit, $19.95; Right: Dacron and cotton two-piece suit, $12.95; both by Jantzen. Beach hats, Tapoo Hawes for E. Lockwood.
Farther along on the water's brink
Where one goes in to swim, not sink,
I spied two chicks who were looking ducky.
(To find chicks like ducks is unusually lucky).
Well, these little ducks were pulling a friend
Who had 'hold of the rope on the other end.
I like my girl chicks when they're not afraid
To use their arms for what arms are made,
For a lass who does more than just sit in the sun
Is the lass that this lad finds lots of fun.
And then I spied what these chicks were wearing,
Terrific suits that were modest yet daring.
One wore, said she, bouclé woven in turquoise
With the back cut out accidentally “on purpose.”
Her friend's suit was two neat pieces of cotton
In yellow paisley, she said—I've not forgotten.
These cute little figures still stick in my mind,
Chicks full of high spirits—and just my kind.

And how about the friend on the end,
Holding the rope where it started to bend?
This girl looked like a sweet little rose,
And a rose is the prettiest flower that grows.
She was wearing these flowers all over her suit
(Her suit was a dress cut short at the root).
She'd tied a bandana around her hair
And, well frankly, it didn't seem fair
For one girl to have so many feminine wiles
That you'd burst into song for one of her smiles.

continued

FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO BUY,
CHECK CONTENTS PAGE

White Arnel Jersey swimsuit, $2.95, Robby Len.
what sort of girl does a fellow dw for?

Now here's a girl who thinks like me...
A match is a catch—or it oughter be.

continued

Multicolor patchwork maillot, $10.95; Fabian's matching trunks, $4.95; Beach towel, $3.95.
All by Catalina.
FOR DIPS, DOZIN' OR DREAMY DRIFTING . . . . THIS LEE LOVELY! ORLON AND ELASTIC DIMPLE KNIT . . . LAZILY PIPPED ABOUT THE COWL NECK, TIED IN A BOW AT THE V BACK. NAVY, RED, WHITE. SIZES 32 TO 38. ABOUT $11.

B. GERTZ & CO., all stores, Jamaica, N. Y.
DAUGHTERY'S DEPT. STORE
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SALLY SHOPS . . . . Los Angeles, Calif.
H. C. CAPWELL . . . . Oakland, Calif.
WEINSTEIN LUBIN & CO.
Sacramento, Calif.
GAYFERS . . . . Pensacola, Fla.
CHESTER CO . . . . Sterling, Ill.
FRANK DEPT. STORE . . . Ft. Wayne, Ind.
GEORGE V. BUTTNER Plymouth, Mass.
J. L. HUDSON & branches, Detroit, Mich.
FAMOUS BARR & branches, St. Louis, Mo.
POPPI'S . . . . . . . Elizabeth, N. J.
VOGELS . . . . . . . Long Branch, N. J.
ABRAMOWITZ . . . Point Pleasant, N. J.
HENS & KELLY . . . . Buffalo, N. Y.
MOREHOUSE FASHION CO.
Columbus, Ohio
THE A. POLSKY CO . . . . Akron, Ohio
OLDS & KING . . . . Portland, Ore.
POMEROY'S . . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
KAUFMANN'S . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
AUERBACH & CO . . . Salt Lake City, Utah
BON MARCHE . . . . Seattle, Wash.

FOR NEAREST STORE WRITE: LEE BEACHWEAR, DEPT. P1, 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK
Enhance your junior figure with a

**Yankee Clipper.** Fun-loving flattery mates a white, all-pleated sharkskin skirt with a colorful faille Lastex top. A beautiful figure-slimming effect . . . . $16.95

**Smart Set.** White ric-rac on a winsome Galey & Lord cotton plaid. Boy leg slim lines; bodice, puckered at sides, $11.95. Matching Cover-Up, waist-high . . . $5.95

**Sun Spots.** Sleek and dramatic mio, with a steep V-neck, even steeper V-back. Built-up straps button at shoulders. Dotted Helanca nylon knit . . . $15.95

**Flair for Imagination** describes the most exciting and complete junior swimwear collection of the season. For Catalina's couturier-like consideration gives the girl with a junior figure everything she has always wanted: Originality of design; fascinating fabrics and colors; flawless attention to figure control. See how much more a Catalina Junior enhances your special charms.

**Opposite in color:** Fantasy, a figure-flattering sheath plunging mid-low in back with built-up bodice. Large, drifting white hand print flowers on a colorful background of Helanca nylon knit . . . $19.95

**Opposite above:** Chatterbox says gaiety with tailored elegance. Tablecloth check Lastex sheath with slimming mitred-panel front, semi-belt back . . . . . . $15.95
From the sun-terrace we laughed at the funny
two-year-old chugging along on a pair of skis...
and then suddenly, afraid, I wanted to cry—

"I want my baby...
I want my baby"

The warmth of the sun felt good
against my face, and, pushing up
the sleeves of my heavy ski sweat-
er to let its rays reach onto my arms,
I relaxed back into a deep canvas
chair. We were sitting—Philippe (my
husband) and I—on the wooden sun-
terrace of a ski lodge high in the French
Alps. All about us we could hear the
shouts and laughter of the skiers and if I
lifted my head a little I could see them
trudging up the snow-covered slopes and
gliding down, time after time.

Then a crunching of snow just to the
right caught my attention. A funny lit-
tle two-year-old with a knitted bonnet
came chugging by on a pair of baby
skis. The pom-pom on the peak of the
bonnet kept bouncing provocatively up
and down as she went and suddenly I
felt I wanted to cry.

Reaching out for Philippe's hand, I
turned towards him and as he felt my
grasp he opened one eye sleepily and
looked at me. "That ... that little girl,"
I said, pointing a finger towards the
bouncing pom-pom. "She could have
been ...

But Philippe wouldn't let me finish
my sentence, patting my hand gently and
interrupting with, "It will be. It will be
someday. You'll see. The doctors were
quite sure you could have another."

I tried to smile but my lips were trem-
bbling. "But I want my baby ... I want
my baby now," I whispered.

Philippe didn't answer. There was
nothing he could say. He just held my
hand, understanding, I think, exactly
how I felt as I watched the child chug
onwards through the snow, stopping
only for a second to call, "Maman!
Maman!" to a young woman who was
standing talking with two other ladies a
little further away.

I'd wanted so much to have a little
girl or boy just like the one that had
passed by. The slopes seemed vacant
without my baby, as vacant as I felt.
And, as I (Continued on page 104)

by CHRISTINE CARERE
MAX FACTOR whips up Creme Puff
always ready to flatter your face
with just a breath of color

Only compact make-up with shades so delicately blended they match each individual complexion. Creme Puff never changes on your face. Ends "color-patching" forever!

Just the breath of color you desire... any time... any place... yours with Creme Puff by Max Factor. Your choice of nine true-skin tones - blended for each type of complexion as only Max Factor can. And Creme Puff Make-Up never streaks, never changes color - ends "color-patching" forever!

IVORY COMPACT...1.25*, GOLD-TONE COMPACT...2.25*, REFILLS...85c*

*PLUS TAX

Max Factor... Master of Make-Up Artistry For 50 Years
thinking how funny it is how when your head's in the dryer and you can't hear, you think you have to shout. "Say, have you seen this story on that new singer, Tommy—Isn't he the greatest?"

My hand shook for just a second when I heard his name again. I nodded at the girl to let her know I agreed. Then I reached for a tissue to wipe off the lipstick where I'd smeared the outline when she startled me. I dabbed at my nose with a puff, threw my makeup kit in my bag and picked up my coat. I didn't realize that I was almost running till I heard the girl at the cash register call out after me.

"Say, Connie, what's your hurry?" she teased. "Don't you want to pay your bill first?"

"Sorry," I said. "I just realized how late ... Here you are." I didn't even bother to put the change in my wallet. I just jammed it into my purse and walked out quickly. It took me almost three blocks to realize that I had no reason to hurry... that I had almost an hour before my father was to meet me and drive me home to Belleville, New Jersey. There was a Walgreen store on the corner and I turned into it.

I sat there, my elbow propped on the lunch counter, not drinking the coffee I'd ordered, just trying to understand how, after all this time, just the sudden mention of his name could make my heart go flip-flop. I wondered if all your life that's the way you feel when someone mentions the name of the first boy you love.

Tommy's not his real name, of course. I call him that 'cause he's a famous singer today and you'd recognize his real name. But he wasn't famous that day we first met two years ago... I didn't like him that day. My manager, Mr. Scheck, and I had an appointment with Tommy to listen to some songs he'd written. When I got to the office, the manager led me into the bare rehearsal room where Tommy's partner was seated at the scarred upright piano and Tommy was slouched on a wooden folding chair with his feet propped up on the only one of his legs that he could use. He just raised his hand, moved his palm around in a slow circle and said, "Greetings. You're late!" But as they played the first song, I watched him and I thought, "He'd be nice-looking if he wouldn't scowl."

The first song wasn't my style and I said so. Tommy dropped his feet off the chair and said, "C'mon," he said to his partner. "Let's go."

"But don't you have any other songs?" I asked.

They played three other songs and they were very good.

"Gosh," I said, "they're great. They could almost have been written just for me."

"Well they weren't, doll, they weren't." "I'd like to record them, especially that one you call 'My First Real Love.'"

"Sure you would," he said. "I've heard that before."

"I'll set up the recording date," Mr. Scheck interrupted. "You boys wait here, I'll be right back." And he ushered me out of the room. "He's a very talented boy," he whispered.

"The most runty," I answered.

But a week later I saw Tommy again, when he and three of his friends sang along for vocal background when I recorded Tommy's song. Making a record is like taking a final exam at school. You study and prepare and you do your best—and then you hope you'll pass. And when before I had a chance to look around and find Tommy. It was eleven-thirty before I realized that I hadn't seen him all night. He wasn't there in the den, but when I went upstairs, I knocked on the door of the kitchen, leaning through our new gray formica table, talking away with his friends. But my father saw him first. "Aren't you boys having a good time?" he asked. "Why don't you go down to the den and dance?"

"We're busy talking," Tommy snapped, twisting around in his chair. My father fell into line and started picking up the used paper cups, just for something to do. About fifteen minutes later, Tommy appeared.

"Well, I said, 'Aren't you dance?"

"When a gentleman wants to dance," he said, screwing up one eye to hold an invisible monocle and bowing from his waist, "he does the asking."

My arm flexed and I put my arm around me and we danced out to the center of the room. We glided slowly around the room and I felt Tommy's hand tighten at my waist, and I closed my eyes and hummed along with the record, "The Nearness of You." When the record was almost over, Tommy danced over near the phonograph, picked up the needle and put it back. Then he opened his eyes and smiled at him. He was good-looking, I thought, and I even liked the way one eyebrow always seemed to be raised in a question. Then suddenly, in a hoarse whisper, he heard him whisper, "I love you, Connie."

And I was so startled I stopped dancing, stepping on his toes till I was able to find the beat of the music again.

"We just met," I protested. "You just mean you like me. You can't mean what you said... You shouldn't say that to me."

"Well, it's true," he said, "so believe what you will!"

And then another boy cut in before I could say no to him and over his shoulder I saw Tommy leave.

After that, I saw him almost every day. We'd meet at my manager's office and then we'd sit for hours in a drug store, drinking hot chocolate and talking. But we never talked about what Tommy had told me at my party... Some days, my father would come into Manhattan with me, and on those days I'd see Tommy at the office but I'd always have to go straight home with my father. I knew he didn't like Tommy, that he thought he was too flip, too "show business." Even though my father had taught me music—he'd really guided my career ever since I'd started. I got first prize on Arthur Godfrey's "Talent Scouts"—Dad has never really felt at home with "show people." But he didn't say too much until one Saturday night about a month later, when Tommy and I were going to a party in Newark.

"A nice boy doesn't come late to take a girl to a party," my father began when the clock on the walnut sideboard showed eight and Tommy was already an hour late.

"It's snowing," I said, "and traffic's probably all tied up at the tunnel."

"If the weather's that bad," he answered, "it might be better if you didn't go out—especially with that boy."

At nine o'clock, Tommy still hadn't come. At ten o'clock, we heard a loud clanging noise outside and I ran to the window again. Tommy was pulling the door of the house up before the house and Tommy ran out. I opened the front door.

"I'm sorry," he said breathlessly. "The traffic... I heard a door slam and I knew my father had seen him first."

I noticed Tommy's wet shoes were making a puddle on the carpet as my mother
began, "Connie, I don't think you should go out in this weather in that old car..." She started to protest again but I edged Tommy toward the door before she could.

"All right," she called after us, "but be careful. Legs can get stuck in the snowbank.

Usually, it takes thirty minutes to get from my house to Newark, but that night it took us an hour and a half. We stayed at the party less than half an hour, so we could get home again. But the return trip took even longer, two hours, and even with what happened afterward I still think it was the most beautiful time in my life.

We didn't talk much. Tommy's eyes were riveted on the road as he tried to spot the dangerous patches of ice. He drove carefully and sat tightly at his side, but not close enough so that our shoulders touched. A great white silence seemed to be heaped up on the streets as we drove through them. The moon glowed white, and still the farther we went, the more the white seemed to fade away. We were just pale sentinels before buildings that had lost their outlines in the snow that continued to fall in slow silent flakes. The branches of the trees, heavy with snow, seemed to be reaching down to us. There were no other cars, no other people... just Tommy and me in a brand-new white world.

The traffic was driving up a hill and the car stopped for a traffic light. I almost see the lazy designs on the big snowflakes as they fell slowly before me. And then I said, "Tommy, I think I love you."

He didn't say anything. The face I turned toward him was a long minute passed and then I heard him say in a funny hoarse voice, "I always have something to say, but not now."

He took my hand lightly in his on the seat between us, "...except I love you, Connie."

I still couldn't look at him. I watched the traffic light turn green and I heard a siren speak, "1961."

I'd seen the black sign before. It was full of men, and Tommy had me wait just inside the door while he called a cab. We waited, talking about everything except what we'd just said, till finally the yellow cab came and we got into it,

We still sat apart, but Tommy took both my hands in his. "Connie," he whispered, "you're so different from anyone I've ever known."

I remember I was crying. I seemed to be tracing on my block, different from the other people in the business. I don't very want to hurt you... I don't know why I say those awful things sometimes... but I try to be very good and honest, I try."

"He held my hand all the way home... he didn't kiss me. When the cab turned onto my street he squeezed my hand till it hurt, like I'd said, "Let's get married in 1961. I'll have a million dollars then and I'll never have to say 'str' to anyone."

If Tommy had asked me to marry him on any day during the wonderful months that followed, I would have said yes. Instead, we'd meet at the office and talk for hours. We'd walk one another to appointments, holding hands and dawdling in front of the Fifth Avenue furniture stores. We'd stop somewhere for lunch and say "1961" over all the menus. "It's one day nearer," I'd whisper and he'd laugh.

"Connie," he asked me one day, "what do you think you'll be like when we're married?"

"The same," I teased, "only with a dozen kids."

He grinned and then the grin faded and that crooked eyebrow of his went up even higher. I think it's true. This happiness can last, Connie, I really don't."

He pushed the ice in his glass around with the straw. "People get married and then

after a couple of years, maybe the very things they fell in love with to start with and they're not in love anymore—just married.

"Oh, no, Tommy, that's not so. You only think that because that's what happened to your mother and father. But it doesn't have to happen to us. Golly, my mother and father have been married for twenty-five years and they're still in love.

"Are they?" he asked. "Are they really?"

"Of course they are."

"Well, then why don't you understand that we..." and he smashed the straw down into his glass.

When summer came, Tommy and I both had to go on tour. We promised we'd write every day, but I'm sure he hadn't twice a day. Once, he phoned me from out of town. "You didn't write yesterday," he said, "and I got such an empty feeling when I went down to the hotel desk.

But mostly, he didn't like to call me at home, for fear my father would answer the phone. The tension at home had begun to throb in me like a sick headache and because I always told Tommy every-thing and wanted to share everything with him, I poured it all out to him the first day we saw each other again.

This time I ever cared what someone's parents thought of me," he said.

"Let me go home with you and talk to your father.

"But I wouldn't let him do that. I was too proud and I was sure my father wouldn't listen. "Not yet," I told him.

"Let's wait... maybe they'll get used to the idea.

But they didn't. The tension only grew and grew, and in the snowflakes that had made a private world for Tommy and me that wonderful white night. I was unhappy for my family. We'd always had such a close relationship with him, even our pininess. But now there were evenings when I'd run up the carpeted stairs to my room without even saying goodbye to them.

Then one day, my father and I were in Mr. Scheck's office and I was in the bathroom. Tommy phoned me pause at the door, then take a deep breath and wait for someone. "Hello, Mr. Franconera," he said, "how are you?" And he held up his hand.

The office was crowded, and since most of the people there knew me and Tommy, they said they knew we were seeing each other. But my father knew they were looking, but he refused to take Tommy's hand. Finally, Tommy let his hand drop. A flush was spreading over his face but he had been wanting to talk to me, Mr. Franconera. If we could only get to know each other, maybe we'd find..."

"I don't want what's best for my little girl," my father said, putting his arm around my shoulder. "I do not feel that you and she are suited for each other."

"But if you only give me a chance, Tommy demanded. "I'd only try to get to know me..."

"I know enough about you." My father's voice was loud and distinct. "I know enough about you," he nodded to a group of young musicians, "Tommy hung around with... and your friends."

"What's wrong with my hands?" Tommy demanded.

"I don't want that kind of people hanging around my daughter," he said. "Why do they wear those beards anyway?"

"Maybe they like goatees," Tommy said.

"Why are they hiding their faces?"

"Maybe you'd look better," Tommy flung back, "if you hid your face." Then he turned and started stamping toward the door. He had his hand on the doorknob when he turned around and stretched out his arm in a pleading gesture to my father. Then his arm dropped. "Oh, what's the use?" he muttered, slamming the door behind him.

My heart thumped wildly as I turned from the closed door to my father. I stared at him as he said, "I'm going to speak to Mrs. Lazarus. I should have brought her for me." But I couldn't wait. I ran after Tommy, only I couldn't find him.

I came to the office early the next day, and I learned that Mr. Scheck had talked to Tommy about us. I waited for him in the empty rehearsal room, and when he finally appeared, I called to him softly, "Tommy?"

He came in and closed the door of the rehearsal room. I leaned my head against the shoulder of his gray jacket. "I love you," he said, so softly that I wonder now if he even meant me to hear it. Then he pushed me away.

"Connie, I don't want to see you any more."

"I know what you're going through, I know how you feel."

"You're in my way, Connie. I can move faster without you."

"You don't know what you're saying. You're upset. Let's wait and..."

"No," he said. "We're finished."

And he walked out.

I felt numb. The next day when we met again, I saw he wanted to say something to me, but I'd been hurt and that made me feel worse. The next time we met he was with his friends and I was rude to him. And then he was rude to me. And we were never alone again. And that was the end of it... almost.

Because I'm a good girl, I took my shopping bag, perched on a stool and staring at the signs advertising the sandwich specials, I knew I had to think about that, and I had to understand why it happened the way it did.

Now it's it's all over. I know it's all over. I was hurt, but I wouldn't have missed it. I hope love happens to me again. It happens again soon. The End

WHERE TO BUY

To buy fashions shown on pages 73 to 78 write manufacturer or nearest store listed below.

Sea nymph knit mailots

COLUMBUS, OHIO... F & R Lazarus

NEW YORK, N.Y... Saks Fifth Avenue

WASHINGTON, D.C... Hecht's or write, Jordan Mfg. Company

1100 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Marina del Mar elasticized

BEAUTIFUL BEAUTY MAILLOTS

COLUMBUS, OHIO... F & R Lazarus

FORT WORTH, TEXAS... Leonard's

LOS ANGELES, CALIF... The May Company or write, Marchetti

10201 Anza Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Jantzen paisley and bateau suits

DENVER, COLORADO... The May Company or write, Jantzen, Inc.

January 1, 1961

1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Robby Len Armel jersey swimsuit

ALLENTOWN, PA... Somach's

FORT WAYNE, Ind... Frank Dry Goods

HARRISON, CONN... Sage, Allen

RODGERS, Ind... Rebekah, Inc.

1140 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Catalina patchwork maillot and matching men's trunks

FORT WORTH, TEXAS... Stripling's Maillot

NEW YORK, N.Y... Oppenheim, Collins

ST. LOUIS, MO... Famous & Barr or write, Catalina, Inc.

EL SEGUNDO, Los Angeles, Calif.
New! Pond's Moisture Base

new kind of greaseless foundation cream!

brings you “night cream” moisturizing under your make-up all day!

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

Prevents under-make-up dryout
New Pond’s Moisture Base protects your skin against wind and weather—the drying effects of make-up itself! Your skin stays soft and dewy all day.

For a smooth, no-shine finish
Pond’s Moisture Base is greaseless. Your skin never feels sticky—your make-up never streaks or cakes. Completely transparent, it can’t conflict with any make-up shade.

For a lovelier face, smooth on fabulous New Pond’s Moisture Base every morning. And of course, use it for night-time moisturizing, too. At your favorite beauty counter now.

Pond’s Moisture Base
first met Elvis the summer of 1956. I was sixteen then, and just going into my junior year at Harbor High School in Newport Beach, just thirty some forty miles south of Hollywood.

A few months after my sixteenth birthday, I got a car and, the day I received my license, I suggested to my sister Jody that we take a road trip up to Hollywood, as we had never been there before. I'd been to movie sets before, and I didn't want to be left behind. The next day, Jody and I drove up to Hollywood, and we visited the studio. We had no idea how we were going to get in, and that first time we tried we were turned, quite definitely, away. But we kept going back, and we met the boys who played background for Elvis, and they kept inviting us back to listen to records and talk. And by the end of a week of driving to the hotel each day, we were real good pals with them.

Then one thing led to another, and finally Jody and I got to meet Elvis himself. For some reason, that first time we met, he seemed to hit it well, and from then on Jody and I had an open invitation to visit him every time we came to Hollywood. Elvis stayed on right through until October, and all that time we were happy, and as often as possible, we went over to meet him. The day started in the middle of the road, the rain pouring down on him, dancing, was a candidate for a booby hatch—but it was just Elvis' way.

He sometimes he's like a little boy. When the weather was bad, he'd look like a picture, and we zoomed back to the hotel. He was so tickled, like a kid playing in a mud puddle.

There's one night I'll never forget. A local TV show had been sponsoring a contest to find a new Elvis Presley. The contest had been going on for weeks, and that night they were having the run-off. I'm often invited to be there, and it was called "Rocket to Stardom." There had been a lot of publicity about it. We all had our hamburgers and Cokes in front of the TV set, so we could watch the show. There were many Presleys, tall Presleys—all varieties, with three things in common: sideburns, a guitar, and lots of motion. It was quite something, watching Elvis look at other people imitating him. He got a real big kick out of it. About half way through the program a guy strutted out on stage trying to act like Elvis, but it didn't work. His face didn't look like a peacock. Elvis didn't like the way he was behaving. When the boy strummed the first few bars of "Don't Be Cruel," Elvis stood up, plunked on an imaginary guitar and started playing with him. Then he shouted, "Watch it, boy, you're never goin' to make that next note, not at the rate you're goin'!" Sure enough the boy missed the note and Elvis broke up laughing. He ran around the auditorium saying, "I told him he wouldn't hit that note!"

He really enjoyed that show. But picked out one that didn't look like him but he's got a pretty voice. I sure wish he'd find a style of his own. I bet he'd really go places. I think I'll call him and tell him I think he's got a great voice.

Incidentally, Elvis worships talent in people. He's a big movie and TV fan and is particularly keen about rooting for the underdogs—the ones just starting out. He's really become kind of a role model to me. He's heard of Elvis makes a practice of buying records on little labels that nobody else buys. He always says, "I don't want those labels to get discouraged so I keep buyin' their records. Maybe someday they'll hit!"

The lights finally went down. But it was clear from the word go that the pop music, the oldies, the girls, the box office. Even though the picture had started, it seemed like a big parade was in progress. About three hours of the audi-
NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO...

puts Spring in your curls

puts Springtime in your hair

makes hair easier to manage

New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it conditions as it cleanses... so very effectively even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!
Eddie is afraid of very few things, but the fear I remember him having were deep ones. He used to be afraid people wouldn't like him, especially older people. He kept feeling they'd judge him by the stories they heard, and that they wouldn't give him a chance to show them what he was really like. He used to say, "I love those little girls who are my fans, but I am afraid of their folks and the rest of the older people. They just don't like me." He'd purposely avoid going to parties he was invited to because he was afraid people wouldn't appreciate him. But I never considered it an oddity, as a curiosity. He's so deeply sensitive that he preferred staying away from places where there was the least chance he would be disliked.

That last trip he made to Hollywood, during the filming of "King Creole," was very hectic. It was Elvis' best part to date. I think there was a stretch of two or three days where he worked like hell. He wanted desperately to do a good job, but he had lots on his mind. Right after he finished the film, he was to be inducted in the service. I was afraid I was killing myself, and I was just a kid. I'm afraid I was afraid, he was afraid, he was only scared about how the other guys would take to him. One night we were all having dinner, and one of the boys still in the group, without meaning to, started talking about one of his earlier experiences in camp and how rough it was on all the guys. Then he said, "Gosh El, if that's the way they treated us comrades GI's, would they do it to you?" Elvis got pale. I went over to him and said that he was still alive and finally looked at me and said, "Shari, do you think they'll give me a chance?" Do you think they'd get to know you as a father, as a son, as a friend? He spoke the words with such intensity that I think about all the guys, or will they hate me because I'm Elvis Presley? I sure want to do the best I can to be a good soldier. I just hope to God they let me.

It was a Friday night. That night when Jody and I drove back to New Port we were very quiet. Elvis was going away—for two years.

The next day, I had "Poor Little Fool" published. By that time Elvis was in Texas at Ft. Hood. But one night the phone rang. It was George Klein (a disc jockey friend of Elvis'). He said, "Shari, I've got through talking to Elvis. He tried to reach you, but your line was busy for an hour and he could only hog the phone booth so long. He asked me to call you and tell you he just heard about your song. He said he was so thrilled when he found out you'd written, 'Poor Little Fool' that he forgot where he was, and he ran out of the house. Then he started jumping up and down shouting, 'My friend Shari wrote that song!'

George went on telling me what Elvis had told him and how thrilled he had been. As a last it seemed as if I really had a future.

So many things have happened to me since that summer of 1956 when I started out to meet Elvis. All of it has been wonderful, but one of the most wonderful things of all was the night in Nashville, Tennessee, when I received an award for having written "Poor Little Fool." It was money and two million records. When I got the news I was in the program where I heard someone call my name. I turned. It was George, and he'd come all the way from Memphis to see me. We sat and talked. Then George said, "Tell Shari when I get home I expect her to write a song just for me. Tell her not to forget that I'm counting on her.

And I'm counting the days until Elvis returns. I've got tunes and words running around in my brain, but I still haven't come up with one just right for Elvis. I have to think of something very special—because he's a very special person to me.

THE END.
shave, lady?...don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" again (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful Neet goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually beauty-creams the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer; silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, neatest legs in town, why not try Neet—you'll never want to shave again!
to the world of dating," she had told some- 
one recently, and her voice had been al- 
most afraid. "I can't even think about it 
now—"

There was no new love, as there was 
for Eddie. "Marriage," Debbie had said. 
"Marry again? People keep asking me 
that. Pretty soon I'll start to laugh.

True, they said that on the set she was 
as bright as ever, and they heard she 
clowned even more than she used to, 
made jokes, worked hard on her roles 
and harder on her charities—"the same old 
Debbie," they said.

And yet, a thousand times a day, the 
picture of that living-room would flash 
before Eddie's eyes. A room belonging 
to a young woman pulling her world in 
around herself, shutting out strange 
rooms in which playthings and stuffed ani- 
males left no room for a new life, a new 
love.

A room that was somehow painful to 
Eddie Fisher to remember, when he wan- 
tered through the exquisitely decorated 
rooms of Liz Taylor's $150 a day bungalow. 
He was happier in these adult, uncluttered 
rooms. He liked the people, he liked the 
expensive furniture, he liked the perfec- 
tion, he needed those things. And yet, 
disconcertingly, suddenly—

He could see Debbie's living room again. 
"Look at Eddie," someone would hiss 
then. "Hey, Eddie, got your tongue?"

He would shake himself. The picture 
would vanish—almost. "I'm fine," he'd 
say. "It's a drag. Turn up the music, some- 
body. Come on, let's make some noise!"

Yes, there was a lot of noise in Eddie 
Fisher's life these days, dredging out the 
thoughts he didn't want to think, the 
memories that wouldn't go away. There was 
singing—his own voice, singing past hits 
for the benefit of his friends, because he 
wasn't quite yet to his other record—there 
was laughter, there was the sound of parties 
in full swing. On the night Debbie filed for 
divorce, there was the sound of champagne 
and waiters' voices—he had taken Liz out to 
dinner that night and they had eaten caviar 
with their champagne. "Uncalled for, vulgar, 
tasteless," the newspapers had called it. No 
other man in love, yet he is, they said, Eddie Fisher should have 
realized that the filing of divorce papers 
is not a cause for celebration, for what 
look of triumph and triumph? The offi- 
cial destruction of a marriage that brought 
two children into the world should be 
marked in silence and in sorrow, not in 
public revel. What he was trying to do, 
slap Debbie in the face—again?

The answer was no. He hadn't wanted 
to hurt her, he hadn't meant to seem 
triumphant and brutal. He had been try- 
ing to protect himself from the pain and 
memory that evening, trying to make the 
future he envisioned with Liz—the future of 
gaiety and sophistication, of Mike Todd-

But somehow, the harder he ran, the 
more he laughed, the greater his de- 

tivation to Liz' three children became— 
the more painful the little things became. 
Like the threads, they tied Eddie Fisher to 
his past.

To break those threads once and for all, 
had the hardest thing he had done since 
the affair started. He walked into Debbie Rey- 

D INNO DEBBIE IN M-G-M's "THE MAT- 

game" and watch for her in M-G-M'S "IT 

STARTED WITH A KISS," and TWENTIETH'S 

"SAY ONE FOR ME." 

LOOK FOR LIZ IN U.A.'S "TWO FOR THE 

SEE-SAW."

Becoming attractions

A. Ten finger tips: Confetti kit by Juli- 
ette Marglen holds her Porcelain Nail 
Glaze—10 shades to wear separately 
or for each finger. $5.50.*

B. Az'immatique mascaras with applica-
tor rod features tiny comb at shorter 
end to separate lashes. Ten high fashion 
colors. $15.00*; refills, $1.00.*

C. For the prom set: Menen's new Date-
Line deodorant stick for young girls 
turns up like a lipstick in daddy pink, 
blue, yellow or green case. 79c.*

D. As handseome does: Efficient Pond's 
Angel Skin hand lotion now comes in 
delightfully feminine, bobby-pin design 
dispenser bottle. Three colors. $1.00.*

E. It's a gift! For a father-type fellah 
with Butch. Ivory League or other short 
hair cut. Max Factor's new Crew Cut 
hairdressing. Tube or jar, 59c.*

* plus tax
WAVES AND CURLS CAN NOW BE SHAMPOOED INTO YOUR HAIR!

THIS NEW PROTEIN WAVING SHAMPOO

CONDITIONS AND CURLS WHILE IT Cleans!
LONG LASTING! GUARANTEES 'NATURAL' WAVES
FROM SHAMPOO TO SHAMPOO! NO MORE
PERMANENTS! NO MORE NIGHTLY PIN-UPS!

The wonders of Wash 'n Curl
Exclusive formula contains proteins (so necessary to life itself) plus miraculous lanolin! Proteins beautify and benefit hair, add "body," softness and sheen while protecting natural oils during shampoo. New conditioning agent stems from the very heart of water-soluble lanolin.

WAVES AND CURLS! Wash hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set. Guaranteed for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children's fine, unruly hair—or your money back!

Imagine YOU actually waving and curling your hair as you wash it! Whirls of wished-for curls! Wonderfully obedient, silken-soft waves that last and last, thanks to Wash 'n Curl, the exciting new kind of shampoo!

From now on, no more fussing with extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers or hair spray sets. Forget about expensive permanents and bothersome nightly pin-ups. All you do is shampoo with Wash 'n Curl!

You see, Wash 'n Curl has a special way with hair. This golden liquid is an exclusive blend of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that gently conditions, curls and cleans at the same time! It's the first perfect all-in-one shampoo! Try new Wash 'n Curl today. You'll see.

If you want beautiful curls and waves tomorrow...shampoo your hair today with wash 'n curl WAVING SHAMPOO

Another beauty 'plus' by LANOLIN PLUS, INCORPORATED
CANDY LEE, Senior, James Ford Rhodes High School, Cleveland, Ohio says: "Every time blemishes broke out on my face, I was really disturbed, because I thought I'd have to give up some of the activities I like so much. I never could find anything that did much good, until my mother brought home Clearasil. It really did the trick."

WHO'LL TOP ELVIS?

Continued from page 39

sides of the Atlantic—and Pacific—happy.
I can also predict that no matter where you are—Hollywood, Calif. or Hollywood, Fla. or points in-between—if you come across my fabulous friend, Fabian, he'll have a few schoolbooks somewhere in the vicinity. With most of the stars it's a problem signing autographs, and while Fabian shares that pleasant duty he's also got time to fill in test papers to keep up with his schoolwork. Fabian's very serious about his singing career, and he's just as serious about his studies.

That's a problem that a young artist has and one that you don't hear too much about. Fabian keeps pretty busy with his personal appearances, but his teachers make sure he doesn't forget them. He doesn't, either. You're liable to find him going through one of his books at the oddest times and in the strangest places I know. Why, just the other night we were on our way to make a personal appearance together and we stopped off for a snack along the way. There I was trying to make stimulating conversation between bites—and what was Fabian doing? He had his head buried in an algebra book getting ready for a test. Now if I had been that way . . . but there I go again, so let's predict Fabian will finish high school with flying colors, hit records, and happy proofs.

Neil Sedaka is another of our young fellows with nothing but good in the future. He's been coming up great in the past, and with his all-around talent—he's a terrific songwriter as well as performer—Neil can't help but become a bigger and brighter star.

All of these handsome and talented guys are going to help make popular music even bigger and better than ever. It's an amazing experience to watch it grow, and next year I wouldn't be at all surprised if more than $500,000,000 worth of records passed over the disc counters across the country. That'll be enough to keep you dancing for a few hours, won't it? But maybe you'll be spending some of that dance time with some steps you'll have to learn from grandpappy.

I refer to none other than that grand old style they call "The Waltz." Huh-huh. You heard right.

Well now, wait a second. Honest, I haven't gone off the track. I can see that "Waltz" train coming up, and the gang seems to enjoy it. No, I don't think it'll push the jitterbug steps out of the picture, and straight dance styles won't change that much, but there is plenty of room for one more—believe me—specially if that one more is a graceful "one-two-three-turn."

First time I noticed it was when we played "The Chipmunk Song" by David Seville last Christmas on "American Bandstand." You know the fellows and girls will try anything, but the usual steps just didn't work out with the music. At first, almost everybody stood around and waited for the number to end while just a few hardy souls tried to fit in the regular steps to the strange rhythm. Nothing worked out until someone, I forget just who it was, tried gliding along waltz-style. That was it . . . it fitted perfectly . . . and then another couple tried . . . then a third . . . soon we had a crowded dance floor again. What's more we had dusted off a style that a lot of us had forgotten—or never known. The big thrill though is the fun we all had doing it, and it's a pleasure to report that our mail tells us it's just as much fun to all of you.

I hope it's as much fun as watching the development of a new star. That's always a pleasure, and if you watch closely in the months ahead you are sure to get what I mean. We often think it just happens overnight, but Tommy Edwards can tell you it doesn't. A few years ago, all in the business knew Tommy as a real fine guy with plenty of talent. He was just looking for the right song, one tailored for Tommy Edwards, and stardom. I don't want to tell you that he found it.

"All in the Game" . . . Yep, Tommy knew it was, and that proved to be the title of his ticket to a gold record. This was really a case of two veterans getting together, because back around the days before World War One, this was popular as "Melody in 'A'." (Incidentally, if you collect odd facts, this is about the only song hit we can remember that was written by a Vice-President of the United States, Charles Dawes.) So, using Tommy as our guide, we'll forecast that another veteran show-business personality—one who has worked long hours perfecting style and practicing technique—will come out of hiding and make it real "big" before too long. We've got a candidate. She's—yes, that's right, she—pretty, talented, and a wonderful girl with a vocal style all her own. We've been playing her records, but as yet the real big song hasn't come along. What are we waiting for? Why not try to "discover" her along with us? It shouldn't be too long now.

How about a clue? No fair, that would be cheating, but we'll help you narrow down the field by saying we don't mean

Tommy Leonetti
Speaks Out About
THE JUKE BOX RACKET

Plus 26 Portraits of
TV's WESTERN HE-MEN

Jimmie Rodgers • Danny Thomas
Garry Moore • Ralph Edwards
in the June TV RADIO MIRROR on sale at all newsstands
Connie Francis. No sir, that gal has already come into her own these past few months—and it just didn't happen for Connie overnight either, although it almost seems that way. I guess the reason for that is Connie just burst into brilliance with "Who's Sorry Now?" I remember the first night Connie did that number on the show. The music was familiar, but that magic Francis touch made it sound so very new. Then when Connie came back with "My Happiness"—well, there wasn't any question. This is a "star."

We've been chatting about new "stas" but have you noticed the songs? That's right, many of them are the top standards of a few years back. In a new arrangement, and with a beat here and a beat there, you're really snapping them up. And this big welcome home for old musical alumni is a trend that's going to continue. They may be "old favorites" but when The Platters did "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" and Billy Williams came through with "Nola" you couldn't help but consider them new. You know there are plenty more "gold" records locked in the music files, and in the future months you'll be hearing them done in new arrangements and by new voices. If you hear any muttering in the wings, that must be from the young writers hoping for their chance, too. Don't worry, fellows—it's an old show business saying that "there's plenty of room at the top." That's as true in the musical world as in the business world.

Here's another angle of the crystal ball, and if it seems a bit cloudy let me tell you what's behind those shadows. It's nothing but rumors. You know, rumors—things we hear about that never happen or things that are supposed to have happened but didn't. Well, let's hope we have plenty of them in store for us, but I hope none are as wacky as the ones we've heard last year. Yoicks...every time I think of them! Remember the one about Frankie Avalon? For about twenty-four hours, just everywhere you turned last winter someone was sure to whisper, "Hey, did you hear...Frankie Avalon was married to one of the youn—oh!" Every whisper was backed by a solemn nod that you couldn't doubt, and many of the young girls I met that day looked as if they had lost their best boyfriends. Most of them assured me they hadn't.

Yessir, it was real blue around the office that morning. That is, it was until we were able to get Frankie at home. I don't think I ever heard a more amazed answer in my life when I asked, "Frankie, any truth to the rumor you've been married?" I guess you really can't blame him for being surprised, and his "No" sure made life worth living again for a thousand young ladies I could name.

Then there was the crazy rumor that Pats Domino had taken sick and died. You can imagine how he felt denying that one on our "American Bandstand" show. It's amazing the way these stories come up, but they do, and you'll be hearing some this next year. Best way is to do as Stet Allen does. He keeps a scrapbook with all of the untruth stories about him pasted inside.

Gosh, it's going to be a lot of fun waiting to see if all of these predictions really do come true. I just make certain that, at least one does, I think I'll toss in a real easy one. And that is that when the songs of the future are written, sung and recorded—the young folks of these United States will still be dancing to them.

See you next month—DICK

DON'T MISS DICK ON ABC-TV ON "AMERICAN BANDSTAND," MONDAY-FRIDAY, FROM 4 TO 5:30 P.M. EDT, AND "THE DICK CLARK SHOW," SATURDAY, 7:30 P.M. EDT.
"Of course, unmarried girls can use them!"

from home. He looked out at them, but suddenly he couldn't see their individual faces. They all ran together, a blur of faces, a blur of uniforms.

The sailors guffawed and cheered. On the platform, he had waited for the noise to die down. Then suddenly he began to feel dizzy, too. He had to hold on to the microphone with both hands. Their white uniforms fused into one pulsating wave, but he kept talking, talking, talking. He introduced the last act, singer Mirny Bee, but instead of standing on the side as usual while she was singing, he went over and sat on a chair at the side of the stage.

In Spain, the next stop of this whirlwind thirteen-day Europe and Africa Christmas tour, he remembered having another attack of dizziness. But again he just ignored the dizzy spell in a state of rapid-fire gags.

I

In Frankfurt, Germany, the dizziness came on again, and with it the blurring and fuzzing. He had been chatting with some officers and their wives at a reception for the cast at Gen. Francis W. Farrell's home when that spell began.

He excused himself and went upstairs. There he doused his face with cold water, looking at himself in the glass and joking uneasily, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, perhaps I'm really not well at all." A few minutes later, he left for the party. But through the crowd he singled out an Army doctor and walked over and started talking to him.

While they left the room—so quickly and quietly that no one saw them go. Once upstairs, the doctor had asked him to lie down on the bed and the examination began.

In Spain, when he finished, he remembered joking, and saying, "I have one request. Send my body to the Lakeside Golf Course. But the doctor hadn't laughed. He hadn't even smiled.

"I'd like to have a chance to really examine you," the doctor had said instead. "A few days in our hospital here...

"No," he'd interrupted. "Impossible. We heard that you have a tendency to a dizzy stage."

But through the crowd, as the crowd went on, he slumped down at the side of the stage and buried his head in his hands. This is the first time, he remembered thinking, that I've ever walked off stage in the middle of a show when I wasn't supposed to.

He could hear the show going on. The dancers danced, the singers sang. But out of the range of the vector and producer running frantically around, signaling and scurrying, trying to cover for their missing star while in the corner, his back to all, he lay helplessly slumped over in his chair.

But fifteen minutes later he was back on the stage, facing a blurring, fuzzing audience, gazing into the relentless, unfriendly camera. He joked, he ad-libbed, he laughed. Off on the side, however, he could see one of his doctors, who had hurried to the studio, waiting to examine him.

The next day there had been another thorough examination. "You've lost fifty percent of your vision," the doctors told him. "You must take it easy. If you don't, you may lose the sight of your eye completely.

"Yes," he'd said, "I'll do what you say. I'll slow down."

And then, near the end of February, the doctors called a halt to his five-drug diet, explaining that he was becoming far too weak. And then they gave it to him straight: the eye was in worse shape than they had feared. The clot in his eye had not cleared. To clear the blood clot, he would have to have his eye removed.

"I'll five of them had been waiting for him when he landed at Lockheed Air Terminal, waving as the big plane settled down on the runway. And they had had a Christmas tree with them—an untrimmed tree that they were waiting for him to help decorate. He'd kissed them all, even though the boys protested. "Good to see you," he'd said, looking slowly at each one of them. "Great to see you."

"But you knew we'd be here," Dolores laughed. "We always meet you..."

"Great to see you, just the same," he remembered repeating, laughing very loud.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you've been celebrating," said his oldest girl, 19-year-old Linda.

"Strictly Moroccan. Untranslatable," then, noticing the puzzled look on the faces of his family he laughed again, a quieter, more typical laugh, and said, "Let's go home and fire the tree.

He'd promised the doctor in Frankfurt that he would see his own doctors in America...and he did. He could picture them, his doctors, his nurses, his drugstores, and his tampons.

And then came the night of February 10th, 1959. It was a nationwide TV show. He was right in the middle of a line, ad-libbing and laughing, when his face froze.

And there, his right eye, the right eye, to rest, his right eye, the right eye, to rest, his right eye, the right eye, to rest.

The doctors were there, the nurses were there, the drugstores were there, the tampons were there. He'd promised the doctor in Frankfurt that he would see his own doctors in America...and he did. He could picture them, his doctors, his nurses, his drugstores, and his tampons.

But before he left Hollywood, there was one thing he had to do. NBC-TV was taping a "Manny Sachs Memorial Show," a tribute to the man who had helped so many entertainers get started in show business, a man who had been one of his own true friends. And in memory of Manny...well, a guy couldn't duck out.
on that show...not on Manny Sachs.

So the day before he was to fly to New York to get the verdict on whether he would see or not see, he'd worked at a show...for Manny Sachs. In rehearsal, he'd jumped around a little too much, got a bit careless, but he shook off his dizziness.

Then suddenly the show was on, with "Thanks for the Memory" cueing him on stage. He ran out before the camera but a wave of dizziness pounded in upon him, more violent and insistent than anything he had ever felt before, and he almost fainted. He staggered and almost lost his balance. Then somehow he continued through his sketch, in slow motion, working foot by foot as if there were an airplane in a summer stock following chalk marks on a barn-theater floor.

The next day at the airport in California, a crowd gathered to say good-bye. "It's awfully hard for me to slow down," he told them. "I don't want to become invalid, or even a semi-invalid." Then smiling, he remembered to add, "My own medics have just got a little panic and suggested I see Dr. Reese—one of the best eye men in the world. From now on, I'm going to do just what my doctors tell me. Because I've got so many things I still want to see."

And he had taken a long look at his children, gathered to one side, and at his wife. Then he'd boarded the giant airliner. Soon he was winging his way to New York—to find out...

He didn't sleep on that plane, not at all. Sure, he remembered lying back and closing his eyes, but all he could do was think about what was ahead of him in New York. Blindness...not to be able to see the faces of the people out there in the audience...the fellows and the girls in the Armed Services...looking up at him...laughing.

Then he'd opened his eyes again, gotten up, stretched his legs, and walked slowly through the plane. A Marine sergeant sitting in an aisle seat had said, "Hi."

"Hi," he'd answered. "I saw you in Korea in '57," the soldier said. "It was great. Kind of like being home on Sunday night and turning on the TV set. Only better."

"Thanks."

"You'll be going overseas next Christmas again, won't you, Mr. Hope?" the sergeant went on. "You're like Santa Claus for us."

"No. I'm not really Santa Claus. With this nose, I'm more like Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer." Even now he could still see the startled expression on the soldier's face at this terse remark. I didn't really answer him, he thought. I don't even know the answer yet myself, he decided, looking at the frosted door.

As soon as he had landed he had come straight to this hospital for lengthy examinations by Dr. Reese and his associates. They'd thumped him, and X-rayed him, and tested him. They'd flashed lights in his eyes, put drops in his eyes, magnified his eyes. They'd attached eighteen wires to his skull, charting his brain wave and made him lie still in bed for hours.

Then about a half hour ago, they'd asked him to sit in the waiting room and he'd found a place, just in front of the frosted-glass door of the examining room where he could see the silhouette of one of the doctors pace up and down...up and down...up and down...

Suddenly the door opened, and the break in the stillness made Bob turn abruptly in his chair.

"Tell me, Bob, when does your son graduate from college?" the doctor was asking, coming towards him.

"Mmm...in...he's a few years

“Well, I’m sure you must be looking forward to seeing it,” he said kindly. “And you will.”

See it... Bob was beginning to understand what the doctor was trying to say.

“And your eldest daughter? She must be at an age when she’s thinking about getting married—you’ll be able to see her wedding, too, Bob.” See her wedding... see the graduation... and in time, maybe, even grandchildren?

Bob looked up at the doctor, and for the first time in weeks, a smile came naturally and easily. Then he followed him back into the examining room and listened to the full verdict.

He did not have glaucoma, the doctor told him. He did not need an operation, because with care, with rest, with a slower pace, and with continued use of drugs, it was very possible that the blood clot in his eye would dissolve and that full sight would be restored to his eye. Miraculously, a vital area behind the cornea had not been injured.

The doctor went on talking but Bob didn’t hear him anymore. To himself, over and over again, he said, “There are still so many things I’m gonna be able to see; there are still so many things I’m gonna be able to see; there are still so many things I’m gonna be able to see.”

...and you must cut down on your schedule,” the doctor concluded.

Bob meant to thank the doctor, but what came out was the same phrase, “There are still so many things I’m gonna be able to see.”

The doctor grinned. “Yes, Bob. But remember, only if you take the warning about slowing down. You can’t continue at such a pace.” His face took on a very serious expression and he was looking straight at Bob.

“Yes, doctor. Of course, of course,” Bob muttered, thinking of the busy schedule he had ahead of him. “Sure... I’ll take it easy..."

When Bob got back to his hospital room, he made a phone call— to Dolores and the younger kids in California. Then he talked to his daughter Linda at St. Louis University in Missouri and to his son Tony who had come up from Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., to be near him. And finally he talked to his brother George.

When he put down the phone at last, he was all smiles. He packed quickly, stuffing four large sacks with the more than a thousand fan letters and telegrams he’d received just during the two days he’d been in the hospital. Then he shook hands with the nurses and attendants who had helped him during his stay. “Sorry I have to hurry off,” he told them, “but I’m busy with some plans. Gotta be on the moon to make jokes when our GI’s land there. Sure, there’s life on the moon. The GI’s will be there and where there are GI’s there’s gotta be me... And besides, where there’s Hope there’s life.”

At Idlewild Airport he told the newspapers about “slowing down.” “I’ll not hop around so much,” he said, “on stage... or over the world. Sure, I’ll do my TV shows, and benefits, and the Academy Awards... and a movie this summer. My Christmas shows overseas! Of course, except maybe we’ll cut it down from four shows a day and not keep jumping overnight from one place to another. Have to do those shows. A Marine sergeant insists on it.”

Then he became serious and said, “You know, when you’re laying flat on your back in a hospital you often get what the doctors call a ‘ceiling philosophy.’ You begin to realize that taxes and money and some of the other things you worry about are not so important after all.

“Five people actually offered to give me their organs while I lay there in their eyes,” he said. “They really meant it... And right across the way from my hospital room was a youngster who’d had one eye removed... I can see just fine with only one; he assured me. I’ll be able to see you fine on TV.”

“He reminds me—that kind of courage reminds me—of the boys I’ve seen in all those hospitals overseas. The boys I’m going to see again this Christmas... As long as fellows like that want to see and hear me, I’ll be up there pitching... I want to do that right to the end. In fact, when they’re taking me to the cemetery, I hope they’ll open the box for a moment and let me tell a couple of jokes... just for old times’ sake.”

The newsman laughed and, as he climbed up the stairway into the plane, Bob watched them and felt good. “See, I haven’t lost my touch,” he remarked to the stewardess, pointing down at the men. She guessed what he was about to answer him... but her words became lost in the roar of the engines.

The End

ROB’S LATEST IS “ALIAS JESSIE JAMES” FOR U.A. (REVIEWED ON PAGE 20). HIS TV SHOW WILL BE ON FRIDAY, MAY 22, FROM 10 TO 11 P.M. EDT, OVER NBC-TV.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

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

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

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Name: __________________________________________ Age: ___________
Address: __________________________________________

Post this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader’s Poll, Box 1371, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.
where I'm staying while I'm here," I said.
She nodded again, jerking back a lock of
blonde hair that had slipped over her
cheek.
"Maybe you would like me to call your
folks and ask them if it would me all
right?"
She just stood there and kept nodding
yes. Then just as I was going to ask the
number, someone came in and told me
they were waiting for me onstage.
I got up and said to her, "Don't go
away—please. Stay until I get back. It'll
only be a few minutes, and then we can
Phone your folks."
She smiled and said, "Yes," very quietly.
All the time I was onstage I kept on
thinking about her, standing there in that
prettily gingham dress, and afterwards
I raced to the dressing room as fast as I
could. It was empty. She was gone.
And I realized I hadn't even found out
her name. Then I decided she must have
gotten tired of waiting and she'd prob-
ably be in the hotel lobby when I got
there.
When I walked into the hotel, I found
that the lobby was empty except for a
few elderly couples. I asked the desk
clerk if there were any messages for me.
He laughed and said, "Yes, about six hun-
dred girls called and they all send their
love." I smiled weakly and went to sit
in a straight-backed chair facing the front
of the hotel. Everytime the revolving
door spun around, I imagined my girl in
gingham would be walking through—but
everytime it was somebody else's girl or
guy. I waited more than an hour. She
never showed up. I left a message with
the desk that I would be in my room if
anyone asked for me.
I went upstairs. The other boys in our
group were sitting around, eating and
watching TV. I called home and talked
to the folks. Then I just sat. I wasn't
hungry. I wasn't sleepy. I wasn't much
of anything. I kept wondering why, why
she hadn't come. Was she afraid?
Wouldn't her folks let her? Why hadn't
she at least left a message? And why had
I been so preoccupied looking at her that
I hadn't even gotten her name? I went
back down to the lobby. I sat and waited
some more. About one in the morning
I gave up. She obviously wasn't going to
come. I went upstairs and tried to get
some sleep. I couldn't. I got out my
guitar and spent the rest of the night sit-
ing in the corner of our suite, strumming
softly, knowing I'd never see her again,
because in the morning we'd be off to
some other town . . . and I began think-
ning, thinking about other cute girls like
her I'd met on tour, and how I never had
a chance to get to know them. And how
lonely it was, away from home, even in
the midst of all the wonderful people who
always welcomed me and came to hear me
sing.
And as I began to think back over these
past two years, I suddenly felt I wanted
to tell you all what it really been like,
traveling around the country and singing
to you. It's kind of tough trying to ex-
plain. I can tell you of some of the crazy
things that have happened, but when it
comes to the serious side, how can I ex-
plain the loneliness of it all, jumbled to-
gether with the wonderful feeling I get
when I arrive in a strange town—a place
I've never been to before—and find hun-
dreds of girls waiting for me with my name
sewn all over their skirts and blouses, and
hear them shout my name and see them
carrying a banner saying "Welcome
Rick?" Or what you feel inside when a
little girl in a wheelchair is pushed
through a crowd and she looks up, smiles
and says, "Would you sign my autograph
book?" And you know how much of an
effort it must have been for her to work
through the crowd just to see you.
I'm not a person who shows my emo-
tions easily, anyway not when I'm with
a large group of people. I've been accused
of being too untalkative and I guess
maybe that's partly true. But if I don't say
too much, I do have feelings. I do care
if people shout my name and I can't shout
back theirs because I don't know it and
probably won't have an opportunity to
stay in that town long enough to find out.
When I get into a town I want very much
to walk around, see what the city's like,
meet some of the people . . . and don't
think I don't feel pretty sometimes
when I find myself surrounded by two
dozen policemen, sent to protect me from
a crowd of girls.
But honestly, this police protection is as
much for the girls as it is for me. In past
tours of rock 'n' roll singers, people have
been hurt when the crowds get out of
hand. So there has to be some control or
everybody would be afraid of trampling
over everybody else. And, speaking of tram-
pling, it reminds me . . .

W'e'd landed at the airport of one par-
ticular town to find about three thou-
sand people waiting for us to get off
the plane. I guess the local police hadn't
expected such a mob, because the crowd
wasn't organized like it usually is, and
we just couldn't see anything but people.

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Elaine didn't just couldn't was. "?"

"Yes," I answered. It didn't sound like a young person. "You should be ashamed of yourself—kicking girls in the ankle."

"Kicking girls' ankles?" I said, surprised. I didn't know what she was talking about.

"Yes—just half an hour ago. At the airport. In all that muck, you kicked my daughter's ankle with one of those heavy shoes you had on, and it was bleeding so much you almost went right up to her. That's why I'm surfing mad at you."

"Gee—I'm sorry," I said, remembering the chaos there had been. "I didn't do it purposely."

"I am glad hope not."

"Is there anything I can do, Mrs. uh... Mrs. ?" Fenton, she prompted.

"Anything at all?"

"Well, you might do is apologize to my daughter yourself."

"Is she with you right now?"

"Yes, Mr. Nelson. She is."

And I heard him saying, "Hello, I'm Sally," said a thin, high-pitched young voice."

"Hi! I'm Rick. I'm awful sorry about your ankle."

I didn't realize I'd put my on her with the word shoe. I said the word "shoes" I looked down and to my amazement found I had on my soft-soled tennis sneakers! I just didn't know what to say. But I had to find out how it is,"

I said, feeling completely baffled.

I just couldn't understand how I could have hurt her so much, and she must have called me before six times to report on the progress of her.

She sounded kind of cute, and a few times I wanted to say, "Sal, why don't you come down and see the show?"

But it doesn't seem right to say that someone who'd told you she was hurt so bad she could hardly walk (even though I was pretty sure she wasn't).

Then, the day we left town, a pretty girl from Chicago who was those deep brown hair tied back in a ponytail, came running toward me across the airport. When she caught up with me she was all out of breath.

"He can't do fast," I joked. "Take it easy." She was pushing her way quite determinedly through the crowd.

"I just had to say goodbye to you, Rick," she explained. "And thank you for being so concerned about my foot."

She smiled shyly and ran (limplessly!) away before I could say anything. was along like some high-school track star. I imagine how I felt when one time it was a case of missing the train if I stopped to grab some food. But I figured there would be a dining car on the train, so it wasn't too serious... until I found out there wasn't one!

We were really late that time and zoomed into the station just as the train was starting up and jumped on the nearest car without noticing it didn't have any windows. We started walking through and couldn't see anything but sacks of mail, boxes and crates. So we found some signs of civilization (and food) sooner or later. We passed through two cars, then stopped dead in our tracks. On the floor were bars of soap, wooden, thin, off-white. Nobody had a word. It was eerie. Finally we found the one and only pullman car on the train. We unloaded our junk and then continued on our way. I've been to the city. I've been in the country. I've been in the city. I've been in the country. I've been in the city.

"Pardon me, sir," I said. "Could you tell us how to get to the dining car?

"Well, no, son, that would be mighty difficult, seeing as how this here train don't have no such thing as a dining car," he chuckled. We all laughed politely—

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hungrily or not we couldn’t let him see we didn’t think what he said was funny.

“Well, let’s see,” he said, taking a big gold watch out of his pocket. “It’s now 11:32. Train’s due in there at 4:30—if we’re on time.”

“Four-thirty tomorrow morning!” “Yep,” he grinned.

We headed back to the pullman car. Five hours until midnight. I climbed into the upper berth intending to keep myself awake by practicing my guitar. But when one of the guys handed it up to me, there was no room to move my arms. So I gave up that idea. But I was too hungry to sleep and decided to pull up the window shade and watch the towns go by. And I just sat there, making up crazy names for the places we passed. Then I got tired of that and concentrated on looking out at the tiny farms, wondering what sort of people lived in the houses and why so many stories were told about farmers’ daughters. Then, somehow, all my thoughts kept turning into the image of a big roast-beef sandwich, mixed up with a picture of that blue-eyed girl in the checked dress, offering it to me, begging me to eat...

“Better get up, we’ll be there in ten minutes. I felt someone shaking me. I turned over, mumbled something about not wanting any old beef sandwich, and went back to sleep.

“No, sir,” the porter said, shaking me again. “It’s not ten minutes to the sandwich, it’s ten minutes ’til your station!” I opened one eye and looked out. The sun was streaming in. I had fallen sound asleep!

“Oh, I sure want to thank you for the dinner,” the porter was saying.


“Why me and the conductor just couldn’t get along with the noosey beefs go to waste; so we decided between us and ate them. We tried to get you up, but you were too thick-waistin’.”

I threw on my clothes. I was in Minnesota! We were scheduled to play three shows at the twin cities (St. Paul-Minneapolis). I grabbed for my electric razor and gaved myself a quick shave. And I was hungry! I guess I’ve made those stories sound like pretty good fun. Touring is, at times, although, as I said, it can get mighty lonely. And so it would be great to have a girl to date in each town I go to, or any big romancing or anything like that, just a nice girl to go to a show with, to take a drive with, or to talk to. Someone to tell me, “Gee, the show was good, Rick.” It would make the days more enjoyable. So many times I’ve seen girls, like the one in the Minirth, that we would have loved to really meet and say just a little more than “hello” to—but we’ve always been separated, either I’ve moved to New York or they’ve gotten swallowed in the crowd, or else they feel shy and disappear before I can do or say anything.

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in our teens—and there's a wonderful
future ahead. Jim (he was Er-
colani then) dreamed of being a singer
in the clubs, and Gloria Terlitsky wanted to
be his wife, to look after him, bear his
children, give him courage to pursue the
career his heart desired.
All through their courting days in South
Philadelphia, when Jim went to pick up
Gloria at her redbrick row house on Daly
Street for a drugstore date or a picture
show or just an evening of talk, he won-
dered if perhaps they weren't too
emotional. But, then, he thought, love will
make things right. Love is magic. Nothing
can go wrong with love behind with

"And, of course," Jim said, "we had the
problem of security, which every young
couple faces. Would we be able to pay
rent, buy a house, a few pieces of furniture?
But that didn't worry me so much. We
could live on love. It did worry Gloria's
parents, though.

"And with her parents, much as we
tried to avoid it, was another con-

"Gee," Gloria said, "I was Catholic. Her
parents never openly said anything, but
I had been told they didn't want me to
lose her faith, her heritage. I never faced
her parents with the idea. I shouldn't have.
Instead, I started pretending it didn't exist.
But it did. And now I wish I had had the
guts to talk about it before the marriage."

Love and a strong liking for the same
things pulled them together. Gloria and
Jim loved to listen to smooth "pop" mu-

"We just couldn't stand to be out of one
another's sight. If we weren't together,
then we were talking on the telephone
about anything and everything. I wanted
to know Gloria better than I knew my-
self. And Gloria wanted to know me like
a book.

"But that was our mistake. We wanted
to know too much!"

Quietly, the black-uniformed waitress
served fruit salad and coffee to Jim and
Gloria until the waitress left. Then, he be-
goosed me at once with his bright, dark eyes
and said, "Gee, but we were young. I was
nineteen when I married Gloria, and what I
didn't know didn't exist—

"Sure, we were happy for a while. When
baby Jimmy was born two years ago, I
was delirious with happiness. Someone to
hold and love and teach things to. Someone
who'd grow up and be our gift to the
world. Gloria and I were in seventh heaven
about Jimmy, and he took our minds away
from ourselves. But, all the while, we kept
clutching at one another, pulling harder,
harder, only because I guess we were
young and didn't have much experience
in life. We needed each other for support.

Ah, that's why our marriage—

"That's why I felt so useless as an
actor. A friend of mine who knew all
about my nervousness gave me a copy of
'The Prophet' by Kahlil Gibran. He told
me I looked unhappy. There was great
wisdom in the book, he said. And I read a
verse in it that hit home: something about
the stars of the temple standing alone.
And when you drink wine with your love,
it said, you don't always drink from the
same cup. I tried to tell Gloria about the book, but we got into arguments, silly fights over it. She'd say she was too busy with the house and the baby, that she didn't have time for books. And I'd holler that she ought to find time.

Over and over again they fought over the slightest things. Something as meaningless as a door slamming shut could provoke a fight. And then we'd start fights just to be talked to. Gloria or I would say, 'How did everything go today?' And the other one would answer, 'Okay!' And then one of them would say, 'Okay, what?' You can't put a whole day into an okay! Are you trying to keep something from me?'

Once, Gloria caught her finger on a screen door. She screamed for Jimmy for letting the door close too quickly. All evening long they fought about it. Another time Jim wanted to go walking alone at twilight in Griffith Park. She was ashamed to ask Gloria if she'd mind and so he sat in the living room watching television but refusing to answer any of Gloria's conversations.

By the end of August, Jim and Gloria were caught in an endless, tiresome siege of petty bickerings, finding the most ridiculous excuses to pick on one another.

We even got to fighting in front of the baby. He always went to sleep in the early evening, and sometimes he'd hear us hollering and wake up and cry. This wasn't the kind of environment for anyone to grow up in. So Gloria decided she should get them out of there. Gloria felt the same way. She said she couldn't stand being away from me when we spoke on the phone. She and Jimmy came back to California. They rented a two-bedroom house in Glendale, and from the day she got back, we never let up a minute. All through those long fall months we found the silliest reasons to fight. And I'd sneak away, not able to look at myself.

The only thing I had. Finally, last December, I told Gloria this was no way for us to live. The two of us didn't know what we were doing. We didn't know what we wanted. We were eating away at us. We were so insecure we made it awful hard on each other. Our marriage was dying. Maybe we should separate . . .

Gloria agreed.

Jim, lifting his fork, nibbled at the fruit salad. The waitress brought more coffee for both of us.

"But that was only the beginning," Jim said. "A separation is more complicated than people think. Don't forget we had little Jimmy, who was idol of our hearts. What were we going to do about him?"

I rented a one-room apartment on North Kingsley Drive in Hollywood, but I didn't want baby Jimmy to know anything was the matter. After all, I have to think of Gloria, and I want to keep this a secret.

Every morning, Jim told me, he drives to the home he and Gloria shared as husband and wife to greet his happy, dimple-checkered son. "I pretend we just came in from the garden," said Jim. "And I play with him for a little while before I report to the studio. I want him to be loved constantly. All a baby can understand is a smile, and she likes children needs a father's companionship. It's different from a mother's. I want my Jimmy to know his father is right beside him, loving him. Lots of times I'll bring him little things. When I visit him at night, after I finish work, and he's getting ready for bed, I'll bring him a stuffed animal or a Mickey Mouse toy. He's crazy about Mickey Mouse.

Looking away toward the darkening fog, Jim continued. "Funny," he said, "but I realize now there's no companion in the world like a wife. Yet, I know I have to prove to myself that I'm able to live alone. The four walls of my furnished apartment aren't anything like the pretty house we had with its clean stucco front and big lawn. And I miss the sounds of a family: the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, a baby laughing, the milkman's 'hi-yah' every morning. I'd be lying if I didn't admit this. But I also know it's better for Gloria and me to give up something that wasn't working and save three lives than to lose them in a marriage struggle that had us going around in circles."

Is there an answer? Jim says he is looking for guidance from his religion.

"The silence of a church helps me collect my thoughts, and when I pray, I get flashes of insight, moments of knowledge that help me. I'd be lost right now without religion. It's all I have to look up to. I go to church every day, and I get comfort from it. After I visit the confessional, I leave the church so much richer—and freer. Strange, even though I'm alone, I'm learning I can't live without other people. A man has to belong in this world. Right now I belong with the praying worshippers and the Father who confesses me. I don't feel lost any more, and I know God's going to give me an answer to our problem."

Selecting the last of his second cup of coffee, Jim looked out to the shadowy sky, deepening now with the inky blue of twilight.

"And I were too greedy for love," Jim pointed out. "We were too grasping—like kids. If you give a child lots of toys, he gives them too much attention at first, then they bore him after a while. Maybe we loved too hard, too desperately. And one who says young marriage is easy is crazy, because there are so many deep emotions to deal with, emotions you sometimes just can't understand unless you've seen a little of life."

"Now that we've filed for divorce and are living separately, we might have more understanding of how the other person feels. Maybe we won't submerge ourselves so completely. If we can learn to get along with our true personalities, the Jim and Gloria we've kept under cover, then maybe we can get together again. Maybe we won't. Maybe Gloria and I will go our different ways. But, regardless of the outcome, I know that what I said before is true, so help me God. I'll never stop loving Gloria. I can't. You just can't turn off love like a faucet—not deep love, anyway. But young, selfish love isn't strong enough to make a marriage successful, either. Marriage takes guts, but, at the same time, a willingness to compromise."

Twilight darkened the cold spring sky. We got up to leave. Downstairs a light drizzle began to fall, and Jim put up on his poplin trench coat. We said goodbye, and I watched him walk down the dark, deserted sidewalk the glow of streetlamps reflected in the glimmering rain. Suddenly, looking at his tall figure walking away from me, I realized what the difference was I'd noticed in Jim when I first saw him that afternoon.

Jim was no longer Jimmy. He was no longer a boy. Faced with the tragic heartbreak of a broken marriage, he had emerged with a new faith in himself and a fearless conviction of truth in his heart. Jim had become a man. The End.

Darren's a double-threat in Columbia's "Diggity," whose title song (PLUS "YOU") he's recorded for Colpix. Coming up: Columbia's "Let no man write my epitaph."
watched her disappear in the distance. I remembered, quite clearly, that day, the first time I had known for sure I was pregnant. . . .

It was a brisk day, windy and impatient, as Philippe and I, late as usual, hurried by taxi through the busy business section of Paris to keep our appointment with the doctor.

"Do you feel all right?" Philippe looked apprehensively at me, and I wanted to shake my head yes, but somehow I knew he knew.

"No," I answered, wished I could lie to him. "I'm sick... I feel awful...

"We'll get out and walk the rest of the way. Maybe the fresh air will help," suggested Philippe, calling to the driver to stop.

"Mom..." I agreed.

Philippe got out first and then helped me, kind and attentive and worried.

"I'm sure it's not too bad. Maybe I'll feel better tomorrow," I told him. And he paid the man and took my arm as we began walking up the tree-lined boulevard. "Perhaps I've just been doing too much over Christmas," I sounded confident enough but inside I was frightened. Because I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt quite so sick.

"Do you think it might be a baby?" Philippe and I had already discussed this possibility, and now he must have been thinking it would cheer me up.

"That would be wonderful," I smiled weakly as we walked on silently. Philippe holding onto my arm and guiding me gently along.

The doctor was very busy that day— and besides, had been called out on an emergency—and a slim, dark-haired young nurse asked if we'd mind waiting a while.

"That's quite all right," Philippe told her as she showed us into the reception room.

Picking up an old copy of "Elle" from a low table in the center of the room, I settled myself in a deep armchair while Philippe casually around for a few minutes, then also chose a magazine, and came to sit beside me.

I flipped through the pages but couldn't concentrate on all the time was wrong. Was it a baby? Maybe...

"What would we call it?" I asked Philippe, suddenly, as though he had been able to read my thoughts.

Looking up from my magazine, Philippe stared steadily ahead for a moment, then replied, "Yes is a nice name—if it's a boy.

"Yes." I agreed, and then thought of it together with our last name which is Nicaud. "Yes Nicaud," I said slowly.

"That sounds quite musical. And what about Catherine, if it's a girl?"

"Or Isabelle."

And we found ourselves playing the name game that all young couples play when they first realize a new member of the family might be on the way.

"Philippe or Philippe? ... what if I'm wrong... what if...?"

"Darling, don't worry," he spoke very softly, reaching out to tuck a stray curl under my scarf and smiling the way he always does when I'm worried or frightened.

"I expect you'll want the nursery blue and white," he said lightly, evidently trying to lessen the tension.

I had to laugh. Ever since we first met and married three years ago while working on a film together, it had always been a big joke between us. "Blue and white. I adore but I can't stand green," I had said.

"And it will have to be modern—we can't have antique furniture like in the rest of the house," he laughed.

"I'll mean goodbye to our guest-room plans then," Philippe concluded. "Anyway, that room will look much nicer as a nursery.""Oh—Philippe. A baby—how can you be so sure?"

I noticed Philippe glance up every now and then, and at the big grandfather clock by the wall and as the slender minute hand neared the half-hour mark Philippe closed his magazine and placed it back on the table.

"Darling . . ." he began. And I knew the rest.

"Go ahead, you can't be late for the show—I'll be all right," I said quietly, knowing he had to make curtain-call on time. But suddenly I felt myself becoming terribly tense at the thought of being left alone. I was afraid.

"You'll call me at the theater as soon as you've seen him? Promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

The room, seemed very quiet without Philippe and my mind began forming all sorts of horrifying pictures. I've been afraid of being left alone since I was a small child in France during the war when I used to be terrified that the Germans would take me away.

Then, as I sat there all alone, flipping nervously through the shiny pages on my lap, I couldn't help thinking of all the other women I've waited in this very spot wondering and wondering . . . the things that I was wondering.

The door closed open. I turned to look. It was the white nurse, smiling, and saying, "Mme. Nicaud. Would you please come this way. The doctor will see you now."

Getting up slowly, I left my magazine on the chair and turned to follow her out of the room, feeling my heart beat just a little faster than usual as we walked through the hall into the doctor's office. Then I saw him, sitting behind his wide oak desk at the far end of the carpeted room.

He was a well-built man with greying hair and a relaxed expression that made me feel at ease, no longer tense.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, Mme. Nicaud," he said, getting up and coming around the desk to shake my hand.

Then began the questions and the examination and finally, finally . . . somehow the wonderful words he was saying seemed to be coming from very far away.

"Yes, Mme. Nicaud. There's no doubt. You are pregnant." Then he added, "But you are extremely run down and you must go straight home to bed at once and rest."

"The very thing," I thought. I have just given you will build up your strength but you must promise to get rest and more rest."

"Oh—I will, will," I assured him, twisting impatiently in the chair, anxious to call the theater and tell Philippe the news.

I think the doctor must have known what I was thinking because he laughed and said, "Stop talking to my phone. Go, now. I know you won't listen to a word I'm saying until you speak to your husband."

My hands were trembling as I dialed the number and I must have been so excited I couldn't remember the last two figures. As I listened to the phone ring I looked down at my watch. It was 10:15. He should be offstage by now for it was almost intermission time.
“Ambassador Theater—stage door,” growled a voice at the other end.

I asked to speak to Philippe, and it seemed an eternity before I heard that familiar “Hello” at the other end of the line.

Then he said “hello” again and then again. Because all of a sudden I just couldn’t speak. Somehow the words just wouldn’t come out. Finally I stammered, “Philippe.”

“Yes, darling. What... what did he say?”

Philippe sounded so excited, so impatient to know.

“It’s true... I’m... I’m... really going to have a baby,” I blurted out and I could feel tears coming into my eyes.

Philippe’s parents were visiting us from their home in Jura, in Eastern France, at the time, and I couldn’t wait to get home to tell them the news—and also to call my own mother.

A taxi dropped me right at the door of our apartment house, and as I went up in the elevator I began thinking of how I would tell them, having a magnificent time rehearsing the scene to myself.

Taking the key from my handbag, I opened the door and walked inside. Philippe’s mother and father were sitting quietly in the living room and as I went in, they both looked up. Then, before I had a chance to say anything Philippe’s mother screamed, “You’re going to have a baby! That’s what the doctor said! I can see it written all over your face!”

She ran over to me and began hugging and kissing me and Philippe’s father came over to kiss me, too.

Then she called out for Adele, the family cook who’s been with them since Philippe was five years old. “Adele, Adele!” she cried. “We’ve wonderful news. Christine’s going to have a baby.”

I still had my hat and coat on.

Adele, a large, plump woman, came waddling out of the kitchen and almost knocked me over in her shower of affection. “A baby!,” she cried, “And hands on hips, she told me firmly, “You should have a girl. Girls are much easier to raise than boys and don’t get into so much mischief.”

“I’ll make sure it’s a girl just for you, Adele,” I promised, laughing.

“Now, I must call my mother,” I told them, maneuvering myself out of the excited group and walking towards the telephone which stood on a low table in the hall.

“Maman!” I said excitedly as I heard her voice. “I’m going to have a baby!”

“At last I’m going to be a grandmother!” she shrieked. “I mean, I just get another word in, continued, “Are you sure you’re all right? Should I come over right away?” She asked so many questions.

“No, Maman. I’m quite all right. I’ll see you first thing in the morning.”

Then as we hung up I heard her mumble, “Now where did I put my knitting needles?” She’s always so practical. And I knew how thrilled she must have been because she’d been placing all her hopes of being a grandmother on me, since my only brother is much older than I, and, of course, not yet married.

I heard a patter of paws behind me and turned to see Fortiche, our cocker spaniel, wagging his tail almost as if he, too, wanted to talk. Then he began running around and around in circles, confused, I think, by all the excitement.

I pointed a finger playfully at him. “Fortiche,” I said, “you’ll just have to get used to having a Coast Guard center of attention anymore.” And from the way he whined as I spoke, one could really believe he was rounds. “I was actually a little worried about having him around with a baby in the house, but everyone assured me that cocker spaniels are angels with children. Then the front door opened and it was Philippe. I ran to kiss him.

“So it wasn’t just wishful thinking,” he laughed.

“And we will have that blue and white nursery after all,” I said.

“With a blue and white crib, blue and white toys, blue and white...” We were laughing so much.

“And we’ll take him—or will it be her—to Hollywood with us...”

“He’s got to spend some time in Paris, though...” As he said this, Philippe looked serious for a moment.

“And I’ll sew wonderful little things for the baby while we’re waiting... and stay with you here in Paris...”

“You can even write that novel you’ve always talked about...”

“And... and...” There was so much to say.

“Christine! Christine!” Someone was shaking my arm and I was brought shabbily to the present. It was Philippe.

“Do you know you’re laughing all to yourself?”

“Am I?” I said rather wistfully. Because now there was nothing to laugh about any more.

The shock that shattered all our dreams came about six days after that wonderful night when we’d first known I was pregnant... It was evening, cool and clear, and one of those nights when the Paris seemed to sparkle with excitement and life. From our apartment high in Montparnasse I could see over the rooftops and hear the cries of the people, happy people, in the streets.

I was resting in bed, chatting with my mother. Philippe was at the theater. Beside me on the quilt lay the patterns and pieces of fabric for my future play suit.

“Maman. Pass me that white thread,” I said. But as she picked up the spool from a round table beside her and held it out to me, I was suddenly struck by a sharp pain.

“Maman!” I cried out.

“What’s wrong?” she screamed, rushing to the bedside as I began to groan and thrash around.

“I...I...” But I couldn’t speak.

Then, still twisting from side to side in an effort to stop the agonizing pain inside of me, I watched my mother as she went over to a small table by the side of the bed and her doctor—without saying another word. She looked terrified. “He’s coming right over,” she said, finally.

I couldn’t stop turning and turning as though an inner sense told me that moving I would lessen the pain. But it got worse and Mother had to call to Adele to help hold me still.

It seemed so long before the doctor arrived. He looked very grave, and, as he examined me, he kept nodding to himself in a way that made me very frightened.

“It’s not... I’m not... I’m not going to lose my baby,” I managed to whisper. I was so afraid.

He didn’t answer immediately. Then he said, “I can’t be too hopeful for you.” I wanted to cry. And I think, for that one moment, I really wanted to die.

They carried me downstairs into an ambulance. The physical pain was terrible and all the while I kept thinking of Philippe and how at that moment he must be... the feeling that he would soon be a father. We
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couldn't contact him immediately because
he was onstage, so he didn't know what
was happening to me. ... he didn't
know that all our plans seemed to be
evaporating into mere dreams ... that
Fortiche might have to wait a long time
for a new playmate... that there might
now be no point in turning the guest room
into a nursery.

Then all these thoughts became a jumble
in my head until I must have fainted, be-
cause the next thing I remember was find-
ing myself lying in a narrow hospital bed
and opening my eyes to see Philippe
standing by me.

He looked so solemn, so downcast, that
deep his cheerful, "Hello. Did you sleep
well?" I knew that what I'd dreamed most
had happened. And I started to scream
hysterically.

"I want my baby... I want my baby." I
cried, and the tears came streaming
down my face.

The doctor came to the bedside. He took
my clenched fist in his hand and started
speaking softly. "You mustn't cry... you
must be brave... Your husband is just as upset
as you are, but he's calm... you must be calm too... But I just went
on crying. I couldn't help it.

Then he changed his tone and became
firm. "Think of the other patients in the
hospital. Some of them are far worse off
than you. It's not fair to keep them awake
by your screaming."

So gradually I calmed down and stopped
crying.

Philippe stayed with me all through the
night, holding my hand tightly as I kept
waking from a fitful sleep of nightmares.

"What if I can't have any more?" I
screamed out, time and time again.

And each time Philippe would answer
softly, "You can. The doctor assured me
you can."

I tried to believe him... I wanted to
believe him but I was haunted with the
idea that this miscarriage had done some-
thing to me so I couldn't have another
child. And I kept thinking about the
baby I could have had, being tormented
more and more each time... a baby. I
cry down the hall. I envied their mothers.

"Philippe—you're not angry with me?"
I said at one point that night, feeling as
though I'd let him down.

"Of course not. Take the idea right out
of your head," he scolded. But I couldn't
stop worrying.

They were the most anguished hours of
my life. I could not reason with myself,
my fears seeming to grow all out of pro-
portion.

The next morning the doctor came to
see me, and my mother was with him. He
drew up a chair by my bed.

"I hear that you don't think you can
have any more children," he said, kindly
but firmly.

"Well," I stuttered.

"Well, don't worry," he interrupted.
"You're quite all right. You're just the
unfortunate result of fatigue and exces-
sive exertion before pregnancy—it hap-
pened before so I want you to know
you're one of the healthiest speci-
mens I've ever had the good fortune to
treat. You were just physically run down
and your body didn't have time to get
its strength back."

I smiled but inside I felt vacant and lost.
I wanted my baby now... not in the
distant future. And in the back of my
thoughts I could hear him droning on..."You
must take a long rest," he was saying. "Try to go to the mountains
for a few weeks when you get out of the
hospital and in four months you can start
thinking seriously of starting a family—
with no qualms at all."

Then he left me alone with my mother.
Philippe had already gone home for a
few hours to rest.

For one of the first times in my life I
felt completely hopeless—almost dead, and
could find nothing to say to my mother as
she left the room.

There was nothing to plan for any
more...

A shiver ran right through my body.

"I opened my eyes and found that the sun
had gone behind the snow-topped hills
and that it was getting very cold. I looked
up and saw there were only a few skiers
left on the slopes."

I patted Philippe gently on the arm and
he opened his eyes. "Wake up, darling,"
I said. "Look at the time—it's almost six."

I pulled down the sleeves of my ski
sweater and zipped up my top jacket.
"But I was having such a good dream,"
I grumbled Philippe, playfully, as he lifted
himself reluctantly from the back chair.
I took his arm and we walked slowly back
to the guest room, where he sat beside me.

After my vacation I should like to make
another film. I'm going to Hollywood soon
and with Philippe busy with his new play
—the French version of "Reeling Fig-
urs"—the doctor's time period should pass
swiftly.

And then, perhaps, I won't feel quite
so sad.

The End

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laughing. And as she watched him run on, with his arms outstretched and making zooming noises like an airplane, she smiled a wonderfully natural smile . . . and looked quite radiant. "Hey—not so fast," she called.

Two college students, passing by, turned to look at them. They recognized Diane. "She's the girl who suddenly left Hollywood," one remarked quietly to the other. Then two more students, in light shorts and light sweaters, stopped to say "Hi" to Diane. They knew her too. She was already enrolled at Bennington College. She smiled back and caught hold of Sean's hand as she reached the bottom of the hill.

Diane knew no real quick answer to her sudden walk-out from Hollywood, nothing she could say in front of the person she was supposed to be. She'd already read half a dozen books to help her further understand the girl she was portraying. She studied until she knew she character as well as she possibly could. She knew the way her character would react to situations, the way she'd walk, stand, sit, lower her eyes, smile. She knew because in her spare time she'd go to Hollywood places—she was this girl, Ruth Evans, twenty, a co-ed at the University of Chicago, and engaged to a young law student. And her story was "Compulsion."

Suddenly she felt a tug at her leg. Unconsciously she put her hand out to fight it off, and again she felt a tug and heard a small, child-like voice say, "Mommy . . . Mommy go away!"

Diane stood up, shook herself and looked around her. She stopped over and lifted the little boy who had spoken into her arms and held him tightly. Then setting him down, she went to the other room and turned on the lights. It was dinner time. Where had the day gone? Almost trance-like, she went into the kitchen and started preparing dinner. She cooked the vegetables, got out the bread, the milk and the red jello that the little boy loved. Then suddenly the noise of the icebox door slamming shut brought her back into the world of reality.

She sat looking at the little boy—at her son—while he ate, laughing again and again at his funny white milk mustache. But inside, the words he'd said would not stop running through her head. It wasn't the first time he'd tugged at her leg, or climbed up into her lap and said simply, "Mommy . . . Mommy go away!"

And as she thought, she began to realize what his words meant. He didn't mean that she was about to leave the house. What he meant was that for the past few hours she had become some other person. He had detached her completely in her role that he saw not his Mommy but a stranger, someone he did not know, a person called Ruth that he had neither heard of nor could understand.

After "Compulsion" she decided to take a rest and she was placed on suspension by her studio until she did a pilot for a new 20th Century-Fox series called "Whodunit." And then it happened. This last night of the "Whodunit" filming, she and the cast had worked overtime. It was one in the morning. She was tired and soaking wet, having been in a studio water tank for nearly three hours. This was a big scene, the scene where she is murdered by having her head pushed under the water. And held there until drowns. They'd done the scene again and again and always there was something wrong. Then she'd been told, "Try it one more time.

She started to protest. It was almost two now, and she was no longer able to sustain herself. She said she didn't want to do the scene again. Inside she had a premonition that she'd stick this against. But there were dozens of other people dependent on her part. She couldn't leave. Once more the actor who had to push her head underwater did his job. She felt herself going back and as she went down her head struck something hard. She gasped for breath and rose to the surface. Her head had broken off one of the wooden pilings of an ocean pier. When she reached the water's surface she began struggling, but the actor, thinking Diane was still playing her part, and knowing her usual authenticity, put his hands on her head again as he was supposed to in the scene, and pushed her underwater. Again she hit her head and again she gasped for breath and struggled to surface. This time when she came up she covered her face with her hands. The cameras continued to roll. What a dynamic performance, everyone thought. Again that hand reached out to her—but this time she turned and swam away. The director called "Cut." She got out of the water and without a word she walked up the stage return. And as she did so she took her hands away from her face. They all stood stunned as they saw blood gushing from a gash in her forehead and the bridge of her nose. Only the other actors knew she had not been acting—she had been really hurt.

Yet she was more than physically hurt. That day Diane made her decision. She had to leave Hollywood, to get away from acting which had always been so emotionally painful and harmful to her.

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And yet, as Diane hung up, she had an odd feeling. Was it possible that one of the reasons for her decision to leave was her devotion to a young actor now back East touring in a play? Was it possible that in him she would find part of what she was searching for? Was she ready again for permanent love? Were the scars of two unsuccessful marriages too deep to make her risk a third plunge, at least for now? Would people find out about her newest romance? Could she see him on her way to Vermont without the glare of publicity shining down on them? She didn't know. She'd have to chance it. But one thing was sure. After seeing her family in San Francisco, she was planning to move free from the white frame Lincoln in New York and then going on to Vermont. Was the person in Chicago a key to what lay ahead?

On Thursday morning, March 18th, Diane and her son Sean left Los Angeles International Airport. At the terminal with them were Diane's friend, Carol Eastman, and her ex-husband James Dickenson. Also there were a battery of photographers and reporters. As she walked up the steps leading to the plane, she clutched Sean tightly. When she got to the second floor, she did not hesitate. Did not falter, did not turn to wave goodbye or to take a last look at the city which had been her home for the past two and a half years. There was no use looking back, because there was no turning back. This was cast and the decision made.

The End

DIANE'S IN TWENTIETH'S "COMPULSION."

KIM NOVAK

Continued from page 69

Brooklyn broke the spell with a "Hi, Kim!" Then we talked at once: "How do you do your hair?" "How do you choose your clothes?" "How do you do everything?"

Then the most wonderful thing happened. In some miracle there was an empty space on the couch, and she came straight over and sat next to me. The first thing she did was look at my name-tag, then ask: "Would I'd only been able to scribble "Florence T." "Florence T..." she paused for a fraction of a second, then added, "Why, you must be Florence Toutkoushian. Are you wearing it?"

"It" is a pearl ring I once sent her as a gift. She'd returned it with a note explaining that, since the studio chose all her jewelry during the making of a picture, she'd have to have it just drop it, neglected, at the bottom of her ring box. "Will you do me a favor," she'd written, "and wear it for me?"

As if I'd ever take it off again! To be recognized and appreciated and encouraged like that was almost more than I could bear. The one disappointment I'd felt the other time, the first time I'd come to New York for a weekend, eventually to meet Kim.

I asked the bellhop to bring my breakfast at six o'clock, and an hour later I was standing across from her building, looking for a set of windows with lavender drapes. I found there with a bunch of birthday violets in my mouth. Finally, I noticed the doorman sizing me up, and, with all the dignity I could muster, I strode across the street.

"Would you be Miss Novak, please?" I blurted, handing him the violets before he could question me.

"Sure thing. Want to bring them up in person?"

"No!" I almost shouted, suddenly afraid. That would be a very silly thing to do, I thought. Gee, she might even be in the bathtub or something.

After he had delivered the bouquet, the doorman came down to find me warming myself in the lobby.

"I'm afraid you can't stay there, Miss..." . . . Can't stay there. And there I was—sitting right next to her, and she made me feel as if I could've stayed as long as I'd wanted to.

That's the special thing about Kim, making you feel welcome and being really interested in what you have to say. When you talk to her, you feel she's listening to you, because she wants to, not because she's supposed to. And the funny thing is, I'll bet she made every girl in that room, at one time or another, feel she was talking to her personally—privately.

"Guess what?" she announced with sudden gayety. "Arlene's just had a baby girl, you know!"

This was great news, for we all know as much about Kim's sister as we do about Kim. Operating Fan Headquarters hadn't always been easy for her, what with two husky little ones entertaining her ragged all day. A girl—at last!

Then, as if to complete the picture, at that very moment the telephone rang . . . Chicago! It was Arlene, home from the hospital with little Kristy Ilene Malmborg (K.I.M.). A hush fell on the room as the two sisters talked.

"I'd better get to my job," joked Kim. "If those kids get to be too much for you, Florence is liable to take over!"

I nearly died . . . my very secret dream, to work for Kim. Everyone was so absorbed, I didn't think of anyone noticed how I blushed. We all felt like "family" sharing a tender moment.

For everyone, then, let me thank you, Kim. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts. The END

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At 109

109
Foreign Awards: Anna Kashfi Brando was the most attractive woman of all at the Foreign Awards gala, wearing an exquisite white bouffant gown. She brought forth a faint gasp of "aaaaah" from the sophisticated audience. And I could see she was trying hard not to show the strain of her divorce. When David Niven went up to accept his Best Actor award, there was an unanimous "heark, hear," and a general good feeling that at last this gentleman of wit and talent had really been recognized.

Dick’s first movie: On your mark, get set, ready to go, go, go to see Dick Clark’s first movie, "Cher Papa," which he'll make for United Artists. Dick has also formed his own unit, Drexel Productions, for future movies if "Papa" clicks. And who says it won’t . . .

Watch for: Dean Jones, who is being transformed into an M-G-M singing, dancing, and acting star. Dean, a former Methodist minister, clicked like castanets all over Europe in his movie "Handle with Care" that scarcely drew a ripple here. But watch Dean closely for the future . . . Cesare Danova in "The Man Who Understood Women," Tall, dark and romantic, Cesare's been waiting two years for this chance. And he's made a fine job of it . . . Stephen Boyd who co-stars with Susan Hayward in "The Snow Birch." And you'll see him too as Messala in "Ben Hur." Recently divorced by his English wife, Steve is the coming dreamboat and never let it be said I didn’t warn you.

They're Talking About: The exciting housewarming party Gary Crosby gave in his new hillside bungalow home which he bought from actor Kurt Kreuger. Guests explored everywhere—including the swimming pool! And it so happened that they had a double reason for celebrating. Tommy Sands was flying the next morning to Australia for a busy round of night-club engagements. (Yes, he's even popular "down under.") The home itself is an attractive one with huge glass windows overlooking the pool, a bar in the den, cozy chairs and comfortable couches in the living room—all compact and done in excellent taste. "I intend this house to be the sort you can live in—not only look at," teased Gary as he watched his friends peer from room to room. "You know," he added. "A homey sort of home." . . . The way Rick Nelson is teased about all the different girls he takes out. "And why not," says the indignant Rick. "A fellow's only nineteen once in his life." And I have to agree with Rick. "Anyway," Rick told me, "there's really only one rival my dates have to worry about—and that's this." He pointed to his guitar, and then embraced it playfully. "What about all I've been hearing about your driving?" I joked, remembering remarks I'd heard about the way he spins along some of the highways. "Well, it's not really true at all," he said quite seriously, inviting me for a drive. Scrambling for my bus, I called out, "I'm really quite convinced, Rick!"

Twosome: Been seeing more and more of Sandra Dee out with Lindsay Crosby—but only on weekends.
Boys, Dates, Diets: Jill St. John was sitting thoughtfully in front of a plate of chocolate peppermint ice-cream when I reached the studio dining room just a little late for our lunch date the other day. “What are you thinking about?” I asked as I sat down. “Dates,” she answered simply, in her straight-forward way, digging a spoon into the ice-cream. “What about them?” I asked. “Well, I’ve decided there are two kinds—those you shake hands with at the door and those you kiss goodnight. I shake hands with Tom Neal,” Jill babbled on, “cause we’re old friends. I shake hands with boys on a first date and with boys who are just-fun dates. Lance is the other kind. There’s just no one like Lance after all,” she smiled, displaying the identification bracelet that Lance Reventlow’s mother, Barbara Hutton, had given him years before. “And now it’s mine,” she explained.

“It’s pretty,” I told her. And she smiled. At that moment our little talk was interrupted by the loud unwrapping of kitchen paper coming from the other side of the table. It was Carol Lynley, my other luncheon companion, fumbling into sheaves of wax paper. I must have had a questioning look on my face because, without my saying anything, she said, “It’s hard-boiled eggs. They don’t have them on the menu so I brought them with me—for my diet.” Then she added, “would you like me to bring you some tomorrow?” “No, I’ve another luncheon date then,” I said. “But thank you all the same.” Then a voice next to me cut in with, “But Carol—aren’t they fattening?” It was Jill. “No more than chocolate ice-cream,” quipped Carol.

“Look,” I said, “to answer your question: Jill St. John stuck to her specialty: M-E-N.”

Troubles: John Saxon has been looking rather forlorn lately so I asked him what was wrong, “It’s my beard,” he sighed. “I’m so bored, weary I have fights with myself not to shave it off. I had to have it for ‘The Big Fisherman’ and each time I’ve shaved it—I’ve had to grow it again for retakes.” But even though I assured him he looks good in a beard, he didn’t seem convinced. . . . Jerry Lewis has a problem too. It’s about the new baby (due in November). I really think he would like to have a girl this time. He’s got four boys! I do know that if the new baby is a girl, she’ll have a pretty pink wardrobe all ready for her. Jerry chose it with loving care right before Patti’s last trip to the hospital—just in case!

What’s Happening: It’s been a month of distinguished visitors. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor came into Hollywood for a few days and created quite a stir. And then we had two Indian visitors—producer V. Shantaram and the lovely Indian star Sandhya who came here for the Sam Goldwyn Award for their film “Two Eyes, Two Hands.” There was something so wonderfully serene about them.

It won’t be long before the return of Elvis Presley, and he’s certainly not been forgotten while he’s been away. There’s quite a line-up of work waiting for him—a movie for Hal Wallis, another for Twentieth Century-Fox and a third for M-G-M, to say nothing of personal appearances and TV guest shots . . .

I admire the way Barry Coe and Edward Byrnes look after their fans. Barry, in addition to answering his monumental mail, gets out a monthly news sheet to his fan clubs. And Ed is so anxious to please, he has two full-time secretaries helping him sort and mail his letters.

I lunched with Debbie just before she left for Spain and she kept the conversation away from Eddie and her personal problems except to say, “It’s all behind me now and I look forward to a happy, busy life.” Liz and Eddie have set the date for May and then will head for Europe. Debbie will be back home by then. (continued)
Looking Back: So many of you have asked me what it was like in the Old Days that I'm going to take a few lines each month to talk about them—and the stars I knew. I think one of the greatest was (and is) Clark Gable. And my first recollection of him goes 'way back to 1930 when he got a job as a studio page-boy and used to hang around the sets asking questions upon questions. He was a tall, lanky young man with great broad shoulders and a ready smile—a friendly sort of boy, quiet, courteous and determined to get on. He'd know us all by name. Then when he got his first part, in 1931, in "The Painted Desert," he told me, "I'll give myself five years. Then they'll be tired of me. That's all you can count on. But maybe by then I'll have enough money to see the world. That's what I'd like to do." Twenty-five years later he's still at the top (and he's seen the world). "Have the movies found another Valentino?" I remember the reviewers saying of him at the beginning. And I watched Clark rise in just months to the top of his profession. I think his greatest role was as Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind." But he's made so many films—almost sixty. Whenever I think about Clark, I marvel at how he finds time for a word with all of us, despite the fact that he's rubbed shoulders with royalty. His marriage to the late Carole Lombard was one of Hollywood's most fabled romances. Today, Kay Spreckles (wife No. 5) says he's always complaining, "I wish everyone wouldn't keep saying I'm dead." Don't miss Gable in his new film, "But Not for Me." —CAL YORK

The Good News People: James MacArthur, who dropped by to say goodbye to me before taking off for England and the movie, "Kidnapped," is one of the best-mannered and most natural young men in the business. I'm sure his mother, Helen Hayes, and his bride Joyce think so, too. Joyce, who has been appearing on Broadway in "Tall Story," goes with James to England and later to Jamaica for Walt Disney's "Swiss Family Robinson" ... Brad Dillman, winner of a Foreign Press Award for international stardom and the proud parent of two young Dillmans, is exactly the type you would like best to climb Mt. McKinley with. If you grew weary, Brad would probably get behind and push. He's that gallant.

It's a Roman wedding for Ernest Borgnine and Katy Jurado. And a happy honeymoon in Capri for the beaming Katy and the slim trim groom who took off 35 pounds. Wish it could happen to your—SARA.

Cal York's Jottings: Fernando Lamas and his beautiful wife Arlene Dahl reconciled after a brief parting. The reunion came about when Fernando offered to help Arlene move into her new home and just stayed on himself. ... Shirley MacLaine received several TV offers for herself and four year old daughter Sachie after their pictures appeared on a national magazine cover. So far, Shirley has refused them all. ... Marlon Brando, who has been directing and acting in "One-Eyed Jacks" for months and months, has had it as a director. Marlon will stick to acting in the future. And that future includes Anna Magnani and Joanne Woodward in "Orpheus Descending." ... Replacements seem the order of the day with Lee Remick replacing Lana Turner in "Anatomy of a Murder" and Jean Simmons taking over Sabina Benthall's role in "Spartacus." Lana's walkout was due to a disagreement over her wardrobe with director Otto Preminger but no one is certain why the lovely German Sabina was ousted. The death of Lou Costello, who brought happiness into thousands of lives, saddened Hollywood and the world that loved him. Lou, with his pixie-like charm, will be greatly missed. ... Peter Lawford claims he receives five times the fan mail for his "Thin Man" role in the TV series than he did in movies. So Peter, who is Sinatra's closest pal these days, is a mite skeptical about a movie return. Maybe Peter better stick to Thin Manning for a while longer. ... Wishes do come true. Ask Barbara Stanwyck, who sat week after week glued to her TV set fascinated by Robert Horton's performance in "Wagon Train." A friend told Robert of Barbara's admiration—and the two have been dining and dating ever since. The British press seems to have almost totally ignored Deborah Kerr when she went over to England to see her children. ... Leslie Caron will have three weeks in Italy with her husband Peter Hall before beginning "For Each The Other." ... I hear Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood's new home has a salt-water pool. ... Reconciliation is expected soon for actor Jack Palance and his wife, Virginia. ... I'm told that William Holden bought a hotel while out in Africa. ... And everyone's talking about the new twosome of Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell who met recently while in San Francisco.

Happy Mother's Day

Even the stars enjoyed celebrating it. Left: Ann Sothern was with her daughter, Patricia. Below: Shirley Temple and her children had fun.

Above: Gale Storm took her four on a boat trip ... and (right) Jane Withers showed her famous doll collection to daughter, Wendy.
There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions

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